

Cause For Sprinting.

Do I have to sprint?—Hey, what's yer hurry? Tryin' to beat Weston's record?

Stoutfist Stevens—Naw; ain't yer heard? I'm bound for the food districts. Thousands of barrels of whisky have been washed away, and I'm tryin' to beat 'em to New Orleans.—Chicago News.

EVENTS OF WEEK MANY AND VARIED

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 28.—During the greater part of the week the eyes of the nation will be turned toward Gettysburg, Pa., where, fifty years ago, was fought the great three-day battle that ended the Confederate invasion of the North. The semi-centennial is to be made the occasion for a mammoth reunion of civil war veterans and a five days' celebration that will include addresses by prominent men of the North and the South, together with the unveiling of memorials, etc.

With the beginning of the government's fiscal year next Tuesday a number of legislative acts of the last congress and several important new regulations of the several departments of the government will become operative. Of most general interest, perhaps, will be the introduction by the postoffice department of the C. O. D. service of the parcels post.

Reports from all sections of the country tell of elaborate preparations for a "safe and sane" celebration on Friday of Uncle Sam's 137th birthday. Congress and the departments of government in Washington will take a recess from Thursday until Monday.

A state senator, Charles Chandler, twice senator from Michigan and secretary of the interior under President Grant, will be unveiled in Statuary hall in the Capitol on Monday. The statue is a present from the state of Michigan.

Wednesday is the date set for the beginning of the aldermanic "hopper" trials in Detroit. The defendants, including nine members of the board of aldermen, were indicted last July on charges of accepting bribes and conspiring to accept a bribe for their votes and influence in the passing of a resolution affecting city property transferred to the Wabash railroad.

Representatives of the educational interests of the entire country will begin to assemble in Salt Lake City at the end of the week for the annual convention of the National Educational Association. Other large gatherings of the week will include the Christian Citizenship Conference in Portland, Ore., the international ecumenical in Pittsburgh, and the opening of the National Conference of Charities and Correction at Seattle.

A Secret
By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

The day I was twenty-one years old I was walking on the street when a gentleman accosted me, saying: "You are Joseph Stirling, I believe." "I am," I replied, surprised, for I had no knowledge of the man what ever.

"If you will call on me at my office you will hear something which you may or may not consider to your advantage. But I warn you to say nothing about this meeting until you have heard what I have to say."

Handing me a card with his name, Francis Doyle, and his address on it, he turned away and was soon lost in the crowd.

I was naturally much disconcerted. I walked about aimlessly for an hour, then went to the address given me.

"Today you come into an inheritance of \$300,000," he said to me.

"What?"

He repeated: "You don't mean it?"

"But I have something else to tell you that you may not wish to hear."

I paled and waited.

"You are not the son of either of your parents nor the brother of your supposed brothers and sisters."

This was indeed a blow. I dearly loved all of those he had mentioned. I had no heart to ask him to proceed, but he did.

"When your supposed father and mother were first married no children were born to them. This was a great disappointment to your father especially. Friction came between them, and they separated. In time your supposed mother, believing that the birth of a child would bring back her husband, took you from your mother when you were born and wrote him that a child had been born to her and him. He returned to her, and a reconciliation was established.

"Those whom you have considered your brothers and sisters came on the real children of Mr. and Mrs. Stirling. Only Mrs. Stirling knows that you are not her son. Your own mother was of good family who made a runaway match with your father. He was unable to take care of her and died, the cause of his death being his poverty. You were born shortly after his death, and at that time it occurred to Mrs. Stirling to offer an adopted son to her husband instead of a real one.

"Your own mother placed with a law firm a record of your birth and the persons who had adopted you. That was twenty-one years ago. I was then a clerk in the employ of the firm and am now the firm myself. Cousins of yours who would have inherited certain property have died, and you are the heir. It has become my duty to notify you of your inheritance. This has involved giving you the other information concerning your birth. If you accept the fortune the secret must necessarily know whence came your fortune. What change this may make in the present relations between husband and wife it is impossible to tell."

