

Rexall Remedies

Eastman Kodaks

ONTARIO PHARMACY

THE REXALL STORE

PHONE NO. 2

Prescription Specialists

America's Greatest Work

Be Prepared for Annual Xmas Membership Drive of Red Cross

Nyal Remedies

Andy used to buy the biggest plug for the money



'till one day Barney gave him a chew of Real Gravely.

It was an hour or more before Andy said anything. "How much longer does this Gravely hold its good taste?" he says. "Two or three little squares last me all morning," an-

swers Barney. "This class of tobacco lasts so much longer it costs no more to chew it than ordinary plug costs."

It goes further—that's why you can get the good taste of this class of tobacco without extra cost.

PEYTON BRAND
Real Gravely Chewing Plug
each piece packed in a pouch

P. O. GRAVELY TOBACCO CO. DANVILLE, VA.

How Could He Do It?

A certain well-to-do young business man called at a bank the other day and asked for a loan of \$500.00. The banker promptly took his personal note for the amount.

Why could he do this? Simply because as a young man he commenced doing business thru the bank. He had learned early in life that the bank could help him in many ways and the banker learned that this young man was a stickler and could be depended upon. In fact each had learned to stay by the other. Young men, there is a lesson in this for you. Start now doing your business thru a good bank like ours. Stay by us and we will stay by you.

First National Bank
ONTARIO, OREGON.

For the Best Quality of

Commercial Printing

Call at the Argus Office

CARTER GARAGE

AGENCY FOR

Hupmobile and Chevrolet Cars
Goodyear Tires and
Accessories

THOROUGHLY EQUIPPED REPAIR SHOP

JAMES HARVEY
MANAGER

J. A. ROBINSON, Mgr.
ONTARIO, OREGON

Letters From Malheur County Boys Who Served 'Over There'

"I can hear the sharpshot whistle and 'splut' on the ground as it falls. Have a piece in my pocket now that cracked down on my steel Stetson yesterday. These hats are heavy and uncomfortable but are a lot of protection.

"Think a few more weeks will wind it up. Certainly hope so. You should hear the boys talk when they all get together and off duty. The only topic is home and the folks and what I'd be doing if I were back in the good old U. S. A., etc. It's a constant matter of conjecture and debate as to when we will start for home and how and where we will be mustered out, etc."

This letter from Corporal Harry C. Jones, with the intelligence section attached to Company A, Three Hundred Fifty-first Infantry, Eighty-eighth division, to his brother, Roy Jones of this city, was written Nov. 8, just 3 days before peace was declared. One can imagine what a grand Powwow there was among the boys when the big news finally reached them.

Corporal Jones writes:

Armed to the Teeth.
Have been receiving your letters but more or less in groups, as if were. They go to the Company and then are sent over to us at the pleasure of said company. Supahay weather the past few days, therefore aeroplanes active. As I sit here writing in a tumble-down, shot up, ill ordered French outbuilding, the anti-aircraft guns are blazing away about 100 yards off, and I can hear the sharpshot whistle and splut on the ground as it falls. Have a piece in my pocket now that cracked down on my steel Stetson yesterday. These hats are heavy and uncomfortable but are a lot of protection.

Have been "resting" back here the last few days, but we move up again tonight or tomorrow night. Will certainly be glad to see some lights when I get back. Everything here must be done under cover of darkness. We do all our marching at night, and usually it's raining. Also do all our playing tag with Mr. Boche at night. We don't mind him, but some "dampshoot" nervous sentry in our own lines is apt to open up on us when we approach our trenches coming in from No Man's land. However, home of us have been hit that way yet and not likely to, so don't worry. I feel just as safe as if I was on Walnut street. We certainly are "armed to the teeth"—there have been issued to the platoon Springfield rifles, sawed-off shot guns, revolvers, automatic pistols, trench daggers, besides bayonets and hand grenades. Of course no one of us could carry all of the above boche getters when we go out on a patrol, but each of us always has two or three different kinds on his person.

We are giving a good account of ourselves and have beaten the boche at every point of contact—only one casualty in the intelligence section so far, and that not at all serious; one of the boys stopped some sharpshot with his foot and also was slightly gassed, but is recovering nicely.

