

You Should Look For Thin Edges

YOU will always find them on the best made clothes. The ability of master tailors is judged by them. The thin, even edge is one of the distinctive features of Clothcraft Clothes. It enables the cloth to lay flat between the buttons—one result of scientific tailoring.



We select them from over a score of different lines to offer you, because we know them to be the best tailored pure wool clothes and selling at a sensible price. These clothes will satisfy you, no matter how particular you are.

With each suit you get a signed guarantee that every thread is wool and the style and shape will last you until the suit is worn out.

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All-Wool Clothes \$10 to \$25

Our spring line of Clothcraft is now complete. Let us show you.

Bing-Stoke Company.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

Northampton Hard Vein Roofing Slate

A superior product, does not absorb moisture, is unchangeable in color and does not fade, rust or decompose.

A roof of Hard Vein Slate needs no repair. Sold by

THE WOODWORK SUPPLY COMPANY
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you may avail yourself of the unexcelled facilities offered by this strong bank. Uncle Sam's mail carriers will bring your deposits from any part of the world. We will cheerfully mail you booklets explaining our system of giving to out-of-town accounts precisely the same care as those of local residents.

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\$4.00

Saturday, May 28, 1910

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY

Train leaves Falls Creek 2.32 a. m. and 1.06 p. m.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BULLETIN

SUMMER VACATIONS.

The time is coming for summer outings. Have you thought about yours yet?

No other country on the face of the globe contains so many delightful summer resorts as the United States, with its near neighbor, Canada.

The Pennsylvania Railroad will issue its popular Summer Excursion Book on June 1, and you will find it a wonderful help in plotting out your summer trip.

It contains descriptions of about eight hundred of the leading resorts of North America, lists of hotels and boarding houses at these various places, a map, routes and rates from the principal stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and other valuable information.

If you have grown tired of the resort you have visited for years, you may make a selection from this book for a stay of a day, a week, a month, or the whole summer.

You may plot out an extended tour covering mountain and seashore, or a fishing trip, or a hunting jaunt, by rail or boat, or a combination of both.

Any Ticket Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad will be glad to furnish a copy of this valuable book for ten cents, or it will be mailed you postpaid on receipt of twenty-five cents, by Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

HE NEVER MISSED.

A Well Paid, Fiery Job That Wears a Man Out in Fifteen Years.

The man who stood at the lever had a story that is common all over America. Ten years before he had been a peasant lad in a dull little village in Ireland. Drawn up and along by the emigrant tide, he had drifted to Chicago, and here in the works he had caught the true spirit of the place, which is to strain every nerve and rise. He had risen. His pay was \$90 a week. He worked every night from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m., twelve vigilant hours. Watching those three mammoth tanks, by the tints and hues in their columns of flame he could tell just when to wrench back a lever. This he did over a hundred times in the night, and if he missed by so much as thirty seconds he spoiled thousands of dollars' worth of steel. He never missed.

To hold this job is to jam the strength of a lifetime into fifteen years—at \$90 a week. The man recognized this as a matter of course, only qualifying it by the remark that he knew of a redheaded Scotchman at Homestead who had held it seventeen years before breaking. That his whole life had been changed; that his little Irish village, the misty bog and the hovels were back in another age, on another planet—all this he felt vaguely and summed it up, with a twinkle. "Shure," he said, "it's a terrible quick spin this old world is ather takin'." But he loved the fiery job, called the huge tanks "me darlin'" and said he would rather be what he was than be president.—Ernest Poole in Every-body's.

COLORS IN FLAGS.

Red is the Most Frequent, and After That Comes Blue.

It is entirely appropriate, of course, that red, the war color, should appear so frequently in the flags of the various nations. Of the flags of the countries of the eastern hemisphere there is only one—that of Greece—which does not show the martial color. In the western hemisphere, however, we find several standards not showing red. The flags of the Argentine Republic, Brazil, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Uruguay and Honduras contain no red.

In this country there is no red in the union jack or in the flags of the secretary of the navy, the admiral of the navy, the rear admiral senior in rank and the rear admiral junior in rank. Red appears in the pennant of the rear admiral second in rank and the pennant of the revenue marine. The United States mail flag also shows red, and that color is also found in the pennants for the vessels of the lighthouse service, the yacht ensign, the ensign of the revenue marine, the president's and the secretary of war's standards.

The flags that are almost entirely red, except for the devices shown thereon, are those of Austria-Hungary, Egypt, Morocco and Japan. The flag of Turkey is practically of a solid red. After red the prevailing color in flags is blue.—Harper's Weekly.

Something Wrong.

The balloon pilot landed in the little backwoods village and told the loiterers the thrilling story of his escape. "And at one time," he related, with dramatic force, "I was in a storm and sweeping over a vast desert. There was nothing to do but throw out sand and prepare for the worst. Gentlemen, at one time I felt as if I had lost my head and gone plumb crazy."

