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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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GOOD ADVICE.

So Many Miss The Deep, Speechless Love on Which Their Lives Have Been Nourished and Hunger and Thirst For It.

The following was written by a grandmother. Her advice is certainly good and we gladly give it space—(Ed).

As I am verging on the land of dotage and much of a child myself, if the children will follow me into my cool, roomy kitchen, we will have a social chat this lovely morning, and as boys have a talent for combining pleasure with business, they will excuse me if I air a few of my opinions while I string my beans for dinner and mould my butter for market. You know, boys, when sent to the spring for water, the reason you stay so long is you stop to poke the frog on the stone, yoke the lizard and chink the saucy squirrels, etc.

All children, from the tiny prattler to the blooming maiden and happy frolicsome young man, have a tender place in my heart. I have a great many friends among them. They are to me what the sun is to the flower, and what the flower is to the bee; and without them life would be as blank as a snow-capped mountain. I would love to take each of you by the hand, and tell you how much I love you; but my pen will record the feeling of my heart.

Dear children, I hope you all realize what a treasure you have in the mother love that cares for you so tenderly. So many miss the deep, speechless love on which their lives have been nourished and hunger and thirst for it.

Father is tender in his solicitude, but there is not love like mother. If angels walk the earth and keep special eyes on little children, they must be sad when so many little ones call in vain for mamma.

SOME MOUTH.

Here is a case of misplaced generosity. The guilty party meant well, but her manner of showing it wasn't what you might call tactful. It was at a bargain party—one of the porch kind—and ice cream and wafers were served.

"Miss Ghoans," urged the hostess, "do have some more ice cream."
"No, really I—"
"Oh, don't refuse, or I'll think you don't like it."
"Well, if you'll just give me a mouthful—"
"Ah, that's right, Katie, fill Miss Ghoans's plate for her."

Miss Ghoans is sensitive about her generous mouth and she was so angry that she telephoned to us about it with the request that we put it in the paper.

EXPERTS.

Some men Kay See confidence men are pretty slick, ain't they, Lester?" asked old Riley Rezzidew.
"Yes, sirc!" replied Lester Lazenberry, who was just back from the Big Burg. "They're so darn slick they'd pick the pockets of a billiard table if you didn't watch 'em every minute."
"You have been a naughty boy, Jimmy," said his mother, "and I shall tell your father."
"Oh, of course," exclaimed Jimmy, "you never can keep a secret."

"BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN"

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Ohio Woman.

Portsmouth, Ohio.—"I suffered from irregularities, pains in my side and was so weak at times I could hardly get around to do my work, and as I had four in my family and three boarders, it made it very hard for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. I took it and it has restored my health. It is certainly the best medicine for women's ailments I ever saw."—Mrs. SARA SHAW, R. No. 1, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this medicine and wrote this letter in order that other suffering women may find relief as she did.

Women who are suffering as she was should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its forty years experience is at your service.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

What have you done for the world today,
For all that it has done for you—
With its life and its chance and its toil and play,
And its music and laughter and dew?
What have you done for a world that sings,
For a world that shines as you go;
For a world that is master of mice and kings,
That can make or can break with a blow?
Why are you troubled and discontent
In a world that has done so much
To dower you with grace of the gifts it has sent
And the chance it has helped you to clutch?
For this beautiful world is a place, indeed,
That is doing things hour by hour
That should help us to climb to a happier creed,
As the blossom climbs unto the flower.
What are you doing to help it along
For the help it is giving right now
To the children that lists to its prayer and its song
And are touched by a holier vow?
What have you done for a world that can smile
And help you to smile on your way,
And a world that is lovelier, mile after mile,
For the sake of its children each day?
—Benttown Bard in Baltimore Sun.

TILL THE SHADOWS ARE GROWN,

Perhaps there is no period in human life more tender and beautiful than that which precedes the going down of the sun. The day's work is over and then comes the calm, sweet rest of the even-tide. It is the time when the grapes of Eschol are the sweetest. It is the period when all the fruits have grown ripe and mellow and fragrant. It is the harvest time with the ripening grain, the scent of the fields and the joy of the harvest-time. The echoes of the long past come back like music aloft from distant shores. The empty strivings after perishing honors, the eager struggle of social and political preferment fade from sight like vanishing twinkles from the evening sky. The ambitious schemes of other days, already realized or long since forgotten, lie in their hiding places like garments that have served their time and been cast away. Only the true and the pure things are worthy to live in the memory of those "whose steps have grown slow" and whose eyes have grown dim and whose hair has grown white like drifted snow on the Alpine heights.

Sweet faces come back to us in the visions of the night once more and voices long hushed speak to us again and gentle eyes look softly on us as in the days of yore. Many an hour of holy fellowship with those gone before, refresh our hearts while the shadows are growing larger. Old enemies are lost sight of and differences that once separated us from our friends are buried and those who once looked on us askance now beam on us with loving look; for who would wage war with the old? The burdens have fallen from us—"they lie buried in the sea, and only the sorrows of others cast their shadows over us." We get to like little children again sitting by the shining river and eager for the voyage. The journey is over, the battle fought, the smoke of the conflict is cleared away from the field of strife and heaven is nigh. And like Bunyon who saw his pilgrims enter through the gates into the city, we can say "we could wish ourselves there."—H. A. Brown, in Biblical Recorder.

YOUR BOY.

He Bears Your Name, and is to Send It Down the Stream of Time.

