

WORST STOMACH TROUBLE ENDED

No Indigestion, Gas, Heartburn or Dyspepsia five minutes after taking "Pape's Diapepsin."

Every year regular more than a million stomach sufferers in the United States, England and Canada take Pape's Diapepsin, and realize not only immediate, but lasting relief.

This harmless preparation will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour gassy or out-of-order stomach five minutes afterwards.

If your meals don't fit comfortably, or what you eat lies like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of indigestion.

Get from your pharmacist a fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a dose just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, nausea, debilitating headaches, dizziness or intestinal griping. This will all go, and, besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is a certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store.

These large fifty-cent cases contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure almost any case of dyspepsia, indigestion or any other stomach disorder.

Foley Kidney Pills

TONIC 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
G. A. Davis, 627 Washington St., Connorsville, Ind., is in his 85th 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

ARAPAHOE ITEMS.

Arapahoe, Oct. 8.—Cotton picking time is now on, and the farmers at Arapahoe are enjoying it.

Mr. Clifford Nunn returned home from New Bern Friday night.

Misses Ethel and Neva Brinson of Bairds Creek spent Sunday in Arapahoe with friends.

Mr. Neaves of Washington D. C., who is staying in our midst now returned from a trip to Tuscarora and Ayden last week. He reported a pleasant trip.

Mr. Manly Willis also went to Tuscarora and on to Ayden returning last week.

There is much sickness at Arapahoe now. Master Lind Johnson, who has been very low of hemorrhagic fever is slowly improving, also Mr. Church-Martin. Little Lila Mae Brinson who was very sick of typhoid fever is much better so she is up, but unable to walk again yet.

Messrs. G. W. and E. S. Brinson have been right sick but are better now. Mr. and Mrs. James Lupton of Lupton, N. C. are visiting relatives and friends near Arapahoe now.

Miss Gertrude Golden of Punta Gorda, Florida, is visiting friends in and near Arapahoe now.

Mr. and Mrs. Major Broughton were in Arapahoe Sunday.

Mr. J. J. Walker filled his regular monthly appointment here Sunday and Sunday night.

Money makes the mare go lame hitting the pace.

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 woolsens 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.

Love and Art

It was but a short time after Lorimer built his bungalow until his popularity was established in our neighborhood of orange groves and magnolia trees. His studio was a place for sight-seers, as well as a pleasant resort for friends and neighbors.

Others succumbed to Lorimer's influence because they found him responsive and congenial, but I imagined that he attracted me because he was my contrast. It was he, himself, who discovered that our natures, beneath the surface, were positive and not negative, and with that discovery he swept away all imagined barriers between us, placing me at once in the heart of the company that haunted his bungalow.

He said to me one day as he looped a Persian drape behind his model's chair: "Tisdale, you have the depth of artist-instinct, but you haven't the gift of expression. You don't even talk. These others, for instance,"—waving his hand in the direction of the chatters just gone—"these others talk about everything they feel, and, dear boy, they have so little to tell!"

His tone to me was like a velvet touch, and his eyes held a steel-blue gleam that made me love to look at him. I knew that he knew my inner self, and that whatever that self might be, it was valued by him.

I shall never forget the kindly sympathy that shone from his eyes when he realized one special day that I needed him to understand me. I had come to him, troubled about my mother's orphaned cousin Lucy, who had come to us to live, having no other place to go. I wanted to befriend her, to make her happy, and I could not even tell her that she was welcome.

She was a little daisy maid, blossoming into womanhood almost in a day, under our soft skies and in our southern California breezes.

As I entered the studio, Lorimer's clean-shaven cheeks, his locks of dark hair thrown off his forehead, the friendly eyes under his heavy brows, made a fit crown to his tall form standing before the easel. I can see the very dab of ochre on his thumb. He was busy at one of his wonderful wood interiors, touching in the sunlight by hints of yellow on the lichen-covered trunks.

"Yes, Tisdale," Lorimer said, after I had looked for a long time over his shoulder without speaking, "I feel the joy of utterance. Why, man, think what a relief to weep in grief! That is what it is to paint, to sing, to be a poet."

"I can do none of these things," I answered slowly.

"No, but after all, perhaps within you may be artist or poet. Life has an intensity, a value, that this hasn't," and Lorimer lightly struck his canvas.

A woman—it is always a woman that intrudes upon men's friendships. She is a sort of earth, trespassing upon a kind of heaven. This time, it was, of course, the daisy maid, and it is difficult to know whether she made earth heaven, or brought heaven to earth.

Lorimer and I suddenly awoke to

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)

the knowledge of a mutual love for my modest cousin. Why could not he have chosen one of the beautiful women that haunted his studio? From the crowds I met in cars and shops, why could not I have taken another woman and been satisfied?

My very silence was confession after his avowal of love for Lucy, and then he admonished gravely, "Tisdale, remember we are her courtiers, and the courtiers stand aside when the queen passes, choosing whom she will."

Oh! but it was hard to give another man fair play; hard for us both. Lorimer's face grew thin under the strain, and a river of fire seemed to flow in and out of my heart.

At last, Lucy consented to sit for her portrait. One day, hidden in sport behind some studio trumpery, we watched her enter. Lorimer's hand was on my shoulder. As fortune had decreed, my handkerchief lay on the floor. Her own hand had so embroidered the square of linen that it seemed too dainty for the pocket of my shaggy coat; but when I carried the sheer and pretty thing, she seemed close. Now, Lucy looked hastily to right and left, then, believing herself alone, she caught up the handkerchief and pressed it to her lips; then she thrust it into her gown, and as she went away, she covered the place with her hand, as though a bird had flown into her bosom.

Lorimer gripped my shoulder, but the blood leaped to my face for joy, and then ran back in a tide of shame, because I was so poor a creature. I felt my short and sturdy figure grow more plebeian in contrast to my friend; I saw my unruly shock of sandy hair; my features—my limbs; my hands and feet; all that the world calls man.

We were silent, for I know not how long, listening to the clock that Lorimer timed his hours by. Finally, it was he that spoke:

"Don't fear for me, Tisdale; what you live, I can paint. Mine is a lesser gift than yours, yet still a joy. God be with you! I see before you, wife, home, children; for me, a cold thing—art!"

The world has since made a rapture of Lorimer's genius, but in my still moments I can hear his sigh across the continent. He was right: the devotion of a life is a soul's expression. The life speaks!

Mania for Palaces.
The discovery of an intruder at Marlborough House, in London, is reminiscent of the adventures of "the boy Jones" in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. In December, 1840, he gained access to Buckingham palace and secreted himself there for several days. He was detected by the princess' royal's nurse and handed over to the police.

The privy council examined him, but did not think there was any cause for alarm, and he was sentenced to three months imprisonment as a rogue and vagabond. But no sooner was he at liberty than he made two other attempts to enter the palace. On the last occasion the magistrate gave him the chance of enlisting in the navy, where he was speedily cured of his mania for acquiring a royal domicile.

Their Advantage.
"There is one class of men who certainly ought to have a grip on the public."
"Who are they?"
"The dealer in suit cases."

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.		January 1st, 1912.	
ASSETS	\$7,625,780	INCOME	\$2,218,360
		INSURANCE IN FORCE	\$61,869,348
ASSETS	\$63,445,289	INCOME	\$9,156,450
		INSURANCE IN FORCE	\$172,678,655

Gross Surplus to Policyholders \$6,574,746.24

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