

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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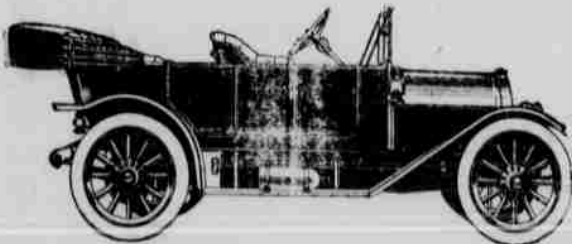
THE Dining Room should be a cheerful place for when you eat your meals amid pleasant surroundings you do much to aid digestion. And good digestion means health.

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MOTHER IS GONE.

Life is Blank; Wife, My Love, My Life, Has Left Me.

While living is the time to bestow your love. Don't wait until the loving heart has ceased its beating and the tired feet are still to tell them you love them. What can they know of your words—of love, and praise, tears and grief? Give me all the love you have for me while I'm living; it will help us to bear the weary burdens that come so thick and fast. In the home more especially is this true. The poor, tired wife is the packhorse. Without one loving word, she toils day by day, raises the little children, cares for the sick, until it seems as if the delicate form could bear no more. Never comes a word of praise for trying to do her best. Yet there comes a day when the feet go no more in the home, the voice is still, there is a deep solemnity all over the place. Something is gone. What is it? I might say your packhorse—yet I'll use the name that should be sweetest, "Darling Mother"—has gone. Life is blank; wife, my love, my life, has left me! Ah, my home will never be what it has been; mother and wife has left us! If you could only say also, "I never gave her anything but loving words of praise, encouragement. I lifted every burden I could from her slight shoulders." Instead you generally howl with grief because your wife has gone, and there is no one to pack all the hard work on, or scold for everyone's faults.

COULD ANYTHING BE SIMPLER.

Yet Probably Many Who Have Suddenly Dismounted From a Mule Never Saw Things That Way.

A young soldier was watching the efforts of his fellow privates to ride a refractory mule. Not one of them could stay on its back for two seconds.

At last the looker-on approached and drawled:

"I say, let me show you how it's done."

"Come on, then," said the soldiers.

The youth sidled up to the mule, swung himself on the animal's back, wrapped his legs beneath its body and took a firm hold on the reins. The mule made a slight effort to dislodge him, but the man, stuck. Another slightly more strenuous effort by the mule also failed. Then, laying his ears back, and taking a deep breath, the mule shot his heels into the air at an angle of 65 degrees, and the young man was propelled to the ground. He slowly arose to his feet, screwed his face into a smile and said:

"Now, that's the way, boys! When you see he's goin' to fling you, just get off."

NO DOUBT OF IT.

"Are you engaged in war work?" asked the sweet young thing of the man with the underslung spectacles and the coarse voice and features.

"Yes, I am a divorce lawyer," answered the man, with a sigh.

THAT GIVES THE WOMAN'S LIFE

Mrs. Godden Tells How It May be Passed in Safety and Comfort.

Fremont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to the change—heat, nervousness, general run-down condition, it was hard to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. Godden, 928 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.

Such annoying symptoms as heat flashes, nervousness, backache, headache, irritability and "the blues," may be speedily overcome and the system restored to normal conditions by the famous root and herb remedy Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If any complications present themselves write the Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions how to overcome them. The result of forty years experience is at your service and your letter held in strict confidence.



Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

"NOW I LAY HE."

"When the wounded in the hospitals come to die," says a British officer, "their last request in the great number of cases is for the prayer, 'Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.'"

When my sun of life is low,
When the dew shadows creep,
Say for me before I go,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

I am at the journey's end,
I have sown and I must reap,
There are no more ways to mend—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Nothing more to doubt or dare,
Nothing more to give or keep—
Say for me the children's prayer,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Who has learned along the way,
Primrose path or stormy steep—
More of wisdom than to say,
"Now I lay me down to sleep?"

What word have you more to tell
When the shadows round me creep—
All is over, all is well,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

PAYING.

We pay for the glory of days of sun
With ages of tempest and tears and loss;
We pay for the hill when the summit is won
With the weight we have borne when we bore the cross;
We pay for our leisure and laughter and song
With the days of worry, the nights of care;
We pay for our shining, our weakness and wrong,
With the agony of a life of prayer.

We pay for our sin and our lust and vice
With moments of shadow and darkening dread;
We pay, we pay such an awful price
With the thorns and the rocks in the path we tread,
When we seek to adventure beyond the bound
Of the living truth of the inborn law—
Ah, we pay every inch of the sin-strewn ground
When the halters of evil around us dawn!

We pay for the rose of the springtime sweet
With the ice and the snow of the winter's reign;
We pay for the dancing of lewd, wild feet,
With ages of aching and horror and pain;
We pay for it all such a price in the end—
But the race goes on, and the game is played,
And only at last have we love for a friend
When as men in a world of men we've paid!

WOULDN'T BELIEVE WE.

A party of sportsmen had been out all day big game hunting and as they rested after their days' labors they spun yarns.

