Catarrh

One of the most common of blood diseases, is much aggravated by the sudden changes of weather at this time of year. Begin treatment at once with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which effects radical and permanent cures. This great medicine has received

40,366 Testimonials

in two years, which prove its wonderful efficacy in purifying and enriching the blood. Best for all blood diseases.

In usual liquid form or chocolated tablets known as **Sarsatabs.** 100 doses $1.

Knew of One.

"Suggestion? Humph! Did you ever hear of a real cure effected by 'suggestion'?"

"I personally know of one. I once suggested to a young fellow that if he didn't want to have a big dog chasing him off the premises he'd better quit coming to my house, and it cured him of the habit."

"Fighting the Beef Trust." See the Frank L. Smith Co.'s ad in this paper.

As It Seemed.

"That man," said the court onlooker, "will be convicted surely. He's making a very poor impression on the witness stand."

"That isn't the defendant," said a lawyer. "He's just one of the alienists undergoing cross-examination."—Detroit Free Press.

Fine Sprinting in the Suburbs.

"'Tis it really only ten minutes' walk to the station from your house?" asked Citiman.

"What a ridiculous question!" exclaimed Subbubs. "Nobody in lovely Swamphurst ever walks to the station. I may say, however, that it's only about eight and a half minutes' run."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Proper Excuse.

"Bertha, dear, I have been looking over your writing exercises. Your orthography is atrocious. You don't seem to know how to spell even the simplest words."

"Spelling, papa, is purely arbitrary. Words were made before the alphabet was."

HOWARD EMERTON — Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, Gold, Silver, 75c; Gold, 50c; Zinc or Copper, $1. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Umpire work solicited. References: Carbonate National Bank.

TAXIDERMIST
AND TANNER
FURS BOUGHT
C. B. FINLEY
249 Columbia Portland, Ore.

BARBER SCHOOL
WE TEACH THE BARBER TRADE
to both men and women. Expert instruction; diplomas granted; clean, modern, up-to-date. Money earn while learning. Complete course for $30. Write for free particulars.
NATIONAL BARBER COLLEGE
West Washington St. Seattle, Wash.

"TRIED AND TRUE RELIABLE"
PLANTEN'S (TRADE MARK) BLACK C & B CAPSULES
FOR GONORRHOEA AND GLEET
AT DRUGGISTS OR TRIAL BOX BY MAIL 50c
FROM PLANTEN, 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.
—BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.—

Raises the dough and complies with all pure food laws.
CRESCENT BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
CRESCENT MFG. CO.
Makers of CLEANSE (better than people).

Rainy Days
A Fit Brand Slicker
will keep you dry
Gives you full value in comfort and long wear
$3.00
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF
Sold by first-class Retailers the country over. Send for our Free Catalogue
A. J. TOWER CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.
TOWER'S FISH BRAND
TOWER CANADIAN CO. Ltd.
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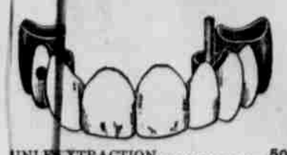
MODERN EXPERT
DENTISTRY
Artistes that Defy Competition
TEETH WITHOUT PLATES A SPECIALTY

GOLD CROWN $5.00
GOLD PLATE $5.00
BEST RUBBER PLATES $8.00
VALUABLE PLATES $10.00
Out-of-town patients can obtain perfect work by mailing at our office.
PAINLESS NO GAS NO COCAINE
Work guaranteed for ten years
CHICAGO PAINLESS DENTISTS
254 Washington St., Cor. Sixth
Established years Here to stay.

FARMERS, COUNTRY MERCHANTS
Smith wants your fat turkeys, chickens, ducks and other poultry for Thanksgiving trade. Dressed turkeys and geese and ducks should be between November 19th and November 22d. Ship to Smith. On November 10th we are paying as follows. The prices on turkeys may fluctuate, but we expect all other quotations to hold good indefinitely. Ship immediately.

