

# Constipated All His Life.



MR. and MRS. WILBERT THOMPSON,  
801 Main St., Peoria, Ill.  
MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CURED HIM.

Wilbert Thompson never knew a well day until last June—he had been constipated all his life—many doctors treated him, but all failed to even help him—his health failed rapidly and on January 21, 1903, Mrs. Thompson asked us to suggest a treatment for her husband—We thought the case too serious and recommended that a specialist be consulted—but he also failed to help the patient—NOW HE IS WELL.

## Mull's Grape Tonic Cured Him

Mrs. Thompson first wrote us as follows: "My husband, aged 23, suffers from sharp pains in his stomach and sometimes thinks it is his heart. Let me know by return mail what causes the pain, if you can. Mr. Thompson has been treated by several doctors, but they have given him up."

We promptly advised that a first-class specialist be consulted. We quote: "We want to sell Mull's Grape Tonic, because we know it will cure constipation, but we do not want to be an object to you when a human life is at stake, and if your husband's case is as serious as you state, we suggest you consult a reliable specialist, not the advertising physician could be consulted. January 23 Mrs. Thompson wrote that a physician had been consulted. He diagnosed the case as being chronic constipation and dyspepsia. His treatment was followed faithfully, but there was no perceptible improvement in Mr. Thompson's health. Then he began taking Mull's Grape Tonic and on Sept. 3, 1903, we received the following letter from Mrs. Thompson:

"You will remember that I wrote to you last January in regard to my husband's health. It is four months since he quit taking Mull's Grape Tonic for constipation, which he suffered from since birth. He took just 24 bottles of it and is perfectly cured. He is much stronger and has gained considerably in flesh. I cannot thank you enough for Mull's Grape Tonic. It is worth its weight in gold. Just \$12 cured him and he has spent hundreds of dollars with doctors who did him no good. Now I want to state my case to you and expect your early reply. I also have constipation, have had for three years. Kindly let me know as I am sure it will cure me if you say it will, as it did all you claimed it would in my husband's case. I await an early reply."

Very respectfully yours, MRS. W. H. THOMPSON, 801 Main St., Peoria, Ill.

LET US GIVE YOU A 50c. BOTTLE.

This Coupon is good for a 50c. Bottle of Mull's Grape Tonic.

Fill out this coupon and send to the Lightning Medicine Co., 157 Third Ave., Rock Island, Ill., and you will receive a full size, 50c. bottle of Mull's Grape Tonic.

I have never taken Mull's Grape Tonic, but if you will supply me with a 50c. bottle free, I will take it as directed.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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GIVE FULL ADDRESS AND WRITE PLAINLY.

If you are afflicted with constipation or any of its kindred diseases we will buy a 50-cent bottle for you of your druggist and give it to you to try. If you are constipated we know it will cure you. Surely if we have such confidence in our remedy as to pay for a bottle of it that you may test for yourself its wonderful curative qualities, you should not refuse to accept our offer.

## Mull's Grape Tonic

is the only cure for constipation known. We do not recommend it for anything but Constipation and its allied diseases. It is our free gift to you. In accepting this free bottle you do not obligate yourself further than to take its contents. Mull's Grape Tonic is pleasant to take and one bottle will benefit you. We want you to try it and, therefore, if you will fill out the attached coupon and mail it to us to-day we will instruct your druggist to give you a 50-cent bottle and charge same to us.



For Sale by Howell & Jones, Oregon City

## The Second Ice Yacht Race

By GEORGE ETHELBERG WALSH  
Copyright, 1905, by George Ethelberg Walsh

THE annual race for the \$100 prize and championship cup of the Upper river was over, and Harold Stetson was looking ruefully at his craft, which had just missed winning the coveted trophies. It was a bitter disappointment because the ice yacht he had built with such skill and labor was really the faster boat of the two, which had run neck and neck for the prize across a stretch of five miles of shimmering ice. For six months he had been preparing for the race, spending his odd moments in perfecting every little detail that might in the crucial moment decide the contest. In a fair trial and a fair field he had been confident of victory.

Others had not shared this belief until they had seen the burst of speed which the Ice King developed in the last mile of the race. Then Harold had sent her down the course with all the skill of good maneuvering, and the yacht had fairly leaped into the air to skim merrily over rather than on the ice.

"Why, she only seemed to touch about every hundred feet!" some one of the spectators exclaimed in admiration.

"I never saw her equal before," added another.

"The young fellow who owns her built her, they say," volunteered a third critic. "If so he'll take the prize next year."

"Well, it was too bad. By rights the prize should go to him. It wasn't fair."

