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Join Eilers New Club "E" Now Forming

The new Eilers Baby Grand and Player Piano Club, known as Club "E," has proven a tremendous success—far surpassing our greatest expectations.

That the Player Piano is the thing nowadays is amply borne out by the rapidity with which memberships in Club "E" have been taken out. This is due to the fact that on the Club Plan it is possible to secure a strictly highest-grade, latest-style, 88-note Player Piano, equipped with every modern improvement at the price heretofore asked for the regular high-grade upright. Think of it, only \$586 now secures you one of the best-known and highest types of player pianos on the market—an 88-note instrument—a positively guaranteed \$850 value.

But that's not all. Not only do Club Members who join the new Club "E" effect a clean-cut saving of \$264, but in addition each club member secures an individual private library of nearly a hundred rolls of music and a magnificent cabinet to match.

At the outset, we realize that no matter how low the price, with the majority of people the question of terms would be a most important item. There's hardly a family that cannot afford to pay three or four dollars weekly for an instrument of this kind—yet you are not asked to pay \$4 nor even \$3, and the insignificant sum of only \$2.50 weekly now places one of these greatly cherished Player Pianos, complete with a large private library, a cabinet and bench to match, in your home immediately.

The Club Plan of selling makes these extraordinary price concessions, unusually easy terms and unheard-of advantages possible. This is by far the biggest piano-campaign that has ever been inaugurated anywhere. It involves the joining together of no less than eight hundred buyers. It's based on community of interest—on collective or co-operative buying. There's no red tape nor no waiting.

Everybody Can Join

Every family, no matter what their station in life or how small their income, will find in the five big Eilers Piano Clubs the greatest opportunity to secure a fine piano that has never been presented.

Every taste and desire for tone, case design and make is certain of satisfaction, for from the regular \$350 pianos, which go to Club "A" members for \$237, on terms of \$5 down and \$1 weekly, up to the \$850 Player Pianos and Grands, which are obtainable by joining Club "E" for only \$586, the widest and most comprehensive assortment is offered to choose from. Remember, too, that Club Members secure Free Delivery, Free Life Insurance (we do not collect from orphans or widows), Free Tuning, Free Music Lessons.

Furthermore, every instrument is fully guaranteed for five years and must prove entirely as represented or money back.

LOOK AT THESE CLUB PRICES AND EASY TERMS

CLUB "A"	CLUB "B"	CLUB "C"	CLUB "D"	CLUB "E"
Members secure \$350 Pianos and save \$113. Pay	Members secure \$450 Pianos and save \$152.50. Pay	Members secure \$550 Pianos and save \$191. Pay	Members secure \$650 Pianos and save \$182.50. Pay	Members secure \$850 Baby Grands and Player Pianos and save \$264. Pay
\$5 ⁰⁰ Down \$1 ⁰⁰ Weekly	\$7 ⁵⁰ Down \$1 ²⁵ Weekly	\$11 ⁰⁰ Down \$1 ⁵⁰ Weekly	\$15 ⁵⁰ Down \$2 ⁰⁰ Weekly	\$21 ⁰⁰ Down \$2 ⁵⁰ Weekly

Arrange to come in at once. Each club is limited as to membership. If you cannot call during the day appointments after 6 o'clock can be arranged. Phone if you wish, but it's to your interest to act promptly as the clubs will surely close in a few days.



Eilers Music House
353 Washington St., at Park
Wholesale Dept. Fifteenth and Pettygrove St.
Portland, Oregon

EASTERN CLACKAMAS

EAGLE CREEK.

Haying is the order of the day now.
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Douglass of Dufur, having spent a few days in this community visiting with relatives, left for home last Thursday.
H. S. Gibson sold his fine big team last week.

Mrs. Jettie Cooley and children of Portland, are out calling on friends and relatives of this place.

Jesse Douglass came down from Eastern Oregon Saturday, made his parents a short visit, returning to Portland Monday, on his way home.

E. L. Palfrey of Molalla, was a visitor on the hill for a short time this week. He returned home Tuesday with a load of household goods.

Mrs. Walter Douglass, after having spent several days visiting with her father, of Boyd, Oregon, returned home Monday.

