

Health Officers Speak.

City, State and National Authorities report the Royal Baking Powder in every way Superior to all others.

STATE CHEMIST, CALIFORNIA: The ROYAL fulfils all the requirements. Our tests show it has greater leavening power than any other.

STATE CHEMIST, WASHINGTON: There is no question but the ROYAL is the strongest, purest and most wholesome baking powder in the market.

U. S. GOV'T FOOD REPORT: ROYAL BAKING POWDER is shown a pure cream of tartar powder, highest of all in leavening strength.

CANADIAN OFFICIAL TESTS: ROYAL BAKING POWDER is commended as of highest excellence, and shown to be greatest of all in leavening strength.

SAN FRANCISCO BOARD OF HEALTH: We cordially approve and recommend the ROYAL BAKING POWDER. It is absolutely pure and healthful, composed of the best ingredients, of the highest strength and character.

BOARD OF HEALTH, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON: Finding in analysis that it is entirely free from any adulteration, we heartily recommend the ROYAL BAKING POWDER for its great strength, purity and wholesomeness.

BOARD OF HEALTH, TACOMA, WASHINGTON: In our judgment the ROYAL is the best and strongest baking powder before the public.

BOARD OF HEALTH, SPOKANE: Certainly there is no baking powder known to us equal to the ROYAL.

DR. BINSWANGER, UNIVERSITY OF OREGON: It is also my opinion that there exists no purer, better or stronger baking powder than the ROYAL. I confidently recommend it.

Do not permit the slanderous stories of interested parties to influence you in using any other than The Best, The Royal.

Ants Wearing the Green.

"I once witnessed an interesting but peculiar spectacle in animal life, but one which I have never been able to account for," remarked Abraham I. Givens of Brenham, Tex. "I was going home just at nightfall over a sandy road when I noticed directly in front of me what appeared to be a long line of green ribbon about one-half an inch thick. I stopped to examine it, and to my astonishment found that it was a procession of ants marching three or four abreast in very close order, each carrying a little piece of green leaf. The effect was a continuous line of green without any break. I went back to find the beginning, but as it issued from the grass at the roadside I was unable to trace it farther in that direction. I then followed it for several rods until it entered the grass on the other side and was lost to sight. Whether it was Palm Sunday or St. Patrick's day with the ants or some political jubilee they were celebrating has always remained a mystery to me."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A PORK PACKER'S PALACE.

Philip D. Armour, Jr., is building the finest residence in Chicago.

Philip D. Armour, Jr., son of the multimillionaire pork packer, is now building what is said to be the handsomest house in Chicago and one of the handsomest private residences in the country. It stands on Lot 123 feet by 200 feet in dimensions and occupies a frontage of 65 feet on Michigan avenue and 100 feet on Thirty-seventh street. From the pavement to the top of the roof, which is four stories above the street, the distance is 100 feet. Connecticut brownstone is used in the construction on all four sides, and the roof is covered with red tile. The roof finals are of terra cotta to match the tile, and the sky line is broken by numerous dormers, towers and chimneys.

The construction throughout is fireproof and resembles that common in the great office buildings in Chicago, New York and other cities. All the floor beams are of steel, and the arches and partitions are of tile. The architecture is of the style in vogue in the time of Francis I, and the railings, balconies and window reveals are



P. D. ARMOUR, JR.'S, NEW HOME.

rich in carving. There are 30 rooms, which will be furnished in a luxurious manner, and two of the most imposing features of the interior are the large halls in the first and second stories, which contain a magnificent stairway 7 feet broad. On the fourth floor is an immense ball room, where Chicago's Four Hundred will worship at the shrine of Terpsichore.

There will be nine bathrooms, and the plumbing throughout the house will be the best that money can buy. The heating is done by means of steam controlled by an electric service. An elevator will connect all floors, and the residence will be supplied with every modern convenience. The carriage entrance will be on the north side of the house. The stable, which is already completed, is a model in its application. It is of brownstone, with a roof of red tile and accommodations for a dozen horses. The carriage room is tiled to the very ceiling, and the heating is done by steam.

It is believed that the residence will cost \$500,000 when completed. Philip D. Armour, Sr., is worth \$25,000,000 or \$30,000,000 and practically controls the best trade of two continents.

Round Too Much.

