

Junior Fire Company meet-
ing Monday evening.
John S. Bakely is to open
the Spear Block.

High School propose to give
concert Feb. 12th.

The Poultry Association are mov-
ing into their fine new building.

John Feguesse is enjoying a well
deserved vacation in Philadelphia.

Euchre in Union Hall, Jan. 22nd,
beginning at eight, p.m., sharp.

J. C. Anderson was up from At-
lantic City this week, meeting many
friends.

All are invited to the euchre and
dinner in Union Hall Jan. 22nd,
to 11 o'clock.

Rector Davis, of St. Mark's, has
been quite ill this week—under a
physician's care.

Rev. Mr. Watkins, of Scranton,
Penn., will preach in the Baptist
Church to-morrow.

Ward Simons has bought J. W.
Denton's milk route, and took pos-
session on Monday.

The Hammonton members of the
Grand Jury are Albert L. Jackson
and Thomas Skinner.

Farmers' and Merchants' Build-
ing and Loan Association meets on
Monday evening next.

Fred Vial has been added to the
Republican force. He intends
master the business.

Thomas Myrick has bought the
T. Bell Farm, adjoining
Myrick homestead on Middle

say that Robert Steel re-
sponder's license numbered
the 13th day of January,

A. Lehman was sum-
moned to Philadelphia on account
of her daughter, Mrs.

for was down
of his step-mother,
Mrs. Taylor.

Remember, the Baptist ladies
have a social next Friday
evening to which you are invited.
They always have a good time.

Miss Madeline Smith, daughter
of the landlord of Columbia Hotel,
has returned this week from a six
months visit at Huntington, L. I.

Rev. Dr. King writes us that he
visited his son Harlan on Tuesday
and found him very much improv-
ed. He is cheerful, and hopes to
get out again.

Progressive Euchre—in Union
Hall—Wednesday evening, Jan.
22nd. Cards from eight sharp to
ten; to be followed by dancing
until eleven o'clock.

A prominent Town official sug-
gested that the Highway Commis-
sion have the big roller run over
Bellevue Avenue a few times, to
squeeze out the water.

One of the most enjoyable of this
winter's entertainments was the
presentation of "The New Mayor,"
Wednesday evening, by Miss Ida
Jeanness Moulton. The Grange may
be asked to have it repeated, when
weather conditions are a little more
favorable.

There was a stabbing affray last
Saturday, in the Italian district.
Two young men, cousins, quarrelled
over the disposition of a bit of prop-
erty in Italy, until their blood was
heated and one received four knife
cuts. The assailant was arrested
and had a hearing before Justice
Strouse, who held him in one thou-
sand dollars bond for trial, as the
wounded man's injuries did not prove
to be very serious.

The down town fire bell rang
last Saturday night, between eleven
and half past, as though the
whole business centre of town was
doomed. Everyone tumbled out
of bed excepting those who hadn't
yet tumbled in, and reported at the
firehouse. It seems that one of
Hock's gasoline lamps flared
up (some say exploded), and ac-
cording to the fear of a serious fire in
a closely built up section, with
several gasoline storage tanks near
by, Officer Myers sounded an alarm.
It might have been a hot one; but
the firemen and many others didn't
appreciate the routing-out.

If the winter brings us no more
strenuous weather than we have
had so far, our ice men will have
to depend entirely upon importa-
tions and the local factory.

The Board of Health report,
which we publish this week, con-
tains much that is interesting.
Figures given for previous years
prove by comparison that Ham-
monton is gaining steadily.

Mrs. DuBois, who announced a
sight-reading singing class for next
Thursday, Jan. 23rd, has changed
the date to the 22nd, on account
of her appointment as teacher of
music in Haddon Heights High
School.

So balmy was the atmosphere
last Sunday, that several young
Hammonton men took a bath in
the Lake, before noon. They pro-
nounced it delightful, and disported
themselves in the water for half an
hour. And this on the twelfth of
January.

The Board of Health is naturally
pleased at the outcome of the suit
against A. J. King. Mr. K. had
appealed the case, and early this
week word came from the Board's
attorney, George R. Greis, that
the appeal had been dismissed by
Judge Higbee, in the Court of
Common Pleas.

St. Mark's Church, Rev. Wm.
Howard Davis, Rector. Septua-
gesima Sunday. 7:00 a.m., Morn-
ing Prayer; 7:30 and 10:30, Holy
Communion; at 11:45, Sunday
School; 7:30 p.m., Eve's Prayer.
Conversion of St. Paul, Jan. 25th,
7:00 a.m., Morning Prayer; 7:30,
Holy Communion; 4:30 p.m.,
Evening Prayer.

Mrs. Emma Taylor, widow of the
late George Taylor, one of our ear-
liest settlers, died at the home of
her daughter, Mrs. Bradley, in At-
lantic City, on Tuesday, Jan. 14,
1913, aged 86 years. Burial in
Greenmount Cemetery, Hammont-
on, on Thursday at noon, with
short services at the grave. Rela-
tives were here from Philadelphia
and elsewhere.

The Committee wishes to thank
their fellow citizens for their most
generous response to Ida Jeanness
Moulton's recital of "The New
Mayor," for the benefit of Ham-
monton Grange. This was cer-
tainly an artistic treat to Ham-
montonians, on their own ground.
Mrs. Moulton knew she was in the
right place, and commented on the
intelligence of her audience and
their complete interest with her the
moment after she appeared. If
you feel that you would enjoy
hearing her again, in the near
future, in another play, drop a
postal to Mrs. W. Wallace May-
berry, Secretary of Grange.

Un-Claimed Letters.

The following letters remained
unclaimed for in the Hammonton
Post Office on Wednesday, Jan.
15, 1913:

Mrs. Rosale Cappucco Mrs. H. Colos
Mr. W. G. Blair Rev. A. Mrs. Roberts Colos
Miss Pearl Bonner Miss Anna Teto
Mr. H. G. McCann Mr. H. H. Worth
Mrs. L. L. Weaver Mr. M. Weaver
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Snyder

Persons calling for any of the
above will please state that it was
advertised. THOS. C. ELVINS,
Postmaster.

A Special Invitation.

Mr. Editor:—I desire to extend
to all parents an invitation to visit
the schools on Thursday, Jan. 23d.
We have no special exercises on
that day, and visitors will find all
teachers and pupils at the regular
school work.

I am anxious that parents should
visit schools more than they do,
and have named this day as one in
which they may make a beginning,
hoping and believing that thereaf-
ter we may see our friends and
patrons more frequently.

Any visitor may visit wherever
he desires, whether the regular
grade room, or Music, Drawing,
Manual Training, Kindergarten,
Commercial,—it makes no differ-
ence.

Hope we may see a large number
on that day.

Don't forget the day, Thursday,
Jan. 23d. N. C. HOTDRING,
Supervising Principal.

Bank Bros.

We deliver out-of-town mail orders free,
by Parcel Post.

Bank Bros.

Our desire for a real clean-up of Fall and Winter Goods at
this season of the year is measured by the prices
we are making. You can see how much we want to get all
these Suits and Overcoats for Fall and Winter out of the
way, by looking at the price figures we have
marked on the goods.

Our clothes don't need much price reduction, to be an
inducement. You may not need the clothes now, but you
had better take advantage of the extra profit and increased
value to be had by buying now, even if you keep the
clothes until next Fall. The benefit in our stock-taking
prices is too great to be neglected.

Suits and Overcoats For Men, Young Men and Boys at Lower Prices.

Every garment that has been reduced has a
ticket showing the price it has been
reduced to.

Men's and Young men's Hart Schaffner &
Marx Overcoats that were \$22.50 and \$20,
reduced to \$18.

Men's and Young men's \$20 and \$18
coats reduced to \$15. Made of very fine ma-
terials; also fancy back cloth, in the new
split sleeve style, and plenty of conservative
styles among them.

Men's \$15 Overcoats reduced to \$12.50,—
of nice dark gray mixed goods, and fancy
browns.

Men's and Young men's \$15 and \$12.50
Overcoats reduced to \$10,—of nice brown and
gray material.

Men's and Young men's \$12.50 and \$10
Overcoats reduced to \$7.50,—in brown diag-
onals and dark mixed goods.

Men's \$10 and \$7.50 Overcoats reduced to
\$5,—made of real dark gray all wool cloth,
lined with extra good quality lining.
These coats are 38 inches long.

Men's and young men's \$6 and \$6.50
Overcoats reduced to \$4.50, in brown diagonal
weave.

Men's and young men's \$5 Overcoats
reduced to \$3.50,—in brown only, with velvet
collar.

Little boys' \$1.50 and \$1.25 Overcoats
reduced to 95 cents,—dark blue; size 3 to 8.

Little boys' \$1.95 Overcoats reduced to
\$1.50,—gray mixed; button to the neck;
size 3 to 8.

Little boys' \$5 Overcoats reduced to \$3.50,
—of extra heavy blue cloth with astrachan
collar.

Little boys' \$3.50 Chinchilla Reefers
reduced to \$2.50,—gray and navy blue.

Men's and young men's \$20 Suits reduced
to \$16,—Hart Schaffner & Marx make.

Men's and young men's Suits that were
\$22.50 and \$25, reduced to \$18—Hart Schaff-
ner & Marx make. Not all sizes in every
pattern, but you are sure to find your sizes
amongst them.

Men's and young men's \$18 Suits reduced
to \$13.50,—of heavy English suiting.

Men's Suits that were \$16.50 reduced to
\$12.50,—blue, with narrow white stripe.

Men's \$12.50 Suits reduced to \$10—mostly
black clay; a few mixed goods among them.

Men's and young men's \$6 and \$6.50 Suits
reduced to \$4.50.

Men's and young men's \$5 Suits reduced
to \$3.50.

Boys' \$3 and \$3.50 Suits reduced to \$2;
sizes 12 to 16.

Boys' 75 cent Corduroy Knee Pants
reduced to 50 cents.

Boys' Corduroy Knee Pants reduced to 29 c.

Men's \$1.50 Corduroy Pants reduced to \$1,
—narrow cord, light color.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats

Greatly Reduced in Price.

All reduced garments have a ticket on,—
showing the reduced price.

Ladies' and misses' \$18 and \$15 Long
Coats reduced to \$12.50,—handsome coats of
the newest materials.

Ladies' \$6 Long Coat reduced to \$4,—of
black thibet.

Ladies' and misses' \$13.50 and \$12.50 long
Coats reduced to \$10,—brown, blue chinchilla,
also fancy back heavy materials; belted and
plain backs.

Ladies' and misses' \$7.50 long Coats
reduced to \$5,—of gray and brown materials,
mannish style, with split sleeves; some cut
away at the front, with velvet collar.

Ladies' \$5 long and short coats at \$3.50.
The short ones are of black serge, in small
sizes; the long ones are in garnet and mixed
cloth.

Girls' \$5 Coat reduced to \$2.50,—of light
brown cloth trimmed with black.
Sizes 8 to 14.

Girls' \$7.50 Coats reduced to \$5. Made of
very fine quality double-face cloth.
Size 8 to 14.

Girls' \$1.95 Coats reduced to \$1.25,—of
mixed goods, some trimmed with red velvet;
age 6 to 14.

Children's \$1.50 Coats reduced to 95 cents,
—of white and black checked goods, lined
with a good lining. Size 3, 4 and 5.

Children's Coats that were \$3.25, \$3, and
\$2.75, reduced to \$1.95. Size 3, 4, and 5.

BANK BROTHERS' STORE

Bellevue Avenue, Hammonton, New Jersey

THE FIRST FRUITS OF THE GENTILES.

between what they had seen to the East and what they found in Jerusalem. They must have been still more perplexed if they observed the effect of their question. Nobody in Jerusalem knew anything about their King. That was strange enough, but nobody wanted Him. That was stranger still. A prophet had long ago called on Zion to "rejoice greatly, because thy King cometh;" but now anxiety and terror clouded

Don't place too much faith in the early bird. Maybe it has been up all night.

The small boy who is too sick to go to school demonstrates that every cloud has a silver lining.

Kiss a girl of 20 and she will call for help; kiss one of 40 and she will call for witnesses.

Anybody can shoe a chicken, but it takes a blacksmith to shoe a horse.

For January 12, 1913.

They knew enough of evil to discover for the first time that they needed clothes. Perfectly pure and innocent beings, living where sin was unknown, could not have any sense of shame under any circumstances.

Begin at the bottom, and you
won't have so far to fall.

BIBLE STUDY ON
ADAM SIN PUNISHED

himself. She craved knowledge, and would it be that God wished to keep man in ignorance, and for that reason and forbidden the eating of the fruit? Such devious thoughts should have been promptly spurned. But the insidious poison worked. She was not deceived as respects the wrongdoing, but regarding the result. Feeling that the serpent was not poisoned by the fruit, she did not realize that the poison to which she was that of disobedience, bringing her death sentence. Adam's eating of the fruit was with full knowledge of its result. In love with his wife, he

Topic for January, 1913.