These remarks were pleasant to hear, but they did not change the condition of affairs. The race was lost—lost to him and won by one who did not need the money as Harold did.

Chetson Allison had not played fair, and none knew it better than the two contestants for the prize. At the critical moment when the Ice King was rushing down in a spurt which would have carried her to victory with a handsome margin Chetson had altered his course, changed it so that a collision was inevitable unless Harold was willing to sacrifice the race. It was a trick which the judges could not well define from their distant position. Chetson said that it was an accident. His willingness to confess and apologize made it impossible for Harold to protest.

A brave marine might have kept on his course, some thought. "I wouldn't have veered an inch for him," remarked one. "He could have smashed into me, but I'd have the race."

This Harold also knew was within his rights, but there were reasons which he could not explain. The Ice King had not been built primarily for a racer nor exactly for a pleasure craft. It was modeled and built by Harold to help him in his winter's work on the Upper river. All through the winter when ice covered the river he journeyed up and down the stream, carrying the products of the chase on his ice yacht to and from market.

To smash his yacht in a collision simply to maintain his rights or even to win the coveted prize was hardly good policy. It would have crippled him all



"IF YOU COME DOWN NEXT YEAR, YOU'LL CERTAINLY WIN."

winter in his work and in the end caused him endless worry and loss of time and labor.

But, on the other hand, the need of the \$100 in cash offered by the committee in charge of the races was imperative, and Harold had counted so confidently on it that he had, figuratively speaking, already spent it. The addition to the humble home which he and his aged mother occupied on the banks of the Upper river had been planned and talked about for a year. This addition was needed to keep out the cold and to make life more comfortable for the inmates.

One of the judges appeared at this moment and interrupted his train of bitter thoughts. "If you come down next year with a yacht you'll certainly win," he said warmly. "We all wanted to give the prize to you, but it was impossible. You had the right of way and could have stood on your course. You were certainly going fast enough to win by a long lead. It was too bad."

"Thank you," answered Harold, touched by the words. "And I'll try to come back next year with the same yacht improved a little in speed."

Then, gathering his few things together, he started off on his homeward trip. It was a long run up the river, and night was coming on. But the wind was favorable and blowing a steady breeze. Ahead of him were a dozen other boats heading up stream, too, all bound for home. The Ice King brought up the rear of the pretty procession.

In half an hour Harold had passed all the boats in the procession except one. This craft was so far ahead that he doubted if it had been in the races. It was probably some craft belonging to one of the yacht clubs farther up the river and was making a solitary trip to some distant point.

Steadily, however, the Ice King overhauled her, gaining so rapidly on her that Harold concluded that the owner of it was in no hurry to complete his journey. Fifteen minutes later he studied the outline of the sail ahead and then muttered half aloud, "It's Chetson in the Snow Bunting!"

Immediately he felt the blood mounting to his forehead, and his eyes flashed. The winner of the prize was half a mile ahead of him and going in the same direction. Silently the Ice King crept up on the boat ahead, and then Harold shouted:

"Hello, Chetson! Let's have another race! If I can't beat you this time I'll take back all I said and thought!"

Chetson turned abruptly and saw his rival creeping upon him. His face darkened. There was no chance to evade the challenge.

"I'm only going a few miles farther, and then—"

"Oh, we don't need more than a few miles! I'll pass you before!"

These words stung, and the Snow Bunting was hauled up in the path of the wind and given the full benefit of its power. The Ice King likewise shifted her course a little, and the two scudded along at a rapid pace. The wind had gradually increased in the last half hour, and both boats labored and groined heavily under the strain imposed upon them.

The Snow Bunting was no inferior craft. It was a worthy rival to the Ice King. It had been built by a noted constructor and designer, and it had all the modern improvements which money could purchase. Harold knew this and had been made aware of it in the race for the prize. But despite this he felt that his craft could outsell her.

So it proved in a short time. Inch by inch and foot by foot he gained on his adversary. But it was a close and long race. Both navigators were warned to the fray. Harold had tauntingly insinuated that the race for the prize had not been a fair one. In the heat of the moment he had said that Chetson had deliberately threatened his boat to win the race by a foul.

All this rankled deep in the heart of Chetson, and Harold even felt the necessity of apologizing to himself for his words. "If I can't beat him now I was wrong, and I'll tell him so. But I can and will beat him!"

Faster and faster the boats flew, the wind joining in the race by adding strength to the power which drove them onward. Town and village were passed in quick succession, and still they kept on their course. The Ice King was a boat's length behind its rival, and there it hung on the flank of the Snow Bunting for two miles. Then it crept up and gradually pushed its nose even with its rival.