Pale with suppressed indignation, Algonquin McStab increased his legs, rose stiffly and turned up his coat collar. "Glycerin McCurdy," he howled, "you have seen fit to sneer at me. You have accused me of having a wheel in at least a wheel that has run true to you."

"Ah, yes," replied the young woman, with a pensive faraway look in her soulful eyes, "and yet I hardly want you for a hub, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

Lamb and the Scotchman.

Charles Lamb said he never could impress a Scotchman with any new truth; that they all required it to be spelled and explained away in old equivalent and familiar words and phrases. He said he had spoken to a Scotchman who sat next to him at dinner of a healthy book.

"Healthy, sir. Healthy, did you say?"

"Yes, healthy."

"I'm sure comprehend. I have heard of a healthy man and of a healthy morning, but never of a healthy book."

Helen M. Stoddard.

Helen M. Stoddard, president of the Texas W. C. T. U., has been for the past 20 years an ardent advocate of woman suffrage. She was converted by a lecture of Susan B. Anthony's. The Texas W. C. T. U. is doing a great work for suffrage under the impulse of Mrs. Stoddard and its other progressive leaders.

HER LITTLE FLOWER.

And She Sank to Rest Clutching the Tiny Treasure to Her Breast.

She found the tiny, trembling plant when first it showed its trembling head above the travel worn slabs of granite that paved the narrow alleyway which was her only playground. She gave a cry of delight when she saw the delicate shoot peeping out from between the cold gray stones, and from that moment it filled a part of her life that heretofore had been empty. She nourished it with water and jealously guarded it from the onslaught of roaming boys and the too near approach of cart wheels that came crunching through the alley, and often did her violet eyes tremble with suppressed tears as she saw the ponderous wheels rolling so close to her treasure.

Under her care and watchful attention it steadily grew, and when delicate leaves unfolded themselves and disclosed to her delighted eyes a blossom of sweetness her happiness was complete, and she sank beside it and fastened her vision on loveliness she had never seen before.

"One day she did not come at her usual hour to moisten the thirsty plant, and it would doubtless have perished but for a gentle shower that came to kiss the drooping head. The next day she did not come, and the lonely plant got its only help from the leaking of a passing water cart. Far up in one of the narrow rooms she lay on a little cot panting for breath. Her once rosy cheeks were now pale and white, and the soft blue eyes shone with a sparkling glow. Her head tossed restlessly from side to side, and moans of pain crept from the drawn lips.

Occasional words broke from her, but of such an incoherent nature that none understood her until a boy came softly into the room and gazed at the sufferer face curiously. "What is her flower," he said as she moaned again, and like a flash he sped from the room, to return in a few moments bearing an almost withered plant in his hand. As he held it aloft the lustrous eyes saw it, and two tiny wasted hands arose from the cover and were outstretched to receive her treasure. She lifted it to her lips and rained kisses on the dust covered blossom, which seemed to answer her caress in a gleam of returning freshness.

She sank to sleep, still clutching the flower to her bosom, and awoke later with a calm look of contentment covering her features.

As the hours wore on she grew weaker and weaker until, when the shafts of morning's golden light first found their way into the quiet room, they fell aside the cold, still form of a little girl, at whose cheek nestled a faded and withered flower, mingling itself in the faint smile that lingered yet around the perfect mouth.—Atlanta Constitution.

Washington's "Finest."

Here and there in the halls and corridors of the capitol the sturdy guardians of the public peace, clad in immaculate uniforms sit, silent and indifferent, ruminating, to judge from the slow and regular action of their jaws, upon the destinies of the nation, though caring for none of these things. Fine specimens most of them are, too—broad shouldered, healthy skinned, fair, quiet men, whose solid nerves nothing could surprise, whose firm but gentle mastication no political convulsion could disturb. They are of a very different type from the burly New York policeman.

One can hardly believe that they are really colleagues of the colored functionary in similar blue cloth and brass buttons, who stands in all his glory at the corner of Pennsylvania avenue, monarch of all he surveys, whose slightest gesture could stop even a cable car and whose lofty stature and speckless clothes call forth the admiration of the colored nursery maid and can impose good behavior even upon fair haired little boys and make the soggy faced, blue eyed "toughs" look a little less as though they had bought the pavement for their own convenience and would refuse to let it even at a high price.

BRAND THE CLAIM AS FALSE.

World's Fair Officials Expose a Pretender to an Award.

