

LARSEN & COMPANY

Cor 10th & Main St. OREGON CITY, OREGON.

Wholesale and Retail GROCERIES AND PRODUCE

LAND PLASTER Hay, Grain, Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

WE PAY CASH FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE

LOCAL BRIEFS

Dr. L. G. Lee, Dentist, Rooms 17 and 18, Masonic Bldg.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Price are sojourning at Newport.

A son was born Sunday to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jones, of this city.

August Erickson, prominent farmer of Malina, was in this city Friday.

John A. Weiler has returned from Eugene, where he spent his vacation.

Rev. S. A. Hayworth is home from a week's outing at Columbia Park beach.

J. Lovitt has returned from a brief visit with his family, who are sojourning at Willott.

Attorney C. Scheibel and family motored to Willott Springs Thursday for a day's outing.

Roswell L. Holman and family returned Tuesday from a fortnight's outing at Willott Springs.

Mrs. Edward Stewart of Portland has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Warner of this city.

H. D. Wilson, C. A. Nash, and Robert Hudson, who have been enjoying an outing at Nehalem have arrived home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Carriage left Monday for Foley Springs on the McKelvie river, and will remain two weeks.

Fred Baker, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Baker of Gladstone, has been very ill with pneumonia, but is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Sommer and Mr. and Mrs. John P. Keating went to Willott Sunday, and spent the day at that resort.

John P. Clark has accompanied a hunting party, composed of Dallas men to Southern Oregon, where they will enjoy a deer hunt.

Miss Celia Goodsmith, accompanied by her sister, Miss Bertha, left Monday for San Francisco, where they will remain until September.

Mr. Miller and family, who have been sojourning at Seaside, have returned home, the former having been called by the illness of his father.

Mrs. Duane C. Ely is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ely at Seaside, Mr. Ely went down on Sunday morning and spent the day at the Ely cottage.

Say! We have shingles with a five-lin clear butt at \$1.35 per thousand, Builders' Supply Company, 14th and Main street.

Carl Larsen, after a week's visit with his sister, Mrs. J. C. Lamm, of Ballston, Oregon, has returned home. He also visited at Seaside for several days.

John Finucane, who has been on the clerical force in the office of the Lebanon Paper Mills, has returned to his home in this city, having resigned his position.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Armstrong, of Boise, Idaho, and their son, Master Blair Armstrong, are the guests of Rev. and Mrs. T. F. Bowen at St. Paul's rectory.

Wilfred A. White, Andrew Koerner and Lloyd Harding returned Tuesday from Wilson River, where they have been with a surveying party for the United Railways Company.

Mrs. Pauline Schwartz and son, George, Mrs. Ed. Surfus and children, Sadie and Edmond, left Tuesday for Cathlamet, Wash., where they will visit with Mrs. Lena Boylan.

Miss Elsie Conklin, who taught in the Willamette school last year and was re-elected this year, has resigned her position to accept a similar one in the public schools of Pendleton.

Miss Mildred Kruse, teacher in the Blind school at Salem, who is sojourning her summer vacation at her home in this city, has come to Willott, where she will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Lena Charman and daughter, Miss June, have gone to Newport, where they will remain for several weeks. They were accompanied by Miss Winthe Hanny, who will also sojourn at that resort.

Roy Kelly, manager of "Kildare Ranch" at Hood River, was in this city the first of the week visiting his sisters, the Misses Kelly and Mrs. E. A. Chapman. He reports a big crop of the famous apples this year.

Mrs. J. Keunike, of Newton, Kansas, who has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ebebeck, left Friday for Portland. Mrs. Keunike was formerly Miss Mable Wiggin, of this city, and is well known here.

Miss Edith Cheney has come to Portland, where she will make her future home. O. A. Cheney will remain here for the present. They have moved from their home near Greenpoint, where they have resided for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brodie and son, George, Mrs. Nellie Barlow Lawrence, of this city, and Mrs. Allen Ellsworth and daughter, of Portland, left Friday for Yauchta's, at which place they will remain until September, with the exception of Mrs. Brodie, who returned Saturday, having accompanied her family as far as Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stow, who formerly resided in this city before going to Hill, California, where the former was in the lumber business, are now making their home in Portland. Mr. Stow having accepted a position with a large lumber concern.

