New York Board of Health

SITS DOWN ON A BAKING POWDER CO.

ROYAL'S OLD GAME.

STATE BOARD OF HEALTH OF NEW YORK.

Albany, N. Y., April 28th, 1888.

To John Anderson, Esq
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:-

In response to yours of April 20th, in regard to the advertising of the Royal Baking Powder Company I have the honor to send you the following resolution adopted by the Board at its quarterly meeting held in Albany Feb. 11th, 1885.

Resolved, That the advertisement of the Royal Baking Powder Company, quoting the State Board of Health of New York as recommending, through one of its analysts, its purity, etc., is a misrepresentation. In no case does the State Board of Health or its representatives, cause such examination to be made with a view of recommending any particular products.

Very truly yours,
Wm. Carnrick
Asst Sec'y

The misrepresentation which called forth the resolution of the State Board of Health of New York, printed above, is in keeping with the old tactics of the Royal Baking Powder Company.

First it manufactured a Government Chemist out of whole cloth, and the garment was cut and made to fit Dr. Henry A. Mott, and later poor Dr. Love.

Brought to a turn in this, the same company sought to use the New York Board of Health.

It did not hesitate to send broadcast, the statement that the New York Board of Health had endorsed and recommended the Royal (Ammonia) Baking Powder.

It did not take the New York Board of Health very long to assert itself on this misrepresentation as will be seen from the foregoing letter.

These questionable methods of advertising have never been resorted to by the Price Baking Powder Co. The old-fashioned honest way of making a pure Cream Tartar Baking Powder is much to be preferred. No ammonia to conceal, nothing to bolster up.

The success of Dr. Price proves honesty is the best business policy in food products, as in everything else.

With Ely's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain and with perfect safety. Try the remedy; it cures catarrh.

My son has been afflicted with nasal catarrh since quite young. I was induced to try Ely's Cream Balm, and before he had used one bottle that disagreeable catarrhal smell had all left him. He appears as well as any one. It is the best catarrh remedy in the market.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from her nose. Two physicians prescribed, but without benefit. We tried Ely's Cream Balm, and, much to our surprise, there was a marked improvement. We continued using the Balm, and in a short time the discharge was cured.—O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. Price, 50 cents at druggists' or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS,
56 Warren Street, New York.

THE QUIMBY HOUSE, Portland, Or., is the best $1 a day hotel on the Pacific Coast. Try it. Quimby & Edwards, proprietors.

House cleaning is necessary in spring; so is Oregon Blood Purifier for system cleaning.

St. Jacobs Oil

A SURE CURE. A PROMPT CURE.

CURES PERMANENTLY

Rheumatism
Sciatica
Back Aches
all Aches
NEURALGIA.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.
IT IS THE BEST.

TAKE IT
W. PFUNDER'S.
OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.
CURES
KIDNEY & LIVER DISEASES. DYSPEPSIA. PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND SKIN DISEASES. HEADACHE & COSTIVENESS.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. DR. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

N. P. N. U. No. 433—8, F. N. U. No. 510

The Bonnet Was a Heap of Ashes.

A woman tells of a curious case of apparent spontaneous combustion which may perhaps explain some alleged incendiarisms or inexplicably started fires. Coming home late from the theater one evening she left her bonnet, which was damp from a slight rain, on the parlor table, and forgot to remove it the next morning. Toward noon, passing through the hall, her attention was attracted by a smell of smoke, very faint, but still distinct, and in the parlor, after some search, its origin was found in a tiny curl issuing from the center of a feather trimmed bonnet.

An attempt to snatch the article from the table resulted in a sudden transformation, as it fell to ashes beneath her fingers. Then it was discovered that the bonnet had been lying on a table upon which was also a stereoscope, and through its lens the morning sun had shone so ardently as to develop a burning glass, which in its turn had created a spark that had run hither and thither over the bonnet until it was completely destroyed.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A Distinction Often Made.