One of the odd results of the World's Fair is the claim now made to awards by some who were never exhibitors. Officials of the exposition have not as yet taken final action in the matter, believing the quick wit of the people will detect the spurious claims. But to the case of a New York baking powder, that has been widely advertising an award, the attention of the Chief of Awards for Agriculture has been directed. He brands the claim of this pretender as false, declaring "Neither the records of this department nor the official catalogue of the World's Columbian Exposition show that this New York company was an exhibitor; consequently it could not receive an award at the World's Fair."

Those who fairly won their honors at the fair seem disposed to treat this fraud as any other fraud should be treated. The Price Baking Powder Company of Chicago, having received the highest award, say they are convinced their claims are true. The other holders of rightful honors will be fully vindicated by the public.

Climbing Higher.

A New York girl, Miss Lillie J. Martin, has gone to Germany to enter the University of Gottingen as a student. She is a Vassar graduate of the class of 1889 and has been a teacher, occupying responsible positions since she left college. To go abroad and perfect herself in higher branches of science, to which study she is specially devoted, she resigned the vice principalship of the girls' high school at San Francisco a position she has filled for several years. She hopes to enter the department of experimental psychology.—New York News.

Professor Virchow's Irregular Hours.

Professor Virchow was asked not long ago by an inquisitive American at whose hour he was accustomed to go to bed. "When my day's work is done," he answered, "I may be in bed at 10 or 11, but it is my rule not to sleep until I have finished what I have to do." In spite of this irregularity of habit, Professor Virchow at 72 is a very energetic and active man.

Messenger Girls.

And now there is talk of substituting girls for boys at the district telegraph offices. At the Chicago headquarters of one of these companies the matter is being seriously considered, and the experiment will undoubtedly be made. If the change becomes permanent and general, the humorous writers will have to sharpen their pencils for a new theme.

WILD FIRES.

The devastation and suffering caused by the flames of the wild prairie and forest fires in the West last summer has a horrible detail in the loss of life and destruction of property. Men, women and children by scores choked by smoke and roasted alive; their homes destroyed and hundreds named and unnamed perished. The people are so simple, but still important and charitable to make it known that St. Jacobs Oil, used according to directions, is one of the best cures for burns and scalds, and should be kept on hand. There is no household that should be without the great remedy for pain, for there are none without the need of it. Little things like St. Jacobs Oil and wounds it heals and cures like magic and helps the house work on.

Society and Amusements in Brooklyn.

I have said that the women provide dissipation for their husbands at night. That is a curious feature of Brooklyn life. It has no Ward McAllister, no Four Hundred—nothing that those names imply. It is true that there used to be a smart set on the heights, and there are others in Clinton avenue, in New York and Brooklyn avenues, and on the park slope, but the smart set will be situated by the appearance of these another. Instead of one crowning triumph of caste, society there is divided into church coteries as a basis, and out of these grow many sorts of little circles, each combination being reproduced over and over again beyond calculation. The circles include bowling clubs, and in many districts which in Brooklyn are quite as distinct as if they were separate cities.

The lesser circles of which I speak are bowling clubs, whist clubs, gulf clubs, poker clubs, literary guilds, musical clubs, amateur dramatic companies and dancing societies. Poker is played for small stakes in many circles in Brooklyn—solely, I trust, because it has charms to keep the mind and body active, and is a passion with the Brooklyn folk. Investigate what sets you will, and it is almost sure to include a bowling club, and its ramifications and adjuncts.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Walking Leaves and Other Things.

Nature's law being almost universal so far as the protection of the weak creatures is concerned, it is not at all wonderful, perhaps, that she has formed insects into perfect counterparts of flowers, leaves, and etc. Some of the "walking leaves," those which are natives of India, China and Japan in particular, are large, grotesque-looking creatures, their resemblance being strikingly like a bundle of yellow twigs joined together with faded, macerated leaves. The limbs of these insects are like a bundle of twigs, the color being bright and very unlike, the coloring being suited to that particular species of vegetation upon which the deceptive mimicry subsists.

The "walking stick," like the walking leaf, is also very deceptive as far as looks go. The insect has small legs, and the body or arms starting from it just as smaller limbs of a tree or weed start from larger ones.

The "walking thorn" of Java belongs to this curious order of insects, as do also the "devil's horse" and the "manada." The "walking thorn" looks exactly like the large compound spine of our common honey locust tree, even in color and general contour.—St. Louis Republic.

The Sad Case of a Young Man.