The oldest inhabitant slowly lighted his pipe and drawled, with a sarcastic smile:

"You must have been plumb crazy, bub, to throw sand on a desert. Didn't you think there was enough sand there already?"—Chicago News.

What Intermittency Means.

Intermittency is that form of irregularity in which the pulse appears to drop a beat occasionally. In some instances it occurs regularly and two or three times per minute for several hours. Sometimes also it is very irregular and is noted a number of times within a few seconds and not again for a minute or more. This peculiarity generally causes much uneasiness. Yet, while it may be a very serious symptom and associated with grave and incurable disease of the heart, it often signifies merely a functional disturbance which is in nowise dangerous.

Why He Got Up.

It was only about noonday, but the commuter yawned. He yawned heavily two or three times.

"Got up at 6 o'clock," he explained. "Had to catch my train. When my wife waked me I said to her: 'Six o'clock! The chickens haven't begun to crow yet, have they? Why must I get up before the chickens do, I'd like to know!'"

"I don't know," she said, "unless it's because you're no chicken."—New York Press.

Fatal Curiosity.

"How did they manage to get such a fine thumb print of the burglar?" "The house had been painted that day, and he just couldn't resist the temptation to feel of the paint to see if it was dry."—Houston Post.

Her Worry.

Mrs. Hoyle—You seem unhappy. Mrs. Doyle—I am. I don't believe that if I were to die my husband would wear as deep mourning as he did for his first wife.—New York Press.

Scruples too rigid are nothing else but concealed pride.—Goethe.

A MONSTER WHALE.

One Way In Which It Reminded a Tiny Species of Fish.

One winter some years ago a large whale was killed near one of the Atlantic seaports. The carcass was taken ashore, and on two occasions was transported far inland to cities where a whale was a curiosity that people would pay to see. It was necessary, of course, that the exhibitions should be given in unheated halls, and as it was a cold winter the whale kept in a fairly good state of preservation for a considerable number of weeks before it became imperative to close the amusement season so far as that particular cetacean was concerned. While it was on exhibition in Chicago a merchant from a little town in southern Illinois, who happened to be in the city on business, went to see it. When he returned home he could talk of nothing else.

"You may think you've seen big fish," he said, "but unless you've come across a whale somewhere you haven't."

"How long was it, Jeff?" somebody asked him.

"It was mighty close to ninety feet and about fifteen feet thick. It was the biggest thing I ever saw out of the water that swims in the water."

"Well," said the village doctor, "you didn't expect to find it a smelt, did you?"

"No," he answered hesitatingly, "but it did, just a little."—Exchange.

FACE PATCHES.

They Became a Society Craze at One Time in England.

Plaster patches were introduced in England in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady who in this manner ingeniously concealed a wen on her neck. They became such a craze and were carried to such exaggerated lengths that they were finally lampooned out of sight. The men, as well as the women, stuck themselves over with these heinous spots. No lady of fashion considered her toilet complete until she was equipped with her little box of patches cut in her favorite design. If one happened to come off in company she hurriedly replaced it with a fresh one from the box.

At length patching in England went so far that party spirit was symbolized by the position of the patches. A letter in the paper on June 2, 1711, tells of a visit to the Haymarket and the discovery by the writer of three classes of women in the boxes all differently patched. Upon inquiry he discovered that those who patched on the right side of the forehead were Whigs and those who favored the left were Tories, while those who patched indifferently on either side were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves.—London Saturday Review.

A Lazy Race.

A lazier man than the average Burmese man it would be extremely hard to find. When it is absolutely necessary for him to work he generally nits upon some method which will save him a lot of exertion. If he wishes to cultivate a piece of ground he sets light to the brushwood as a cheap, easy and efficacious method of preparing the soil. For two or three years he cultivates that piece of land, and then he sets light to another spot, allowing the jungle to grow in the old place, which will be ready for reburning when the other ground wants a rest. Rice growers dispense with plows, turning loose instead a number of buffaloes, which cut up the saturated soil with their hoofs. When a Burman has earned a little money he immediately proceeds to spend it all, for the Burmese have no ambition to be rich and never hoard; consequently there are no large landowners, and, there being no aristocracy, the people are as near being on an equality as possible.

A Poser.

A vegetarian writer narrated in a recent address a "poser" that his little son had put to him.

"My little boy," said the speaker, "often turns away from his lentils and expresses a longing for chops and roast beef."

"The other day at table I explained to him that we become what we eat—that by eating vegetables we become mild and placid, but by eating meat we become savage and gross."

"Well, papa," said the lad, "if it's true that we become what we eat, why don't cannibals become mission aries?"

Fishing For Plunder.

A visitor to one of the hotels at Pekin was awakened during the night by the noise caused by the fall of a roll of paper. Getting out of bed, he saw with astonishment a pole, to which were attached a fishing line and hook, moving about the room, collecting various objects and removing them through the window. Upon going downstairs he was heard by the burglarious Chinaman outside to whom the rod belonged and who escaped, leaving his fishing line behind him.

An Effectual Cure.