"Yes, it is all true, just as I told. They live in a costly house full of costly things, they wear costly clothes—thin. Their drawing-room and saloon are carpeted with red and purple with unforgetful and blue. But oh, they're little bits of folks!"

"So you were glad to get so many calendars for Christmas?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Growcher. "I will be a relief to be tearing leaves out of something besides my cheap book."

"I'm glad to see you," as the little

Topic for January 19, 1913

Begin at the bottom, and you
won't have so far to fall.

"Yes, it is all true, just as I told. They live in a costly house full of costly things, they wear costly clothes—thin. Their drawing-room and saloon are carpeted with red and purple with unforgetful and blue. But oh, they're little bits of folks!"

"So you were glad to get so many calendars for Christmas?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Growcher. "I will be a relief to be tearing leaves out of something besides my cheap book."

"I'm glad to see you," as the little

THE TRANSFER FEE

MARION CARTWRIGHT rang the office bell three times in sharp succession, and when Butters, his head clerk, appeared he glared at him.

"Send Benson to me," he said, with a frown.

During the interval Mr. Cartwright paced impatiently. He had never felt so angry in his life. A few hours ago he had come upon his daughter actually kissing a young man. She was kissing him! He repeated the word to himself in amazement. "She was kissing him," he repeated, "and they both kissed him!" He added, with a groan, "There had been a scene, during which Mr. Cartwright discovered that the girl was one of his own clerks. Of course he could not be expected to remember them all by sight or name, for there were two scores of them; all told, but Hugh Benson's name, extracted from a fearful girl, had been burning in his brain through the night.

"You sent for me, sir?" said a voice. Mr. Cartwright swung in his chair.

"Yes. You—er—you were the accountant I caught kissing my daughter last night, eh?"

"You are mistaken, sir," answered the clerk, his tall figure dominating the room and his employer. "When you arrived Miss Cartwright was kissing me. Had you come a little earlier you might have seen me."

"Enough, sir; you are insolent!" roared the older man. "I merely asked for you to say that the cashier expected this. I expected Benson, not you."

"But allow you to be more intelligent than I thought you were!" snarled Cartwright. "Good morning!"

He laid down some papers, which did not move.

"You as well tell you, sir," said the younger man nervously, "that I am Benson's nephew, and that I am Benson's nephew."

"And that came from Mr. Cartwright?"

"Yes, sir. He was a mixture of a man and a groan."

"You fool!" he screamed, "you are out of control of yourself!"

"I am not," he said, "I am not. However, good morning!"

He was, of course, about to go, but he turned back with the sum of three pounds he walked away from the office of Cartwright & Co., steel manufacturer. He was a clerk, Marion's father was the wealthiest man in a county, and he was a clerk. It seemed ridiculous to talk of an engagement between them.

But all the same he did not walk in the direction of his lodgings; mechanically his footsteps took him toward Westfield Park, the residence of the Cartwrights. His luck was in, for he saw Marion coming towards him before he was in sight of the park gates.

"You poor dear!" said the girl after hearing the news. "Dad must be brought to reason."

"He'll never consent," said Hugh gloomily. "I'm a pauper."

"You're a gentleman," said the girl reassuringly, "that ought to be good enough for dad. You are Hugh, that is good enough for me."

"Oh, if only I were rich!" he muttered, gazing at the magnificent park that was the private property of the girl's father.

"I have more than enough for us both," Hugh said, whispering. "How, dear, don't let us worry about money just now. You have a holiday."

"A lot of holidays," he said ruefully.

"Well, we can spend some of them together. Let me see now. To-morrow is Saturday. Come here at half-past two, and we'll go somewhere and have tea."

"But your father?" he reminded her.

"The works close at one to-morrow," she said. "Dad will be watching the first league match of the season," she said.

"You know he's chairman of Clayfield United this year, and he's bigger than ever on the game. I know, he'd give anything for Clayfield to win the championship or the English Cup this year. He travels to the other end of England when the United are playing away from home. Oh, you needn't worry about dad. He'll be out of the house the moment lunch is over."

"It was true what Marion Cartwright said. Her father's life interest was the subject of the Clayfield United Club. He had nursed it from its earliest days and its gradual rise to the front rank of professional football teams had witnessed a corresponding increase in his interest. It was, indeed, extraordinary that the hard-headed, keen-witted business man, who looked ten years older than his fifty years warranted, should join every Saturday thousands of spectators and cheer on his favorites.

The appointment with Marion was for five o'clock, and as she reported to him a few days later, Clayfield United's

success over Aston Villa had put her father in such a good temper that he had been as kind as if nothing had happened to strain their relations.

Meanwhile Hugh was faced with the problem of earning a living. All his savings had gone, and within a month of his dismissal from Cartwright's he was absolutely penniless. Marion never guessed that his anxiety, and physical weakness were sometimes due to hunger, for Hugh was always full of cheerful prophecies concerning their future.

Then one morning she received a letter telling her that he had left Clayfield to take up a post at Chesley. He would write to her when he had settled down. There was a lot more, but the world seemed very blank to Marion Cartwright, and for days she went about with a troubled look.

"You are looking pale, my dear," said Mr. Cartwright one Saturday morning. "You need a change. Why not come with me to the match this afternoon?"

"Oh, I hate football!" cried the girl, restraining her tears with an effort.

"That's because you've never given your mind to it. Come now, Marion, try another dose of football. It's

the players, and cool enough for the spectators. Everybody was enjoying the contest.

Mr. Cartwright's eyes never wandered from the field, and by listening to him Marion kept in touch with the principal events. A groan of agony caused her heart to jump, but when she learned that Chesley's first goal was responsible for it she smiled. A shout of joy, and she knew that Clayfield United had equalized. At half-time everyone seemed satisfied.

"What do you think, Mr. Cartwright, of our chance?" Another veteran monopolized her father's attention, and dreamily she listened to their conversation while the personality of Hugh Benson dominated her thoughts. She found the interval all too short, and before she knew it the combatants were hard at it again.

"Look, Marion, look!" cried her father impatiently. "You are missing the best part of the game."

Anxious to please him, she looked. Clayfield were attacking in great style, and all round the ground came deep roars of approval. Half-a-dozen times thousands of voices shouted "Goal!" but always prematurely, and Cartwright, tapping the ground im-

patiently with his feet, muttered many things to himself.

The precious minutes slipped by, and Marion could now see the pips as their owners struck matches to light them. The stands opposite were being enveloped in ghostlike shrouds; there were movements amongst the impatient who were leaving the ground, and all the time a magnificent goal was going on in the arena.

Suddenly a loud cry, or rather a wall ascended from the crowd, and Marion saw an opposition forward dash off of a mule with the ball at his feet. Down the field he sped with three Clayfield men after him; in front the two backs, tense and alert, awaited him, one to suddenly rush forward and tackle him, the other to fall back in case the first line of defence failed. It did fail, and before the second man realized it the Rover was whizzing past him. There was only the goalkeeper to beat now.

It all happened in a few seconds, but they were as so many eternities to the spectators. Marion, positively trembling with excitement, clutched her father's arm, as she stood on tiptoe to watch the final shot, and then she fell back as a muttered "He's done it!" from her father told her that Chesley Rovers had beaten Clayfield United by two to one.

But it told her more, for only Marion had recognized in the scores the personality of Hugh Benson. The programme did not give his name, but she knew now that Hugh, unable to obtain employment owing to her

father's opposition, had taken advantage of his skill at football to earn his living.

She felt proud of him, and the generous applause from the spectators soothed her thoughts.

"He was splendid!" she cried aloud, as they went down the steps. "That's the sort of forward Clayfield wants—dashing and brainy. I'd give anything to get him for the club, but they'd never consent to fix a transfer fee after his exhibition to-day."

"You'd give anything?" said Marion, glancing at him earnestly.

"Anything," he repeated. "Overton would be worth a small fortune to us."

Overton! So that was the name he was known by now! She glanced at the programme again. The name was on the extreme right of the five men in the front row.

"I say, Cartwright, have you heard the news? You haven't. Well, that chap Overton was born in Clayfield. How on earth did we manage to let him go?"

It was one of the directors who spoke, and Marion, who exhibited an interest in the conversation that amazed her father, listened as the two men discussed what might have been if Clayfield had only kept its eye on its native talent.

"I suppose it would be useless to ask them to name a transfer fee?" said Frade, the director.

"Merely waste of a stamp," said Cartwright. "No, we must grin and bear it. I'm afraid Chesley are going to keep their honors."

He walked home in silence, brooding over defeat, and incapable of seeing the excitement in his daughter's eyes. She slipped away from him at the entrance to the park, and he never noticed that either. Clayfield United had been beaten; his tools had been dejected.

Mr. Cartwright was sitting in a comfortable armchair reading the Clayfield Evening Post's criticism of the great match when a pair of slender arms incircled his neck and a voice whispered joyously in his ear.

"Dad," it murmured like a zephyr, "you said to-day that you'd give anything to get Overton to play for Clayfield."

"Well, my dear," he answered, "so I did; and when I read what the papers say I feel inclined to double my offer!" He laughed drily.

"Supposing I got Overton to play for you—us?"

He turned round and looked at her.

"Are you joking, Marion? I hope so—that is, I mean to say that you're not to think of offering me your little fortune to get Overton transferred to us so that I may agree to your marriage—that ex-cle-ric of mine. He's not worth it! Why, Chesley would ask a large sum for Overton's transfer."

"I wasn't thinking of money," she said, with dancing eyes. "I can get him for a transfer fee that cannot be measured by money."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean, dear old dad, that I have taken you at your word. I saw Mr. Overton this evening, and he has consented to be transferred to Clayfield."

"He has?" cried Cartwright, rising in astonishment. "What's the fee?"

"The transfer fee is—love!" she whispered. "Mr. Overton is Hugh Benson, dad. He is coming to me, and I am not going to let him go away again."

For a few seconds father and daughter faced each other. Then the man sank into his chair. Marion had won.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH SOAP.

A good story is told of one of the boyhood experiences of Stuart Robson, the comedian. It was the custom of his mother to keep a scrapbook of household recipes clipped from the newspapers. She came across one that told how to make castle soap and started in at once to make it.

The recipe for this soap called for tallow grease and fat combined with coloring matter and lye, and the advantage claimed for it was that it economized the scraps in the kitchen.

The first person upon whom the soap was tried was young Robson, who was given a cake of it to use while taking a bath. Early one morning he entered the bath room armed with a towel and a huge cake of the home-made soap. A few minutes after, wild yells were heard from the bath room.

The whole household ran to the spot, and, after some delay, succeeded in forcing an entrance. There Mrs. Robson found her hopeful son, in a semi-state of convulsions, desperately dancing around in a hysterical attempt to rid his body of a bright tan-colored layer of grease.

It seems as soon as young Robson had stepped from the bath the soap, which he had used plentifully, had in a most peculiar manner hardened on him like cold gravy in a dinner plate, and clung to him tenaciously, utterly refusing to be wiped off.

The combined efforts of his parents succeeded in scraping it off, but from that day to this Mr. Robson has had a strong aversion to home-made soap.

father's opposition, had taken advantage of his skill at football to earn his living.

She felt proud of him, and the generous applause from the spectators soothed her thoughts.

"He was splendid!" she cried aloud, as they went down the steps. "That's the sort of forward Clayfield wants—dashing and brainy. I'd give anything to get him for the club, but they'd never consent to fix a transfer fee after his exhibition to-day."

"You'd give anything?" said Marion, glancing at him earnestly.

"Anything," he repeated. "Overton would be worth a small fortune to us."

Overton! So that was the name he was known by now! She glanced at the programme again. The name was on the extreme right of the five men in the front row.

"I say, Cartwright, have you heard the news? You haven't. Well, that chap Overton was born in Clayfield. How on earth did we manage to let him go?"

It was one of the directors who spoke, and Marion, who exhibited an interest in the conversation that amazed her father, listened as the two men discussed what might have been if Clayfield had only kept its eye on its native talent.

"I suppose it would be useless to ask them to name a transfer fee?" said Frade, the director.

"Merely waste of a stamp," said Cartwright. "No, we must grin and bear it. I'm afraid Chesley are going to keep their honors."

He walked home in silence, brooding over defeat, and incapable of seeing the excitement in his daughter's eyes. She slipped away from him at the entrance to the park, and he never noticed that either. Clayfield United had been beaten; his tools had been dejected.

Mr. Cartwright was sitting in a comfortable armchair reading the Clayfield Evening Post's criticism of the great match when a pair of slender arms incircled his neck and a voice whispered joyously in his ear.

"Dad," it murmured like a zephyr, "you said to-day that you'd give anything to get Overton to play for Clayfield."

"Well, my dear," he answered, "so I did; and when I read what the papers say I feel inclined to double my offer!" He laughed drily.

"Supposing I got Overton to play for you—us?"

He turned round and looked at her.

"Are you joking, Marion? I hope so—that is, I mean to say that you're not to think of offering me your little fortune to get Overton transferred to us so that I may agree to your marriage—that ex-cle-ric of mine. He's not worth it! Why, Chesley would ask a large sum for Overton's transfer."

