

ROYAL

IS THE

Best Baking Powder

The Official Government Reports:

The United States Government, after elaborate tests, reports the ROYAL BAKING POWDER to be of greater leavening strength than any other. (Bulletin 13, Ag. Dep., p. 599.)

The Canadian Official Tests, recently made, show the ROYAL BAKING POWDER highest of all in leavening strength. (Bulletin 10, p. 16, Inland Rev. Dep.)

In practical use, therefore, the ROYAL BAKING POWDER goes further, makes purer and more perfect food, than any other.

Government Chemists Certify:

"The Royal Baking Powder is composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances."

"EDWARD G. LOVE, Ph.D."

"The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public."

"HENRY A. MOTT, M. D., Ph.D."

"The Royal Baking Powder is purest in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder which I have knowledge."

"WM. McMURTRIE, Ph.D."

The Government Report shows all other baking powders tested to contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid.

Hard to Choose.

Mrs. Bargain—What are you worrying about this morning?
Mr. Bargain—I need some new clothes and a new watch, and I can't make up my mind whether to get the clothes at a shop where they give away watches, or to buy the watch at a shop where they give away clothes.—London Tit-Bits.

THE FATHER OF MANY ILLS.

Constipation leads to a multitude of physical troubles. It is generally the result of carelessness or indifference to the simplest rule of health. Eugene McKay of Bradford, Ont., writes:

"I had for several years been a sufferer from constipation, had taken a great many different remedies, some of which did me good for a time, but only for a time; then my trouble came back worse than ever. I was induced by a friend, whom I had never met, to try Dr. Foster's Pills. Took two each night for a week; then one every night for about six weeks. Since that time I have not experienced the slightest difficulty whatever, and my bowels move regularly every day. I believe firmly that for sluggishness of the bowels and biliousness Dr. Foster's Pills are far superior to any other."

A genius is a person who finds out things for other people.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure ruptures, piles and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay. Also all Private Diseases. Address for particulars, Dr. Porterfield & Lowsy, 828 Market Street, San Francisco.

A nutcracker is an animal that can eat out of both shells of hay at the same time.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical profession. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, it requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It cures Catarrh of the bladder, and restores the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75 cents.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Through no fault of its plumage and legs; but, the result of an ornithological or ornithological. Let the bird be a bright golden eagle.

Ladies, why use shoe dressings that have alcohol, acid, and ammonia in them, and spoil your shoes? Watson's Peerless Polish has none of these injurious ingredients. It is guaranteed.

A Ruddy Glow

on cheek and brow is evidence that the body is getting proper nourishment. When this glow of health is absent assimilation is wrong, and health is letting down.

Scott's Emulsion taken immediately arrests waste, regardless of the cause. Consumption must yield to treatment that stops waste and builds flesh anew. Almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bown, N. Y. All druggists.

If You Think

any kind of crop will do, then any kind of seeds will do; but for the best results you should plant FERRY'S SEEDS.

Always the best, they are recognized as the standard everywhere. Ferry's Seed Annual is the most important book of the kind published. It is invaluable to the planter. We send it free. D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, Mich.

Old Gold and Silver Thread and your old Gold Thread by using the old and reliable brand of Old Gold and Silver Thread. San Francisco 2000 and 2001. Old Gold and Silver Thread, according to assay of the amount in each thread, will return gold.

HIS ASHES TO THE WIND.

STRANGE FUNERAL RITES OVER HENRY MEYER'S REMAINS.

He Was Incinerated to the Music of a Band—His Ashes Were Cast Into the Air from the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor—All as He Directed.

A little white cloud floated out from the head of the statue of Liberty at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and in it disappeared the four winds of heaven the remains of Henry Meyer, hotel keeper, of Staten Island.

To be buried in this singular, half-cynical fashion in midair, as it were, was exactly as the dead man had often directed while he lived. As he had wished, his body was cremated, his handful of ashes was preserved in a box until the next Sunday should come, and then, with the popping of champagne bottles and expressions of good will, but no grief, was cast from the top of Liberty whenever it would go. In the clear sunshine of the beautiful day, looking no bigger and of no more importance than a puff of cigar smoke, the cloud hung for a moment under the lee of the statue. Then the sharp north-west wind caught it, whirled it instantly out of sight in the direction of the dead man's old home, and that was the last of the body of Henry Meyer.