He had given me the situation in a nutshell. I was like a weather vane in a changing wind—two air currents disputing for the mastery. On the one side there was the possession of \$300,000, on the other the revelation of a secret that would give my dear mother a name that would not have considered her as my mother—make trouble between her and father and make known to my brothers and sisters that I was of a different family.

But all this was not in complete possession of my mind. The shock I had received on learning that I did not really belong to those I loved was permanent. I dreaded the first meeting with them all after the information I had received. I should certainly give away the fact that there was something on my mind, and doubtless mother would suspect what it was. What a life she must have led, dreading always that her secret would come out!

"Well," said the attorney, "I presume you will take time to recover from the information I have given you and devise some means of softening the blow to Mr. Stirling."

"I will think over what is best to be done in the premises," I replied, "and let you know."

I left him a different man from what I had been when I entered his office. Going to a telephone, I called up my home and informed the household that I was going somewhere with a friend and could not get just when I would be at home. How I wished I could go to father or mother for advice! This being obliged to settle so important a matter without any one to consult with was, to say the least, trying.

The next day I went home. For the others it was the same home it always had been, but an invisible gulf had come between them and me. Father welcomed me; mother kissed me with her wonted affection.

The same afternoon I gave in my decision to the attorney. My fortune went into a hospital, the name of the donor being kept secret. I signed a lot of papers and departed somewhat relieved. The evening I spent at home trying to analyze the madness I felt. It was not for the loss of a fortune, but for the knowledge that had come to me.

The secret has been kept. Mother does not know that I am aware of it, and she shall never know. We are the same happy family, but I wish that lawyer could have got rid of my patrimony without my knowledge.

Same Principle.
"My grandfather," said the old timer, "used to put all his money in his stocking."

"W-a-n, things bain't changed much," said his old friend. "My grandson, who's takin' a course in modern deportment at one o' them eastern colleges, puts most all his money into socks."—Judge.

As Usual.
Muggins—How changed Wigwag is since he lost all his money! Bugnias—Yes, it has altered him so that lots of his old friends fail to recognize him.—Baltimore News.

His Little Boy's Pistol
By THOMAS R. DUNN

This happened some thirty years ago. Manners in the far west are better now than they were then. Indeed, they are as civilized there as anywhere else.

A stagecoach drew up in front of a tavern in a small town where gun law was the only law on the statute book. But even that was an unwritten law, for there was no statute book to write it in. A young man, dressed in the ordinary business costume of New York, or Chicago or Philadelphia or any other eastern city, got out of the coach with the other passengers and went into the tavern. He asked if there were any letters for him. The landlord handed him one. He read it and bawled through his pockets for his cigar case. Not finding it at once, he took out seven articles while making the search, among them a small pistol.

Several men, denizens of the country, were lounging about, among them a red faced man with a stubble beard and as many scars on his face as a German student member of a dueling corps. This man caught sight of the new arrival's pistol, and it at once excited his interest.

"Lemme see that, stranger," he said. The young man handed him the pistol, and he looked it over with evident pleasure and amusement.

"Purty, isn't it?" he remarked.

He continued to examine it, cocking and uncocking it. Meanwhile the stranger found his cigar case and, leaning a chair up on his hind legs against the wall, sat down on it, resting his heels on the front round and, lighting a cigar, smoked.

"What do you do with it?" inquired the red faced man.

The stranger smoked on without making any reply. His sang froid excited the attention of the bystanders, who commenced to move uneasily away. The man who asked the question was Scar Joe, so called from the traces of his many fights. He was not used to asking questions and receiving no reply. He cast a single glance at the stranger and went on cocking and uncocking the revolver.

"Goin' to make a birthday gift of it to your little boy?" he asked.

"Will it shoot?" persisted Scar Joe.

This third question eliciting no reply, the stranger took a quick aim at the stranger's cigar and fired, and cigar and sparks left the smoker's lips.

