

The Smart and Silberberg Co.

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

June White Sale.

A Real Occasion to Economize.

The Opportunity to Secure Timely Needed White Goods Far Below Their Worth.



June, "the rarest month of all," brings also this best of all White Events. We have assembled, from the best of white wear and white goods manufacturers, an exceptionally fine collection of everything in white and price marked every yard of goods and every article, whether for personal or home use, at figures which provide you with the rarest of white wear values.

You'll be delighted by the beauty of our displays and will surely wonder how so much attractiveness, such diversity of designs and such superior workmanship could be hidden in just—White Goods. This event marks a notable achievement in the assembling of excellent stocks of White Wear of every nature.

Every member of the family can use many articles from this white assemblage. The provident ones will not only buy for tomorrow but for the needs of many future days.

The Sale Starts Wednesday Morning, June 7th.

Note carefully these items and attend early if you would be sure of getting your share, for this is a White Wear Event that will surpass your expectations.

The Smart & Silberberg Co.

OIL CITY, PA.

Oil City Trust Company,

Oil City, Pa.

"The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took their changes and chances of this mortal life like men."—Kingsley.

Be cheerful, but do not forget to be thrifty.

We pay FOUR PER CENT. on your savings.

Broken Lot Sale

Ladies' High Grade

Oxfords and Pumps of the Season of 1911.

Nearly all this season's goods, but lines on which sizes are broken, more or less, and will not be replaced. You undoubtedly can find your size in some good style to please you.

Some Big Bargains.

See window for prices.

CARLON & CO.,

Palm Beach, Fla.

Oil City, Pa.



Make Every Dollar You Spend Bring One Hundred Cents in Value.

You can do it every time you spend it with us. Because—We know our qualities are the best obtainable in this country. Because—We respect public confidence as the most valuable asset we own. Because—We allow no misrepresentation under any circumstance. Because—We want your future patronage while ever we are in business. Because—We would rather have your good will than your money. Because—We will do anything honorable to merit your patronage. Because—We select our goods from the finest makes in America. Because—We get additional inducements in buying. Because—We buy for six great Big Stores in this State. Because—We discount all bills and save accordingly. Because—We can handle large quantities of goods at all times and. Because—We can do this we are considered one of the biggest concerns in the State. Because—We know just what goods are sold elsewhere, and we know ours are better. Because—We endeavor at all times to be strictly honest in every transaction. We would like to list you as one of our customers. We know you will profit and so will we.

Oil City, Pa.



Oil City, Pa.

Hoyt's Hospitality.

It was the habit of Charles H. Hoyt, the dramatist, to invite almost everybody he met to come up and spend a few weeks with him at his summer home in New Hampshire.

One night Hoyt, Bert Dasher, W. H. Currie, Frank McKee and several other house guests of Hoyt were sitting on the veranda of Hoyt's summer house waiting for dinner. The train had just arrived, and they saw an old farmer and his wife coming up the path.

"Who are they?" asked Hoyt. "I never saw them before."

"The dickens you didn't," replied Currie. "That is that old chap and his wife you talked to over at Springfield and invited to visit you."

"Oh, well," said Hoyt, "maybe they are just coming in to dinner. They will take the night train back."

Then he looked again and saw the hired man behind the farmer and his wife wheeling a big trunk on a wheelbarrow.

"No, by George," shouted Hoyt, "they are here for a run!"

And they stayed a month.—Cleveland Leader.

Long and Short Story Writers.

Which are the great short stories of the English language? Not a bad basis for a debate! This I am sure of—that there are far fewer supremely good short stories than there are supremely good long books. It takes more exquisite skill to carve the cameo than the statue. But the strangest thing is that the two excellences seem to be separate and even antagonistic. Skill in the one by no means insures skill in the other. The great masters of our literature, Fielding, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Reade, have left no single short story of outstanding merit behind them, with the possible exception of Wandering Willie's tale in "Red Gauntlet."

On the other hand, men who have been very great in the short story, Stevenson, Poe and Bret Harte, have written no great book. The champion sprinter is seldom a five mile runner as well.

