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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1911.

NUMBER 22.

DUNN & DUNN
Attorneys-at-Law,
Scotland Neck, North Carolina.
MONEY TO LOAN.

ELLIOTT B. CLARK
Attorney at Law
Haltfax, North Carolina.

A. PAUL KITCHIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Scotland Neck, N. C.
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Scotland Neck, North Carolina.

Practice together in all matters except those pertaining to railroad practice. Money loaned on approved security.

CLARK & KITCHIN
Physicians and Surgeons
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Office Phone No. 21.

DR. J. P. WIMBERLEY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Scotland Neck, N. C.
Office on Depot Street.

DR. O. F. SMITH
Physician and Surgeon
Office in Planters & Commercial
Bank Building
Scotland Neck, N. C.

DR. R. L. SAVAGE
OF ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
Will be in Scotland Neck, N. C., on the third Wednesday of each month at the hotel to treat the diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, and fit glasses.

DR. A. C. LIVERMOR,
DENTIST.
Office up stairs in White-head Building.
Office hours from 9 to 1 o'clock and 2 to 5 o'clock.

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OPTICIAN
Scotland Neck, N. C.
Eyes examined FREE. Broken lenses matched and frames repaired. All glasses strictly cash.

W. E. MARKS & BRO.
Scotland Neck, N. C.
We do all kinds of lathe and machine work, repair engines and boilers and run a general repair shop. Horse-shoeing a specialty.

STOP
and think how important it is to have your glasses fit correctly. Investigate the reputation of your optician, for much depends upon your eyes.

We invite investigation. We have complete grinding plants at all our stores, and duplicate accurately and promptly the most difficult lenses.

Remember, all our men are experts and we absolutely guarantee you entire satisfaction.

"Make Us Your Opticians."
G. L. Hall Optical Co.
Successors to TUCKER, HALL & CO.
OPTICIANS OF THE BEST SORT
53 Granby Street,
HORFOLK, RICHMOND, ROANOKE.

GIGCHESTER PILLS
DIAMOND BRAND
LADIES!
Ask your Druggist for GIGCHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. These are OTC's. Best of Red Pills and not for GIGCHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
TIME TRIED EVERYWHERE WORTH TRYING

MEMORIAL ADDRESS BY MR. R. C. DUNN.

Delivered to The Buck Kitchen Camp, U. C. V., at Scotland Neck, N. C., on Wednesday, May 10, 1911.

(Continued from last week.)

Many years ago, before the Norman Conqueror stamped his mailed foot on the neck of prostrate Saxon England, some wandering barbarian, of the continent then unknown to the world, in mere idleness, with hand or foot, covered an acorn with a little earth, and passed on regardless, on his journey to the Dim Past. He died and was forgotten; but this acorn lay there still, the mighty force within it acting in the darkness. A tender shoot stole gently up; and fed by the light and air and frequent dew, put forth its little leaves, and lived, because the elk or buffalo chanced not to place his foot upon and crush it. The years marched onward, and the shoot became a sapling, and its green leaves went and came with Spring and Autumn. And still the years came and passed away again, and William, the Norman Bastard, parcelled England out among his Barons, and still the sapling grew, and the birds builded their nests among its small limbs for many generations. And still the years came and went, and the Indian hunter slept in the shade of the sapling, and Richard Lion-Hearted fought at Acre and Ascalon, and John's bold Barons wrestled from him the Great Charter, and lo! the sapling had become a tree; and still it grew, and thrust its great arms wider and yet wider abroad, and lifted its head higher and still higher toward the Heavens; strong-rooted, defiant of the storms that roared and eddied through its branches; and when Columbus ploughed with his keels the unknown Western Atlantic, and Cortez and Pizarro bathed the cross in blood; and the Puritan, the Huguenot, the Cavalier and the follower of Penn sought a refuge and a resting-place beyond the ocean, the Great Oak still stood firm-rooted, vigorous, stately haughtily domineering over all the forest, heedless of all the centuries that had hurried past since the wild Indian planted the little acorn in the forest; a stout and hale old tree, with wide circumference and fit to furnish timber for a ship, to carry the thunders of the Great Republic's guns around the world. Thus it was with the Confederate soldier, planting the seeds of a new South with the same traditions, the same civilization, the same courageous people with the same determination, the same bravery and the same character of the old South, without the blackening influence of the negro slave, and the mighty force within it acted in the darkness of the reconstruction. Business enterprises stole gently up, and the new South, fed by the judgement and the brain and the determination of the Confederate soldier, put forth its branches of industry, spreading its arms of commerce wider and yet wider abroad and lifting its head higher and still higher toward the Heavens, strong-rooted, and defiant of the storms of partiality and political favoritism that have roared and eddied through its midst, until today the great South still stands, firm rooted, vigorous, stately, wielding its vast influence over the destinies of the nation as it was wont to do and furnish timbers for the Ship-of-State to carry the thunders of the great Republic's policies around the world. Surely the South is coming into its own again, and the welcoming song must indeed be sweet to the ears of the Confederate soldiers.

