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The undersigned have entered into an arrangement to expedite passenger traffic to and from Port Jervis. Prompt service will be rendered and polite attention shown. In connection they will conduct a general livery business. Proprietors of Wells, Fargo express. Connections here with Dingmans and points South.

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Milford, Pa. PROPRIETORS

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FEED, MEAL,
BRAN, OATS,
and HAY

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Hello to No. 5., or come to

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KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery**
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

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We solve it by keeping
Fine Groceries,
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Choice Meats,
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If you appreciate a good market in town buy your fish and meats at my place. Limburger, Imported Roquefort Philadelphia Cream cheese or any others desired.

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Of All Kinds and Styles.
Blankets, Robes, Whips
and Horse Outfitting generally.

CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS
Repairing: NEATLY DONE

Examine my stock it will please you. The price too.

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E. L. KEMP,
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ALEXANDRIA AT HOME.

Simply Everyday Life of the Queen of England—A Great Letter Writer.

Few people can realize the comparative simplicity of the everyday life of Queen Alexandra, especially when in Scotland or at Sandringham. While in Norfolk the Queen spends much of her time in the open air, walking, driving and doing short expeditions in her motor car. After breakfast—she and one or more of the several ladies who may be staying in the house make an expedition to kennels, stables and poultry yard to feed and interview the favorite dogs, horses and poultry of the establishment. In the afternoon a drive is arranged, and the evenings pass cheerily with music, cards and conversation. Dinner at Sandringham is always at 8:45.

It may be mentioned that the royal servants' liveries have a quaint, old world appearance and are different in cut to those seen elsewhere. The coats are scarlet, made in the swallowtail style, with dark blue waistbands edged by narrow gold braid. The men wear no collars, but have gold stocks; and white satin breeches and white silk stockings complete their stately costume. All the royal men servants are over six feet in height.

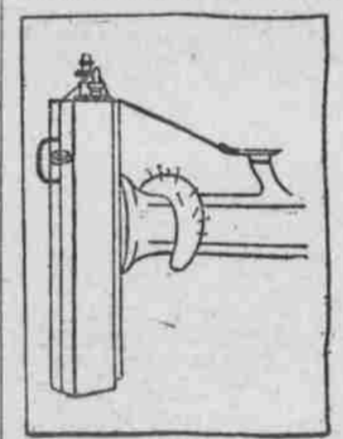
The Queen is an indefatigable letter writer. She has been known to write as many as forty letters in one day with her own hand; and Miss Knollys, her lady in waiting, often would get through a hundred, all written under the Queen's personal supervision. Queen Alexandra's note paper is cream colored and rather rough with the royal crown and address in dark blue and of the simplest design.

During the shooting season the Queen sends a great deal of game to her own particular friends, and the hampers are labelled "With the Queen's compliments." At Christmas time she often presents her intimates with a signed photograph of herself in a silver frame. Queen Alexandra is a keen photographer and has transferred some of her photographs onto china.

A USEFUL PINCUSHION.

Fastens on Sewing Machine and is at Hand When Needed.

At first glance the pincushion invented by a Tennessee man does not appear to be a very important addition to the thousands of labor and time saving devices, but second thought will show that it has its uses.



A USEFUL PINCUSHION.

and that they are not so insignificant after all. It is a horseshoe-shaped affair, with a bowed, clamping spring arranged inside, and it fastens on the arm of a sewing machine whenever it is needed. The operator can thus have a cushion full of pins right at her hand, where she can get them without stopping the machine or delaying her work for an instant. Only a woman who does a great deal of sewing can appreciate the time and trouble that will be saved by this little device.—Wash. Star.

Love's Law.

He loves best whose love lasts. There's no fool like a bald fool. One good kiss deserves another. Kisses speak louder than words. Proposals make cowards of us all. The woman who deliberates is won.

Where there's a will there's a wedding.

A fool and his money are soon married.

A little debutante is a dangerous thing.

Be sure you're right, then lose your head.

"The love that makes the man come round."

A ring on the hand is worth two at the door.

The longest way 'round is the sweetest way home.

People who live in a glass house shouldn't hold hands.

—Carolyn Wells, in Hampton's Broadway Magazine.

Killikinnick.

"We ran out of tobacco while fishing in the Canadian wilds," said a clubman. "Our guides put up on a killikinnick, and we smoked that for ten days. It wasn't bad."

