

# Royal Baking Powder Leads All.

From actual analysis made by me, I pronounce the Royal Baking Powder to be the Strongest and Purest Baking Powder before the public.

It is entirely free from alum and other additions injurious to health.

*W. J. Henzelle*

Prof. Chemistry, College of Pharmacy Dept. I, University of California.

All other baking powders are shown by analysis to contain alum, lime or ammonia.

### An Acrobat's Fall.

An act was given at Cordray's auditorium performance recently that was not printed on the programme. Stanley and Mason do a perilous act in midair on the trapeze. There are two bars suspended by ropes from the ceiling, one large and one small. Stanley was on the small trapeze near the ceiling, and Mason on the lower one. The man on top was preparing to hang by his legs, let go, drop, and, falling, catch his partner by the feet. Stanley, who had a coil on the side of his leg, slipped and fell. His partner could not save him.

Every eye was riveted on the falling acrobat and every heart stood still. To the man himself it seemed an age. Mason, who was below, as quick as a flash measured the distance, and saw that if his partner fell in that position nothing could save his neck from being broken, so, as Stanley descended, he gave the falling man a quick turn, somewhat broke the fall, and the performer fell to the floor with a hard sound and struck on his back.

A dozen men rushed up the aisle to pick up the man, and for a moment quite an amount of excitement prevailed. He was picked up and carried behind the scenes.

He had fallen twenty-five feet, and his only injury was a rough shaking up and a bruised back. Two minutes later George Stanley appeared before the footlights and bowed.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

### An Eclipse Dinner.

"I have been to an 'eclipse dinner,'" said a young woman. "There were any number of them, you know, of course with the part of Hamlet left out. At the one at which I assisted three girls boys at each end and in the center of the table held aloft, respectively, in flower figures, the dates of the last, the present and the next eclipse, garlands of flowers passing from one to the other. At every corner lay a pretty sketch, showing earth, moon and sun in space and in the proper positions to produce the eclipse.

"The ices were served in gilt stars. The host, who is an enthusiast in astronomy, had a small telescope mounted on the roof for use had the night been clear, and to be frank, I had crammed all the afternoon to be equal to the occasion. It was love's labor lost, however, for we did not even go up the roof, messengers being dispatched from time to time to return with the inevitable cloudy report. But it was great fun, and everybody laughed when lobster cutlets a la totalite were served."—New York Times.

### His Intentions Misunderstood.

There is a certain small boy living in the vicinity of the armory who has concluded that the finding of a pocketbook is a misfortune. He picked up one the other day on the street containing about ten dollars. Being on his way to the baker's he generously paid a score of \$1.25 that was "hung up" there against the family, and then meandered down town to invest another dollar in a Buffalo Bill gun and ammunition. But when he reached home maternal persuasion so quickened his conscience that he again started out in a sorrowful quest for the owner of the money, who was soon discovered.

And it is further alleged that this owner would not abate anything from the full amount lost and that the man who sold the little fellow the gun refused to take it back after all the circumstances had been explained, so that even to this day the mention of that pocketbook causes a shadow to creep over the countenance of that boy.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

### Effective Work by a Lawyer.

A very amusing incident occurred at the city hall a few days ago. A couple of men, while in a state of cheerfulness, became boisterous in their wordy warfare and were taken before Judge Cavin.

A friend of the two belligerents, who had also been looking upon the wise when it was red, appeared as counsel for them.

The self-constituted attorney had talked but a moment, however, when Judge Cavin said, "Discharge the prisoners and lock up their attorney."

The order was complied with amid an outburst of laughter.—Galveston News.

### Mr. Klein's Private Rain.

The story of a wonderful phenomenon comes from Rossville, nineteen miles west of Topeka, on the Union Pacific. For nineteen days, it is said, rain fell incessantly on the orchard belonging to H. Klein, a prominent Rossville resident. This orchard is in the town and is bounded on the east by Mr. Klein's residence, on the other three sides by lines of fences. The rain did not fall outside of Mr. Klein's premises, but for nineteen days there was no intermission in the fall, and it was only stopped by a cold snap.—Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

### A Shocked Expert.

Expert (engaged in examining the accounts of the late Bullitt bank)—I nearly fainted with surprise today. Never received such a shock in my life. Depositor (tremulously)—What was it? Expert—Some of the stock on which the bank officers loaned money to themselves was good.—New York Weekly.