A jovial though an odd soul, and a host of happy years at Fort Richmond, Mr. Meyer was well known to every Staten Islander and a good many other people, too. From the name of his hotel he got to be called "Puck" Meyer, so that his real first name was generally forgotten. He was a skeptic, a socialist, a strenuous advocate of cremation, a pretty good liver and a man of great popularity in spite of a thousand peculiarities which will be Staten Island folk lore for generations.

No one saw "Puck" die. He was found dead in his bed in the hotel on the morning of Feb. 14. His wife was the first to discover his death. As his will, made many years ago, directed, the body was taken to the Fresh Pond crematory, on Long Island, two days later and incinerated. A committee from the Staten Island Schuetzen corps, of which Meyers had been a member, accompanied the remains in three carriages, with a brass band.

The body was dressed in the blue uniform of the Schuetzen corps, and after it had been covered with brass buttons and other pieces of metal which he had not destroyed were preserved as souvenirs. The ashes, weighing little more than three pounds, were of a whitish color and as feathery as cigar ashes. They were carefully placed in a round tin box and put in charge of First Lieut. Moritz Wegler. Then, with the band playing a lively air, the party returned to Staten Island.

The special committee took the steamer Bay Ridge for Bedloe's Island. To avoid curiosity Lieut. Wegler had the tin box in a brown Gladstone bag. He swung this carelessly in his hand as the party climbed to the top of the pedestal. Then they went outside the statue on the stone platform surrounding it, and there the bag was opened and the master of ceremonies disclosed four brown paper bags, each containing an equal amount of Meyer's ashes. There was a spoonful or two left in the bottom of the case, which were saved for "Puck's" married sister on Staten Island at her request.

As he handed around the bags Mr. Rinschler made this speech: "Here are the ashes of old 'Puck' Meyer. He was a good man, beloved by all. I never knew of any wrong thing he ever did."

Each man that got a bag stuck it into his pocket. Then the party proceeded to climb the winding stairs to Liberty's head. Their movements, however, had been observed by Watchman Horn, and as they began the ascent he called out: "What have you got there? 'Puck' Meyer?"

Consternation was depicted on every face until Horn shouted again: "It's all right. Go ahead. You can come up!" Up they went accordingly, but in one of the sharp turns Capt. Fink who is a portly man, got hopelessly stuck. He handed his bag of ashes to Mr. Boehm and went back to the pedestal. It had been intended to throw the ashes from the torch, but that was impossible. They had forgotten the necessary formality of the special permit.

Each man took his station therefore in the head corresponding to the points of the compass. The bag was emptied of the members cried, "Here are the ashes of 'Puck' Meyer. Happy days! 'Happy days to old 'Puck' Meyer," said Mr. Rinschler.

"He was a good fellow," remarked Lieut. Wegler.

"You're right he was," said the others approvingly, according to the prearranged formula.

"Do you believe in the resurrection?" asked one of the committee of a brother member as they boarded the 5 o'clock boat.

"Well, I guess there's something in it," said the brother ironically.

"Then all I've got to say is that 'Puck' Meyer will find a hard job pulling himself together when that day comes."

Meyer was 56 years old and came to this country from Hamburg about thirty-five years ago. He was one of the first volunteers from Staten Island on the northern side during the rebellion. He served through the war and got a wound in his left leg in a skirmish in Tennessee. He refused to let the surgeons amputate his limb, although they said he couldn't live unless he did, and brought the leg and the rest of his body home safe and sound at the end of the war. He never wore an overcoat, always wore a silk hat, the year round and always carried a cane. The Staten Island children almost worshipped him.

Meyer provided in his will that his friends should have a champagne supper after scattering his ashes, but it was found that no money remained for this. In fact, the man died a bankrupt. His place at Fort Richmond was sold under foreclosure the day after he died. He left one child, a son 3 years old, by his present wife. His life was a fast and a merry one, and his friends hardly knew whether to laugh or cry over his memory.

Odds Is the Difference.

When a subject of the king of Dahomey is ailing he is bled from the arm. If this doesn't cure him he is laid on his back and two men walk up and down his spine. If this fails, his case is called incurable, and he is left to shift for himself as a very obstinate fellow.—Detroit Free Press.

At the Table; Guests Present.

Mamma—Why, Bessie! Get down from the back of your chair. What are you doing?

Bessie—Mamma, you told me little girls should be seen, not heard.—Democrat.