"I wasn't thinking of money," she said, with dancing eyes. "I can get him for a transfer fee that cannot be measured by money."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean, dear old dad, that I have taken you at your word. I saw Mr. Overton this evening, and he has consented to be transferred to Clayfield."

"He has?" cried Cartwright, rising in astonishment. "What's the fee?"

"The transfer fee is—love!" she whispered. "Mr. Overton is Hugh Benson, dad. He is coming to me, and I am not going to let him go away again."

For a few seconds father and daughter faced each other. Then the man sank into his chair. Marion had won.

TRUE HOSPITALITY.

"Dear me!" sighed Nan Burton. "Mother thinks we really ought to do something for Alice Fordyce before she goes back to the city."

"Well," said her sister Katherine, brightly, "I think so myself. She has been perfectly lovely to us all summer. She has taken us driving and motoring, and invited us to luncheons and tennis parties and teas."

"But how can we? Sarah couldn't serve a luncheon properly to save her life, and besides, we haven't bouillon cups or ramekins, or anything we really need."

"Besides," said Katherine, "we couldn't afford it, and she wouldn't enjoy it. When I go visiting I don't care to take long motor trips into the country, no matter how beautiful it is. I see country enough at home. I want to see beautiful houses and museums, and flatten my country nose against the shop windows, and I believe that when city people go into the country they don't want to attend weak imitations of the fine entertainments they go to all winter long."

"I am going to ask Alice Fordyce to go off on an all-day picnic with just you and me and Bess. We'll drive up to North Conway by the Rabbit Track, and for luncheon we'll take doughnuts and apple butter and grape tarts, and all the things that Mrs. Fordyce never has on her elegantly appointed table."

Nan gasped with horror. "Why, Katherine! Alice Burton! I should consider it almost an insult to ask a girl who is accustomed to motoring and matched spans and footmen to jog up to Conway in our rickety, antiquated carriage! Old Jack stops to ruminate at every fence-post."

"That is just why I am asking her," returned Katherine, "because it will be so different. I heard her say once that their automobiles and horses went so fast she could never stop to pick wild flowers. You know how conventional everything always is at the Fordyces'. At two o'clock they lie down, precisely on the stroke of three the horses dash up to the porte-cochere. The ladies seat themselves, the horses dash down the river road and back through Allenville, or else they go by way of Allenville and return by the river road."

"They never get any of the delightful thrills and surprises that come to the explorer of new roads; they never have any of the real fun of the country."

"It quite brings the tears to my eyes to hear you discourse so plaintively on the sorrows of the rich," murmured Nan, ironically; nor was she convinced of the wisdom of Katherine's invitation, even when she heard the city girl accept it with enthusiasm.

But as the day chosen for the picnic wore on, Nan was obliged to confess to herself, and finally to Katherine, that Alice Fordyce was not merely pretending to have a good time, and that they were becoming better acquainted than they had become during all the formal intercourse of the summer.

They exchanged greetings or stopped to chat with half the old farmers they met; they left the old horse contentedly nibbling by the wayside whenever the fancy seized them to scramble up a steep bank in search of maidenhair or rock ferns, or plunge into the depths of the cool forests, or dabble their feet in the singing brooks.

They ate their luncheon on a great flat rock at the foot of a cataract that dropped exhausted into a deep, sullen pool and then ran noisily away beside the climbing, winding Rabbit Track.

It was the elegant Miss Fordyce herself who tipped the lunch-box to get the last crumb of a cookie. And when, at the end of the long day, Alice laid down her armful of flowers, that she might better thank the two sisters "for the loveliest day of her whole summer," it was Nan who looked down from her seat in the shabby carriage into the glowing eyes of her city friend, and invited her to a hunk-party in the old barn.

"Just as soon as the men bring up the corn and pumpkins!" she called, flapping the reins upon Jack's shaggy old back. "You'll think it great fun, I know!"

IN THE PATH OF A CLOUD-BURST

To understand what follows, you must know something of the country where the incident occurred. Lightning Creek, a famous trout-stream of northern Idaho, rises among the glaciers of the Cabinet Mountains, and comes tearing down through narrow canyons heavily forested with pine and cedar. At all times the stream is swift; in the spring, when the ice-caps are melting, it is a torrent.

July 1, 1908, a fishing party of five were hauled from the nearest railroad station to the end of the wagon trail on Lightning Creek, where we made camp. The next morning the professor and myself decided to ascend to the head of one of the creek's tributaries. Shouldering our creels, we made our way through the timber toward the glacier, steaming in the sunlight. Five miles from camp we came to a fall, where we began to fish. There were plenty of trout, but they were small.

"Let's see if there are larger ones above the fall," my companion suggested.

"Agreed," I replied, and we clambered up the steep rocky walls.

Our hopes were realized; we fished up the stream until past noon, when we sat down to lunch. By the time we had finished eating, a thin cloud had crept above the mountain top and

hovered over the glacier. In a few minutes another cloud crept up and joined the first, and another, and another, until the mountain top was covered.

"It is time we are getting out of here," I said. "I believe we are in for a wetting."

As it to emphasize my words, a flash of lightning quivered through the black mass, and in a few seconds the thunder rolled down the canon with a roar like a battery of steam-guns.

As we hurried down the creek, the lightning became continuous and terrifying in its brilliancy; the roll of thunder was incessant. We made all the speed we could, and had nearly reached the falls when the rain came in a downpour.

"Suppose we get under this spruce and wait until the storm is over!" my companion suggested.

"Suppose we get into more open country as soon as possible!" I rejoined, and kept on.

Suddenly the lightning ceased, the thunder died away, and there was no sound save the dashing of rain. The sudden calm was startling, and I paused and looked toward the mountain. I saw a great column of fire shoot downward out of the clouds. The glacier shivered, as though struck by some Titanic force, and it split, and crashed down into the canon. There was a roar of thunder, and I saw the water pour from the sky as if all the windows of heaven had been opened.

"A cloud-burst!" I cried. "Run for your life!"

Fear lent wings to our feet. We sped down the canon, leaping fallen logs, tearing through dense underbrush, clambering over rocks, fleeing from the pursuing flood that roared down the canon, uprooting trees and hurling great boulders before it as it came. A few rods below a small basaltic cliff, with some stunted fir-trees growing on it, stood in an open space. To outrun the water was impossible; the cliff was our only haven.

I dashed up, with my companion at my heels. Behind us we saw a solid column of water that bore a tangle of drift, and advanced with the speed of the wind. We had only time to seize upon a tree before the flood was upon us. It struck with a grinding roar; the rock trembled to its very base; the water surged over us; we were battered by the rushing force scratched by the drift, suffocated by the water, but we clung on desperately. In a minute at the farthest, the flood swept on, leaving ruin in its wake.

About the cliff the trees lay mired in a tangled, broken heap. We crouched down, drenched, bruised and bleeding, and made our way to camp. But the spot where the camp had stood was swept clean. We sank upon the water-soaked ground to consider what we should do. In a short time we heard the voices of our friends. They had been fishing the main stream above where the branch entered, and thus had escaped.

There was nothing left for it but to make our way back to the railroad station, where we arrived after dark. For months fishermen discovered articles of our camp equipment scattered along the stream.

REQUESTS TO CATS.

An elderly French spinster, who died recently, left a will bequeathing most of her property to charity, and a substantial sum to "my silent, sympathetic and best-loved friend, Minette." Minette was her cat. Mons. Jean Reynard, whom the incident moved to investigate the subject, has found that cats, among all animals, have most frequently been made legatees.

In 1871 a noted player on the harp and flute, Jeanne Felix Dupuis, bequeathed her executor to give the keeper of her two cats thirty sous a week for their food, which she specified should be meat broth. "Of the kind we ourselves eat, rich and sufficient without being soaked out by bread-crumbs, and served upon individual plates, belonging one to each cat." Her relatives broke the will, and this provision of separate plates for the pussies was a point upon which they strongly dwelt in the attempt to prove that her mind was enfeebled.

A century later Pierre Grosley left twenty-four pounds a year to his two cats, to be paid as long as either lived; but he was a lawyer, and his will proved valid. Ten or twelve years ago a poor woman in Paris left her property to the city for charity, after her cat Min, a beautiful young cat, had been maintained till the end of his natural life. The amount was so small that principal as well as interest would have to be used, and there was some close calculation, based on the average length of feline life, before the legacy was accepted. Had his possession the traditional nine lives, it would assuredly have been declined, as the city would have incurred an obligation, without receiving any benefit. He died advanced in years, but there was still something left.

Cat legatees are not peculiar to France. England has had them, and in our own country only a year or so ago died the second of two cats, Blackie and Pinkie, that belonged to Benjamin F. Dillay, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Mr. Dillay, at his death in 1905, left the income of forty thousand dollars to provide for them as long as they should live, appointed a woman to care for them, and bequeathed her a pension till her death, after which the estate was to be divided, most of it going to charities. Pinkie died first; Blackie followed her two years later at the age of sixteen, which is four years beyond the average life of a cat, as law and science reckoned it in the case of Min.

Grosley (who has lately joined the Territorials, practicing in shops)—right, left, right, left, four paces to the rear, march! (falls down trap-door into the cellar.)

Grosley's Wife (anxiously)—Oh, Jim, are you hurt?

Grosley (savagely, but with dignity)—Go 'way, woman. What do you know about war?

**He had
Boarded
The Train**

in haste, on the step of the last platform; found the door locked. The train took up speed, rocked as it rounded curves, and on the long run the man was nearly thrown off twice.

He came through all right. But many times on that trip he blessed his Life Insurance policy.

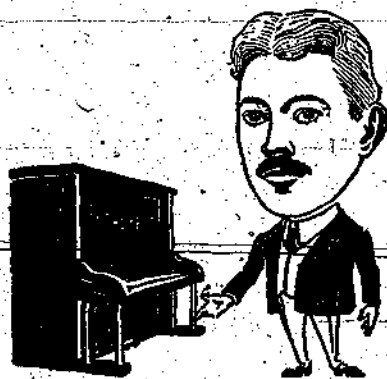


The PRUDENTIAL

Founded by John F. Dryden

Pioneer of Industrial Insurance
in America.

**Hemingway's
Schubert PIANO Ware-rooms**



Does \$100 Look Good to You?

I will save you that much and more if you are looking for a piano or player piano. What's the use of buying a second-hand piano when you can have a new one of better grade at the same price. What's the use of buying cheaper quality, when you can have the best direct from the factory at the same cost, or less?

Don't be old-fashioned and say, "I don't see how it can be done." Look into my proposition and see for yourself. Just because pianos have never been sold here before on this plan and at such low prices, is no reason they cannot be. I save you the middleman's profit.

Specials for Christmas Buyers

\$175.....other dealers ask.....\$275
\$190.....other dealers ask.....\$300
\$225.....other dealers ask.....\$325
88 Note Player Pianos
\$225.....other dealers ask.....\$450
\$225.....other dealers ask.....\$450
\$225.....other dealers ask.....\$450

40 pr ct. disc. on Player Rolls
Easy monthly payments can be arranged. Send for special list and full information.

Pianos and Player Pianos tuned and regulated.
Work guaranteed.

The Hemingway Piano Company
2616 Atlantic Ave.
Atlantic City, New Jersey.

HAY 1 HAY 1
Walnut Nook Fruit and Stock Farm
J. B. WESCOAT
Dealer in Hay, Salt Black Grass
And Hocking Hay. Also a few Rhonda.
Drop a postal, or phone. Bell phone 442.

CHAS. T. THURSTON
Practical
Plumber
and Gas Fitter

Estimates cheerfully furnished.
Prompt Attention to all kinds of
Plumbing work will prevent
large bills in the end.

Hammonton Avenue Local Phone 867
Hammonton, N. J.

Miss BERTHA TWOMEY
Notary Public
Com. of Deeds
Business in these lines properly and
promptly attended to.
Berthhouse's office, Hammonton

South Jersey Republican

Issued every Saturday morning

Entered in Hammonton Post-Office as second-class matter by

HOYT & SON, PUBLISHERS

Orville E. Hoyt

William O. Hoyt

Subscription Price: \$1.25 per year, \$1.00 in Atlantic County. Three cents per copy.

On sale at office, and at Kilgusberg's News Room

Advertising Rates on application. Local Phone, 332, 575, 1023.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1913.

It is strange, but seems to be true, that last year, leap year, there were twenty less marriages in town than during the previous year. But, on the other hand, there were nine more births in 1912 than in 1911. There were fewer deaths than in former years, only 58 from all causes. The report published this week is worth preserving for future reference.

We didn't hear any of our jurymen boast of fine roads to May's Landing, this week.

We call special attention to the Supervising Principal's invitation to visit the schools next Thursday, Jan. 23rd. We believe if parents would accept, there would be less complaint of methods, etc. We venture to say that many of our "mother's darlings" would not be recognized as such in the school rooms. Get acquainted with your child's teacher. Perhaps she would show more sympathy for the youngsters after better understanding the parents.

Fire Insurance at Cost.

