FRANK L SMITH MEAT CO. "Fighting the Beef Trust" PORTLAND, OREGON

Leason from the Past. Macduff had amputated Macbeth's

"I didn't mind his talking to me as if I were an old hen," explained Mac-duff; "but I couldn't stand his hideous profanity. There's already too much of it on the stage!"

Feeling that he had done his duty,
he then took a layoff.

"Effic," said Margie, who was laborfourly spelling words from a first read-er, "how can I tell which is a 'd' and

which is a 'b?" "Why," replied Eme, wisely, "the " has its tummy on its back."-Tit-

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Seething byrup the best remedy to use for their children turing the teething period.

More Sugar Scandal. The Grocer's Wife-Ach! no, my shild, we cannot to de beach go in de vinter; but ven de gustomers have went away, you may take your iddle pail und shofel and play mit de granu-lated sugar."—Harper's Magazine.



Poor health can nearly always be traced to a disordered stomach, weak kidneys, sluggish liver or constipated bowels. The Bitters acts directly on these organs, making them strong and healthy. Try it.





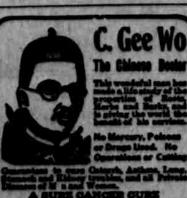
KASPARILLA

This sterling household remedy has song been recognized as the best and afest Blood Purifier, the most successful prescription for spring humors and such lisorders of the blood as boils, pimples, pustules, blotches, sores and cutaneous sruptions. Kasparilla is admitted to be the best remedy for that lack of energy and the peculiar debility so prevalent luring the close of winter and the opening of spring. For derangements of the digestive organs it is a natural corrective, perating directly upon the liver and altimentary canal, gently but persistently stimulating a healthy activity. Its beneficial influence extends, however, to very portion of the system, aiding in the processes of digestion and assimilation of lood, promoting a wholesome, natural appetite, correcting sour stomach, bad oreath, irregularities of the bowels, contipation and the long list of troubles directly traceable to those unwholesome conditions. Kasparilla dispels drowsiness, headache, backache and despondency flue to inactivity of the liver, sidneys and digestive tract. It is a strengthening tonic of the highest value.

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Vise Dental Co. Painless Dentis Brakes, Total & Problems, Part Land, Street



Some years ago a well known Los don solicitor, recently deceased, suc cessfully defended a man charged with burgiary, and a few days later there came by post a valuable gold hunter watch, with an inscription to the effect that it was a gift from a certain London society, presumably of doubtful practices. Years afterward the solicitor had the watch stolen from hi walstcoat pocket, but it came back to him by post with a letter of apology, stating that "we never rob one of our pals."-London Answers.

Spring Humors

Come to most people and cause many troubles,-pimples, bolls and other eruptions, besides loss of appetite, that tired feeling, billousness, indigestion

The sconer you get rid of them the better, and the way to get rid of them and to build up the system is to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Spring Medicine par excellence as shown by unequaled, radical and permanent cures. Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolated tablets known as Sarsatabs.

river trip.

"Quite a roomy bit of water, this Styx," he commented. "Never freezes

"Not so's to interfere with naviga-"Not so's to interfere with naviga-tion," said Charon smilingly, "and, by the way, that very fact gave Me-phisto the idea for his favorite joke." "You don't say! What's the gag?" "Why, when a guest in hades com-

plains of the scarcity of ice the old boy explains that it's due to the unprecedented perversity of the past winter."—Buffalo Times.

Making a Distinction. "There is not a particle of evidence, your honor," said the attorney for the defense, "to show that my client was within a dozen miles of the scene when

the crime was committed—"
"I beg your pardon." interrupted the other lawyer, "but his brother-in-law testifies specifically that he saw him "I know it," rejoined the defendant's attorney, "but his testimony isn't evi dence."

On the Safe Side. "The Bible says, "Take no thought

Recent statistics of the Germs army show that neurasethenia is three and a half times as prevalent among the soldiers as it was a decade ago while hysteria cases are twice as nu-

"Why do you refuse me an int

"Excuse me, young man, I thought gards you as—dead!"
you wanted to know how I got my "Ah! And she is a woman now,

Omissions of Mistory. Pope Gregory had revised the calen

"The spelling needs reforming, too," he said, "but I'm afraid to tackle that."

Which shows what he missed by not having Prof. Brander Matthews handy "Yes," said Latimer. "She is brace him up and rive him courage

Picasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickon, Weaken or Gripa, 10c. 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk, The gen-uine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Siamoso English. Here is an amusing extract taken from a Siamese paper that has an English column for foreign readers:

"Shooting Outrage-O Fearful Ago ny.-Khoon Tong was a man of Lan goon and on his return accidentally shot at by some miscreant scoundrels Untimely death, oh fearful! All men expressed their mourn. The ccurrence dogs is still at large."

