

A New Year's Greeting

BY A PRINTER'S DEVIL,

1903, a fond adieu.
1904, we welcome you.

The editor said I should write an essay
For his many readers on New Year's Day;
But when asked for a subject, replied with a wink,
"Select one yourself—write just what you think."
Now, a subject, indeed, is easy to find,
But one that will suit so many minds
Is a different thing, as one might suppose,
And poetical subjects won't do for prose;
So if my lines should not run very level
Please bear in mind they were "wrote" by the devil,
A wee little satan all covered with ink,
Whose wages are small—that's what I think.
But of our readers I must not lose sight,
For the editor said unto them I should write.
So a happy New Year to its patrons and friends
Is the cordial greeting the COURIER sends.
May you all live long in comfort and health,
Surrounded by sunshine and pteous wealth;
May the New Year bring good to you all,
May your trade increase and your grain grow tall,
May your "taters" yield a peck to the hill
And a bountiful harvest your granaries fill.
Thus with plenty of gold and plenty of bread,
May you all live happy—until you are dead,
And then in the end may it to you be given
To dwell with the angels forever in Heaven.
But before Death casts his fatal dart,
Before from the earth you finally depart,
For lands overflowing with "Milk and Honey,"
Don't forget that subscription—we need the money.

THE EVENTS OF THE YEAR.

The events of the year have been many indeed,
Events appalling and startling to read,
We've been shaken by earthquake, beaten by storm,
The like I've not seen since the day I was born.
All the volcanoes have been in eruption,
Dealing out to the world death and destruction;
Lives have been crushed out on the rail,
Vessels been sunk and lost in the gale,
By a of a calamities, I'm certain the worst,
To us at least, was the Heppner cloud burst,
When the angry waters from a broken cloud
Came leaping, thundering, mighty and loud,
Destroying a city in a single breath
And left in their wake a valley of death.
I sometimes think we are off the track,
The earth's "flew" its orbit and can't get back,
And a floundering about in limitless space,
The whole works seem to be out of place.
Floundering about and wildly tossed
With rudder gone and compass lost
The earth is making an effort "mabby"
To jump the irrepressible Teddy.
But the irrepressible will be repressed,
At least so it looks to a man "out West."
When the Hannas, the Platts and Quays say no—
T's certain that Teddy will have to go.
He will have to step down quietly and out,
Can't even get there by the big canal route.
While Senator Lodge, for all his pains,
Will not appear at the court of St. James—
But the devil will certainly be to pay
Before we complete that water way.
Foreign interests will fight the canal,
Transcontinental roads will be its "Pal."
And money and power, an abundance of which
Will be used to prevent us from digging that ditch.
But we will dig it as sure as creation
Without aid or consent of another nation.
Politicians may scheme, but as sure as you're born
We'll dig that canal across the Horn;
Dig it and run it and our navy will see
That old Uncle Samuel holds the key.
We are much interested just now in canals:
We shall dig another up at The Dalles
And cut down rates to seller and buyer,
While the varied products of the inland empire,
Its grain and fruits in boundless store,
Will float to Portland through an open door.
Portland will need it, she's got to prepare
For the biggest, greatest and grandest Fair,
The greatest display the world ever saw.
The memory of Chicago or Omaha
Will fade away to be heard of no more
When the Lewis-Clark show throws open its door.

PROGRESS OF ELECTRICAL SCIENCE.

Let us now change the theme—take a different view,
For I must not fail to mention to you
The wonderful progress science has made,
The grand achievements of the last decade,
The electric lion which roamed so free,
Untamed, unknown, o'er land and sea,
The mightiest element throughout the land,
No w bows in submission to the will of man;
And the world has gotten in an electrical rage
And today we are living in an electrical age.
By electricity great engines are run,
By electricity our yarns are spun,
By electricity pianos now play,
And electrically gobblers will roast today.
Electric fans and electric tires
Electrically we talk without even wires
Electric belts and electric shoes
With double-gear lightning in most of the "boozie."
Electricity turns the darkness to day,
What it will yet do the devil can't say,
For electrical science is moving along.

From the darkness of night to daylight's dawn,
From the darkness of night to noonday's glory,
Upward and onward, this is the story
Of the age we live in—the moving age,
Where fogles come lumbering behind in their stage,
With oxen to pull them, oxen to drag on,
Pushing ahead the foggy ox-wagon.
Aside, ye who think we are moving too fast,
Aside, stand aside, ye men of the past,
The future's not yours—while croaking and grumbling,
The car of progression is moving, its thundering
Along its track. Science expands,
Knowledge and power are joining right hands,
And that which before in darkness has been,
That which before but dimly was seen,
Is brought to the light in the present hour
For the world is moving and knowledge is power.

