

Boquet Jeanice

lie Lill; Go, My Boy, Where Duty Calls. Go, my boy, and heaven bless you! I have read each precious line I have read each precious line Of your heart's responsive throbbing To a higher call than mine. God has spoken—you have heard Him, And though tears these eyes bedim, Your affection for your mother Shall not mar your love for Him. Could I bid you stay from fondness When the ever ruling hand Marks your path to duiy clearly For the safety of your land? No! 'tis yours to be a patriot, And 'tis mine to be as true; Go, my boy, where duty calls you And my heart shall follow you! What The Packers Go in faith and feel protection Do For You In a power supreme, divine; Should a bullet pierce your body It will also enter mine, Do I think of this in sorrow Does my love sad fears renew? Do I tremble at the prospect? No, my son, no more than you. Dear to me is every pathway Where your precious feet have trod; But I give you fondly, freely, To my country and my God., You and I shall never failter In the work we have to do; Go, my boy, where duty calls you Any my heart shall follow you. or go without. shall pray for you-how often-With the waking hour of morn, Through the labors of my household And when night is conting on. If a mother's prayer can keep you! Mid the dangers you incur, God will surely bring you back Again to happiness and her. possible. I will never doubt the goodness That has kept you until now, / That has kept the evil from your Heart, the shadow from your brow And I know that it shall keep You in the path you must pursue Go, my boy, where duty calls you And my heart shall follow you. If my boy were less a hero, Less the man in thought and deed, I had less to give my country In her trying hour of need; And I feel a pride in knowing That to serve this cause divine From the hearthstone goes no braver Heart than that which goes from mine, I have loved you from the hour That my lips first pressed your brow Ever tenderly; but never meat you eat. Swift & Company, U.S.A. Quite as tenderly as now; All I have is His who gave it, Whatsoe'er He blds me do; Go, my boy, where duty calls you And my heart shall follow you. I shall miss you in the springtime When the orchard is in bloom. When the smiling face of nature Batkes its beauty in perfume; When the birds are sweetly singing By the door and on the wing. I shall think of you who always Used to pause and hear them sing Long will seem the waning hours Through the drowsy summer day With my boy exposed to danger: On a soil far, far away, But my spirit shall not murmur, Though a tear bedim my view; Go, my boy, where duty calls yo And my heart shall follow you. State Fair, Salem, Oregon, Sep-tember 23-28. Splendid exhibits, ex-collent music, high class entertain-ments and a superbracing card. For-particulars, write A. H. Lea, Salem, Oregon NOTICE TO PUBLIC. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fri-I wish to announce to the public that while I am moving to Salem, for the present my office on the cor-ner of Cass and Pine streets under the firm name of Perrine & Marsters will not be closed, but will be taken over and run by J. A. Walker, a form-or member of the firm, who will take care of all insurance, rentals and real estate business formerly conduct-ed by the firm. All business will be days of each week Oregon grown strawberries will be on sale at our store until further notice. Neely & al Neely, the grocers. A MAN IS WHAT HE FEEDS ON The housewife, looking to the family health, will buy where she can get Fresh, Clean Groceries. Our Stock is Clean and Sanitarily Kept and all goods are of the best manufacture. Orders personally looked by the firm. All business will be given the usual careful attention, s6 E. B. PERRINE. WALTER PATTERSON. THE CASS STREET GROCERY, PHONE 279 INSURE YOUR FRUIT DRVER. Help to win the war. Do not take the chances of losing all. We write dryer insurance at old rates. Do not walt. See M. F. Rice, of Rice & Rice. FOR MILK AND CREAM PHONE Try a News classified ad. STOP AT THE **GRAND HOTEI** CASS STREET ROSEBURG Why is a brick mason like a loco-motive? Because he has a tender

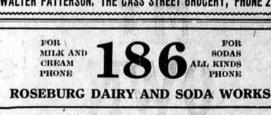
Not very many years ago in the history of the world, the man that lived in America had to hunt for his food,

Now he sits down at a table and decides what he wants to eat; or his wife calls up the market and has it sent home for him. And what he gets is incomparably better.

Everyone of us has some part in the vast human machine, called society, that makes all this convenience

The packer's part is to prepare meat and get it to every part of the country sweet and fresh-to obtain it from the stock raiser, to dress it, cool it, ship it many miles in special refrigerator cars, keep it cool at distributing points, and get it into the consumer's hands-your hands-through retailers, all within about two weeks.

For this service-so perfect and effective that you are scarcely aware that anything is being done for youyou pay the packers an average profit of only a fraction of a cent a pound above actual cost on every pound of



SCRAP

You will come and see your mother-Come and kiss her as you say; From her lips receive the blessing That shall obser you on your way! From her fend embrace go forward To resist your country's foe With the comforting assurance

That your mother bade you go.

may heaven protect and bles

you, Holy angels guard your way, Keep your splift from temptation And your feet from going astray To your mother over faithful, To your country ever true, Go, my boy, where duly calls you And my heart shall follow ou.

knitted socks; Mrs. Ralph Pyritz guilt.