He didn't turn pale. He didn't look at Scar Joe reproachfully or fearfully or any other way. He didn't look at him at all. He simply took out another cigar, lit it and went on smoking.

"Does shoot, don't it? Shoots purty straight, don't it? I wonder if I could do it again?"

He fired a second shot with like results. The stranger remained as imperturbable as before, taking out another cigar and lighting it with as little regard for objection to this waste of cigars as if he were loaded down with them. Again Scar Joe sent it flying amid a shower of sparks.

"Stranger," said the smoker in a soft voice, "you're one of the best shots I ever saw. That pistol I've brought from the east as a present for my wife. I've got another for my little girl that I'll bet you can't hit a silver dollar with at ten yards."

"Lemme see it."

The stranger thrust his right hand into his trousers pocket and grasped something that he gave out so discern what it was. One of the lookers on, with better or quicker sight than the others, seemed to get on to something about to happen, for he ducked under a table. The stranger reached the thing out to his tormentor. It exploded, and Scar Joe staggered backward, at the same time putting his hand to his hip. The something in the stranger's fist exploded again, and the westerner fell dead.

One would naturally suppose that those present would be chiefly interested in the fallen man. So they were. They were convinced that he had received his last scar. Then all of a sudden their minds concentrated on the thing in the stranger hands that had done the work. All eyes turned toward him curiously. He had returned the explosive thing to his pocket.

"Landlord," he said, "I'd like something to eat before I go. My wife writes me that she'll send a team for me to be here at 2. It's now 1. I've just time for dinner."

"I say, stranger," said one present, "would you mind lettin' us see what that was you shot him with?"

"I know what it is," said the man who had sought safety under the table. "It's a bulldog. I seen 'em before. They're the ugliest weapon at short range they is goin'."

The stranger took out a short, thick pistol with a very stocky barrel and allowed the party to examine it.

"Was 'tother one really a gift for your wife?" asked one.

"Certainly. When I was called east she asked me to bring her a revolver suitable for a woman."

While the stranger was dining the body of his victim was being removed. When his team arrived and he was driving away one of the crowd who had gathered to see him off cried out: "Much obliged for gettin' rid of Scar Joe. He was gittin' to be a nuisance."

On the identical spot where this episode happened there is now a handsome hotel, lighted by electricity and having all the modern improvements.

Vanished Farthings.
The farthing was once quite an important little coin. In the fourteenth century, for instance, London's bakers and publicans, by order of the lord mayor, were obliged to supply farthings' worth of bread and beer to the poor. "No change" excuses were impossible. Supplies of farthings were to be obtained at the Guildhall, and the baker or publican who "ran out" of change was forced to "treat" patrons to their farthings' worth of bread and beer. Today one rarely sees the coin.—London Tatler.

Original Sin.
Wife—John, what is original sin? Husband—Apple stealing. I think my

O. C. ROSE SOCIETY PLANS BUSY YEAR

New officers of the Oregon City Rose society are entering upon their duties with everything in the best of shape. There is an unexpended balance of \$155.93 in the treasury, and the success of the last rose show has reflected the greatest credit upon the organization. The new officers, Mrs. J. J. Cook, president; Mrs. Grant B. Dinck, vice-president; Mrs. O. F. Eby, secretary, and Mrs. W. L. Mulvey, treasurer, are planning many things for the coming year, and expect the society to increase its popularity and accomplish much in the way of adding to the interest in rose culture.

The financial report of the past year follows:

Bal. on hand per last report	\$ 38.95
Dues received	16.25
Contributions from citizens	236.70
Contributions from Concord	14.50
Contribution from R. R. L. & P.	50.00
Contribution from W. P. & P. Co.	20.00
Contribution from Crown Paper Co.	15.00
Contribution from Hawley paper company	10.00
Contribution from O. C. Manufacturing Co.	10.00
Door receipts at Rose exhibit	49.50
Entry fees for roses	5.25
Prize for Rose society float	10.00
Bal. from motor boat Com.	7.00
Concessions	8.00
Total	\$481.55

Disbursements.

