

# CLOTHCRAFT STYLE

Young men want their clothes cut with a certain smartness—they ought to have what they want.

Older men—want more conservative styles—they, also, ought to have what they want.

Now, CLOTHCRAFT clothes for Fall and Winter have this merit—you can find just the model and just the pattern best suited to your wants.

But, whatever you want, the style will be correct and proper

—if you get CLOTHCRAFT.

The cutting, the making in every detail will be just right to give you good-looking clothes—a suit or an overcoat that will not only look well when you first put it on, but keep on looking well.

Because of their merit, CLOTHCRAFT clothes have the approval of the trade and of all who ever try them.

Most important, perhaps, of all—

CLOTHCRAFT garments are all wool—pure wool with no cotton mixture—guaranteed wool all through.

And CLOTHCRAFT is the only line of men's clothing made of all wool materials and selling at from \$10 to \$25, suit or overcoat.

Look in soon while the stock is complete. Why not today? It will pay you.

## BING-STOKE CO.

### The Power of Habit.

After having been a faithful devotee of the automobile two years or more Mr. Bragdon suddenly was seized with a violent fancy for motor boats. "A beautiful river runs by this town," he said. "Why not have some enjoyment out of it? In a motor boat you don't have to dodge policemen and rural constables."

So he bought one, took a day's instruction in the art of managing it and keeping the machinery in running order and started out on his first trip with it one bright morning in July.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned home. He came in by the back way. His clothes were water soaked, and he had a generally lumpy and bedraggled appearance.

"For pity's sake, Alfred!" exclaimed his wife. "What has happened to you? Did the boat upset?"

"No, Lucy," he answered. "Don't say anything about it and I'll tell you. The boat's all right, but when I had been out on the water an hour or two something went wrong with the motor."

"Well?"

"Well, before I—er—knew what I was doing I was over the side of the boat and trying to get under it to fix the thing."

### FEEBLE OLD LADY

Has Strength Restored By Vinol

Mrs. Michael Bloom of Lewistown, Pa., who is 80 years of age, says: "For a long time I have been so feeble that I have had to be wheeled around in an invalid's chair. I had no strength and took cold at the slightest provocation, which invariably settled on my lungs, and a cough would result. My son learned of the cod liver preparation called Vinol, and procured a bottle for me. It built up my strength rapidly, and after taking three bottles I am able to do most of my work, and I can walk a quarter of a mile easily. Every aged or weak person who requires strength should try Vinol. I am delighted with what it has done for me."

As a body builder and strength creator for old people, delicate children, weak, run-down persons, and after sickness, Vinol is unexcelled. If it fails to give satisfaction we will return your money.

Vinol is sold in its cradle-ville by the Stoke & Feicht Drug Co.



### Are You In Hot Water

About your heating apparatus? Let us have a look at it and if it can be fixed we'll do it. If not better have us supply

HEATING APPARATUS THAT WILL HEAT

It matters not whether you prefer hot water or steam. We can supply the best of each. Why not have a talk over it anyway? We may be able to give you some profitable pointers.

C. E. HUMPHREY Plumber

HUGHES & FLEMING.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS.

Main Street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

## LONDON GAMING DENS

The Way the Police Descend Upon Them In a Raid.

SKILL, CUNNING AND DARING.

Absolute Secrecy Is Maintained by the Officials, and the Policemen Are Kept In the Dark Until the Last Moment—Getting Into the Club.

The police have recently carried out some sensational raids on big gaming clubs, and it may be interesting to learn how these raids are effected. This is how it is done in London: As soon as the detectives' suspicions have been confirmed they apply to the commissioner of police for a warrant to enter. The warrant authorizes certain officers mentioned by name to enter the club in the name of the king. Ordinary policemen are not permitted to carry out a raid, but the detectives can call upon them for assistance at the critical moment.

Absolute secrecy is enforced right up to the moment of entry. There is no excitement at the station on that day, and the men on duty have no suspicion of what is in the wind. Plans of the house are drawn and carefully studied by the raiding officers, for the doorkeeper of the club is prepared at the slightest alarm to send a warning to his customers, and every vestige of gambling apparatus will mysteriously disappear and the raid fail. A carefully planned ruse, therefore, has to be evolved which will disarm suspicion.

During the day a body of "reserve" policemen will receive a communication from the station that they will be required to parade at a certain hour, and they meet with no idea of what is expected of them. They are drawn up in line, and after names have been called over they are dismissed from the station one by one, with the injunction to be in the immediate neighborhood of a certain street in a couple of hours and not to get near the spot before the prearranged moment.