Poe is the master of all. Poe is, to my mind, the supreme original short story writer of all time.—Conan Doyle in "Through the Magic Door."

Yosemite Versus Grand Canyon.

Yosemite for a home or a camp, the Grand canyon for a spectacle. I saw a robin in Yosemite valley. Think how forlorn and out of place a robin would seem in the Grand canyon! What would he do there? There is no turf for him to inspect, and there are no trees for him to perch on. I would as soon expect to find him amid the pyramids of Egypt or amid the ruins of Karnak. The bluebird was there also, and the water ouzel haunted the lucid waters. The reader may create for himself a good image of Yosemite by thinking of a section of seven or eight miles of the Hudson river midway of its course as emptied of its waters and deepened 3,000 feet or more, having the sides nearly vertical, with snow white waterfalls duttering against them here and there, the famous spires and domes planted along the rim, and the landscape of groves and glades, with its still, clear, winding river, occupying the bottom.—John Burroughs in Century.

His Apology.

A recent refusal by a member of the English parliament to withdraw "one comma" of what he had said about a member of the government recalls the fact that Richard Brinsley Sheridan once declined to punctuate an apology. In the house of commons one day Sheridan gave an opponent the lie direct. Called upon to apologize, the offender replied:

"Mr. Speaker, I said the honorable member was a liar it is true and I am sorry for it."

The insulted party was not satisfied and said:

"Sir," retorted Sheridan, "the honorable member can interpret the terms of my statement according to his ability, and he can put punctuation marks where it pleases him."

Poets' Licenses.

The poet was sick at heart. He just had submitted one of his very best productions to an unfeeling editor, who had rebuffed him in these gentle words:

"I wish there was a law about poets' licenses like the dog license law. If I had my way a poet would have to take out a license every year and those who didn't would be killed."—New York Press.

Prepared.

Milly—Do you think widowers make good husbands? Billy—Sure. They know what's coming to them.—New York Times.

A Persistent Yankee.

To illustrate Yankee persistency a Wall street magnate told the following story the other day:

"A new England Yankee who was a prisoner on a pirate ship in the good old days when pirates roamed the seas became, because of his Yankee attributes, objectionable to his captors. It was finally decided to maroon him on a desert island with but little food and a coffin to remind him of his inevitable fate. The island was found, and the New Englander and the coffin were left alone on the beach, while the pirate ship sailed away. For several days she sailed and then became becalmed. For three days she lay there with not a breath of air. On the evening of the third day a black speck was noticed on the horizon. It steadily grew larger and soon was close enough for the men on the ship to make out what it was."

The man of millions paused for an instant and then said, smiling, "It was the Yankee in his coffin, with half of the lid in either hand rowing for home."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

How to Quit Smoking.

Do not light the first cigar less than half an hour after breakfast. The more difficult this delay may be, the more need there is for a cure. The remainder of the day smoke the same as usual. It is only the first cigar with which we are dealing. Keep this up for a week, then lengthen the interval to an hour, and another week, two, two and a half, and so on. If you have an "all gone" sensation, a longing for something and don't know what sort of feeling, eat an orange or apple or almost any kind of fruit, but don't smoke until the time is up. The nerves being deprived of their morning stimulant are crying for nourishment, which nature is hastening to supply through increased appetite to supply digestion. By the time the first cigar is entirely eliminated the cure is effected with no serious demargement of the heart or digestive apparatus. It now requires only a moderate will power to make the cure permanent.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Crow's Stratagem.

A crow had been captured by the children in a southern family and brought home and tamed. They were very fond of the crow and treated it with kindness. As in most houses where there are children, there was also a pet cat. The cat and crow were not friendly. One day an unusually nice morsel was given to the cat. This the crow not only looked at with envious eyes, but made several attempts to secure. The cat beat off each attempt, however, and the crow had to resort to stratagem. Disappearing through the open door, he returned in a few moments with a long string that had been raveled from a rag carpet. Placing this on the floor some little distance in front of the cat, he proceeded to wriggle it as he had seen the children do when playing with the cat. The cat instantly jumped to catch the string. This was, of course, exactly what the crow wanted, and he pounced upon the coveted morsel and flew away with it.—Harper's Weekly.

