



## NOW IS THE TIME

Now is the time to consider kitchen-comfort this summer—now is the time to buy an oil cook-stove.

Look for the specially-decorated windows of the merchants listed at the left. The orange discs proclaim a message welcome to every housewife. They tell how the New Perfection drives out the drudgery and discomfort of summer cooking, and at the same time gives better results than your regular kitchen range for all-the-year-round cooking. This is New Perfection Oil Cook Stove Week. Ask these dealers to explain how the long blue chimneys of the New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove prevent all smoke and smell. Learn the comfort and economy of cooking with Pearl Oil.

COOK WITH PEARL OIL

Hillsboro Mercantile Company

Hillsboro, Oregon

# NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVE Week

## A Breach of Discipline

By JAMES BRAINARD

It has been said that in the camps for the drilling of officers for the army for the great world war the obsolete in military science has been discarded and the men are drilled in trench warfare, including grenades throwing, the wearing of gas masks and all such devices of modern warfare. There is one fact where recruits were drilled which can hardly be said to have fulfilled these conditions. That is Fort A, located in the west.

Fort A had been turned over to the army as a station for the drilling of recruits for the great world war. The commandant, Colonel Whittlesey, an officer of the regular army, who had grown gray in the service and had added with each year something to his stock of army discipline, treated newcomers and old comers alike, exacting from each the same rigid observance of attention to the army regulations.

There was one ceremony of ancient and honorable standing about the observance of which Colonel Whittlesey was very particular. The colors must be daily raised and lowered at the firing of the morning and evening gun. There was no likelihood of the men paying attention to this ceremony in the presence of an enemy occupying a parallel zigzag trench to themselves, but the colonel considered it one of the ways to prepare them for their warfare, and if the gun was not fired twice a day on the minute of sunrise and sunset was beside the culprit whose duty it was to attend to the matter.

Now, it so happened that Colonel Whittlesey, who was a widower, was attentive to a widow, Mrs. Eleanor Andrews, whose son was being trained at the fort, and the lady was staying with the wife of one of the officers on duty there. Nevertheless his courtship did not prevent him from being watchful of the neglect of any of his favorite observances.

Mrs. Andrews had a tiny poodle no bigger than a large rat, and it was questionable, should she be obliged to give up either the poodle or her martial lover, which she would surrender. The colonel seemed to realize this, and it was generally admitted that Zip, the poodle, was the only living thing at the post who could violate the colonel's orders with impunity.

The only up-to-date arrangement on the premises was the contrivance for the firing of the morning and evening gun. A wire had been stretched from the gun to a room which contained an electrical battery, and a key had been introduced to make the current which fired the gun. No one was admitted to the room except the officer charged with the firing of the piece at the specified time morning and evening.

One day after luncheon Mrs. Andrews, having a headache and not wishing to have her poodle, desired some place in which to shut him up. She sent word to the colonel asking permission to put Zip in the gun firing room. The colonel would not have acceded to the request had it come from any one else, but dared not deny the lady of his love. He ordered the key to the room to be sent to her, and Zip was a prisoner in the gun room.

Evening gunfire was at 7 o'clock and 5 minutes on that day, sunset occurring at that hour and minute. Zip was placed in the gun room at 2 o'clock, and at fifteen minutes past 2 a boom was

heard that sent a wave of consternation through the dignitaries of Fort A. The colonel was falling asleep over his after luncheon cigar. Springing to his feet, he rushed from his quarters to see who had dared fire the evening gun at the beginning of the afternoon. He met the officer charged with the observance hurrying to the gun room, and the two went there together.

There was Zip hopping about on the electrical machine, and at the very moment of their entrance he sprang off the key.

The colonel charged the officer to make no explanation of how the gun had been fired out of time, and the order was obeyed. But the women at the fort got hold of the matter, and it soon spread throughout the post. Colonel Whittlesey, seeing that on one there could meet him without giving way to a smile, asked to be relieved from the command and departed for other duty. His match with Mrs. Andrews was broken off on her refusal to permit him to kill her poodle.

