

The Oregon Mist

DAVE DAVIS, Publisher.

United States and County Official Paper.

FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1894.

GRAND REPUBLICAN RALLY.

Grand republican rally at the opera-house on Wednesday, April 4. Prominent speakers from abroad have been secured, and a good programme is assured. This is the opening gun of the campaign and everybody should be in attendance.

The primary at Reuben, Wednesday, resulted in the election of Geo. C. J. Quinn, James Kennedy, J. M. Archibald and H. C. Brown, as delegates to the convention. H. C. Brown nominated for justice of the peace, and Jas. Kennedy, for constable.

In Sherman precinct W. D. Connell and Nelson Finckney were elected as delegates to the convention.

Next Sunday is April fool day, so be wise. There will be just such a day about the 5th of June, the only difference will be "populists fooled" day.

The recent land slide which covered up several hundred yards of railroad track up at Holbrook was a pretty large-sized affair of its kind, but it isn't a circumstance to the one that is going to hit the poppies about the fifth of next June.

The peoples party has already fallen into the hands of politicians and time servers. After months of agitation in favor of free coinage of silver, neither is mentioned in the platform adopted at Oregon City. The people will not trust power to a party that thus, almost at the outset of its career, ignores the most important principles on which it was founded. Time serving and political expediency never were successful.

It is authentically stated that as soon as the work of nominating the populist state ticket was over, the executive committee met and assessed each member of each populist club in the state twenty-five cents per week for campaign purposes. If all pay the assessment, the yield will be sufficient to give the members of the executive committee a fair living until after the election. Just where the profit will come in will never in this world be seen, except by the members of the executive committee.

It is just the same in Nebraska as it is in any other state or county where populists have been elected to offices of trust. The pop treasurer of Custer county, Nebraska, is reported short in his accounts all the way from \$7,000 to \$15,000. The gang of reformers with which the county is infested have borrowed the county money from the simple old man, and now they are unable to pay it back, and he and his bondsmen are left to hold the sack. Among his patrons we notice the name of O. M. Kern, the pop congressman from that district, is down for the sum of \$1,700.

Now that the pops have held their convention and announced the personnel of their ticket, we are impelled to wonder what has become of Prof. M. V. Rork, that ham-fisted supper nightmare who made politics hideous and caused dogs to run under the house two years ago. On account of his conspicuous absence it has been suggested that probably he has gone to live among the Turks, whose habits, in some respects, are said to be congenial with his own. Without this incarnation of a diplomanian's vision, how can there be a populist campaign?

Hos. John T. Apperson will, in all probability, be the strong man for the governorship at the state republican convention, next month. Mr. Apperson possesses all the qualities which are necessary to enable one to efficiently and honestly administer in such a capacity, and should the convention see fit to bestow such honors upon Mr. Apperson it will have acted with extreme prudence, and placed in nomination the name of a man which cannot be upbraided or censured in any respect, and a man who will draw heavily from the ranks of the opposing elements.

The Dallas Transcript, a straight-out republican paper, speaking of the populist candidate for governor, says: "Nathan Pierce, the populist candidate for governor, is a great big, good-natured gentleman, who appears as innocent as a new-born babe, and as unsuspecting as a lamb. But any man who will lend his aid, as he did in the presidential election of 1892, to a damnable scheme to allow a party to which he pretends to be a bitter enemy to capture the government, should be defeated on general principles. Republicans, of populist ideas, should remember this, and stay with their party."

The peoples party does not lack for practical politicians as witness the nominees and proceedings of the state convention at Oregon City. It has met the fate of all new parties. Disappointed office-seekers from the old parties, in whose ranks they could gain no recognition, have flocked to its standard. While the greater part of its adherents are honest and well-meaning in their intentions, there is a considerable element that is there for preferment and selfish motives. Among them are many who have been democrats, republicans, greenbackers, independents, prohibitionists, women suffragists, and any other set or sets that might have been a popular fad. It is a heterogeneous crowd.

