# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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The Bard of Avon More Than 300 Years Ago Wrote:

NO. 40

## WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1916.

# "FRIENDS O' MINE."

#### Friendsship is the Sweetest and Most Enriching of Life's Treasers!

what would life he without mends? A veritable desert, hotter, palms and flowers and fountains. and rest and refreshment for the tired heart and the weary brain. Thank God for the friendships that brighten and bless us on

our way through the earth! lanta, Ga., in his latest holiday message :

"Friends o' Mine: Friendship is the sweetest and most enriching of all life's treasures.

"Friendship is a word the very sight of which in print makes the

heart warm. "Nothing can take the place of true friendship. It is the sun that breaks through the darkest cloud of earthly troubles.

"There is still such a thing on earth as real friendship.

"But true friendships are all too few, and no one is so abundantly supplied with them that he has one to spare.

"At this hallowed season 1 am thinking of my riches in friends, and thanking God for them with a deep thanksgiving. "There are Divine as well as

human friendships, and my fervent prayer for you is that you may increasingly know the friendship of the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and that whatever the future holds, you may be able to look along into the pathless sky and say 'I have a Friend.' "

REAL BOSS OF THE HOUSE,

There was a company of gentleone night, recently. It grew late of the house, who, by the way,

# OUR VESTERDAYS.

I sometimes think the vesterdays are fairer, sweeter far Than any days that are to be or any days that are; As distance lends enchantment to the far horizon line So time its glamor weaves about the days of huld lang syne.

undier, more insufferable than The friends of youth seem dearer than the friends we know today, Sahara or any other of the wild. The world was brighter, lighter in the years of faraway; wastes of the world. But friends The blossoms on the orchard trees a subtler fragrance blew. -they are the bases of life with And all the roses seemed to wear a rarer, fairer bue.

> And, oh, the joys of yesterday are deeper grown with time, Our ancient woes are sweetest, olden sorrows made sublime; And all the dreams that seemed to die, the things that could not be, The prayers of life unanswered, still lives in memory.

Today may bring us happiness, romorrow lure us on, Says Dr. Henry Alford Porter. But something even turns our hearts to other days long gone; pastor Second Baptist church, At- And blessed is the life which sees through recollection's haze, The tenderness and sweetness of its hallowed yesterdays.

# OUT OF THE SILENCE.

And what can you say when the day is done And you've gone to your bed of rest? When the shadows come and the light has gone O'er the rim of the golden west, As if in an aimless quest? What do you say, When kindly voice that you seem to know, Out of the shadows speak soft and low, Well, what did you do today ?" O, what can you say when you're all alone With the Master of all the tasks? How much of a sin do you have to own When the voice of the Master asks? How many things that you left undone Your studied answer makes ? What do you say When out of the shades of the silent night The Master speaks with the Master's right: Well, what did you do today?" Thrice blest is he of the humble way Who sinks to his bed of rest-The rest he earned with a toiling day

With love of his labor blest-Who hears the voice of his Master ask And can truthfully say "My best !" That man who can say

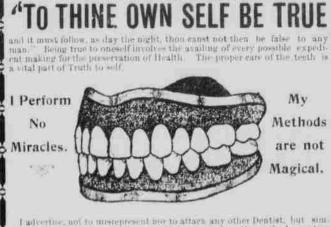
# UNCLE WALT MASON.

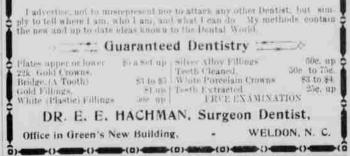
## Speeding Years.

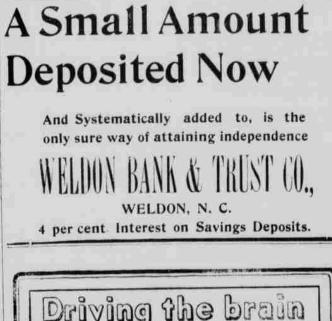
How swift the years roll on, my friend, how swift the years roll on! They come and make their bow and bend, they smile and then they're gone! Some morning, in Perform the mirror's face, we see a snowy hair; and ere we've time to dye the place, a hundred more are Miracles. there. But yesterday my locks 5 were brown, and life seemed in its dawn, and now the gray spreads o'er my crown-how swift the years roll on! But yesterday I held a child upon my willing knee; an infant innocent and mild, and beautiful was he; and now in tones he speaks, he's learned to toil and spin, and he has whiskers on his cheeks, and more upon his chin. Oh, can this be that little child, this man of weight and brawn? How can the two be reconciled? How swift the years roll on! But yesterday my limbs were free from stiffness, pain and ache; and I could climb the tallest tree, or swim across a lake. But if I walk a block today, my wind and strength are gone; they take me homeward on a dray; how swift the years roll on ! WHAT A PRETTY MAID CAN DO. A pretty maid can make a wise man a fool. She can make a sane man dippy. She can turn sunshine into gloom, or misery into joy. She can have a train of young bloods and baldheaded old bachelors trotting after her like a pack of hungry dogs trailing a bone,

She can raise more simon effort.

A DEEP ONE.











tind You Have Always Bought, and which has been use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his per-Chart Hitcher: Boral supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Initations and "Just-as-good " are but Experiments that triffe with and endanger the health of Infants and Childron-Experience against Experiment.

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