Prizes for parade	\$ 95.00
Redland and O. C. bands	79.00
Expenses (sundries)	96.87
Expenses of floating city	9.00
Prizes, stationary, etc.	39.55
Printing by-laws	7.50
Cash prize for 1912 (unpaid)	2.90
Total	\$328.92

Balance on hand \$155.93

The business and professional men also contributed \$28 for trophy cups for motor boat races.

The classified ad columns of The Enterprise satisfy your wants.

Livestock, Meats.

REEF—(Live weight) steers 7 and 8c; cows 6 and 7c; bulls 4 to 6c.

MUTTON—Sheep 5 to 6c; lambs 6 to 6c.

VEAL—Calves 12c to 13c dressed, according to grade.

WEINIES—15c lb; sausage, 15c lb.

PORK—9c and 10c.

Poultry—(buying) Hens 11 to 12c; stags slow at 10c; old roosters 8c; broilers 20 to 21c.

Fruits.

APPLES—50c and \$1.

DRIED FRUITS—(buying)—Prunes on basis 4 for 35 to 40c.

California. Other vegetables are plentiful and reasonable in price. Cantaloupe is being sold at \$2.50 and \$2.75 a crate, and is retelling at low figures. While the fruit is small it is of good favor, and is finding a popular demand.

ONIONS—\$1.00 per sack.

POTATOES—Nothing doing.

BUTTER—(buying)—Ordinary country butter, 29 to 32c.

EGGS—Oregon ranch, case count 17c; Oregon ranch candied 18c.

Prevailing Oregon City prices are as follows:

CORN—Whole corn, 32c.

HIDES—(buying)—Green salted, 9c to 10c; sheep pelts 75c to \$1.50 each.

WOOL—15 to 16c.

MOHAIR—23c.

FEEED—(Selling)—Shorts 23c; barn 22c; process barley, 30.50 to 31.50 per ton.

FLOUR—\$4.50 to \$5.

OATS—(buying)—\$28; wheat 33c; oil meal selling \$38; Shay Brook dairy feed \$1.30 per hundred pounds.

HAY—(buying)—Clover at \$8 and \$9; pat hay best \$11 and \$12; timothy \$9 to \$11; Idaho and Eastern Oregon timothy selling \$20.50 to \$23; valley timothy, \$12 to \$15.

LOCAL BRIEFS

Rod Woodward was in Portland Saturday.

Chet Larson is working in a shoe store in Portland.

Ray Morris was in Portland on business Saturday.

Byron Moore made a business trip to Portland on business Saturday.

Gustav Fletcher was in Portland on business Saturday.

Chas Schram was in Portland on business Saturday.

Henry James of Canby, was a county seat visitor Saturday.

Amos Smith and Mrs. Edwards were in Portland visiting friends Saturday.

Meritt Wilson, of Willamette, was in town Saturday.

T. Chandley, of Hood River, was in this city Saturday.

Elron Hatton, of Stone, was in the county seat Saturday.

Chas. Hilman, of Canby, was in the H quality at 40c. Fresh roasted every day at Harris Grocery, county seat on business Saturday.

Henry Arlington, of Salem, was a county seat visitor Saturday.

Mrs. White and Mrs. Edwards were in Portland visiting friends Saturday.

D. A. Gill, of Hillsboro, was in the county seat on business Saturday.

Miss Ruth Gibson, of Seattle, is visiting with relatives in this city.

Henry Cook attended the barbecue at Aurora Saturday evening.

Everett was at Aurora Saturday evening.

J. Warnick, of Mt. Pleasant, was a county seat visitor Saturday.

H. Brown, of New Era, made a business trip to the county seat Saturday.

S. W. Wilson, of Canby, was in the county seat on business Saturday.

William Lettenmaier, of Aurora, has Charles Hattan, of Stone, was in the county seat on business Saturday.