Dressed hogs, first class	9c
Dressed fat veal under 130 lbs	10c
Chickens, hens and springs, alive	14c
Chickens, hens and springs, dressed	15 to 16c
Turkeys, dressed, fat quality	20 to 22c
Geese, dressed, fat quality	15 to 16c

You save commission when you ship to Smith. He does not charge commission on anything. Prompt returns. Address all shipments to the
FRANK L. SMITH MEAT CO.
"Fighting the Beef Trust" Portland, Oregon

Headquarters for the Juice.

Once upon a time a child who was asked upon an examination paper to define a mountain range replied, "A large sized cook stove." The same method of reasoning seems to go with older growth. A recent examination paper at the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale contained the question, "What is the office of the gastric juice?" And the answer on one paper said, "The stomach."—Cleveland Leader.

The Professor.

The Doctor—Some creatures, you know, are exceedingly sensitive to musical sounds. You may not believe it, but it's a well authenticated fact that two song sparrows once flew into a room where a grand opera singer was rehearsing an aria, listened a few moments, and dropped dead.

The Professor—I don't doubt it. I have heard before of killing two birds with one's tone.—Chicago Tribune.

He Did.

Jaffer—But don't you believe competition is the life of trade?

Pugway—Sure! Sooner or later it leads to the formation of a trust, and that's the way to make money.

To the Brighter.

Goin' along
To the brighter day;
Every storm
Has a rainbow's ray!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Wasted.

"Johnny, did you have a good vacation at that little lake resort?"

"No, sir. Maw wouldn't let me go swimmin', and she made me take a cold bath every mornin'."

Uncle Eben's Philosophy.

"Advice," said Uncle Eben, "is sumpin' like singin'. You either gits it free till you's tired o' listenin' or else it's so expensive you can't afford sca'sely any."—Washington Star.

Its Limitations.

Customer—What a beautiful parrot! Is he a good talker?

Bird Dealer—Yes, ma'am; but his vocabulary is limited. He doesn't swear, and he doesn't use slang.

'Tis not so bad as that, my friend,
This polar fuss will have an end.
They'll never make T. R. a hermit—
Just wait till he comes home with Kermit!
—Chicago Tribune.

Probably Insane.

"Winkley is a good deal of a crank isn't he?"

"That doesn't half describe him. He's going around now insisting that if the postoffice department has to be made self-sustaining the war and navy departments ought to be run the same way."

Before 1880 most English railway carriages had only four wheels, and weighed ten tons. From 1880 to 1890 they had six wheels, and weighed fifteen or sixteen tons; from 1890 to 1800 they had eight wheels, and weighed twenty-four tons; and since 1900 the fashion is twelve wheels for dining and sleeping cars, and the weight is thirty-five to forty-two tons.

More Information.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, what is a "swastika?"

Mr. Chugwater (momentarily at a loss)—Do you mean to say you don't know what a swastika is? A swastika is—why, blame it, Swastika is the name of the Eskimo that helped Cook discover the north pole!—Chicago Tribune.

"Fighting the Beef Trust." See the Frank L. Smith Co.'s ad in this paper.

Expensive Water Power.

"Yes," said the defendant in the criminal case, "my lawyer certainly made a strong plea for me. He even wept."

"What was his bill?" asked the other man.

"Well, as nearly as I can figure it out, he charged me about $100 a tear."

Treason.

Then Bwana Tumbo scratched his head.

"This thing is getting dull," he said.

"It's 'Peary and Cook! They've found the pole!'

I'm out of sight—like a blooming mole!"
—D. O. Nutt.

Preparing for It.

Stranger (in Drearyhurst)—Your streets and alleys look shocking. They seem to be literally covered with all kinds of dirt and rubbish.

Uncle Welby Gosh—Yes, sir; a week fr'm next Sat'day is our cleanin' up day. We got to have somethin' to clean up, hain't we, mister?

Brother Goodsole's Mistake.

"Brother Goodsole," asked the Rev. K. Mowatt Laightly, "did you announce last Sunday that I would occupy your pulpit this morning?"