AMERICANS today have as brilliant an illustration of exact populist doctrine as could possibly be drawn, in the actions of Capt. Coxey and his army of 300,000 men who are marching to Washington City. It is a riotous, unlawful mob, composed principally of low, foreign immigration. The movement is somewhat in advance of the expectations of the average populist, but the same sentiment is prevalent in each, however. The rank and file of the whole thing bears out, in unmistakable prominence, the motive and intent, which is to compel the government of the United States to hand out, in equal amounts to each, the proportionate sums which they may demand, and if their requests should not be complied with, then there is likely to be an attempt made to compel such distribution. What could savor more strongly to the precepts of disloyalty and treason? Where would such an uprising be permitted save in the United States? Nowhere, and the sooner there is some action taken to stop this movement the better it will be for the country at large and the world in general.

NOT IN HARMONY.

It is a little wonder that the populists, after privately maligning each other, should fail to harmonize their discordant elements by trying to present candidates acceptable to all their adherents. If there was any basic principle upon which to found a third party, or if there was any unity of purpose save the one selfish one of expecting a remunerative office, there might have been concerted action, but hardly had they secured howling the shortcomings of the two old parties and begun to formulate some thing definite, before they exposed their utter and absolute incompetency to comprehend the situation, and therefore prepared for its emergencies. Called upon to formulate and declare their principles in country convention, the remnant left is sufficient evidence of an ignominious failure, and while the candidates themselves may be men we consider as kindly neighbors of pleasant friends, their chief qualifications for the several offices for which they have been named are decidedly scant, and the approval of the rank and file of their party is equally scant. Starting off two years ago with the theory that "There must be something wrong somewhere," they have tenaciously adhered to it until they have not only convinced themselves of the truthfulness of their position, but everyone who has observed their general course, and the light is dimly glancing upon them that if the beam was removed from their own eye they could the more clearly see the mote in their republican brothers' eye. Knowing how futile it would be to depend upon a fair and truthful statement of facts, their editorial writings are laden with perversions and fabrications too numerous to refute in particular, and when challenged to open discussion find some protest to refrain and avoid exposure. No opportunity is neglected to engender jealousy and strife between labor and capital. No occasion overlooked to advocate various phases of socialism and even anarchism, and finally tinged of their own puerile muttering against the legal-tender act, their candidate for congress in the first district, Charlie Miller, comes out and sounds the key-note of the campaign by using the following language: "We aim to show the necessity of national paper money, made by law, without a redeemer that will not take wings and leave us when we most need it." The colonists found that with all the force of law and penalty, as soon as it was found that they were unable to redeem their paper money, notwithstanding their evident intention and honesty of purpose to pay, their paper money became worthless and ceased to circulate, and if our populist friends were very careful students of history they might, without much credit for sagacity, easily see that their money would be like the Irishman who said "It would be better he went away before he ever came at all." But bitterly censured as the republicans have been for paying in better money than was contracted for, they will find that the policy of honesty will prove the best either nationally or individually, and there is only one thing needed to insure a complete triumph at the polls next June and that is this: To bear in mind that the people of Columbia county owe nothing to any candidate, and if he gets it he should find no fault; second, that there are not officers enough to supply all aspirants, and the delegates are supposed to select men with reference to capability and honesty first, geographical location being a secondary matter, and finally whoever is elected and proves recalcitrant to the trust imposed upon him, it would be better if a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea.

THE OREGON POPPIES.