THE CUMBERLAND

Mutual

Fire Insurance Co.

Will insure your property at less cost than other. Reason: operating expenses light; no loading of premium for profits; sixty-seven years of satisfactory service. Cash surplus over \$100,000.

For particulars, see

Wayland DePuy, Agt.

Corner Second and Cherry Streets,
Hammonton, N. J.

THEATRICAL and BAL MASQUE

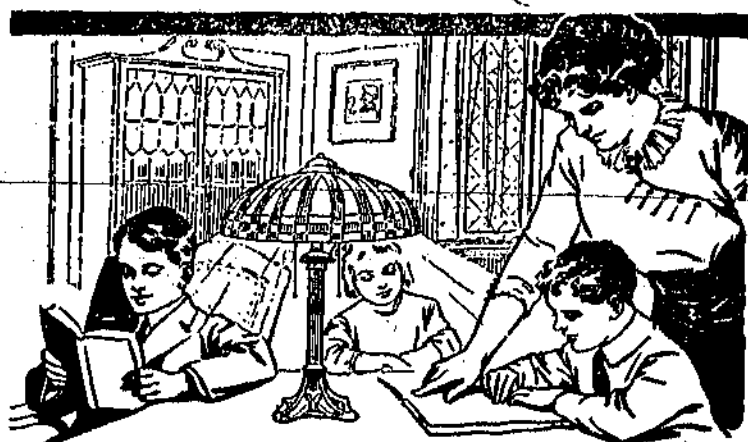
COSTUMES

Supplied on Rental Basis.

WAAS & SON

226 N. 8th St. - Philadelphia, Pa.

Established 1855. Catalogues Free.



Protect Your Children's Eyes

THE greatest desire of parents is to see their children well nourished, strong and healthy—physically well equipped to make a success of life.

Yet, how many parents are there who endeavor to protect that most important sense of all—the eyesight of their children by providing the most suitable light for the study hours?

Modern methods of schooling and the necessity for completing their primary education at an early age imposes a severe tax on the eyes during the growing period of life. In many cases this strain weakens the eyes, or results in loss of sight simply because the little ones are compelled to study under a poor or improper light.

Edison Mazda Lamps now afford the most suitable electric light to study by as well as for general home use, and furnish it at minimum cost.

Give Your children the benefit of this light. We will be glad to advise you as to the most beneficial way to use Edison Mazda Lamps.

Hammonton Electric Light Co.

YOU WILL NEED MONEY For Christmas!

Here is

An easy way to get it;
A sure way to have it!

**Join our Christmas Savings Club,
which starts Monday, Jan. 20th**

In Class 1, pay 1 cent the first week, 2 cents the second week, 3 cents the third week, 4 cents the fourth week, 5 cents the fifth week, 6 cts. the sixth week; and so on for 46 weeks; and two weeks before Christmas we will mail you a check for \$10.81, with interest at 2 per cent.

Or in Class 2, pay 2 cents the first week, 4 cents the second week, 6 cents the third week, and so on; and we will mail you a check, two weeks before Christmas, for \$21.62, with interest at 2 per cent.

Or in Class 3, pay 5 cents the first week, 10 cents the second week, 15 cents the third week, and so on; and we will mail you a check, two weeks before Christmas, for \$54.05, with interest at 2 per cent.

**Your may Reverse the order of Payments
if you wish to do so.**

For instance, in Class 3, going up, the payments start with 5 cents and end with \$2.30. If you desire to do so, you may start with \$2.30 the first week, and pay 5 cents less each week, until the last week's payment will be 5 cents. You may do the same in other classes.

Payments must be made every week; or may be made in advance

Can you think of any easier way to provide money for Christmas presents? Join yourself; get everyone in the family to join; show this to your friends, and get them to join.

Everybody is welcome to join

The Christmas Savings Club opens Monday, January 20th.

Call and let us tell you all about our plan.

Make your Christmas a merry one.

**Hammonton Trust Company
Savings Department**

DR. J. A. WAAS,

Dentist

Cogley Building - Hammonton

**A. H. Phillips Co.
Fire Insurance.**

MONEY

Mortgage Loans.

Hardest Building,
Atlantic City, N. J.

**Edw. Cathcart,
Contractor & Builder**

Jobbing promptly attended to
300 Central Ave. Hammonton

**WASHINGTON
POPULAR
THREE-DAY TOURS**

February 6, 20,
March 20, April 3, 17, and
May 1 and 15, 1913.

\$10.25 from Hammonton

Including hotel accommodations
and necessary expenses.
Under Personal Escort.

Tickets and full information of Ticket
Agents, or Jan. P. Anderson, A. G. P. A.,
Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pennsylvania R. R.

**Hammonton
Poultry Association**

INCORPORATED

Puffed Wheat

and Puffed Rice

at 1½ cents

per pound.

In granulated form.

Same thing in grocery stores,
20 cents per pound

Cheapest chicken feed in market

Egg Cases at 10 cts.

Are you Ready for Cold Weather?

Harry McD. Little

will

Sell you a Heating or Cook Stove

or

Put in a Heating Plant

Water, Steam, or Air

Plumbing done in all its branches

Repairing properly done

We are now booking orders for

The Grosselli Chemical Co.'s

ARSENATE

OF LEAD

Quality the highest! Prices right!

GEORGE ELVINS,

Hammonton, - New Jersey

Black and White

and Read All Over

Town.

The Republican.

Vital Statistics for Hammononton.

Following is the report of the Registrar for the year 1912, as to the Board of Health at its meeting on Tuesday evening last.

Comparative Statistical Report.

MARRIAGES	
Both American birth	26
Foreign	14
One American and one Foreign birth	12
	52

BIRTHS	
Both parents American birth—male	181
Female	18
Foreign—male	25
Female	52
Mixed parentage—male	53
Female	11
	172

DEATHS	
By Nationalities	
American of American parentage	1010
Foreign	191
Italian	27
Polish	23
German	14
Scotch	11
Russian	6
Unknown	2
	1268

DEATHS	
By Age	
Under 1 year, American parents	1910
Foreign parentage	1911
1 to 4 years	1912
5 to 10	
10 to 20	
20 to 30	
30 to 40	
40 to 50	
50 to 60	
60 to 70	
70 to 80	
80 and over	
	1910
	1911
	1912

DEATHS	
By Disease	
La Grippe	1909
Typhoid Fever	1910
Whooping Cough	1911
Diphtheria	1912
Tuberculosis	
Pneumonia	
Infant's Disease	
Accidental	
Murdered	
Infantile Diarrhea	
Digestive Diseases	
Circulatory	
Nervous	
Respiratory	
Cancer	
All other causes	
	1909
	1910
	1911
	1912

Communicable Diseases	
Reported	
Tuberculosis	1909
Chicken Pox	1910
Typhoid Fever	1911
Diphtheria	1912
Scarlet Fever	
	1909
	1910
	1911
	1912

Physicians reporting to this Board, and number of reports received from each:	
Dr. G. M. Crowell	1
Dr. F. C. Hart	5
Dr. P. H. Markley	2
Dr. Chas. Cunningham	18
Dr. J. C. Ritter	14
N. J. Cunningham	4
Five cases were reported from 150 or more sources.	

It is with regret that I am again compelled to call attention to the neglect of some physicians, or else carelessness, in reporting promptly cases of communicable diseases, it having been necessary, in more than one instance, for your Secretary to call the attending physician's attention to the law. The only way that seems open to correct this matter is to enforce the law.

Tuberculosis. Of the sixteen cases reported, twelve came to our Town for their health; four of these came under the care of more than one physician, and were reported to the State Board as duplicate cases. There were only four deaths due to this disease.

Typhoid Fever. There were twenty cases of this disease reported. Twelve were resident outside of our water service, probably due to contaminated water, with a possibility of increasing this number until a proper system of sewerage is installed in our town.

Two cases were contracted away from our town.

Two cases used well water, within water main radius.

Two cases had town water in their residences; one of these was probably contracted from handling others who had this disease.

Leaving only two cases in which origin of the disease is questioned.

Diphtheria. Of the three cases reported, two were recorded as membranous Croup.

Scarlet Fever. Both cases were reported at the same time, in the same family, and caused by convalescent cases coming here from Philadelphia.

Vital Statistics. The number of marriages has decreased, especially noticeable among the Italian population.

Births. An increase of nine over previous year.

Deaths. The decrease this year, below previous years, is remarkable, being the smallest number of deaths for a number of years.

Your Secretary has caused some ill feeling among other physicians, by calling their attention to the law relating to prompt reports of births. In two cases he has gotten the records himself, after waiting over three weeks for them.

The purpose of these records is little realized by anyone until they have use for them, when it is too late. It is the purpose of the servant in this office to use every effort to have these records complete for future use. The use of the card system, for the past three years, is vastly superior to the old system of book records.

Respectfully submitted,

J. C. BRIDGER, M. D., Secretary.

E. P. JONES

Funeral Director and Embalmer,

233 Bellevue Ave.

Local Phone 698

Hammononton - N. J.

Half-a-Cent-a-Word Advs.

No charge less than ten cents. Each figure, initial, and name counts one word.

All ads. should be in before Thursday noon, if possible. Unless parties have an account with us, they will not wait for a bill. Send money or our advertising postage to 10, but remit promptly, either in cash or one and two cent stamps.

Real Estate.

TYN-Room House for rent.—water, gas, and barn.—208 S. 2nd Street. Apply to Edith Warrington.

FOR SALE.—The Wharfedale place on Hammononton Avenue. Sacrificed to quick buyer. 23 acres and house. Box 181, Hammononton.

UNION HALL.—Moving Picture Theatre. For Rent. A. J. King.

SEVEN Room House for rent.—Hall acre or more of land; water and gas. Fourth St., near Bellevue. Apply to E. W. Satchel.

TWO Houses for rent.—all conveniences. Inquire of J. S. Mart.

NINE-Roomed House for rent.—All conveniences. A. J. King.

FOR SALE.—the Grant place, on the Lake. 11 acres, 10 room house, stable, incubator and brooder house. Apply to E. S. Grant, 211 Penna. Building, Philada.

FOR SALE.—Chicken farm, 10 acres, 4-room house, barn, wagon house, grainhouse, nearly 500 x 15 ft. of chicken houses, incubator house, complete, all conveniences, in good condition. Buildings worth \$8000. Fruit for family. Possession immediate. 2 miles from Railroad Station. Four miles from Hammononton Station. Price, \$3500 down.

HOUSE. For Rent or Sale, on Central Ave. Apply to J. M. McKee, Hammononton, N. J.

Specialties.

CAN'T Be Beat.—fresh hot bread every afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

IF You Are Thinking of Buying a Piano or Player Piano, I will put a Fisher, Bush & Lane, or it is Howard, in your home on 30 days trial. Call and let me demonstrate the wonderful it is. Howard Player Piano. H. M. Holland, Agent for Lit Brook, cor. Second and Vine Sts.

MUSIC. Piano lessons; terms reasonable. Special attention devoted to children. Mrs. Ethel S. Reid, Bellevue Avenue.

MRS. J. DUBOIS. well-known to many of our people, teacher of violin, piano, voice culture, and sight reading, intends to open a class for sight reading in Firemen's Hammononton, in February. Anyone thinking of joining call Mrs. Dubois on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 23rd, from 3 to 6 o'clock, in the hall. Terms for tuition will be, two lessons (two hours each) for a quarter.

MISSSES Thelma and Vernie. Dressmaking. Corner of Second and Cherry Streets, Hammononton.

SOMETHING Fine at Simon's Kandy Corner.—a fresh box of Boller's Satoria Caramels, Italian caramels, sea foam, but bar, and a lot of stuff.

PLAIN Sewing. done at home or by the day. Call, or drop a card to Mrs. M. M. Collins, Line St., near Grand.

Miscellaneous.

HAVE You Tried the bread, cakes, and pies at Simon's?

EDISON Photograph and 30 records. with cabinet, for sale. P. O. Box 61.

RELIABLE Hot Water Incubator. 120-egg capacity, for sale. A. Pier, Central Avenue.

SIDEBOARD for sale. cheap. Mrs. W. J. Smith, Bellevue Avenue.

FOR SALE.—1911 Pierce-Arrow motor cycle, almost new, with tandem attachment. Box 151, Hammononton.

HAY For Sale. Choice timothy and mixed hay, delivered to Hammononton, 200 pr ton. Wm. H. Foreman, Vincentown, N. J.

CARTRIDGE. One thousand rounds for sale. Excellent food for poultry, horses, and cattle. Delivered in 10 bushel lots to any part of town. J. P. Parkhurst, Phone 1161.

CANOE For Sale at one-half cost. See Glenn McCrea.

Lost & Found.

LOST.—a pair of spectacles, yesterday. Reward if left at this office.

Wanted.

EXPERIENCED Substantly Wanted in dry goods department. Steady position. Write "Substantly," Republican Office.

Poultry, Supplies, and Live Stock.

TWO Farm Horses for sale. cheap. H. Cunningham, 210 Main Road.