"Last time I was out here on this game," said the quiet man, "I met a magnificent lion—almost face to face. With a terrible roar the beast sprang at me, but just missed his aim by jumping two feet too high. Disappointed, it dashed away into the woods. The next day we set out to track the beast down and at last came upon it in an open space in the jungle—er—practicing low jumps."

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

is worth more to family life today than ever before. Today those who are responsible for the welfare of the family realize the imperative need of worthwhile reading and what it means to individual character, the home life and the State. Everywhere the waste and chaff, the worthless and inferior, are going to the discard.

The Youth's Companion stands first, last and continually for the best there is for all ages. It has character and creates like character. That is why, in these shifting times the family turns to its 52 issues a year full of entertainment and suggestion and information, and is never disappointed.

It costs only \$2 a year to provide your family with the very best reading matter published. In both quantity and quality as well as in variety The Youth's Companion excels.

Don't miss Grace Richmond's great serial, Anne Exeter, 10 chapters, beginning December 12.

The following special offer is made to new subscribers:

1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues of 1919.

2. All remaining issues of 1918.

3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1919.

All the above for only \$2 or you made include McCall's Magazine—12 fashion numbers. All for only \$2.50. The two magazines may be sent to separate addresses if desired.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Commonwealth Ave. & St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.

Self-possession is nine-points with the lawyer.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

"My dear, you know there is nothing I hate more than a domestic scene."

"Well, then, John Henry Dubwaite, why do you conduct yourself in a way that forces me to create domestic scene?"

"What have I done?"

"Nothing, that's just it. You've said, 'Yes, my dear,' to me so many times I'm sick and tired of hearing it. Why don't you lose your temper occasionally? Throw things around, slam the door, kick the cat! Threaten to choke me! For once in your life do something to convince me that I'm married to a red-blooded man and not a spineless jellyfish."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A WIFE, INDEED.

A man who had looked on the wine when it was red a great deal too often was induced to sign the pledge the other day. His wife was delighted.

"You must let me have it!" she cooed, taking the precious document. "I will keep it for you!"

On the next day the man was drinking as freely as before.

"How is this?" asked a friend.

"You signed the pledge yesterday and now you are drinking again."

"It's all right," replied the pledge signer in unsteady tones, "I don't have to keep that pledge. My wife says she'll keep it for me. Hooray!"—London Answers.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

WISE GUY.

Hello! Dr. Bunyan? Yes? Come right away. My husband has another one of his spells."

"Why didn't you send for me sooner?" said the doctor, half an hour later. "You should not have waited till your husband was unconscious."

"Well, replied the wife, 'as long as he had his senses he would not let me send for you.'"

CASTORIA For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

AN OLD VIEWPOINT.

Music Makes People As a Rule Law-Abiding

Does music keep people out of jail? It has often been said in print that music was brought into the world to uplift and beautify our hitherto mechanical lives. A public school principal regrets that his teachers are giving only one and half hours a week to the study of music. He regrets this because he says through music and its educational value young people become better citizens, more useful members of society and more efficient members of the State.

But now a man comes forward and submits figures to show that musicians give the jails a wide berth. Out of some where about 150,000 professional musicians in the United States it is said there are only 15 in the nine largest penitentiaries throughout the Republic. This makes a good showing when the corresponding figures are considered—39 out of only 57,000 bankers in these penitentiaries; 33 out of 115,000 lawyers; 22 out of 150,000 physicians and six out of 35,000 painters or artists. It begins to look as if music keeps you out of jail or at least helps to. —Philadelphia Record.

Health About Gone

Many thousands of women suffering from womanly trouble, have been benefited by the use of Cardui, the woman's tonic, according to letters we receive, similar to this one from Mrs. Z. V. Spell, of Hayne, N. C. "I could not stand on my feet, and just suffered terribly," she says. "As my suffering was so great, and he had tried other remedies, Dr. — had us get Cardui. . . I began improving, and it cured me. I know, and my doctor knows, what Cardui did for me, for my nerves and health were about gone."

TAKE

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

She writes further: "I am in splendid health . . . can do my work. I feel I owe it to Cardui, for I was in dreadful condition." If you are nervous, run-down and weak, or suffer from headache, backache, etc., every month, try Cardui. Thousands of women praise this medicine for the good it has done them, and many physicians who have used Cardui successfully with their women patients, for years, endorse this medicine. Think what it means to be in splendid health, like Mrs. Spell. Give Cardui a trial.

All Druggists

GIRLS! WHITEN YOUR SKIN WITH LEMON JUICE
Make a beauty lotion for a few cents to remove tan, freckles, sallowness.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply you with three ounces of cream of tartar for a few cents. Squeeze the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle, then add to the cream of tartar and shake well. This makes a quart of the best lemon skin whitener and complexion beautifier known. Massage this fragrant, creamy lotion daily into the face, neck, arms and hands and just see how freckles, tan, sallowness, redness and roughness disappear and how smoothly, soft and clear the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless, and the beautiful results will surprise you.

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THAT is, they help him in business as well as social life, by giving him a prosperous, well-groomed appearance.

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