

THE STAYTON MAIL

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INTERESTING STUDENTS.

Many Filipinos Placed in American Schools by Uncle Sam.

A great deal of interest is being shown regarding the new pupils Uncle Sam has brought from the Philippine Islands and placed in various schools of this country. More than 100 Filipinos were selected by the government to come to this country and receive an education at the public expense, with a view to their returning to the islands and spreading the light of knowledge among their relatives and associates. Most of the contingent are in high schools under the care of the War Department.

From this number six of the brightest, four boys and two girls, were placed in the Drexel Institute and the School of Industrial Art of the Pennsylvania Museum, both of Philadelphia, the boys being in the latter school. One of the girls will study domestic science, the other, after a year at Drexel, will take a course at the Women's Medical College. Of the four boys, one will study architecture, two painting, and the fourth lithographic art.

The four boys are of various grades of intelligence. At least one is fully the equal, if not the superior, in mental force to the average American boy student at the school. The others are well able to hold their own in the classes. They are not all shy, but move among their fellow students with a modest air that is entirely devoid of self-consciousness. They have necessarily attracted a great deal of attention and can scarcely walk through the corridors of the School of Industrial Art, where nearly 1,200 students are enrolled, without causing heads to turn and whispered explanations to be made. It troubles the four black-haired boys not at all. They behave like Chesterfields at all times, and are not a bit suggestive of the

annual yield 110,000,000 bushels, while population, acreage, and output are augmenting at a rate no other country can approach.

To-day, so amazing has been the development of the Northwest, the Canadian Pacific Railway is unable to serve its commercial needs. The grain production of the territory is too enormous for its road, practically double-tracked though it is with sidings and sentineled with elevators. Every fall there is an absolute congestion, with grain coming out and lumber, coal and other commodities going in. Consequently, much of this traffic has to be handled by American transportation agencies. The United States has 2,000 cargo boats on the Great Lakes, while Canada had only thirty; and all the principal American railways have working alliances with those of Canada. Therefore, two other transcontinental railway systems are now being projected for Canada, that the wheat belt may be properly served. These are the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern lines, bisecting the prairies at distances apart which will enable the as yet untilled areas to be brought into speedy cultivation, and affording facilities for peopling the tenantless wilds at a rate undreamed of ten years ago.

Nothing so eloquently attests the altered attitude of the world to Canada as her increased immigration and especially that from across the American border. In 1893 only 10,000 immigrants entered Canada, whereas in 1903 the total had grown to 124,653. In 1890 only 44 Americans applied for homesteads, while in 1902 the number had grown to 21,872 and last year this total more than doubled, rising to 47,780, which figure is expected to duplicate itself during the present season.

Author's Daughter Sings.

Miss Ethel Bret Harte, the daughter of the famous writer of early Califor-



AN INTERESTING GROUP OF FILIPINO STUDENTS.

"new caught sullen peoples" of Kipling's verse.

Perhaps the most interesting of the Philadelphia sextet are the two girls, each about 16 years old. They are very small, although they dress and act like full-grown women. In short dresses they would easily pass for girls of 10 or 12, so far as appearance goes. As they wander through the corridors of the Drexel they look like dark-eyed, swarthy pygmies beside the strapping American girls who are studying there. They show little disposition to make friends with the other pupils and are very studious.

That each of Uncle Sam's new pupils has the typical features of the race may be seen by a study of the group shown in the accompanying illustration, which shows six young men who are attending the State Normal and Training School at Oswego, N. Y., to fit themselves for becoming teachers in their native land.

CANADA'S EXPANSION.

Has Experienced a Wonderful Development in Recent Years.

Within the past five years, Canada's total trade has increased by 65 per cent; that of the United States, 33 per cent; that of Britain, 19 per cent. Canada's foreign trade is \$83 per capita; that of the United States only \$35. Her revenue is \$12.49 per capita, and her expenditure \$9.56; the United States' revenue being \$7.70 and expenditure \$7.04. The public debt of Canada is but \$66 per capita, while that of her sister commonwealth—Australia—is \$230. Canada's over-sea trade last year was \$451,000,000—more than double that of Japan, almost equal to Russia's. Her merchant shipping tonnage exceeds Japan's; her railway mileage is half that of Russia.

It is now thirty-seven years since the federation of Canada was accomplished, and about half that space of time since what was then thought the visionary prospect of spanning the continent with the Canadian Pacific Railway was conceived. The Northwest was considered a wilderness of snow and ice—a vast, lone land, tenantless save by the bison and the red man. Phenomenal has been the change since then. Along the international boundary, twenty years ago, was an acreage of 250,000 under crop, yielding 1,200,000 bushels of wheat. Now the acreage is over 4,000,000, and

nian life, has decided to devote herself to concert work. Although Bret Harte made large profits from his writings and won a success which seldom comes to a writer as early as it did to him, he left his family in very straitened circumstances, and if it were not for the many staunch friends in the American colony in London Mrs. Bret Harte would often find it difficult to make both ends meet. With her children she has made her home in Bayswater ever since Bret Harte's death. The family difficulties have been complicated by threatened loss of sight of one of the sons and he has been sent to Switzerland in the hope that a renowned oculist may perform a successful operation.

Miss Bret Harte has had a long uphill struggle in her work. She served a stage apprenticeship with George Edwards and D'Oyly Carte. She has a soprano voice of excellent range and sympathetic quality and her one desire is to bring it to greater perfection. Her capacity for work seems endless and her love of music is as much of an incentive as the money which she hopes to bring into the family purse. It is extremely difficult to get a hearing on the concert stage in London, where only the well-known artists are invited to sing, but through the influence of the friends of the American author his daughter will have every opportunity to make the success which her friends anticipate.

In Error.

Marshall P. Wilder tells this story of two little children of a Christian Science family who were taken for the first time to see a Punch and Judy show. They enjoyed it heartily, until Punch finally, in a burst of anger, began to beat Judy across the head with a big stick. Whereupon the little girl, hastily covering her eyes with her hands, called out, beseechingly, to her brother:

"Don't look, Teddy, don't look! It's error!"

Verdict Comes More Slowly.

"I'd rather bet on a horse race than an auto race."

"Why?"

"You don't lose so quickly."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dogs have no constitution, and no courts of justice; but they have more rights and liberties than the people,

THE GRAY TERROR.

A gruesome tale is told by the Pittsburg Dispatch of the bringing of the body of the late Mayor of Seattle from the interior of Alaska. M. A. Mahoney, who had charge of the body, started alone from Fairbanks to draw the coffin over the snow road by sledge. Two days out of Fairbanks he was crossing a level bit of country over which the trail made way through forests of giant pine and fir. With the first shadows of night there came a long, low wall. It was followed by another and another, each unmistakably nearer. The man, standing on a lonely Alaskan trail, hundreds of miles from the nearest habitation, and with a burden on his hands that he had sworn to bring safely to civilization, knew what it meant. It was the cry of the wolf.

Mahoney realized that if he remained on the trail he would never live to see another day. He knew that three long days and nights must pass before he could hope for human help. He had covered a vast stretch of territory that day, and he was exhausted; but he must not think of sleep.

He turned off into the woods, and under the shelter of the pines built a big fire. It was well he acted quickly, for he had scarcely fed his dogs and snatched a morsel of supper himself when the wolves arrived.

All night long that lonely camp was surrounded by a row of gleaming eyes. Mahoney sat alone, the coffin for his seat, with every nerve strained. Once nature took revenge, and his heavy eyes drooped.

While he dozed the fire died down, and Mahoney woke with a start. A gaunt gray wolf was poking his nose very near to him. The man hastened to throw on more wood, and the beasts slunk away until only the gleam of their eyes told that they were keeping watch.

With the morning sun the wolves vanished, and Mahoney once more took up the trail. Not once all day did he see a sign nor hear a sound from the pack that he knew was silently following. With the sunset, however, came the long, blood-curdling wail.

