

To the Willamette.

Raise the glass and drink to health, Drain it good and dry; May our path lead us to wealth, As the days roll by.

'Twas but water that we raised, And we thought it pure; Yet how many has it dazed, Made to speak no more?

Hear the moans—they tell the tales, Feel the heat that chills; See life's ships draw in their sails, As their crew it kills.

Many lie behind that door, On which Death doth rap, There are friends we'll see no more, Some will head the tap.

Oh, you people, stop and think, Do not pass it by; Have your water fit to drink, So no more will die.

Purity at any cost, Is the cry we hear; But one life that may be lost, Pays the debt you fear.

If you're caught your hoarded wealth, Will not save your soul; And perhaps you'll seek new health, Firing up with coal.

—Contributed.

WAR EXPERIENCES RELATED

"If I Had My Life to Live Over Again"

A series of Sunday evening discourses is being preached by Dr. Ford on the above subject. Last Sunday evening he spoke on "When I was a Boy," and described graphically conditions in the South before the civil war.

Next Sunday evening he will speak on "What a Boy Saw During the War of the Rebellion." Dr. Ford, though a boy, had some thrilling experiences during that war.

Dr. Ford will preach Sunday Morning on the "Existence of God," and invites men who are willing to listen, to an argument in favor of this fundamental fact in Christianity.

FEDERATION A CERTAINTY

Six Oregon City Churches Unite for Applied Christianity

The Federation of Churches in Oregon City is organized to make more effective the real unity and fellowship of the churches and make possible united action along the lines of social service for the welfare of the community.

WELL KNOWN WOMAN DIES

Mrs. H. P. Rockwell Succumbs to Paralytic Stroke

The funeral services over the remains of the late Mrs. H. P. Rockwell who died at her home on Second and Madison streets Monday morning, were conducted from the Methodist church on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

SEE Dillman & Howland FOR BARGAINS IN Real Estate Weinhard Bldg. Main Street, Oregon City

A Homely Courtship

By SUSAN YOUNG PORTER

It was more than half a century ago that stories of the towpath were current. That was when the canal boat was the chief means of transportation in America.

There was, some three or four hundred yards from the canal, at about the center of Shock's route, a tumble-down house in a small lot, in one corner of which was a pigsty.

Now, Enoch was cognizant of the fact that he was not beautiful. His hair was a fiery red, his nose was a pug the color of his hair, his teeth were mostly gone.

The lady was watching for the boat on its return trip, and when Enoch found his note at her side, it fell near her horse and, going out, picked it up and read it.

When Enoch passed the house again he saw large letters chalked against the house, which, though it had been originally white, had now a dull brown.

I can't see what you look like from here, but you may be a decent looking fellow and if you air you kin come and see me.

This reply was rather a setback to one who knew full well that he was homely as a hedgehog. The communication was brief, and it contained exactly what Enoch would have preferred that it should not contain.

Enoch's next love letter was written in lamplight on several boards nailed together and set up on the deck of his cabinboat facing the house of his inamorata. It read:

If you air a purty woman I wood be happy to stop over. Hain't got no use fer ugly wimmen.

When Enoch passed the house the next time the boards were all closed and no living thing was to be seen except a few chickens scratching the dirt in the yard.

When he passed again he was arrayed in a store suit that had cost him \$4. His hair had been greased with a slice of fat, and his boots had been blacked.

"Laws a massy!" was her exclamation. "By gum!" was Enoch's.

The woman had lost most of the hair on her head, which seemed to have gone to her face. Her nose had developed abnormally under the effect of some skin disease.

She slammed the door in Enoch's face, who turned and, with a melancholy step, went back to his boat and started on in his interminable journey back and forth.

For years J. S. Donahue, So. Haven, Mich., a civil war captain, as a light-housekeeper availed awful wrecks, but a queer fact is, he might have been a wreck himself, if Electric Bitters had not prevented.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

THE STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS. John Whitman was a coal miner. Employed in a Kansas coal mine eight years ago, he suffered an accident that made him a life cripple.

The Kansas law requires a passage-way at the bottom of the coal shafts leading from one side to the other, independent of the space under the cage.

Owing to the lack of the passage-way Whitman got under the cage and was crushed. The next day after the accident the passage was put in—too late for Whitman.

While he lay in the hospital the mine manager and the company's lawyer came to see him. They made big promises. When he got well, they said, the company would buy him a home and set him up in the store business.

Whitman was ignorant. He did not know the ways of the country, having but recently arrived from France. He believed the smooth words of the well dressed gentlemen.

And now mark the duplicity: By dint of fair promises Whitman was induced to wait two years. And then—

The lawyer brutally informed him he would get nothing from the company because "the statute of limitations" cut him out.

Why should a victim be prevented from having recourse on his robbers three years, or five, or ten, or twenty years after the robbery?

What is the difference between robbing a man of the legal right to what is due him and holding him up on the highway?

The company first made Whitman a cripple and then kicked his crutches from under him.

It was plain pillage. Meantime the poor man and his five children live in a three room box and the family is kept from starving by the wife, who takes in washing.