A. A. Schonbold, of Los Angeles, if you like a delicious brain stimulating cup of coffee, try our Diamond was a county seat visitor Saturday.

E. E. Williams, of Portland, was in the county seat on business Saturday.

J. M. Doney, of Marshall, Wash., was in the county seat the last of the week.

Dan Wats, of Holcomb, was a business visitor in the county seat Saturday.

Miss Florence Devana, of Rosburg, is visiting at the home of Mrs. F. C. Gadde.

Arthur Farr will go to Aurora Saturday evening to attend a barbecue, and to visit friends.

Clarence L. Eaton, a Portland attorney, was in the county seat on legal business Saturday.

Special sale of fine millinery, commences Saturday, June 28, Johnston & Lindquist, Oregon City.

G. E. Robertson and wife, of Silverton, were visiting friends and relatives here the last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Davis, of Hall, Wash., were in this county seat visiting with friends and relatives Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Peaty will leave for Astoria the first of the week, going as far as Astoria by boat and return by auto.

Mr. Erickson, a linotype operator on the Minneapolis Journal, was in town Saturday visiting Frank Moore. They were boys together. Mr. Erickson will retire next fall at the age of 70 and go to Seattle, where his brother is a member of the city council. The veteran operator, like his brother, is an ardent single taxer, and paid his respects to the Oregon apostle of the faith, W. S. Dymally, while here. Mr. Erickson will receive upon retirement a pension of \$20 a month from the typographical union and draws \$25 a month from the government. He is a war-veteran.

NATIVE SON RETURNS HERE TO PRACTICE LAW

Clarence L. Eaton, a young, but prominent member of the bar of Portland, has moved his law offices to suite 203-204 Masonic building, this city, where he will continue in the active practice of law. Many years ago Mr. Eaton began his legal studies in the office of Redges & Griffith, of this city, and since his admission to the bar in 1910, he has been associated with Franklin T. Griffith, now president of the Portland Railway, Light & Power company, and later with the firm of Griffith, Legat & Allen.

Mr. Eaton has always taken an active interest in Oregon City and Clackamas county affairs and some five years ago, as president of the Oregon City high school alumni association, fostered the movement in favor of a county high school. From this movement the present Oregon City high school resulted. He is a school director of school district No. 3 and a member of the Oregon City Commercial club; Multnomah Lodge No. 1, A. F. & A. M.; Clackamas Chapter No. 2, R. A. M.; and Oregon City Lodge No. 1189 B. P. O. E.

U'REN TO OCCUPY PULPIT

At the request of Dr. Ford, Hon. W. S. U'ren will speak this evening of the usual hour for services, 7:45, in the First Methodist Episcopal church on the subject of "The Causes and Effect of the Social and Industrial Progress of Our Time." This question is one of deep interest to all thoughtful citizens, it concerns all classes of people. The capitalist, the laborer, the educator, the reformer, the philanthropist and the statesman are studying this subject today as never before. Mr. U'ren will speak from his own view point, and what he says will be worth hearing. Others will follow at later dates, who will give the benefits of their investigations. Dr. Ford proposes that the ringing questions of the day shall have a full and free discussion in his pulpit, and wants the truth from any and all sources, for he says, "I am not afraid of the truth, nor for the truth, for all truth is of God, and we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

Georgia Governor Inaugurated

ATLANTA, Ga., June 28.—At noon today, and in the presence of hundreds of his fellow Georgians, including the general assembly, sitting in joint session, John M. Slaton, amid all the solemnity and dignity with which time-honored custom has endowed the inaugural ceremony, was inducted into the office of governor of his state. The ceremony was held in the hall of representatives. Governor Slaton was introduced by Joseph M. Brown, the retiring executive. The oath of office was administered by the chief justice of the state supreme court.