"What shall a young man do who on general principles merely wants to be married?" asks a correspondent of the Boston Herald. "I have a young man who is in a fix in himself no preference for any individual. This is not because his demands are great. He asks for no impossible—merely youth, beauty and brains. Money is of no consequence. Position he can give. He knows young women by scores. He places himself in places of danger. There is no battery of bright eyes he hesitates to face, praying to be hopelessly pierced, yet always escapes. His fate he does not put to the test, or he is never tempted. While other men agonize lest they cannot win the girl they love this young man is in more desperate straits because he cannot find a girl to love. His case is as deeply serious as if it were not through its novelty amusing."

How He is Harpooned and Then Finished With Cold Lead.

Arnold Pike tells of a walrus hunt in Bird bay, to the north of Spitzbergen. The bay was full of fast ice, but eastward the sea was fairly open, and the hunter was rowing slowly back to the sloop when the harpooner suddenly laid aside his glass and headed the boat for a black mass which the mirage magnified into the size of a small house, but which was really a walrus.

"The walrus raises his head, and we are motionless," says Mr. Pike. "It is intensely still, and the scraping of a piece of ice along the boat seems like the roar of a railway train passing overhead on some bridge. Down goes the head, and we glide forward again. The walrus is uneasy. Again and again he raises his head and looks around with a quick motion, but he never sees the sun right at our back, and he never notices us. At last we are within a few feet, and with a shout of 'Voak op, gamling!' (Wake up, old boy, which breaks the stillness like a shot, the harpooner is on his feet, his weapon clasped in both hands above his head.

"As the walrus plunges into the sea the iron is hurled in his side, and with a quick twist to prevent the head from slipping out of the same slit that it has cut in the thick hide the handle is withdrawn and thrown into the boat. No. 2, who with a turn round the forward thwart has been paying out the line, now checks it, as stroke and the 'hammelund,' facing forward, hang back on their oars to check the rush. Bumping and scraping the ice, we are towed along for about five minutes and then stop as the walrus comes to the surface to breathe.

"In the old days the lance would finish the business, but now it is the rifle. He is facing the boat. I sight for one of his eyes and let him have both barrels without much effect apparently, for away we rush for two or three minutes more, when he is up again, still facing the boat. He seems to care no more for the solid express bullets than if they were peas, but he is low this time, and as he turns to dive exposes the fatal spot at the back of his head and dies."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

DISEASE GERMS IN MILK.

How They May Be Killed by Pasteurizing the Fluid.

The simplest way to pasteurize milk is to place it first in clean bottles. Then put the bottles into a large kettle or other metal receptacle. Pour cold water into the kettle until the water reaches the level of the milk in the bottles. Now close the mouth of each bottle with a plug of clean white cotton fiber. Heat the kettle and contents to 155 degrees F. Then remove from the fire and cover the whole affair snugly with a woolen cloth to keep from cooling at once. Leave half an hour, then take out the bottles and keep them in running water or in any cool place, leaving them still stopped with the plug of cotton.

The flexible wooden stoppers used with some kinds of patent glass jars would answer in place of cotton, the object being to exclude air, dust and germs. Be careful not to heat above 155 degrees, or the milk will not taste quite right. In practice it will be found a good idea to make easier the circulation of the hot water by placing a wire frame an inch or two in height in the kettle beneath the bottles.

Milk carefully treated by the above process may be warranted free from disease germs, and it will keep sweet about 24 hours. Many a milkman could get up a fancy trade at advanced prices on milk treated in this way. For shipping milk long distances none of the methods, except by icing, has been yet sufficiently tested to be recommended.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Three Leading Scientists Proclaim the Superior Value of Dr. Price's Baking Powder.

Scientists are devoting closer attention to food products. Recent examinations of baking powders by Prof. Long, Dr. Haines, and Prof. Prescott, were made to determine which powder was the purest, highest in leavening strength, most efficient in service, and most economical in cost. They decide that Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder excels in all the essentials of an ideal preparation for household use. They write:—

"Chicago, March 28th, 1894.

We have purchased in the open market cans of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder and also of the other leading brands of baking powders, and have submitted them to chemical analysis. We find that Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is a pure cream of tartar powder, that is has a considerably greater leavening strength than any of the other baking powders we have ever tested.

Prof. JOHN H. LONG, Northwestern University, Chicago.

DR. WALTER S. HAINES, Rush Medical College, Chicago.