The law? Yes, but why should a victim be prevented from having recourse on his robbers three years, or five, or ten, or twenty years after the robbery?

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT

"Smile." "Do not worry."

In these two slogans is condensed the gist of much modern teaching. And it is wholesome doctrine. I myself have preached it in season and out, for years.

There is no doubt it helps wonderfully to sit up and look pleasant. It helps to think cheerful thoughts and to refuse to worry, especially when there is no good reason for doing otherwise.

There's another side. Smile as much as you may try, cease to worry as much as you can, nevertheless griefs will come into every life.

Although you shut your eyes and deny them, there are such things in the world as pain and sorrow and sickness and bereavement and sin.

Life has its disappointments and mistakes and sighing and suffering and sinning. And— If it were not so it is sure we should not so keenly enjoy our triumphs and laughter and success.

We grow tired even of plum pudding if served three times a day. The best things become monotonous.

Down in the African jungles there are sunshine and smiles and optimism and Don't Worry clubs, but there is very little doing in the temperate zone men's toes are tingled by the frosts into activity.

We weary of eternal sunshine. Hanssen got tired of the Happy Valley and Tom Sawyer of his cave. Jerusalem taxied fat and then made a kick about his preposterous proportions.

Smile if possible under all circumstances and do not worry unless there is great necessity.

If your grief is too deep for smiling, if care and worry and sorrow give a real grip upon you, remember in the midst of your grief that there is good in grieving. And that though the night may be long and grievous— "Joy cometh in the morning."

THE SUCCESS WAY

Who of all the men of the world has been most successful— And why?

There was only one really successful. He, the most instantly famous personage in all history, was born and lived in Palestine nearly 2,500 years ago.

Of all who have lived he alone filled his destiny. He achieved the success of fulfillment.

Deny that he was divine if you will, it yet remains that measured even by the standards of our times he succeeded.

Out the High Cost of Living.

W. H. Chapman, Winnebago, Neb., tells his wife did it. "My two children had a very bad cough and the doctor's medicines did them no good. I got a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and before it was all used the children were free and cured of their coughs. I save a doctor's bill for one 25c bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound." No opiates. Huntley Bros. Co.

J. LEVITT'S Big Clearing Sale

Everyone within reach of this store should attend this Slaughter. Oregon City's Biggest and Best Clothing Stock now placed at mercy of public

Over \$50,000 in Men's and Boy's Wear, all of America's Best Manufacturers, now offered at the GREATEST SACRIFICE Ever Witnessed in the State

PRICES SLASHED TO PIECES

Tremendous Reductions on Suits, O'coats & Raincoats

Table with 4 columns: \$10 SUITS & OVER COATS, \$15 SUITS & OVER COATS, \$20 SUITS & OVER COATS, \$25 SUITS & OVER COATS. Includes items like \$3.00 SHOES, \$15 TRUNKS, \$5 DRESS SHOES, \$5.00 TROUSERS, \$3.00 HATS, \$1.50 FELT HATS, \$1.75 and \$2 Wool Flannel Shirts, 25c Fine Socks, 50c WORK GLOVES, \$3.50 Heavy Rough-Neck Sweaters, \$1 Wool Underwear, \$7.50 Rough Neck SWEATERS.

Sacrifice of Boy's Wear

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes \$7.50 Boys' Suits and Overcoats, \$5 Boys' Suits and O'coats, \$3.50 Boys' Suits and O'coats, \$1.25 Boys' Knicker Knee Pants, \$2 Fine Grade Boys' Shoes, \$3 Boys' Goodyear Welt Shoes, \$1.50 High Grade Boys' Felt Hats, 75c Best Quality Boys' Knee Pants, 50c Boys' Overshirts, 55c Boy's Caps, 75c-50c Boys' Famous Mother's-Friend Blouses.

Remember the Place--7th and Main Sts., Oregon City

THE MARKET REPORTS Oregon City Prices for the Various Products of the Farm. THE MARKET REPORTS dred ponds. Live Stock—Meats. Beef—(live wt.) Steers 6 and 6 1/2; cows 5 and 5 1-2; bulls 4 1-2. MUTTON—Sheep three to five cents. Chickens—12c. Pork—9 1-2 cents. VEAL—Galves 12c to 13c; dressed, according to grade. POULTRY—(buying) Hens 11c; springs 12c; rosters 8c, ducks 14, geese 12c; turkeys 16c. MOHAIR—33c to 35c. Fruits Apples—70c to \$1.00. DRIED FRUITS—(buying) Oregon prunes on basis 6c to 8c. Vegetables ONIONS—1s pound; peppers 7 cts. pound. (Buying)—Ordinary country butter 30c to 35c; fancy dairy 80c per roll. Catarrh Cannot be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Jones Drug Company. Robert Schuebel, of Eldorado, was in Oregon City Saturday. Money to loan on first class, improved farms in Clackamas county. Current interest rates—attractive repayment privilege. A. H. Birrell Co.—202 McKay Bldg., 3rd. and Stark Sts. Portland, Oregon.