J. A. Reid and family of Springfield, were calling at the home of Mrs. Reid's father, James Gibson, Sunday.

On Sunday afternoon, Eagle Creek again played a game of ball with the "Niggers," the Portland Giants, and the "Niggers" were defeated this time by the score of 7 to 5. When a team, especially the "Niggers," play a game with Eagle Creek and win, then they had better decline playing a second game with them for they are sure to be defeated the second time.

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DOVER.

Augustine Miller has the material already for his new farm and will begin work on it this week.

Mrs. Bews entertained Mrs. Wolf and son from Portland last week.

Miss Grace Wolf is home from Portland for a month.

Quite a number attended the celebration at Sandy the Fourth from Dover.

Miss Mary Bews returned to Portland Sunday, her sister, Eleanor, went with her for a few weeks' visit with her aunt, Mrs. Wolf.

Joe Deshaer and wife drove to Welches last Saturday.

David Miller has returned to Columbia City, where he is working for his brother.

Haying is pretty well over around Dover.

George Kitzmiller and family spent the Fourth at Oswego.

FIRWOOD.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kelsacker, a daughter, Mother and child are doing nicely.

Prof. Bowlin and wife of Montavilla, spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Hart. They were much pleased with the looks of the crops and country in general.

Mrs. Mary Malair Wishon of San Francisco, is visiting relatives and friends in Firwood.

Mrs. J. C. Smith of Portland, came out Friday to spend the summer on their ranch.

Mrs. Christina Snow of Astoria, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Elsie Belle.

The Firwood Progressive Association meets Saturday, July 16, at 8:30 p. m. Every one is invited.

The Firwood Mutual will meet with Mrs. A. Malair, next Thursday afternoon, July 21.

Mr. Albert Moxley has been laid up for several days on account of spraining his back while at work at the Firwood mill.

Clarence Cassidy came up from the Columbia river, where he has been at work, to spend the Fourth with his folks.

The Firwood-Dover Telephone Co. held a business meeting last week.

Mr. Albert Brownell of Portland, has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Reed, the past week.

E. D. Hart made a business trip to Portland last week in the interests of the Firwood-Dover Telephone Co. Word has just been received that Mr. T. M. Simester, who recently located near Dover, was quite sick at the St. Vincent's Hospital, Portland. He will be brought to his ranch as soon as he is able, where it is believed the mountain air and country life will restore him to health.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Brush of Dover, spent last Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Hart.

Miss Ethel Hart drove to Cottrell last week, and spent a couple of days with her grandmother, Mrs. I. P. Hart.

A number of Firwood people spent the Fourth at Sandy, they report a nice time.

Hugh Cassidy has gone to work at the Firwood mill.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Stevens entertained a number of friends Saturday evening with a display of fireworks.

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garden. I'm naturally I am interested I want to see the rest of the stuff."

"Not another blamed thing. You determined to upset my plans from the very first, but it can't be done. That farmer can bring an action against you for libel, and by the jumping Jupiter I hope he'll do it."

"So do I. And now we have what your toll hardened and honest farmer tells sunflower roots."

"And you will say he has lied about them."

"No, I think they are what he says. You have seen sunflowers, Mr. Bowser?"

"Why don't you ask me if I have seen the moon?"

"Does a sunflower grow again from a seed or a root? These roots are as dead as Julius Caesar. They die in the fall, same as the roots of a corn stalk."

"Woman, woman!"

"Oh, yes, I'm a woman, but I know a bit about sunflowers just the same. Why, they were all around us when we were courting. Here are some roots and dead leaves. He has labeled them 'Lilies of the Valley.'"

"And they are!" shouted Mr. Bowser.

"Sorry for the valley if you are correct, but I say they are burdocks."

"Bur-burdocks!"

"Nothing less and nothing else. Mr. Bowser, if a burdock is a lily of the valley then you ought to be a happy man. I believe they use the root in consumption cures."

"Woman, look me in the eye!" said Mr. Bowser in low, tense tones, with what hair there was on his head standing up.

"I'm looking."

The Florist Confirms Mrs. Bowser.