Mrs. G. W. Grace and two daughters, Florence and Ellen, who have been visiting relatives in England for the past 14 months, arrived in New York on the steamer "Cedric" on July 18. They will return home by way of Niagara, and will visit at Cuba, Mo., Mrs. Grace's old home. They will also visit in California.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Story, of Long Beach, California, have arrived in this city, and are visiting friends and relatives. They will visit with relatives in Polk County and in Washington before returning to California, expecting to be gone about three months. Mr. and Mrs. Story formerly resided in this city, the former being now in the mercantile business at Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Waldron, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Church, Miss Annie Wilhoit, of this city, Mrs. Ethel Cook and daughter, Fay, and Clarence M. Davis, of Portland, form a camping party at Toll Gate, near Mt. Hood, at which place they will remain for several weeks, expecting to catch many of the speckled beauties, which abound in the streams in that vicinity.

Judge Thos. P. Ryan and son, Marshal, returned Friday from their automobile trip to Tillamook. The judge, who is grand master of the I. O. O. F., for Oregon, visited lodges at Willamina, Clervale, Tillamook, Bay City, Bay Ocean, Pacific City and Garabaldi. He was accompanied on this trip by Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nelson and daughter, of McMinnville. Judge Ryan will visit Coos Bay within two weeks, and in September, he will go to Eastern Oregon, in regard to his lodge work.

A. W. Cheney, of Portland, was in this city, Tuesday. Mr. Cheney, who had started with his wife and son, Orrin, for Los Angeles, California, by automobile, reached Klamath Falls in safety, but at that place Mr. Cheney was taken very ill, and it was necessary to have three physicians, his illness caused much alarm, as soon as he was able to travel, they decided to return home, and abandon their California trip, reaching Portland Friday night. Mr. Cheney states there is a great deal of sickness in that part of the state, especially among tourists who have sojourned there for a few days, and it is said to be on account of the water. Mrs. Cheney and son were also taken violently ill while there. The party left here about July 5. Mr. Cheney and family made the trip to California last year by auto and returned by steamer.

Next National Grange Meeting.

When the national grange convenes in Atlantic City, N. J., in November it will be confronted with two matters that seem now to be uppermost in the patrons' minds. One is proportional representation in that body, meaning representation according to state membership. The other is the unsettled condition of affairs pertaining to the publication of the national grange organ. This paper is not a profit bearing institution, and large sums of money have been appropriated for its publication by the national grange. Its continuance will depend on the action of the grange at Atlantic City.

Topics For Lecturers.

What number of hours constitute a proper day's work on the farm? The value of amateur dramatics for developing the young people of the grange.

Do people watch the work of their senators and representatives as closely as ought to be done?

With present high wages and high prices, is the average workman any better off than he was fifty years ago?

What are the real facts about alfalfa raising in different sections of the country?

The national grange executive committee will meet Aug. 2 at Atlantic City, N. J., to perfect arrangements for its annual meeting.

Grange halls in Maine are valued at \$1,000,000.

A Sign of It.

The ship manufacturer over the way must be making money.

"Why?"

"I notice he and his family are flying very high."—Baltimore American.

The "Bull."

The origin of the word "bull" as the definition of a confused utterance is doubtful. Some philologists say it comes from the French bull—"frank"—and others that it is derived from the Icelandic bull—"nonsense." Many definitions have been attempted, but the best probably is that of Sydney Smith. Writing of the difference between wit and "bulls," he says: "Wit discovers real relations that are apparent; 'bulls' admit apparent relations that are not real. The stronger the apparent connection and the more complete the real disconnection of the ideas the greater the surprise and the better the 'bull'."

Where Looks Don't Matter.

Apropos of a titled foreigner's marriage to a rich and rather plain American girl a New Yorker said: "The count has no cause to complain. The ethics of such a marriage as his are but the ethics of the matrimonial agency."

"A man called at a matrimonial agency."

"I am interested," he said, "in the young lady who has \$250,000 in her own right. Could you let me see her photograph?"

"No; that is not the custom," the agent replied. "In any case over \$100,000 the photograph is never asked for."

Working Him.

"I want the office, of course," said the aspiring statesman, "but not unless I am the people's choice."

"We can fix that, too," said his campaign manager, "only you know it's a good deal more expensive to be the people's choice than it is to go in as the compromise candidate."—Chicago Tribune.

Friendship.