"People do draw the most ridiculous distinctions sometimes," said the man from the suburbs, who always smoked a pipe on the train. "For instance, if a friend asks you for a postage stamp and you give it to him, he becomes indignant when you demur to accepting the two cents in payment. He assumes a highly virtuous air, and insists that he is always very careful in small matters, so you take the two cents. Yet, offer him a cigar or ask him to take a drink with you, and he exhibits no scruples, but accepts at once. It is entirely possible, too, that if he borrowed five dollars from you he would forget to return it, but when it is a question of two cents he is punctilious to a degree."—New York Tribune.

Hardened.

Lawyer (to strong witness for his side)—It just did me good to see how cool you were under cross-examination.

Strong Witness (modestly)—I am the editor of a paper which claims 300,000 circulation.—New York Star.

Any single man or woman, also any man or woman who is the head of a family, when twenty-one years of age or over, can take up a homestead of United States land. These lands are divided into two classes. Either 80 acres of one class or 160 acres of the other can be homesteaded at one's option.

A WOMAN IN A MILLION.

For Many Miles Her Rivals Stared, but She Knows Why Now.

She came into an "L" train at the shopping district and took passage toward happy Harlem.

She chatted with her friend gayly for a few stations, when suddenly the lady sitting across the aisle looked very hard over her way. The woman with the parcels was all in a flutter in a moment.

She glanced hastily in the little mirror. Yes, her hat was on straight.

Then she went over on a new tack, diving down in her pocket for a handkerchief and rubbing her nose, thinking that there might be a speck of soot on the point.

The lady across the aisle continued to stare.

The woman with the bundles tried to continue her conversation, but it came in short gasps and was decidedly disjointed. The man beside her, of course, notices nothing. He thought, manlike, that he was making a great hit. He went on:

"The horse show is a great success"——

"Yes," she said, in a frightened way, tightening the ribbons on her hat.

"It is a great success. All the swells are there"——

"What's that you say? Oh, yes, of course, I'll be pleased to go," she echoed, giving her nose a sweep still after that problematic speck of soot.

"I do like this weather"——

"If it doesn't snow it may grow colder," she gasped, turning very red and pulling her face down in a perplexed way.

But it was no use. The woman across the aisle kept on staring in the most provoking way in the world all the way up to Fiftieth street, where she got up and left the train.

"Did you notice her?" said the distressed woman; "she kept staring at me for two miles."

"She did?"

"Yes, she did. My hat is on straight, isn't it?"

"I think so."

"And there is no soot on the end of my nose?"

"No," he gasped faintly.

They both thought a long time.

"I'll tell you," he said gleefully. "She was trying to copy your styles or"——

"No, she wasn't," snapped the woman.

"Then it must have been only one other thing," he said, looking far out the window. "It must have been this: She noticed that you wear a pair of $1,000 diamonds in your ears, and of course with rings to match. She was perhaps wondering why you didn't wear only one glove, like all women who have gems, to show the stones. But you have two gloves. How do you explain it?"

Near by sat a doctor, three lawyers a reporter, a schoolma'am and a preacher, but none of them could explain the phenomenon. The woman, womanlike, took it as a compliment and blushed.—New York World.

How Chili Regards the English.

There is a popular delusion to the effect that the Chilians call themselves "the English of South America." No one within the memory of man ever had heard them do so, and the statement seems to have had its birth in the self-flattering imagination of some Anglo-Saxon writer. The fact is that, taking them "by and large," they do not like us. The effect of centuries of the bitterest racial and religious animosity is not easily effaced. The deeds of Canning and Cochrane have failed to blot out all recollection of those of Drake and Hawkins. And if we no longer carry off bars of silver in our warships save at the request of more or less constituted authorities, we do manage to make and take a great deal of money out of the country. Hence we are by no means such grateful personages in Chili as may be fondly imagined.—London Saturday Review.

A Serious Case.

Customer—My watch won't go.

Jeweler (examining it)—My! my! Have you been in a railroad collision?

Customer (surprised)—Why, no.

Jeweler (solemnly)—When you undress you should not throw your vest on the floor when your watch is in the pocket.

Customer (thoughtfully)—I never do. I have been exceedingly careful with that watch. Don't know how it got hurt. How long will it take to fix it?

Jeweler (after another examination)—You'd better leave it here at least a week, but if you can get along without it, I would advise two weeks.

Customer—Very well. Do it up right. Good day.

