

# The Smart and Silberberg Co.

S. & H. Green Trading Stamps with all cash purchases.

## Skirts Tailored to Order at \$5.00.

Materials, trimmings and all complete.

But for a few days more this order will hold good, so you had better get your order in just as soon as you possibly can. Any day we may receive word from the manufacturers that the deal is off—that they must refuse to take any more orders. It is really a splendid chance to get a fine-fitting, perfectly tailored, good material skirt at a very small price.

Select your materials. We'll take your measure and guarantee a good fit.

## Showing of White Millinery.

A little early, you may say, to think seriously of your Summer Hat, but the summery weather of the past few days turns one's thoughts to warm weather clothes.

We've prepared a showing of white trimmed hats that we take great pride in. Every one of them is the product of our own work room, yet they are exact reproductions of the very best patterns of New York and Paris artists and compare favorably in every way with the originals from these fashion-heads. In the price only, lies the great difference. We mark them about one-third what their foreign cousins would cost you.

## Eight Patterns of Imported Foulards.

\$2 ones at \$1.35. 42 inches wide.

The city of Lyons, France, probably supplies the world with the best silk woven on looms. The highest grades of Foulards come from there. We call your attention to some eight patterns of these which we are advertising at \$1.35, which were \$2. Patterns are splendid.

# The Smart & Silberberg Co.

OIL CITY, PA.

## Oil City Trust Company,

Oil City, Pa.

Continued increase in business indicates satisfied depositors. We want

## YOUR name on our books.

## Shoe Knowledge for the Consumer.

Good Shoes—by "good shoes" we mean the kind that give satisfactory service, hold their shape and fit comfortably,—can be sold only at a fair price, depending on cost of manufacture.

All new shoes look very much alike, regardless of the fact that it has cost the manufacturer of good shoes from \$1.00 to \$2.00 more to make a pair of shoes than it has cost the manufacturer of cheaper shoes to make a pair that looks very much alike to the customer or the inexperienced buyer. Good leather costs more than poor leather. Good workmanship costs more than poor workmanship.

Good leathers and good workmanship make for good shoes and while they cost a trifle more, the difference is saved many times over in increased wear.

## We Handle Shoes at All Prices,

But we recommend the good kind. Consider your footwear bill by the year, not by the week.

# CARLON & CO.,

Palm Beach, Fla.

Oil City, Pa.

## J. L. Hepler LIVERY Stable.

Fine carriages for all occasions, with first class equipment. We can fit you out at any time for either a pleasure or business trip, and always at reasonable rates. Prompt service and courteous treatment.


Come and see us. Bear of Hotel Weaver TIONESTA, PA. Telephone No. 20.

## JAMES HASLET, GENERAL MERCHANT, Furniture Dealer, —AND— UNDERTAKER.

TIONESTA, PENN

## CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. Take one or two. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, the 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.



### T. A. P.

**T.A.P.**

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Satisfaction every day in the week.

The Printz Co.

Oil City, Pa.

Is Now on the "Water Wagon."

The street sprinkler now proudly displays a new outfit and the T. A. P. sign is a prominent factor. It has and does create a great deal of laudatory comment.

It's the same with clothes bearing the T. A. P. label. No man can possibly be disappointed in this, our own make of clothing. We guarantee every garment to be satisfactory in every way. As business men we make the guarantee and then without quibble or quarrel, as gentlemen, we fulfill it.

T. A. P. Suits are \$20 and up.  
Other Guaranteed Clothes are \$10 to \$18.


By trusting us in matters pertaining to Clothing you can depend on us to never "Slipping One Over."

**T.A.P.**

January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December, Satisfaction every month in the year.

The Printz Co.

Oil City, Pa.



The Printz Co. CORRECT ORIENTATIONS

**One on the Judge.**  
The lawyer for the prosecution had finished his closing argument, and the judge, a pompous and long-winded individual, was charging the jury.