ASTOR HOUSE EXTRAVAGANCE.

The Little Old Lady Thought That Too Many Candles Were Burning.

A dear old lady from the country sat with her son, also from the country, in the big dining room of the Astor house a few evenings ago. Men who have come to New York from the country, if they had seen her, would have been reminded of their grandmothers. Her face was kindly, and there was just a little color in it. She wasn't very tall, and her figure was comfortable. She wore a shawl. Her bonnet was a little one, and in the front of it was some white lace. Her gown was of bombazine and of somewhat ancient cut.

The big, brightly lighted room interested her. So did the people at the tables. While the son was engaged in the somewhat perplexing task of selecting the supper the old lady talked audibly with the waiter. She told him that she hoped Laudford Astor and Miss Astor were pretty well. The waiter explained that Mr. Allen was the landlord, whereas the old lady expressed polite surprise. When the waiter had gone with the order she devoted a few moments to studying the chandeliers. They represent candles.

"I wonder," she said, "how under the sun Miss Allen ever gets up there to snuff 'em."

"Why, them candles; they're so high up."

The young man did not answer.

The old lady again gazed at the chandeliers reflectively. "They ain't no need of all that light," she said. "Miss Allen is a powerful wasteful woman."

Her son was apparently a man of few words. Her criticism was unnoticed.

Presently the waiter brought the bread and the plates, and what the old lady evidently thought was a superabundance of knives and forks. She greeted him pleasantly. "Back again, hey?" she said; "you're pretty quick. But, ordered something more than bread, didn't you?"

"It will be here shortly," put in the waiter, with a polite bow. The old lady gave him a sweet smile. "I'm pretty hungry," she said.

Several of the diners had overheard her observations. Some of them were hard faced business men. They didn't laugh at her. They only regarded her with lively interest. She smoothed out the tablecloth carefully, and inspected the silver, evidently with approval. The waiter brought the meal and gave the old lady close attention, which pleased her immensely. She smiled on him and asked after the health of his family. As she rose from the table she said to him: "Tell Miss Allen I'd like to have her recipe for that snow puddin', but I'm in a hurry."

The waiter bowed and said gravely that he would do so. And as the old lady passed out of the door one of the diners raised a glass and exclaimed, "The old lady—God bless her!"—New York Letter.

Special Charm of a Favorite Club.

The fact that we know each other very well is the reason of the charm of a certain American club. It gives an idea of this place to say that people find themselves neglecting their business in order to get there in time for luncheon. It is not that the company is so unusual. There are, no doubt, attractive men, full of interesting knowledge; there is plenty of good talk. But it is not enough that the talk should be good; the men must be good and heard through an atmosphere of friendship. Some of the nicest men choose to say very little; but these are men in whom, in the course of daily acquaintance, you learn to discover very charming qualities and friendly dispositions.

Possibly everybody is not charming. Perhaps there is even a bore or two; but bores are very human, and, to my thinking, rather cozy. There is a gentleman who tells over the same story, but nobody minds it as much as he would if he knew, and he doesn't. Even the gentleman who always talks about his health performs a beneficent office; he insinuates into the minds of his auditors an impression that life is valuable.—E. S. Nadal in Scribner's.

Bargain Customer Repartee.

An early morning customer in a big retail dry goods shop is apt to hear some quaint talk among the clerks, who amuse themselves by chaffing one another while waiting for the active trade of the day to begin. In an up town shop the following dialogue:

"Say, fanny?" from the ribbon counter.

"What is it, ribbons?" from the fan counter.

"Why is it that you are so unpopular with the ladies?"

"Give it up."

"Because in cold weather they don't fan—see, yon?"

"Say, ribbons, why is your trade like that of a granger?"

"Why is it?"

"Because so much of it is gros grain."—New York Times.

He Takes the Cake for Economy.

There is a farmer in Wrightown township who will perhaps in time get rich, as he is economy and watchfulness personified. He engaged a girl to assist in the house at stated wages per week. When they agreed to settle, nearly a year later, he had a bill against her of a little more than \$3 for loss of time for "gaping" at the cars as they went to and fro. It seems that after the construction train got to running she would go every time it passed to the door, look at it, throw up her hands and apron and laugh, so pleased at the sight. This loss of time was charged against her in their settlement. Long headed man, that.—Dayles-town Democrat.

Kept His Appointment.