Jeweler (to assistant)—Hans, blow that speck of dust off this wheel, and charge up five dollars for repairs.—Good News.

Amber.

Amber is a very strange substance. If you give it a casual glance it looks very much like the yellow glass imitations of itself, but when you think of its many wonderful properties and the beautiful legends attached to it, a mysterious charm is thrown over the tints of mellow gold reflected in soft radiance from its surface.

The history of this gem of the sea, "loveliest amber that ever the sorrowing sea birds have wept," its formation, its antiquity, its mysterious properties and its rich variety of coloring have been subjects of investigation and discussion from a period long before the beginning of the Christian era.—Philadelphia Times.

Cause and Effect.

Mr. Penny Wise Hayseed—No, I don't want your paper. I never read the papers; and, besides, I can't afford it as I've just lost $300 on a bunco man.—Boston Times.

Spun Out.

"A dispatch says that the strikers are worsted."

"Worsted? That's a yarn."—Lawrence American.

A Scientific Answer.

"Jimmie, do you know why the cows always eat thistles when they can find them?"

"Yes. So's to pick their teeth."—New York Sun.

SAY WHAT YOU MEAN.

How the Elder Bennett Taught a Young Reporter a Lesson.

"There should be a rule in every newspaper office prohibiting the use of certain phrases and expressions," said my friend, the old war correspondent, as he threw down a paper in the elevated car. "It distresses me to see poor, old, hackneyed, worn out expressions kept at work daily when they should have been retired long ago. Why should a reporter always refer to a man's 'immaculate linen,' when he means to say that the man wore a clean shirt? And why in heaven's name should a man or woman be described as 'well groomed?' Here they are both in one paragraph, and just beside them is the man who, according to the reporter, is always saying something real devlish 'with a twinkle in his eye,' and the other fellow who made this or that remark 'as he lit a fresh cigar.'

"There should be a cemetery for senile and used up words and phrases that have outlived their usefulness, if they ever were useful, and about a thousand of them should be laid away in quicklime at once and never resurrected.

"Speaking of cemeteries, why should a man, as soon as he is dead, be referred to as 'poor?' Here I read of a railroad conductor, who was killed in a railroad collision. Yesterday he was the 'genial Conductor Brown;' today he is 'poor Brown.' The word seemed to be applied especially to men who in life were good fellows, and also to those whose death was caused by violence. It is not used in connection with great men. You never read or hear of 'poor Napoleon,' 'poor Shakespeare' or 'poor Frederick the Great,' do you?

"I do not expect the reporters to reform so long as their employers allow the use of such idiotic words and phrases. When I was younger than I am today, and thought I knew about as much as an ordinary man could be expected to know this side of the grave, I was a reporter on The Herald under the elder Bennett. Mr. Bennett sent for me one day. He said: 'Young man, I notice that in your efforts to find men whom you have been instructed to interview you never enter a hotel.'

"'Never enter a hotel, Mr. Bennett?' I said.

"'No, sir; you invariably write that you 'drifted' in and when you do drift in you never meet the man.'

"'Never meet him?'

"'No; I observe that in every case after drifting in you either 'run against' or 'stumble across' the object of your pursuit. I wish that in future you would simply walk into the hotel and meet these people. That's all sir.'

"I was angry, for I prided myself on my English and on my literary style. I said, 'Mr. Bennet, I have been writing now nine or ten years and have worked on a number of newspapers as good as The Herald. I flatter myself that I know something about the English language, and I'——

"'Young man,' interrupted Mr. Bennet, 'did you ever read of how a man once boasted to Sidney Smith that the stick he carried had been twice around the world, and how Smith took the stick and, after carefully examining it, said, "And yet—and yet, it is only a stick after all."'"

"What did you say to that?" I asked my friend, the war correspondent.

"I maintained a tumultuous silence, and—no, I did not drift out—I went out of the room."—J. Armoy Knox.

The Chiltern Hundreds.