### Thanksgiving Day in New York City.

It used to be that Thanksgiving day in New York was, like the day all over the eastern part of the country, a day which centered around a dinner. This dinner was inevitable, and the families saw each other then that never saw each other in a group at any other time. The prodigal returned for it; the poor relation looked forward to it and praised it as it progressed heavily through its different courses; and the several members of the family tried to be more polite and genial and loving toward one another at that meal than at any other of the three times \$50 other meals of the year. There are some who like family dinners, and there are other wicked ones who sympathize with the young woman who assented to having a family dinner by saying, "Yes, and let us have any family but our own."

It is an awful and solemn ceremony in many homes, and it is made more so, as a rule, by some of the elder of the poor relations, who endeavors to enliven the general gloom by trying to be "the life of the dinner." He does this by growing reminiscent over the younger members, and telling how pretty they were as children, and how they used to make him tell and retell the old story of the roast pig he stole the night before Gettysburg, with which introduction he promptly tells the old story again.

It may not be so everywhere, but around New York city this has all changed. It is not that the families around the great metropolis love each other less, or that they have less care or less desire to be thankful, but a great and powerful and fascinating rival has come to take the place of the Thanksgiving day dinner, and it is known not only in New York, but from Texas, or wherever else a Yale man is carrying a transit, to Canada, or wherever else the Princeton man is building a bridge, as the Thanksgiving day game.

And now everybody goes out to see Princeton and Yale decide the football championship, and instead of boring each other around a dinner table, grow hoarse and exhausted in shouting for their favorite son or the college of their son.—Harper's Weekly.

### A Georgia Mule Mine.

Squire Spidler has just discovered an extensive bay mule mine on his farm near here. The squire was fishing down by the creek near where an old Indian mine was worked for mules, and he was attracted by a sound resembling the bray of a mule coming from a little cave in the bank of the stream. The squire commenced a search and soon discovered the ears of a mule protruding above the soft earth near the water. Work was at once commenced and several fine specimens were unearthed. The squire's son-in-law started with one fine specimen to a mineralogist to have it assayed, but it bucked and jumped with him, and after sending him off on a voyage of discovery toward the planet Saturn, went on a grazing spree in the adjacent cow lot. It is believed that the mine will prove very profitable, and fodder and corn have advanced to fifty dollars per foot.—Calhoun (Ga.) Times.

### A Woman's Terrible Experience.

A farmer named Morrard found a woman lying underneath a tree near his farm in St. Jerome parish. She was alive, but almost a skeleton, unable to speak and insane. She was Matilda Grapin, a domestic. Over a month ago she left a house to go to church, but had never been heard of again and was believed to be dead. She had laid down under a tree where she and her dead husband had often sat together. She fell asleep and slept for two days, and when she awoke she had lost her reason. She wandered about the woods for thirty-five days, and never tasted any food. She obtained water from a brook. Since she has been found she has been rational at times and has told the above remarkable story. She is in a very weak state.—Montreal Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.

### Advice From Doctors.

Every one should know by this time that it is dangerous to ask a doctor's or a lawyer's advice even in the most casual and public manner unless one expects to pay him for it. There is a well authenticated story of a man in New York who chanced to remark to a celebrated physician once: "Doctor, have you any sure means of preventing attacks?"

"Certainly," said the doctor. "What is it?"

"Stay on shore!" said the physician and sent the man his bill.

Another gentleman, who was a valentudinarian, met a doctor of his acquaintance on the street one day. "Doctor," said he, "I'm glad I met you. Do you know, I'm so weak that the least bit of walking on these pavements tires me out. What do you think I'd better take?"

"A horse car, I guess," said the doctor crustily. And he, too, sent in a little memorandum of the amount due for this wise prescription.—Youth's Companion.

### A Great Sound.

"Did you advise Howler to cultivate his voice?"

"Oh, mercy! What for?"

"A rain producing machine."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### They'll Be Safe.