"Indeed I did, Brother Laightly."

"Yet look at the smallness of the congregation. I can't account for it."

One Resort Is Left.

Mrs. Crawford—You say it is impossible to get any money out of your husband. Have you gone about it in the right way?

Mrs. Crawford—I've tried everything, my dear, except sending him a Black Hand Letter.—Brooklyn Life.

Sounded Like an Echo.

"Some day," shrieked the militant suffragette, "the women of this country will rise in a body and seize the reins of power! Keep your eyes and ears open!"

"'Ere's 'opin'!" heartily exclaimed a slightly inebriated man in the audience.

Sounds Like It.

Mrs. Malaprop—I certainly am surprised at Prof. Booker. I didn't never suppose he touched a drop.

Mrs. Brown—And he doesn't. I'm sure he doesn't drink.

Mrs. Malaprop—No doubt of it. Why, he wrote a piece in the paper the other day admittin' he's a regular bibliomaniac.—Philadelphia Press.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

AMERICAN social ways and manners are the subject of much and growing foreign comment. It is wholesome for the thoughtful patriot to have a glimpse of the foreign view. Sensible Americans are willing to be judged, since they may thereby better judge themselves. In fact, self-criticism not seldom adds savor to the salt of reflective American wit. But this land has been subjected to the review of a journal from far Bengal, and to see ourselves through the eyes of a Hindu may be interesting, if not profitable. It is the American girl who has attracted the arrows of this pagan critic. His chief indictment is that of deception. He declares that the girl in the United States who is courted does her utmost to make herself agreeable to the suitor. She hides flaws of temperament. She conceals physical ailments. She disguises bad temper. She paints and powders. Worst of all, these arts are so transparent that they must tickle the vanity of the aspirant for her favor.

The ways of the American wife and daughter are the ways of open candor. Their hospitality, to those who win entrance through its portals, is as frank as cordial. But even so, the divine mystery of womanhood persists in lending its elusive charm. It defies the analysis of cold criticism, whether native or foreign. In this, as in other instances of alien observation, the American girl can prove her own and sufficient champion.—Washington Herald.

MAKING A FARM PAY.

SOUTHERN farmers cannot fail to find much of interest and profit in a recent Department of Agriculture publication, "A Profitable Cotton Farm," by C. L. Goodrich, one of the government's experts.

The farm in question is located in South Carolina, and in 1902, when its present owner took possession, it was in a deplorably bad condition, after having been under cultivation for about eighty years. Now it is fertile, well improved with fences and farm buildings, and is producing crops which yield the owner a handsome profit and a large income. All this has been accomplished by a deep and thorough cultivation of the soil, by the use of barnyard manure and some commercial fertilizer, by rotation of crops and by the industry and good judgment of the farmer himself.

The farm is not an especially large one, containing only 132 acres, half of which are planted. The farmer has divided his tilled land into three equal fields, on which he raises corn, oats and cotton in succession. Before he took the farm it was producing only five to eight bushels of corn or about 300 pounds of seed cotton to the acre. The first year he made it produce one and one-half bales of cotton and thirty-seven bushels of corn to the acre. Now his yields per acre are two and one-fourth bales of cotton, eighty-five bushels of corn and eighty bushels of oats. He keeps about twenty-four head of native cattle, mainly for the sake of the manure, although they yield him a small profit besides.—Washington Post.

WANING OF FEUDS.

IN the days when law and order were in the making it was, perhaps, excusable for disputants to settle their controversies with the gun or the sword and for their families to prolong the strife. The survival of the fittest has always been the social religion of a new country and an incomplete civilization, but with the coming of wider education and deeper culture that law of the natural world has been abandoned as a standard of social upbuilding, and in its place has been founded the more substantial doctrines that impose obligation of the strong to the weak. Consequently, extension of respect and reverence for law has enjoyed coetaneous growth with the acquisition of finer sensibilities and fuller appreciation of the actual and fundamental obligations of society. With the spread of this sentiment comes a popular disposition that condemns and dwarfs the spirit upon which feudal principles feed.