The necessity for the appointment of a steward of the Chiltern hundreds disappeared long ago, but the three hundreds of Stoke, Buckham and Desborough, Buckinghamshire, are still distinguished by the old name, and a steward is still nominated by the chancellor of the exchequer, with a salary of twenty shillings and the fees of the office. In olden times it was the duty of this steward to protect the people of Bucks from the robbers of the Chiltern hills. The sole importance of the sinecure at the present day consists in the fact that its acceptance enables a member of the house of commons to resign his seat on the plea that he holds a place of honor and profit under the crown. This appropriation of the post only dates from the eighteenth century, and its intrinsic legality has been called in question, but the custom is now completely legitimated by a long line of precedents.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Tub Night" Towns.

"In the theatrical profession Savannah is known as a 'tub night' town," says Mr. John C. Stewart, Jr. Being asked what he meant by the odd expression he gave this explanation: "In antebellum days Saturday night was devoted to taking baths by the citizens of many places. In such towns the theaters were slimly attended on the last night of the week, and the reason was that the people were in their bath tubs cleaning up for Sunday. The term sticks to many cities. I do not mean that the theater goers of any of them actually do stay at home on Saturday night to take a bath, but as they do not go out to see a performance of any kind the effect on the boxoffice is the same."—Atlanta Constitution.

What China Needs.

What China really needs is a first class war with the foreign powers, and the whipping which she is sure to get sooner or later. When this comes the great Chinese empire will fall into pieces, and there will be half a dozen big Celestial countries where there is now one.—Frank G. Carpenter in National Tribune.

A Brick.

Waggish Student (handing professor of geology a piece of brick)—Here is a curious specimen, professor.

Professor—I don't need it. Put it back in your hat.—Street & Smith's Good News.

A Natural Inference.

"She has a very long waist."

"She ought to wear one of those protracted stays we read about!"—New York Sun.

Not Made for That Purpose.

"That's my motto, sink or swim."

"Bosh! Who ever saw a sinker swim?"—New York Herald.

AMONG THE BLACKFOOT INDIANS.

Wonderful Sight of a City of Tepees at an Annual Feast and Holiday.

Presently, as we journeyed, a little line of sand hills came into view. They formed the Blackfoot cemetery. We saw the "tepees of the dead" here and there on the knolls, some new and perfect, some old and weather stained, some showing mere tatters of cotton flapping on the poles, and still others only skeleton tents, the poles remaining and the cotton covering gone completely. We knew what we would see if we looked into those "dead tepees" (being careful to approach from the windward side). We would see, lying on the ground or raised upon a framework, a bundle that would be narrow at top and bottom and broad in the middle—an Indian's body rolled up in a sheet of cotton, with his best bead work and blanket and gun in the bundle, and near by a kettle and some dried meat and cornmeal against his feeling hungry on his long journey to the hereafter.

As one or two of the tepees were new, we expected to see some family in mourning and, sure enough, when we reached the great sheer sided gutter which the Bow river has dug for its course through the plains, we halted our horse and looked down upon a lonely trio of tepees, with children playing around them and women squatted by the entrances. Three families had lost members and were sequestered there in abject surrender to grief.

Those tents of the mourners were at our feet as we rode southward, down in the river gully, where the grass was green and the trees were leafy and thriving, but when we turned our faces to the eastward, where the river bent around a great promontory, what a sight met our gaze! There stood a city of tepees, hundreds of them, showing white and yellow and brown and red against the clear blue sky. A silent and lifeless city it seemed, for we were too far off to see the people or to hear their noises. The great huddle of little pyramids rose abruptly from the level bare grass against the flawless sky, not like one of those melancholy new treeless towns that white men are building all over the prairie, but rather like a mosquito fleet becalmed at sea.

There are two camps on the Blackfoot reserve, the North Camp and the South Camp, and this town of tents was between the two, and was composed of more households than both together; for this was the assembling for the sun dance, their greatest religious festival, and hither had come Bloods, Piegans and Sarcis as well as Blackfeet. Only the mourners kept away, for here were to be echoed the greatest ceremonials of that dead past wherein lives dedicated to war and to the chase inspired the deeds of valor which each would now celebrate anew in speech or song.