The first officer to appear on the scene is the one in charge of the raid. He is always disguised and usually looks like a well-dressed man about town. He passes the club carelessly, but it is sufficient for him to learn from a confederate inside that gaming has commenced. A policeman then saunters to the corner of the street and stays there as though he were on "point" duty. Then, not till then, is the information of the precise club to be raided secretly conveyed to the attacking force in his hiding places, while the club, unconscious of its impending fate, pursues its gambling.

The first difficulty to surmount is to get past the burly doorkeeper. If this is not successfully done the raid will end in failure. Presently the sound of a drunken song is heard in the distance, and two apparently rough-looking men come staggering along. As they near the entrance to the club they begin disputing and soon come to blows. The doorkeeper peeps through the wicket and orders the men away. One of the men rushes at the wicket and challenges the doorkeeper to "come outside like a man" and at the same time shouts out something about the character of the house. The combatants continue fighting, and the officer at the corner comes along and orders them away. The men return, however, to "have it out with the doorkeeper." The noise increases, attracting homeward-bound gentlemen in evening dress, who gather round and urge the men on.

The doorkeeper by this time becomes alarmed, for the rowdy crowd will frighten away his clients. Perhaps just at this moment a member of the club arrives and seeks admission. The door is opened with the utmost caution to admit him. Before he has time to fasten it the two officers hastily secure the member and rush upstairs. The two combatants were disguised policemen and the onlookers detectives.

As soon as an entrance into the club has been effected the constable at the corner sounds his whistle, and before the sound has died away the whole neighborhood is alive with police. If the house boasts of a trapdoor on the roof, the flash of lanterns will be seen up there, the men having been concealed among the chimney pots since it was dark. The front door is secured, and the police form a guard around the house, so that escape is impossible. Meantime the scene upstairs is one of the wildest excitement. The gamblers, intent on business, had not noticed the scuffle in the passage, and the first intimation they get of the state of affairs is when the door is thrown open and the officer in charge calls on them to regard themselves as his prisoners. Then they realize their position. The tables are overturned, and card counters and money roll all over the floor as the members endeavor to escape. They make for the street door, but, balked in this direction, hurry to all parts of the house to hide.

The crestfallen members of the club are conveyed to the station, each in the custody of two officers. Then the house is searched for the gaming apparatus. Every inch of the place is examined, for gamblers have remarkable contrivances whereby they can hide their apparatus in the event of being raided. Tops of tables are knocked off, flooring taken up and walls searched for secret cupboards. Yards of chalked string are regarded as prizes, and with these and more apparent proofs the case is ready for the magistrate. The evidence is laid before him, and the proprietor and members are charged and the sentence passed or a heavy fine imposed on the prisoners.—London Tit-Bits.

## BROILED OWL.

The Feeling In Camp Before and After the First Nibble.

I told the guides that it would be better to begin supper right away in order that we might not get too hungry before the owl was done. I thought them slow in their preparations for the meal. It was curious, too, for I had promised them they should have a piece of the bird. Del was generous. He said he would give his to Charles; that he never really cared much for birds anyhow. Why, once, he said, he shot a partridge and gave it away, and he was hungry too. He gave it to a boy that happened along just then, and when another partridge flew up he didn't even offer to shoot it. We didn't take much stock in that story until it dawned upon us that he had shot the bird out of season, and the boy had happened along just in time to be incriminated by accepting it as a present. It was better to have him as a partner than a witness.

Wood was gathered then, and the fire blazed. The owl's breast-fillet and fine it looked—was in the broiler and on the fire. There it cooked—and cooked. Then it cooked some more and sent up an appetizing smell. Now and then I said I thought the time for it had come, but there was a burden of opinion that more cooking would benefit the owl. Meantime we had eaten a pan or two of trout and a few other things, the bird, of course, being later in the bill of fare. At most dinners I have attended this course is contemplated with joy. It did not seem to be on this occasion. Eddie agreed with Del that he had never cared much for bird anyway and urged me to take his share. I refused to deprive him of it. Then he said he didn't feel well and thought he really ought not to eat anything more. I said grimly that possibly this was true, but that he would eat the owl.

It was served then, fairly divided and distributed, as food is when men are on short rations. I took the first taste—I was always venturesome—a little one. Then immediately I wished I had accepted Eddie's piece. But meantime he had tasted, too—a miserly taste—and then I couldn't have got the rest of it for money.

For there was never anything so good as that breast of young owl. It was tender, it was juicy, it was a delicately flavored as a partridge almost. Certainly it was a dainty morsel to us, who had of late dealt so largely in fish diet. Had we known where the rest of that brood of owls had flown we should have started after them then and there.—Albert Bigelow Paine in *Outing Magazine*.

## A SURPRISING WEDDING.

It Gave a Shock to the Lady Who Was So Anxious to See It.

