

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**  
Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought  
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

### DOLPHINS.

The Species That Play Around the Shores of Brittany.

Dolphin hunting as a sport is old to the Malouins, the inhabitants of St. Malo. Several species of dolphins are to be met with near the shores of Brittany. The largest is known to science as Delphinus delphis and differs from other varieties by its long jaws, very like the beak of a big bird, and armed with about sixty teeth as hard and sharp as steel. Its length may reach nine feet, and it weighs from 300 to 400 pounds. A swift swimmer, it preys on the schools of herrings, following them right up to the Scottish waters. In spite of its greed it is noted for its mild temper and, frequently amuses itself by playing around ships in the open sea. Then there is the Delphinus tursio, or souffleur. This is smaller, and its beak is shorter, though armed with strong, powerful teeth that enable it to attack a big fish, pinning it down to the rocks with such force that its nose is often deeply marked with numerous cuts. This dolphin hates the very sight of a ship and never comes close to one. Finally there is the porpoise, or marcoulin, the smallest species of the genus. Much sport may be obtained by hunting these various dolphins.—Wide World Magazine.

### The Difference.

Marriage is a good thing for single men," said the bridegroom elect. "Hum! Yes," remarked Mr. Henpeck, "for single men only."—New York Times.

The disappointment of manhood succeeds the delusion of youth.—Disraeli.

### HIS UMBRELLA.

It Was the Cause of Airing Family Secrets in Public.

A young man was riding in an omnibus. He took the corner seat and held in his hand an umbrella which had been given him as a birthday present. On the seat facing him was a lady with a precocious boy, evidently about five years old. The youngster regarded the young man with attention for a few moments, and then his eyes wandered to the umbrella. He gazed at it in silence for a second; then he wriggled in his seat, clapped his hands and shouted: "Oh, mamma, don't that look like papa's umbrella?" "Hush, hush, my child!" said the mother, patting the prodigy on the head. "Papa was looking for his umbrella this morning, mamma," continued the child wonder. "Yes, yes, but he found it," said the mother hurriedly, as the conversation was becoming of interest to the occupants of the seats. "Why, mamma," continued the youngster, "you know he didn't. You told him that he didn't know enough to keep an umbrella. Why, mamma?" At this stage the small boy was carried howling from the bus.—Pearson's Weekly.

### He Mingled.

"Did you meet any of the members of the nobility when you were in Europe?" asked Miss Gushleigh. "Sure. I sat between an earl and a viscount at a prize fight one evening."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### ON A MODERN WARSHIP.

The Feelings of a Commander as Described by Himself.

How the commander of a modern big American battleship can feel is disclosed in the following, taken from a letter written by such an officer:

"There are more than 900 men on this ship, and on the theory that an official of the government is a servant of the people I am the servant of these 900 men and am bound to see that they are kept in food and clothing and baseball bats and abundantly supplied with occupation. Perhaps I should feel more independent if I didn't have to listen respectfully to the orderly every time he comes in and makes one of his infinitely numerous reports and put men in jail when I don't want to.

"Some of these 900 men look more dignified and independent than I feel. I wonder whether I look dignified and independent. I suppose I ought to do so, for to swing a steel mass 504 feet long successfully around like monsters and to make 15,000 tons writhe around the corners of narrow channels is something of an art, after all, and one not possessed by many of the inhabitants of the globe.

"With all that swinging of steel monsters around there go the responsibility and the knowledge that if the ship runs aground the whole civilized world will be acquainted with it inside of twenty-four hours."

### DEADLY HORNETS.

The Ones That Buzzed About the Young Soldier's Ears.

A great general was taking his regiment into action. He sent forward a detail of men to make gaps in a rail fence to avoid the heavy loss sure to result if the whole body of men paused to tear it down.

The coolest and finest man in the detail was a young soldier who had never been under fire before. When he began pulling down the fence he fancied he had disturbed a nest of hornets, as he thought he heard them singing fiercely about his ears. But the lad was not going to run from hornets when there was more serious business ahead.

Ignoring the angry insects, he opened the fence and rejoined the regiment without being stung.

In a day or two he was surprised to hear that he was to be promoted.

"But," he said modestly, "I don't think I deserve promotion over the others."

"My boy," replied the general, "I saw you pull down that fence. You were the coolest man under fire I ever saw."

The man gasped, stared and turned pale.

"What!" he exclaimed, regardless of grammar. "Was them wasps bullets?"

### Miners on the Corner.

"Those men," said Sherlock Holmes, "are colliers. You can tell it by their attitude."

The men, very clean in white shirts and black overcoats, squatted on their heels on a sunny corner. "Any other men," continued Holmes, "would stand. They would lean against the lamppost or the wooden Indian of the tobacconist. But these men, in the low galleries or tunnels of coal mines, for lack of space must work seated on their heels—squating, as we say. And this position, which would become a torture to you or me in five minutes, is to them, from long usage, comfortable and customary. It is their favorite position at all times.

