

CERTAINLY ENDS STOMACH MISERY

"Pape's Diapepsin" cures Heartburn, Gas, Sourness and Indigestion in five minutes.

Sour, gassy, upset stomach, indigestion, heartburn, dyspepsia; when the food you eat ferments into gases and stubborn lumps; your head aches and you feel sick and miserable, that's when you realize the magic in Pape's Diapepsin. It makes such misery vanish in five minutes.

If your stomach is in a continuous revolt—if you can't get it regulated, please, for your sake, try Diapepsin. It's so needless to have a bad stomach—make your next meal a favorite food meal, then take a little Diapepsin. There will not be any distress—eat without fear. It's because Pape's Diapepsin "really does" regulate weak, out-of-order stomachs that gives it its millions of sales annually.

Get a large fifty cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. It is the quickest, surest stomach relief and the known. It acts almost like magic—it is a scientific, harmless and pleasant preparation which truly belongs in every home.

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Fifty and seventy-five cents per suit. Strictly cash. Quick service. Clothes called for and delivered. Phone 284 86 CRAVEN STREET

Foley-Kidney Pills

TONIC IN ACTION - QUICK IN RESULTS Give prompt relief from BACKACHE, KIDNEY and BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM, CONGESTION of the KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION of the BLADDER and all annoying URINARY IRREGULARITIES. A positive boon to MIDDLE AGED and ELDERLY PEOPLE and for WOMEN.

HAVE HIGHEST RECOMMENDATION S. A. Davis, 627 Washington St., Connorsville, Ind., is in his 86th year. He writes us: "I have lately suffered much from my kidneys and bladder. I had severe backaches and my kidney action was too frequent, causing me to lose much sleep at night, and in my bladder there was constant pain. I took Foley Kidney Pills for some time, and am now free of all trouble and again able to get up and around. Foley Kidney Pills have my highest recommendation."

OR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

MAN RECORDS HIS ROBBERIES

Thief Arrested After School Girl Had Tracked Him—Left Odd Book in Looted Home.

New York.—Marie Rohn, 14, after attending Normal school, returned to her home on the fifth floor of 449 East 156th street. She was climbing the stairs when a man dashed past her, almost knocking her down, and fled to the street. The girl found that the door of her home had been jimmied and the place robbed. She ran to the street, caught sight of the man half a block away and trailed him along Elton avenue to 150th street. There she saw Policeman Frazier and told him her story.

The policeman grabbed the man and took him to the Morrisiana police station. He said he was George Burke, but refused to give his address. According to the police he admitted robbing the Rohns, after several pieces of jewelry found in his pockets were identified by Marie as belonging to her family.

In his hurry to leave the Rohn house the burglar left a small memorandum book behind. On the outside was written Burke's name. It had an alphabetical index and on several pages were found names of persons whose homes have recently been robbed, so the police said. The book also contained a list of valuables taken from each place and the names of pawnbrokers who had bought or loaned money on the articles.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HA, O JOHN, WHAT IS THE TROUBLE NOW?

Why haven't you heard the latest? They brought old man economy down last night in an automobile and he is telling some strange stories. He was hung up on the fence for weeks watching the sheep feeding in the pastures, watching the wool grow, watching the shears clipping it off and went to the factory and watched every process until he was able to purchase the best line of foreign and domestic wools that has ever been his good fortune to do, and his correct fall fashions are now ready, prices lower than the lowest. He is again stopping with.

R. SAWYER, MERCHANT TAILOR, 51 South Front St., New Bern, N. C. and is thanking the public for their liberal patronage in the past season and do earnestly solicit a continuance of same. He remains, Yours most respectfully, LATEST ECONOMY.

DR. W. S. RAINSFORD QUILTS THE MINISTRY

The other day William S. Rainsford walked into the study of Bishop Greer and demanded that he be deposed from the Episcopal ministry.



His only explanation was that he would not return to the pulpit. Under the canonical law Bishop Greer was obliged to comply with his request. Stern, tight-lipped, dominant, Rainsford turned on his heel and walked out as he had entered—alone.

For thirteen years Rainsford, as rector of St. George's church, had without question been the most important minister of any faith in New York. One day, without foreword or explanation, he resigned. His friends said that he was in ill health. Hard on the heels of that statement, Rainsford left for a hunting trip through East Africa, a task that would tax the strength and endurance of any man.

From time to time he has returned to outfit for another expedition. Now he is to head a party sent out by the American Museum of Natural History and will spend three more years in African jungles. He is strong as a bull moose, he tingles with nervous force, he could run in a Marathon or fight in the ring—and he can keep his secret. Whatever it is, it is his alone. No one has ever shared it.

