

STAUFF GROCERY

"Good Things to Chew"

If you choose your chews here you will find the chewing good.

Canned Elephants Ivory,
Canned Canary Birds' Tongues.

Why not buy some of our Egg Plant and raise your own eggs.

Our Grocery Line Is Complete

WHEN IN NEED OF

- PLUMBING,
- TINNING
- HEATING
- SHEET METAL WORK

Phone 101.

PIONEER HARDWARE CO.

When Done by Us It Is Done Right.

J. F. TELANDER

GENERAL CONTRACTOR

PLATE GLASS—Our Glass Never Breaks.
ROOFING

Reference: Goodrum's Garage.

Come in and see the drawing for the new S. P. Bridge over Coos Bay.

JUST TO CATCH YOUR EYE!---

BOUNCING STURDY
--- CHILDREN ---

the kind parents are proud being fed on meats sold at the

UNION MEAT MARKET

The Leading Lady of the "Big Noise" says "The difference between me and a box of Bradley's Candy is that I am a Marshfield maiden and

Bradley's Candy

Is Made in

"Marshfield"

LITTLE NOISES ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

A Bright and Interesting Budget of Brevities Culled by our Staff of Alert Reporters.

Ray Ollivant looked quite spruce in his new striped negligent shirt last Sunday.

Fred Wilson, our undertaker and coroner, is quite a dude. Guess his business must be good.

The Colloquial Dames will give a Rocky Mountain tea and huckleberry pie social next Tuesday night.

The weather has seemed much changeable round of late, but Ben Ostlund predicts settled weather soon.

L. D. Rood has traded his poll evil mare for a new second-hand bicycle. L. D. says he will learn to ride or bust.

Chas. I. Reigard states that under no consideration will he consent to become president of the Bar Association.

The Anderson-Doll-Timmerman-O'-Kelly-King Realty Syndicate are about to float a new issue of \$200 bonds.

The many friends of John Meeen will be pleased to learn that any fears of his nervous breakdown on account of overwork are groundless.

Hugh McLain is being talked of by the leading politicians of South Slough for Secretary of State in President Wilson's cabinet. Santa Ana, who has just returned from a confer-

HERE'S A SNAP

Before leaving Marshfield I want to boost one good Fellow,

FRED KNUDSEN,
Proprietor

BALTIMORE CAFE

Fred has a clean place Good Coffee,
Liberal with his meats and above all, his prices are reasonable.
Traveling men should patronize this place; what is the use of wasting money elsewhere. I'm giving you the proper Tip.

RUFUS K. LOVE.

ence, says that there will be no trouble in landing the place in case the expected endorsements of R. Smith and George Flanagan are secured.

George Rotnor has placed an order for a new Ford automobile with Geo. Goodrum, the shoer. George seems to be doing quite well with his clothing store.

The attempt of Capt. T. J. Macgenn and R. O. Graves to form a poets' club would have doubtless been successful if they had not fallen out over who should be president.

Al Powers team got frightened yesterday and ran away, breaking his old wagon pretty badly. It was a surprise to many as Al's horses are so durn skinny they wobble when they walk.

Anson Rogers killed his lumpy-jawed heifer yesterday and remembered the preacher's family with a nice hunk of liver. We need more Rogers in the world and Anson is doing his share.

The Port Commission is having a survey made with a view to establishing a harbor at Shore Acres. Those who have tried it say that it is ideally situated and equipped as a shelter during storms—domestic or climatic.

Friends and backers have arranged for a championship long-distance personal experience story telling contest between Vic Johnson and W. R. Haines, to be continued from day to day, until one of them has finished a tale or the other dropped dead.

J. W. Hildenbrand's bath tub sprung a leak the other day but as "Hildy" says the water pressure has been poor lately and winter drawing nigh the family will probably have no use for it until next summer.

Sol Israel is on the Bay introducing a novelty in hats, one that is guaranteed as impossible to talk through. Everyone is subscribing to a fund to be given to him as a bonus in case he succeeds in selling such hats to J. W. Bennett and Al Powers.

A new floor is to be laid in the Hardshell church soon. Many of the members caught rheumatism in the legs during the past winter on account of the big cracks in the floor and the smell of liniment some days was something awful during church services.

Judge Schlbrede will give his annual rendition of the tale of Soapy Smith at his office December 13th, next. All hero worshippers who are out of idols and can stand for the judge as an object of worship without incurring Fred Gettins' jealousy are requested to attend.

J. H. Milner is desirous of taking in a partner as he finds that the cares of his present occupation too much to bear alone; so far, however, he is finding difficulty in finding any one that wants to be taken in. W. P. Murphy, one of his prospects, is now too busy in his partnership with J.

NORTH BEND NEWSLETS.

L. J. Simpson, Editor.

North Bend has been growing right rapidly of late. Two wood sheds and an addition to ye editor's barn will be completed before Xmas and Jed Haskins wife has presented her husband with triplets.

Charlie Winsor's sorrel mare's tail was sheared by some scallawag last Sunday while tied in front of the church. The poor brute seemed to realize his pitiable condition.

Ye scribe visited Marshfield this week and called on Landlord McKeown of the Ship Chandler's hotel, who invited us to dinner. Harry is a good cook and sets a fine table.

Roy Wernick busted his suspender last week and sense then Roy ain't wore no suspenders. You would nacherly wonder how Roy managed to keep his trousers on hisself, which he does by wearing a belt, but Roy says it ain't much of a success because he has to wear it so tight that it makes him feel oppressed.

