Farmille Gnterprise $\frac{\text { Fabivink, N. C. }}{\text { Ahex Rouse, Owner a Mge. }}$ Eva Korton Shackleford Ansociato Paltor Prathed brSrbeciption Price:
One Year $8.50-\sin$ Honth T5e ADVEETISNAG RATTES
Ditaplay (Minimin)
 Published meekly and entered as
Second Class Mail Matter at the Scocond Clas Mail Matter at the Postoffice at Farmville, N. C, un-
der get of March 3 -d, 1878 .

Anothr synthetic resin riber made
for rivaling sills in hosiery and other articles.
Paris to carry on in launching
fashions; will put industry on a war fashions;
time besis.
A smart man never abuses smart
er men, he imitates them. er men, he The last word about women vill
be spoken by another woman. The freedom of the seas has now
become the freedom of the seize. Our own dietionary: Aequisitive-
ness-the only talent of some people. The individual who seeks to please
everybody is apt to lead a lonely In spite of what you read about the war in Europe, it contin
main in the talking stage. If some people nursed their char-
acter live they nurse their bankroll, the world would be better off. A good town has good roads, good
people, and, most of all, good busi-
ness. The happiness and prosperity of
the people of Farmville depends the people of Farmville depends Millions of Americans continue to
wonder what other people mean wonder what other people mean
when they speak of the conveniences ans mixan It may take us a long time, but
the peoppe of the U. S., must
learn that if we mexpento learn that if we expect to sell goods
to other nations, we must buy goods
from them.
 ot the martets. but himestry mouts

## (7) <br> Al history paes by, and through it all Still shines thet face, the Chrith Which pierces dritting clouds, and tellis the Trued They-pass, but it remains and shines untouched A pledge of that great hour which surely come When storm winds sob to violence, fury spent When storm winds sob to violence, fary spe To silver silence, and the moon sails calm To silver silence, and the moon sais caim Peinee And stately throunh the oundles seae of So through the clouds of Calvary-there shines So through the clonds of Calvary-there His face, and I believe that Byil lies, And Good lives on, loves on, and conquers all- All War must end in Peece. These clouds are lies.

## FOUNTAIN NEWS

 Mr. and Mra, C. M, Smith, JTin, the week-end.
Mr. and Mre. Rusel Williams an son, Hugh of Red ork, were wek
end guests of Mr. and Mr. F. T




























# We Are Now Open for Businets Following the Fire And Invite Your Patronage: 

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