"Killikinnick is the inner bark of the red willow. You dry it, then you cut it up. It really tastes like tobacco. The Indians always use it when they can't get the real thing, and I understand that there are certain brands of Canadian tobacco that are flavored with killikinnick."—Washington Times.

Quite Probable.

It is evident that the young man who writes his news items in the Willowby Times wishes always to be on the safe side and exercise due caution in his statements.

"When Mr. Lemuel Hawkins entered the bedroom on the ground floor of his farmhouse one day last week," wrote the careful newspaperer, "he found that a cow, probably astray, had made her way there from the open door."

AT THE RAILWAY STATION

Why the Proud Father Was Mistaken For One In Trouble.

John Joggles is the happy father of thirteen youngsters, and he is proud of them all. But being the parent of such a large family has its drawbacks, as John occasionally learns to his cost.

The other day he decided to give them a little holiday, and, accompanied by Mrs. Joggles and the whole of his olive branches, he proceeded to the railway station. The procession seemed to invoke merriment in all who witnessed it, and sundry remarks were directed to the proud parent, which only made him feel more proud.

The porter's ejaculation on seeing the little gathering, however, quite hurt poor Joggles' feelings, and it was quite unintentional on the railway man's part, too.

"Hallo," he said critically, "what 'ave you been doing?"

Poor John stared vacantly, and answered, "Nothing! Why?"

"Then," remarked the porter, "what's all this blooming crowd for?"

The Retort Lethal.

The eyes are the baseball umpire's staff of life. Of what use would his knowledge and honesty be unless he were absolutely certain of every play that he rules upon? His sight, near or far, must be discriminatingly accurate. He ceases to be an umpire the moment his sight flickers.

Captain John McGraw of the Giants, was at bat one day in a hard-fought game. The Chicago pitcher sent over a wide one which John judged would be a mere "ball" to help him on his way to first base; but the ball took a sudden inshoot and barely cut the corner of the plate as John stood idle.

"Strike!" shouted McGraw.

"Strike? Why, you muck-headed old blankety-b-2-2-2-2, you're losin' your lamps!"

"Cut that out about the lamps!"

was all Hurst said in reply.—Harpur's Weekly.

Too Good For This World.

Albert was a solemn-eyed, spiritually-looking child, and considered a success.

"Nurse," he said one day, leaving his blocks and laying his hand gently on her knee, "nurse, is this God's day?"

"No, dear," said his nurse, "this is not Sunday. It is Thursday."

"I'm so sorry," he said sadly, and went back to his blocks.

The next day and the next, in his serious manner, he asked the same question, and the nurse tearfully said to the cook, "That child is too good for this world."

On Sunday the question was repeated, and the nurse with a sob in her voice said, "Yes, Lambie. This is God's day."

"Then where is the funny paper?"

TOUCHED HIS DIGNITY.

Screamer—Pardon me, Mr. Hoots; I thought you were my old friend pheasant!

Hoots—Sir! Are you trying to make game of me?

His Strenuous Job.

"I lately passed through Nutwood, N. J. Say, but that station agent has a lot to do! When the train comes in he's got to sell tickets, attend to the mail, shift the express, check the baggage, fix the signal lights, put the danger lantern at the street crossing, post the trains on the bulletin board, operate the telegraph instruments and carry the messages."

"Heavens! Was he doing all that?"

"No; he was asleep."

Ins and Outs.

"Where is Mr. Middleman?" asked the caller at the broker's office.

"I think he's out on a little matter of wheat," replied the bright clerk.

"Out long?"

"Certainly not. If he had been long he would have been in; it's because he was short that he's out."

The Real Work.

Client—How is my case coming on? Surely you've had time to look up the law?

Attorney—Oh, that was easy. I've been putting in my time studying the technicalities.

Society of Whales.

The Society of Whales is a new organization. Every young wife in town belongs and the title of the society is taken from the faith a bride has in her husband. She would believe him if he said he saw a whale swimming up Commercial street. After she has been married for a few months she drops from the club.

WOMEN OVERDO IT

WE ARE BECOMING A PEOPLE OF HARD-HIDDEN FADES.

One of the Chief Dangers of the Age—Too Many Theories of Life—The Food Faddist at Fault.

By Roxanna Queen.

"That poor child was washed into heaven," said a witty woman when hearing of the death of a friend's young daughter. "The mother was a believer in cleanliness and little Susanne was the victim."

