

Weak Lungs



NEED VINOL

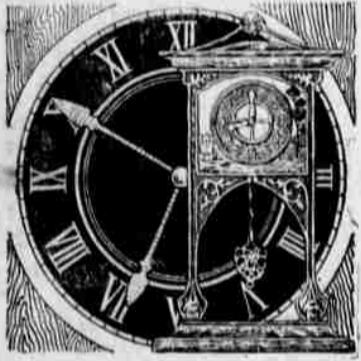
its cod liver oil elements heal and strengthen the lungs

Many people inherit weak lungs which are likely to be attacked by consumption. So also are lungs weakened by disease or by a stubborn hacking cough.

Vinol, which is a real cod liver preparation with all the useless oil eliminated and tonic iron added, strengthens weak lungs and gives one the power to throw off wasting diseases.

We ask every person suffering from weak lungs, stubborn hacking coughs or any wasting disease to try Vinol on our guarantee.

Stoke & Feicht Drug Co.



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The Jeweler. Opp. McEntire's drug store.
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FOR Piles and Kidney Trouble.

Has permanently cured hundreds of cases and the demand for it is increasing every day. Every bottle guaranteed to give good results.

On sale at Stoke & Feicht Drug Co. store, Reynoldsville, Pa.



In resuming my

OPTICAL WORK

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At the American Hotel, Brookville, May 11 to 13,

Imperial Hotel, Reynoldsville, May 14th.

G. C. Gibson

OPTICIAN.

Afghan Justice.

A Yorkshire engineer acted in Afghanistan for many years as director of the arsenal to Abdur Rahman. On one occasion the engineer was fired at by some fanatic in a bazaar and laid a complaint before the ameer. His highness seemed to make light of the matter, observing: "I should not bother about it. You will find it will be all right." The engineer was by no means satisfied, but, remembering the people with whom he was, resolved to say no more. A week or so later he was invited to accompany the ameer on a ride. When outside the town they passed gibbet after gibbet, each occupied. The Englishman at length broke silence by suggesting, "Your highness seems to have been busy of late." The reply was characteristic: "Oh, no. That is your little lot." It was afterward learned that the ameer had executed every male member of the family of the assailant upon whom he could lay hands.—London Globe.

BLONDIN AT NIAGARA.

His Famous Walk on a Slack Rope Over the Cataract.

WITH A MAN UPON HIS BACK.

The Sensations of Henry M. Colcord, Who Was Perched on the Acrobat's Body, as Described by Himself—The Severed Guy Rope Incident.

Charles Blondin, the French rope-walker, though he died in bed at a ripe old age in 1897, performed feats that no other man has ever dared emulate. There are few things in the way of daring that some one will not repeat, but Blondin was the cleverest as well as the most venturesome of his profession. His feats were tasks too great for the skill as well as the courage of his imitators.

Blondin's great trip over Niagara falls in 1859 was the most startling sensation of that time, a thing talked of for a generation afterward. It was witnessed by a crowd of thousands. The present king of England, then Prince of Wales, saw Blondin while on his tour through the United States. He once declared that the sight of Blondin crossing the falls on a swaying rope made a greater impression upon him than any incident of his journey.

Though Blondin crossed on the rope several times, his greatest exploit was when he carried over on his back another man. To the spectators, unused to the acrobat's feats, it seemed impossible for him to keep his swaying footing with the burden on his back. Large sums were laid that he would fall. Blondin's own feeling, however, was one of complete confidence.

But the feelings of the man on his back! That man had never walked a slack rope, had never been suspended in such a dreadful position before, and he had to depend for his safety absolutely on the movements of another. Many years afterward this man, Henry M. Colcord of Chicago, gave an account of his experience to a newspaper.

"You ask what it feels like to be twelve hundred feet in midair over a raging torrent," he said. "I cannot describe it better than by saying that the first sensation was an overwhelming one, in which it was hard to separate awe from fear. Then there came what may best be termed an absolute cessation of all feeling. Before starting from the shore Blondin gave me that injunction which almost every mother has given to the boy at her knee when giving him his first lesson in life.

"Look up, Harry!" he said. "My arms were about his neck, while my legs were slung in hooks at his waist. Out we went over that horrible gulf. I heard the roar of the water below and the hum which ran through the crowd of 100,000 spectators. As we cleared the brink the hum ceased. There was not one person perhaps in that vast throng who did not feel a greater strain than was ours.

"Unable to resist, I stole one glance down at the black waters. It seemed for an instant as if I were poised above the entire universe. There was a feeling of immensity such as I had never felt before and have never felt since. Then I looked up.

"Blondin walked on steadily, pausing for one brief moment at each point where the guy ropes joined the main cable. The line was a trifle steeper at those places and gave him a chance to assure himself of his balance. There was a wide space in the middle of the rope to which it had not been possible to attach guy lines.

"At the last resting place before we reached this slender, swaying span Blondin said to me:

"Harry, you are no longer Colcord; you are Blondin. Until I clear this place be a part of me, mind, body and soul. If I sway, sway with me. Do not attempt to do any balancing yourself. If you do, we shall both go down to our death."

"I had dismounted while he was talking to me and stood with one foot on the line and both hands on his shoulders. I climbed back into my perch, and Blondin started across the unstable part of the line. I had cleared my mind of all feeling save one. I tried to think that instead of being poised in midair, with nothing but a mania rope between me and destruction, I was shut up with Blondin in a confined space where the thought of a fall was farcical.

"Blondin swung to the right and then to the left. Each time I went with him as though we were molded

into one piece with immovable parts.