Moreover, feuds, like other evils, must inevitably fall before the publicity of the press. The spectacle of a community disrupted by factional warfare presents never an inviting scene. Its carnage and anarchy, its passion and its resultant woe, depict such grewsome panoramas of crime through the cold revelation of facts as to emphasize the reprehensible nature of the things that caused them.—San Antonio Express.

RESULT OF SCIENTIFIC FARMING.

A FORTHCOMING circular of the Agricultural Department will contradict the prevailing impression that the fertility of the soil of the country is wearing out, but will show that, notwithstanding the abandonment of farming districts in the Northeast, not only is there an increase in the total volume of crops, but an actual growth in the average yield per acre under cultivation. This result is obtained by restoring to the soil those elements and compounds needed and consumed by the different crops.

The well-informed farmer of the present day does not blindly send his parents out to grope for their food, but sees that it is supplied them in proper measure. Recent discoveries in bacteriology have greatly assisted the planter, enabling him to obtain bacteria, with which the growing plant may be inoculated and by which the nitrogen of the air is fixed in form available for plant food and fed to the plant as required. A few cents per acre spent inoculating the plants comes back to the farmer in increased yield of many dollars per acre.—Mobile Register.

SUPPOSING A CASE.

Not Supposable, but Recalls a Good Story About Theodore Hook.

Suppose within a few days a gentleman should arrive at London or Berlin from the far north claiming to be one or the other of the two discoverers of the long-sought pole. Suppose he is received with high acclaim, is the subject of unlimited oratory, is the guest of honor at many banquets, the whole land rings with his praise. Suppose that a few days later another gentleman arrives from the far north with the claim that he, he alone, has discovered the coveted pole, and the man who has received the honors and the banquets has left nothing for him, although the first comer may prove to be a faker and a fraud.

Something very like this did once happen, says the Indianapolis News. The Spanish ambassador was expected to arrive at Southampton, England. A mischievous idea came into the head of Theodore Hook (born 1788, died 1841), novelist and journalist, and above all contriver of that diversion known as the hoax. The English fleet was lying off Southampton. Hook, then a young man, knew many of the younger officers. He former his scheme and one morning a launch set out from the fleet and drew up at the quay.

In this launch was he who purported to be the Spanish ambassador, in almost royal robes, arrived two days before the expected time. The mayor of Southampton, who was to receive the Spanish envoy, was greatly flustered. It was all so sudden. He did the best he could. Several companies of soldiers, some on foot, some mounted, were called out. The bells were rung. The ambassador, accompanied by a number of young officers of the fleet, was escorted with much pomp to the mayor's palace. There was a banquet and speech making, one of the young officers acting as interpreter for the ambassador.

After it was over and the Spanish envoy was supposed to be on his way to London the true ambassador arrived. There was but a sorry reception for him. The other ambassador, who was Theodore Hook, having perpetrated the greatest hoax ever known on a mayor and a cityful, had ex- The scandal was so great, the mayor and the people of Southampton had been so outrageously sold, that to make any stir about the affair would only cause them to be laughed at all the more. With the exception of the dismissal of some of the naval officers who had taken part in it little was done and the affair was allowed to blow over.

Sawing Rails Is Not Musical.

Rails are cut with saws. Not quietly; not at all. There is considerable racket underneath an elevated railroad in a narrow street; the subway isn't quite a lodge in some vast wilderness; but never until I watched a toothless saw cut through a cold steel rail by friction, melting its way—you can see the smeared ends afterward—did I experience a noise that my ear felt rather than heard, says Eugene Wood in Success Magazine. The toothless saw whirled with unimaginable speed; the sparks showered like an enormous pinwheel and the unwilling steel emitted a shriek of agony that was like a forceful finger jammed into my ear and scratching on my ear-drum with its nail. It was like a brass band of a hundred pieces, each piece blowing fortissimo, a note a half-tone higher than its fellow. I don't care for such "close harmony."