The man who did it—who forged

SORE EYES. weak, inflamed, red. watery and swollen eyes, use PETT-IT'S EYE SALVE. All druggists of Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sheppard's Pinid.

Of course everybody knows the popular black and white check patterned cloth "Sheppard's plaid," but ninety

"Well, well! We'll not pursue the nine people of every hundred ascribe connection with the pastoral personage which is apparently indicated. Indeed the description is generally written erroneously by tailors as "shepherd's plaid." Sheppard was the manufacturer who first introduced this fabric, and he exhibited his invention at the great exhibition of 1851.—London

Alcohol not needed

Ayer's Sarasparilla is not ong drink. As now made, there is not a drop of alcohol in it. It is a non-alcoholic tonic and alterative. Ask your own doctor about your taking this medicine for thin, impure blood. Follow his advice very time. He knows.

TO A DAUTT.

Slight as thou art, thou art enough to hide, Like all created things, secrets from me, And stand a barrier to eternity. And I, how can I praise thee well and wide,

From where I dwell upon the hither side? Thou little veil for so great mystery, Wen shall I penetrate all things and thee, And then look back? For this I must abide,

Till thou shalt grow and fold and be unfurled Literally between me and the world.

Then I shall drink from in beneath a spring.

And from a poet's side shall read his book. O daisy mine, what will it be to look For God's side even of such a simple thing?

HIS LADY CLIENT

ie were questioning himself than his riage, for a moment blocked among the crowd of vehicles in the great Holconfidential clerk. He stood looking The shade of the ice baron had in- out of his office window upon Lincoln's born thoroughfare, moved rapidly fortroduced himself to Charon on the Inn Fields, his gray eyebrows sternly knit.

-Alice Meynell.

"Yes, sir, it's fourteen years," said the clerk in a low voice, his hand upon the closed door, "You'll see him, won't

"I'll see him, of course. But-The lawyer stopped abruptly, for just then a carriage and pair pulled up at the entrance, and a face—the face of a lovely girl of one or two and twenty-appeared at the carriage Latimer and his clerk exchanged

"The young lady will be coming into the office, sir. What had best be done?" "Go out to her," said Latimer. "Tell them to drive around the square till I'm at liberty. Don't let her quit the carriage on any account. There's no knowing what might happen if-"Leave that to me, sir," said the el-derly clerk, hurrying out. "I'll see to

Latimer sank into the chair at his desk. The day was closing in. A young clerk came in and lit the desk lamp and drew down the blinds. And now the lawyer's look grew ways buy a return ticket when I go to the races."—Houston Post. door opened, opened slowly, and a weary-looking man came slowly into

> "Where's my daughter?" said he, standing with his grasp upon the back

the romo.

of reprimand, "that's a question which it was understood between us, fourview, Mr. Gotrox? I only wanted to teen years ago, that you would never ask you how you earned your first \$1,000."

million."—Louisville Courier-Jour said Masterson. "When—when I was convicted, unjustly convicted, in that forgery case and sentenced to fourteen years. Nora was nearly eight. She would now be twenty-one—a woman now. She is beautiful, too, isn't she?"
And he looked keenly for confirms

the lady of fortune, the lady who "An heiress? My daughter an heir-

ess?" said Masterson, rising quickly from his chair. "Take me to her! I'm destitute—nearly starving. Is there anything now to keep us apart?"

"Yes, there's a barrier." "What is it?" "Yourself!" said Latimer. "Once make yourself known to your daughter and the property, by a clause in the

will, reverts to another." "Nora shall not be made penniles through me. No. I'll never--What if my innocence were proven-the stigma taken from my

"Ah, that might alter the case," said

Laimer, cautiously.
"Help me!" cried Masterson. "I had no hand in the business. Give me

those drafts on the Philoboro' bankwas a fellow clerk of mine, Robert Holroyd; and I've already begun my search for him," said Masterson, with a keen look in his eyes. "I mean to

"Well, well! We'll not pursue the subject any further-not just now," said Latimer. "I'll turn it over in my mind. Leave me your address. I'll see that the matter is looked into—I'll see if anything can be done."

When Masterson left him Latimer's hand trembled as he placed the slip of paper in his desk whereon the man had written his address. The inter view had agitated the lawyer deeply But as he went downstairs to the car-ringe all signs of agitation vanished; and when a lovely girl appeared at his carriage window to greet him his stern features even broke into a smile.

As the carriage drove away, before it had turned out of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the girl placed her hand upon the lawyer's arm and looked up with an inquiring glance into his face.

"Who was that?"

Latimer looked down at her and noticed that she was unusually pale.