SALE of Horses, etc. next Saturday, at the Palace (Tollie) Stables.

Boarding & Rooms.

FURNISHED Room for rent. Inquire at Simon's Kandy Corner.

—INSURANCE—

Fire - Liability - Bond

E. L. CROWELL & CO.,

HAMMONONTON, NEW JERSEY

Many a young business man will be received into partnership this new year, and will be proud and happy. But long ago the Lord of the universe offered to take you and me into partnership with Him. If we have not yet accepted the great offer, this New Year's time is the best time to do it.

Once a little girl was asked to define repentance. She said "I think it is being sorry enough to quit." Being sorry is not enough this New Year's season. We must be sorry enough to quit.

Let us not be afraid to start because the beginning must be small. When Booker T. Washington made his start at Tuskegee the school was held in a vacant hen-house, and the roof leaked so that a scholar had to hold an umbrella over his head when it rained. Now it costs \$82,000 a year just for the necessary expenses of running that school. God will see to the rest of it, if we only make a good start.

FREE Till Jan. 19th **FREE**

We have one hundred and fifty pieces of

Beautiful Iridescent Glassware

which we are going to

Give away as Souvenirs.

There are twelve designs in the lot.

Any one of these pieces will be given to each purchaser of One Dollar's worth of the following:

Rexall Goods

Harmony Perfumery

National Cigars

RED CROSS PHARMACY

Let us place a

VICTROLA

in your home

on the monthly payment plan.

We have both

EDISON and VICTOR

Machines and Records

ROBERT STEEL,

Your Jeweler.

SAMUEL LITKE, Proprietor

EAGLE THEATRE

O'DONNELL'S BUILDING, Hammononton



High-Class Moving Pictures only

Something to Please Everybody

Reduced Price

on

SAUSAGE and SCRAPPLE

Our own make—

Made of Local Pork—

Taste like More—

Now selling at the following prices:

Scrapple, 8 cts. pound

Sausage Meat, 16 cts.

Link Sausage, 18 cts.

M. L. JACKSON & SON.

W. L. Black's

Department

Store.

Extraordinary

Sale of

Men's

Made-to-measure

Clothing.

Our beautiful, rich, all wool fabrics are now being offered at sweeping reductions, and you can save, in some cases, as much as \$8 and \$10 on a suit.

Grand sweeping reductions also made in all our

Ready-made

Clothing

Department.

A genuine 20 per cent reduction on our men's and boys' Suits and Overcoats.

Men's Overcoats were \$1 ; now \$7.98

Overcoats were \$8.50, now \$6.80

Overcoats were \$7, now \$5.60

Overcoats were \$6.50, now \$5.20

Overcoats were \$5.08, now \$4.80

Boys' Overcoats were \$5.50, now \$4.50

Overcoats were \$5, now \$3.98

Overcoats were \$2.98, now \$2.38

Some odd ones as low as \$1.75

Each suit marked with 20 per cent reduction

A few Cotton Flannel Shirts were 50 cts., now 45 c.

Cluett \$1.50 Shirts at \$1.25

Monarch \$1 Shirts at 89 c.

A great reduction in our

Winter Caps.

They must all go to make room for our Spring line.

Caps that were \$1.25 now \$1.

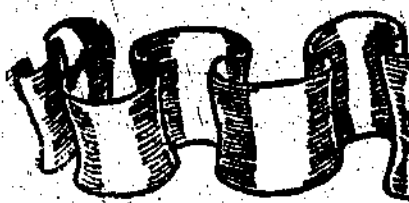
Caps that were \$1 now 89 c

Caps that were 89 c, now 75 c

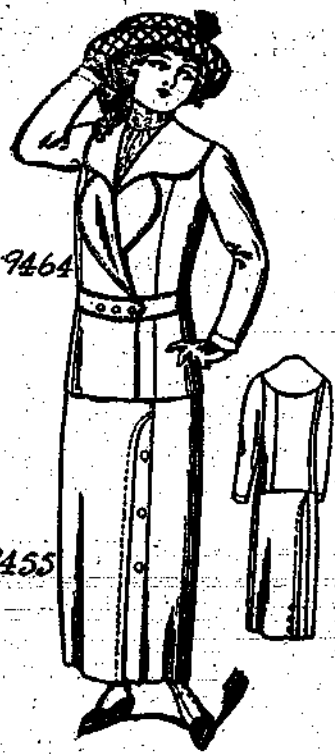
Caps that were 50 c, now 45 c

Caps that were 25 c, now 23 c

These are all genuine reductions. There are not all sizes in a lot, but you can get a rare bargain in good clean up-to-date merchandise.



FASHION'S FANCIES



9464-9455. A STYLISH SEASONABLE SUIT MODEL FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN.

Misess' Coat Pattern 9464 and Misess' Skirt Pattern 9455 are here combined. Brown serge with fancy buttons and stitching in self-color was used. Broad cloth, silk, velvet, diagonal, or wool mixtures would be equally suitable. The patterns are cut in 5 sizes: 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 7-8 yards of 44 inch material for a 17 year size, for the entire suit.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

THE BEST WAY.

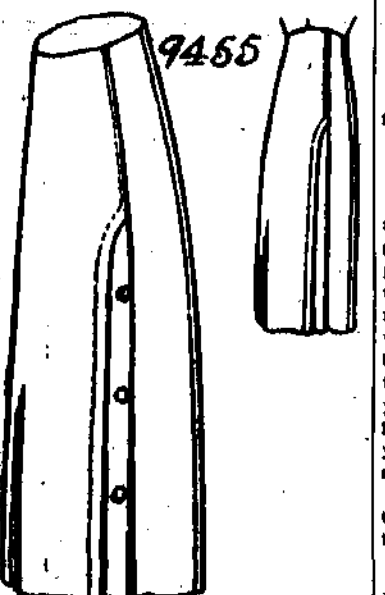
A Handful of Hints as to How Things Should Be Done.

To clean silver or plated ware that is very dirty rub it with paraffin, using a soft flannel cloth. Salad oil, applied the same way, removes many dark stains from silver.

To curl celery, wash and separate the stalks; with a sharp knife cut each of the long stalks down in strips about four inches from the top; then stand the stalks head down in a vessel of very cold water. The tops will curl like the petals of a chrysanthemum. With some of the small top leaves left on when serving the curled celery is very attractive.

To clean a white beaver hat nicely, make a mixture of equal parts of French chalk and powdered magnesia and sprinkle it well into the beaver, allowing it to remain at least a day. Then brush and shake out thoroughly. Where the hat is badly soiled it may be necessary to repeat the process.

To clean jet use the softest brush that can be procured and remove the dust in the most gentle manner from the carving; then touch the jet with a little oil on clean cotton wool and polish with a chamol. Great care should be exercised, as the carving on jet is brittle.

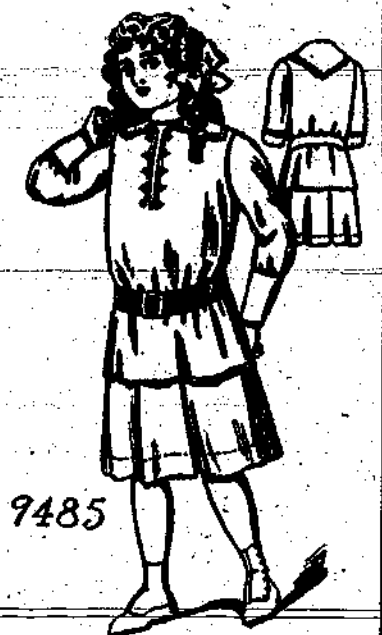


9455. SKIRT FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN (IN RAISED OR NORMAL WAISTLINE).

Corduroy, poplin, velvet, chambray, taffeta, serge or wool mixtures are most suitable for this design. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 4-5 yards of 44 inch material for a 17 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.

SLEEP.
Sleep a lot.
Sleep comfortably.
Sleep in fresh air.
Windows should be open.
Bedding should be warm, not heavy.
Each person should have a separate bed.
Each should have a separate room if possible.
Babies should sleep most of the time, waking to be fed.
Young children should sleep a lot, too, sleep assisting growth.
Eight hours are enough for many adults, but many others require nine and ten hours.
Nine or ten hours are allowed for sleep in many schools, where the matter has been properly considered.



9485. A NEAT AND SIMPLE FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

Blue serge with self-covered buttons, and a black patent leather belt for trimming is here shown. The design is comfortable and practical for the growing girl. It may be finished with a deep cuff, or with a turn over cuff on the shorter sleeve. The fronts open over an undershirt that may be of lining and over laid with self or contrasting material. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4 yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.



9477. GIRLS' DRESS WITH TUCKER AND WITH OR WITHOUT BRETTELLE TRIMMING.

Brown taffeta was used for this model, with piping and frilling of green. A yoke of lace affords a pretty finish together with the lace under sleeves. If made with high neck and long sleeves, blue serge with or without braid trimming would be practical and desirable. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 1-1/4 yard of 27 inch material for the tucker, and 4-1/2 yards for the dress for the 12 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.

PIN-CUSHION.

One of the most fetching pin-cushions shows a dolly quaintly dressed in the fashion of Louis XVI, her dress being of a soft, old blue silk; and the queerest part of it one has to raise her skirts to stick in the pins. She may be had dressed in various delicate shades and has quite the grande dame air.

Other doll cushions show a doll's head sticking up out of a silk-covered ball. Of course it is all tied up with ribbons and stuck full of gay-headed pins.

Address all orders to
PATTERN DEPARTMENT
607-609 Sansom Street
PHILADELPHIA

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!!!

Oh! the kingdom of dolls!
Rag dolls are simply adorable.
Yarn dolls are just made to love.
Haughty wax dolls are wonderfully beautiful.
Little rubber dolls were builded for hugging purposes.
There are lifelike dolls and there are too-good-to-be-true dolls.
Dolls to stick up out of pin-cushions are altogether dainty.
Indeed, dolls are of all materials, all sizes, all degrees of desirability and of innumerable types.

EVENING DRESS.

Many an evening bodice looks fairly imaginary.

To darn table linen use, if possible, a raveling from the goods. Where there is a hole put under it a piece of the same damask, matching the pattern carefully, and then darn back and forth with the raveling. Carefully done, the patch will not show after laundering except by close scrutiny.



9462. GIRLS' COAT AND CAP.

Blue velvet was used for this model with fancy buttons for trimming. The coat may be of serge, chevrot, or corduroy and the cap of the same material or of silk. The designs are easy to make and most pleasing in development. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. It requires one yard of 30 inch material for the cap, and 2-1/8 yards of 44 inch material for the coat for a 2 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.



9469. LADIES' CORSET COVER AND DRAWERS COMBINED.

Lawn, nainsook, dimity, crepe, cross-bar muslin, or silk may be used for this design. It may be finished with square or round neck edge. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 24, 38 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 2-1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 38 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.

YESTERDAY.

All that glittered was not gold.
The sunshine was the purest gold, however.
To return to the false alarms, there was woman.
Only too often her beauty was not even akin deep.
Her manners did not even deserve to be called artificial.
As for her lingerie—masculine trousers showed beneath one ball dress.
Habits, too, were scandalous; one proud beauty scratched only her blonde wig.
And such weather!



9463. A Dainty Dress for Baby and a Comfortable Sack.

Panel effects lend themselves nicely to embroidery. This model here shown is suitable for any of the lingerie fabrics. The pattern is cut in one size and requires 2-1/4 yard for the sack and 3 yards for the dress of 36 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.



9480. BOYS' BLOUSE SUIT WITH KNICKERBOCKERS.

Blue serge with facing of black satin and braid is here shown. The model is suitable for velvet corduroy, chambray, flannel, galles and linen. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 3-3/8 yards of 44 inch material for the 6 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.

TOQUE CHIC.

The small close toque in velvet is universal, and has never been more becoming. It is worn with or without a long aligrette.

There is a wrong and right way to freshen salt mackerel and other salt fish. Those who are familiar with evaporation processes know that salt falls to the bottom. Now if you place your mackerel with the skin side down in the pan, the salt falls to the skin and remains there; if placed with the fresh side down, the salt falls to the bottom of the pan and the mackerel is freshened by the soaking in water, as it should be.

APPLIQUE.

Black satin leaves are applied to a clever dress of white broadcloth.

FUR AND CHIFFONS.

Narrow fur is used effectively to trim blouses and evening dresses.



9472-9473. A MOST ATTRACTIVE DANCING FROCK FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN.

Composed of Waist Pattern 9472, and Skirt Pattern 9473. The designs are cut in 5 sizes: 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 years, and are suitable for any of this season's soft materials. Gray silk voile embroidered in white and pale blue silk was used to make this pretty dress. The draped portions were of chiffon edged with head trimming. It requires 3 yards of 27 inch material for the waist, 2-5/8 yards for the skirt and 2-1/2 yards for the tunic for a 14 year size.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

DON'T HIDE KNOTS.

In basting work for attaching do not hide away the knots, but put them on the right side of the sewing so that basting threads may be easily removed, says the New Haven Journal-Courier. For the same reason never place machine stitching directly on top of a basting, but just outside of it.