S. P. & P. E. & E.

All, except the P. R. & N., trains are electric, and stop at the depot on Main Street.

TO PORTLAND

Forest Grove Train	6:50 a. m.
McMinnville Train	7:36
Sheridan Train	10:03
Forest Grove Train	12:50 p. m.
McMinnville Train	2:16
Forest Grove Train	4:05
Eugene Train	4:55
McMinnville Train	6:40
Forest Grove Train	9:50

FROM PORTLAND

Eugene Train	8:15 a. m.
McMinnville Train	10:03
Forest Grove Train	11:59
Forest Grove Train	3:14 p. m.
Sheridan Train	4:33
Forest Grove Train	6:40
McMinnville Train	7:15
Forest Grove Train	9:00
McMinnville Train	12:15

All trains stop on flag at Sixth and Main; at North Range and Fir streets, Sixth and Fir Sts., and at Tenth street.

TO PORTLAND

P. R. & N. Train	5:05 p. m.
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FROM PORTLAND

P. R. & N. Train	9:15 a. m.
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Motor Car Service

To Buxton	12:25 p. m.
To Timber	4:20
From Timber	9:55 a. m.
From Buxton	2:10 p. m.

### AUTOMOBILE CITY LICENSE

Notice is hereby given that automobile licenses issued under the ordinance of the City of Hillsboro, expire June 30th. Therefore, all persons wishing licenses entitling such licensees to carry passengers within the city limits, will please apply to the undersigned for the same.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this 21st day of June, 1917.

Grant Zuehlwilt, Chief of Police.

W. O. W.

Regular meetings of Camp 500, Woodmen of the World, in the Moose Hall, every first and third Thursdays. All Woodmen are invited to attend.

Come out Neighbors and help boost our Camp.

Roy E. Heater, Consul Com.  
J. H. Ray, Clerk.

### PLEASURE AT THE COAST

Fine properties for sale at Waldport and Asea; also at Netarts, Valley farms and rolling foothills. Timber lands and mill-sites, city property for sale. Money to loan and houses to rent.

Pacific Coast Real Estate & Loan Co., Chamberlain & Riggs, Room 5, Heidel Bldg., Hillsboro, Ore. 13-5

For Sale: Two tons year old hay for horses.—Zina Wood, Hillsboro. 14tf

## THE HILLSBORO COMMERCIAL BANK

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An old, safe and conservative bank, located in the Hillsboro Commercial block, S. W. corner Main and Second streets.

Hillsboro Commercial Bank.

### FIRST CLASS HORSE SHOEING

Have installed a first class Horse Shoer in My Machine and Blacksmith Shop at Cornelius, Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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L. G. Weidewitsch Cornelius, Oregon

J. W. Connell W. T. Kerr

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General Commission Business

We Buy Hay, Grain, Potatoes, and Pay the Highest Market Price. Also handle Veal and Pork, on foot or dressed.

Pythian Building, Second St., - Hillsboro, Oregon

### Low Round Trip Fares

TO MANY POINTS IN JULY

## Independence Day, July 4

On sale July 3 and 4. Return July 5 between all Southern Pacific Stations in Oregon

## N. E. A. Annual Convention

Portland, Oregon, July 7-14, inclusive. On sale July 6-13, inclusive. Return July 18 from all Southern Pacific Oregon Stations to Portland

## Eastern Cities via California

On sale on various dates in June, July, Aug., Sept. Liberal stopovers. Limit 3 months.

## Newport and Tillamook Beaches

On sale daily. Return limit Oct. 31. Week End on sale Saturday and Sunday. Return Monday.

Ask local agent for information

John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent

Portland, Oregon

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

## An Ineffective Revenge

By ALAN HINSDALE

A vehicle stopped at the country residence of Mrs. Van Arsdale, and a man taking a photograph from it, carried it to the front door. Miss Birdie Van Arsdale was sitting on the porch at the time and asked him what she could do for him. Presenting the photograph he said:

"I am introducing the burglar alarm photograph. It is especially designed for unprotected families and renders other defenses unnecessary. It is connected electrically with such opening in the house as would be considered available by a burglar, would ready for use, and on his breaking the connection the clockwork is set going. The machine then addresses the burglar, who, finding his presence in the house to be known, beats a precipitous retreat."