The sun had set, and darkness was falling over the river's surface, but neither navigator noticed the flight of time or the change in the landscape. They saw only each other and the white sails belching out before the breeze. Neither spoke nor changed his position an inch.

They were soon past all towns and farmhouses, and the banks of the river were lined with dark, frowning fringes of woods and forests. Back from the river as far as the eyes could see there were broken woods, swamps and forest clad hills.

Once or twice out of the shadows of the woods dark objects appeared, and in a subconscious way they felt rather than saw that wolves were rushing at them. But what fear had they for wolves or any other species of wild animal of the woods? No four footed creature of field or forest could ever hope to keep pace with their yachts.

The Ice King was now making one of its marvelous spurts of speed. It lifted itself by its sails clean from the ice, and for a long distance the runners seemed never to touch the surface. Its nose shot forward one, two, three, four, five feet, then a dozen feet, and in five minutes it was a boat length ahead and still increasing the lead.

Harold held his breath. His jubilation was now intense. His old animosity returned. He could not refrain from turning and smiling at his charged adversary. Then in taunting words he shouted: "No chance for a foul this time, Chetson! There's too clean a field! Smash me if you can!"

Chetson did not reply, and in the gloom Harold could not see his face.

The Snow Bunting was already disappearing in the gloom, for darkness was all around, and it was impossible to see far ahead or over the stern. The sail and craft described a huge shapeless form on the river, and then she faded away.

But almost simultaneously with her disappearance there came a crash out of the darkness and a cry of fear or dismay. Harold hauled his boat up in the wind and listened. He heard a queer noise from out of the darkness. Then he ran across the river and back again, sailing almost in the track of the race. But the river seemed empty, and the Snow Bunting had apparently disappeared. Fearful lest something had happened, Harold shouted. There

## BARGAINS

GOOD UNTIL JULY 6th.

Ladies' Street Hats 48c up  
Children's Trimmed Hats 60c up  
Ladies' Trimmed Hats,  
sharp cut, \$4.42, 3.37  
2.38 and 1.14.

Men's Shoes cut, save 25 to 50c.

Childs' Slippers cut 46, 72 and 86c.

Best shears or scissors, 65c value..... 39c

10c Satin Ribbons, per yd 5c

Laces and Embroideries, 10 to 25 per cent off.

Canvas Gloves, leather tips, 2 for ..... 25c

Ladies bleached Vests, 2 for 15c

Ladies Lawn Waists, 1.25 value ..... 1.08

Bargain lot Waists, 1/2 to 3/4 value.

Ladies' 1.40 shoes, till 6th July..... 98c

Ladies' 1.25 pat. Slippers till 6th July..... 88c

Cotton Clothesline..... 5c

Cut prices on shoes ..... 9c up

Cut prices on underwear, 50c goods 44c and 40c, others cut to 33c

Cut prices on Hats..... 9c up

Arm & Hammer Soda pkg ..... 6c

Starch ..... 6c

Lemons..... 10c Peanuts per lb..... 10c

Soap—8 bars good Soap ..... 25c

Best bulk Lard ..... 11c lb

Better Lard 20 per cent less in price.

Tin Cups..... 3c

Galvanized Pail, 8 qt ..... 15c

Hats cu' 9c, 48c and 97c.

Men's Fine Shirts, cut 39c to 63c.

Free Fire Crackers with Purchases.  
Coupons for Free Dishes.

## Red Front Store

E. C. HAMILTON, Proprietor  
OREGON CITY, OREGON

was a faint response, and then a growl and yelp of a wolf. It was a blood curdling yelp, followed quickly by another and then a human cry. Harold trembled with excitement and wonder. Suddenly out of the gloom ahead he caught sight of a huge, formless object on the ice. Instinctively he guessed its meaning. It was the broken mast and sail of the Snow Bunting piled in wreckless disorder over the craft.

But beside it and tugging away at something near the sail were half a dozen dark bodies which he recognized as huge, hungry wolves. It was a critical moment, and for an instant Harold did not know how to act. He shouted loudly to frighten the wolves away, heading his boat directly for them as if to run them down. The Ice King was now sailing directly in the wind again, and she was clipping along at a speed which made the ice fly.

The wolves snarled and snapped, angrily resenting this great object flying toward them. But they did not retreat. They had run down one such creature and found it to be made of wood and cloth. What harm could there come, then, from this new one looming up out of the darkness?

Their brief challenge, however, gave both Harold and Chetson a moment to think and breathe. The latter staggered to his feet and dragged himself to one side. Then a huge wolf leaped upon him again and pulled him sprawling to the ice. Harold shouted to frighten the beast, but it was no use. The animal was hungry and savage.