"Who was that?" he ritterated, with a sudden sickening sense of dread. "I—I don't quite follow you."
"I mean that man who came out at your office door some minutes before you," said she. "He looked as if in terrible distress. Is he? I saw his

terrible distress. Is he? I saw him stop under the street lamp, strike his forehead and look distractedly about him. Then he walked on, and—""See!" the girl suddenly interposed, "there's the very man. How dazed he looks! He is staring into people's faces as if he were in search of some e some one whom he "Nora, sit down, my dear," said Lat-imer, as she rose and leaned out of the window. "Are you crazed?"

The girl uttered a low cry of pain, for Latimer, in a sudden fransy of ex-

citement, had seized her wrist and Paul Latimer spoke more as though gripped it tightly. But now the car-

> ward, taking a westerly course in its nomeward way.
>
> Days went by. For the time being Masterson was buoyed with hope. His interview with Latimer had put new ife into him. He looked for a letter But Paul Latimer gave no sign.

One night, as he turned out of Long Acre to start upon another night's wanderings through the lamp-lit London streets, Masterson became sudden-ly alive to the fact that a long line of vehicles was arriving and passing in under the portico of Covent Garden

Theater. post when a hansom cab pulled up with startling abruptness at his very elbow, and a tall man sprang out. He was in evening dress, a light inverness cloak thrown negligently over his well-set shoulders; and as he thrust his hand into his pocket and turned half round to pay the cabman, the light from the street lamp fell sideways upon his face.

Masterson uttered a cry; and then with the swift and writhing movement of a tiger eager for a leap, a flash of passion and hatred in his eyes— "Curse you!" he cried, springing forward. "I've found you, curse you.

at last!"

But as he made the spring a passer by unwittingly ran against him, and he was thrown upon the railings with such force that he lost his footing; and when he rose to renew the attack he found the figure was gone. Casting about him a wild and searching glance, Masterson again got sight of the man. He was just passing in at



AS THE CARRIAGE DROVE AWAY.

the swinging doors of the theater-had passed in-vanished. Waiting there, pacing up and down outside those railings, Masterson began to grow puzzled over Robert Holroyd's youthful appearance. He looked no older-looked younger, if anything

-than when they were fellow clerks at the Phliboro Bank. Was this man Robert Holroyd, or-Suddenly a startling thought came

Robert Holroyd's son! If so, so much the better. His yearning to strike was deeper rooted now; he would deliver a double blow.

At last it grew evident that the performance was drawing to a close, and Masterson's gaze now became intent upon the faces of the fashionable crowd that began to pour out. No face in that outflowing crowd escaped ob-

And now a strange and startling thing happened. A carriage one that he seemed to recognize-drew up, and the Lincoln's Inn lawyer, Paul Latimer, presently appeared, a girl on his arm-a girl whose face sent a sudden thrill to the very heart of John Mas-

"Nora!" he gasped. "My child!" But no sooner had this lovely woman taken her place in the carriage hunt him down! I mean to force from with Latimer at her side, than a thing atil crushed in Roumania by means more strange and startling by far engaged Masterson's attention.

That man for whom he was waiting the man Holroyd-came hurrying out behind Latimer, stepped into Lat-imer's carriage and sat down opposite to Nora. He spoke to her-spoke and looked like one who seeks to win a young girl's love. The sight was maddening; and as

the carriage moved from under the portico toward the exit gate Master-soff ran headlong forward, forcing his way through the surging crowd. He had reached the carriage, had

leaped upon the step and looked wildface, when a passing vehicle struck him and he fell back—fell into the crowded thoroughfare, crushed and broken-and remembered no more.

When John Masterson recovered sciousness he was lying in a large and luxurious bedroom—as he gradu-ally came to realize, aided by the light of a dim night lamp. Then there came to the bedside a shadowy figure, and then a sweet and anxious face bent over his pillow, and then a whispered

"Father!"
"Nora," said he one summer's morning, when she came and drew a chair to his side, "am I out of the doctor's

"Yes, father. Why do you ask?"
"I was forbidden to question you,"
said he, "to speak more than was needful—forbidden to speak one word
about the—the past. May I speak

"That night," said he, "the night upon which I—I met with that accident. Who was that man "".

Latimer's carriage? Tell me his name." "Holroyd," said she.

Masterson gripped the arms of his chair, and would have risen had not Nora held him back.

"Upon the day you saw him in ou carriage," said she, "Mr. Holroyd had arrived in London coming post-haste with a letter for you-from your fellow clerk at the old bank-a letter from his father."

"A letter-from Robert Holroyd-for

"Yes; and being unable to find said she, "young Holroyd had called that very morning upon Mr. Latimer. That letter, as you will find, contains Robert Holroyd's full confession of the crime of which you were so shamefully convicted."

