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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1920.

NO. 34

Net Contents 15 Fluid Draci 900 DROPS **Mothers Know That** Genuine Castoria Always Bears the INFANTS. CHILDREN Thereby Promoting Digestion Cheerfulness and Best Cantains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral, NOT NARGOTIC Signature Person of Old De SAME I PERSON A helpful Remedy for Use and Feverishness and 2.055 OF SLEEP resulting therefron in Infancy For Over Fac Simile Signature of Cat H. Hateties Thirty Years THE GENTAUR GONPANE NEW YORK. 35 Doses -40 CENTS

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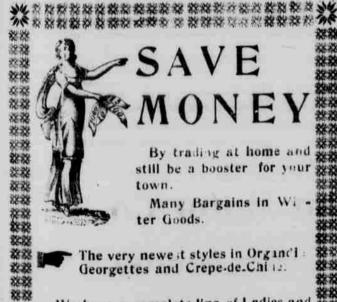
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WELDON, N.C.

What Will He Write?



®®®®®®®®®®®®®®®

In turning over a new leaf, be sure to lay a 1,000pound weight on it, so it won't fly back.

YEARS MERELY

Offer Opportunity for Each of Us to Write Therein a Record Better Than the Preceding.

HE coming year lies spread like the white plain that sweeps from the roadside to distant forest where the gray soulrrels are making tracks in the tle record may be written; not a full life story, but morely a brief chapter or two, like the chapters of squirrel life that may be read by one who today ventures into the white forest.

It is a great mystery that iles ahead, a treasure house of endless pos ties. The span of a man's life is short; shorter in absolute measure ment than the span of ; year. For each year, when Octobe, fades into November, has wrought completeness. No human life can bring completeness It cannot bring completeness of knowledge or completeness of happiness or completeness of good works. The best man can do, in his poor, limited way, is to glean as much wisdom and win as much happiness and do as much good as the number of his days permits. When the human October fades it may thus be rich and peaceful and without the scars of stormy days or the blight of wasted days and without undue regret that what should have been seen and known and done has not

YEAR'S completeness is but a A twelvemonth. Our human incom-pleteness covers many twelvemonths. How fortunate that each dawning year means a new opportunity to live and learn. Again and again we may take bread and advance toward the goal of apprehension. We may study God's works and year by year come nearer to an appreciation of them. We can never fully appreciate them, for our minds are finite, and they are in-

been seen and known and done.

The new resolution will be simply the same old resolve broken with such frequency.

Never judge a man's worth by the statement of his tax collector.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

finite. But each succeeding year is a new opportunity. It offers the perfec-tion of completeness, and by even a partial comprehension of its fullness we may move toward fulfillment of the

measure of our lives.
"I am not afraid," said Thoreau, "that I shall exaggerate the value and significance of life, but that I shall not up to the occasion which it is. I shall be sorry to remember that I was there, but noticed nothing remarkable -not so much as a prince in disguise; lived in the golden age a hired man; visited Olympus even, and fell asleep after dinner, and did not hear the conereation of the gods."

O NE who loves only artificiality, who does not note the excellence and is punished by bitter unrest. His life lacks the boon of contentment which includes all boons. There are or course, the few whose mental scope is too narrow for self-measurement. They do not even know that they are discontented and may enjoy life as the ox enjoys life. They are fortunate. The unfortunate man is the one who has, even dimly, an understanding that the world is good and beautiful and that he is failing to reap the richness that is rightly his.

The coming year is indeed a great mystery, full of possibilities. Who-

200-100

OW many of us are waiting for the opportunities of the coming year! With how many of us is it the unuttered hope that tomorrow, next week, next month, the next yearmay be as today in its privfleges and opportunities, only far more abundant.

We are told that the first day of the New Year is an appropriate time to form good resolutions. But the New Year is tomorrow, and there is a better time for such a task, and that time is today. For "now is the accepted ttme."-Birhop H. C. Potter.

never too late. Whoever has long watched and loved the years will know that to his knowledge, however ripe, uch will be added. He will ad-.. step nearer to the goal of contentment, and in so advancing will inrease his human usefulness, his help-

THE year dawns on an earth red with blood, an earth torn with It will be for most of the neo ple of the earth a year of sorrow and of sacrifice. But for all this it will not be a bad year. Not half of civiltied mankind but all mankind that has not forgotten the meaning of civilization has been unselfishly, heroleally engaged in the needful work of ridding the world of a noxious parasitle growth, the poisonous fungus of milltarism. For those who gave themselves to this essential work it will be n good year. For all who are suffering that the years to come may happier and healthler the year will be a good year.

February will bring its crystal

man who is too cowardly to pro- by baiting her book with indiffer-

A garl hasn't much use for a

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

A woman will have her own

way even if it is a roundabout way. I past.