"The youngster was always put in the tub morning, noon, and night, and many is the day I've known her to have four or five baths. She was a peaky little thing, sick half the time, but the doctors could not make her mother realize that keeping the pores open did not mean an orgy of bathing."

The chief danger of the age is overdoing. We have so many theories of life that often we are worse off than without any. An overdose of anything is like an overcooked steak; the best is lost.

Few of us realize the distinction between a good thing and a too good thing, which is one cause that we are becoming a people of hard-ripped fades.

The woman who is too fat is told to reduce. Now, reducing is all right, but rapid flesh shedding is a disease breeder. To reduce in moderation is well; to live for reducing is a virtue overdone.

Perhaps our fat friend is told to exercise. Does she go in for a brisk walk twice a day and gentle calisthenics morning and evening? Not she. She walks until she is ready to drop with fatigue, and bends, turns and twists like an aspiring contortionist until she loses her good looks and good health along with her flesh.

If eating is the order she draws no line between starving and prudent eating; wrinkles and dyspepsia follow.

A lengthened waistline usually means a belt dropped almost to her knees in front and a figure that is a caricature in its shortness of legs. The food faddist is in special need of learning that well done is not overdone. Who has not been pestered with friends who, being told that the hot water cure is the last thing to cure-alls, treat themselves like the tank of a locomotive, or who sneer at beef-eaters when they become nipped with vegetarianism.

It is well to bring up children carefully, it is overdoing to bring them up so carefully that their young lives are made miserable by rules and regulations, and they are robbed of childhood's heritage of romping.

The successes in life are not always the boys and girls whose parents have advanced ideas in child-rearing. Perfection forced into too close range has a way of getting distorted.

A mother with ultra views of decorum was horrified to see her 15-year-old daughter smoke a cigarette and dance a skirt dance for the amusement of her friends the first time she went unchaperoned. The girl explained that was like a derelict running amuck from an overdose of goodness.

The sanitariums are full because women do not seem able to learn that to work is well; to overwork is nervous prostration.

Tell an indiscriminating woman that the polite hostess is never inattentive to her guests, and that is the house where the guests feel like shrieking "For heaven's sake give me a minute alone!" There's nothing more tiresome than overdone hospitality.

The crank is usually the person who overdoes a good thing.

To make pleasant remarks means popularity; to always make pleasant remarks is sycophancy or insincerity.

Solid reading is good; never to read anything in lighter vein is to have a brain with as few high lights as a silhouette.

To learn that well done is not overdone is the surest safeguard against life's excesses. Moderation may not be exciting, but it wears well.

Queens Who Smoke.

Somewhat it seems unimaginable that Queen Alexandra or the German Empress or the Queen of Rumania should have taken to the "cigarette habit," to which most of the younger consorts of European rulers confess. Yet Carmen Sylva is on a list of "Queens who smoke" which has just been published, and explains that she has never yet put a poetic thought into writing without that best of nerve soothers, the cigarette, between her lips. The Dowager Empress of Russia, Queen Amelia of Portugal and the Dowager Queen of Spain are also among the smokers, and of the younger generation, the Empress of Russia, who had never smoked a cigarette before her marriage, is now probably the one whose daily allowance of cigarettes is the largest. But, then, "ladies' cigarettes" in Russia are of the mildest kind—almost as mild as chocolate imitation.

To Protect Hard Wood Floors.

To protect hardwood floors from scratches, fit corrugated rubber to bottom of tables and chairs, fasten with strong glue. These tips are in visible.

Will Find Cure For Leprosy.

It is estimated that there are some 3,000,000 lepers in the world, but the cure of leprosy is now regarded as being within measurable distance.

Trademen That Serve Royalty.

More than 1,200 English tradesmen are this year entitled to use the royal arms over their shop-fronts.

Everybody Come RYMAN'S 25th X'mas Opening

Toys, Games and a world of playthings for the children also presents for every member of the family. This is a personal invitation. Come and see the beautiful presents. Whether you purchase or not, we will appreciate it. Prices in reach of all. A "Merry Christmas" to all.

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comfortable and well equipped. Has

the largest and best equipped restaurant

in the city.

O. G. DEWITT, Proprietor

Manager.

Twice Weekly Continued.

Judge—Have you been arrested before?

Prisoner—No, sir.

Judge—Have you been in this court before?

Prisoner—No, sir.

Judge—Are you certain?

Prisoner—I am, sir.

Judge—Your face looks decidedly familiar. Where have I seen it before?

Prisoner—I'm the bartender in the saloon across the way, sir.