

GOING & HARVEY COMPANY,

House Furnishers.

A Safe Place to Trade

The recent arrival of several carloads of house furnishings makes our stock very complete at this time. You are invited to inspect our line whether you buy or not.

Cole's
Original
Hot Blast
Heaters
(Family Size)

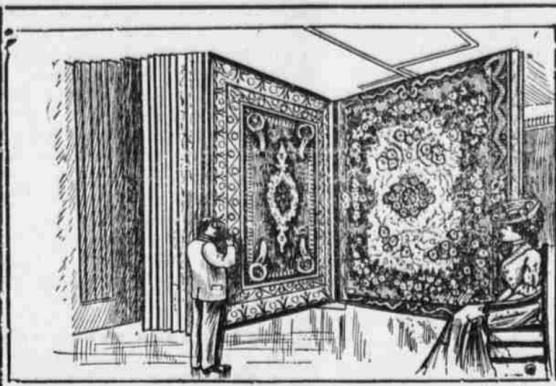


Cole's
Original
Hot Blast
Heaters
(Family Size)

\$12 and \$15

\$12 and \$15

SAVES 1-3 YOUR FUEL BILL



One Hundred New and Pretty Rugs now on display for the Parlor, Dining Room and Chamber Room Size Rugs, \$5 to \$35

Rare
Bargains
in Old
Pairs of
Lace
Curtains



To
Make
Room
for
New
Stock

NEW STOCK NOW ON DISPLAY—BUNGALOW EFFECTS

WE GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU MONEY

Our Line of Leather Upholstered Rockers Are Simply Superb

See the
New
Waxed
Dull
Finishes
They're up to
now



Weathered
Wax
Golden
Polished
Fumed

PRICES THE VERY LOWEST
(quality considered)

ONLY \$1.20 EACH

Solid
Oak
Dining
Chairs
\$1.20
Net



Solid
Oak
Dining
Chairs
\$1.20
Net

ONLY \$1.20 EACH

SOLID OAK ROCKERS

\$3.35
Net
Well
Made
and
Strong



\$3.35
Net
Comfortable
and
Well
Polished

\$3.35 Net

Satisfaction or
Money Back

Going & Harvey Company

We Save
You Money

Thanksgiving Proclamation

BE IT KNOWN; to all people and especially the ladies of Coos county that Thanksgiving Day will soon be here and it behooves you to have on hand the proper equipment. Therefore, you are hereby requested to appear at EKBLAD'S and buy first a good SAVORY ROASTER, it is necessary. Do't use that old one any longer. By so doing you can get one of the best for

\$1.25 and up

Furthermore, it is incumbent upon you to provide the proper tools for the carver. You should have one of our CARVING SETS. Good work is done best with good tools.

Also do not forget that a good meat chopper is necessary in preparing that delicious stuffing, mince meat and other delicacies.

Be thankful that EKBLAD has these articles in stock at reasonable prices.

Witness our hands and seal.



Marshfield, Oregon

NOTICE CALLING FOR A NOMINATING MEETING OR CAUCUS FOR THE NOMINATION OF CANDIDATES FOR THE OFFICE OF MAYOR, OF COMMON COUNCILMEN AND OF RECORDER

Notice is hereby given that by order of the Common Council of the City of Marshfield, Coos County, Oregon, duly made and entered on the 26th day of October, 1909, a nominating meeting or caucus will be held in Odd Fellows hall in said city, on Monday, the twenty-second day of November, 1909, at the hour of 8 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, for the purpose of nominating can-

didates for the office of Mayor of said city for a term of two years, for the offices of two members of the Common Council of said city for the term of three years, for the office of one member of the Common Council of said city for the term of one year, and for the office of Recorder of said city for the term of one year, to be voted on at the regular annual municipal election of said city to be held on Tuesday, the seventh day of December, 1909.

Dated this 11th day of November, 1909.
JOHN W. BUTLER,
Recorder of the City of Marshfield,
Coos County, Oregon.

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING.

Out of the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height, if we will but see and follow it. —Selected.

THE QUESTIONER.

I called the boy to my knee one day, And I said: "You're just past four;

Will you laugh in that same light-hearted way—

When you're turned, say, thirty more?"

Then I thought of a past I'd faintly erase—

More clouded skies than blue—

And I anxiously peered in his up-turned face

For it seemed to say:

"Did you?"

I touched my lips to his tiny own

And I said to the boy: "Heigh, oh! Those lips are as sweet as the hay, new-mown;

Will you keep them always so?"

Then back from those years came a rakish song—

With a ribald jest or two—

And I gazed at the child who knew no wrong.

And I thought he asked:

"Did you?"

