

Final Wind up of the Season's Business

All fall and winter goods MUST BE SOLD.

Kuppenheimer, Society Brand and Schloss Bros' Clothes all go at sacrifice prices.

Now is your chance to lay in a good supply. Better come in and look them over.

Everything in the Store Reduced

J. Levitt Suspension Bridge Corner

Who He Belonged To.



Political Canvasser—Er—is your husband Liberal or Conservative? Wife—Eh?

LOCAL BRIEFS

C. A. Elliott returned to his home in this city after several days spent in San Francisco on a business trip.

If you suffer from indigestion, constipation, feel mean and cross, no strength or appetite, your stomach is unhealthy.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Vonderahe have been visiting their cousins, Charles and Henry Vonderahe in this city.

Wallace Caulfield arrived in this city Saturday from the University of Oregon to visit his parents.

Remember the German masquerade ball Saturday evening, February 1, at Busch's Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bollinger have returned to their home in this city after spending a few days in Woodburn as the guests of Mrs. Lyman Shorey.

Mrs. Louis Henderson, of Hood River, arrived in this city Saturday to spend a few days with her parents.

White Ribbon Remedy

is an honest attempt to aid friends of drinking men to remedy what is really a dreadful evil.

This remedy is ODORLESS, COLORLESS, TASTELESS

And may be given secretly. JONES DRUG CO. Oregon City

Mrs. Charles K. Cramer, of Clackamas, and her son left Thursday evening on the Shasta Limited for California to spend the winter with her parents.

E. H. Casaday and wife, of Portland, are visiting friends in this city and will return to their home the last of the week.

Mrs. William Woods, of Washougal, Washington, are spending the week end in this city visiting friends.

Louis Deauxmond, of Quebec, Canada, was in Oregon City Friday visiting friends and looking over the town.

Fank W. Torgere, of Milwaukie, is at the Electric Hotel during his stay in this city.

Fred Schafer, of Molalla, is spending a few days in Oregon City transacting business.

H. Van Duesal, of Salem, is spending a few days in this city transacting business.

B. A. Day, of Seattle, was at the Electric Hotel Thursday while in this city on a business trip.

Charles Hannant, of Portland, is registered at the Electric Hotel during the end of the week.

M. J. Lazelle has been visiting friends in Corvallis during the past week.

J. L. Swafford, who was taken ill several days ago, is able to be out on the street again.

David Hawkins, of Portland, was in Oregon City Friday on a business trip.

Mrs. L. Sharverin, of Elwood, is visiting friends in this city.

Dr. van Brakle, Osteopath, Masonic Building, Phone Main 399.

Meritol White Liniment. Should be in every home, as its immediate application to cuts, bruises, sprains and wounds gives instant relief.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Frank Busch and wife to John C. Busch, lot 6, block 107, Oregon City; \$10.

T. H. Davies, and wife to Edward A. Howard and wife, spring and reservation reserved by Edwin L. Howard in a deed executed by him to Jacob Spangler; \$1.

R. Evelyn Hamilton to Edwin K. Dart, land northeast corner lot 5, block 1, Everhart's First Addition to Molalla; \$175.

EGG PRICES SHOW SURPRISING FALL

The most noteworthy change in the market the past week was the drop in the price of eggs and chickens.

Eggs which have been declining in price for some time, now sell at 24 and 25 cents, with a fair prospect of taking another tumble before many days.

Hens are low for the present time of the year and it is likely that they will not vary a great deal from their present price for some time to come.

Potatoes still remain strong, but those who are on the inside still maintain that the present buying will only last until present orders are filled.

Prevailing Oregon City prices are as follows:

HIDES—(Buying) Green salted, 7c to 8c; sheep pelts 75c to \$1.50 each.

FEED—(Selling) Shorts, \$26; bran \$24; process barley \$27 to \$28 per ton.

FLOUR—\$4.50 to \$5. HAY—(Buying) Clover at \$9 and \$10; oat hay best \$11 and \$12; mixed \$10 to \$12; alfalfa \$15 to \$16.50; Idaho timothy \$25 and \$26.

OATS—\$25.00 to \$26.00; wheat \$5; oat meal selling \$42.00; Shay Brook dairy feed \$1.30 per hundred pounds.

Whole corn \$1.30. Livestock, Meats. BEEF—(Live weight) steers 7 and 8c; cows 6 and 7c; butts 4 to 12c.

MUTTON—Sheep 4c to 5c; lambs 6 to 6 1/2c. PORK—9 1/2 and 10c. VEAL—Calves 12c to 13c dressed, according to grade.