Friendship is a vase which when it is flayed by heat or violence or accident may as well be broken at once. It can never be trusted again. The more graceful and ornamental it was the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state.

A Continued Story.

"What did your wife say when you stayed out so late last night?"

"I don't know. She hasn't finished telling it all to me yet."—Detroit Free Press.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Bocher.



SCENE ON CLACKAMAS COUNTY FAIR GROUNDS, NEAR CANBY.

The Invincible Billy

An Irresponsible Boy's Part In a Love Affair

By AGNES G. BROGAN

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

They sat upon the pier together, the girl whose eyes were as blue as the sea, the little boy whose flaxen curls framed the face of a cherub, and the man who looked on as if he were a stranger in his own land.

"Dear," she asked tenderly, "are you tired?"

"Billy rested the curly head against his girl's shoulder and confidently placed his damp boots upon the skirt of her white linen dress. "Nope," he answered concisely.

Jack Winston sighed and shook his head. "When I see the amount of affection you are wasting upon that imp," he said, "my soul is filled with wrath."

The boy scrambled to his feet suddenly, and collecting a handful of small sharp stones, began pelting them at the two occupants of a small boat which glided noiselessly along beside the pier.

"Billy," his aunt cried, horrified, "Billy, did you hit the little boy?"

"You bet I did," her nephew replied gleefully. "That was Dicky Smith. I hate Dicky Smith!"

Miss Brewster's eyes looked unutterably sad. "That was very wrong," she said reprovingly, "and you must not hate him, dear; you must love everybody."

Her nephew laughed. "Everybody?" he exclaimed derisively.

"Yes, indeed," his aunt reiterated. "Billy considered."

"Do you love everybody, Aunt Beatrice?" he asked. "Do you love Mr. Winston?" A rosy flush covered his aunt's pretty face.

"Of course I do," she answered evenly.

Billy turned to seek an ally in the man. "Do you love everybody, Mr. Winston?" he persisted.

"Not by a good deal, Bill," the man responded warily. "I have much the same feeling for Mr. Fenway, for instance, that you have for Dicky Smith."

The girl laughed and caught her small nephew by the hand. "What nonsense!" she said. "And now don't you think it is time to go back?"

The three went strolling up the sandy beach, the boy skipping along between them. The hotel guests had assembled upon the wide verandas, awaiting the sound of the gong which would summon them to the evening meal. They called the delinquents merrily. "Last call for dinner in the dining car," said Fenway. "Billy, come here and give an account of yourself. He caught up the boy and perched him upon his knee. Beatrice stood leaning against a white pillar, smiling down at them. Winston sat upon a lower step.

"What have you been doing, Billy boy?" Fenway questioned. The child was always very unassuming, so the guests leaned forward, eagerly listening for his replies.

"Been down on the pier," Billy piped in his shrill treble, "with Aunt Beatrice and Mr. Winston." A pause. "Aunt Beatrice says she loves Mr. Winston," he repeated deliberately. For a moment there was silence, tense, deathly silence, then Jack Winston committed the unpardonable crime—he laughed. No one joined him. That made it worse, for all were fascinated in watching the girl's face, which changed so suddenly from white to crimson. She looked contemptuously at Winston for a moment because he could thus enjoy her discomfiture.

"Billy," she said desperately, "you remember, I spoke of loving everybody—not Mr. Winston in particular; he was merely included with the others."

It seemed to the man on the lower step that her eyes sought Fenway's appealingly. "Merely included with the others," he roared suddenly. "You have sufficiently cleared yourself of the imputation," he began in a low tone, but Billy was speaking again.

"Mr. Winston says," the cherub announced distinctly, "that sometimes he would like to pet stones at Mr. Fenway." There was a general laugh at this, and Winston was conscious of an overwhelming desire to fall upon the boy and thrash him within an inch of his life.

"Thanks, awfully, Bill," Fenway observed calmly. "Forewarned is fore-armed. Henceforth, whenever I see Jack Winston coming my way, I shall run."

The company dispersed in little chatting groups toward the dining room. Billy was borne thence upon Fenway's shoulder, and Beatrice followed. As Winston passed she averted her eyes, and so during the endlessly long week which followed she perversely ignored his existence and admirably succeeded in dispelling any erroneous idea which

might have prevailed regarding her partially toward him. And the injured one hid himself in faraway corners and world resolutely upon the whole store which he was preparing for some of the current magazines. He had neglected his writing lately, and there was much to do. Occasionally Billy would seek him out, but was always curtly dismissed. In fact, he there was beginning to show a more than ordinary interest in Mr. Fenway's room, for his chamber, Fenway had suddenly departed for town, and Aunt Beatrice had developed into a very unreasonable person. One could not tell how to please her.

