

The Smart and Silberberg Co

MARCH

By the force of our offerings to be made one of the Busiest Months of Whole Year.

Take this announcement as a hint that you can secure exceptional values if you visit this store daily. You will not be disappointed.

If it were possible for us to take you to the factories where our Misses', Junior's and Women's

Ready Made Garments

Are designed and put together, you would be as enthusiastic about them as we are. The next best thing is for you to carefully examine the garments themselves.

We invite attention to our extensive showing of Spring Suits, \$10 to \$50.

You'll get much better satisfaction in every way if you buy your Dress Goods Now.

There are more desirable fabrics, more colors and many exclusive patterns from which to make selections. Your dress-maker will give you more careful attention before the rush begins.

A new satin finished self-striped English Tailored Suiting with a big lustre. Shown in all the new shades, including sage, ashes of roses, reseda, wisteria, navy, taupe, mulberry and black.

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Money Spent is Energy Wasted Money Saved is Energy Stored

Save your energy against the day of need by putting your money in a

Four Per Cent Savings Account

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Teachers Wanted

A Senior at Work in Indiana Model School

To Attend the Spring Term Opening April 6 At the State Normal School

Courses leading to State Certificates and Life Diplomas Review, Business and Music Courses

Address the Principal for Catalogue James E. Ament, LL. D. Indiana, Pa.

Why Not Be an Egotist?

There is much mistaken sentiment as to the sin of egotism. The fact is egotism is not a sin. On the other hand, it is somewhat of a virtue and an indispensable element in all real progress.

A Human Bungalow.

Pikison didn't impress you favorably, then? "No; he's just a bungalow." "A what?" "A bungalow. He hasn't any foundation."—Newark News.

The Resemblance.

"I was always interested in airships and flying machines, so I bought a theater." "Why did you do that?" "A theater has wings and flies."

The Popular Coral.

The dealer held up two strings of coral. They were of equal size, but one was dark and dull in line, the other beautifully pink and translucent.

"The dark one," he said, "is worth 50 cents; the pink one is worth \$500. That is what makes coral so popular. It suits all pocketbooks. All over the world it goes. Those strings of rough, uncut beads are for the dead of India. They are put round the necks of the bodies about to be burned in the ghats. These large and blood red beads go to Africa. They are much liked by the natives, whose dark skins they perfectly suit. Here are a lot of coral beads with fingers extended in a V—the gesture that wards off the evil eye. The coral beads are for Italy, where the belief in their efficacy is widespread."—Buffalo Express.

Wrong.

A man recently entered a restaurant and ordered a steak. When the waiter served him with it the customer said, "I'm afraid you'll have to take it back, for I find I've come out without my fork." "Of course," replied the waiter, "I'll bring you another." "No," replied the man, "my fork is back."

Empty Pleasures

By Alma M. Paterson.

Emmy sat in the third pew of the church. Anyone behind could just see a large straw hat and two tiny pigtail peep over; also that "the little girl belonging to them" was very restless. In fact, the sermon did not interest her—it was much better fun to look at the new styles in ladies' hats. Almost everybody had a new one.

There was a loud slap on the pulpit, and a terrible climax of "empty pleasures" thundered through the church causing Emmy to start in her seat and lift her guilty eyes from the hat to the minister. He looked right at her. She dropped her eyes and whispered nervously to herself: "Could he mean me? How did he know I was looking at Miss Phelps' hat 'stead of listening to him?"

"We will now receive the benediction," said the minister. Emmy bent her head but she did not hear the blessing. One question was "dominant in her mind. 'Could he have meant me?' But it wasn't empty, really. It was lots of fun to look at all the new hats—so it wasn't empty, really. This she repeated over and over. When papa stopped to shake hands with the minister, she darted through the crowd and waited for him at the door.

"Mamma," she asked on the way home, "what does 'empty pleasures' mean?" "My dear, you're too young to understand, yet."