Little Reginald Clarence Slimmer, 3-year-old nephew of Pinky Slimmer, is quite ill from summer complaint. Dr. Burmeister is treating him and thinks his little bowels are effected with tapeworm.

One of Sam Spooner's red-headed pigeon-towed girls has finally got a beau at last.

Uncle Aleck Bevins is complaining of liver ailment and congestion of the vermifuge appendix. He is also afflicted with night sweats and sour feet.

Amos Dilberry's wife ate too much boiled pork and cabbage for supper last Sunday and suffered much from combustion of the stomach for several hours.

Sam Gallop's widow is flaming out and putting on scallops to beat the band. Sam's only been dead three weeks and our town is much stirred up. She's forty years old and weighs 250 pounds. Last Sunday she wore a peek-a-boo shirtwaist, striped red stockings and green gaiters. She is certainly a bird.

Bill Stimson, Aleck's pumpkin headed son, tried to enlist in the navy last week, but he was so short-waisted and had such a wobble in his gait he couldn't pass the examination.

AN IGNORANT DOG.

Archie Johnston—Say, Will Ekblad, are you still looking for your dog?

Ekblad: Yes.
Johnston: Why don't you put a want ad in the Times?

Ekblad: What's the use, the dog can't read.

HER PROPERTY.

Recorder Butler (calling Ross Smith's house on the phone, Mrs. Smith answering): Is Ross at home?
Mrs. Smith: What do you want with him?

Butler: I'm revising the voting list, and I just wanted to ask him which party he belongs to.

Mrs. Smith: Do you? Well, let me tell you, I'm the party he belongs to.

H. Somers to consider Mr. Milner's overtures.

J. H. Stemmler of Myrtle Point was on our streets recently. He is here on a big deal—having negotiations well under way for the disposal of a number of bills and speeches which he prepared in advance for the Oregon State senate. Too much Smith caused Jake to change his plans about handling the matter in the senate and he may turn them over to a prominent South Slough assembly-ite for use there.

SO THAT THE PEOPLE MAY THINK THEY KNOW

At the earnest solicitation of I. S. Smith, Mrs. Stutsman and Tattle Tale Bennett, I have consented to come out as an unprincipled candidate for councilman at the approaching city election.

My position on the water question is well known. I am utterly, absolutely and unalterably opposed to it.

My qualifications are manifold. I can talk as long and loud and say almost as little as any member of the present city council, while I will pit my looks and taste in dress against any of them. My language is as select as Straw's, as added as Allen's, as forceful as Ferguson's, as manifold as Merchant's, as simple as Savage's, as copious as Cople's and as senseless as City Attorney Goss' off-hand opinions.

The new candidates have declared for a Square Deal; the old council stands for a great deal (ay) and I believe in all kinds of deals. I elected I promise to exercise the same care in public expenditures as I do in my private affairs.

I believe we should have two bands and that the city should serve beer and free lunch at their concerts.

I pledge myself to favor the erection of a monument to George Brown and L. A. Liljeqvist to be placed on a float on North Front street.

I shall always vote for C. J. Millis' vest pocket railroad, think the salaries of all city officials should be doubled, that the city should buy seven new fire engines, an automobile for Fire Chief Keating, Oriental rugs for the engine room and dress suits for the firemen.

As a guarantee that the amount paid out for my campaign expenses shall not exceed the Corrupt Practices act limitations, I have named Mickey McKeown and Russ Tower campaign managers. The Been It Organ office boy won't sign any orders on it, either.

In conclusion I will say that I will shoot any one who opposes me.

R. P. SMITH.

All Wool and a Yard Wide.



George Rotnor, as he will look 40 years hence.

ON THE FENCE.

My father is a democrat,
Ma yells for prohibition;
But no one knows where I'm at,
For I'm a politician.

—E. E. STRAW.

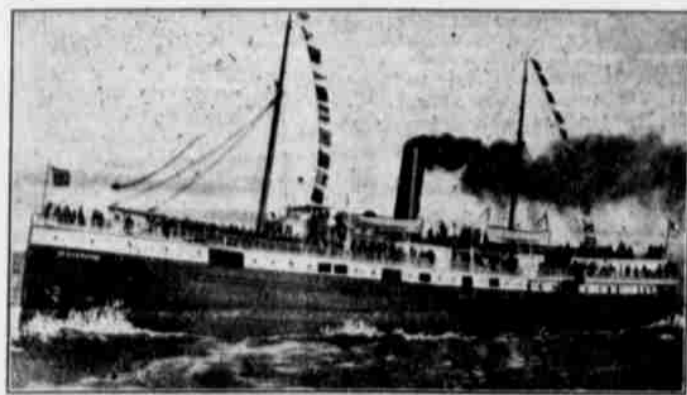
Exchange of tickets and reserved seat sale begins Monday, Dec. 2, at the Busy Corner. First come, first served. Reservations limited to six tickets to any person for each performance.

SOUTHERNPACIFIC COMPANY

(PORTLAND & COOS BAY S. S. LINE.)

S. S. BREAKWATER

1440 H. P. Equipped with Wireless.



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PORTLAND and COOS BAY

W. F. MILLER, Superintendent.

C. J. MILLIS, Gen. Man.

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was printed in the Job Printing Department of the

--COOS BAY TIMES--

No Job Too Big---

---No Job Too Small

Good Printing at Reasonable Prices.

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BANK OF OREGON
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