He was in the midst of an unusually long and tedious address when he suddenly noticed that one of the jurymen had fallen fast asleep. The indignation of his honor was boundless. Rapping sharply on his desk, he awakened the slumberer, who seemed not at all abashed at being thus caught napping. After glaring at him angrily for a few moments the magistrate in his most sarcastic tone said:

"So that's the way you attend to your duty, is it? You're a fine specimen to have on a jury. Do you think your opinion will be of any value when I send you out to determine the fate of this prisoner?"

"Yes, sir," said the jurymen quietly; "I think so."

"Oh, you do, do you?" shouted the exasperated judge. "Pray tell me, sir, how long you have been sleeping?"

"I don't know, your honor," was the reply. "How long have you been talking?"—New York Herald.

**The Dinner Table of Old France.**  
Could we restore for half an hour the dinner table of old France and obtain half a dozen instantaneous photographs of a royal banquet at any era between the reign of Francis I. and Louis XIV. such laughter would be heard as might disturb the serenity of Louis in paradise. The duchess, her napkin tied securely around her neck, would be seen nibbling a bone. The noble marquis surreptitiously scratching himself, the belle marquise withdrawing her spoon from her lips to help a neighbor to sauce with it, another fair creature scouring her plate with her bread, a gallant courtier using his doublet or the tablecloth as a towel for his fingers and two footmen holding a yard of damask under a lady's chin while she emptied her goblet at a draft. All of these at one era or another were the usages of polite society. During a feast of inordinate length it was sometimes necessary to substitute a clean cloth for the one which the carelessness or bad manners of the guests had reduced to a deplorable condition.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Fires and Insurance.**  
The agent of a well known insurance company stood on the fringe of the crowd watching the firemen retiring from the scene of a small blaze in an uptown flat-house.

"I'll do business tomorrow morning," said he grimly, "and most of it will be with women who have 'forgotten' their insurance has run out. There's nothing like a blaze on the block to set thoughts in the direction of insurance. Last week a woman was waiting for me when I opened my office. Her husband had given her money to take out insurance weeks before, and she had spent it for a new hat. The night before a fire had broken out on the second flat above theirs, and, believe me, that woman must have suffered tortures until the fate of the house was settled. She paid the premium in small change, which I believe she took from a child's bank, rather than confess her neglect to her husband."—New York World.

**Getting Rich Quick.**  
A souse wandered into a downtown barber shop and after being shaved sat down in the bootblack's chair.

"How do you get paid? Wages?" he asked.

"No, sub," answered the bootblack; "I work on a percentage. Sixty per cent's mine."

"Shickshty p'cent yours?" said the souse deliberately. "Shickshty p'cent."

"Yes, sub."

"'Fyou taken in hundred dollars you keep shickshty?"

"Yes, sub."

"'Fyou take in thousand you keep shickshty hundred?"

"Yes, sub."

"An' hundred thousand you keep shickshty thousand?"

"Yes, sub."

"My, my," said the souse in puzzled manner, "what're you goin' to do with so much money?"—New York Journal.

**The Transformation.**  
They sat hand in hand on the yellow sands, in the shelter of a cove, watching the fleecy wavelets creep timidly shoreward.

"Frankie," she sighed, "say I'm oos ikkle petstie once more."

"Oo's my ikkle petstie, blessums ikkle heart," came from the youth in the puce socks.

Up to the blue heavens rose a fat guffaw from the other side of the bowlder.

"Ickle petstie! Ickle petstie!" chuckled a corpulent gentleman with a four day stubble growth.

"Go it, Frankie! You ain't art done yet. Eight years ago—"

"'Enry!" interrupted a shrill voice from the cliffs above. "You'll sleep wot little sense you 'ave got away if you ain't careful. Thought you was goin' to get some whelks for tea?"

"Eight years ago, Frankie," continued the stout gentleman, mournfully, jerking his thumb cliffward, "she was my ikkle petstie!"—London Tit-Bits.