"You have made certain assertions. If you can prove them, all right; if you can't I'll have you behind the bars before the week is out. You have driven me to the dead line at last. Over on Jay street is a florist. I go there. I take his word. Woman, shiver in your boots while I am gone."

He grabbed up the parcel and went upstairs for his coat and hat. She followed after with a confident smile on her face, but he ignored her. Five minutes later he burst into the florist's shop in a way that almost took the door off its hinges, and, laying the package on the counter, he pulled out the stalks and asked:

"What are they?"

The florist looked without touching them and replied:

"Any ox or cow would tell you that they are cornstalks."

"And this?"

"Moss from a beech tree."

"It isn't creeping Charlie?"

"Not any more than it is creeping parsley."

"And these?"

"Apple seeds."

"And these?"

"Old burdocks."

Mr. Bowser took the package to the curb and heaved it into the street, and then, returning to the door, he said:

"Sir, you are a gothic, magnificent, gigantic, overwhelming, slick, sleek, smooth by thunder of a liar! Good night, sir!"

And then he disappeared into the shadows of night.

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LAUGH ON BOWSER.

Plans For Flowers to Bloom in the Spring Turn Awry.

MRS. BOWSER EXPOSES FRAUD

Hollyhocks Don't Grow From Cornstalks Nor Morning Glories From Apple Seed—Florist Puts Bowser Wise on Confidence Game.

By M. QUAD.
(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

AN hour before Mr. Bowser came home from the office a farmer drove up to the house and handed a strange bundle to the cook, with the remark that it was for the boss. Mrs. Bowser was called down to see if a mistake had not been made, and the farmer asked:

"Bowser is the name, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Short man and baldheaded?"

"Yes."

"Understands all about agriculture and is going to have the finest garden in town this year?"

"He hasn't said anything about a garden to me."

"Well, he's going to have one. He paid me for these things a week ago. He wants 'em on hand as soon as possible. Here's the card he gave me, and I guess I've hit the house all right."

"And these are things for the garden?" queried Mrs. Bowser as she looked at the bundle.

the door, and he smiled when told that it had arrived.

"You hadn't said anything to me about a garden," observed Mrs. Bowser.

"I was just waiting, you know. You shall hear all about it after dinner."



GARDEN PACKAGE FOR MR. BOWSER.

wanted to give you a surprise. I planned it way back in January. In a month or two from now you won't know our back yard."

After dinner the cook was given a chance to do up her work, and then the bundle was opened on the kitchen table. Mr. Bowser was excited and enthusiastic and declared that he could almost smell new mown hay and hear the whistle of the postboy. The first things that came out of the bundle were three small stalks with a root to them, and as Mrs. Bowser was looking at them he said:

Hollyhocks From Cornstalks.

in our garden. They are red and white ones and will remind us of the days of long ago. All last summer I ached to see hollyhocks."

"And you will ache again this summer."

"What do you mean?"

"Mr. Bowser, don't you know the stalks of hollyhocks from cornstalks?"

"What! What! You don't mean?"

"I mean these are cornstalks. Even if they were hollyhocks they wouldn't grow if you set them out. You've got to raise them from the seed. The farmer has swindled you."

"He has done nothing of the kind. It's your ignorance. I might have known you'd begin to find fault at once."

"And what have we here?" she queried as she took up another package.

"Here is something labeled 'Creeping Charlie' to border your beds with. It creeps just about as much as a board does. It's moss pulled off a tree in the woods."

"I deny it! It's just what it is labeled."

"Is it? We had rods and rods of creeping Charlie in mother's garden, and this isn't the stuff. I tell you it's only tree moss. Look at it yourself."

"Woman, you go upstairs until I want you!" said Mr. Bowser as he grew pale. "A farmer brings me in certain things for my garden. He is an honest man. We scarcely open the package when—when—"

"When we find that he has swindled you," she finished. "Let's look a bit further. What's this? Morning glory seeds, it says. Mr. Bowser, did you ever see a morning glory?"

"Millions and billions of them."

"And the seeds?"

"Rhubarb and bushels."

Morning Glory From Apple Seed. "Then you ought to know that these are apple seeds and nothing else. Your honest farmer has simply scraped the seeds out of a peck of apples."

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