Actors Have Hospital.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 28.—Scores of players now appearing at Chicago theaters and gardens have volunteered their services for the big benefit performance to be given at the auditorium tomorrow in aid of the building fund for the American Theatrical hospital. The hospital, for which a site has already been secured on the West Side, will be the first institution of its kind in the country for the exclusive use of members of the theatrical profession.

Commission to Visit Paris.

PARIS, June 28.—The American commission which has been traveling through Italy, Austria and Germany, investigating the problems of co-operation and rural credits systems, will reach Paris tomorrow to begin the last leg of their European tour. The commissioners will remain here ten days, during which time their work of investigation will be interspersed with numerous features of entertainment.

Nothing is more disagreeable than eczema, or other skin diseases. It is also dangerous unless speedily checked. Meritol Eczema Remedy will afford instant relief and permanent results. We have never seen a remedy that compares with it. Jones Drug Co.

OSGES HEADACHE? IT WILL NOT if you take KRAUSE'S HEADACHE CAPSULES

They will cure any kind of headache, no matter what the cause. Perfectly harmless.

Price 25c.

WORMANLICHY MFG. CO., Des Moines, Ia.

FOR SALE BY

THE JONES DRUG CO.

We have a large stock of these remedies, just fresh from the laboratory.

STRIVE AND WAIT.

Strive, yet I do not promise. The prize you dream of today will not fade when you think to grasp it.

And melt in your hand away, But another and holier treasure You would soon perchance disdain.

Will come when your toil is over And pay you for all your pain.

Wait, yet I do not tell you The hour you long for now is vanished.

Will not come, with its radiance vanished.

And a shadow upon its brow, Yet far through the misty future.

With a crown of starry light, An hour of joy you know not, Is winging her silent flight.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

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FOR SALE BY

WE REPAIR ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING

MILLER-PARKER COMPANY

Next Door to Bank of Oregon City

Summer Vacations SEASHORE OR MOUNTAINS

VIA THE

Season Tickets on Sale Daily Until Sept. 30

3-Day Tickets on Sale Saturday and Sunday

TILLAMOOK and NEWPORT BEACHES

Season fares from the principal stations to Newport or Tillamook Beaches are as follows:

FROM	TO	FARE	TO	FARE
Portland	Newport	\$ 6.25	Tillamook Beaches	\$4.00
Oregon City	"	6.25	"	4.70
Salem	"	5.15	"	6.00
Albany	"	4.00	"	7.30
Corvallis	"	3.75	"	9.00
Eugene	"	5.50	"	9.00
Roseburg	"	8.75	"	12.00
Medford	"	12.00	"	17.20
Ashland	"	12.00	"	17.75

Corresponding low fares from other points. Week end tickets on sale from various points.

SUNDAY EXCURSION TRAIN ON THE C. & E. R. R.

Leaves Albany at 7:20 a. m., Corvallis 7:50 a. m. and connects with the S. P. trains 16 and 14 Northbound and No 13 Southbound

Excursion Fares East

Tickets will be sold from all main and branch line points in Oregon to Eastern destination one way through California or via Portland. Stop-overs within limit.

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY TO SEPT. 30

FINAL RETURN LIMIT OCT. 31ST

For beautiful illustrated booklet "Vacation Days," and booklets describing Tillamook county beaches, Newport and other points, as well as information about Eastern fares routes, stop-overs, etc., call on nearest Agent or write to

John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.

The Superiority of Electric Toast

to the charred, or brittle, or soggy kind made in the tedious old-fashioned way, is relatively the same as the superiority of grilled steak to fried steak.

For one-tenth of a cent a slice the General Electric Radiant Toaster makes Perfect Toast faster than you can eat it. It is Perfect Toast because the radiant heat forces the necessary chemical change in the bread. This insures delicious golden Toast that fairly melts in your mouth.

You can operate the General Electric Radiant Toaster on the finest damask table cloth. Its neat porcelain base and cheerful glowing coils add grace and charm to any table.

This little toaster is on display at our store in the Beaver Building on Main Street.

Portland Railway, Light & Power Company

Beaver Building, Main Street