A Strict Dramatic Censor.

Vienna once possessed the strictest dramatic censor ever known in the person of Franz Hoegelin, who held that post in the Austrian capital at the beginning of the last century. Hoegelin published a manual for the guidance of censors. "A pair of lovers should never be allowed to appear on the stage alone. They must always be accompanied by a third person of mature years." Marriages out of one's class were also strictly forbidden by Hoegelin on the stage, and he quotes an instance of a play which he refused to pass because the author made the hero, Count Valdemar, marry a gardener's daughter. "Such misalliances have unfortunately been known to occur in real life, but that is no reason why they should be allowed on the stage," he said.

Receiving.

Mr. Closecayne during his wife's reception—She gives 'em lights, she gives 'em music, she gives 'em food, flowers, champagne, and that's what she calls receiving.—London Tit-Bits.

Can You Blame Him?

"Pa, what does 'skeptical' mean?" "That describes a man's feelings when a woman tells her age."—New York Press.

The long look within ourselves will cure us of a lot of impatience with other folks.—Henry F. Cope.

A Good Bluff.

He was young and had just graduated from law school. His resources were exhausted, but he bravely swung forth his shingle and waited. But no clients stopped at that side of the street. His office rent was due, and his clothes were becoming shabby, but he went to his office with a regularity that would indicate a thriving practice. He was deep in an imaginary case, and when the authorities were all noted and arguments prepared he started forth downtown and thrashed the mayor's son, whom he met in the street. The act aroused the righteous indignation of the townsmen, and he faced an angry court. But in his testimony he was able to include a sharp attack on the mayor and his administration. He quoted law from Lyeurgus and Solon and gave them the page, number and chapter every time. The case was continued and sent up to a higher court. At last it reached the supreme bench, and the young man made the most of his opportunity to show his ability as a lawyer. He lost the case and paid his fine cheerfully, for he had established for himself a practice which assured his future.—Joe Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

President Johnson's Impeachment.

The house impeached President Johnson on Nov. 25, 1867, charging him with having removed Secretary of War Stanton in direct violation of the tenure of office act, with having appointed General Thomas contrary to the same act, with conspiracy with General Thomas and others for the intimidation of Secretary Stanton and the unlawful disbursement of the war department's money and with inducing General Emory, commanding the department of Washington, to disobey orders.

The house adopted the resolution of impeachment by a vote of 123 to 42. After the trial of the case before the senate the vote for impeachment there stood 35 to 19, thus being short of the necessary two-thirds. The senate adjourned sine die, however, without voting on some of the primary articles embraced in the charges against the president. Thereupon the chief justice of the United States court entered a verdict of acquittal on the record.—New York Times.

A Great Trade Secret.

As every one knows, the process of manufacturing the paper of which Bank of England notes are made is one of the greatest of all trade secrets. It is known only to the governor of the Bank of England and to three other persons intimately connected with the industry, which is carried on at Overton, a quiet little village in Hants. All that the outside world is allowed to know concerning this precious paper is that it is made, among other ingredients, out of charred husks and Rhenish vines.

Quite as profound a secret is the manufacture of both the paper and the ink used for American banknotes. The former has the double advantage of not being a secret preparation, but one that only "takes" one particular kind of ink, which is quite unique, the American government paying the manufacturer, who alone possesses the secret, the sum of \$50,000 a year for making it.—Pearson's Weekly.

How Did He Know?

Joe, the fat boy in the "Plickwick Papers," spent most of his time in slumber. He was happier that way. Probably there are a good many other people in the world a good deal like Joe, but most of them do not get the chance for sleep that he had. This scrap of conversation, recently overheard, would seem to indicate that, although this is a nervous age, the desire for sleep is not wholly dead.

"I don't feel well," remarked Smith as he took off his coat in the office, preparatory to sitting down at his desk. "The trouble with me is that I haven't slept as I should. I don't feel well unless I've slept."

Always Happens.