Resolution Barbara Kerr OMMY-TROT," christened sprawled on the table at engaged in printing some-thing which he carried

ommy lrors

New Years

about with him. "It's an awful hard Job, ain't it, daddy? But I guess gentlemans has to do it anyway, don't we?"
"What's that, Sir Thomas?" asked his father, glancing up from his book. "Why, the New Year resolution thing," answered Tommy as he labo-riously put on some finishing touches. "Pretty big word, that. What about

"Yep, but then I don't say it much. It's sort of like a bet. You bet you do or you bet you don't. An' I'm going to bet I do," And Tommy closed his book on a little fat finger and climbed on his father's knee,

"And what is it you're betting you'll rumpling up the boy's brown curls. The child was unusually serious; he looked intently at his father. "I'm going to see about getting a lady for our home, daddy. I'm so tired being wivout one. I-I want a muvver, dadas he might to make his declaration chin quivered and he hid his face on his father's shoulder.

Mr. Birney laid aside his pipe and for a full long minute said nothing

Little old last year's

resolution is as

good as any, and

probably will wear

fully as long as a

been done by man or of the vengeance

ports of their observations of migra

tory birds and of the effect of drum-

scholars, bearded and dirty, made

not fall asleep while the gods conversed. Neither ald they permit the

roar of man's fury to drown out the

ahead. There can be no bad years.

The years are measured by God and

The Joy of living is best found in

the real success of life. Take away

success and there's no joy in life to

ress, the world's good. And it is in such

the joy this journal wishes every read-er may have the coming year; and will

Day Means Much to All.

flege and joy for the masses of men.

If you leave it to

the schoolboy

New Year's day

is what comes be-

fore he has to go

BBGGGGGGGGG

Many a girl carches a husbard

Perry larceny is grand larceny

when applied to a stolen kiss

back to school.

happy new year.

not by the evil that men do.

new one.

that marched inexorably,

Meuse and the Somme.



lipoli and France, watching God's currise or the wispy clouds in the Engaged in Printing Something.

blue. British gentlemen caked with the mud of Flanders wrote detailed reit, old man, to get us a lady for our name?" He somehow could not say the word mother lightly, though it had seen five long years since Tommy's fire on bird life. French students and mother died. "It would be nice, Have you found any one, spoken to any one These men visited Olympus and did

"I'd like to have the lady wiv the shiny eyes that takes me to school mornings," admitted Tommy, "I asked er once was she a muyver, and she said no, just only a little boy's aunt. spect she's so busy being a nunt that So it must be a good year that is she wouldn't have any time to be a muvver," and the child sighed dejectedly. "I wisht you'd ask her daddy,

"Why, I don't know Miss Woodburn, old man." The father smiled a little ruefully as he remembered that he had thought to strike up an acquaintance through the child, but Miss Woodburn one alive to opportunities and respon-sibilities. No live man is satisfied with had coldly repulsed him, though she had long been a fast friend of Tommere existence, for he wants to con-tribute something to the world's progmy's, stopping for him to slip his hand into hers as she hurried to her schoolroom, which was in the same building contribution that real joy is found, the as the kindergarten. "I think we have pretty good times together, after all. zation that one has done what he could in the year given him. So this is

Shall daddy be the bear tonight?" "I'm most afraid I'm sick, daddy," murmured the boy; "I spect I'd better go to bed."

have if they fully appreciate that the Mr. Birney gathered Tommy-Trot up new year is theirs, to make it truly a olicitously and prepared him for bed. "I wisht your lap fitted me better daddy. I'm going to get the New Year lady's lap to fit like Benny Jones New Years suggest intimate personal views of self. The annual crop of good muvver's does," complained the child, drowslly. The next morning Miss Grace Wood-

resolutions shows how near most people are to becoming radically betburn slackened her pace, expecting The day also bring a sense of the Fommy to come running as usual, then invalinusible remourees of life. It is she retraced her steps, walking slowly past the house. The door swung open the door into a wonderful future, new inventions, new discoveries, new achievements, of social justice and priv-Mr. Birney, confless, an apr tied about his neck, frantically explained that Tommy-Trot was very sick with the croup, that the doctor was trying to get a nurse, but he feared the child would die before they could get help, as the woman who kept their cottage was away.
Fortunately Miss Woodburn had

taken a first-aid course; also, in her us business of being an aunt, she had helped to take little Nephev Peter through a very severe attack of croup. She knew that every minute was precious. She began drawing off her gloves and unfastening her wraps as she hastened after Mr. Sirney. She telephoned her assistant to take her place till further orders, then reached out her hand for the apron. Lovingly abe bent over Tommy-Trot, who held

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Indu try is mother of good luck.

Children Cry An optimist is a man who de-FOR FLETCHER'S clines to judge the future by the CASTORIA

Hail and Farewell

FAREWELL TO THE OLD Old Year, thy life is well-nigh spent, Thy feet are tottering and slow, Thy hoary head with age is bent, The time is here for thee to go; Already in the frozen snow A lonely grave is made for thee; The winds are chanting dirges low.