Well, it's a grand sight, steel-making. I don't know of any grander one, unless it is Niagara. The two spectacles, seemingly so different, are yet identical in the one prime requisite of grandeur—terror. You respect Niagara when you depict yourself poised for one heart-beat on the silver verge of its long drop; you respect steel-making when you depict yourself for the heartbeat in which you can see a chain-link snap and the full ladle spill toward you.

HELPING FATHER.

The week after Mabel was graduated her father's middle-aged stenographer succumbed to sickness, and Mabel begged to be allowed to take her place till just the right kind of succcessor was found. "With real wages," she supplemented. So it came about that she was engaged, went duly to work, and for a week and a half, with the help of all the young men in the office, succeeded in evading her father's wrath and an inglorious discharge.

On the morning of the tenth day her father summoned her to his private office.

"Can you explain this?" he demanded, placing a letter before her.

"'Letter ordering six carloads,'" read Mabel, rapidly. "'Have investigated—sure reached your office safely—'

"Oh, yes," she explained, with an air of being about to give her father a pleasant surprise. "Butler & Briggs, of course, and I remember their first letter perfectly. It came the morning after I began to work, and I opened it by mistake, and when I saw that it was important, I put it aside with some other memoranda to give to you. But when you came in that afternoon you looked so worried about something that I couldn't bear to trouble you any more. I knew mother always waits when you come home with those three deep lines between your eyes. But perhaps that isn't Miss Foster's way?" hazarded Mabel.

"No, it isn't," her father said, drily.

"I'm not surprised," Mabel said, sagely. "She's a nice woman, of course, but not tactful, like mother.

"Oh, I almost forgot to say that I think that letter must have blown away, for I couldn't find it next morning when I looked. But it is all right now, isn't it, father." Mabel inquired, blithely, "If Butler & Briggs have written again?"

"They have written, canceling their order, as you would have seen if you had finished reading their letter. They have been my best customers for ten years."

Mabel's eyes opened widely, then her lips curled.

"Are men as small-minded as that?" she asked. "Why, the meanest, hatefullest girl in '09 wouldn't stoop to that. I should think," virtuous wrath in her eyes and voice, "you would be glad to be rid of such people."

That evening, after a little private talk with his wife, Mabel's father said her mother wanted to go to the mountains for a few days, and would like to have Mabel go with her.

"It would be lovely," admitted Mabel, "but it wouldn't be businesslike to leave you in the lurch. Hadn't I better stay on a day or two and break the new stenographer in?"

Her father thought it would not be necessary.

"Well, if you can spare me," said Mabel, happily, "I'll go."—Youth's Companion.

INDIAN'S REMARKABLE MEMORY

He Repeats the Long Ritual of the Six Nations' Festival.

William Poodry—the Indians sometimes call him Gee-Oo-Wah-Kak, or Bitter-Sour—is an elaborate bit of mechanism. No man in all the Six Nations has a memory to equal his. That is why he is the preacher. He holds no office. He has no religious duties or qualifications. He does not preach or pray. He simply repeats from memory, word for word, the interminably long ritual of the festival, the Buffalo Evening News says. Passionless, gestureless, infallible, he stands in the middle of the council house, three hours a day for three days in succession reeling off the flowery prophecy and the stern chidings of the ritual. From time to time the audience grunts forth the responses or murmur as the memory of their sins falls heavy on them.

For 109 years this ritual of penance and prophecy has been repeated by the Six Nations annually in exactly the same way and with precisely the same words as it is being repeated this week on the Tonawanda reservation. Like the Odyssey, it grew out of the past, taking on new form and substance with every meeting of the nations. But in the year 1800 one Ga-Yu-Da-Diu, a Seneca Indian living on the lands which are now the Allegheny reservation, compiled the ancient prayers and prophecies and made them into a book. From that day to this the form has not changed, for if the memory of the preacher weakens there is the book itself to refer to.