Mrs. Blifkins (time midnight)—Horror! Husband! husband! I hear some one burrowing through the wall.

Mr. Blifkins—Well, well. It must be that book agent. I know we'll all be in bed by 11 o'clock, and I told him to call at half-past.—Good News.

Finger Nail Jewelry.

A San Francisco modeler of statuary has a set of shirt and cuff studs made of Chinese finger nail set in gold. He points with pride at his exclusive possessions, which are made of a Chinaman's finger nail which was four inches long when cut. The nail in the studs presents a shiny appearance and is susceptible to changes in the weather. They were successfully used by him as a weather barometer when he first got them, but their usefulness in this direction had been lost through age.—San Francisco Letter.

BACK FROM TOWN.

Old friends alius is the best. Haislet and heartiest.

Old friends alius is the best. Haislet and heartiest. Known his first, and don't allow 'em to be so much better now. They was standin' at the bars. When we grabbed 'em the kivered kyars. And it out for town, to make 'em Money—and that old mistake!

We thought then the world we went into was "The best town." And the friends 'at we'd make there would be any any where! And they do—for that there bit. They was all the friends they le- 'cept the real old friends like you 'at stand home, like I'd ort to!

W'y, of all the good things 'at I ain't shot of, is to quit business, and git back to sheer. These old conforts waitin' here—These old friends; and these old hands 'at a feller understand; These old winter nights, and old Young folks chaser in out the cold!

Sing "Hard Time" 'is 'om' ag'in 'No More!' and neighbors all in 'Many a fellow come from town. Wants that air old fiddle down From the chimney! Git the floor Cleared for one cotton moon— It's poke the kitchen fire, says he. And shake a friendly leg with me!

—James Whitcomb Riley in Century

To Improve Cooking Receipts.

As a matter of useful information it may be stated that whenever a cooking receipt calls for a baking powder the "Royal" should be used. The receipt will be found to work better and surer, and the bread, biscuits, rolls, cakes, dumplings, crusts, puddings, crackers or whatever matter will be produced sweeter, lighter, finer-flavored, more dainty, palatable and wholesome. Besides, the "Royal" will go further or has greater leavening power, and is therefore more economical than any other powder. Many receipts as published will call for cream of tartar and soda, the old-fashioned way of raising. Modern cooking and expert cooks do not sanction this old way. In all such receipts the Royal Baking Powder should be substituted without fail.

The greatest advantage in the culinary art is particular to use the "Royal" only, and the authors of the most popular cook books and the teachers of the successful cooking schools, with whom the best results are imperative, are careful to impress their readers and pupils with the importance of its exclusive employment. The Royal Baking Powder is the greatest help of modern times to perfect cooking, and every receipt requiring a cooking raising ingredient should embody it.

How to Come to a Stop.

When we least expect them, accidents will befall us, a verification of the old adage that the unexpected always happens. The following recites how an active business man was suddenly brought down.

THE TRAIN STOPS.

CINCINNATI, O.—Recently while in the act of alighting from my car, I stepped upon a stone, which, turning suddenly under my foot, threw me to the ground, with a severely sprained ankle.

THE MANAGER STOPS.

Suffering exceedingly, I was helped into my car, and my man rubbed me with various oils and kindred remedies, but to no avail.

A POINT TO STOP AT.

Reaching a station where St. Jacobs Oil could be procured, two bottles were bought, and the application of it resulted at once in a relief from pain, which had well-nigh become unbearable. I was out and about my work in three days.

The Pain Stops.

W. W. PEABODY, Pres. & Gen. Man. O. & M. R. R.

"German Syrup"

Regis Leblanc is a French Canadian store keeper at Notre Dame de Stanbridge, Quebec, Can., who was cured of a severe attack of Congestion of the Lungs by Boschee's German Syrup. He has sold many a bottle of German Syrup on his personal recommendation. If you drop him a line he'll give you the full facts of the case direct, as he did us, and that Boschee's German Syrup brought him through nicely. It always will. It is a good medicine and thorough in its work.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF COAT

In the World!

A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

FISHER'S CATARRH REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup, Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, etc. Sold by druggists.

THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE.

This self-preservation is acknowledged to be the first law of nature, and especially nursing mothers who desire the strength, energy and support that help that comes with Dr. Parro's Favorite Prescription. It lessens the pains and burdens of child-bearing, insures healthy, vigorous offspring, and especially nursing mothers who desire the strength, energy and support that help that comes with Dr. Parro's Favorite Prescription. It lessens the pains and burdens of child-bearing, insures healthy, vigorous offspring, and especially nursing mothers who desire the strength, energy and support that help that comes with Dr. Parro's Favorite Prescription.