Fourth.—The cause for which the Confederate soldier fought was right and he knew that it was right. If there is any individual with whom I have less patience than any other it is he who upon the platform and in the press in a lukewarm, apologetic, and, if you please, mollycoddling expression gives vent to his opinion that the Confederate soldier fought for what he believed to be right. For what he believed to be right, indeed! If precedent is any guide, if argument has any convincing force, if approving conscience has any solace, if subsequent approbation on the part of those who formerly disagreed with him, be any vindication, we can assert without fear of successful contradiction that the Confederate soldier fought, bled and died, for what he knew to be right. If the constitutional right of a free people to regulate their own local affairs as they deem best, and the inalienable right of all free men to defend their home from invasion and plunder, if these things be wrong then the cause for which the Confederate soldier fought was wrong and I have no defense to make for him. But if to fight because the land they loved was invaded, if to fight because the principles they

cherished were attempted to be wrenched from them, if to fight because the constitutional rights which were justly their own were denied them, if these things be right then the Confederate soldier was everlastingly and eternally right and to fight here was his childhood's home here were the graves of his dead, here was the church spire where he had learned that it was not all of life to live nor all of death to die, and it was upon this consecrated ground that no hostile foot should ever tread save over his dead body. And yet with such Codrus like persistence have those of the North, through the medium of the press, the platform, and the pulpit, dimmed it into our ears that slavery was the cause of the Civil War, I very much fear that would be the answer of seventy-five per cent of the children in the schools of the South today.

Do the histories you are using in your school teach that slavery was the cause of the Civil War? If they do, in justice tear them up. Are you telling this to your children and to your children's children? In justice to these brave men and six hundred thousand more of them, tell it to them no more. I deny the assertion in the name of the traditions of the people against whom this vile slander is made. I refute it in the name of the six hundred thousand Confederate soldiers not one in ten of whom had any financial interest in slavery. I deny in the name of the Emancipation Proclamation, is called by its own author a war measure for war purposes. It is not my purpose or intention at this time to speak to you of the cause of that war, yet conducting a research for yourselves if you will but go deep enough you will find that the cause of that great struggle is the very question now engaging the attention of the Congress of the United States—the protective tariff. Surely justice and right must ever long raise up some one, able, broad-minded, fearless, who will write the story of the true causes of that mighty struggle and faithfully depict its stirring events.

The position of the South until recently, was, and even now I may safely say, is very much like that of Uncle Alex, the venerable darkey with an old gray mule, who called upon a veterinary surgeon with the inquiry, "Is you a hoss doctor?" "Yes," said the surgeon. "Well, dis here ole mule he's sick and I doan wante lost old Pete. Can you gimme some medicine fur him?" Writing a perscription the doctor said, "take this paper, to the drug store and get this medicine and a glass tube open at both ends. Put the medicine in the tube, run it down Pete's throat and blow." Some days later the veterinary met Uncle Alex much bedraggled and ashy and asked, "How's Pete?" "Pete he's all right, but I aint," said Uncle Alex. "What's the matter?" "It's dis away," said Alex, "I took the medicine and a glass tube as you told me, and I stuck it down Pete's throat, I did." "Did you blow?" asked the doctor. "No, sir," said the darkey, "old Pete he done blowed fust." Surely the Northern historian has "done blowed fust," and the medicine which he has blowed down the throat of the South has been the bitterest, meanest, and the most distasteful medicine that has ever been blown or by any other means gotten into the system of a fair land. Confederate Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, mothers, fathers, school-teachers, all of you let us rise up in our right and do some blowing on our own account and let the truth be known to the world.

And lastly, but by far the greatest factor contributing to the make-up of the Confederate as the most capable, courageous, and efficient soldier that ever answered the call of duty was the fact that he was sustained and inspired by the grandest body of womanhood the world has ever known—the Southern woman. What shall I say of her? What could I say of her that would do her justice? Where shall her story begin? Where shall it end? Was it her unspeakable sacrifice in the beginning, when she first buckled on her loved ones the armor of that holy war and sent them away from home to battle for their country as the toxin of war first sounded the appeal to arms? Was it later her uncomplaining endurance of untold privation and loneliness and desolation, or her divine fortitude and resignation when father, husband, son, brother or lover fell on the distant battlefield

and came back to her no more forever? Or, when she moved like an angel through the hospitals or in the rear of the firing line, watchful as a Roman vestal ministering to her wounded soldiers, cooling their fevered lips and soothing their lacerated hands? Or, when in the darkest hours of our blessed cause, when our brave heroes in front were being crushed by overwhelming numbers and the knapsack at the front and the bin at the home were empty, her faith, kindled by heaven-fires, kept alive the waning hopes and drooping courage of her naked, starving, and shattered armies, and met with her smiles the ragged remnant of the returning soldiers and pledged them her eternal faith and sympathy?