**The Poor.**  
We all love the poor. It would be entirely unnecessary, if not positively callidish, to say that we hate the poor. But there are two kinds of poor—the individual poor and the collective poor. It is not the individual poor that we love; it is the collective poor. It is not the poor that we know and see, but the poor that we do not know and have neither time nor inclination to look at. We are afraid if we see them we shall cease to love them. We never say, "God bless the iceman, or the coal heaver, or the motorman." For them we find our execrations for not contributing to our comfort just so and so and so.

It is with great fervor, however, that we can say, "God bless the poor," because the poor do not interfere with our comfort to the slightest degree—Life.

**Warning the Colonel.**  
A raw recruit for a remote corner of the Green Isle was engaged for the first time in a field maneuver in England on outpost duty. The sergeant instructed him to look out carefully for the colonel coming to inspect the post.

After an hour he returned and asked the soldier, "Has the colonel been here?"

Receiving an answer in the negative, he went away, returning later on with the same inquiry.

Awhile later the colonel appeared. The recruit did not salute properly, which incensed the colonel, who as a hint asked him:

"Do you know who I am?"

"Faith and I do not," answered the recruit.

"I am the colonel."

"Begorra, you will catch it then," said the soldier. "The sergeant has been asking twice for ye already!"

**Florence Nightingale.**  
There is a story that after the return to England of the troops from the Crimea Lord Stratford at a dinner suggested that those present should write on a piece of paper the name of the person whose Crimean reputation would endure longest. When the votes came to be examined it was found that not a single soldier had received a vote. Every paper bore the same two words—Florence Nightingale.

The "Lady With the Lamp" used to relate the following story: "Calling one day on one of her humble neighbors, she was surprised to see the usually tidy cottage in a state of great disorder. 'Why, Mrs. —,' said Miss Nightingale, 'what is wrong with you? I never saw your home looking like this.' 'Beg your pardon, miss,' said the shabby woman, 'but you see, I am expecting the visiting lady, and if she sees my place looking clean and tidy she'd think I didn't need no helpin'!"

**Far From Upright.**  
Relly and Corn were "having it out." They had been deadly enemies for years, but neither had offered to lay hands on the other up to now, both of them being somewhat afraid of the issue.

Before they commenced it was stipulated that it was to be a fair "stand up" fight, and with that they started. Corn had it all his own way from the beginning. He kept knocking Relly down and down again until that worthy was about sick of it. He turned to the bystanders and said, "Sure, an' wasn't it to be a fair, stand up fight?"

"It was," returned an onlooker.

"An' 'ow, thin, can he be expectin' me ter fight 'im fairly if he do be knockin' me down all the time?"—London Ideals.

**Blind Justice.**  
We meet our philosophical friend and observe that he is smiling contentedly.

"What has gone wrong now?" we ask.

"Nothing has gone wrong," he explains. "Something went right. Spriggins owed Hennett \$10,000 and put his property in his wife's name so that Hennett couldn't collect."

"But that isn't anything unusual."

"And last night Mrs. Spriggins eloped with Hennett!"—Life.

**A Polished Diplomat.**  
"Did you see anything that particularly struck your fancy when you were looking round the furniture shops today?" asked a young husband of his lately made wife on her return from a tour of furniture inspection.

"Yes," she replied; "I saw something exceedingly pretty in looking glasses."

"I have no doubt you did," he observed, "if you looked into them."

The halo of a calm, sweet peace rests upon that home.

**Idleness.**  
It is an undoubted truth that the less one has to do the less one finds time to do it in. One yawner, one procrastination, one can do it when one will, and therefore one seldom does it at all, whereas those who have a great deal of business must buckle to it, and then they always find time enough to do it in.

## WHY WE ADVERTISE IN THE NEWSPAPERS

Because we want you to know of the class of work turned out in our establishment.

Because we cater to the intelligent class and they read the papers.