The Japanese say: "A man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and the next drink takes the man."

For throat diseases and coughs "Brown's Bronchial Trochee," like all other really good things, are limited, and purchasers should be careful to obtain the genuine article prepared by J. B. BROWN & SONS.

One of the hardest times to love an enemy is when he seems to be prospering like a green bay tree.

A War Veteran

"At Gettysburg my ankle was smashed by a bullet. The wound has caused me great suffering, breaking out in terrible sores at intervals. Physicians said my blood became poisoned and sores broke out all over my face and body. One day I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Soon my wife, in dressing me, said the wound looked better and in a few months, thank God, the sores all over my body healed, and now four years later, have never shown any sign of re-appearing."—G. M. HARRISON, 219 Madison St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Hood's Cures

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, and do not cause pain or gripe. Sold by all drug stores.

SHILOH'S CURE

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lambe Side, back or Chest Blight's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—G. B. HOOD, Lowell, Mass.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER "SAVED MY LIFE!" "Shilo's Vitalizer" Cures Catarrh of the Bladder, Dropsical Liver or Kidney trouble it cures. Price 75c.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY

Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will relieve and Cure you. Price 50c. This is the best and most successful treatment for Catarrh of the Bladder, Dropsical Liver or Kidney trouble it cures. Price 75c.

ELY'S CATARRH CURE

Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Always Pain and Irritation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Sensitivity of the Mucous Membrane and Smell.

TRY THE CURE HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril an "is agreeable" Price, 75c. at druggists or by mail. ELY'S BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York.

VALENTINE'S ELECTRIC BELT

Ladies or Gentlemen. Lately improved. It is recognized by the medical profession as the only comprehensive belt made for the cure of Seminal Weakness, Pain in Back, Loss of Memory, Hysteria, Nervous Prostration, or any disease arising from youthful indiscretion. Relieves in one or two days Rheumatism, Constipation, Paralysis, Kidney or Liver Troubles. Price 50c. Sent for Catalogue. O. D. or on receipt of price. Address: OAKWOOD BROS., BRIDGEVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

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WOMAN'S FRIEND

The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given uniformly successful results. Thousands of women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE COST IS THE SAME.

WOOD PICKETS

THE HARTMAN STEEL PICKET FENCE

Costs no more than an ordinary cheap picket fence, but it is stronger, more durable, and will not rot or fall apart in a short time. The "Hartman's" Fence is artistic in design, protects the view and without calling attention to itself. It is made of the best material and is practically everlasting. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE WITH PRICES AND TESTIMONIALS MAILED FREE. Always mention the name of the person who sent you the catalogue. Write to THOS. J. DAVIS, attorney in fact for G. E. Watkins, address, Portland, Or.

Simonds Crescent Ground Cross Cuts,

All Kinds of MILL SAWS. Also Saw Repairing.

SIMONDS SAW CO., 78 Front Street, Portland, Or.



MOTHERS, and especially nursing mothers who desire the strength, energy and support that help that comes with Dr. Parro's Favorite Prescription. It lessens the pains and burdens of child-bearing, insures healthy, vigorous offspring, and especially nursing mothers who desire the strength, energy and support that help that comes with Dr. Parro's Favorite Prescription.

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Full stock of Raymond Extension Roller Skates constantly on hand.

Fire Arms, Fishing Tackle

Springing Goods of Every Description

H. T. HUDSON, 93 First Street, PORTLAND, OR.

MANN'S BONE OIL

Will cure Dry or Green Bones, Measles, Grippe and all Green Cut BONES will double the number of eggs—will make them more fertile—will carry the hen safely through the molting period and put them in condition to lay when eggs command the highest price. Read for Catalogue and prices.

Send for Catalogue and prices.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

Best in the World! Got the Genuine! Sold Everywhere.

Prune Trees.

Italian and Petite, one year old; 8 to 4 foot high. \$2.00 per 100; 4 to 6 feet, \$3.00 per 100. Packing done at cost. All trees warranted true name and free from insects or scale. Send orders to THOS. J. DAVIS, attorney in fact for G. E. Watkins, address, Portland, Or.

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