First Burglar—Here comes a policeman. How can we get rid of him?

### NOT PUNISHMENT.

Call not pain's teaching punishment, the fire that lights a soul, even while it tortures, blessing. The sorrow that trembles some old dole, And on the same foundation builds a higher. Hath more than joy for him who acquiesces. Ah, darkness teaches us to love the light. Not as 'tis loved of children, warm and sweet. And crying for the tops not by at night. But even as a blinded patient might. Whose soul pants on in dreams of radiance freed. —Anelle Rives in Harper's.

### MISS KELLY'S CRISIS.

That the social season on Cherry Hill had not displayed the brilliancy that had marked it from the time Miss Maggie Kelly had the leadership in such matters thrust upon her was due entirely to the fact that the young lady had passed a period of dangerous illness. At one time they thought the end had come. The doctor thought so too, for he bent over her for many minutes before he was sure that she still continued to breathe.

Miss Kelly's illness started with a slight cold. It didn't bother her any at first, and she went to her work at the envelope factory with the same regularity that had characterized her for years. Then she began to feel worse. Her mother advised her to remain at home for a couple of days, but Miss Maggie would have none of it. At that particular time she was doing another girl's work in addition to her own, which meant that she would receive double the usual amount of pay when the week was ended.

The young girl needed the money very much, for she wished to attend the third annual ball of the Social Five, which was to occur during the following week. On that occasion she had proposed to appear in a costume that would delight the hearts of her friends and still the adverse criticism of her enemies.

Mr. Slobey Carroll, with much pleading in his tones, had begged of her to accompany him to the ball. She had refused the gentleman at first, and very frankly told him her reasons for so doing. "If I go with you," she said, "you'll get off 'n' git a jag on, an' then you'll sock yer in the eye 'n' there'll be a scarp. I don't want no scrapperakin me to a ball." Mr. Carroll was much hurt upon hearing why Miss Kelly did not care to go to the ball with him. Then he protested against her classification.

"I ain't no scrapper, Mag," he said. "I'm a actor."

The young lady referred to a disturbance which Mr. Carroll had started at the last party she gave in order to prove her assertion. Mr. Carroll protested with much vehemence that it was not he, but the quantity of beer he had imbibed on that occasion, which was responsible for the outbreak.

Miss Kelly naively remarked that perhaps the beer might be responsible for another such scene, but Mr. Carroll hastened to assure her that such would not be the case. He even went so far as to hope he might die on the spot if he would become involved in any quarrel at the ball. He was so far successful in convincing Miss Kelly that he would be helping himself if only she would go with him that finally she consented.

Her mother was not altogether pleased with the choice Miss Maggie had made for a partner at the ball. "Shure," the old lady had said, "yer might better had wint wid Mike Welsh. He's a nice, quiet, decent, good young man."

"I know he is, maw," the young woman replied. "He's too good. If Slobey don't git fall he'll be all right."

"Yes, if he don't," the mother responded grimly. "I'm a actor." It really seemed as if the fates were against her accompanying Mr. Carroll, for the very day after she had consented she commenced to feel ill. Three days later she was unable to rise from her bed, and the doctor was called in.

"Your daughter will have a hard time of it," he told the young lady's mother. A heavy fever set in, and on the evening of the ball Miss Kelly was delirious.

Then the doctor said the critical time was at hand, and that the young woman's recovery depended as much on careful nursing as his medicines. He said that no noise should be made that would disturb the patient. Miss Tessie Brady said she would see that the injunction was carried out.

Miss Brady had come out in a new light since her friend Maggie became ill. From the very first she had been at Miss Maggie's side.

Without her the Kellys could have obtained no rest, for a ceaseless vigil was maintained over the patient. For the first few nights Miss Brady went to her own home shortly after midnight. Mr. Carroll always loitered about the neighborhood until Miss Brady came out. Then, while he was walking home with her, she would tell him how Maggie was getting along.

When the physician announced that his patient's life hung only by a thread, Miss Brady neglected her work altogether and remained constantly at the bedside of her friend. She told Mr. Carroll that Maggie might die at any moment. He could not believe it. "Air, yer lie," he said jocosely. Miss Brady assured him that what she said was the simple truth. Then he stared at her blankly and said, "Gee!"