What strength of purpose and loyalty to duty must have been hers when she buckled the sword of her life's companion as well as the sons of her bosom and bade them go with the knowledge that they might never return. Just one example will suf-

fice to show that to the Southern woman duty was as imperative as destiny, as inflexible as death, and that the performance of that duty, with whatever hardships it was attended, with whatever perils it was surrounded, with whatever sacrifices it was accompanied, was to her the only true heroism. The battle of Gettysburg had been fought. The ranks of the Confederate army had been fearfully depleted. The news of the deadly conflict and the enormous loss of life came to a Carolina mother just at the close of day. The rays of the sinking sun, blood-red in their aspects, cast a shadow over the little garden where four mounds side by side arose to greet the sympathizing branches of the weeping willow waving over them. Under two of these the father and the eldest son were sleeping the last sleep of the brave, and the other two were raised there by loving hands to remind the widowed mother that upon some far-distant and unknown battlefield two youthful lives had been sacri-

ficed upon the altar of duty. And now the news that brought to her the story of the great and bloody battle, announced to her that in that dreadful carnage, with his face ever to the battle front, as Pettigrew made his famous charge, another son had poured out his life blood for the cause he knew was right, and another mound was to be added to the quota under the willow tree. As she looked upon the scene, recalling the deadly drama as it had been enacted before her very eyes, remembering how one after another of her sons she had dispatched to the battlefield that the ranks might be filled, and how none of them were ever to return to her, her arm around the frail form of her last born, a youth of only fifteen years, the frame of this incomparable heroine shook uncontrollable grief, and like Rachel of old she refused to be comforted. "O God, shall it be this one too?" That night she spent in prayer, prayer to the God in whom she put her trust that this last sacrifice

Blind, Dizzy Spells.
Wilmington, N. C.—Mrs. Cora L. Ritter, writes from this place: "I used to have blind dizzy spells, and week cold spells went all over me. Different doctors could not tell me what was wrong. After taking Cardui I am all right and in better health than for 10 years." Cardui is a remedy for women which has been used by women for nearly a lifetime. It prevents the unnecessary pains of female troubles, such as headache, backache, dizziness, dragging down feelings, etc. Try it.

Teacher—Tell me! How do you prove that the earth is round? Dull But Smart Pupil—I never said it was.—Puck.

Whooping cough is not dangerous when the cough is kept loose and expectation easy by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It has been used in many epidemics of this disease with perfect success. For sale by all dealers.

Everybody's Store. Everybody's Store. Everybody's Store. Everybody's Store.

BURROUGHS-PITTMAN-WHEELER Co.

Buy at
Our
Store



And
win a
prize.

\$100 in Gold Given Away

To brighten up our summer trade, we are going to give away ABSOLUTELY FREE \$100.00 IN GOLD, \$50 for white people divided as follows: \$20 in gold to first person holding lucky number, second \$10 in gold, and to next four \$5 each in gold. \$50 in gold for colored people, divided in the same manner. In order to give each white and colored customer a chance at this \$100 in gold we will begin on

Saturday, June 3rd

to issue one ticket for each fifty cent cash purchase made at our store, and one ticket for each one dollar paid on account. The tickets are printed in duplicate, both bearing the same number; you hold one and the other you put in a ballot box that will be kept in the store. (There will be two ballot boxes, one for the white and one for the colored people.) When the contest closes a little child will draw the lucky numbers from the boxes and the prizes will be awarded to the holders of the duplicates.

Here is Your Great Opportunity

Our stock of Summer Goods is very large from which to make your selections. In fact, we have Everything for Everybody. Remember, we give a ticket on every fifty cent cash purchase made in any department of our store, and also a ticket for every dollar paid on account. Ask us about this great proposition.

Be sure to call for your Tickets and hold them until after the Drawing.
You may hold one of the Lucky Tickets.

Burroughs-Pittman-Wheeler Co.

EVERYBODY'S STORE. SCOTLAND NECK, NORTH CAROLINA.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
is now a summer as well as a winter remedy. It has the same invigorating and strength-producing effect in summer as in winter.
Try it in a little cold milk or water.
ALL DRUGGISTS