

Happy New Year

May the New Year of 1919

Bring to You a Full Measure of
Prosperity and Happiness

We Thank You
Heartily for Your Patronage
During 1918

SESTAK & THOMAS

Proprietors of
Stayton Meat Market

GREETINGS



Beauchamp's Drug Store
Stayton, Oregon

New Year's Greetings TO Our Many Friends and Patrons

We take this opportunity to express our appreciation of the good will, patronage, and support given us during the past year. We heartily wish them an abundance of peace and prosperity for 1919 and then some.

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SALEM, - - - OREGON

WHILE "GEORGE" LOOKED ON

Party of Tourists Helped Pretty American Woman to Kiss the Real Blarney Stone.

Three or four of us made up a little party to go to Blarney castle to improve our ability in the art of talking by kissing the Blarney stone, says Capt. Albert R. Wenhams in "Spun Yarns of a Navvy Officer." The saying that all roads lead to Rome applies somewhat to Blarney, too, but the Irish milles—I cannot think how they reconcile them with the milles recorded by the taxicab indicators!

However, we got there, and, bounding up the stone stairs, reached the top of the tower. Two persons were already there, an old man and one of the loveliest women I ever saw. We were rather pressed for time, and so proceeded to kiss the stone.

The Blarney stone faces the outside of the tower, about three feet down. If you wish really to kiss it you must be let down headfirst, do the trick, and be hauled up. All round the top of the tower is a hanging parapet projecting about a foot from the line of the tower wall, built to enable the defenders, when the castle was attacked, to pour boiling water or melted lead on top of the enemy operating on the front door.

Having let one another down, we finished under the wondering gaze of the lovely woman. "Excuse me, gentlemen," she said, "but what have you been doing?"

We told her. With a disdainful look she turned to the old fellow and said, "There, George, I told you that," pointing to a meek-looking stone inside, "was not the Blarney stone, and I have not kissed the Blarney stone! I have not come all the way from America to go away without doing it!" As she said that she looked appealingly at us, for George did not seem inclined to rise to the occasion.

The end of it was that we lashed her dress round her ankles, lowered her, and pulled her up triumphant.

"There, George, now I can go back to America and say that I have kissed the Blarney stone!" she cried.

I am bound to say that George, who proved to be her husband, did not look happy or pleased. His reputation for telling the truth had suffered, and I am pretty sure that he wished we never had come.

"Boys" Got Good American Food.

If the American mother could come face to face with some of the women cooking meals for her soldier boys at the Y. M. C. A. but over here it would gladden her heart, says a London (Eng.) correspondent.

They would prove to the American mother that her boy while here is getting real good old "Yankee Doodle" meals, cooked by real American mothers just like herself.

These women—most of them American volunteer workers—supply about 2,500 meals a day, besides hundreds of "teas" (yes, mothers, he's got the English tea habit now; you'll have to give him tea every afternoon when he gets back), luncheons and night meals.

The "chief cook" is Hon. Mrs. Arthur Coke, and her specialty is griddle cakes "fit for a king." One month recently she turned out 20,000 of them, six of which were eaten by no less a personage than King George himself.

The king and queen recently visited Eagle hut. They gave the king three of the cakes. He cleaned his plate and came back for a "refill."

Oh, Boy!

The war department recently invited bids for the following to supply 125 regiments: Seventeen thousand five hundred sets of boxing gloves, 7,000 baseball bats, 21,107 baseballs, 35,000 playground balls, 3,000 rugby footballs, 7,000 soccer footballs, 350 volley balls and 1,750 medicine balls.

HIS QUEER 'CATCH'

And Garbage Master Was Not Fishing, at That.

Old Copy Reader Ransacks His Mind for Most Unique Story He Can Recall, and Here Is the Result He Achieved.

The oldest copy reader on the paper grew reminiscent.

"In all the thousands of 'stories' for the paper I have read, how many unique ones have I found? Well, I can give you one that stands out in my memory, sharply defined, without a flaw.

"It is about the strongest fish that was ever caught in Sheepshead bay. It was about the time that motorboats were first being built, and risky things they were, too, in those days. Well, there was a certain young man about Broadway whose boast was that he would try anything once.

"He had tried automobiles and had had considerable success in finding out what happened to them when they ran into brick walls, telegraph poles and other things like that. So he decided to try motorboats, too.

"He did, and never tried anything after that. He gathered a jolly little party, packed a jolly little luncheon and off from shore they set in a cocky little motorboat, out into the middle of Sheepshead bay. There came a heavy squall, the boat upset and several of the happy throng were drowned, the gay young man included. Now, here's the meat of the yarn:

"The prettiest girl in the party was also the gayest. Her French heels were the highest and her big, floppy hat was the biggest and the flattest. Well, she went down, down into Sheepshead bay and drank more water in five minutes than she had in as many years.

"When she came up for the third time she grabbed an empty floating box and clung to it until she grew too weak. Down she went. Night fell.

"Now a tug came puffing and snorting on her way back from the garbage dumping grounds—or waters—dragging half a dozen empty scows, all of which were, like all such craft, equipped with hinged bottoms which open outward. All the scows were open, and aboard one, the captain or skipper or master, or whatever he ranked, was watching to see that nothing broke loose in the squall.

"Suddenly he heard a squeak, shrill and mummy. He investigated. And inside his open-up garbage scow, edging desperately to the chains that swing open and shut the container of garbage was what had been a glorious creature in picture hat, French heels and other fineries. The garbage master was a brave man, but this appalled him. His nerve won, however, and he lashed the miracle to what deck there was, and she survived and revived.

"What had happened was that the beautiful lady had been drawn down into the water again, but had once more come to the surface just as the scow passed over her and she had come up inside. She had life enough and sense enough to grasp anything tangible, that being in this case a slippery chain. Then she knew enough to try to shriek. The squeak she emitted saved her life."

With Malice Aforethought.

Round the campfire—to put it poetically—a lot of soldiers were discussing hairbreadth escapes and adventures they had had. One after another they related tales, true and otherwise, till it came to the turn of a man who'd traveled all over the world. Every one waited breathlessly for his yarn, but he said he'd nothing to sell.

"Have you never had an accident?" chorused his pals.

"Accident? No!"

"Never had an accident in your life?"

"No. Rattler bit me once."

"Don't you call that an accident?"

"Thunder, no! The thing bit me on purpose!" said the traveler.

Grenfell's Splendid Work.

Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, M. D., superintendent of the Labrador medical mission of Royal National Mission of Deep Sea Fishermen, was born February 25, 1863. He fitted out the first hospital ship for the North sea fisheries, and cruised with the fishermen from the Bay of Biscay to Iceland. He established homes for them on the land and arranged mission vessels for them in the sea. He went to Labrador in 1892, when he built four hospitals, a series of co-operative stores and an orphanage, and established numerous small industrial schemes.

How Could He Know?

It may be a mistake for Hoover to go to Europe after all.

A day or two ago Miriam, of Jeffersonville, who is not yet eight, was not cleaning up her plate as well as she should, and usually does. Moreover, she was disposed to be wasteful and seemed to think the bars were up.

"Mr. Hoover will be after you if you waste food," said her mother.

"Mr. Hoover won't know anything about it; he has gone to Europe," was the reply.—Indianapolis News.

Time on the Rhine.

Private Jones of Hoboken—Say, Casey, what time is it by the watch on the Rhine?

Private Casey of Brooklyn—Retirin' time, me bye, retirin' time!—Judge.

"THE CLADEK GARRAGE" AND MACHINE SHOP

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MAETERLINCK'S

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First-Class Job Work

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WHEN you have a bilious attack your liver fails to perform its functions. You become constipated. The food you eat ferments in your stomach instead of digesting. This inflames the stomach and causes nausea, vomiting and a terrible headache. Take Chamberlain's Tablets. They will tone up your liver, clean out your stomach and you will soon be as well as ever. There is nothing better.

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