Rainsford had attracted attention in Toronto by the virility and splendor and unconventionality of his ministry. Old St. George's church in New York was about to be abandoned, when J. Pierpont Morgan sent for Rainsford to rejuvenate it. Other eminent ministers had refused the task.

"I will take it," said Rainsford, "on three conditions. The church must be absolutely free. You must buy out those pewholders who will not surrender their seats. I must have \$10,000 a year to spend as I please, apart from my salary, which you may fix to suit yourself. All committees save that of the vestry must be abolished." "Done," said Morgan.

The church had been burdened with a floating debt. It was spiritually dead. Rainsford left it the liveliest of the diocese, with an endowment of \$400,000, and had raised \$2,500,000 for its support. He went into the back rooms of saloons and brought his recruits to his classes. Until they learned that the rector could fight as well as he could pray, there was a fight every Sunday. Rainsford always won. He charmed the poor girls away from the vice dance halls by opening a dancing floor in the parish house and danced with them himself. An apostle of the poor, and almost a Socialist in his personal views, he made St. George's the largest parish in the country with a membership of more than five thousand. Its social centers are the busiest on the east side. The intellectuals from university and slum gathered to hear him preach.

Then—one day—he walked out. From that day he has elected to be stern and silent and self-centered—a determined exile from his home. No one knows why. Behind that protective shell of silence is there a tragedy concealed?

J. W. Copeland, of Dayton, Ohio, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for his boy who had a cold, and before the bottle was all used the boy's cold was gone. Is that not better than to pay a five dollar doctor's bill? For sale by all dealers. (Advertisement)

LINGERS IN MEMORY

One Man's Unforgettable Meeting With Rattler.

"Dead" Snakeship Seemed a Worthy Prize, But He Has Never Regretted the Caution of His Traveling Companion.

The day was warm, very warm, and the horses toiled up the sun baked, dusty Blue Ridge mountain road. Up, up we went by slow degrees, every fresh winding of the road disclosing new and more beautiful panoramas of valleys, farm strewn and river bisected, and distant hills, and yet farther distant valleys and misty mountains in the background cloud crowned and sun besprinkled.

And so we slowly approached the summit. As we rounded a bend in the road we saw stretched out as straight as a piece of string a dead rattler and annexed to its tail a splendid string of rattles. The snake had not long been dead, for his skin was certainly in prime condition, and the beauty of that diamond marked scaly covering made into a belt or cut up into purses was apparent. But I was more interested in the buttons that give out the dread warning that sets a man looking in 20 different directions at once.

I wanted those rattles, and, full of impetuosity, I reached for my jack-knife and made to spring out upon the ground; but my older companion, realizing the delay that would surely follow and appreciating the snail's pace at which we were traveling, put his veto upon any diversion or delay. The snake was very much dead, would not run away, would be there when we returned; the dead chestnut alongside the road would mark the spot, and with a g'lang to the horses we kept going and left the snake behind.

But certainly those buttons were fine ones, and would grace any one's den, and as we were delayed at our destination on the mountain top, I regretted that I had not taken that rattler and, bringing it along, skinned it.

So in due time we returned, and at last came to the dead chestnut tree, and we looked for and did not find our rattler. Some one, no doubt, had come that way appreciative of a fine snakeskin or needing rattlesnake oil for rheumatism, and had carried his snakeship away. His markings in the dust were plainly seen, and as I jumped from the rig and looked a little more closely at the spot where he lay so very dead I could plainly see where the snake, after enjoying his sunbath, had crawled into the bushes and gone down the mountain side.

It has always been a matter of snake painting with me when I imagined my jumping from the rig alongside that very much alive snake, of his coiling and striking like a flash, of the mad rush to town for whisky, and the town ten miles away. Well, I am not pleased over the painting, yet the picture comes like a panorama before my eyes every time I see a diamond backed rattler in a zoo or even see a picture of a rattler in a book. Unknowingly, this was a case of allowing a sleeping rattler to lie.

Mr. Jas. V. Churchill, 90 Wall St., Auburn, N. Y., has been bothered with serious kidney and bladder trouble ever since he left the army, and says: "I decided to try Foley Kidney Pills as they had cured so many people and I soon found they were just the thing. My Kidneys and bladder are again in a healthy condition. I gladly recommend them. For sale by all dealers. (Advertisement)"

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Progress in Last Twenty Years

January 1st, 1892.		
ASSETS	INCOME	INSURANCE IN FORCE
\$7,625,780	\$2,218,360	\$51,369,348
January 1st, 1912.		
ASSETS	INCOME	INSURANCE IN FORCE
\$53,445,289	\$9,156,450	\$472,678,655

Gross Surplus to Policyholders
\$6,574,746.24

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