When they started for a walk upon their last afternoon of the sojourn Aunt Beatrice first found the usual path too shady, then decided that the sun shone too brightly upon the pier, and later when the man in the little post-office informed them that there were "no letters today," Billy truly thought she was going to cry. "Fenway," he comforted, "Mr. Fenway will write a nice letter to you to-morrow, but," he added, with the strange perversity of childhood, "I like Mr. Winston best."

Aunt Beatrice very unexpectedly bent down and kissed his upturned face. "Billy boy," she said sadly, "Mr. Winston does not like us any more, and it is all because of you." Billy pondered deeply upon this. It was his fault that these two funny grown-up people refused to speak to each other then some way or other he must be the one to straighten things out. He did not quite know how he was going to accomplish this purpose, but would see Mr. Winston at any rate. So it happened that Billy's chubby little hand invaded the bidding place among the trees, and Winston ceased scribbling for a moment to look impatiently at the innocent face peeping out from its tangled curls. "Hello," said Billy cheerfully.

"Don't you see that I am busy?" the man answered. "Now run along."

"All right," Billy agreed, and sat down upon a fallen tree trunk. Winston resumed his writing. As he finished one sheet he would tear it hastily from the pad and toss it from him. The ground near by seemed covered with the closely written pages.

"You wrote a great many letters," Billy suggested politely. There was no response. "Mr. Fenway went away yesterday," he ventured again. Still no answer. "Aunt Beatrice and I are going home tomorrow," he continued. At last Billy had gained the man's attention. "Tomorrow?" he exclaimed in consternation. "She is going away tomorrow?" Billy was pleased with the admission he had made. "Yep," he answered coolly. "No more fun here now."

Jack Winston looked far away between the trees where he could see a glimpse of blue sea beyond. "I suppose not, now that Fenway has gone," he said bitterly. The man continued to gaze gloomily out upon the sea. He had forgotten the story; he had forgotten even Billy until the unusual silence reminded him that his unwelcome visitor had departed. Then he slowly collected the scattered sheets, dropped the pad into a loose coat pocket and with great heaviness of heart turned to go. So she was leaving tomorrow. In all probability he would never see her again, and the happy hours of this summer which had meant everything to him would linger in his memory only as an idle seaside flirtation. The man sighed a mighty sigh, and then the twisted branches before him were jarred and Beatrice herself stood there in the opening. She raised a flushed face to his; her blue eyes shone mistily. "I wanted to see you so very much," she said hesitatingly, "that I just could not wait for you to come."

He stared unbelieveably. Miss Brewster panted. "Of course if you are not glad to see me," she was beginning, when the glorious truth dawned full upon him.

"Glad!" he cried, and the fervor expressed in that one word seemed to quite satisfy the girl. After a long silence she laughed softly. "It was a dear little note," she said. "Do you know you have always appeared to be such a dignified, self-contained person that really I have been a bit afraid of you all along—at least I never imagined that one so calm could write like that."

The last words were uttered in a tone which conveyed her entire approval of the note, which had evidently been the means of bringing her to his side. Winston realized slowly that something remained to be explained. He must be cautious.

"Have you the letter with you, dear?" he asked. She drew a crumpled paper from her belt and, smoothing it out, held it up before her eyes. The man took her hands and the note within his own.

"Dearest," he read in his own handwriting, "I can hear this silence—this separation—no longer. In pity let me see you once more." The scroll ended abruptly, and the sheet was torn off as though in frantic haste. With a perplexed frown Winston recognized the words with which the hero of his latest serial story begins an ardent epistle to his ladylove.

Beatrice smiled. "You must admit," she said softly, "that Billy made a good messenger. I was sitting in the garden looking sorrowfully over the hills and wondering if a certain person who considered himself mor-

tally offended could really be so cruel as to allow me to go far away without one word of goodbye when Billy, the dear, came running down the road, 'Aunt Beatrice!' he called, 'here is a letter for you from Mr. Winston.' If it had not been such a nice, anxious letter I might have properly waited for you to come to me, but as it was, well, Billy led me straight to your hiding place."