WEINIES—15c lb; sausage, 15c lb. POULTRY—(Buying)—Hens 11c; stags 11c and old roosters 8c.

INSTEAD OF MADELINE

An Exchange Agreeable to Both Parties

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mrs. Griffin was sitting at the telephone ordering a long list of groceries and other things for dinner when she heard the rattle of an auto outside.

"I'm so sorry, Jeffrey, but Madeline has disappeared! I believe she has gone to her dressmaker's, and if that is so she will not be home until after luncheon because she was to meet Cleo Delphin there and they were going—oh, never mind, you say? But, Jeffrey, don't you want to take little Sylvia with you? She would dearly love the trip down to Silversands and—very well; that's a dear boy. I'll tell her to be ready in fifteen minutes."

"Sylvia," she called to the young girl reading in the window, "can't you put on your things and drive down to Silversands with Jeffrey? It's a fifty mile run down there, and I know he is disappointed that Madeline has forgotten all about the engagement and I've told him you would go." She looked expectantly at Sylvia's slowly flushing face.

"Why, of course, Aunt Bee, if it will help out any," she said, rather reluctantly, "only, of course, I feel as though I had been thrust upon him. I know he'd rather have Madeline."

"Of course he would rather have Madeline," replied Madeline's mother emphatically. "He is deeply in love with her, and I am positive that he would have proposed on this motor drive if she had not run away. What does the child mean by throwing away such a splendid chance?" Mrs. Griffin



AGAIN JEFFERY LOOKED DOWN AT HER.

asked this question of nobody in particular, for she was staring out of the window.

Sylvia felt very uncomfortable. "Well, if Mr. Vincent is willing to take me along instead of Madeline I better get ready," she said and left the room.

"If Sylvia was a little older and better poised I would be afraid to send her off with Jeffrey," mused Mrs. Griffin as she looked after the slim, young figure of her niece. "She certainly will become a beauty—that pale gold hair and those wide gray eyes. Well, after Madeline is married I will do the best I can for Sylvia."

Sylvia was a charming figure in one of Madeline's motor coats and with a most becoming little bonnet framing her face. In spite of the embarrassment she felt in accompanying Jeffrey Vincent in place of Madeline, whom he undoubtedly admired, she could not help a delightful sense of anticipation at the unexpected pleasure before her.

As the powerful car sped up the avenue toward the post road she shot a brief upward glance at Jeffrey Vincent's sternly set face.

At the same moment he looked down at her, and their glances met and involuntarily the gravity of his face relaxed before the perfect joy in hers.

"Great, isn't it?" he asked, referring to the fresh spring air and sunshine and intoxication of swift motion.

"Perfectly lovely," sighed Sylvia. "You can't beat these roads out in Wisconsin," he teased her.

"You can't beat our prairies for riding," she retorted. "I'd rather spend one day out there on horseback than a week here in a motor—oh, dear, what have I said?" she breathed in a panic of dismay.

Jeffrey laughed. "You've merely given me your version of the lines 'Better fifty years of Europe Than a cycle of Cathay.'"

"I've done some riding in Wyoming myself," he added tactfully, "and there's nothing like it under the sun."

"Not even motoring?" asked Sylvia eagerly. She was jealous for that western home of hers. "The east they

Oregon City, a Good Town. Oregon City is a mighty good town, worthy of the best of everything.

Wales. In Wales there are 4,740,651 acres, more than one-half of which are under cultivation.

looked upon her as a barbarian. Their criticisms hurt because she had left all that she had to love out there—the graves of her parents.

"Not excepting motoring!" declared Vincent.

"That's nice of you," murmured Sylvia. "I should not have said that, because I am having a lovely time, and it is good of you to take me instead of Madeline."

"The pleasure is mine," protested Vincent, but Sylvia thought that her reference to Madeline had diverted his thoughts to that sickle maiden, for he was very quiet for a long time after that.

It was a lovely ride along the shore of the sound, with now and then a detour through some shaded road. They reached Silversands at 2 o'clock and had luncheon at an inn that overhung the water. It was a novel and delightful experience for the girl who had never seen anything save the rolling plains of her loved western home.

As they sped homeward she shyly thanked Jeffrey for the pleasure he had given her. "I really believe I shall turn traitor to my horses," she smiled.

Again Jeffrey looked down at her, and their eyes met in a strange glance. Gray eyes and brown were withdrawn, but there was a new, sweet sensation flooding Sylvia's being, while Jeffrey looked dizzily ahead between the twin pillars of dust that went before his fires.

He had admired Madeline Griffin and believed that he wanted her for his wife, but he had never felt like this when they were together. Usually they wrangled over unimportant matters.