When the doctor came that evening he said he thought he'd stay awhile. He told Mrs. Kelly that if her daughter's sense did not return by midnight she might expect the worst.

That evening saw the father and mother, with Miss Brady, sitting at the bedside of the social queen of Cherry Hill. The neighbors who were obliged to go up and down stairs did so on tiptoe and made no sound in the halls.

Then the doctor came in, examined the young woman, and said he might want some one to go to the nearest drug store in a hurry. Miss Brady said she would look after that matter and straightway proceeded to the street door, where Mr. Carroll was standing patiently. In a few words she told him of Miss Kelly's condition and warned him not to go away, as he might be needed at any moment.

The figure beside the bed began to sway to and fro, and from the mother's lips there issued a lullaby that had not been heard in the Kelly household for years.

At first it was faint, like a sigh, but soon grew a little louder and steeper. The physician came in, looked for a moment, and then turned away without a word.

It seemed like hours to Miss Brady before the physician again came in. He raised his finger to the mother, and the singing and rocking ceased. After watching the patient for a moment he hastily wrote a prescription. He handed it to Miss Brady and told her the quicker the medicine was procured the more chance there was of saving the patient's life.

The young woman went swiftly down the stairs and to the door. Mr. Carroll was there.

"Slobey," she said excitedly, "go over to the drug store an' git this quick. If you don't hurry up, Mag!"

But Slobey was already gone. He dashed across the street and around the corner like a flash. A moment later the drug store door was thrown violently open and Mr. Carroll bounded in.

He approached a clerk with Titan hair and said:

"Hey, young feller! Gimme this quick ez yer kin."

He then threw the prescription on the counter. The clerk picked it up in a leisurely manner and scanned it carelessly. Then he asked, "Are you in a hurry?"

"Yair," Mr. Carroll responded, surprised that any one would think otherwise.

"Well, you'll have to wait until your hurry's over," came from the other in a cool, breezy manner.

Mr. Carroll's brow lowered ominously. "S-l-o-w-l-y, young feller," he said, very slowly and distinctly, "do you mean that?"

"Of course I"—The clerk never got any farther than that, nor could any one who happened to be in the place at the time tell just what happened. They saw something bound over the counter heard a thud, saw the proprietor run out, wave his arms, and then saw a piece of paper thrust into his hand.

"Gimme that quick or I'll break yer jaw, see!" they heard a voice exclaim, and then they saw a young man throw some money on the counter and dash out of the place at his best speed. Slobey handed the package to Miss Brady, and a moment later the physician had administered it. For another half hour they waited. Mrs. Kelly went into the kitchen. The patient was lying quite still now, and the doctor was bending over her.

Suddenly her eyes opened. They rolled from one side to the other in an inquiring way. Then the lips were parted, and from them came faintly:

"Where's me ole woman?"

"She'll come through all right now," the doctor said, and Miss Brady commenced to cry. A few moments later and the doctor passed out of the house. A block away he was followed by a square shouldered young man who walked with a swagger. The doctor was in a hard neighborhood, so he grasped his heavy cane more firmly.

The figure soon came up with him and stopped. The physician looked into the other's face and half raised his cane.

"Hey, Doc. On the dead level, is it?"

"Well," asked the physician sharply.

"Is she—she dead, you know, up there?" indicating the Kellys' home with his finger.

"Oh, no!" he answered, with a feeling of relief. "She'll be out again in a week or two."

Then the man of medicine wondered why the other shook his hand so heartily and proceeded to execute softly a jig on the sidewalk.—Charles A. Broadhead in New York Evening Sun.

The Maid of Ratisbon.