"Dearest," said Winston in the phrase of the letter, "I humbly apologize for the many unkind remarks which I have made from time to time concerning your nephew. He is an angel, a remarkably clever child. There has never been his spirit." Beatrice sighed contentedly, and Winston, happening to glance over the crown of her head at this moment, saw the aforementioned angel seated upon the tree trunk close by, apparently a very much interested spectator.

"Say," said Billy wearily, "but it won't you? Supper's ready."

THE GRANGE

Conducted by J. W. DARROW, Chatham, N. Y.

MIDDLEMAN AND FARMER.

Views of a Railroad Man on the Lack of Co-operation.

Mr. R. F. Youkum, chairman of the Frisco system, said recently in an address that the most important factor for the welfare of the nation will be found in an organization of farmers. This is true not only on account of the benefits they will receive directly, but on account of the money saved by the consumers. It is not the prices received by the farmers which make living expenses high, but the profits to the dealers handling farm products between the farmer and the consumer. He then cited some instances of the enormous profits that accrue to the middleman.

The Florida farmer receives \$2.25 for a bushel of green beans, the railroad gets 50 cents for the 800 mile haul to New York, and the consumer pays \$6.40 for this same bushel of beans. There are 35 per cent for the grower, 8 per cent for the carrier and 57 per cent for the dealer. This is not a fair division.

Thirty cents a dozen was the average price of eggs in New York last year, while the farmers of Arkansas and Missouri received 15 cents. The freight was 2 cents a dozen. The man who receives the eggs at a freight station in New York and delivers them to the consumer takes 13 cents a dozen profit.

The rice farmer of Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas gets 2 1/2 cents a pound for the grain, and the consumer in New York pays 10 cents a pound for this rice. The freight is half a cent a pound. If the rice farmer were paid 3 1/2 cents a cent more than he is now getting, and the dealer took a cent profit (which is 25 per cent the New York consumer would get twenty pounds of rice for a dollar instead of ten pounds, as now.

If the above figures are correct, and we have no reason to doubt them, it would seem that the middleman is much to blame for the present high prices. And it would indicate that the farmer and consumer can eliminate the middleman to a great extent the better it will be for them.

Grangers and Dairymen.

An important meeting was held June 22 at Newburg, N. Y., which was attended by forty gentlemen, representing the dairymen's league of the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Connecticut; also the New York state grange executive committee, with the state grange master and representatives from Panama granges in Washington, Columbia, Ulster, Orange, Dutchess and Warren counties, N. Y., and Sussex county, N. J. Ira Sharp, the chairman of the state grange, presided, and Albert Manning of Otseville was secretary. Plans were carefully laid for such united action as shall give to producers of milk some part in fixing the price of that commodity.

Farmers' Conventions.

The farmers' national congress will meet at Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 6.

The national grange will convene at Atlantic City, N. J., in November.

The New York state fair will be held at Syracuse Sept. 12-17. Special attention will be given this year to farm and draft horses.

Ohio state fair meets at Columbus, Sept. 5; Michigan, at Detroit, Sept. 19; Pennsylvania, at Bethlehem, Sept. 6; Iowa, at Des Moines, Aug. 25.

The National Corn exposition will hold a great agricultural congress at Columbus, O., Jan. 30 to Feb. 11, 1911. It is an educational exhibit par excellence.

New York state fruit growers will meet atodus, Wayne county, N. Y., Aug. 5-7.

CRUSHED IN PAPER MILL

FRED JOY FATALLY INJURED AT CROWN-COLUMBIA WOOD ROOM.

LEAVES FOUR CHILDREN

Corner's Jury Says Place Where Unfortunate Man Was Hurt Is Unsafe, but Makes No Recommendations.

Fred Joy, an employe of the Crown-Columbia Pulp & Paper Company on the West Side, was fatally injured Friday afternoon. Joy was rolling logs into the wood room when in some manner one of the logs rolled on him, breaking his ankle and crushing his abdomen, inflicting fatal injuries. Dr. C. H. Meisner was hastily summoned to the scene of the accident and found the unfortunate young man frightfully crushed, and he died 25 minutes after the accident.

Deceased leaves a young wife 24 years of age and four little children, the eldest being five years of age, while the youngest is five months old. Mrs. Joy was formerly Miss Lucy Lovelace of this city.