The populist party is not new in Oregon. It has existed in one form or another, under different names, from an early day, and it may be permitted to judge from the personnel of the county tickets recently nominated in several of the counties, from the delegates selected to the state convention, and from the delegates to the county conventions, we have only to contend against the same advocates of crank theories who have been with us a long time, says the Salem Statesman. Last year they were known as the peoples party, which was an offspring of the farmers' alliance. They were known to us previous to that time as the union party, greenbackers, prohibitionists, the labor party, anti-monopolists, workingmen's party, etc. They have been voting for minority candidates from away back. No real headway has been made by them, and they are practically making none now, except as they are securing converts from among the rank and file of the several kinds of democratic party. Occasionally you hear of a republican being led astray, but it is noticed that these conversions of republicans are always being made in the next precinct or next county. And when that precinct or county is visited the revolution is located in a still the next one. And so it goes. True, we all have among our acquaintances one or two old-time republicans who have fallen under the seductive wiles and ways of the poppies, but it is a dollar to doughnuts that these same converts to the populist crank theories were staunch republican candidates for office not longer ago than two years, or four at most, before the republican nominating conventions. In 1892, in Marion county the populists polled but 525 votes for congress man out of a total of 5,491 ballots cast—about ten per cent. And the vote of the populists (then peoples party) in the entire state six months later for supreme judge was but 12,229 out of a total vote of 75,739—only six per cent. But, undaunted by defeat, the disgruntled element—the third party, known under whatever name comes handy—incapable of gaining proselytes, continues to agitate and throw away its suffrages on an outside ticket. Fusion between democrats and populists this year is out of the question. A few democrats cried for it at first, but it is a difficult matter nowadays to find a democrat who would vote for a prohibitionist—and of these there are not a few on the pop tickets. And fusion is impossible for the pops won't fuse—a good reason, you must admit.

RAILROAD RATE WARR.

There is but one kind of war which the American people are displeased to see on, and that is a railroad rate war. Such wars are, as a rule, incidents of a business depression, and at the very time when the scant business which the country affords should be carefully guarded, so as to secure the best results and be mathematically apportioned among the various transportation lines interested there seems to be an unaccountable scramble as to who shall secure the most of the booty, and what should be legitimate business rivalry degenerates into a senseless and unbridled competition. These remarks are elicited by the report that the two east-bound freight and passenger pools, which the Trunk Line and Central Traffic associations had spent a month in organizing, had been split open, and were now admitted to failures. The same report further said that the very day when the presidents of the two associations signed the agreements, they were so thereafter, some of the official went out to devise means to getting around their contracts. This is not surprising, because it has been known from time immemorial, almost, that railroad contracts have not enough vitality to last until the ink is dry on them, and that railroad officials, in their insane competition for business, would lay in eccentricities of conduct, which they would blush to acknowledge as gentlemen.

THE DEMOCRATIC PREDICAMENT.

When the democrats made their pledge to reduce the tariff and to cripple the policy of protection, the country was in a prosperous condition, and it looked as if they might redeem such a pledge with impunity, precipitating a serious misfortune. It does not seem possible that any change in the tariff system would make any great difference. That feeling really led to the election of Cleveland. A large number of those who voted for him thought that the proposed experiment might be safely tried, and that in any case there would be no paucity and no calamity. But they were mistaken in that view, as they soon ascertained when the effects of the democratic victory began to be felt. They knew not at the prospect which they supposed would continue in any event was dependent upon the conditions that had been established and maintained by the republicans. Things began to assume an ominous aspect directly after the beginning of the new administration; and they grew steadily worse until all forms of industry, and all kinds of business were terribly depressed. The sky looks a little brighter than it did six months ago, but the cloud is still there, and the fact is manifest that tariff reform is not calculated to dispense them. If another election were to be held today, the majority in favor of a restoration of republican rule would be overwhelming. It is impossible, however, for the democrats now to turn back. They are bound to go ahead with their scheme of anti-protective legislation. It means defeat for them, but to stop where they are would be to invite the same result. They are committed to a course from which they cannot escape, whatever the consequences may be. If they could evade the responsibility they would gladly do so, but that is out of the question. They are delaying the passage of the Wilson bill with the hope that it may be killed into a more acceptable shape, or that circumstances may change to its advantage; but there is no reason to believe that they will gain anything in this way. The fact that they are pledged to a policy of hostility to protected industries will understand, and it has caused general alarm and apprehension. They cannot amend the pending measure in such a degree as to make it satisfactory even to their own party. Its purpose is destructive, its principle is antagonistic to the interests of all classes. The people are against it for reasons which are conclusive. It is in every respect the worst tariff bill that has ever been formulated. The men who connect it are free-traders, and the party by which it is to be inflicted upon the country is a free-trade organization. There is no way to prevent its passage, but it should be resolutely fought at every step, and it will surely be repudiated at the polls.