The prelude to such encounters as a drummer knows how to pour out upon what he has for sale caused the young lady to call out:

"Mother! Come here."

Mother came. The salesman repeated what he had already said and continued like a trotting horse on an endless track:

"If the burglar is one of the desperate kind any member of the family who has been awakened by the photograph's first words may move a slide marked 'Shoot' and the report of a pistol will be heard. This slide," pointing to another, "is to call the police."

Mother and daughter exchanged glances. They were deprived of man's protection and never went to bed with out poking canes and umbrellas under their beds. Mr. Van Arsdale was obliged to spend his summers in the city and was rarely with them. When he came up he lay like a watchdog on a wire enclosed portion of the porch and his wife and daughter slumbered.

Mrs. Van Arsdale asked the price of one of the photographs, drew a check for the \$100 asked, and after the new owner had been duly instructed the drummer departed.

It was Saturday evening. Mr. Van Arsdale had written that he would not

be able to spend the week end with his family, and after the house was closed for the night Mrs. Van Arsdale and her daughter placed the photograph at the top of the staircase leading down to the front door. The salesman had put in all the connections, and there was nothing to be done except make the attachments. These things having been attended to, the ladies went to bed, and sleep and oblivion reigned over all.

Mr. Van Arsdale changed his mind and went home. It was just twenty minutes to 12 when Mr. Van Arsdale arrived at home and stepped lightly on to his porch that he might not awaken his wife and daughter. His out of door bedding not being provided, he thought he would go upstairs stealthily and get it. Inserting his night key, he opened the door and as he stepped into the hall felt his foot catch in some obstruction, such as a fine wire or light string. What was his astonishment to hear a sonorous voice burst forth:

"Aha! You thought to get in here without our knowing it, did you? Advance at your peril! I've got the drop on you! An inch further and you're a dead man!"

It must be admitted that such a reception on entering his own house had a marked effect on Mr. Van Arsdale. The only motion he made was throwing up of his hands. He could not see the speaker, but he supposed the speaker could see him, since he had declared that he had the drop.

At the first challenge of the intruder Mrs. Van Arsdale and Birdie both slid out of bed and made for the position of the photograph, reaching it just as the talking machine pronounced the words "a dead man."

"Is he going out?" whispered Mrs. Van Arsdale, shivering.

"No," replied the daughter, "I think I can hear him down there near the door."

"Push the slide calling the police," Birdie felt for the slide, but, not being able to see in the dark, struck the wrong one. There was a shot, followed by the words, "Well then, take that!"

Something was heard to drop in the hall below.

"What have you done?" cried the mother frantically. "I told you to move the slide calling the police! You've killed him!"

"Why, mother, it wasn't a real shot. It couldn't hurt any one."

hearing the shot he felt a shock; his knees gave way and let him down. When he heard his wife accusing his daughter of having killed him, not feeling at all dead, he called out in his own true voice:

"What in thunder is all this about?"

"Why, it's papa!" cried Birdie.

"Oh, Henry, are you killed? I mean are you frightened to death?"

"I reckon that's about it—frightened to death. Who's there to do the shooting?"

There was an explanation. Mr. Van Arsdale turned on the lights and saw the photograph. He spoke no word; but, stepping out to the roof closet, he grasped an ax and, returning, made kindling wood of the machine that had scared him almost to death.

"Why, papa," whined Birdie, "you've spoiled our burglar alarm! You haven't hurt anybody except mamma, who gave a hundred dollars for it!"

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## The Wasser Company Brings Joyous Entertainment to Chautauqua



The Wasser Company are joyful entertainers. They are happy themselves, and they make every one else happy. When the Wassers come on to the Chautauqua platform afternoon and evening they drive the blues away.

The Wassers were formerly prominent entertainers at Northwestern University, and their work attracted so much comment that they were booked on the Eastern Chautauqua, meeting with an enthusiastic reception.

At Hillsboro July 17th to 22d, Inclusive

W. O. Donelson  
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