Another political legion is gone. In France the Maid of Ratisbon, who by her intrepidity saved a whole French army from destruction during the Napoleonic wars, has long been believed in no less implicity than Joan of Arc or Jeanne Hachette of Beauvais or the Maid of Saragossa. The true version of the story. After the assault upon Ratisbon, he says, he was in command of a column which was ordered to occupy a bridge affording the only line of retreat for the Austrians. "Losing my way among the streets of the town," he goes on to say, "I suddenly saw a young woman spring up before me, crying: 'Save me. I am a Frenchwoman.' She was a dressmaker established in business at Ratisbon. I asked her to show us the way to the bridge, but as we were still under fire, she was afraid. Thereupon I ordered her to be led by the arm at the head of the column by two grenadiers. She shrieked, but it was of no use. One of the grenadiers was wounded in the arm, and the blood spouted over the poor, terrified woman. She fainted and had to be carried. Napoleon, having heard the story, asked to see the little dressmaker and complimented her upon the service she had rendered the army. This was the origin of the legend."—London News.

He Wanted Quick Returns.

"As I was sitting in a railroad station the other day waiting for a train," said a traveler, "I saw a 4-year-old boy walk up to a box which had been placed there to receive the contributions of the charitable, drop a penny in the slot and pull the padlock. Evidently he had mistaken the box for a penny-in-the-slot candy machine. When he found that he got nothing, he called to his mother, who was sitting near. She tried to explain to her young son that he couldn't get candy from that box, but that he would have the pleasure of knowing that his penny would buy something nice for some other little child. But the little boy didn't appear to grasp this, in fact he paid no heed to it, and there was nothing for the mother to do but to take him to a machine that yielded quick returns for the money."—New York Sun.

Advice.

Dr. X. (the celebrated physician who makes, we are told, 150,000 francs a year by his practice)—Well, sir, where do you suffer?

Patient—Here, sir, in the pit of my stomach. It hurts me dreadfully when I press against it.

Dr. X.—Well, then, sir, you must take care never to press against it. (Patient dashes off bawling his fee of 2 louis.)—Phare du Voyageur.

German Gutturals.

Hostetter McGinnis—Have you spoken with the herr professor yet, Miss Uppercrust?

Miss Uppercrust—No. The German gutturals are so delectable that they offend my ears.

"Yes—delectable!"

"Yes. So low in the neck, you know?"—Texas Sitings.

### Too Late with His Objections.

A marriage ceremony at Roseburg was interrupted in a sensational manner a few evenings ago. Charles Minkler, a freight conductor at Woodburn, was the groom, and first son public attention, the bride. During the ceremony the officiating minister asked if any one had any reason why the ceremony should not proceed.

A young girl goods clerk of Roseburg, named Mannis, stepped forward, saying he had serious objections. He said he wanted to see and speak with the girl privately. He was put out of the house and a pistol was found in his pocket. He said he had always wanted to marry the girl, but had never gathered courage to tell her of his feelings.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### SWINGING AROUND THE CIRCLE.

Of the diseases to which it is adapted with the best results, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family medicine, comprehensive in its scope, has never been given public attention. The guide of a universal panacea for bodily ills. This claim, daily attested in the columns of the daily press, by the proprietors of medicine far inferior to it as specific, has in a thousand instances disgusted the public in advance by its absurdity, and the prospect of other remedies of superior quality have been handicapped by the pretensions of their worthless competitors. But the American people know, because they have verified the fact by the most trying tests, that the Bitters possess the virtues of a real specific in cases of malarial and liver disorder, constipation, nervous, rheumatic, stomach and kidney troubles. What it does not do, it thoroughly, and mainly for this reason it is endorsed and recommended by hosts of respectable medical men.

Who can blame Mr. Cleveland for seeking the seashore? Whatever the wild waves are saying, they're not making speeches about silver.

### GOOD THE TEST.

ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are unsurpassed in curative properties, rapidity and safety of action, and are the only reliable plasters ever produced. They have successfully stood the test of over thirty years' use by the public; their virtues have never been equalled by imitations who have sought to trade upon the reputation of Alcock's by making plasters with holes in them and claiming them to be "just as good as Alcock's," and they stand to-day indorsed by not only the highest medical authorities, but by millions of grateful patients who have proved their efficacy as a household remedy.

Beware of imitations. Ask for ALCOCK'S, and do not be persuaded to accept a substitute.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS will purify the blood.

An Emotional Role—She—Why were you so awfully nervous when you proposed to me? He—Oh, I was trying not to look so cocksure of being accepted as I felt.

### HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. C. H. WALKER, Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him to be perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him in any capacity.

WALKER, KINSEY & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, setting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERBER for breakfast.

### Praise is Good

For any medicine you hear about, but to be sure you get the best, you must see the man who still sells it. I have for many years suffered with Catarrh of the Bladder, and all over my body, and my left leg swelled and became so sore that I had to give up work. Physicians prescribed for me various remedies, but did not cure me. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me immediate relief, drove all disease out of my blood and gave me perfect cure. W. O. DORR, 21 Lombard Court, Kansas City, Mo.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure constipation. Try a box.

### Golden West Baking Powder

When in Portland be sure to take in the greatest novelty at the Exposition. We shall bake biscuits and cake every afternoon and evening on our pretty Jeton Gas Stove. Everybody cordially invited to have a biscuit with us and see the wonderful merits of Golden West Baking Powder proved by actual work.

### CLOSET & DEVERS,

PORTLAND, OR.

### MERCURIAL

Mr. J. C. Jones, of Fulton, Ark., says:

"About ten years ago I contracted a severe case of blood poisoning. Leading physicians prescribed medicine after medicine, which I took without any relief. I also tried mercurial and potash remedies, with unsuccessful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurialism. After suffering four years I gave up all remedies and commenced using S. S. S. After taking several bottles, I was entirely cured and able to resume work. But the little boy didn't appear to grasp this, in fact he paid no heed to it, and there was nothing for the mother to do but to take him to a machine that yielded quick returns for the money."—New York Sun.

### RHEUMATISM

Successful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurialism. After suffering four years I gave up all remedies and commenced using S. S. S. After taking several bottles, I was entirely cured and able to resume work. But the little boy didn't appear to grasp this, in fact he paid no heed to it, and there was nothing for the mother to do but to take him to a machine that yielded quick returns for the money."—New York Sun.

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### TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF COAT

In the World!

Prepared by A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

Fish's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

### CATARRH

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa.

### VOLUMES COULD BE WRITTEN.

Alled with the testimony of women who have been made well and strong by Dr. Pardee's Favorite Prescription.

It's a medicine that's made especially to build up women's strength and to cure women's ailments—Invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial, and bracing nerve; purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, and perfectly harmless. For all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses that afflict womanhood, the "Favorite Prescription" is the only guaranteed remedy.

It must have been the medicine for most women, if it couldn't be sold on any such terms.

Isn't it likely to be the medicine for you? Sold by druggists everywhere.

### CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

THIS GREAT CURE CURE promptly cures who all other Coughs, Croup, Hoarse Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will cure you if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Large Book or Chart, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER, 50c.

### SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50c. Injector free.

### "German Syrup"

Mr. Albert Hartley of Hudson, N. C., was taken with Pneumonia. His brother had just died from it. When he found his doctor could not rally him he took one bottle of German Syrup and came out sound and well. Mr. S. B. Gardner, Clerk with Druggist J. E. Barr, Aurora, Texas, prevented a bad attack of pneumonia by taking German Syrup in time. He was in the business and knew the danger. He used the great remedy—Boschee's German Syrup—for lung diseases.

### FREE JONES' CASH STORE

—THE—Buyers' Guide

THE BUYERS' GUIDE is published the first of each month. It is issued in the interest of all consumers. It gives the lowest cash quotations on everything in the grocery line. It will save you money to consult it. Mailed free to any address on application. Don't be without it. It costs you nothing to get it. Quotes wholesale prices direct to the consumer. Mention this paper. Address

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A MILD PHYSIC

ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, Constipation, Bile and clear the complexion better than any other pills do. To convince you of their merit we will mail samples free, or a full box free, to any address. Beware of cheap imitations. J. C. Gunns, Philadelphia, Pa.

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AND TRUMPET TREATISSES.

Everything in the above lines. Costumes, Wigs, Beards, Properties, Opera and Play Books, etc., furnished at greatly reduced rates and in superior quality by the oldest, largest, best equipped and therefore only reliable Theatrical Supply House on the Pacific Coast. Correspondence solicited. Write to THE THEATRICAL SOCIETY, 2