Prof. ALBERT B. PRESCOTT, Univ. of Michigan, Ann Arbor."

HOIT'S SCHOOL.

One of the best Schools for Boys on this Coast is in charge of Ex-State Superintendent Mrs. G. Hoit, P. D., at Burlingame, San Mateo county, Cal.

The horse is supposed to be man's best friend, unless he happens to bet on him in a race.

A HERALD OF THE INFANT YEAR.

Clip the last thirty years or more from the term of the unbounded popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The opening of the year 1894 will be signified by the appearance of a new Almanac of the Bitters, in which the uses, derivations and action of this world-famous medicine will be broadly set forth. Everybody should read it. The calendar and astronomical calculations are of the most accurate, and the statistics, humor and other reading matter rich in interest and full of profit. The Hostetter's Company of Pittsburg, Pa., publish it themselves. They employ more than sixty hands in mechanical and country work, and it is printed in English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish.

"These horrid photographs don't do me justice at all. He's my love, it's not justice you and I need of it."—Mary.

CHASING THE WALRUS.

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Mothers, Wives and Sisters

The Divine Influence of Home in Your Keeping. It is a Sacred Trust. If you will remember that

ALCOHOLISM

is a disease, and will use your loving influence to have the Patient take a Cure, there will be sunshine where hitherto now dwelt.

THE FITZ CURE

Comes as a friend in time of need. It is Safe, Reliable, and a Sure Cure. Can be taken at home. No loss of time; no publicity. Correspondence Confidential. The Cure Guaranteed. Price, \$25.00.

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Has justly acquired the reputation of being The Savior for INVALIDS and The-Aged.

AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT FOR THE GROWTH and PROTECTION OF INFANTS and CHILDREN

A superior nutritive in continued Fever, and a reliable remedial agent in all gastric and enteric diseases; often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed depending on its retention;—And as a FOOD it would be difficult to conceive of anything more palatable. Sold by DRUGGISTS, Shipping JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

CHICKEN RAISING

If you use the Poultry Raiser you will find it the best. It is the only one that will give you the best results. It is the only one that will give you the best results. It is the only one that will give you the best results.

The "ERIE" is the best. It is the only one that will give you the best results. It is the only one that will give you the best results. It is the only one that will give you the best results.

Manhood, strength, Night, memory, Asthma, neuralgia, Weakness, etc. POLLEN ACME

Easy to carry, and will give you the best results. It is the only one that will give you the best results. It is the only one that will give you the best results.

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NEW WAY EAST

Portland, Walla Walla, Spokane, Vis. O. & N. Railway and Great Northern Railway to Montana, Idaho, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago, and a list of Agents. Address: J. C. DeWitt, Portland, Or.

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The most powerful healing ointment ever discovered. HENRY'S 'CARBOLIC' SALVE cures:—Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Sprains, Swellings, Itch, Eruptions, Eczema, and all other skin diseases. Ask for Henry's; also for other. Beware of counterfeits. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.

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'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

MALARIA DO YOU FEEL BAD? DOES YOUR BACK ache? Does every step seem a burden? Your neck MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY.

Three doses only. Try it.

R. HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM

The Best CURE for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Sold by all Druggists. Price, 50 cents. J. R. GATES & CO., Proprietors, 417 Sanson St., N. Y.

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\$100 FOR THE WIFE.

To the person or club returning us the largest number of GOLDEN WEST BAKING POWDER Certificates on or before June 1, 1894, we will give a cash prize of \$100, and the name of the largest number of other prizes ranging from \$5 to \$75 in cash. CLOSBET & DEWEY, Portland, Or.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

N. F. N. U. No. 577—S. F. N. U. No. 664

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Buy your GROCERIES and PROVISIONS of us, and we will save you money. We handle the best goods and deliver free to trains or boats. We buy and sell all the best goods at the lowest prices. Send us your name and address, and we will mail you our new price list, which will be out soon. We offer today:—(Climax tobacco, 40 cents per pound. Best coal oil per gallon, 15 cents. Best brand of sugar in 100-lb. sacks for \$5.00. Best brand of flour per barrel, 15 cents. Arbuckle's coffee per pound, 25 cents. Send us a list of what you need, and we will make you special prices. Address your orders to MARK L. COHN & CO., 144 Front Street, Portland, Or.

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cheerful spirits and the ability to fully enjoy life, come only with healthy body and mind. The young