Sheep Down; Chops Up.

Sheep-raising has not always been a profitable business, acording to the reminiscences of some old stockmen reported in the Breeder's Gazette. Nevertheless the price of the "finished poduct" on the hotel bill of fare has remained fairly constant—with a tendency to rise.

"The worst deal I ever got," the Oregon rancher declared, "was at Chicago during the hard times. I got in here one day with one thousand two hundred lambs that made my commission man pucker up a wry face. We finally put them over the scales at fifty cents a head, and I figured out that it would be necessary to do a large business to make any money on that basis. Disgustedly I secured my return transportation and started down-town to get something to eat before taking the train.

"'Got any lamb chops?' said I to the waiter.

"'Certainly,' he replied. 'Two or three?'

"I told him to fetch three, and they neither looked nor tasted good, but the bill was seventy-five cents. Somebody was evidently making money out of sheep, even during the panic."

Most men have a great deal better sense than they use.

A Peevish Plaint.

The learned writers for the press
Are very, very good
At proving how we waste on dress
Or furbelows or food.
Each writer new who makes his bow
With other sages vies
To show unhappy mortals how
They may economize.

They tell us of the thrifty French,
Who all excesses shun.
But I'm not anxious to retrench;
It isn't any fun.
I'm weary of this endless song;
I wish some seer wise
Would show us how to get along
And not economize.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tact.

"I am sorry to have to tell you so, boys," said the pleasant looking visitor who was addressing the Sunday school, "but there is not one chance in a thousand that any one of you ever will be President of the United States."

Still he failed to secure their undivided attention.

"But if you live up to your opportunities," he went on, eyeing them keenly, "some bright boy in this audience may become a great baseball pitcher or the world's champion batsman."

Instantly every boy sat up straight and began to listen.—Chicago Tribune.

Pettit's Eye Salve First Sold in 1807.
over 100 years ago; sales increase yearly; wonderful remedy; cured millions weak eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Even the Hens Watch 'Em.

Hank Stubbs—Hens layin' much now, Bige?

Bige Miller—Skurce any.

Hank Stubbs—What's the trouble?

Bige Miller—Don't hev time fur dodgin' them pesky autymobiles.—Boston Herald.

"Fighting the Beef Trust." See the Frank L. Smith Co.'s ad in this paper.

Omissions of History.

Archimedes had just announced that if he had a lever long enough and a fulcrum on which to rest it he could move the earth.

"If you can't move the earth," shrieked a suffragette, "turn the job over to us! We'll do it!"

But the journalists and historians of that day, being men exclusively, meanly blue penciled that part of the story.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

A Yawning Void.

"No mere mortal," declared the professor in astronomy, "can comprehend the immensity of space."

"I think I can," ventured one of his auditors.

"And why you?"

"I have a daily humorous column to fill up."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fine Recipe for Colds.

Any druggist can supply these ingredients, or he will get them from his wholesale house.

"Mix half pint of good whiskey; two ounces of glycerine; half ounce of Concentrated pine compound. Shake the bottle well each time and use in doses of a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful four times a day." This prescription is said to work wonders.

The Concentrated pine is a special pine product and comes only in half ounce bottles, each enclosed in an air-tight case, but be sure it is labeled "Concentrated" in order to get the genuine article.

Artistic Vociferation.

"You will miss your son John when he goes back to school."

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel "I don't know how I'm going to get along. He has got all the critters on the place so used to his college yell that I don't s'pose anyone else kin drive 'em."—Washington Star.

Incidental.

"Your milk costs you 12 cents a quart and your butter 45 cents a pound? Why do you pay such exorbitant prices as that for them?"

"Bless you, I don't. I'm merely adding in what it costs me for ice to keep them sweet."

Children's Coughs Cause the Little Ones Much Unnecessary Suffering
PISO'S CURE
THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
Gives instant relief—soothes and heals the little throats and prevents more serious illness. Children like it too—so pleasant to take and does not upset the stomach.
All Druggists, 25 cents.