You do not know what is in him. Bear with him; be patient; wait. Feed him; clothe him; love him; he is a boy, and most boys are bad. You think him so light-hearted, and fear he is light-headed as well. But remember he calls you father. When he played in your lap, you fondly hoped he would some day be a great and useful man. Now that he has grown larger, and his young blood drives him with gleeful sport; and makes him impatient of serious things—rattling, playful, thoughtless—you almost despair. But don't be snappish and snarlish, and make him feel that you are disappointed in him. He is your boy, and you are to live in him. He bears your name, and is to send it down the stream of time. He inherits your fortune and fame, and is to transmit them to generations to come.

It cannot be otherwise. A daughter divides your fortune, transmits less of fame and loses your name. A boy is more nearly yourself than anything else can be. It is thru your boy you go down in history; thru your boy you are to live in the future; by him you are to act upon the generation that is to come.

It may be difficult to govern him, but be patient. He may seem adverse to everything useful and good; but wait. No one can tell what is in a boy. He may surprise you some day. Hope. Let him grow. While his body grows larger and stronger, his mental and moral nature may expand and improve.

RUSE THAT FAILED.

The called-up one volubly explained that there was no need in his case for a medical examination.

"I'm fit and want to fight. I want to go over on the first boat. I want to go right into the front trenches, but I want to have a hospital close, so that if I get hit no time will be wasted in taking me where I can get mended right away, so that I can get back to fighting without losing a minute. Pass me in, doctor. Don't waste any time on me. I want to fight, and keep fighting!"

The doctor, however, insisted, and, when he got through, reported a perfect physical specimen.

"You don't find nothing wrong with me doctor?"

"Nothing."

"But, doctor, don't you think I'm a bit crazy?"—Tit-Bits.

PAT SCORES AGAIN.

British papers are fond of printing jokes in which representatives of all the divisions of the United Kingdom—and sometimes a man from Wales—bear a part. Needless to say, the Irishman rarely comes off second best, whenever quickness of wit is required.

Pat was serving in the army, and his two companions happened to be an Englishman and a Scotsman. These two gave their Irish friend a lively time with their jokes and teasing.

One day Pat was called away, and left his coat hanging on a nail. The Englishman and the Scotsman, seeing some white paint near the opportunity of painting a donkey's head on the back of Pat's coat.

The Irishman soon returned, and, looking first at his coat and then fixing his eye on his friends, said slowly, "Begorra, and which one you two has been wiping your face on my coat?"

Chamberlain's Tablets.

When you are troubled with indigestion or constipation take Chamberlain's Tablets. They strengthen the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. Indigestion is usually accompanied by constipation and is aggravated by it. Chamberlain's Tablets cause a gentle movement of the bowels relieving the constipated condition.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

Before using this preparation for a cough or cold you may wish to know what it has done for others. Mrs. O. Cook, Mason, Ill., writes: "I have found it gives the quickest relief of any cough remedy I have ever used." Mrs. Jas. A. Knott, Chillicothe, Mo., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cannot be best for coughs and colds." H. J. Moore, Oval, Pa., says: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy on several occasions when I was suffering with a settled cold upon the chest and it has always brought about a cure."

Watches for the first symptoms, hoarseness and give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy at once. It is prompt and effective.

HIS UNIFORM.

Just a Little Friendly Visit to the Boys in Gray.

In his reminiscences of the Civil War, Gen. Gordon relates that while the two hostile armies were confronting each other on the Rapidan, the Confederate and the Union pickets became so very "chummy" that the commanding generals were apprehensive lest important military information might leak out.

An almost continuous exchange of tobacco for coffee was going on between "Yanks" and "Johnnies," also much exchanging of newspapers. Where the river was so deep that the soldiers could not wade across, they rigged miniature rafts loaded with whatever they wished to trade and sent them over as the breeze favored. The consignees on both sides scrupulously respected these small argosies, and always sent back a fair equivalent. The men not only conversed across the river, but also "visited" back and forth for an hour or two at a time. The officers began to fear that they might become too friendly to fight with proper energy; and at last Gen. Lee instructed Gen. Gordon to put a stop to it.

Mounting his horse, the General started to ride along the river front, and almost immediately came upon a Confederate outpost where his sudden appearance seemed to create an unusual degree of excitement and stir.

"What's going on here?" demanded the general.

"Nothing at all, sir!" cried one of the soldiers, eagerly; while another attempted to explain that the confusion was owing to their haste to "present arms" to him.

Gen. Gordon was satisfied that this was a subterfuge, but he could see nothing amiss, and had turned to ride away when he saw some tall weeds on the river bank begin to shake.

"What's in those weeds?" he asked, wheeling his horse.

"Nothing at all, sir," cried a chorus of voices.

"Break down the weeds!"

Very reluctantly one of the men did so—and there lay a large, red-headed "Yank" in puris naturalibus, having evidently but that minute swum across the river.

"Where do you belong?" the general asked him severely.

"Over yonder, general," replied the Yankee, with a wave of his arm across the river and an inscrutable grimace.

"What are you doing here?"

"Just a little friendly visit to the boys, general."

"Don't you know there's a war raging in this country?"

"Yes, sir; but 'ain't ragin' today," was the quaint reply; and the ring of listening "Johnnies" grinned broadly. Something had to be done to preserve dignity and to enforce orders.

"Have you anything to say why I should not have you shot as a spy?" demanded the general, very sternly. "Is that your uniform?"

"Wall, general, it's the uniform my mother gave me," came from the weeds in a drawl so irresistible that the "Johnnies" shouted.

Quickly perceiving that this was a case where it was necessary to treat the matter as a joke or else to mete out extreme severity, Gen. Gordon chose the former alternative.

"Look here," said he, "if I let you go back to your own lines this time, will you—"

It was unnecessary to finish the sentence. With a spring to his feet the "Yank" dived off the river bank; and immediately his red head was seen paring the water rapidly in the direction of the other shore.

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