But Madeline was a beauty, an imperious one, and he had had no difficulty in persuading himself that he was in love with her. As for Madeline—if there was room in her heart for any one save herself it was occupied by Teddy Blancton if one judged by appearances.

From sheer jealousy and doggedness Jeffrey had sworn that he would win Madeline for his wife, but now—somehow he didn't care.

He realized that to marry meant something more than carrying off the season's beauty, but he had been dazzled by her. Here was little Sylvia. He looked down at her charming face and promptly forgot all about Madeline.

The way homeward was taken more leisurely, for Jeffrey wanted to talk to Sylvia. They became quite good friends during the afternoon, and when Jeffrey left her at the door of the Griffin home it was his determination to see her often.

Ere his car left the curb a trim maid ran down the steps and begged him to come within, as Mrs. Griffin wanted to speak to him.

Jeffrey found her in the library pale and anxious looking.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Griffin?" he asked. "Has anything happened?"

"I don't know what to do, Jeffrey," she said, with agitation. "Madeline has not been home."

"Well, that is not very unusual, is it?" he asked, with a reassuring smile. "Perhaps she is with Cleo Delphin or—"

Mrs. Griffin shook her head. "I cannot find any trace of her, Jeffrey. I have telephoned to Cleo as well as to several other girls—in fact, to every place where she might have been—but she has not been seen today. It is very strange." Her voice quavered.

"That is strange," agreed Jeffrey, worried in his turn. "Shall I go out and try to get some trace of her whereabouts? You know I'm something of a sleuth, and anyway I'm sure she'll be back by dinner time."

"Oh, do go and look for her, Jeffrey; there's a dear! Norah says Madeline wore her motor wraps, but she saw her walking down the avenue. That's all I know about it."

"Have patience, dear Mrs. Griffin. I'll telephone you the instant I learn she's safe." He hurried out, meeting Sylvia in the doorway. "Your aunt needs you," he whispered and departed.

"If Sylvia was a little older and better poised I would be afraid to send her off with Jeffrey," mused Mrs. Griffin when all at once the desk telephone bell rang sharply.

Mrs. Griffin had been sitting before it all the time. She drew it toward her and spoke huskily.

"Yes," she called. "Mrs. Griffin, this is Jeffrey Vincent. She is all right. I'm coming up to tell you at once. Goodbye!" And before she could frame a question he had left his end of the wire.

The two watchers in the library waited his coming eagerly.

When his firm step sounded in the hall Sylvia's heart flew up into her throat and then sank heavily, for she suddenly recollected that Jeffrey was Madeline's lover and she must stifle her own growing interest in him.

He looked grave when he came in and took Mrs. Griffin's hands in his. "Dear Mrs. Griffin, be prepared for a surprise," he said quietly. "Madeline is safe and well, but she was married to Teddy Blancton this afternoon, and they are on their honeymoon trip now in Blanton's motor."

"Married!" shrieked Mrs. Griffin in horror. Then, suddenly recollecting that Teddy Blancton was as good a match as Jeffrey Vincent, although the poor boy was dreadfully homely of face and not at all "Madeline's style," she found room in her heart to pity Jeffrey.

"My poor, poor boy, what shall you do?" she cried.

Jeffrey did not appear to hear her, although his lips were smiling. He was looking down over her shoulder at Sylvia's lovely, flushed face. Brown eyes met gray once more, and in this glance each read the blissful fate in store for them.

Of course Jeffrey would have to marry Sylvia now instead of Madeline.

Greedy Dogfish. A story is going the rounds in which four anglers were occupied with one fish, a big mackerel. It took the bait of one of them and then proceeded to entangle the four lines, so that it seemed there were four fish. I dare say it came in for some hard sayings when the truth was made manifest.

For the Children

Canary That Loves Music of the Flute.



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Many young folks have canary birds as pets and have taught them amusing and cute little tricks.

Canaries which are very amenable to discipline and learn to do in a way some very interesting feats.

But a really wonderful little bird is that possessed by Master Cassin, an English boy who plays the flute. When its master plays the bird will fly to him and perch on his fingers, hopping from one to another as the performer manipulates the various keys, all the while accompanying the music with his own sweet little song.

Frequently Miss Nanny Cassin plays an accompaniment to her brother's flute on the piano, and then the canary seems filled with ecstasy and warbles its sweetest notes. Truly this is a remarkable musical trio—the two children and the feathered performer.

Trick Paper.

Boys who are fond of performing tricks in the parlor when company is being entertained will find the piece of fireproof paper quite a mystery making thing.