"And," Nora went on, "and he has since died-since you were brought here to Mr. Latimer's house on that dreadful night-and he has made what amends he could by leaving you half his fortune, and-

"What more?" said Masterson de lectedly.

"His son, young Holroyd, has asked me-to be-his wife," said Nora. "What?"

"I love him, father. Would you have ne suffer for Robert Holroyd's sin?" Masterson made no answer. He seemed lost in thought; but, after a while, he began to stroke her head aressingly, and Nora took heart, knowing instinctively that he would give way to her as he always had given way to her when she was a child.-Exchange.

DEER IN THE FAR NORTH.

Thousands Seen by Canadian Police Near Artillery Lake. Three thousand three bundred and forty-seven miles-that is the police beat which Inspector E. A. Pelletier of the royal northwest mounted police has had to patrol for the past year, says the Canadian Courier. Pelletier, accompanied by his two comrades, Corporal M. A. Joyce and Constable R. H. Walker, crept back into civilization not long ago, and is being nicknamed "Daniel Boone" because of his exploit, by the smart boys in the western barracks. It was back in 1908 that the inspector was dispatched to the far north, where he was under instructions to report on feasible route from Hudson Bay to the Mackenzie River and to look after Canadian interests in the wilderness. The jaunt to the top of the world began at Fort Saskatchewan. A few miles steamer stateroom comfort; then some gritty paddling, and Great Slave Lake was reached. That was where the real work commenced. The route along this great, wild sheet, into narrow, roaring channels was a nightmare of portages, mosquitoes and lurking, foaming rapid. On the 1st of Sep-tember Inspector Pelletter and party touched Hudson Bay. The wind-tossed timbers of a sailboat on the shore was the first object to meet their gaze. The wreck of the sail-boat meant a long pause at Fullerton till winter should set in and permit the dog trains to gallop south with the

The move from Fullerton to Church il-450 miles—was a thriller. Raw feer meat was all that was left of shrunken supplies to sustain the ex-pedition. Probably the most picturesque part of the journey was the passage from Artillery Lake to the height of land. Inspector Pelletier has this to say on the event:

"Aided by the sails, we were cnak ing good time, but were delayed by large numbers of deer crossing at various points. We must have seen between 20,000 and 40,000. The hills on both shores were covered with them and at a dozen or more places where the lake was from a half to one mile wide solid columns of deer four or five abreast were swimming acress, and so closely that we did not like to venture through them for fear of getting into some enix-up."

STONE AGE CUSTOMS.

Natives of Rural Houmania. Customs and habits directly trace able back to the end of the stone age are still observed by the inhabitants of the remoter parts of rural Rouma-nia. says Dr. Emil Fischer of Bucharest in the Umschau. The latest statistics show that there are still in Roumania over 54,000 cave dwellings in existence, in which a quarter of a million peasant folk live. These caves are almost as primitive in their arrangements as the original cave dwell-

ings of the stone age.

As recently as in the eighties millet, the oldest Indo-Germanic grain, was of hand mills and stored in peculiarly shaped granaries similar to those used by the natives of central Africa. day the Roumanian peasants still use ancient plows. At funerals a repast named coliba is partaken of consist-ing of soaked and boiled corn the ex-act way corn was first prepared and eaten by the tribes of Europe.

Even to-day -crabapples and wild pears are the only fruit known to the Roumanian peasant, and his vegeta-bles are wild herbs boiled with oil pressed from sunflower, hemp and gourd seeds. Medical men in rural Roumania are still known among the peasantry as wizards.

A Minor Tragedy. Small Boy (to chemist)-Please, sir. can you mix me some castor oil so that you don't taste it when you takes

Chemist-Certainly, my little man are you fond of lemonade? Small Boy—Rather! (Chemist re ires behind screen and reappears with tumbler.)

Chemist-There, my boy, you drink that. (Boys does so.) Isn't that good? Small Boy-Rather! That's prime! Now let me have the castor oil, please

Chemist—Why, you've just taken it -in that lemonade! Small Boy—Oh! cricky; I wanted it for father! - Scraps.

When a young man flatters a girl the decides later that he really meant

If you want to butt in, you ought to be a missionary and get paid for it. You don't give your conscience enough credit,



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rests, towel rack, and every up-to-date feature imaginable. You want it, because it will cook any dinner and not heat the room. No heat, no smell, no smoke, no coal to bring in, no ashes to carry out. It does away with the drudgery of cooking, and makes it a pleasure. Women with the light touch for nearty especially appreciate it, befor pastry especially appreciate it, because they can immediately have a quick fire, simply by turning a handle. No half-hour preparation. It not only is less trouble than coal, but it costs less. Absolutely no smell, no smoke, and it doesn't heat the kitchen.

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