Emmy looked perplexed. No sooner had she entered the house than she scamped to the library, pulled out a dictionary and mumbled: "E-c-o, let me see—em—e-m-p—empty—'containing nothing'—vacant—that's best. Now p-p-p-pl—a—p-l-e—pleasures—means 'enjoyment, full of gladness.' Well, that means 'ful.' Now, let's see—'Sacred fells, vacant fells! Oh, dear! How can there be vacant fells? Vacant gladness. No! That won't do either. Gladness can't be vacant 'cause it's full.' Her white brow puckered up. 'I'll try again—let's see—nothing enjoyments.. no! That won't do either; not even the dictionary will tell me."

"Mamma," she coaxed that evening, "won't you tell me what 'empty pleasures' mean?"

"When you're a little older, my dear," said mother, but Emmy was not satisfied. She was almost ten; she knew some things.

"I'll ask teacher to-morrow." The all-wise Miss Graham would certainly know.

"Good morning, Emmy," said Miss Graham. "You're early this morning. Do you want anything dear?"

"Could you please tell me what 'empty pleasures' mean, Miss Graham?"

"Why, my dear child, what makes you ask such a question? It means pleasure that is empty."

"But pleasure isn't empty, Miss Graham."

"No, child, so 'tisn't. Let's see, it's—my dear child, I don't believe I can give you a definition." The week passed pleasantly; only once or twice did Emmy think of Sunday's experience. Saturday came. The whole day was hers. She would have hours of fun up at High Rock. Emmy tripped down the gravel path and p the white road until she came to a high rock with moss-grown sides. Digging her toes in the crevices, she climbed to a little plateau. Here she rested a moment. "Guess I'll go way up to-day. It isn't much farther and I can pick flowers up there and watch the river below. At last she reached the top, but who were those people? Was it the minister? "Oh, 'empty pleasures! He'll see me and scold 'cause I looked at Miss Phelps' hat."

Emmy stood still. The minister's back was toward her. Miss Phelps stood beside him. She had her new hat on, too.

"I'd like to ask him about 'empty pleasures,' but just see how they stand there holding each others hands and saying nothing. I shouldn't think that was much fun. Just then the minister picked up a daisy and handed it to Miss Phelps. She smiled, then looked down the river beneath.

"This is a beautiful spot," said the minister.

"Yes," said Miss Phelps. "Empty pleasures," thought Emmy. "Surely, this must be 'empty pleasures.' Here they stand looking at each other smiling once in a while, hardly ever speaking, yet they seem to enjoy it. They are truly having pleasure; they are full of gladness. Still they stand there, empty like."

"Evelyn," said the minister, turning half-way round.

"Oh, he'll see me," thought Emmy. She climbed down the rock, heedless of the wet moss, till she reached the white road; then she scamped away home—victorious, to tell mamma the news.

"I've found it! I've found it!" she cried.

"Found what, child?"

"Empty pleasures," and Emmy told mamma the story.

"Perhaps it was empty, my daughter, for you. And Emmy wondered why she felt a sort of "empty pleasure" ache round her heart when mamma pressed her hand.

REMARKABLE.

About six weeks ago a swelling came in my groin 2 1/2 inches from my navel about the size of a half lemon—very painful and said to be caused by blood poison. I doctored about six weeks, and was getting worse, when Mr. Brown told me about San-Cura Ointment. I applied it as a poultice, changing morning and night, removing all pain at once. In two days it broke, discharging pus. I then changed it once a day until it was perfectly healed. I recommend San-Cura Ointment as the best poultice I ever used. It removes pain and all pus, keeping a sore moist and soft.

AVERY PORTER, Route 2, Pleasantville, Pa.

VANDALISM IN LOUVRE.

Because of the Destruction of Paintings They Are to Be Incased.

Another act of vandalism at the Louvre has been committed. Just before the museum closed for the day a girl took from her pocket a pair of scissors and deliberately lacerated Ingres' fine picture of the Sistine chapel, piercing the eyes of the pope and three cardinals.

A guardian, who was a witness of the act, arrested the girl, who stated that she disfigured the picture that she might be taken into custody.

This is the third outrage of the kind committed in the Louvre within six months, and it is felt that if the priceless collections there are to be adequately safeguarded radical measures must be introduced in the surveillance of the galleries and their contents.

As a result, it has been decided that certain pieces of sculpture—notably the famous Venus of Milo—are to be the object of special protection. Glass is to be placed in front of several chefs d'oeuvre of painting, and, in addition to an increase in the number of guardians, fifty plain clothes policemen are to be added to the staff.—Modern Society.