A man who goes around with a chip on his shoulder will finally encounter as big a fool as he is and there will be a fight.—Atchison Globe.

The Sense of Smallness is Sure to Make a Man Shallow.

You Probably Don't Give Much Thought

To the way your back looks; but a lot of people see it. Ever think of that? If you're wearing one of our

Hart, Schaffner & Marx Suits
You needn't be ashamed of having people look at you all around; you'll look right; and what's best of all, you'll know it yourself.
All-wool, fine tailoring, right fit H., S. & M. Suits,
\$18.00 to \$27.50.

Our other line of
Good Suits, All Union Made, \$10 Up to \$20.

Max Jacobs,
One Price Store, Clothier and Shoer,
233 Seneca Street, Oil City, Pa.

Pennsylvania Railroad \$1.00 to Warren \$1.50 to Olean or Bradford

AND RETURN
Sunday, June 11, 1911
SPECIAL TRAIN
Leaves Tionesta 9:02 A. M.
Returning, leaves Olean 8:00 p. m., Bradford 8:00 p. m., Warren 10:00 p. m.
Tickets good only on Special Train on day of excursion. No baggage checked.
Children between 5 and 12 years of age, half fare.
Chance to visit Rock City.

HEALTH HINT FOR TODAY.
Oil the Human Machinery.
A system which is lacking in the natural oils must have those oils supplied. Oil baths, oil taken internally and food which is rich in oils are necessary to establish the normal condition again. Drink at least ten glasses of cool water every day, and exercise enough to open the pores and help the skin to become more active. A cup or two of hot milk will prove helpful, and it should be sipped slowly to get the best effect.

The Battle of a Week.
The battle of a week was the great conflict at Tours in which Charles Martel overthrew the Saracens, A. D. 732. The members of the Saracen army are variously estimated at from 400,000 to 700,000, and the historians say that 375,000 were killed on the field. It is suspected that these figures are a gross exaggeration, but it is certain that few battles of history have been either so bloody or so decisive.

In the Mining Business.
"I think you said, Kastus, that you had a brother in the mining business in the west?"
"Yeh, boss, that's right."
"What kind of mining—gold mining, silver mining, copper mining?"
"No, sab, none o' those; calcimining."—Everybody's.

The Angel.
Wife—I am trimming up last year's hat to save the cost of a new one!
Hubby—How good of you! You're a perfect little angel!
Wife—Am I?
Then give me \$10 to buy wings.

His Impression.
Mrs. Knicker—Now, will you remember everything, John?
Knicker—Yep. I'm to turn the fowers out at night and sprinkle the cat.—Harper's Bazar

Her Diplomacy.
"You could make my future brighter," he said, looking at her longingly.
"I could say the same," she replied, looking down.
"How?" he asked eagerly.
"Well, an engagement ring with a diamond in it would help some," she admitted.—Boston Herald.

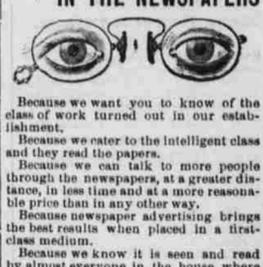
Her Little Composition.
A class was reciting in a school.
"Who can give me," said the teacher, "a sentence in which the words 'bitter end' are used?"
Up jumped a little girl excitedly. "I can, teacher. The cat ran under the bureau and the dog ran after her and bit her end."

Method in His Generosity.
My husband is awfully good natured. I gave him a beautiful box of cigars for his birthday, and he only smoked one himself and gave all the rest away to his friends.—London Opinion

What She Did Wish.
"Well, why don't you say you wish you were a man?" asked Mr. Potts during a little discussion he was having with his spouse about some matters of domestic management.
"Because I don't wish anything of the sort," she retorted; "I only wish you were one!"

Quick Both Ways.
A Scotch laird once said to his servant, John, who had complained of his temper, "I am sure, John, it is nae suner on than it's off."
"Aye," said John; "but, laird, it's nae suner off than it's on."

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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.

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First National Bank Building. Lenses for the Eyes Exclusively.

Fire Fire Fire PROTECTION.

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