9474. LADIES' SHIRT WAIST WITH VEST.

French flannel in a pretty shade of blue was used for this design. Tiny silver buttons make a pretty decoration. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 2-1/4 yards of 30 inch material for a 38 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.

BONNET BEAUTY.

A very delightful little Magyar bonnet is of skunk, quaintly draped with splash green velvet, carelessly knotted.

The grapefruit or baked apple bowl—on saucers on which they stand ornamented on pedestals—are novelties in Austrian ware. The bowls are the depth of half a grapefruit and have a flat rim of half-inch width surrounding them.



9479. LADIES' HOUSE DRESS WITH FOUR CORN SKIRT (IN RAISED OR NORMAL WAISTLINE) AND WITH TWO STYLES OF SLEEVES.

Blue gingham with a simple kind of stitching was used for this design. Serge, galles, chambray, flannel, percale or lawn may be used with equal good effect. The pattern is in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires yards of 44 inch material for a 36 size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.

SASHES.

Some are more ends.
Others are simply.
Loops are not at all.
The waist parts are.
The ends, one or two, are not weighted.
A pattern of embroidery ends and creative wash.
Fringe finishes the ends of different lengths of one sash.

To clean wool shawls or sweaters make a good lather of soap and warm water—just hot enough to be comfortable to the hands, and squeeze the shawl or sweater in this until it is clean. Do not rub soap on the garment. Rinse in several clean waters of the same temperature as the wash water; always squeeze the water from the wool. Never wring it by hand. After the final rinsing run it through the ringers, lay it on a clean sheet to dry. When partly dry smooth it gently into its proper shape.

Those who follow the sequence of the wheel of fashion are inclined to believe that the present rage for land and waterscape mural decorations will be followed by niches in the wall for statuary—a feature of architecture which has long since disappeared from Philadelphia homes, although it predominated here at an early period in the city's history.



9471. A SIMPLE "EASY TO MAKE" APRON FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

For percale, lawn, dimity, cambray or gingham, this model will be found very desirable. It is comfortable and simple. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 1-1/4 yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.

THE FIRST-FLOOR FRONT

DON'T want to persuade you in the slightest," repeated Mrs. Beale, headstaringly, "glancing up from the pile of bills. But if you only could!" Her daughter sighed, without turning from the door.

"A very good-natured, Olive-tempered, too. For instance, he easily and more suitable lodger than any I could find. He pays fifty dollars a week in his income, and the girl returned rather bitterly. "An independent gentleman, I ought to feel honored if he's in my house. He's only a little bit ugly, but it's a great deal better than nothing."

"Olive dear!" her mother protested, the young round.

"And if he asked me to marry him, I might as well say 'Yes.' I don't like to be a beggar, but I do like to be a lady. Oh, I've had enough of this poor life. The last few years? But I'm getting tired of it all—very tired!"

"Mrs. Beale was folding her papers slowly."

"I shouldn't have let you go to Mrs. Penrose's. I didn't mind your going at the school. That was different. A nice occupation for a girl."

"I had to do something," mother said.

"But the idea that my daughter should be forced to take a situation like this!"

"Please don't worry yourself about it any more. The girl pointed to the bills again. "I suppose those people might wait a bit longer if they heard I was engaged to Mr. Penrose. They'd expect to be paid for certain later on. Sometimes, when I see how you take things to heart, I regret it, Olive, any more."

"Mrs. Beale had started her boarding house as a means of livelihood, for she was a widow when Olive was born. When the venture prospered, she had breathed a thankful prayer: "Only things had gone from her hand."

"Mrs. Penrose alone remained with the house, a generous, weekly allowance for the first-floor front. She had not dared to move into her new home for fear of losing the old lodger. She stayed on, with her own room, and hoped for the best."

"However, that no one could deny, at No. 3, The Crescent, she was more than they could have wished for."

"What's to happen to her?" Olive asked, reply the ball.

"The Frank Lorrmore," her mother remarked, pulling the curtains back. "Don't let him stay too long, dear. He'll be here a week, and then he'll be gone. He knows nothing about you and Frank."

"Yes, that's rather lucky, isn't it?" commented the girl unsteadily over her shoulder.

"I'm not sure," she said slowly to admit the visitor. Frank Lorrmore had no money—could not afford to marry. That was a pity. Otherwise, with a deep breath, she dismissed all such day dreams.

"Good-evening, Olive! I may come in, mayn't I?"

"For a little while," she smiled.

"I hope you'll let me, as it's too late for a walk."

"Olive Beale hardly liked to face him as they talked. Compared to James Penrose, he seemed positively handsome."

"Come and sit beside me, won't you?"

"Not to-night," answered the girl hurriedly. "Don't think me horrid, Frank, but I'm out of sorts to-day."

"Oh, it is because you don't like me any more, then? You haven't forgotten what you admitted the other evening?"

"He could not understand her change of manner, but put it down to ill-health. With any effort she chatted and laughed, even stammered a gay remark on the piano at last."

"You're feeling better, Olive?"

"Yes, but you must see now." She looked at the clock. "Please!"

"And when shall I see you again? Look here, on Saturday night will you come to the theatre? Oh, it's not a bit of good pretending you can't! That's settled. I'll meet you outside the station at six."

"When Frank Lorrmore waved to her from the pavement the girl stood rigid in the doorway. She watched him turn the corner in the distance; then swallowed a lump in her throat."

"Mr. Penrose returned home barely half a minute later. She had not moved when he came in at the gate."

"Ah, looking out for me, Miss Olive?"

"At his jocular inquiry she started, and repressed a shudder. His stout, squat figure seemed more ungainly than ever. His round, plain features more repulsive. She drew back to let him pass, and closed the door behind him."

"It seemed hard that such a man possessed \$50 a week, while Frank Lorrmore worked long hours for a fourth of that sum. Then her mother's care-lined face rose before her eyes, she remembered the pile of unpaid bills."

"Mrs. Penrose," she managed, "let me let you help you off with your overcoat!"

"The next day mother and daughter avoided any reference to their money troubles, but on the following evening she heard an altercation in the hall, and hurried out."

"Why, mother, you're crying!"

"It—it was a person from Rockaway's, the butcher's. They won't let me have anything else on credit. He'd

come again to ask when I was going to pay. He was rude—insulting. I've never been spoken to in that way before by a vulgar, common man. It hurt me, dear."

"I know," the girl murmured, patting her mother's shoulder. "I know." Things were getting desperate.

"Before Olive went to bed she wrote a few lines to Frank Lorrmore: "I'm very sorry, but I shan't be able to come out on Saturday, after all. Please don't mind very much. You can easily find some other girl to go to the theatre with you. I dare say."

"I mustn't see him," she told herself shakily. "That'll only make it more difficult."

In his answer Lorrmore suggested another date for their outing. Olive Beale hesitated; she could not frame a reply. Excuses could not be continued indefinitely.

That night Mr. Penrose stopped her on the stairs.

"Will you spare me a few minutes, Miss Olive?"

With lightly-compressed lips, she entered the sitting room. The middle-aged man sat down near her, and cleared his throat.

"I've guessed that you're in some trouble or other—in the house here, I mean." She started. "Well, now, can't I do anything?"

She shook her head, shrinking away in spite of herself.

"So you won't confide in me? I'm afraid you don't like me, Miss Olive."

He reached out and laid a plump hand on hers. The girl tried to smile.

"I want you to like me very much. Will you try? There isn't anything to prevent it—or anybody—eh?"

"Nobody at all," she declared faintly.

When he left her she composed a final letter to Frank Lorrmore, asking him not to think of her any longer, telling him to forget her, and then she wrote Lorrmore called.

"What does it mean, Olive? Why are you throwing me over?" His voice was reproachful at first, but he soon showed irritation. "I wonder at your treating me like this without any reason or excuse!"

"It's for the best, I'm sure!" she stammered.

"I didn't think you were that sort of girl. Are you making up to that rich lodger of yours, then? Anger mastered him. "Oh, yes, in the way, and you want to get rid of me!"

She did not answer, but bent her head as he went on to characterize her conduct as heartless.

"You won't have anything more to do with me? That's final, is it?" he cried from the door. "Good-bye, then!"

She sank down on the sofa, covering her face with her hands. Mr. Penrose entered.

"Your friend," he said slowly, "your young friend was leaving in a hurry."

"Oh, go away!" she begged shakily, then rushed past him out of the room.

She regretted that she had dismissed Frank Lorrmore. She would have given anything to call him back. But presently she wiped her eyes, and another thought flashed into her head. James Penrose had looked at her queerly. Perhaps now he would not ask her to marry him.

On an impulse, half an hour later, she hurried up and knocked at the first-floor front.

"I—I only came to see if you wanted anything more to-night, Mr. Penrose?"

"Nothing at all, thanks!" returned the stout man coldly.

Her mother had gone to bed. The girl went down and deliberately set inkstand and blotting pad on the table. It was difficult to tell Frank Lorrmore that she had made a mistake, and wanted him still. She finished the letter at last, however, and kept it to post next day.

"Can I go out for a minute, please?" Permission was grudgingly given her, and she set off for the neighboring post-office. A voice called to her suddenly. She saw Lorrmore himself by the door. He stared in amazement.

"You came out of that house? And you haven't a hat. Are they friends of yours that live there?"

"No," she answered confusedly.

"No! I work for them."

He eyed her dress curiously.

"So that's why you've never let me wait for you outside the school lately? Work! What sort of work? Why, I do better."

"It's true," she flashed. "I've always thought myself very foolish not to confess. I told myself you'd never be ashamed of me or look down on me for it. I was wrong, though."

"A general servant! An ordinary—"

"Exactly!" Abruptly she swung round to the house again, clutching her unposted letter tightly. She did not hear Lorrmore's call. Once inside, she began tearing it into fragments. She flung them on the kitchen fire. She choked her.

"Why, you've been very quick, Beale. By the way, I didn't know you'd finished laying the dinner table. I'd have told you you could go. It's just on six o'clock. Don't be late in the morning."

Somewhat she struggled into her hat and jacket. At the train terminus a bulky figure was waiting.

"Ah!" said Mr. Penrose cheerfully, catching sight of her. "We'll travel together, if you don't mind. But you're upset, surely? Has Mrs. Lancaster been bad-tempered?"

The girl gasped.

"Who told you—How did you know anything?"

"What you were doing interested me, naturally. Yes, I've known all along."

"And yet you don't seem to mind

being seen with me?" she returned, rather bitterly.

"Why should I? I think you're an exceedingly lucky girl. What on earth have you to be ashamed of, pray?"

Olive Beale was inwardly much surprised. She found herself revising her opinion of the "first-floor front." He was really not such a bad sort, after all.

"It was all I could find to do, I was teaching at a little private school, but it closed. Besides, I—I had to stay at home to help mother. Then—"

"Then all your lodgers left, and you wanted to be earning money. So, besides doing various things at home in the mornings and evenings, you took a situation at Mrs. Lancaster's as a 'day girl.' Well, I admire you for it—upon my word I do! But you're not going to keep it up now. You'll never have to worry any more. All those bills are settled!"

She drew back a pace. Her eyes opened wide.

"You paid them! What right had you—"

"The best right in the world," answered Mr. Penrose, with nervous joviality. "I had a hard job to get her consent, but I managed it to-day. I mean to say you never guessed?"

"I can't—can't imagine what—"

"Why," declared the stout man, "we're all going to be happy together—that's what I mean! We're going to move to another neighborhood and thoroughly enjoy ourselves. He blushed and stammered, "G-going to marry your mother!"

Impulsively she turned. As a prospective husband he had seemed impossible, but now she forgot his unattractive appearance, and for the first time realized his honest good nature.

He beamed on her. "Everything's all right. And I've just been talking to that chap Lorrmore. He'll be coming round to-night! Ah! Ah!"

COMPOSER AND CRITIC.

When Giuseppe Verdi's opera "Aida" was first presented to Italian audiences, the composer received the following letter from a man residing in Reggio, a town near Parma, and about one hundred miles from Milan:

"Reggio (Emilia), May, 1872.

"Much-Honored Signor Verdi:—The 2nd of this month I went to Parma, drawn there by the sensation made by your opera 'Aida.' So great was my curiosity that one half-hour before the commencement of the piece I was already in my place, No. 130. I admired the music, I heard with pleasure the excellent singers, and I did all in my power to let nothing escape me. At the end of the opera, I asked myself if I was satisfied, and the answer was 'No!' I started back to Reggio, and listened in the railway carriage to the opinions given upon 'Aida.' Nearly all agreed in considering it a work of the first order."

"I was then seized with the idea of hearing it again, and on the 4th I returned to Parma. I made unheeded efforts to get a reserved seat. As the crowd was enormous, I was obliged to throw away five lire in order to witness the performance with any comfort."

"I arrived at this conclusion about it: It is an opera in which there is absolutely nothing which causes any enthusiasm or excitement, and without the pomp of the spectacle, the public would not stand it to the end. When it has filled the house two or three times, it will be banished to the dust of the archives."