Upon the land and on the sea.

Old Year, thou wert a friend to some-To some thou wert of worth untold, Thy days were blessings, every one, More precious far than shining gold; But unto others, thou a foe Did prove thyself-an enemy, Relentless as the chains of woe-As ruthless as the maddened sea.

Some will rejoice to know thee dead, Others will mourn thee as a friend; Some will look back on thee with dread, Others their praises to thee lend: I neither offer praise nor blame, Old Year, for what you brought to me, For unto me both joy and pain Your active hands gave lavishly.

Thy solemn death-hour draws a-nigh-And hark! I hear thy funeral knell Slow pealing through the darkened sky-Farewell, Old Year-farewell, farewell!

HAIL TO THE NEW Hail! hail! to thee, O virgin year! Not yet a day's length on thy throne,-Thou with the merry eyes and clear And joyous voice of dulcet tone: Hail! hail! to thee, thou strong of limb; Our praise is thine, O youthful king, For thou art pure of woe and sin,

The monarch who is laid away Within the catacomb of years Was harsh and ruthless in his day-Seemed less to love our joys than tears; We look for blessings manifold, New Year, from thy pure sinless hand, We trust thy heart will ne'er grow cold Toward us—and our Native Land.

Thy young hands yet but blessings bring.

Bring healing to the hearts now sore From wounds the cruel Old Year made; The veil of peacefulness draw o'er The woes at each heart-threshold laid: We cannot love a tyrant king! Our hearts refuse to loyal be To one who takes delight to fling Upon our hearts keen misery!

Be kind to us-that we may say, When comes the time for thee to go; "O darling year, we grieve to-day, Because we all have loved thee so!" -Good Housekeeping.

EKKREKKEREKKEREKEREKKEREK KONKKEKKE

out his hand to her; deftly she father, "and if you will get me a glass smoothed his pillow, asking quick of hot milk I will be very grateful." questions as to doctor's orders and "Tm ashamed not to have thought showing the bewildered father how to of that myself," he told her remorsefollow them, all the time talking in fully as he hurried to obey. When he soothing, comforting little sentences returned she tried to dispatch him to to the child. "We're good pais, aren't get himself something to eat.
we, Tommy? And we're going to have "I'd rather not." he assured her; "I

gain with me? When my little Peterkins was sick he did just what I wanted him to do. Will you do that, dar-"Rayyer call you muyyer," whis-

pered the child hoarsely. The color flooded Miss Woodburn's face, but with a little life hanging to

gain and you'll take the bad medicine

just as if it were good.'

Patiently she worked, sending the grateful father flying on errands, or telephoning the doctor to ask for fuller directions. No man has any conception of a woman's resourcefulness till he sees her trying to save the life of some one dangerously iii. Mr. Thomas Birney watched, fascinated, the movements of this highly competent young woman who seemed never to give him a thought except to order him about. Noon came—the afternoon was almost spent before the child was sleeping calmly in her arms, the crists passed. "We've won!" she announced to the

ome awfully good times together, do not think I could eat. I only want aren't we? And will you make a bar- to make you understand how much J appreciate what you have done for me and Tommy-Trot. We'll be your devoted slaves from now on and Tomling? If you will you may call me my's father will run him a close race, Aunt Grace, just as he does. Will you. Miss Woodburn." "It was mighty fortunate that I re-

membered that I had promised to stop for him," she said quietly. "But I think now that you had better get your dinner at once and then I will run home the balance there was no time to hest- for mine when you return." Her tone tate, "All right, little man, it's a bar | brooked no argument, although Mr. Birney much preferred to look at the picture of her holding his sleeping child than to eat.

Shortly after Miss Woodburn had her dinner Mr. Birney, in distress, telephoned that Tommy had awakened and was crying hysterically for her. Would she come and stay a little while and get him to take one more dose of medicine? Hastily putting on her wraps, Miss Woodburn started for the Birneys', taking with her an old nurse who she knew would stay with Tommy for the night. "You pwomised me!" he wailed.

"You shan't go back to Peter; I'll fwash him!

Abushed, but smiling, Miss Woodourn soothed the child, who clung to her till she assured him over and over again that she would return in the morning, and Mrs. Brown would stay was finally quieted for the night, Mr. Birney insisted on taking Miss Woodburn home, and it seems that most of the time was spent in telling her about his family and his prospects, as though be felt it necessary that she should be thoroughly acquainted with his blogquaintance of her father and repeated the story and much more about himself and Tommy-Trot. And as Tommy soon learned the way to the Woodburns' also the neighbors are wondering whose courtship is the most ardent, Mr. Birney's or Tommy-Trot's. But certain It is that Miss Grace Woodburn is to be the New Year lady in the Birney home (Copyright, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

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