WIND AND POPULISTS.

The following resolutions were adopted by the national populist league in convention assembled: WHEREAS: Wind is as ancient as human history; and WHEREAS: Grover Cleveland has formed a gigantic conspiracy with the corrupt money power of the east to destroy the party between wind and cash; and WHEREAS: The shysters of the east by the most gigantic crime of the ages have demoralized wind; and WHEREAS: The paying of our debts in cash would constitute the betrayal of wind; and WHEREAS: It is one of the natural rights of men to borrow cash and pay back in wind; and WHEREAS: The hat is a useful instrument for helping the organs of speech; and WHEREAS: We can make more noise than any other combination on earth. Therefore, in view of all these facts, we declare— First, National depositories for the free and unlimited storage of wind shall be everywhere established. Second, Against such deposits, free and unlimited wind certificates shall be issued at par and delivered to the people on demand. Third, Such certificates shall be legal tender all over the world, except for debts due to members of the American wind league. Fourth, We denounce the cash bugs of the east, and the ever-fattening money microbes of the old world. Fifth, We demand a cheap and speedy transportation to bases of all our adversaries.

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THE COPPER WAS GAY.

But He Couldn't Fool the Daughter of the Chief of Police. He was a St. Paul policeman. He stood on the corner knocking flies from the back of his neck and looking wise. A sweet little miss, apparently of 22 summers and with an appearance unmistakably southern, approached him and timidly inquired: "Can you direct me to the Metropolitan Opera House?" The "copper" sized her up, then thrust his big chin into the air again and indifferently replied: "Waal, yis."

He said no more, and she waited patiently for a moment. The wise boy was unmoved and stood like a dummy in his niche. "Well," she finally inquired a little impatiently. The copper gazed at her from over his chin and looked as though he had never seen her before. "I asked you," she said with exasperation, "if you could direct me to the Metropolitan Opera House."

"I kin," he replied stiffly. "Well, why don't you do it then?" "Why, ma'am," in astonishment, "ye didn't ask me."

She looked at him pityingly for an instant, then she grew angry. "Look here, Mr. Clargisn, or whatever you are," she said, "if you are hired to play jokes on the public you ought to get a permit. I asked you a civil question, and you answered me with an alleged joke that is so old that it has white whiskers—a joke that Billy Emerson got off in the Boston Museum a hundred years ago. If this is your second time on earth, you ought to hang out a sign, for people might think you are an innocent little thing and steal you some warm afternoon. I want to tell you that my father is chief of police, and if you don't show me exactly where that theater is, and that within two minutes, I'll tell father the whole business and might induce him to start you on the hunt for a job."

She paused a moment, and the "copper's" attitude underwent an immediate and surprising change. He attempted to apologize, but she wouldn't have it. At a 2:40 gait he started in the direction of the theater, the young girl smiling as she toddled along at his heels. The theater reached, she smiled and said: "There, you old relic of a forgotten past, I got even with you for your smartness. I never saw the chief of police," she hummed a bar of "Do Not Forget Me" as she disappeared within the playhouse.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Belle of 1776. Captain G. W. Bullen, United States inspector of boilers, has a pocket piece which he prizes highly. It is a copper token or souvenir just the size of a silver dollar, issued by authority of the first congress and bearing the date "1776."