And at each recurrence of this wonderful holiday time every night was spent in feasting, gorging and gambling. In short, it was the great event of the Indian year, and so it remains. Even now you may see the young braves undergo the torture, and if you may not see the faithless wives disciplined you may at least perceive a score who have been, as well as hear the mighty boasting and witness the dancing, gaming and carousing.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

When a coat needs a thorough cleaning, apply with a sponge strong coffee, to which has been added a few drops of ammonia, and rub well with a colored woolen cloth.

"August Flower"

My wife suffered with indigestion and dyspepsia for years. Life became a burden to her. Physicians failed to give relief. After reading one of your books, I purchased a bottle of August Flower. It worked like a charm. My wife received immediate relief after taking the first dose. She was completely cured—now weighs 165 pounds, and can eat anything she desires without any deleterious results as was formerly the case. C. H. Dear, Prop'r Washington House, Washington, Va.

SEEDS

Of all kinds and in any quantity—wholesale and retail—at bed-rock prices.

E. J. BOWEN,
65 Front Street, Portland, Or.
Send for catalogue.

TAKEN FOR A CRANK.

A semi-Swedish delight often seems to possess people of strong nerves in sneering at those with weak ones. The irritability of the nervous hypochondriac is ridiculed as natural ill temper. The very genuine and distressing symptoms from which he suffers are made light of. "He" or "she is a crank!" is the cheerful sort of sympathy with which the nervous invalid meets from the unfeeling and the thoughtless. At the same time no complaint is more defined and real, none has a more easily explainable origin when it is chronic. Imperfect digestion and assimilation are always accompanied by nervous debility and anxiety. Build up the powers of assimilation and digestion with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and nervous symptoms, sick headaches and a generally feeble condition of the system are remedied. Remember that fearful ravages are produced by la grippe among weakly, nervous people. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters cures it, and prevents malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaint.

Man born of woman is of few days and full of schemes to get his name in print.

A VALUABLE REMEDY.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS purify the blood, stimulate the liver, strengthen the kidneys, regulate the bowels. They were introduced in the United States in 1835. Since that time over fifty millions of boxes of BRANDRETH'S PILLS have been used.

This, together with thousands of convincing testimonials from all parts of the world, is positive evidence of their value.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

"Requesting the presents of yourself and family." So reads the truthful wedding invitation.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by druggists; price, 75c per bottle.

Doctors say that insomnia can easily be cured simply by sleeping eight hours every night.

For bronchial and asthmatic complaints and coughs and colds "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have remarkable curative properties. 25 cents a box.

If you pay as you go and are able to go as you pay, you will get there.

The manufacturers of Star Plug chewing tobacco have built up the largest tobacco business the world has ever seen by giving the consumer the best tobacco and full-weight sixteen-ounce pound plugs, proving conclusively that good tobacco and pound plugs are wanted by most tobacco chewers.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

ONE ENJOYS

both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

WALL PAPER,

10 cents per double roll. Send 2-cent stamp for samples. SCHOFIELD & MORGAN, 192 Third street, Portland, Or.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We Want Name and Address of Every ASTHMATIC. P. Harold Hayes, M.D. BUFFALO, N.Y.

J. H. FISK, Assayer and Analytical Chemist, 6½ Washington St., Portland, Or

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BOTH WAYS. The Credit plan means, as a rule, high prices, poor goods, indifferent service, hard times, debts, mortgage on the home, the sheriff, and sometimes poverty and want.

The Cash plan means low prices, best of goods, prompt and genial service, good times, money in hand and in bank, children well educated, money to spare to help others over rough places, and a thousand unbought of comforts and pleasures.

You may have tried one; now try the other. Send to Smiths' Cash Store, 416-418 Front St., S. F., Cal.

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE

Is ready for mailing. Send in your name and have a copy sent free of charge to your address.

OLDS & KING,
Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Etc,
Fifth and Washington Streets,
PORTLAND, OR.

CHEAPER THAN BARB WIRE—Humane, Strong, Visible, Ornamental.

"HARTMAN" WIRE PANEL FENCE.