I looked in his eyes, big, brown and clear,

And I cried: "Oh, boy of mine! Will you keep them true in the after-year?"

Will you leave no heart to pine?"

Then out of the past came another's eyes—

Sad eyes of tear-dimmed blue—

Did he know they were not his mother's eyes?

For he answered me:

"Did you?"

—Carl Werner.

If you want to take a prize for unpopularity, act superior.

Show less indignation behind the

backs of people, and he bolder to their faces.

Of course women are not mercenary, but gambling seems a greater sin to them when you lose.

If people were as afraid of hurting their stomachs as they are of catching cold, they would live longer.

If you are really considerate, remember that your stomach is in much more danger of being overworked than you are.

A Thought For the Day.

A tender "good night," to those we love, is a benediction to the day we began with "good morning."

When a man has a day or two that he is not cross his wife says that her religion is all that makes it possible to live with him.

Every man learns something before he is forty but after that he tries his best to unlearn some of the things he learned before.

Slightly Mixed.

"My grandpa had a perplexity fit yesterday," said little Bess to her playmate.

"Perplexity fit" exclaimed the other in surprise, "Oh, I guess you mean a parallel stroke."

"It seems," say the Philadelphia Inquirer, "that the Eskimos make a liquor composed of flour, water, tobacco and molasses, and that it intoxicates a man even when he has eaten thirteen pounds of blubber." No one will blame an Eskimo for wanting to become intoxicated after inflicting all that blubber on his poor, defenseless stomach.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

When the evening shadows fall, and the seraph voices call weary pilgrims to their home on t'other shore, when we quit this weary grind, it will be a joy to find all the fellows that we loved in days of yore. Oh, so often do we bend o'er the ashes

of a friend who has traveled to that silent, solemn bourne! But we have so much to do, as our duties we pursue, that we cannot take much time to weep and mourn. We must use each shining hour, for the wives are shy of flour, and the butcher must be paid for bones and steak; and if we would weep and sigh every time our comrades die, why, the tears would blur the figures that we make! But we'll meet them, every one, when the beastly grind is done, they'll be waiting, they'll be watching at the pier! They will welcome us ashore, when old Charon drops his oar, and they'll say: "We're dog-gone glad to see you here!" I don't care for snowy gowns, and I balk at harps and crowns, and I fear that endless songs would be a bore; but I'll meet my good old friends where the sky of Aldenn bends, and we'll visit on a star forever more!

WALT MASON.

EPIGRAM CRIMINAL CODE.

Procrastination is the thief of time.

Curiosity is the porch climber of society.

The past is the hold-up man of ambition.

Good fellowship is the firebug of sobriety.

Conscience is the sneak thief of contentment.

The bore is the pickpocket of patience.

The college boy is the check kiter of humor.

The firecracker is the pirate of peace.

The Welsh rabbit is the ghoul of sleep.

Hard luck is the shoplifter of hope

Bad cooking is the sandbagger of civilization.—Puck.

An Atlanta woman is charged with being a husband beater, but those who are acquainted with her husband may know that "there's a reason."

A western scientist has suggested a salve of limburger cheese as a cure for cancer. What a horrible fate for the cancer germs!

The Buffalo News announces the approaching marriage of Mr. Lies, of that city, and Miss Argue of Lima,

Ohio. That ought to result in a little Ananias club of their own.

O. K. Upright of Johnstown, Pa., mus. have had parents who knew the value of a good name.

Is there anything worse than a bankrupt with a carbuncle?—Ex. You bet! How about a bankrupt with two carbuncles?

Lines to a Man Living On Mars.

People credit you with knowledge of a most amazing kind,

Of your engineering skill they speak with awe;

I suppose a week would do you—and you would not be behind—

Just to dig a little ditch at Panama.

I believe you're full of wisdom, but I'd like to quiz you once.

Will you kindly answer this one if you can?

We can engineer our ditches—but I need a pair of breeches—

Can you show me how to get 'em, Martian man?

I suppose in aeronautics you have traveled far along

On the bright and shining pathway to success;

You have little need to worry if the Wright machine is wrong,

For you've passed the painful time of storm and stress.

I suppose you flap and flutter gayly morning, noon and night

Like a healthy turkey buzzard or a bat;

But I do not care for flying—'tis for a railway I am trying—

Do you think you can assist me as to that?

There's some trouble to be taken and deal of money to be spent

By science to find out how wise you are.

And I'd like the queries answered: Could you pay my monthly rent?

Can you show me how to own a motor car?

Can you tell me how to satisfy the grocer without cash

Or pay the lightning people for their juice?

These are things that make me dance, sir. Now, please tell me what's the answer.

If you cannot, then I wonder what's the use?