

CHURCH DIRECTORY

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The Church of The Holy Comforter. The Reverend John Benners Gibble, Rector. Services Every Sunday, 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

East Davis Street. Rev. George L. Curry, Pastor. Preaching Services every Sunday at 11:00 A. M., and 8:00 P. M.

MACEDONIA LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Front Street. Rev. T. S. Brown, Pastor. Morning Service 11:00 A. M. Vespers 8:00 P. M.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Corner Church and Davis Streets. Rev. A. B. Kendall, D. D., Pastor. Preaching every Sunday 11:00 A. M. and 8:00 P. M.

WEBB AVENUE M. E. CHURCH SOUTH.

Rev. E. C. Durham, Pastor. Preaching every first Sunday at 11:00 A. M., and 9:00 P. M.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Rev. Donald McIver, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11:00 A. M. and 8:00 P. M.

The Public is cordially invited to all services.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. M. W. Buck, Pastor. Sunday Worship, 11:00 A. M., and 8:00 P. M.

FRONT STREET M. E. CHURCH SOUTH.

Rev. D. H. Tuttle, Pastor. Preaching to those who enter. Blessings to those who go.

HOCUTT MEMORIAL BAPTIST CHURCH, WEST BURLINGTON, N. C.

Preaching Second and Fourth Sunday, Morning and Night. Prayer Meeting Every Wednesday Night at 7:30.

A most cordial welcome is extended to you to attend all our meetings.

REFORMED CHURCH.

Rev. D. C. Cox. Sunday School every Sabbath at 9:45 A. M.

CONVICT GUARD SHOT TO DEATH IN STANLEY.

J. C. Freeman Was Directing Some Work When Negro Convict Jumped on Him—Was Shot Through The Body. Albermarle, Sept. 18.—One of the most cowardly murders in the history of Stanley county occurred this morning about a mile west of Albermarle.

THE MOST UNPOPULAR THING.

We believe the most unpopular party in this state was the indistinguishable ever done by the Democratic criminate raising of the taxes in nearly all of the counties.

TWINS.

"I don't like to see warring armies call too persistently on Providence. It savors of arrogance and self-righteousness. Providence may take revenge." The speaker was Bishop Lincoln L. Miles of Duluth.

CLEVER.

"Bliggins is a clever story teller." "Why, he has been telling the same story for years!" "Yes, But he keeps you listening. Every now and then he manages to think up another, beginning and make you believe it's going to be a new one."

ARGUMENTUM AD FEMINAM.

Representative Bowdie, of Ohio, whose vigorous anti-suffrage speech was the feature of last month's suffrage debate, sat at a recent dinner party in Washington beside a suffragist. The suffragist, desirous of showing woman's seridom of servitude, said: "Mr. Bowdie, why does a woman when she marries a man, take his name?"

A VEXED QUESTION.

Some Frenchman has said that the age of a woman may be judged by the temples and the end of the nose. He warns men that if there are specks in the nose or the temples are withered the woman is more than thirty, says the Modern World. To which Arthur Brisbane replies: "To speak of a woman being old because she is thirty, or for that matter forty or forty-five or fifty, is simply nonsense. And to judge of a woman's looks, her powers of attraction, the importance of her place in the world by the tip of her nose or the blue veins on her temples is worthy of a chimpanzee."

their respective noses may reveal as regards 'specks.'—Exchange.

RAT FIRES.

A rat will not gnaw the head of a match, but takes a keen delight in gnawing the wood part. A rat gnaws the wood part away from the head and the finished job looks very much like a long cut by a beaver. He will, however, run with a match in his mouth, and there is no law against his striking it against a wall as he goes; and he also takes a match or two sometimes to his nest. A rat will build a nest against a chimney during the summer and when the fires are started in the fall there is generally quite a number of fires from this source.—Safety Engineering.

SPEECHLESS.

Bloodine—Hear about Gerty Giddigad? Brunetta—What about her? "Knocked speechless by a street car." "But I just passed her a few moments ago and she spoke to me."

I AM WAR.

I am a pestilence Sweeping the world— Hate is the root of me. Death is the grit of me, Swift is my stroke; Blood is the sign of me, Steel is the twine of me, Thus shall ye know me; I am the death of Life, I am the life of death, I am War! I am madness— Riding the necks of men— Champing on various armed. Stamping of war horse hoofs— Charging unbridled; Clashing of bayonets, Flashing of sword blades, Rumbling of cannon wheels, Crumbling of kingdoms, These are my harbingers; I am the death of Law, I am the law of Death, I am War! I am a harbor Seducing the nation; Diplomats lie for me, Patriots die for me, Lovers I lack not— Cannon mouths speak for me, Battlefields reek of me, Widowed wives shriek of me, Cursing my name; I am the death of Joy, I am the joy of Death, I am War! Altar Brady in Outlook.

TRYING TO BE MERRY.

"I see you are being investigated," said the chatty young woman. "Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox, with a determined air of cheerfulness. "My business affairs have been made the object of some formal curiosity."



"I'm looking for a tall man with a long thirst" —and maybe he won't be glad to see me! Hope he don't forget I've got some thirst myself for a cold drink of Pepsi-Cola. To refresh jaded spirits and appetites there's nothing more satisfying. Drop 'round to the fountain—and prove what we say. PEPSI-COLA For All Thirsts—Pepsi-Cola Pepsi-Cola's put up carbonated in bottles, too—at your grocer's. Pepsi-Cola Bottling Works L. M. SQUIRES, Proprietor Phone 435 Burlington, N. C.

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