Double the strength of any other fence; will not stretch, sag or get out of shape. Harmless to Stock; a Perfect Farm Fence, yet Handsome enough to Ornament a Lawn. Write for prices, Descriptive Circular and Testimonials; also Catalogue of "Hartman" Steel Picket Lawn Fence, Tree and Flower Guards, Flexible Wire Mats, etc. Always mention this paper.
Hartman Mfg. Co., Beaver Falls, Pa. T. D. Gause, Gen. Western Sales Agt., 508 State St., Chicago.
David M. Clarkson, Jr., Portland Or. Hunt & Moffat, Tacoma Wa h. Holly M'f'g Co., Marks & Co. Spokane.

SEEDS

EVERYTHING TESTED
Send for photo of our trial grounds.
We are Pacific Coast Agents for
D. M. Ferry's Seeds
A. I. ROOT'S BEE SUPPLIES.
Trees Free From Pests and Healthy.
FERTILIZERS OF ALL KINDS.

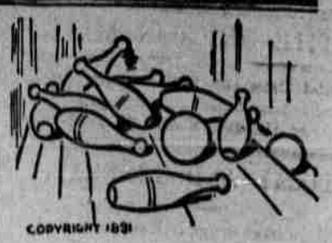
POSSON'S SEED STORE

F. L. POSSON & SON, Portland, Or.
And we sell these goods at Eastern prices. Send for catalogue.

C. W. BOYNTON SAW COMPANY, 40 FIRST STREET, PORTLAND, OR.

Mail this double-edge Pruner, any address, $1.50; also express Dexter Diamond Champion Wonder Razor Steel Crescent Saws, $1.00 it.—fastest cutter in the world.

UNLOAD Do you feel bad? Do you have a headache? Does your back ache? You can't eat and don't feel like work. The YOUR trouble is your liver is torpid. You are full of bile. Get rid of it without delay. Three doses of Moore's Revealed Remedy will do it and make you feel like a new person. For sale by all druggists. LIVER



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All over—your sufferings from Catarrh. That is, if you go about it in the right way.

There are plenty of wrong ways, that perhaps you've found out. They may relieve for a time, but they don't *cure*.

Worse yet, they may drive the disease to the lungs. You can't afford to experiment.

But there *is* a right way, and a sure way, that *does* cure. Thousands of otherwise hopeless cases have proved it. It's with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. By its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, it permanently cures the worst chronic cases. Catarrhal Headache, "Cold in the Head"—everything catarrhal in its nature, is cured as if by magic.

It's a way so sure that the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy offer, in good faith, $500 for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure.

If it's sure enough for them to make the offer, it's sure enough for you to make the trial.

They risk $500. What do *you* risk?

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl st. New York.

If you have Malaria, Piles, Sick Headache, Costive Bowels, Dumb Ague or if your food does not assimilate,

Tutt's Tiny Pills

will cure these troubles. Dose small. Price, 25c. Office, 39 Park Place, N. Y.

Cupid, the little rascal, is up to all the tricks—he knows full well that man is a selfish brute, and the road to his heart is through his appetite; the delicate flavor of "Seal of North Carolina," next to love itself, adds one more joy to our existence.

Packed in Patent Cloth Pouches and in Foil.

Season for Trout Opens April 1st.

If You Are in Need of Trout Flies, Get the Best.

Standard quality, 4 to 8 hooks, per doz..... $0.25
Oregon Trout Flies, 4 to 8 hooks, per doz..... .50
Fine Reversed Wing Flies, 4 to 8 hooks, per doz. 1.00
Any of above qualities sent by mail on receipt of price. Also a full line of RODS, REELS, LINES, etc., at

Hudson's Gun Store,
93 FIRST ST., PORTLAND, OR.
Send for illustrated catalogue.

WALL PAPER PARQUET FLOORING

If you intend to paper, write for samples. We can supply you with all grades, from 5 cents per roll (8 yards) upwards. State for what rooms, colors, light or dark.

COOKS BROS.,
943 Market St., San Francisco.

Old Gold and Silver Bought; send your old Gold and Silver by mail to the old and reliable house of A. Coleman, 41 Third street, San Francisco; I will send by return mail the cash, according to assay; if the amount is not satisfactory will return gold.

AGENT made $71 in four days on my Electric Corsets and Specialties. 100 per cent profit and cash prizes. Sample free. Dr. Bridgman Broadway, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION