

THE IMPORTED PERCHERON STALLION

TURGOT

No. 56041

Foaled May 11, 1900; Bred by M. Vallie, Department of Oren, France; Imported April 12, 1905; Property of

THE LAMONTA PERCHERON HORSE CO.

Will Make the Season of 1906 as Follows: At Chas. Lott's ranch, one and one-half miles west of Lamonta; at Henry Montgomery's near Grizzly P. O. and at Princville

SEASON BEGINS APRIL FIRST

DESCRIPTION

Turgot, is a very Large, Heavy Horse, Jet Black, with fine form and superior action; and comes from a long list of Black Percherons: Weight 2000 pounds more or less according to condition.

FEES

Insurance \$20 Due when mare is known to be with foal; \$25 due when foal sucks; also payable if mare is disposed of, or permanently removed from the county: Single service \$10 due at time of service. Mares from a distance will be well cared for at cost of feed only, but will not assume responsibility in case of accident.

Directors: N. Milligan, Chas. Lott, Henry Montgomery, Oscar Cox, Samuel Pierce, Wm. Sann, Walter Messinger

JERRY ACHEY, President
J. S. McMEEN, Sec. and Treas.

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LAMONTA, OREGON

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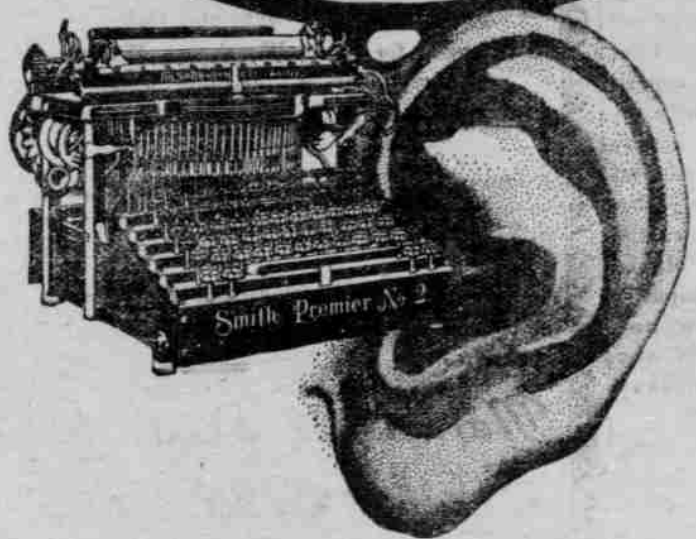
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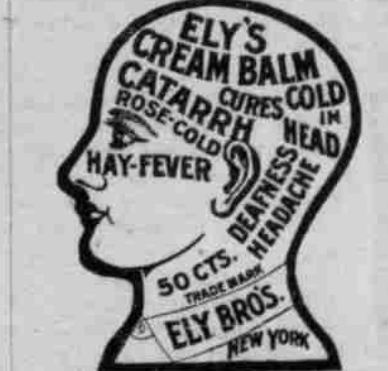
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SOCIALIST COLUMN

Invention has filled the world with competitors, not only of laborers, but of mechanics of higher skill. Today the ordinary laborer is, for the most part, a peg in the wheel. He works with the tireless—he feeds the insatiable. When the monster stops, the man is out of employment—out of bread. He has not saved anything. The machine that he fed was not feeding him—the invention was not for his benefit.

The other day I heard a man say that it was almost impossible for thousands of good mechanics to get employment, and that in his judgment the government ought to furnish work for the people. A few minutes later I heard another say that he was selling a patent for cutting out cloth, that one of the machines could do the work of twenty tailors, and that only the week before he had sold two to a great house in New York and that over forty cutters had been discharged.

On every side men are being charged and machines are invented to take their places. When the great factory shuts down, the workers who inhabited it and gave it life, as thoughts to the brain, go away and it stands there like an empty skull. A few workmen by the force of habit gather about the closed doors and broken windows and talk about distress, the price of food, the coming winter. They are convinced that they have not had their share of what their labor created. They feel certain that the machines inside were not their friends. They look at the mansions of their employer, but have nothing themselves. The employer seems to have enough. Even the employers fail; when they become bankrupt they are better off than the laborers ever were. Their worst is better than the toiler's best.

The capitalist comes forward with this specific. He tells the workmen that he must be economical, and yet, under the present system economy would only lessen wages. Under the great law of supply and demand every saving, frugal, self-denying workman is unconsciously doing what little he can to reduce the compensation of himself and his fellows. The slave who did not wish to run away helped fasten chains on those who did. So the saving mechanic is a certificate that wages are high enough. Does the great law demand that every worker should live on the least possible amount of bread? Is it his fate to work for another? Is that to be his only hope, that and death?

Capital has always claimed, and still claims, the right to combine. Manufacturers meet and determine prices even in spite of the great law of supply and demand. Have the laborers the same right to combine? The rich meet in the bank, clubhouse or parlor. Workmen, when they combine, meet in the street. All the organized forces of society are against them. Capital has the army and the navy, the Legislature, the judicial and executive departments. When the rich combine it is for the purpose of "exchanging ideas." When the poor combine it is a "conspiracy." If they act in concert, if they really do something, it is a "mob." If they defend themselves it is "treason." How is it the rich control the departments of government? In this country the political power is equally divided among them. There are certainly more poor than rich. Why should the rich control? Why should not laborers combine for the purpose of controlling the executive, the legislative and the judicial departments? Will they ever find how powerful they are? A cry comes from the oppressed, from the hungry, from the downtrodden, from the unfortunate, from the despised, from the men who despair, and from women who weep. There are times when mendicants become revolutionists—when a rag becomes a banner, under which the noblest and bravest battle for right.

Can these forces of nature be controlled for the benefit of her suffering children? Will extravagance keep pace with ingenuity? Will the workingmen become intelligent enough and strong enough to become owners of machines? Will these giants, these

Titans, shorten the hours of labor? Will they make leisure for the indigent, or will they make the rich richer and the poor poorer? Is man involved in the "general" scheme of things? Is there no pity, no mercy?

The strong animals devour the weak—everything at mercy of beak and claw and hoof and tooth, of hand and club and brain and greed—inequality, injustice everywhere. The poor house standing in the streets with his dray, overworked, overwhipped and underfed, when he sees other horses groomed to mirrors, glistening with gold and silver, scorning with proud feet the very earth, probably indulges in the usual Socialist reflections; and this same worn horse, worn out and old, deserted by his master, turned into the dusty roads, leans his head on the topmost rail, looks at the donkeys in the field of clover, and feels like a nihilist.

In the days of cannibalism the strong devoured the weak—actually ate their flesh. In spite of all laws that man has made, in spite of all advances in science, the strong, the heartless, still live on the weak, the unfortunate the foolish. True, they do not eat their flesh or drink their blood, but they live on their labor, their self-denial, their weariness and want. The poor man who deforms himself by toil, who labors for his wife and children through all his anxious, barren, wasted life—who goes to the grave without ever having a luxury—has been the food of others. He has been devoured by his fellowmen.

The poor woman living in the bare and lonely room, cheerless and fireless, sewing night and day to keep starvation from her child, is slowly being eaten by her fellowmen. When I take into consideration the agony of civilized life—the failures, the anxiety, the tears, the withered hopes, the bitter realities, the hunger, the crime, the humiliation, the scheme—I am almost forced to say that cannibalism, after all is the most merciful form in which man has ever lived upon his fellow-man.

It is impossible for a man with a good heart to be satisfied with world as it is now. No man can truly enjoy even what he earns—what he knows to be his own—knowing that millions of his fellowmen are in misery and want. When we think of the famished, we feel that it is almost heartless to eat. To meet the ragged and shivering makes one almost ashamed to be well dressed and warm—one feels as though his heart was as cold as their bodies.

In a world filled with millions and millions of acres of land waiting to be tilled, where one man can raise the food for hundreds, millions are on the edge of famine. Who can comprehend the stupidity at the bottom of this truth.

Is there to be no change?

Are the laws of "supply and demand," invention and science, monopoly and competition, capital and legislation, always to be enemies of those who toil? Will the workers always be ignorant enough and stupid enough to give their earnings to the useless? Will the workers support millions of soldiers to kill the sons of other workmen?

Will they always build temples and live in huts and dens themselves? Will they forever allow parasites and vampires to live upon their blood? Will they remain the slaves of the beggars they support? Will honest men stop fraud? Will industry in the presence of crowned idleness forever fall upon its knees and will the lips unstained by lies forever kiss the robber's and impostor's hands?—Ex.

Hoyt Is Gaining.

Ralph W. Hoyt, Candidate for State Treasurer, is now conceded to be the strong man for the office. This is accounted for from the fact that the people throughout the state appreciate fully his policy in holding state funds on deposit in the counties wherein they are collected, instead of drawing them to one common center, which has been the custom heretofore.

RAISES ASSESSMENT

County Assessor Placing Higher Values on Property

Deputy Tax Assessor LaFollette has been in Madras during the week, assessing the property of this neighborhood for the 1906 taxes. Mr. LaFollette is authority for the statement that it will be the policy of the county tax assessor this year, to assess the property at a higher valuation than it was assessed last year. One instance of this is in the assessment of cultivated wheat lands, which last year were assessed at \$4 an acre but will be assessed at \$6 an acre for 1906.

This policy of assessing property at something like its real value and lowering the tax rate accordingly is unquestionably the correct way, provided this reform is carried out all through the county and the heavy taxpayers of the county are not permitted to dodge taxes as they have done for so many years. The Pioneer has been advocating this reform in taxation, for the reason that our tax rate, while low when the low valuation of property is taken into consideration, yet appears to be very high to investors coming into this section of country and who are not familiar with the past methods of assessing property at from a fourth to a third of its value.

Mr. LaFollette says that there is considerable complaint in this section over the assessment of lands at practically 50 per cent increase over their last assessment, but he thinks the objection will cease when it is found that the tax levy is lowered correspondingly, and that taxes have not been increased.—Madras Pioneer.

Columbia Southern Has Trouble.

The State Land Board, at a meeting held last week, directed the Attorney General to take steps to compel the Columbia Southern Irrigation Company to comply with some of the provisions of its contract.

The company has refused to adopt rules for distribution of water to settlers that will meet the approval of the board. It also refuses to accept the board's mandate to furnish 1.8 feet of water per acre during the irrigation season. This is the amount which the Deschutes Irrigation & Power Company agrees to supply under the same climatic and soil conditions. The board refused to approve a lot of applications to purchase land, for the reason that the company would not use blanks prepared under direction of the board.

Another order was made directing the company to cease selling or offering to furnish water to land outside the segregation.

The attorney for the Water Users' Association was notified of the board's action to protect rights of settlers. This means that differences between the board and the company will be threshed out in the courts.

D. I. & P. Co's Ditch Work Begins.

J. C. Lewis, who has charge of the construction forces of the Deschutes Irrigation & Power Company, was over from Redmond the first of the week. The company has been advertising for men and teams for the past two weeks, and Mr. Lewis states the replies have swamped the clerical forces at Redmond, notwithstanding the fact that he had been told that there were no teams or men to be had in the county and that outside help would have to be enlisted. The company this year has decided to employ in construction work as many of the teams belonging to the actual settlers under the canals as is possible to get, and work will also be given to those settlers under the company's ditches who are at liberty at this time of the year.

The construction forces will continue the work of extending the laterals of the Pilot Butte canal in the vicinity of Redmond and later on, as soon as the present urgent work is completed, the Central Oregon canal, which has been finished as far as the old river bed, will be extended so as to provide water for the settlers in the region around Powell Buttes.