By the wireless route we'll talk with Mars,
And hold communion with other stars.
We'll send a commission up in a balloon,
(It can make a coal station out of the moon)
And if it reports anything good
In the way of minerals, spices or wood,
We'll send up our navy by some sort of means,
It may have to sail in flying machines,
But we will "get there" in some kind of way
And annex all the planet to U. S. A.
While we are in the gobbling "in the air,"
Might as well gobble all that there is,
Take everything, above and below.
Grab onto Canada, and gobble Mexico,
Take everything, including the ocean,
And things will then be somewhat to our notion.

OUR CITY AND ITS FUTURE.

Now, my dear reader, I'll change my ditty
And say a few words concerning our city.
There are a few things which I must mention,
To pass them in silence is not my intention;
And just at this point I will stop to remark
There are too many places left in the dark,
Dark, lonesome places where robber or ruffian
Could catch a late traveler and knock out his "stuffin";
Places where villains—murderous and bold,
In a twinkling could rob you of life and of gold.
Places, dark and dangerous at night,
Which should be relieved by electric light.

The next we note are the firemen brave,
Who hazard their lives; the city to save.
When devouring flames leap forth in their might,
Whether at noon or darkness of night,
They fly in the face of the conflagration
And fight like tigers without compensation.
City dads, give them more hose,
Give each man a suit of fireman's clothes,
Make the department full and complete
So it can at all times an emergency meet.

And now the ladies, I trust, we'll draw near
And list while I drop a flea in their ear.
The stock of our merchants is full and complete,
For quality and price cannot be beat.
When in need of a hat, bonnet or gown
Do your shopping at home, don't go out of town
City taxes by our merchants are paid,
With this same money our sidewalks are laid.
Lights and sewers are thus maintained,
The city government is thus sustained.
So whatever you buy let this be your song,
Oregon City's my home, I will help her along.
I am sure if you look you will certainly find
Just what you want of whatever kind.
And money thus spent will come back some day,
But if spent out of town it goes to stay.
Such mysterious things each day can be seen:
Fish will bite better "tuther" side of the stream,
But when you wade over to the other shore
They won't bite a whit better than they did before.

Yes, things will happen mysteriously funny,
For instance, who swiped Porter's jar of money,
Or why county warrants were bought by Judge Ryan,
Or why the ghosts smashed Von Matthias' sign,
Or who goes out at night in the rain
To Abernethy Creek to catch trout with a seine
Or why the fish ladder is not in at the mill
Or who stole the anti-gambling bill.
To know these things you would have to be wise.
And how about that elevator franchise?
The people have waited long enough
As they trudge the stair up to the bluff.
The city must widen, it's got to expand.
The force of the growth is on every hand.
Not far in the future I plainly see
The beautiful city we are destined to be;
A city of fifty thousand or more,
When mills and factories will line the shore.
And thousands who work in factory or mill
Will build their homes back on the hill.
And the people up there won't have long to wait,
The franchise holder must elevate,
And it's only a question of a very short time
When there will be built a street car line
From Ely across to the paper mills
To accommodate those who live on the hills.
Another big railway is soon to appear,
Double street car tracks you will see next year
To carry the people, note the remark,
To their beautiful homes in Gladstone Park.
Gladstone, a link in the chain begins,
To bind the twin cities into practically one.
The cities will run a close friendly race,
And every live citizen should join in the chase;
For ten years from now no matter which wins,
Where Portland leaves off and Oregon City begins
No one in the world will care even a snap,
It won't be discerned by line on the map.

My eyes, what sights we are destined to see—
The Willamette blocked with vessels from sea—
Perhaps we will have to blow out a few rocks,
But sea-going ships will load at our docks
And with anchor weighed and sails unturled
Will carry our wares to the marts of the world.

ONE WAY OUT.

Residents of Oregon City are Shown the Way.

Only one way to cure a bad back
Liment and plaster may relieve it.
They won't cure it.
Backache means sick kidneys.
Doan's Kidney Pills cure all kidney
ills.