The coroner's jury impaneled to investigate the death of Joy returned a verdict Saturday. The inquest was conducted by Justice Samson. The jury decided that Joy came to his death by being crushed under a log and that the place where he was working is unsafe.

The funeral was held at St. Paul's Episcopal church Sunday afternoon, Rev. T. F. Bowen officiating. Mr. Joy was a member of the Foresters and that lodge had charge of the service, and the pall-bearers were from that order. Many beautiful floral pieces from the lodges of which he belonged and from friends covered the casket. The interment was in Mountain View cemetery.

THE ANIMALS IN HIS ZOO.

The sleeping hours of the animals at the zoological gardens in Recent's park vary as much, according to the families to which they belong, as do their other characteristics and habits.

The orang outang goes to bed at midnight, draping its head in a blanket and refusing to see visitors after dusk. It is also an early riser. With the lions, tigers and other members of the cat tribe the night finds them at their liveliest, and they sleep most between the midday meal and supper time. The eagles go to sleep just about the time their neighbors in the owl cage are waking up, while the bears during the winter months apparently sleep all day and night too. The residents of the monkey house object seriously to being disturbed after dark, and if one of the keepers happens to take a light into their quarters they scold him unmercifully. On the other hand, it would probably take a dynamite bomb to arouse the rhinoceros, and it is not uncommon, the keepers say, to find rams biting holes in their thick hide with impunity.—London Mail.



A HOLIDAY AT HOME

naturally centers around the table where the home folks gather together for a good, old-fashioned Holiday Feast. In keeping with the spirit of such occasions is the quaint, plain, old-fashioned silver service known as

La Fayette Silver

This charming pattern recalls the famous last days of Colonial times—days when La Fayette was an honored guest.

The "La Fayette" in Towle Sterling Silver presents the same charming features that have made the plain, old-fashioned spoons of Colonial days coveted heirlooms ever since—namely, quaintness of outline and the simplicity of plain surfaces without ornamentation.

A Pleasing Gift

We show La Fayette Silver (Sterling) in great variety for gift purposes—a wide range of pieces at all prices.

Burmeister & Andresen Oregon City Jewelers Suspension Bridge Cor.

MRS. MYRA F. DIMICK IS DEAD AT HUBBARD

MOTHER OF CLACKAMAS COUNTY JUDGE SURVIVED BY SIX SONS AND A DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Myra F. Dimick, the mother of County Judge Grant B. Dimick, of this city, died Wednesday night at her home, 1 1/2 miles East of Hubbard, in Marion County. She was born in Colon, Mich., in 1847, and came to Oregon via Isthmus in 1852. She was married in 1862 to John B. Dimick, who died in 1904. Six sons and one daughter survive her, as follows: Grant B. of Oregon City; George A. and John R. of Hubbard; Augustus R. of New Jersey; Hardy E. of Salem; Ralph C. of Notre Dame, Ind., and Mrs. Nellie M. Fry, of Hubbard. The funeral will take place at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon from the family home. Mrs. Dimick had been in failing health for several weeks. She was among the best known of the Marion County pioneers, devoted to her home and her family, and her death is a distinct loss to the community where she was an important factor for so many years.

C. J. HOOD MAX BOLLACK BUILDERS' SUPPLIES CO. LUMBER, SHINGLES, LATH, FLOORING, CEILING, FINISH LUMBER, ETC., DOORS, WINDOWS, MOULDINGS, PLATE GLASS, ETC. Give Us a Call—Bring Your Estimates—We will Save You Money. PHONES: Pacific Main 1422 Home B 284. Corner Main and 14th Streets OREGON CITY, OREGON

Dements Best FLOUR \$1.60 PER SACK AT ALL GROCERS. D. C. LATOURETTE President. F. J. MEYER, Cashier.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK of OREGON CITY, OREGON CAPITAL, \$50,000.00. Transacts a General Banking Business. Open from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Office Both Phones 22 Residence Phone Main 2624 PIONEER TRANSFER CO. Established 1865 Successor to C. N. Greenman FURNITURE, SAFES AND PIANOS MOVED BY EXPERIENCED HELP. PROMPT AND RELIABLE SERVICE. SAND, GRAVEL AND BRICK. Rates Reasonable, Baggage Stored 2 Days Free of Charge. Agency for the celebrated MT. HOOD BEER</