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A Promising Opening



at any season of the year would be a keg of our sparkling Schlitz Beer, which is a good thing to have "on tap" in case of thirsty emergencies. This lager is the best, purest and most wholesome ever brewed, and will satisfy the most critical beer drinker. Being brewed from the best malt and hops, by a scientific method of brewing, it is naturally a perfect beer.

L. B. TETER

THE MAN WHO RULES THE WORLD TODAY



A Real Christmas

Her name was Philippa, a royal name for such a very small, poor English maid, but she had always been called "Flip," and she lived in Duchess row, Duchess row makes you think of something stately and grand; but, alas, there it stood just a row of narrow, grimy houses standing in a dark and dreary street, where the sunshine never seemed to come—a place of poor people in the heart of tolling London. Flip lived at 9 Duchess row with her mother, a widow. They had the topmost room of the house, and of all the poor people in Duchess row I do not think any were quite as poor as Flip's mother, who had to work day and night to earn a scanty living by making buttonholes in coats and waistcoats for a ready-made clothes warehouse. It was a hard life for the two, but Flip possessed a brave and staunch little heart beneath her threadbare frock and when she came out of school each afternoon would sit until her eyes were burning and her poor little fingers raw and aching, helping her mother.

And it was so she sat one afternoon a week before Christmas day trying to catch the last gleams of murky daylight which came through the window



GAZING IN AT THE BRILLIANTLY LIT WINDOW.

of their room. It was a bitterly cold, cheerless day, not a typical Christmas with frost and snow, but leaden skies and a biting east wind made all folks shiver and long to be home by a cozy fireside. But there was a luxury in Duchess row, and there was but scant warmth in the room where Flip and her mother sat, working hard.

"If we can get those finished tonight you can run out with them, an' when you come back we'll have a bit more coal an' I'll get a bit of fish from round the corner, an' you shall have a nice hot supper, deary," said the pale mother with a loving look.

"That'll be just splendid," replied Flip, "an' then we'll set before the fire, an' you'll tell me about them real Christmases you used to have when you were a girl."

"I don't like talking of them days," said the mother with a sigh as she folded up the last bit of work. "Ere you are, deary. Jest put on yer 'at an' run with these." And in another minute or two the light little figure, laden with a large bundle, was speeding up the great busy thoroughfare.

Sometimes, with all the good will in the world, the constant journeying to the warehouse seemed to her long and weary, but tonight her thoughts of Christmas made her forget all fatigue.

"Ow lovely it would be," she thought, "if we could have a real Christmas, with plum pudding an' 'olly

an' presents! Fancy if I could give mother a present! I know what I'd like to give her—one of them cases to hold needles and thimble an' a bodkin which I saw at 'Amliton's bazaar. But it ain't much good wishing." And here her reflections came to an end, for she found herself at the warehouse.

She had soon delivered her parcel to the fat manageress and received the poor payment due and, threading her way cleverly back through dusty corridors and down winding stairs, soon found herself in the jostling street again. She turned her footsteps home, when a gleam of something bright on the dirty pavement caught her eye. She bent down. It wasn't no-yes, it was—a silver sixpence! She picked it up. Could such luck be true? A silver sixpence found on the ground and therefore her very own, to do what she liked with!

"Why, now I'll be able to git mother a real Christmas present. It's jest like a fairy tale," she thought, her blue eyes shining with excitement. "an' I know what I'll buy, an' I'll git it, too, before I go 'ome, 'cause it won't take me a mint!"

Hamilton's bazaar was not very far away, and, sure enough, in five minutes Flip was gazing steadily in at the brilliantly decked and lit window at a needlecase in red velvet and gold, an article which for all its gorgeousness was marked but fivepence three farthings.

"I want a needlecase with a thimble an' a bodkin an' a reel of cotton, like them up there," said Flip, with all the dignity of a possessor of wealth.

"Well, you must wait a bit!" snapped the assistant, turning to another customer, a stout, cheery looking man, accompanied by two rosy, well dressed children.

"I bin waitin' a long time. Why can't you git me one down?" replied Flip, with the perseverance of the east end child.

The girl impatiently detached one of the needlecases.

"Where is your money?" she asked.

"Ere, of course. Wot d'yer think?" said Flip, handing her the coin.

The saleswoman took it, looked at it once carelessly, again narrowly.

"Why," she exclaimed, "this is not a sixpence at all—it is only an imitation one!" And, turning quickly, she beckoned the tall, imposing looking shopwalker, who stood near. "This child is trying to pass false money," she said as she gave him poor Flip's treasure trove.

He examined it and then, taking hold of the child's thin arm, said:

"Come, come; where did you get this money from? Tell the truth now."