"You can now, dear Signor Verdi, speak upon two occasions—thirty-two lire. Add to this the aggravating circumstances that I depend on my family, and this money troubles my rest like a frightful specter! I therefore frankly address myself to you, in order that you may send me the amount. The account is as follows:

Railroad—going	Lire 2.00
Railroad—returning	2.00
Opera—Tickets	2.00
Detestable supper at the station	2.00
Twice	18.00
	2
	\$1.80

"Hoping that you will deliver me from this embarrassment, I salute you from my heart, Bertant."

"P. S. My address: Prospero Bertant, Via San Domenico, No. 5."

Verdi happened to be more amused than offended at the cool impudence of this amateur critic, and he instructed his publisher to forward to Signor Bertant the sum demanded, minus four lire. By way of justification this deduction he wrote, "The sum is not quite so much as the gentleman demands; but I think he might have taken his supper at home!"

THANKFUL FOR ANY FAVOR.

Repartee is a valuable weapon, and generally has a marked effect. A ragged, chubby boy was sweeping the crossing of a Washington street, when a very benevolent old lady passed by.

"Please, marm, gimme a little penny," he cried, following her persuasively. "Only a little penny, please, marm."

"But my child, said the old lady, kindly, "I haven't a little penny with me."

"Then," said the cherub, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "A big quarter will do." And he got it.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

The Prince of Peace! O that Thy Name
Its promise might fulfill,
And o'er the stormy hearts of men
Be heard Thy "Peace, be still."

By seer beholding from afar
The gracious Name was given,
And at His birth angelic host
Re-echoed it from heaven.

"Let glory be to God on high
And on the earth be peace,
Good will to men who have good will,"
Begin and never cease.

The world has waited long to see
His star of empire rise,
Yet still the nations arm for war,
Weapons of death devise.

But so it shall not ever be,
Bright signs of hope appear;
Nation with nation seeks for peace,
A better day draws near.

O Prince of Peace! let now Thy Name
At last its pledge attain.
Arise! arise! and in Thy might
Ascend Thy throne and reign.

—By Rev. Dr. Reginald H. Howe.

A NOPELESS CASE.

Mrs. Mithel is one of those restless, dissatisfied persons who are always sure that whatever they have is less desirable than what others have. She could not even attend an entertainment without distressing herself over the mistake they had made in buying those particular seats. The sort of restlessness annoyed her husband greatly, but nothing that he could say effected the least amendment.

One day at luncheon Mr. Mithel said, "Sarah, suppose we go to the orchestra concert to-night. They say it is to be fine."

They went a little early. Mr. Mithel had been at particular pains to select good seats, and wondered grimly what fault his wife would find with them.

She sat quite contented for almost five minutes, and then began to look round restlessly.

"Henry," she said, at last, "I don't see why you always get seats to the left of the stage. You can see much better from the right."

Mr. Mithel made no reply, but signaled an usher.

"Did you give me the right seats?" he asked, handing him the checks.

"Why, no." The usher was surprised. "Your seats are over on the other side of the house." So amid the mild curiosity of the audience, they rose and followed the usher to the opposite side of the theatre.

Mrs. Mithel was in a state of comparative quiet for a few moments. But then she began peering about uneasily.

"I wish he had let us alone," she said, a little peevishly. "This is too far over; it isn't as good a place as we had before. Really, the best place is right over there where the Jander-sons are." That was neither to the right nor the left, but directly in front of the stage.

Mithel said nothing, but when her head was turned, once more signaled an usher.

"It seems," he said, "that there is some mistake. Are these the seats my tickets called for?" Again he handed over the checks.

The usher was surprised and annoyed. He did not see how such a blunder could have occurred. And again the Mithels gathered themselves together, and amid the now general amusement made their way in the wake of the usher to new seats.

Mrs. Mithel, a little red of face, flustered and nonplussed, found the new seats—which were just two rows back of the Jander-sons—satisfactory enough to keep her quiet for half an hour.

But as one very charming selection was finished, the unusually enthusiastic applause from the balcony made her turn round and look up.

"Do you know, Henry," she observed, "that the Crochys always go to the balcony from choice. They say the first row in the balcony are the finest seats in the house—and there is always such a jolly crowd up there."

Once more Mithel motioned to an usher.

"I really am afraid we are in the wrong part of the house," he said, apologetically, handing the usher the seat-checks. "Aren't these balcony seats?"

They were, and to Mrs. Mithel's horror, and the open laughter of the whole audience, they once more marched out to find a new place.

In the front row of the balcony Mrs. Mithel sat tight all the rest of the evening, not daring to make a remark, and shuddering at the very sight of an usher.

"We will never go there again!" she

said, disgustedly, as they left. "Or all the blunders I ever heard of! How do you suppose it happened?"

"Why, just this way," her husband replied. "I knew the first seats I got would not suit you, so I had four sets reserved."

"You didn't? Why, Henry Mithel, how much did they cost?"

"Oh, about twelve dollars." He chuckled happily; the cure, he thought, was well worth the price.

"Dear me, how extravagant!" sighed Mrs. Mithel, regretfully. "We could have had a box for that."

SPINNING COTTON BY MOUSE-POWER.

Man long ago began to earn leisure for himself by forcing nature, both animate and inanimate, to labor for him. He has harnessed the winds, the tides and the cataraets, and disciplined the horse, the ox and the elephant. And one man, an ingenious Scotchman named David Hutton, actually proved that stores of profitable energy were going to waste among that busy but active folk, the ordinary domestic mouse.

The Montreal Family Herald quotes his own account of his curious experiments.

"In the summer of 1812 I had occasion to be in Perth. While inspecting the toys and trinkets that were manufactured by the French prisoners in the depot there, my attention was attracted by a little toy house with a wheel in the gable that was running rapidly round, impelled by the activity of a common mouse. For one shilling I purchased the house, the mouse and the wheel."

"But how to apply half-ounce power (which is the weight of a mouse) to a useful purpose was the difficulty. At length the manufacture of sewing thread seemed the most practicable."

Mr. Hutton found that an ordinary mouse would run on the average ten and a half miles a day; he had one mouse that ran the remarkable distance of eighteen miles in that time. A halfpenny's worth of oatmeal was sufficient for its food for thirty-five days, during which time it ran three hundred and sixty-two miles.

He kept two mice constantly engaged in the making of sewing thread for more than a year. This thread-mill was so constructed that the mouse was able to twist, twine and reel from one hundred to one hundred and twenty threads a day. To perform this task it had to run ten and a half miles, which it did with ease every other day.

On the halfpenny's worth of oatmeal, which lasted for five weeks, one of these little mice made three thousand three hundred and fifty threads, twenty-five inches long. Since a penny was paid to women for every hank made in the ordinary way, the mouse at that rate earned ninepence every six weeks. After deducting the cost of food and machinery, there was a clear yearly profit from each mouse of over six shillings.

Mr. Hutton intended to apply for the loan of Dunfermline Abbey, which was empty, where he planned to set up ten thousand mouse mills, and still have room for the keepers and several hundreds of spectators, but the project was never carried out because of the inventor's sudden death.

"There's a difference in time, you know, between this country and Europe," said a gentleman in New York, to a newly-arrived Irishman. "For instance, your friends in Cork are in bed and fast asleep by this time, while we are enjoying ourselves in the early evening."

"That's always the way!" exclaimed Pat. "Ireland never get justice yet."

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

An Englishman, who was spending his vacation in the Tyrol, learned that a pair of golden eagles were ravaging the valleys of poultry and small game, and found that they had their eagle on a certain mountainside. Being of an adventurous disposition, he obtained the services of several woodcutters, and started out before dawn, determined to capture the young eagle that was believed to be in the nest.

When the party ascended the mountain and looked over the edge of the perpendicular cliff, they could see a ledge about one hundred feet below them. One of the party remained at the top, while the others lowered themselves to the ledge by means of a rope.

Here they fastened a fifty-fathom half-inch rope to the stump of a tree, fixed a block of wood against the edge of the cliff for the rope to run over, fastened an iron hook in the crevice of the rocks, and prepared to lower the Englishman to the eagle, which they could now see far below.

A stout leather belt was fastened round his waist, with an iron ring in front, through which the rope passed. To the end of the rope a strong piece of wood was knotted, and the Englishman seated himself at astride it.

With a rifle on his back, a revolver in his pocket, a big knife in his belt, and a long pole in his hands, he was ready to start. Five men took hold of the rope, while two others lay flat upon the rocks, rifles in hand, looking over the edge of the cliff. If the old birds should attack the intruder, his life would probably depend upon those two rifles.

The descent lasted ten or fifteen minutes. Then the Englishman found himself opposite the eagle's ledge. He jerked the signal-line. He was ten or twelve feet from the ledge, but with the hooked end of his long pole, he was able to draw himself in, and presently was gazing cautiously over the edge of the nest, which, to his surprise, contained not one eagle, but two.

One of them, not without a lively struggle, he put into the canvas bag he had brought for the purpose; the other he finally managed to secure by running a noose over its feet. He tied the bag to the signal-cord, arranged himself upon his wooden seat, took the second bird in his left hand, and gave the signal. The men on the ledge, above, contrary to instructions, gave a vigorous pull that wrenched the pole from his hands and sent him away from the cliff at a frightful pace.

The return swing was likely than a paralyzed feeling in his legs and a twitching sensation in his back and joints.

There was but one thing to do, and the Englishman had the presence of mind to do it. He tilted the upper part of his body backward, and his legs forward, and struck the rock with his feet, with no worse result than a paralyzed feeling in his joints.

Just then a dark object flashed by him. It passed in such close proximity that the man felt the rush of air produced by its flight. At first he supposed it to be a falling stone, but presently he perceived that instead of being drawn upward, he was quite stationary.

One hour passed, then two, and he hung motionless at the end of the rope. He could of course form no idea of what had happened. The strange situation finally got upon his nerves. He imagined that he had been abandoned, and must wait there till he lost his hold, and fell to his death, or until the parent eagles should return and pluck out his eyes.

To add to his misfortunes, a sharp thunder-storm came on, that wet him to the skin, and nearly blinded him with lightning.

At last, when he had hung thus between heaven and earth for more than three hours, he felt a tug upon the rope, and in fifteen minutes was at the top with his two prizes.

Then he found that the falling object was the block on which the rope had run. It had had to be replaced, lest the rope should be cut by the sharp edge of the rock, and the long delay had been caused by the necessity of sending the one man at the top down to the base of the mountain to cut a small tree and make a second block.

TOO HOT FOR THEM.

Sir Henry Lucy tells in the Cornhill Magazine a good story that he had from Nansen, the explorer. It amusingly illustrates the hardy health of the Laplanders.

Part of Nansen's equipment for his trip across Greenland consisted of two sleeping-bags made of unsewed skins. On the first night of the journey Nansen and his two Norwegian companions got into one of the bags, pulled the mouth tight across their necks, and so slept in the snow with only their heads out.

Before retiring to rest, Nansen saw the three Laplanders he had engaged for the expedition peering tucked into the other sleeping-bag. When he awoke in the morning, almost numb with cold, he observed that the bag in which he had tied up the Laplanders was empty, and that they were nowhere in sight. He was afraid they had deserted him, and scrambling out of the bag, went in search of them. He found the three men fast asleep behind a hillock of snow that they had scraped together as a protection against the wind.

"Ah, marm," they said, when asked to explain this extraordinary conduct. "We couldn't sleep in that thing. It was too hot, so we got out and have had a comfortable night here."

Johnson—Ah, I see the newspapers are speaking about me again this morning.

Humphreys—Indeed! In what connection?

Johnson—Well, they say that at the close of last week there were over five millions of people in this place. I am one of them.

The Peoples Bank OF HAMMONTON, N. J.

Capital, \$50,000
Surplus and Undivided
Profits, . \$50,000

Three per cent interest paid
on time deposits.

Two per cent interest allowed on demand
accounts having daily balance of
\$1000 or more.

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

M. L. JACKSON, President
W. J. SMITH, Vice-Pres't.
W. R. TILTON, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

M. L. Jackson J. A. Wass
O. F. Osgood George Elvins
Wm. J. Smith J. C. Anderson
Sam'l Anderson W. R. Tilton
Wm. L. Black

W. H. Bernshouse

Fire Insurance

Strongest Companies
Lowest Rates

Conveyancing,

Notary Public,

Commissioner of Deeds.

Hammonton.

John Frasch, Jr.,

Funeral Director

and Embalmer

Twelfth St., between railroads.
Local Phone 901. Bell 47-2

Hammonton, N. J.

Walter J. Vernier

Sanitary Plumb'r

and

Gas Fitting Contractor

Hammonton, N. J.

Local Phone 615

99

Reasons

Why it pays to build of Concrete
First, it lasts; Second, it satisfies
Third, it is modern;

The other ninety six reasons you
will find if you will examine a
house of this kind, or if you
will call on the

Hammonton Concrete Co.

DO YOU NOT KNOW?