Then in a moment Harold felt the inspiration of the moment and acted on



HAROLD GRASPED CHETSON BY THE LEG.

It. He knew that he had one chance in a hundred of accomplishing it. With a steady hand he steered his craft straight for the dismantled Snow Bunting, holding the nose of the Ice King so firmly and steadily toward the point that a collision seemed inevitable. A waver of a hair's breadth might precipitate an accident which would ruin all. The skill of a man with iron nerves was required to avoid an accident.

When the prow of the Ice King was within half an inch of the wreck it veered sharply to the left, swinging the craft around so fiercely that the runners actually became entangled in some of the rigging. But the sharp, steel shod runners cut the small ropes in two and spun on their way over the surface of smooth ice. In that brief instant, however, Harold had stretched forth a hand and grasped Chetson by the leg. There was a quick gasp, a groan, and then the Ice King cleared the wreck and rushed on her way.

Harold clung to the leg of Chetson and slowly pulled him toward the yacht. In the sudden change of affairs the big wolf had been shaken from his hold and was now vainly running in pursuit of his disappearing prey. But not so the two other big wolves that had boldly challenged the approaching craft. They had leaped upon it as the yacht swept past them. There they stood in the dim light, covering with fear and dread, on the forward part of the yacht. The unexpected speed which carried them along had robbed them of all anger and spirit. They crouched closely to the boat, uttering low whines and snarls, but not daring to move forward or jump from the flying craft.

When Chetson was securely pulled on the Ice King, Harold saw his two passengers in the front, and for a moment he thought they were ready to spring upon them. But when he saw their craven fear he laughed.

"Look, Chetson! Isn't that sight worth all our danger? Did you ever see such frightened animals?"

In spite of his wounds Chetson joined in the laugh, but the noise made by them brought matters to a sudden climax. Both wolves darted from their perch and fell headlong on the ice, where they rolled over and over, while the Ice yacht sped on through the darkness at fifty miles an hour.

"They'll never board another ice yacht, I'll bet," was Harold's comment. "Not unless they go back and chew up my wrecked one," replied Chetson. "It's a pretty sad wreck, and—"

"Probably not so bad as you think. We'll go back in the morning and pick it up," replied Harold. "You'll have to go home with me tonight, and in the morning I'll help you rig it up again."

With the second race thus happily ended, the bitterness between them was forgotten, and later when Harold finished rigging up the Snow Bunting, Chetson insisted upon sending workmen to make the addition to his home as a fair payment in return. As for the next cup race—well, they're both looking forward to it this winter.

## The Love of Eating.

IS THE AMERICAN BECOMING A GOURMAND?



In our largest centers of population, such as New York and Chicago, we daily see more attention given to the inner man. Cafes and lunch-rooms are filled with men and women who seem to give all their time and attention to thoughts of property or improperly feeding their stomachs. "It is of course best to eat slowly, but not too much," says Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalide Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. In this 20th century people devote so much time to head work that their brain is fatigued and there isn't sufficient blood left to properly take care of the other organs of the body. The stomach must be assisted in its hard work—the liver started into action—by the use of a good stomach tonic, which should be entirely of vegetable ingredients and without alcohol. After years of experience in an active practice, Dr. Pierce discovered a remedy that suited these conditions in a blood-maker and tissue-builder. He called it Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—an alternative extract that assists in the digestion and assimilation of the food in the stomach—so that the blood gets what it needs for food and oxidation, the liver is at the same time started into activity and there is perfect elimination of waste matter. When the blood is pure and rich, all the organs work without effort, and the body is like a perfect machine.

Free! Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser—sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing in. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

## Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages.

Ely's Cream Balm

cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.



## ENERGY

The society woman's strength, not her fat. Delicate yet forceful. To the home mother, not only strength but patience. A perfect food for lovely and refined women in all walks of life. 10c a package.

AT ALL GROCERS.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

Nasal Catarrh quickly yields to treatment by Ely's Cream Balm, which is agreeably aromatic. It is received through the nostrils, cleanses and heals the whole surface over which it diffuses itself. Druggists sell the 50c. size; Trial size by mail, 10 cents. Test it and you are sure to continue the treatment.

Announcement. To accommodate those who are partial to the use of atomizers in applying liquids into the nasal passages for catarrhal troubles, the proprietors prepare Cream Balm in liquid form, which will be known as Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price including the spraying tube is 75 cents. Druggists or by mail. The liquid form embodies the medicinal properties of the solid preparation.

## Around the World

"I have used your Fish Brand Slickers for years in the Hawaiian Islands and found them the only article that suited. I am now in this country (Africa) and think a great deal of your coats."

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