Take a bit of paper—say a sheet of ordinary note paper—and dip it in a strong solution of alum water. Let it dry and repeat process, again drying it. After it has been dipped and dried three or four times press it quickly and gently with a warm iron and place back in the box of stationery.

When you decide to show the trick remove the sheet of paper from the box casually, as though it is the same as the other paper, and hold it over a lighted candle. It will not burn. The trick must be performed within a few minutes after the last application of alum water. It can be prepared after the company has arrived, the boy doing so in the kitchen secretly and some member of the family slipping it into the box of stationery for him as he talks to the company about tricks, explaining what he is about to do, etc.

Don'ts in Handling Books.

Don't leave a book lying open face downward. It might split the back.

Don't handle any book before you are sure your hands are clean.

Don't lean upon a book. It makes you look lazy, and, besides, the binding won't stand it.

Don't turn down the corners of the leaves to mark your place. Make a bookmark for this purpose.

Don't hold a book near the fire. The binding might not be able to stand the heat.

Don't use a textbook without putting extra covers on it.

Don't increase your library at the expense of anybody else's. Of course we don't mean to say that you mean to keep any book that does not belong to you. You simply "forget." But don't let your memory clog up in this matter.

Birds Rise Early.

The song of the thrush is heard about 4:30 in the morning. The whistle of the quail is first audible in the woods about 3 o'clock.

The blackcap turns up about 2:30 on a summer's morning.

The blackbird is flooding the wood with melody by 4 o'clock, and the sparrow and titmouse are the laggards in the list of early rising birds.

It is 4:30 before the voices of the robin and wren are heard in the land.

You will have heard the chaffinch, the linnet and any number of other hedgerow warblers a good long while before your attention is attracted by the rising song of the lark.

Cruise of the Twenty-six. Said A to B: "Let's go to G." But B said, "Sail the river D." "I row with E's," cried F, "so please take me to shout the haws and G's." All dropped their H's in surprise And got soft water in their I's.

To hear a lot of screaming J's Call all the hard C's with the K's They gave an inch, but took an L, And, though it seems too sad to tell, They stole away the printer's M. Brave O went circling after them And found the cockneys with the N's Devouring P's. He took his Q, And trilled his R's and rolled them, too; He hissed the S's, drank his T Beneath a U; slipped O. D. V. And roared, "I'll quickly W, As I Xpect 'th Y's to do!" "O," cried the crew, "U let us B! We'll end this cruise at Zuyder Z!" —Little Folks.

Niceties in Dress.

Society has no use for the freak in men's dress. There is a very visible question mark that goes before him. Quality and cut first, constant care afterward and a sharp eye to the correct accessories, and invariably you have the well dressed man. It is astonishing to see how much the smart note in men's dress is due to the little things—the correct and becoming collar, the new and not the antiquated tie, the fashionable waistcoat, the one which is appropriate to the suit. They all count for much.—Woman's Home Companion.

Palmist and Clairvoyant And Card Reader The Gormans Now Located at 524 Main St. Electric Annex Hotel

Where they may be consulted upon all affairs of life. Such as business, love, marriages, changes, buying or selling property, investments, where and in what you will best succeed.

They will tell you who and when you will marry, what your lucky days and months are.

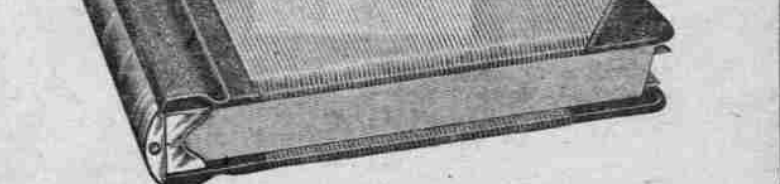
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All this and much more is told without asking a single question. They have helped others, why not you?

Partake of these advantages freely and you will be spared the saddest of all sad words, "It might have been." Come all you sick people.

Tells name, names of friends or enemies and exactly what you called to know.

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The No. 52 Outfit consists of binder as shown in cut, 250 flat opening ledger leaves, and a leather tabbed index. Sheet size 7 1/2 x 10 3/8 inches, price complete \$7.50

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What Meritol Means

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THE SAFEGUARDING OF THE PUBLIC AGAINST SPURIOUS AND IRRESPONSIBLE PREPARATIONS WITHOUT MERIT.

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Are You Affected With Piles? This disease, whether acute or chronic, is easily and rapidly overcome by using Meritol Pile Remedy. Gives positive and permanent relief when all others fail, and we heartily recommend it to any sufferer. Jones Drug Co.