Flip's face went red and then very white. She did not realize or understand her offense. She only knew that if the sixpence was bad she could not buy the dearly coveted gift. Her heart seemed ready to break, and she burst into a flood of tears as she sobbed out:

"I found it in the street—it's true, it is. But I can't buy the present now."

The shopwalker hesitated, and then the cheery looking customer who had been waiting his turn to be served broke in by saying in a voice that had a strong country twang in it:

"Don't you cry, lassie. You don't mean any harm, I guarantee. Let me see that coin," he continued, turning to the shopwalker, who did as he was desired, for he was being addressed by an old and valued customer.

"Well, I don't know," said the cheery man. "It is not a sixpence, I agree, but it is a half sovereign and a very good one too." And in the twinkling of an eye he had deftly exchanged the imitation sixpence for a gold coin from his waistcoat pocket.

"There, my lass, take your money and run home."

Was it a dream? Flip pinched herself when she was in the chill streets again. No, it was all true—a happy reality to find a bad sixpence and then see it transformed into a golden half sovereign. She had forgotten the velvet needlecase; she had but one thought—to get home—and home she soon was, where her anxious mother heard all her wonderful adventures.

So, after all, it was a real Christmas in the top room.

GENERAL BLISS



© 1913, by American Press Association.
General Tasker H. Bliss, who was sent to Naco, Arizona, to prevent warring Mexicans from firing across the international boundary.

FIGHTING ORDER STOPPED

Friendship of Americans to Be Retained at All Costs.
Mexico City.—The situation at Naco, Sonora, on the international border, was commented on by Provisional President Gutierrez in an interview in which he said:

"I sincerely regret the troubles which have occurred along the northern border in which Americans have been killed or wounded by stray bullets. I have ordered the absolute cessation of hostilities in the neighborhood of Naco and I will proceed in a like manner should fighting occur at any other points on the border, even if such an order should place our cause in jeopardy. I realize that at any cost we must retain the friendship of the Americans."

Date of Consecration of Bishop Set.
Portland.—That Walter T. Sumner, of Chicago, bishop-elect of the diocese of Oregon, will be consecrated to the bishopric on January 6 in Chicago, the date originally hoped for by him, is announced in a telegram, the first official message to the diocese, received in Portland.

New York Stock Exchange Opens.
New York.—The stock exchange has resumed its regular functions as one of the leading financial markets of the world. The resumption was accompanied by a display of much confidence and enthusiasm on the part of the members.

CARRANZA DEFIANT IN REPLY TO WILSON

Vera Cruz.—General Carranza made defiant reply to President Wilson's ultimatum that force would be employed by the United States unless activities of warring factions on the Sonora border which imperiled lives on the American side were halted. He said:

"If the United States employs force to stop the firing by Mexicans across the international boundary line at Naco it will be considered an unfriendly act, notwithstanding the friendly motives cloaking the act."

It has been General Carranza's contention that it is not his troops that are firing across the line but those of General Villa. The Carranzistas under General Benjamin Hill are fighting with their backs to the border resisting a continuous bombardment by the forces under the former governor of Sonora, General Maytorena.

"As to the use of force, of which Mr. Bryan talks, that is something the gravity of which I fear he does not fully appreciate. He says it would not mean a violation of our national sovereignty. It would."

THE MARKETS.

Portland.
Wheat—Club, \$1.18; bluestem \$1.20; red Russian, \$1.11; forty-fold, \$1.19; red five, \$1.13.
Hay—Eastern Oregon timothy, \$15; grain hay, \$11; alfalfa, \$13; valley timothy, \$12.
Butter—Creamery, 35c.
Eggs—Ranch, 36c; candled, 41c.
Hops—1914 crop, 12c; 1913 crop, nominal.
Wool—Valley, 18c; eastern Oregon, 20c.

Seattle.
Wheat—Bluestem, \$1.19; club \$1.17; red Russian, \$1.11; turkey red, \$1.16; forty-fold, \$1.18; five, \$1.13.
Barley, \$24.75 per ton.
Hay—Timothy, \$15 per ton; alfalfa \$13 per ton.
Butter—Creamery, 35c.
Eggs—37c.



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The Ontario National Bank

J. H. FARLEY
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND ENBALMER
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The question of Xmas. gifts is calling for attention now and we believe a visit to our store will solve the problem in most cases.

Come and try this Proposition
The Variety Store
Ontario, Oregon



Opportunity Awaits You

For Something to Eat
The Store That Makes Christmas More Merry Than For You
You cannot eat better or feel better afterwards than by using our special brands of groceries—those groceries that appeal to the stomach—that are exceptionally wholesome And easily digested—that leaves no distressing after-effects.

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