"She wants to be a sister to me." "You can easily get her out of that notion." "How?" "Treat her as you would a sister."—Kansas City Journal.

Her Guess.

Hubby—There's another chap committed suicide because his home was unhappy. Wife—I dare say it will be happier now.—Illustrated Bits.

A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run.—Ouida.

A Useful Reminder.

An M. P. who in his magisterial capacity periodically visited a private lunatic asylum told the story of a man of some position in the legal world who went to see a patient who had occasional lapses into sanity. The patient made a great impression on his visitor as a well informed, healthy minded gentleman and was assured that his case should be inquired into.

On leaving, the grateful patient courteously conducted his morning caller to the front door, affectionately pressing his hand at parting.

"You won't forget what I've told you," he pleaded, with tears in his voice.

"No," responded the visitor, turning round to descend the rather long flight of steps.

"I don't think you will," said the patient dreamily, "but lest you should you know?"

And, lifting up his foot, he gave the unsuspecting, defenseless visitor a kick behind that sent him spinning down the stairway and sprawling on the gravel.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Bird's White Feathers.

The occurrence of white feathers in a bird's plumage is very common. It is, of course, due to lack of coloring matter and is liable to appear in both young and old birds. I have known of several old birds to exhibit this peculiarity (mostly in the wing feathers, however), and it may be due to imperfect nutrition and circulation as the bird ages. I have also noticed it in young birds in a number of instances. The phenomenon thus cannot be said to occur simply as a result of old age, but is rather one of those slight changes in the bird's system the causes of which we do not know. There is this much more to be said, however—when a young bird starts out with a few white feathers they are usually retained throughout life, molting each time in a similar manner. Old birds may exhibit this loss of coloring at any time.—St. Nicholas.

Patrick Henry's Fee.

It is said of Patrick Henry that during his practice of law in the Virginia courts and when he was familiarly addressed as "governor" a man who had been arrested for stealing a hog and who was out on bail went to the governor to have him defend him.

The governor said, "Did you walk away with that shoat?"

"I don't like to say."

"Out with it."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got the carcass?"

"Yes, sir."

"You go home, you wretch, cut the pig lengthwise in half and hang as much of it in my smokehouse as you keep in yours."

At court the governor said, "Your honor, this man has no more of that stolen shoat than I have."

The man was cleared.—National Monthly.

The Generous Barber.

"Here, I say! Be a bit more careful with that razor. That's the second time you've cut me."

"Well, well, so it is. But there! I always deduct a ha'penny for every cut. Why, it's nothing for a man to go out of here having won fourpence off me."—London Tatler.

Might Be on One's Nose.

"Don't get down in the mouth, old man," said the optimist. "Look on the bright side of things." "That's all very well," mournfully replied the sufferer, "but what is the bright side of a gumboll?"

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between George C. Hunter and Joseph R. Millren, doing business under the firm name of Hunter & Millren, men married, Reynoldsville, Pa., has been dissolved by mutual consent, George C. Hunter retiring. The business will hereafter be conducted by Joseph R. Millren. All outstanding accounts are due and payable to Hunter & Millren and must be paid within thirty days. Any bills against the old firm should be presented promptly. GEO. C. HUNTER, JOS. R. MILLREN. April 28th, 1910.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of the late Mrs. Sarah Welsh, of Reynoldsville.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Mrs. Sarah Welsh, late of Reynoldsville borough, county of Jefferson and state of Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay. C. J. KEHN, Executor.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

The stockholders of the Jefferson and Clearfield Coal and Iron Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, with its principal office at Reynoldsville, Jefferson county, Pennsylvania, are hereby notified that a meeting will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on the twelfth day of July, A. D. 1910, at the general office of said company, to take action on the approval or disapproval of the proposed increase of the indebtedness of said corporation, in pursuance of the following resolutions, which were adopted by a majority of the entire Board of Directors of the Jefferson and Clearfield Coal and Iron Company:

RESOLVED, That the indebtedness of the Jefferson and Clearfield Coal and Iron Company be increased from Two Million, One Hundred and Forty-one Thousand (\$2,141,000) Dollars to Four Million, Six Hundred and Forty One Thousand (\$4,641,000) Dollars.

RESOLVED, That a meeting of the stockholders be called to convene at the general office of this company on the 12th day of July, A. D. 1910, to take action on the approval or disapproval of the proposed increase of the indebtedness of this company, and that the secretary do and is hereby directed to give notice thereof, as required by law.

Attest: LEWIS ISHELM, Secretary.

May 10, 1910.

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The First National Bank

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Capital and Surplus \$175,000.00
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Continues to offer to a constantly growing body of depositors adequate facilities and perfect service derived from thirty-six years successful banking experience. Let us demonstrate to you. Interest paid on Savings Accounts, having liberal withdrawal privileges.

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If you have any difficulty in obtaining Waverly Special from your dealer or garage, communicate with us once and we will see that you are supplied. Perfect lubrication with the out carbon deposit. Waverly Oil Works Co. Independence, Missouri. Pittsburgh, Pa.

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