Destroys Hair Germs

Recent discoveries have shown that falling hair is caused by germs at the roots of the hair. Therefore, to stop falling hair, you must first completely destroy these germs. Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will certainly do this. Then leave the rest to nature.
Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says

Recent discoveries have also proved that dandruff is caused by germs on the scalp. Therefore, to cure dandruff, the first thing to do is to completely destroy these dandruff germs. Here, the same Ayer's Hair Vigor will give the same splendid results.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

Handicap of Bad Roads.

"Don't you realize that you are financially handicapped by bad roads?"

"Of course we realize it," answered Farmer Corntossel. "No automobilist dares travel fast enough to give us an excuse for collectin' a fine.—Washington Star.

Worms

"Cascarets are certainly fine. I gave a friend one when the doctor was treating him for cancer of the stomach. The next morning he passed four pieces of a tape worm. He then got a box and in three days he passed a tape-worm 45 feet long. It was Mr. Matt Freck, of Millersburg, Dauphin Co., Pa. I am quite a worker for Cascarets. I use them myself and find them beneficial for most any disease caused by impure blood." Chas. E. Condon, Lewiston, Pa., (Mifflin Co.)

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 921

Painless Dentistry

DR. W. A. WISE, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
20 YEARS ESTABLISHED IN PORTLAND
Out of town people can have their plate and bridgework finished in one day if necessary.
We will give you a good 22k gold or porcelain crown for $3.50
Molar Crowns 5.00
22k Bridge Teeth 3.50
Gold Fillings 1.00
Enamel Fillings 1.00
Silver Fillings .50
Inlay Fillings 2.50
Good Rubber Plates 5.00
Best Red Rubber Plate 7.50
Painless Extraction .50
WORK GUARANTEED FOR 15 YEARS
Painless Extraction Free when plates or bridge work is ordered. Consultation Free. You cannot get better painless work done anywhere. All work fully guaranteed. Modern electric equipment. Best methods.
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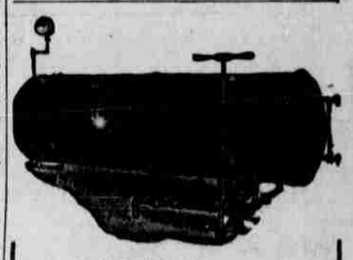
FAILING BUILDING THIRD & WASH. STS. PORTLAND, OREGON
OFFICE HOURS: 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays, 9 to 2.



A LEADER WATER SYSTEM IN YOUR HOME
Means an unfailing water supply. It means that you will have the most practical Domestic water supply system now in use. No elevated tank, no frozen pipes in winter, no stagnant water in summer, no water supply troubles of any sort. Tank placed in basement, out of sight and way, made of pressed steel, will not rust and will last a lifetime.
You will be pleased with the LEADER system of furnishing Domestic Water Supply. Ask for our catalogue and free booklet, "How I Solved My Water Supply Problem."
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LEWIS & STAVER CO.
Portland, Ore.
Spokane, Wash.
Boise, Idaho.

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THE OIL THAT PENETRATES

Mayer HONORBILT SHOES
The *proper* shoes for men: shoes that *look, fit, feel* and *wear* right.
Made of *selected* leather—leather that is best by every *test*. Correct in style. Made by the finest shoe makers, in the best equipped factory in existence.
MAYER HONORBILT
shoes are "built on honor"—built for *combined* style and service—built for absolute satisfaction and lasting comfort. Biggest values you can ever hope to get for the money.
There is an Honorbilt style that will exactly suit you and fit you.
Ask your shoe dealer; if he hasn't it, write us. Look for the *Mayer Trade Mark* on the sole.
FREE—If you will send us the name of a dealer who does not handle Mayer Honorbilt Shoes, we will send you free, postpaid, a handsome picture, size 18x22, of George Washington.
We also make Leading Lady Shoes, Martha Washington Comfort Shoes, Velma Cushion Shoes, Special Merit School Shoes and Work Shoes.
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