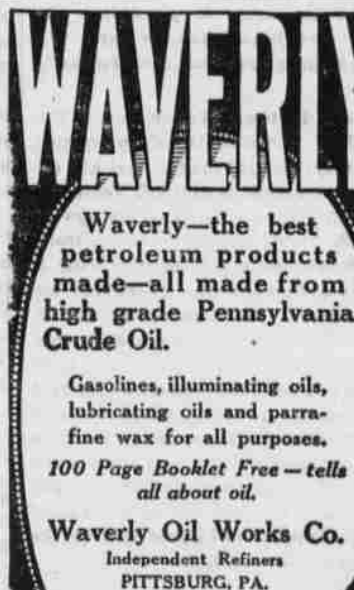
Because we can talk to more people through the newspapers, at a greater distance, in less time and at a more reasonable price than in any other way.

Because newspaper advertising brings the best results when placed in a first-class medium.

Because we know it is seen and read by almost everyone in the house where the paper goes.

## Morek Optical Co., OIL CITY, PA.

First National Bank Building. Lenses for the Eyes Exclusively.



### WAVERLY OIL

Waverly—the best petroleum products made—all made from high grade Pennsylvania Crude Oil.

Gasolines, illuminating oils, lubricating oils and paraffine wax for all purposes.

100 Page Booklet Free—tells all about oil.


Waverly Oil Works Co. Independent Refiners PITTSBURGH, PA.

### PATENTS

Promptly obtained, or FEE RETURNED. 20 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. OUR CHARGES ARE THE LOWEST. Send model, photo or sketch for expert search and free report on patentability. IMPROVEMENTS made throughout our ADVERTISED and SOLD, FREE TRADE-MARKS, PATENTS and COPYRIGHTS quickly obtained.

Opposite U. S. Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

### D. SWIFT & CO.



## James Oil City, Pa.

### Prices Cut on 33 Tailored Suits and 58 Tailored Coats.

Not a general cut but a price reduction that is to be in force until the few costumes mentioned have been sold. We'll assign no reason for this unusual cut at this unusual season. That would interest you but very little—you'll be much more interested and surprised to find that all garments—both coats and suits—are new this season and include many of the very choicest from this big cloak and suit stock.

**SUITS**—One \$12.50 Suit is marked \$9.75. Three \$16.50 Suits are marked \$14.25. Two \$18.50 Suits are marked \$15.75. Six \$20 Suits are marked \$17.25. One \$22.50 Suit is marked \$18.75. Nine \$25 Suits are marked \$21.75. Four \$27 Suits are marked \$24.50. Seven \$30 Suits are marked \$26.50.

**COATS**—Two \$5 Coats are marked \$3.75. One \$8.50 Coat is marked \$6.25. Three \$9.50 Coats are marked \$7.75. Three \$10 Coats are marked \$8.50. Five \$11.50 Coats are marked \$9.25. Thirteen \$12.50 Coats are marked \$10.50. One \$14.50 Coat is marked \$12. Nine \$15 Coats are marked \$13.25. Three \$16.50 Coats are marked \$14.25. Nine \$18.50 Coats are marked \$15.75. Four \$20 Coats are marked \$17.50. Three \$22.50 Coats are marked \$19.50. Two \$25 Coats are marked \$21.50.

**WILLIAM B. JAMES, - OIL CITY, PA.**

## It's High Time

To consign your old, weather-beaten Winter Hat to the attic and crown yourself with something modern and Spring like.

### Stiff or Soft Hat,

We show the correct blocks from the best makers. No exclusive batters' prices, but qualities and shapes just the same.

Derbies in dimensions suitable for all faces.

Soft Hats in Spring shades. Hats for conservative heads and hats for young men looking for smartness.

**Derbies, \$2 to \$3.  
Soft Hats, 50c up to \$3.**

We have the agency for "The Mallory Cravenette Hats." Stiff or Soft blocks—and something new. The Mallory Cravenette Straw Hat. Ask to see them. You're at perfect liberty to come in and try on.