An elderly American authoress asked me to conduct her to a place where she could see a workman's wedding, as she required it for a new novel, writes the Paris correspondent of the *London Gentlewoman*. To oblige the lady I took her to the Lac Saint-Fargen, an establishment at the top of the steep Rue de Belleville.

It was still early when we reached the place, and no brides or bridegrooms were visible as yet. At last two charabancs drove up to the door, and a noisy company alighted, all smoking cigarettes, including the bride, which shocked my friend exceedingly.

The company then sat down to luncheon, and we watched them from a distance, while a photographer took up his position near us. The meal did not last very long and ended in the bride performing a jig on the table, while the guests danced around her. They then started games, hide and seek, etc., and while the bridegroom had his back turned the bride threw her arms round the neck of a red-haired youth.

This led to a fight between the two. The melee became general, the bride pulling off her wreath and throwing it at her father-in-law's head. My friend looked on in breathless excitement, while the guests jumped over the tables and chairs, but when the bride turned a somersault, alighting on the bridegroom's shoulders, the good lady's indignation rose to a high pitch, and it was only then that I told her what I—and the reader no doubt, too—guessed long before, that they were a party of acrobats rehearsing a scene for a cinematograph company.

## The Smart Set.

A lady in a town lying under the Rockies was much distressed at hearing a small clique in her town refer to themselves as the "smart set." She appealed to an ex-United States senator and asked him what he understood by the term "the smart set." He replied: "I think I can give you an inkling. In the eastern part of Colorado and in the western part of Nebraska there is a large tract of land known as the 'rain belt.' It never rains there."—Argonaut.

## No Police in Heaven.

Small Isabel's particular friend, the policeman on the beat, contracted pneumonia and died. Isabel was greatly grieved until her mother convinced her that he had gone to heaven. Even then she was not quite reconciled. "If heaven is such a good place," remarked the little skeptic, "I don't see what God wants policemen there for."—New York Press.

## Unusual.

Editor—Did you interview the leader of the suffragettes, as I instructed? Reporter—I called on her, but she wouldn't talk. Editor—She wouldn't! Was she dead?—Puck.

Conscience looks out upon every human life.—Davidson.

## A Sailor's Christening.

The late Bishop Potter once in his early days had occasion to officiate at a christening in a small fishing village on the Massachusetts coast," says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*. "The proud father, a young fisherman, awkwardly holding his firstborn daughter, was visibly embarrassed under the scrutiny of the many eyes in the congregation, and his nervousness was not decreased by the sudden waiting of the infant as they stood at the font.

"When the time for the baptism of the babe arrived the bishop noticed that the father was holding the child so that its fat little legs pointed toward the font.

"Turn her this way," he whispered, but the father was too disconcerted to hear or understand.

"Turn her feet around," the bishop whispered again, but still there was no response. The situation was fast becoming critical, when an ancient mariner in the back of the church came to the rescue. Putting his weather-beaten hand to his mouth, he roared across the room, "Head her up to the wind, Jack!"

## Throw 'Em Down Babies.

"I wonder," mused the young father, "what there is in a baby's makeup that prompts him to drop things. It isn't really dropping, though—it's throwing. My baby is good about sleeping and behaving when there is company, but everything he can snatch he immediately flings to the floor. I've noticed and known a lot of others, too, who do the same thing. It's not only the joy of throwing, but the delight in seeing somebody pick the stuff up. Babies certainly seem to take a fiendish delight in watching their fathers and mothers or nurses pick up the toys and other things which they throw out of their beds, carriages and chairs. My boy used to be quite pleased with a rubber toy attached by a string to his carriage so that it just escaped the ground. He would grin and dangle it for hours. Now he yells as soon as he discovers it is fastened, and the minute we give it to him loose, bang, it goes on to the ground, while he laughs aloud in his joy. There's probably a reason, and the psychologists will discover it some day."—Exchange.

## The Holy Grail.

From a book reviewed a passage is quoted in which mention is made of "the holy grail, the sang-real or true blood of God." This used to be a common mistake, and so learned a man as Thomas Warton in his "Remarks on Spenser's Imitations From Old Romances" writes, "The holy grail, that is the real blood of our Blessed Saviour." But this is wrong. It is the holy grail, or vessel, and does not mean real blood, though it contained the real blood, collected by Joseph of Arimathea. It was made from a diamond and emerald which fell from the crown of Satan when he fought with Michael, M. de Villemarque, who has written about Armoric legends, says that this jewel was a diamond. The word grail is old French, as I understand, for I have no knowledge myself that it is so. In the legend of Percival it is shown that the grail is a vessel. "The holy grail! Percival heard whispered by one voice after another. Then from the shining vessel streamed an endless supply of the costliest dishes and wines."—London Notes and Queries.