"I knew afterward that the line beneath his feet was swaying horribly and that to the people on the shore it seemed that time and again our bodies were parallel to the rushing Niagara rapids below. Blondin's marvelous skill, however, and the precision with which he manipulated his pole brought us each time to the upright.

"The unprotected center was passed, all but a few feet. Blondin was now running just as a boy runs in order the better to keep his balance when walking a railroad track. We were nearing the point where the joining place of the first guy line from the opposite shore offered us a moment's breathing space. Blondin's foot was planted on the knot which joined the lines.

"My breath came naturally again. At that instant the rope was jerked from beneath his feet. How he caught it again and saved us I never knew. Before I could realize much of anything he was running again. Some gambler interested peculiarly in our

deaths had cut the guy rope, hoping to hurl us to the river.

"He did not dare repeat the attempt, and when the second point of connection was reached we rested safely. Blondin stood there like a man of marble, though the agony in his mind had brought great beads of sweat to his brow.

"We reached the shore finally, but before we were well there we could see the people in the crowd, even at a distance from the edge of the gulf, begin to stretch out their arms as if they would draw us in from the peril.

"What the feeling of men was may be shown by the action of the then president of the New York Central railroad. He presented me with a check for \$1,000 for crossing with Blondin and then offered me a like amount if I would promise never to do it again."

WAITERS' OUTFITS.

And Other Outfits Designed For Men of Various Occupations.

The man who dined always in the same restaurant might suppose that the jackets worn by the waiters there were the same as those worn everywhere, that waiters' jackets were all alike, but as a matter of fact such jackets, with other equipment for waiters, are made in great variety for use in different places and seasons, and there are concerns that devote themselves solely to the manufacture of waiters' outfits, together with outfits for cooks, butchers, barkeepers, soda dispensers, barbers, dentists and surgeons.

One such establishment that issues an illustrated catalogue of its productions announces that its name is known in every public dining room and kitchen in this country and that it receives orders from Alaska, Canada, Cuba, the Hawaiian Islands and Mexico and that the United States government has adopted its jackets and aprons for government mess rooms.

Waiters' jackets and coats are made not only in many styles, but of various materials, and vary as to manner of finish and are lined and unlined. They range from a simple white duck jacket to the full dress coat and include coats and jackets appropriate for all engaged in the work, from head waiters and captains down, and are suitable for all sorts of places and occasions. Of course there are provided waiters'

neckwear in variety for various uses and other necessary items of personal equipment, as collars, and so on, and thus it is possible for any waiter to supply himself at one place with a complete outfit.

There are half a dozen styles of cooks' caps and as many varieties of cooks' jackets, including jackets single breasted and double breasted, and there are trousers made for cooks' use, and for cooks and for waiters there are made aprons in many styles and sizes and of various materials.

For barkeepers' use there are made coats in various styles, of cloth or of duck, some of these being made with loop buttons, and there are made bar keepers' waistcoats in various styles, some without and some with sleeves.

Of butchers' gowns and coats and aprons there are made various styles in a variety of materials. There is a variety of styles of coats designed for barbers, and there are coats specially designed for druggists, and coats for dentists, and specially designed gowns and suits made for the use of surgeons. The manufacture of all these special garments for the various trades and professions enumerated constitutes a business by itself.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What Squirrels Eat.

Squirrels do not entirely subsist on nuts, as most people suppose. They are largely fruit eaters and occasionally work big havoc in the orchards in the fall of the year. They are not above stealing partridge eggs and on this account are not beloved by the sportsman. Even poultry, when they stray, as they often will, and lay eggs beyond the confines of the poultry yard, suffer from attacks of squirrels when the mother bird is away. In pine tree districts these little climbers are fond of splitting the pine cones and eating the seeds thereof. But above all things squirrels are fond of fungus. They will not have anything to do with the common or garden mushroom, but confidently devour the most yellow and poisonous looking toadstools that grow in damp woods and fields. They never store these, for they know well that fungi will not keep. They devour them greedily as they come to light and revisit the spot as soon as fresh spawn renews the fungus. There are, however, many kinds of toadstools that squirrels know to be poisonous, and these they will not touch.

Unscientific Good Health.

Both the medical officer and the surveyor of the Tarvin (Chester) rural district council condemned a cottage at Caldecott Green, near Farndon, for demolition as insanitary. But the tenant, an old man, appeared before the council and told a remarkable story "in stay of execution." He stated that he was seventy-three years of age and lived in the cottage with his wife and three children. For sixty years there had not been a case of illness in his family. His father and mother lived in the cottage before him; his father died at the age of ninety-six and the mother at eighty-nine. He did not think that there could be much wrong with the cottage in face of these facts. In reply to the clerk the old fellow said that personally he had never had a doctor, and the only time a medical man had been in his cottage was when his little son scalded his leg. Under the exceptional circumstances the council decided to adjourn the matter for further inquiries to be made.—London Globe.

A Beacon Light



Clothcraft is a genuine beacon light. It points out to every man—to you—real, genuine clothing comfort—the kind that comes from wearing well made and perfectly fitting garments possessing every element of style and durability.

Clothcraft Clothes will bear the most thorough investigation and every wearer finds entire satisfaction in their making and their durability.

Clothcraft Clothes excel not only in style, fit and material but in tailoring. They have hand work—lots of it—the collars show it, so do the button holes. It is the work that old machinery or unskilled labor cannot do and is work that is to be found only in Clothcraft Clothes.

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\$2.40 to Pittsburg and return from Reynoldsville

Tickets good going only on train leaving at 6:35 a. m.

Returning tickets will be good on SPECIAL TRAIN leaving Pittsburg 7:30 p. m. for DuBois, making all stops east of Red Bank; also on DuBois Express leaving at 5:05 p. m., for points at which regular stops are made.

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