If you do not, you can find out by a very
little investigation that

The Hammonton Paint

Is the very best paint
that was ever used in Hammonton.
There are scores of buildings that you
see every day, painted with the
Hammonton Paint eight to twelve
years ago, and looking well
at the present time.

The Hammonton Paint is sold for less
than any other first-class paint. It has
no equal, as it works well, covers well,
and wears well. Sold by

JOH. I. TAYLOR

House, Sign and Carriage Painter,
Second and Pleasant Sts.,
Hammonton, N. J.



Lakeview GREEN- HOUSE

Central Ave., Hammonton, N. J.

Large assortment of
Palms, Ferns, House Plants,
Cut Flowers. Funeral Designs
in Fresh Flowers, Wax, or Metal.

WATKIS & NICHOLSON,
Florists and Landscape Gardeners.
Phone 1-W

Basin Road's Needs

(The following petition, numerously
signed, was presented to Council some
months ago. Its publication is asked
that the new Highway Committee, and
citizens generally, may appreciate the
situation better.)

To the Councilmen of Hammonton,
Gentlemen:—We the undersigned
property owners and taxpayers,
direct your attention to Basin Road,
on which many of us reside, and
which we travel over to reach town.

We do not know, but we are told
that about twelve years ago a short
strip of a hundred feet or so—be-
tween Marinelli's and Carpo's—
was gravelled; but other than that
few feet, it has had no repairs or
attention for years.

Basin Road is sandy, uneven,
rutty and has numerous hollows,
which after a storm retain the
water for some days, so that in dry
weather and in wet weather the
road is heavy and impassable for
any team loaded to capacity. The
quantity of fruits, berries, bulbs,
flowers, poultry, truck and supplies
hauled over Basin Road equals if it
does not exceed that of any other
road of similar length leading into
town. Its condition is such that to
load a team to capacity makes it
unduly hard upon the horses, and
risks a breakage of the vehicle;
quick time on it is impossible; its
condition makes those using it lose
a third of their time each way to
and from town.

We have waited in patience for
years, hoping our turn for repairs
would come, but in vain; our tem-
per is sorely tried and our patience
exhausted. We have paid our full
share of taxes all these years, with
absolutely no return in the way of
road repairs. Its condition depre-
ciates the value of our property,
and we desire, and insist on a
change for the better.

To get to Pine Road we have to
travel more than a mile to Main
Road, or to Union Road, and to
get to Middle Road we must travel
all the way to Myrtle Street because
the connecting road used by the
late lamented General Washington
on his way to Winslow has had no
repairs since he travelled over it,
although we are informed your hon-
orable body, some three years ago
duly passed an ordinance looking
to its survey and opening, but for
some reason the Supervisor pre-
sumed you did not mean it, and
calmly ignored the command.

Therefore we sink hub deep, un-
bitch, go borrow an extra horse to
pull us out of the mire before we
can pursue our journey.

Both Pine and Middle Roads are
gravelled, and kept in a fair state
of repair. Why has Basin Road
been so neglected? The money
brought into Hammonton and ex-
pended in its stores from products
grown along Basin Road exceeds
the returns of any similar stretch
in the county.

We therefore ask at your hands,
as a matter of equity, justice, and
right, that Basin Road, from Main
Road to Union Road, and the road
connecting it with Middle Road be
given early attention and made
safely passable.

We submit these incontrovertible
facts, and ask, in a spirit of fair-
ness, that you give the matter
favorable consideration.

Very truly your friends and sup-
porters:— * * * *

Tungsten And Its Uses.

Last year there was a sharp de-
crease in the production of Tung-
sten ore owing to the decrease in
the demand for tool steels, in which
the bulk of the tungsten produced
is used, according to Frank L. Hess,
in a report on this metal just issued
by the United States Geological
Survey. The production of domestic
tungsten ore in 1911 amounted to
1,139 short tons of concentrates,
carrying 60 per cent of tungsten
trioxide, valued at \$407,985; in
1910 the production amounted to
1,821 short tons, valued at \$832,992.

Tungsten is used chiefly in mak-
ing steels that will hold their tem-
per when heated, but it is most
generally known as supplying the
filament of tungsten incandescent
lamps. The great improvements in
drawing tungsten wire and fur-
ther notable improvements in the
size of the globe of the tungsten
lamp and in other mechanical de-
tails that add greatly to its effi-
ciency are making it encroach upon
the carbon filament lamp and the
arc lamp, and it is rapidly driving
from the market the tantalum lamp,
which was the first good incandes-
cent lamp having a metallic fila-
ment. Diamonds are used for dies
in drawing tungsten wire. At first
it did not seem possible to drill
small enough holes through the dia-
monds to make wire sufficiently
fine for lamps of small candlepower,
but wire 0.0006 inch in diameter
can now be drawn in quantity.
The total quantity of tungsten ore

used for electric lights, however,
amounts to only a few tons a year.
New uses of tungsten, in making
electric furnaces, electric contacts,
and targets for Roentgen rays, have
been developed, and the last two
products are being actively manu-
factured.

Even for purposes of war tung-
sten may have its uses, and inves-
tigations are now being made with
a view to its application in the
manufacture of projectiles.

The present small-arm projectile
is made of lead with a jacket of
copper-nickel alloy. The principal
advantage of lead over iron, which
would of course be cheaper, is that
it has a higher specific gravity.
Because of this fact a lead bullet
will have a smaller cross section
and will therefore encounter less
air resistance to its flight than will
an iron bullet of the same weight,
and it will consequently give a flatter
trajectory and longer range.
An iron bullet of the same diameter
as the lead bullet could of course
be made of the same weight by in-
creasing its length, but this would
at once necessitate giving it a high-
er rotational velocity to keep its
axis tangential to its flight. To
impart this added rotational velo-
city would call for the expenditure
of energy and so leave less for ve-
locity of translation. With the ex-
ception of tungsten, lead is the
densest metal which can be consid-
ered for this purpose, for gold is
the cheapest of the other elements
having a higher specific gravity
than lead.

For military purposes the softness
of lead is not an advantage, a soft
nosed bullet being tabooed in civil-
ized warfare. For this reason and
because of the fact that it is too
weak to hold the rifling it has to
be jacketed with copper-nickel al-
loy. To take the rifling and to act
as a gas check, the tungsten bullet
will require a copper band or its
equivalent at the base.

The hardness and high tensile
strength of wrought tungsten will
give high penetrating power. The
high melting point of tungsten will
prevent the projectile from being
harmfully upset at the base by the
combined action of the high tem-
perature and rapid impact due to
the combustion of the powder charge.

Do your buying where you do
your borrowing.

Don't be satisfied merely to in-
quire, "What will it cost?" Ask
also, "How will it last me?"

The real homemaker is prouder
of a few good things than she ever
would be of a lot of poor ones.

There are just two things that
govern the price of any article—
Quality and Supply. There is no
article of ordinary use that your
home merchant can not buy in the
open market. No mail order house
has a corner on good goods—if it
had, it would increase the price.
There is no quality that the mer-
chant cannot give as well as any
other, if you are willing to pay for
it. And there is no living man
who can materially cut the price
of any article without cutting the
quality.

NOTICE.

To whom it may concern, and particularly
to the owners of property abutting on the
following portions of streets in the Town of
Hammonton, County of Atlantic, in the
State of New Jersey:

The northern side of Twelfth Street from
Grand Street to Front Street; both sides
of Twelfth Street from Front Street to
of Bellevue Avenue to the Harbor Road;
to Main Road; the northern side of Egg
Harbor Road from Orchard Street to Grape
Street; and both sides of Horton Street
from Bellevue Avenue to Pleasant Street.

Take notice that the Commissioners ap-
pointed by ordinance of the Board of Council-
men of the Town of Hammonton, to ascertain
the expenses and costs of improving the above
named portions of streets in the said Town
with sidewalks and curbing, and to assess
upon each separate lot or parcel of land
directly benefited by said improvements
such portion of said expenses and costs as is
in proportion to the said benefits and to assess
the balance of said expenses and costs upon
the said Town of Hammonton, have duly
made and filed their report in the office of the
undersigned, Clerk of the said Town of Ham-
monton, on the twentieth day of December
1912.

And take further notice that said Board of
Councilmen of the said Town of Hammonton
will meet in the Town Hall of the said Town
of Hammonton, at the corner of Vine Street
and Central Avenue, on the evening of
Wednesday, the twenty-ninth day of January,
1913, at eight o'clock, to consider the said
report and assessment and to receive and
consider all objections thereto which may
be presented in writing.

And take further notice that if said report
and assessments are found to be proper and
correct, the said Board of Councilmen will
confirm said assessments and the same will
constitute a lien upon the property abutting
on the line of said improvements and ben-
efited thereby, which assessments will be
collected under and by virtue of an ordinance
or ordinances to be passed by said Board of
Councilmen for the purpose.

W. R. SEELY,
Town Clerk of the Town of Hammonton,
County of Atlantic, State of New Jersey.
Dated Hammonton, N. J., Jan. 4, 1913.

In Chancery of New Jersey

To Giuseppe Gulture and Maria Gulture:

By virtue of an order of the Court of
Chancery made on the date thereof, in a cause
wherein The Hammonton Loan and Building
Association, a New Jersey corporation of
Hammonton, New Jersey, is complainant, and
you, Giuseppe Gulture and Maria Gulture, and
others are defendants, you are required to
appear, plead, answer or demur to the bill of
said complainant on or before the twentieth
day of February, in the year of our
Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirteen,
or the said bill will be taken as confessed
against you. The said bill is filed to foreclose
a certain agreement bearing date the Twelfth
day of December, in the year of our Lord one
thousand nine hundred and thirteen, between
The Hammonton Loan and Building Associa-
tion, a corporation as aforesaid, and Giuseppe
Gulture and Maria Gulture, his wife, and cov-
ering certain lands located in the Town of
Hammonton, County of Atlantic and State of
New Jersey, and in and to the premises or lands, or
part thereof therein described.

Dated December 22, 1912.

BLEAKLY & STOCKWELL,
Solicitors for and of counsel with complainant,
317 Market Street, Camden, N. J.



The Hammont'n Telephone

Gives Best Service

and

Is the Cheapest!

A. J. RIDER,

President and Manager.

Office in Odd Fellows Building.

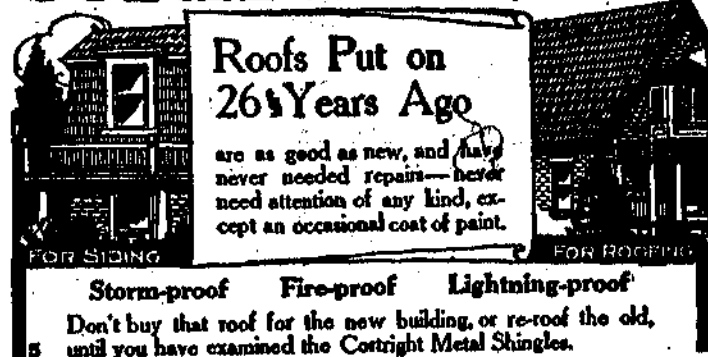
R. N. BIRDSALL

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

Jobbing Promptly Attended To.
Metal Weather Stripping for Doors & Windows
Colwell Block, Hammonton, N. J.

20 WORDS 10c

CORTRIGHT METAL SHINGLES



Roofs Put on
26 Years Ago

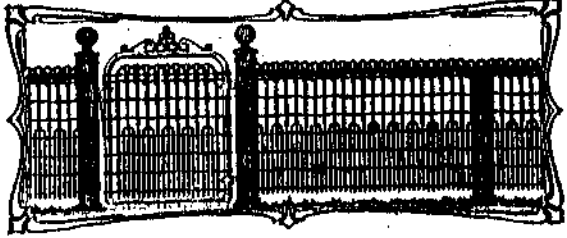
are as good as new, and have
never needed repairs—have
needed attention of any kind, ex-
cept an occasional coat of paint.

Storm-proof Fire-proof Lightning-proof

Don't buy that roof for the new building, or re-roof the old,
until you have examined the Cortright Metal Shingles.

For sale by George O. Bobst,
Contractor & Builder, Hammonton, N. J.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES WITH



Cyclone Galvanized Ornamental Fence And GATES.

Specially made—fully guaranteed—durable,
cheaper than wood.

All sizes and styles. See samples at my office.
JOS. R. IMHOFF Hammonton.

Ask for Rates at your Age

IN

The Provident Life and Trust Company of Philadelphia

Daniel F. Yost, Special Agent.

Room 301 Bartlett Building, Atlantic City.
Coast Phone 1812-M

Local Phone, 632.

Residence, Grape St., Hammonton

This Store Closes

at 6.30 o'clock

every Evening

except Saturday

during January and February

We use the best materials

in our Repairing Dept.

and do the work the same day

if brought in the early morning

MONFORT'S SHOE STORE

Hammonton

N. J.

Going out of the Ready-made Clothing

Business

I am offering
my entire stock

at COST and Less

Take advantage of
this money-saving
Opportunity

Call early, and
have the best cho

CHARLES GUBER
TAILOR

Hammonton, New Jersey.