## A Poor Defense.

"Speaking of a poor defense," said a lawyer, "reminds me of the valet who was accused of drinking his master's wine. To this valet the master said:

"Look here, you! I believe that you have been at this decanter of claret and then filled it up with water."

"Oh, no, sir," said the valet in an aggrieved tone.

"Well, it tastes like it," said the master, and he set down his glass with a wry face.

"Oh, no, sir," said the valet excitedly. "In the first place, sir, I never drink wine; in the second place, when I do drink it I never think of filling the bottle up with water, and, in the third place, when I do put water in I always am very careful to add a little brandy so that the wine may not lose its strength."

"My dear, you grow prettier every day."

"And shabbier, John. Compliments are all very well, but I'd like to see a little ready cash occasionally."

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.—Chatham.

## THE BEST OIL for any kind of a lamp or lantern is "Family Favorite"

Triple refined from Pennsylvania Crude Oil—the best in the world. Does away with all "moss" and trouble. Will not char wick or "frost" chimney. Burns round and full with a clear, white light—clean and dry without readjustment of wick. No more tank wagon oil. Get "Family Favorite" out of the original barrel from our refineries. Your dealer knows. Ask him. Waverly Oil Works Co. Independent Refiners Pittsburgh, Pa. Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasoline.

## ECZEMA CURED

The Terrible Itching, Burning, Disfigurement, Humiliation of ECZEMA Banished or no pay

Cases that baffled all medical skill—cases believed incurable—these are the people we want to try

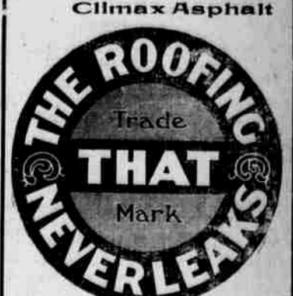
Dr. Taylor's Eczema Remedy

It purges the blood of the poison which causes the disease; it kills the surface germs, leaving the skin normal and healthy.

There is No Doubt About This! Thousands of testimonials to the efficacy of Dr. Taylor's Eczema Remedy can be seen at this office.

Dr. Taylor's Eczema Remedy, Pa. Send for free illustrated booklet.

Veribest Rubber AND Cilmax Asphalt



Needs no painting. Nothing better made regardless of cost. Made by reliable people, sold by reliable people and backed up by quality.

McHenry-Millhouse Mfg. Co. South Bend, Ind. FOR SALE BY Reynoldsville Hardware Co. REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

WINDSOR HOTEL W. T. Brubaker, Mgr. Midway between Broad St. Station and Reading Terminal on Filbert st. European \$1.00 per day and up. American \$0.50 per day and up. The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in PHILADELPHIA

## Dr. F. S. DAVENPORT

Osteopathic Physician Matson Block Brookville, Pennsylvania

Consultation and treatment in Reynoldsville by appointment only. If you want my opinion and examination of any chronic case, write me and make an appointment for any MONDAY on THURSDAY and I will call at your home. Dr. F. S. DAVENPORT, Brookville, Pa.

## LABEL IN DIVORCE.

Eva Syakay Halasy versus Stephen Halasy. No. 24, January Term, 1908. Pleures Subpoena in Divorce Cause, if any you have, why your wife, Eva Syakay Halasy, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she hath contracted with you the said Stephen Halasy, agreeable to the Petition and Label exhibited against you before our said Court, you shall in no case omit at your peril.

A Witness The Hon. John W. Reed, President of our said Court at Brookville the 13th day of August, A. D., 1908.

Approved by the Court. CYRUS H. BLOOD, Prothonotary.

To Stephen Halasy, Greeting: You are hereby notified to appear before the Honorable Judge of the Court of Common Pleas at Brookville, Pa., on the second Monday of November next, to answer as set forth in the above subpoena.

GRANT SCHEFFENOCKER, Sheriff.

October 7, 1908.

## CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on the sixth day of November, 1908, by E. A. Hull, George H. Bea, George O. Lutz and A. J. Meek, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 23, 1876, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called *Bea and Honey Company*, the character and object of which is for the raising, producing, buying and selling honey bees and their products and the manufacturing and selling of beekeepers' supplies and their equipments, and for these purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto. M. M. DAVIS, Solicitor.

## ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Joseph Kerr, late of Reynoldsville Borough, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Joseph Kerr, late of Reynoldsville Borough, Jefferson county, Pa., 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. KERR, Administrator.

Reynoldsville, Pa., Oct. 26, 1908.

## If you have anything to sell, try our Want Column.