Our hours the past few days have been like this: up at 10 a. m., stand formation 10:15 p. m., eat 10:45 a. m., work 11:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m., eat 5 p. m., work 5:45 p. m. to 11:30 p. m., eat 12 midnight, taps 1:30 p. m. We usually eat canned corned beef, cooked dried potatoes, bread and

coffee; once in a while get prunes or onions and on rare occasions real beef.

The latest news here is that Austria has quit, so we figure from all that we know and that we hear that the big show is about over. Think a few more weeks will wind it up—certainly hope so. You should hear the boys talk when they are all together and off duty. The only topic is home and the folks and what I'd be doing if I were back in the good old U. S. A., etc. It's a constant matter of conjecture and debate as to when we will start for home and how and where we'll be mustered out, etc.

New Shotguns.

For your information, our new shotguns are 12-gauge Winchester, loaded with cartridges containing nine pellets of buckshot—effective range, thirty yards. They are some guns, believe me. We know they are, because one of our gang tried his on his foot a little while back and found it so effective that he now reposes in a nice soft bunk in a hospital and will very likely be home for Christmas. The lucky guy.

Well, we are all hale and hearty but will be glad to be home again. Spanish flu does not bother us any more since we are acclimated. Understand plenty of it in Des Moines. According to the papers Paris is full of it.

Well, Sherman expressed the idea concerning war concisely and correctly, except he did not know what gas is. We are about eighteen miles from the Rhine—wish it was the Mississippi or the Des Moines. Damn the Kaiser! also the weather! If I ever plant my feet in the U. S. soil it'll take a lot of persuasion to get me out. However, after we have enjoyed about two hours of physical comforts and luxury we will forget all the discomforts and only recall the things worth remembering and enjoy the satisfaction of a job well done.

Give my regards to President Wilson and tell him not to send any more men across—too many here now to be cared for properly. Give my regards to all the folks. With lots of love.

HARRY.

In Captured Dugout.

In a letter to his parents, written following the signing of the armistice, Sprague Adam gives the following picturesque account of a German dug-out. He writes:

France, Nov. 12, 1918.

Dear Folks:
How do you like this writing paper, (12x15)? I found this here in a dugout when I was cleaning it out. Perhaps a line or two of description would interest you, so I'll try and describe this room.

First of all it is a German made affair about half way up on the side of a hill, just the face of the building sticks out, and the room is all under the hill. It is a well made place, the floor and the walls are of concrete and the ceiling is wood with heavy galvanized iron over it and then covered with earth. We have boards on the floor to keep our feet warm. I am sitting at a small table "Made in Germany" and on my left is my German made bunk, sort of a sofa affair, and end higher for a pillow. There are some shelves and places to hang our clothes, overhead is what remains of an electric light.

(Continued on Page Six.)

Give Something Electrical This Christmas

See our Stock of
Electric

- Irons
- Ranges
- Percolators
- Chafing Dishes
- Heating Pads
- Waffle Irons
- Washing Machines
- Sewing Machines
- Vacuum Cleaners
- Etc.

Idaho Power Company

People's Pressary IS STILL DOING GOOD WORK CLEANING PRESSING REPAIRING

Will guarantee to not leave any odor of gasoline or chemicals in your clothes whatever. All work guaranteed.

And we have also just received fine new line of shoe strings for women's high-topped shoes.

Come in and have your old shoes made to look like new ones by our dyeing method. We get excellent results dyeing light colored shoes either black or brown.

People's Pressary

W. M. TAYLOR, Proprietor

Men's and Women's Shoe Shining Parlor in connection

The Sure Road to Success:

"IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT SEPARATE US FROM SUCCESS—NOT THE BIG ONES."
—Anonymous.

A leaky roof may be the cause of starting disease in your herd or flock; may mean the loss of hundreds of dollars, when a few cents properly applied would have prevented it. A broken board in the barn may mean serious injury to a valuable animal. A little thing, but a serious loss. A roll of building paper may mean the difference between a full basket of eggs, or none. Are you keeping hens to look at, or for profit? Conceding the logic of these matters pertaining to the barnyard, how much more important is the safeguarding of the health and well being of the family. No man can be successful with an unhealthy family. Is your house in good repair? Isn't it a fact that you are aware of several defects which you have planned to remedy but just put it off. Don't keep on making this mistake. Some day it will mean bitter loss and ever lasting anguish. WE SPECIALIZE IN THE LITTLE THINGS WHICH MEAN THE BIG SUCCESS FOR YOU.

BOISE PAYETTE LUMBER COMPANY