On one side is the familiar relief of the Goddess of Liberty, beneath her date, and over her head a group of 13 stars with spreading rays beneath them. Around these is the inscription containing the first of the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence, viz, "These united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states." The reverse side is so worn that the lettering cannot be read. Around the margin are the words, "By authority of the congress of the United States." Inside of this is a wreath forming a full circle, in the lower part of which appear the words, "American independence." Above these words the surface is worn, and only the letters "ion" can be made out.—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

Slow Advance Toward the North. The difficulties that make the quest of the pole so arduous have been discovered by slow degrees. It is marvellous how soon nearly the full limits of northward attainment were reached. In 1596 Barents discovered Spitzbergen in about 78 degrees north; in 1770 Hudson reached 80 degrees; in 1827 Parry, by sledging on the ice when his ship became fast, succeeded in touching 82 degrees 45 minutes. Since then all the enormous resources of modern science—steam, electricity, preserved foods and the experience of centuries—have only enabled 40 miles of additional poleward advance to be made.—McClure's Magazine.

Fads of the Paris Young Men. The supine young men in Paris, according to the imaginative correspondent, not content with mere boot lasts, have plaster casts made of their legs from the waists down, with the object of keeping both their trousers, their knee breeches and even their underwear in proper shape. One youth, with more money than brains, has an entire room of his residence devoted to the reception of some 60 pairs of plaster of paris counterparts of his legs, and nothing is more peculiar than the spectacle presented by this army of fully clothed limbs standing about without any trunk and head.

Two Weighty Reasons. "Halloo, old chap, looking for fresh lodgings? Why so?" "Oh, for two reasons! First, because my late landlord's daughter played the piano all day long; and secondly, because he turned me out for not paying my rent."—Exchange.

A Forty-Mile Ride.

E. R. Sweetnam, of Fairfax station, Virginia, says: "A party came forty miles to my store for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and bought a dozen bottles. The remedy is a great favorite in this vicinity, and has performed some wonderful cures here." It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup, and whooping cough, and is a favorite wherever known. For sale by Edwin Ross.

Trout fishing is now the leading sport of the day. Rheumatism Quickly Cured. Three days is a very short time in which to cure a bad case of rheumatism; but it can be done, if the proper treatment is adopted, as will be seen by the following from James Lambert, of New Brunswick, N. J.: "I was badly afflicted with rheumatism in the hips and legs, when I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It cured me in three days. I am all right to-day, and would insist on everyone who is afflicted with that terrible disease to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm and get well at once. Fifty-cent bottles for sale by Edwin Ross."

The river is steadily falling. They Want the Best. "The people of this vicinity insist on having Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and do not want any other," says John V. Bishop, of Portland Mills, Indiana. That is right. They know it to be superior to any other for colds, and as a preventive and cure for croup, and why should they not insist upon having it. Fifty-cent bottles for sale by Edwin Ross.

This weather is enough to give one the spring fever. ONE DAY CURE HATTEES CONGO OIL THE MARVEL OF THE PRESENT AGE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM SCIATICA AND NEURALGIA OWL MFG CO PORTLAND O For Sale by Edwin Ross, St. Helens, Or

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FOR SALE. At private sale, for cash, to the highest bidder, the following described real property, viz: "The northwest one-quarter of the southwest one-quarter of section No. 6, township No. 2, north range 5, west, of the Willamette meridian, containing 40 acres. Bids will be received to May 20th, 1894. Address all communications to J. B. NOXTON, Pacific Grove, Monterey County, California.

NOTICE. United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, February 13, 1891. Complaint having been entered at this office on the 6th day of September, 1890, by Christian F. Larson against Charles Johnson, for abandoning his homestead entry No. 9452, dated August 15, 1890, upon the north 1/4 of the southeast 1/4 of section 23, township 5, north range 5, west, of Columbia county, Oregon, with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office, in Oregon City, Oregon, on the 24th day of April, 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment. ROBT. A. MILLER, Register. PETER PACQUET, Receiver.

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