Socialism in Hungary.

In Hungary a noticeable factor, writes our Budapest correspondent, is the enormous influence that Germany, Italy and England wield. Every work of value dealing with the diverse forms of Socialism has been translated and scattered broadcast in all disaffected and discontented areas. Fines and imprisonment increase, but the literature of social democracy is flooding village, hamlet and town with new ideas and providing new forces. Certainly one of the best equipped printing establishments I have ever seen outside England is that of the Socialists in Budapest. It is an enormous place. It represents money and it makes money, and money means organization, and from this flows power.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Little Man, Big Head.

John O. Archibald, the other John D. of the Standard Oil Company, and the active working principle, is about five feet three inches in height, but his head is big enough for a seven-footer. It is a remarkable head, physically speaking, and when Archibald was on the witness stand the newspaper cartoonists accentuated his phenomenal bumps. Once he leaped from the chair and snatched a pencil from a cartoonist's fingers. Like the other John D. this one has a pet college, the Syracuse University, to which he has contributed more than a million dollars.

"Hous of th Baskervilles."

Conan Doyle's "Hound of the Baskervilles," a "fearsome animal," is said to have its origin in the legends of packs of spectral hounds, which are popular in various parts of England and Wales. In the North of England these apparitions are known as "Gabriel's hounds"; in Devon, the "Wisk," "West," or "Heath hounds"; in Wales, "Cron Annwn," or "Cwn Wybr," and in Cornwall, the "devil's dandy dogs." They are supposed to be evil spirits hunting the souls of the dead.

Royal Joke Not Appreciated.

Leopold of Belgium has been playing his royal joke about his unroyal pranks for many a year, laying every story of his unseemingly behavior to his "double" in Paris, M. Fourcet of the Hachette publishing house. But Fourcet, who is eminently respectable, is getting tired of the joke, and proposes to bring suit for libel against the King. Leopold's reputation is of no sort of consequence at this date, but M. Fourcet's is valuable.

Chair of Animal Psychology.

For the study of animal psychology a new chair has been founded in connection with the Natural History Museum at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. It will be under the direction of M. Pierre Hachet-Souplet, who will seek to establish an intellectual gradation of the animals that are domesticated as well as the wild. Their passions, their hatreds, their joys, their sorrows, will all be studied thoroughly.

A Central Cooking Hall.

Garden City, Letchworth, Herts, England, is to have a central cooking hall for cooks and domestics, all the tenants to share the expense, the object being to save wives the worry and expense of preparing meals, and to give servants greater freedom and new dignity.

Increase in Automobile Exhibitors.

At the Paris automobile exhibition in 1898 there were 340 exhibitors and \$800,000 worth of machines were shown. This year the exhibitors number 1,400 and the exhibited property is of the value of \$8,000,000.

Egg-Distributing Stations.

Ireland maintains nearly 400 egg-distributing stations for the purpose of bettering the poultry of the country.

First Tinplate in Canada.

Consul John Hamilton of Cornwall reports that on October 25, the first tinplate made in Canada was produced at a steel works at Morrisburg.

Many people slam servants—few babies' tom.

Mrs Luck.

"I have been engaged to at least a dozen girls," said a young man. "And always been unlucky in love, eh?" inquired a lady. "Oh, no—rather lucky!" was the answer. "I've never married any of them!"

An Order Not Obeyed.

An exasperated Irish sergeant, drilling a squad of recruits, called to them at last: "Halt! Just come over here, all of ye and look at yourselves. It's a fine line ye're keepin', isn't it?"

The Wrong Horse.

Bridget had been in America only a few months, but she believed in the principle of pretending to know what she ought to know. She had been engaged as laundry girl in a small family of well to do people. When asked if she understood all the details of her work she unhesitatingly replied, "Sure I do, ma'am."

Her mistress was not quite satisfied, however, and while she was busy with her first washing looked in upon her. Bridget seemed to be doing all right, and she left without offering suggestions.

Next morning the ironing was in order, and Bridget was hard at it when her mistress looked in to say, "As you get the clothes ironed, just throw them over the horse."