"Hence when you see men idling on their heels on the street corners you can always set them down as miners. If they are bowlegged the case against them is doubly strong."—Buffalo Express.

### The Lady Was Not the Ghost.

An Irish family once had a ghost so troublesome that they sent for detectives. One of these men late at night fell asleep in his chair. The lady of the house chanced to come into the room and could not resist the temptation to groan and rattle her keys. She had never played ghost before. It was momentary indiscretion. But the policeman did not and could hardly be expected to believe this. He said it was hardly worth while to bring him from Dublin, and he withdrew in dudgeon. Yet the lady was not really the ghost. He was sulking in retirement; hence doubt has been cast on the ghosts of haunted houses even among reflecting minds.—London News.

### Civil Service in England and America.

The difference between the civil service examination in England and in America is important and to the advantage of the English. In the United States the object is almost entirely to discover the immediate fitness of the candidates for the work they are expected to do. In England the object in most cases is to measure what their ability to do the work will be after they have learned it.—From "The Government of England," by A.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. (Isolated Tract.)  
Public Land Sale.  
Serial No. 6448.  
United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon  
April 9, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1908, Public—No. 393, we will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, at 9:20 o'clock a. m., on the 19th day of May, 1909 next, at this office, the following tract of land to wit: NE 1/4 NE 1/4 sec. 25, tp. 2 S. R. 24 E. and lot 2 SE 1/4 NW 1/4 NW 1/4 sec. 20 tp. 2 S R 25 E. W. M. Any persons claiming adversely the above described lands are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the day above designated for sale.  
Apr 15 May 20 C. W. MOORE, Register.

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### ETIQUETTE.

An Old Fashioned Man Frees His Mind About Its Absurdities.

"Whether to eat fish with a fish knife and fork or a fork and a bit of bread, whether to serve champagne in a tumbler or a goblet—it is quite absurd to regard one of these courses as right and the other as wrong and to admire or despise a person accordingly. The average rule of etiquette has nothing to do with courtesy, with good breeding, and it is no criterion of courtesy or of good breeding."

The speaker, an old fashioned gentleman from the country, knotted the ends of his napkin more firmly about his neck.

"Smile at me, nephews and nieces," he resumed, "because I took my napkin under my chin. Yet why should I spoil my black broadcloth coat with turkey stains or smears of cranberry sauce? It is a rule of etiquette, you say, that the napkin may only be placed across the knee—an absurd, ephemeral rule!

"It was a rule of etiquette in France during the reign of 'Le Roi Soleil,' the great Louis XIV., that when the king visited a sick subject the king, too, must lie down in a bed, on the ground that it would never do for a subject to maintain a more informal attitude than his master during the audience. Louis XIV., visiting the Marshal de Villars after Malplaquet, lay in a bed beside the suffering soldier in that way.

"Behold the absurdities of etiquette and let me do with my napkin what I please."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### THE FOREIGN LEGION.

A Peculiar Body of Fighters in the French Army.

The French foreign legion is a heterogeneous organization. It is composed of disappointed men of every country—political refugees, military fugitives. In fact, all varieties of the world's restless citizens go to make up this wonderful mongrel fighting machine. "No questions asked" might well be the regimental motto. Each man signing his bond of service sells his soul for five years at the wage of 1 sou (about 1 cent) per day.

The officers are French, but the men hail from everywhere and nowhere. Under various names the French legion has existed since the eighteenth century and was finally constituted as at present in 1830. It consists of twelve battalions divided into two regiments, mustering a total strength of 12,000 men. Eight thousand are kept in the far east, the remainder serving in northern Africa. In the early days the regiments were divided into "national sections," men from the same country being kept together.

This resulted, however, in continual racial disputes, and each company consequently was given a cosmopolitan composition. Since its formation the officials have guarded closely against desertions, and as the legion only serves in French colonial territory where the centers are remote and transportation is difficult a successful desertion is a rare feat.—Chicago News.

### A Dickens Manuscript.

H. F. Dickens, K. C., tells an interesting story concerning the original manuscript of his father's famous "Carol." The novelist presented the MS. to Thomas Milton, an old school fellow. In 1875 Mr. Milton sold it to Francis Harvey, a bookseller, for £50. Then it passed into the hands of George Churchill, an enthusiastic autograph collector. Mr. Churchill treasured it until 1882, when circumstances compelled him to part with it. After photographing every page of it, it was sold to Mr. Bennett, a Birmingham bookseller and curio dealer, who eventually found a purchaser, who readily signed a check for £200 for it. Finally it was bought by Stuart M. Samuel of Kensington Palace Gardens for £300, who is said to still retain the precious document.—London Tit-Bits.