Read a case of it.
Mrs. J. D. Kennedy, who resides at
780 Corbett St., Portland says: "I have
been afflicted with kidney trouble for
thirty years, and for the past twenty
years I have been entirely free from it
in some form or other. I suffered terri-
bly from backache and could hardly
stoop over and get up again. Trouble
from the kidneys secretions existed. At
times I was greatly bloated, my feet
swelled to twice their natural size and
I was seldom without a plaster on my
back to ease the pain. I doctored a great
deal and used more medicines than any
one person could carry. I had read so
much about Doan's Kidney Pills that I
could not give them a trial and got a
box. I was a good subject with a case
of such long standing, and I thought if
they helped me I could safely recom-
mend them to others. I used them
faithfully and the results were satisfac-
tory in every way. Doan's Kidney Pills
are a wonder. They did me more good
than any other remedy I ever used."

Plenty more proof like this from Ore-
gon City people. Call at C. G. Hunt-
ley's drug store and ask what his cus-
tomers report.
For sale by all dealers. Price 50c
Foster-Milburn Co.
Remember the name Doan's and take
no other.

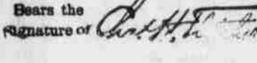
A Very Close Call.

"I stuck to my engine, although every
joint ached and every nerve was racked
with pain," writes C. W. Bellamy, a lo-
comotive fireman, of Burlington, Iowa.
"I was weak and pale, without any ap-
petite and all run down. As I was about
to give up, I got a bottle of Electric
Bitters, and after taking it, I felt as well as
I ever did in my life." Weak, sickly,
run down people always gain new life,
strength and vigor from their use. Try
them. Satisfaction guaranteed by Char-
man & Co. Price 50 cents.

No. 11.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the sen-
ior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., do-
ing business in the City of Toledo, county and
State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the
sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every
copy of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use
of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
FRANK J. CHENEY,
Notary Public.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my pres-
ence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts
directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the
system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the
Signature of 



THE MORNING TUB

cannot be enjoyed in a basin of limited
capacity nor where the water supply and
temperature is uncertain by reason of
cetera plumbing or heating apparatus.
To have both put in a thorough working
order will not prove expensive if the
work is done by

F. C. GADKE

Consumption

Salt pork is a famous old-
fashioned remedy for con-
sumption. "Eat plenty of
pork," was the advice to the
consumptive 50 and 100
years ago.

Salt pork is good if a man
can stomach it. The idea
behind it is that fat is the
food the consumptive needs
most.

Scott's Emulsion is the mod-
ern method of feeding fat to
the consumptive. Pork is too
rough for sensitive stomachs.
Scott's Emulsion is the most
refined of fats, especially
prepared for easy digestion.

Feeding him fat in this
way, which is often the only
way, is half the battle, but
Scott's Emulsion does more
than that. There is some-
thing about the combination
of cod liver oil and hypophos-
phites in Scott's Emulsion
that puts new life into the
weak parts and has a special
action on the diseased lungs.



A sample will be
sent free upon request.

Be sure that this picture in
the form of a label is on the
wrapper of every bottle of
Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT &
BOWNE,
CHEMISTS,
409 Pearl St., N. Y.
50c. and \$1; all druggists.

New Plumbing

and Tin Shop
A. MIHLSTIN
JOBBER AND REPAIRING
a Specialty
Opposite Canfield Block OREGON CITY

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where we are showing a complete line of Furniture,
Stoves, Hardware, Etc., New and Second-Hand.

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SUGARMAN & SON.



Bown & Welch

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OREGON CITY OREGON

J. W. COLE, Fine

Whiskies, and Cigars

All goods bought in bond.
Purity and quality guaranteed

Some famous Old brands:

James E. Pepper, Kentucky Bourbon
Old Sam Harris Kentucky Bourbon
Old Roxbury Rye

Cor. Railroad Ave. and Main Sts.

The 14th Street Grocery

Is now opened with a complete stock of fresh
goods at prices that will satisfy the closest buyer.
Goods delivered to any part of the city free.

M. HARRIS, Prop.

WHEN YOU CATCH COLD

Do not take chances on it wearing away or experiment with some unknown preparation which will only half cure it at best, and leave the bronchial tubes and lungs weakened and susceptible to attack from the germs of Consumption.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

not only stops the cough but heals and strengthens the lungs and pre-
vents serious results from a cold.

It Saved His Life After the Doctor Said He Had Consumption.

W. R. Davis, Vissalia, California, writes:—"There is no doubt but what FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR saved my life. I had an awful cough on my lungs and the doctor told me I had consumption. I commenced taking FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR and found relief from the first and three bottles cured me completely.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

THREE SIZES, 25c, 50c and \$1.00

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

HUNTLEY BROTHERS, Druggists and Booksellers, Oregon City.