"All right, ma'am," the busy laundry girl replied without stopping to raise her eyes from her work in hand. The laundry room was located in an outhouse adjoining the barn, and occasionally the neighing of the family horse and the merry voice of Bridget resounded throughout the house.

Returning to the laundry house a couple of hours later, the lady could scarcely believe her eyes nor restrain her mirth when she beheld the family horse, standing patiently beside Bridget, loaded down with newly ironed sheets, pillowcases, tablecloths and lace trimmed waists and skirts. With an anxious look on her honest face Bridget observed, "I'm glad you've come, ma'am, for I'll have to have another horse."

Working Too Hard.

The owner of the farm had been enjoying himself at the county fair, while his hardworking wife stayed at home to see that the farm suffered no loss in his absence.

"Well, Sarah," said the owner upon his return, "I'm about all tired out. Is the cows in the barn?"

"Yes; long since," replied his wife, barely looking up from the task then in hand.

"Is the horses unharnessed an' fed?"

"Yes." "Chickens locked up?"

"Yes." "Wood chopped for mornin'?"

"Yes." "Wagon heel mended an' ready to start in th' mornin'?"

"Yes." "Well, then," concluded the exhausted owner, with a sigh of relief, "let me have my supper. I'm goin' to turn in. Farmin's beginnin' to tell on me."—New York Herald.



Benjamin Franklin says: "Money makes money and the money that money makes, makes more money."

Money deposited in this strong bank earns

4% interest, compounded semi-annually.

The interest draws interest, making a savings account earn even slightly better than just four percent.

An account can be opened with one dollar.

Capital and Surplus \$680,000.00 Total Assets, over \$3,000,000.00

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A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

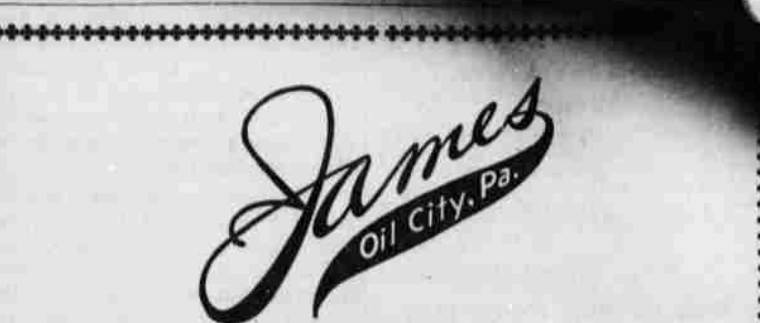
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Spring Season 1909 Suits.

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Every Suit in Our Stock is New This Season.

Pardon our again calling your attention to it, but we feel you should know positively that every suit in this store's big stock has been received by us since the first of February, 1909. Not a single old suit in the store. Every suit has been ordered and made for us within the past six weeks. Think, if you please, what this really means to you—does it not tell you, even more clearly than we can, if you buy your suit from us it can't help but be cut in the very latest style and dictates of fashion for spring 1909? All of our suits have that indefinable man-tailored cut and appearance so much desired—all of them bear this positive mark of careful buying and sensible selection, from the \$10.50 ones up to the highest price.

WILLIAM B. JAMES, OIL CITY, PA.

Pennsylvania Railroad SPRING VACATION EXCURSION

Washington, D. C. TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1909

ROUND \$11.00 TRIP FROM TIONESTA

PROPORTIONATE RATES FROM OTHER POINTS

Tickets will be good going on regular trains on date named and to return within eleven days, including date of excursion.

RETURNING, tickets will be good to stop-off at BALTIMORE or PHILADELPHIA, affording an opportunity to visit ATLANTIC CITY.

SIMILAR EXCURSION APRIL 7

For tickets and additional information apply to Ticket Agents. J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager. GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.



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BOVARD'S PHARMACY TIONESTA, PA.

Waverly Gasolines advertisement featuring an illustration of a car and text: "Waverly Gasolines never fail—guaranteed best for all Auto purposes. Three brands: 76—MOTOR—STOVE. Made from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Cost no more than the ordinary kind. Your dealer knows—ask him. Independent Pittsburg, Pa. Waverly Oil Works Co., Oil Refiners."