## Max Jacobs,

One Price Store, Clothier and Shoer,

233 Seneca Street, - Oil City, Pa.

## Pennsylvania Railroad

POPULAR ONE-DAY EXCURSION TO

### OIL CITY and TITUSVILLE

Sunday, May 28, 1911.

SPECIAL TRAIN

	Train Leaves.	Fare to Oil City or Titusville.
Warren	9:53 am	\$1.00
Irvinton	10:05 "	1.00
Tidoute	10:30 "	.75
West Hickory	10:45 "	.75
Thomata	10:56 "	.75
Oil City	11:32 "	.....
Titusville	Ar. 12:20 pm	.....

Returning, Special Train leaves Titusville 8:00 p. m., Oil City 8:40 p. m. Tickets will be accepted for passage going and returning only on Special Train on day of Excursion. Baggage will not be checked. Children between 5 and 12 years of age, half fare.

**What They Ate.**  
Tobias Smollett wrote his "Humphrey Clinker" in 1771, the last year of his life, giving therein a spirited account of the society and customs then prevailing in London town. He exposed the iniquities practiced by the purveyors of provisions at that time. Oysters were "bleated" and "frooted" then as now; veal was whitened by repeated bleedings of the live animal; greens were boiled with brass ball pence to improve the color; the wine in common use was a "pernicious sophistication, balderdash with elder, corn spirit and the juice of sloes," and other revelations not suited to repetition in this polite age indicated that although "treated" before it reached the ultimate consumer. That "bleached" flour is no new commodity was also shown, while Smollett's added comment furnishes excellent food for reflection.

"The bread I eat in London is a detestable paste, mixed up with chalk, alum and bone ashes, insipid to the taste and destructive to the constitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration, but they prefer it to wholesome bread because it is whiter than the meal of corn."—Washington Post.

**Chihuahua Dogs.**  
The true Chihuahua breed is the smallest race of dogs in the world. They are also the most highly strung, sensitive and valiant of their kind. Their sense of sound, sight and smell is developed to a marvelous degree, and they have a bark which would rise supreme above the noises of a boiler shop. A strange step sets one of the little hair trigger animals into a frenzy of ear splitting rage, and yet they are so keenly intelligent that they can distinguish between friend and foe almost at first sight, sound or whiff. Long before the duller senses of man can detect a foreign presence these little marvels of nerve force will have "sized up" the intruder, and if not satisfied that all is well their staccato warning will wake the echoes.—Los Angeles Examiner.

**BARS "HOOCHIE COOCHEE"**  
Dancer's Suggestion to Don Costume to Prove Decency Shows the Judge.

Philadelphia, May 16.—"We don't want any Hoochie Coochie dancing around here," declared Magistrate Scott in police court yesterday, when May Jones, a dancer, arrested at the circus grounds, requested that she be permitted to don her stage costume.

"I can prove that my apparel was within the bounds of decency," she exclaimed, and policemen, not so horrified at the girl's request, eagerly offered the use of a cell for a dressing room. But the magistrate was obdurate, and told the dancer, several other girls and George Dearborn, an Indian, manager of the show, that he would give them an opportunity to espouse the cause of bonny unadorned in court.

He then held them under \$400 bail each despite Miss Jones' protestation that it was terrible to be a poor, defenseless working girl.

**BUSY SWARTHMORE CO-EDS**  
Mend Socks, Tend Babies and Make Beds For Endowment.

Philadelphia, May 16.—The co-eds at Swarthmore college are taking all sorts of odd jobs in order to raise before June 7 \$80,000, necessary to complete a \$500,000 college endowment. They have already raised in the neighborhood of \$30,000.

The co-eds in their spare time act as nurse girls for the matrons in the vicinity of Swarthmore. The regular charge is 25 cents an hour for minding one baby, or 40 cents for two. They don't mind an extra tip at the end of the service.

Other girl students who are handy with a darning needle mend socks at five cents a hole, no matter what the size of the hole, while others make beds on a graduated scale. For turning the mattress they charge five cents, but they will throw on the sheets any old way for two cents.