### A Slight Misunderstanding.

Little Helen Bentley of Los Angeles, aged five, dearly loves her grandma, who has been living with her and her parents. Recently grandma went to Seattle for a visit and caught cold on the way. When she arrived there, she wrote back to Helen's parents that she had reached Seattle, but had had a hard fight with the grip. Helen wanted to hear what grandma had to say, and the letter was read to her. Soon afterward she saw one of her neighbors and exclaimed: "Oh, Mrs. Smith, we've had a letter from grandma. She got to Seattle all right, but she had a terrible fight with her valise!"—Los Angeles Times.

### What Counts in a Story.

As I heard a famous raconteur telling a story I had heard in one form or another for many years I could not but recall the statement of some one to the effect that there are but five stories extant and that all we have are merely variations from the original five. As General Taylor, who is something of a story teller himself, puts it: "The story doesn't amount to anything. It's the edition that counts."—Boston Herald.

## Plan for Summer Comfort

Don't add the heat of a kitchen fire to the sufficient discomfort of hot weather.

Use a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove and cook in comfort.

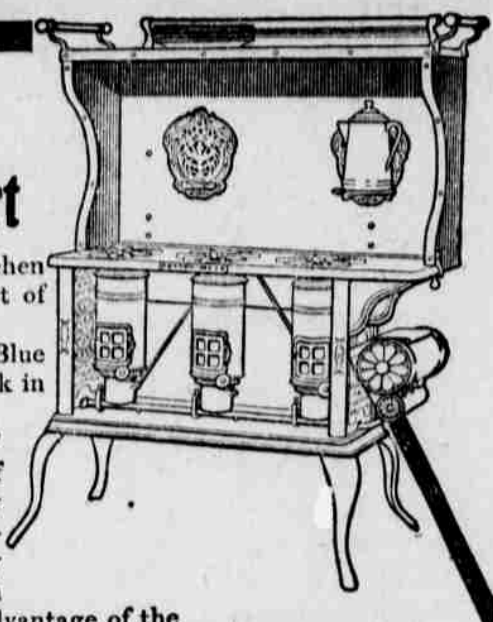
With a "New Perfection" Oil Stove the preparation of daily meals, or the big weekly "baking," is done without raising the temperature perceptibly above that of any other room in the house. Another great advantage of the

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is its handsome CABINET TOP, which gives it every convenience of the modern steel range. Has an ample top shelf for warming plates and keeping cooked food hot, drop shelves for holding small cooking utensils, and is even fitted with racks for towels. Made in three sizes, and can be had with or without Cabinet Top. If not at your dealer's address our nearest agency.

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### Eating the Pie.

"I remember one man from my home town," a western senator said recently, "in the good old days before civil service examinations, whose dream of earthly attainment was a government place. When his party was finally successful he immediately set out for Washington and was 'on the job' long before the 4th of March, but there seemed to be a hitch somewhere. All through the spring he was about town. By June he was seedy, but still appeared to be 'game.' Finally I found him in the gallery of the senate chamber apparently endeavoring to kill time.

"Well, have you given it up? I asked, trying to be sympathetic. "Oh, I got the job, all right," he replied, with a satisfied smile. "I'm working now."—Success Magazine.

### Uncertain.

The secretary of one of the college classes at Princeton, in sending out each year a list of questions to be answered by members of the class, in order that the results may be duly tabulated and set forth in the university annual, is said always to include in his list this question: "Are you engaged?"

It would seem that one of the members was cursed with doubt in this respect, for in the blank space given over to the query mentioned he made his return as follows: "Do not know. Am awaiting letter."—Harper's Magazine.

### Transformation.

Mr. Fred Stone, the singing comedian, and Mr. Eugene Wood, the writer, met on Broadway recently. They stopped for a moment to exchange a few cheerful views, when a woman in a particularly noticeable gown passed. Simultaneously Wood turned to Stone, Stone turned to Wood, then both turned to rubber.—Everybody's.

### Patchwork Education.

What the modern child lacks most is the power of observation. He is saturated with smatterings of every kind of knowledge, lives a strenuous life and cannot find time for observation and assimilation.—Madrid Mundo.

### The Last Word.

She—And do you believe that a woman always turns to the last page first when she picks up a book? He—Well, I have no reason to doubt it. I know it is the nature of the fair sex to want the last word.—Pick-Me-Up.

### Sunday's Journey.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is meant by 'a Sabbath day's journey?'" "I am afraid, my son, that in too many cases it means twice around the golf links."—Washington Star.

### A Hint.

"You seem to be very fond of your dolly," remarked the visitor. "Yes," replied small Margie. "She's so different from most people. She never interrupts me when I'm talking."—Chicago News.

Dwell not too long upon sports, for as they refresh a man that is weary so they weary a man that is refreshed.—Fuller.

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