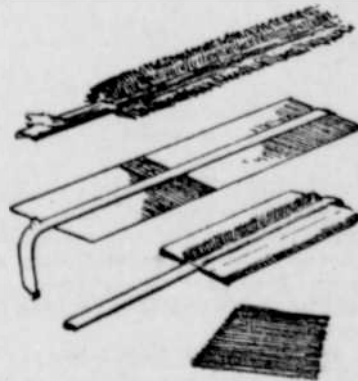
The second night was a fight against sleep. He tied a pine-knot to his right hand. As he dozed off, the flames would burn and waken him. As the day before, the wolves departed with the dawn, and gave no sign until evening. Then for a third night Mahoney went without sleep.

The wolves, their hunger increasing, grew bolder, and crept closer and closer. Every now and then one would jump forward and snap at the feet of the silent watcher. Then Mahoney, with a blazing brand, would strike at the glowing eyes and drive back his foe. When morning came, the man, half-crazed with fear and loss of sleep, once more took the trail, and at noon came to a road-house, where he was cared for. He slept steadily for eighteen hours, then resumed his journey.

SCIENTIFIC DUSTER.

A Woman's Scheme to Suppress the Deadly Germ.

The cult of the modern housewife forbids the use of the erstwhile universal feather duster and favors woolen polishing mlts, or fabric dusters of some kind, silk ones most of all. One of the fabric dusters recently invented by a New York woman is built up of a densely woven fabric of a comparatively hard, long nap or threads. This is doubled upon itself, and a center tube, or pocket, formed by a double line of stitching, over



THE SANITARY DUST CLOTH.

which is stitched a tape reinforcing strip. The weft threads are comparatively soft and form the duster proper by the removal of the warp threads as far as the stitching, producing a fringe. Into the completed tube a stick of convenient size is placed, with a portion extending beyond the duster proper to form a handle. When the tube of fabric is mounted upon the handle it furnishes a convenient dusting device that will effectively operate over a large surface. When the fabric becomes soiled or loaded with dust it may be readily removed from the holder and beaten or boiled to sterilize it. The loose, soft character of the fabric is such that it readily takes up the dust and retains it.

Might Corner It.

"A New York man insists that the world has four corners."

"He shouldn't talk so loud. One of those billion-dollar syndicates may take a notion to corner all the corners."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

O. R. & N.



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East Mail	6:15 p.m. via Spokane	8:00 a.m.

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TIME CARD NO. 25.

No. 2, for Yaquina:—
Leaves Albany..... 12:45 P.M.
Leaves Corvallis..... 1:45 P.M.
Arrives Yaquina..... 6:20 P.M.

No. 1, returning:—
Leaves Yaquina..... 6:45 A.M.
Leaves Corvallis..... 11:30 A.M.
Arrives Albany..... 12:15 P.M.

No. 3 for Albany-Detroit
Leaves Corvallis..... 6:00 A.M.
Arrives Albany..... 6:40 A.M.
Leaves Albany for Detroit..... 7:30 A.M.
Arrives Detroit..... 12:02 P.M.

No. 4, from Detroit:—
Leaves Detroit..... 12:35 A.M.
Arrives Albany..... 5:15 P.M.
Lv. Albany for Corvallis..... 7:15 P.M.
Arrive Corvallis..... 7:55 P.M.

Trains 1 arrive in Albany in time to connect with the S. P. south bound train, as well as giving two or three hours in Albany before departure of S. P. north bound train.

Train No. 2 connects with the S. P. trains at Corvallis and Albany, giving direct service to Newport and adjacent beaches.

Train No. 3 for Detroit, via Albany, leaves Corvallis at 6:00 a. m. and connects with the S. P. Albany-Portland local train leaving Albany at 7 a. m. Train No. 3 leaves Albany for Detroit at 7:30 a. m., arriving there at noon giving ample time to reach the Breitenbush hot springs the same day.

Train No. 4 connects at Albany with the Portland-Albany local, which arrives there at 7:10 and runs to Corvallis leaving Albany at 7:15 and arriving in Corvallis at 7:55 p. m.

For further information apply to

T. H. CURTIS, Acting Manager

THOS. COCKRELL, Agent, Albany.

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