

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

He who is guilty of equivocation may well be suspected of hypocrisy.—Maun-der.

Cotton exports for 1903 were \$378,000,000; more than a million dollars a day.



Mrs. Fairbanks tells how neglect of warning symptoms will soon prostrate a woman. She thinks woman's safeguard is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Ignorance and neglect are the cause of untold female suffering, not only with the laws of health but with the chance of a cure. I did not heed the warnings of headaches, organic pains, and general weariness, until I was well nigh prostrated. I knew I had to do something. Happily I did the right thing. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound faithfully, according to directions, and was rewarded in a few weeks to find that my aches and pains disappeared, and I again felt the glow of health through my body. Since I have been well I have been more careful. I have also advised a number of my sick friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and they have never had reason to be sorry. Yours very truly, MRS. MAY FAIRBANKS, 216 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn." (Mrs. Fairbanks is one of the most successful and highest salaried travelling saleswomen in the West.)

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For over two years I suffered more than tongue can express with kidney and bladder trouble. My physician pronounced my trouble catarrh of the bladder, caused by displacement of the womb. I had a frequent desire to urinate, and it was very painful, and lumps of blood would pass with the urine. Also had backache very often. "After writing to you, and receiving your reply to my letter, I followed your advice, and feel that you and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have cured me. The medicine drew my womb into its proper place, and then I was well. I never feel any pain now, and can do my housework with ease."—MRS. ALICE LAMON, Kincaid, Miss.

No other medicine for female ills in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.



Mother Goldfish—Where have you been, Willie? Willie—Only just around the globe, ma.—Chicago News.

Emeline—Sara and I can hardly understand each other over the telephone. Edgar—Well, talk one at a time.

"Know him? I should say so! We are husbands-in-law." "Eh?" "Our wives were divorced from the same man."—Ex.

"She told me that I might hope." "Better look out! I've known girls to say that when they intended to accept a chap."—Puck.

"Smith has lost his job, and I'm hustling to get him another." "You are." "Yes. I owe him ten dollars, and I'm afraid he'll be needing it."—Puck.

Stranger—Seems to me this crowded street is a queer place for a hospital. Native—Well, I don't know. Two trolley lines meet here.—New York Weekly.

"How did you get your black eye, Sambo?" "Well, boss, yer see I was out a-lookin' fer trouble, and dis 'ere eye was de fust to find it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Philanthropist—Why did you change the title of "The Ladies' Home" to "Old Ladies' Home"? Mrs. Du Goods—It was becoming too crowded.—New York Weekly.

Parker—We've moved again. Barker—You have? Parker—Yes; the children were so noisy that we couldn't stand what the neighbors said about them.—Detroit Free Press.

Young lady—I can always tell your work the instant I see it. Magazine artist (delighted)—Can you, really? Young lady—Easily. The women all look alike.—New York Weekly.

"Woman is naturally of a clinging nature," observed he. "Yes," rejoined his wife, "but she isn't to be compared with a man when it comes to holding on to a \$5 bill."—New Yorker.

Sam Shinbone—I'se thinkin' ob marrying dat youngest Jackson gal. Mose Johnson—Don't do it, nigger—don't do it. Why, dat gal never kep' a job for over two weeks in her life.—Ex.

Prospective Benedet—Are you willing to become everything or nothing for my sake? Prospective Bride—Yes, if you leave out the "nothing" part of the proposition.—Baltimore American.

"Bring me some coffee," said Mr. Nurox, as he finished his dessert. "Demi-tasse?" inquired the waiter. "Sure, if that's the best you got, and say, bring one o' them little pots full of it."—Philadelphia Press.

"You are always more or less skeptical about what you see in print." "Yes," answered the man who has his own ideas about things. "Truth may be at the bottom of a well, but it isn't an ink well."—Washington Star.

Husband (of popular author)—Do you mean to tell me, doctor, that my wife is insane? Doctor—No, not so bad as that, but she is hopelessly foolish. Husband—Well, that's a relief. I was afraid her usefulness as a writer was impaired.—Life.

A prison visitor recently asked one of the prisoners how he came to be there. "Want," was the answer. "How was that, pray?" "Well, I wanted another man's watch. He wasn't willing I should have it, and the judge wants me to stay here five years."—Tit-Bits.

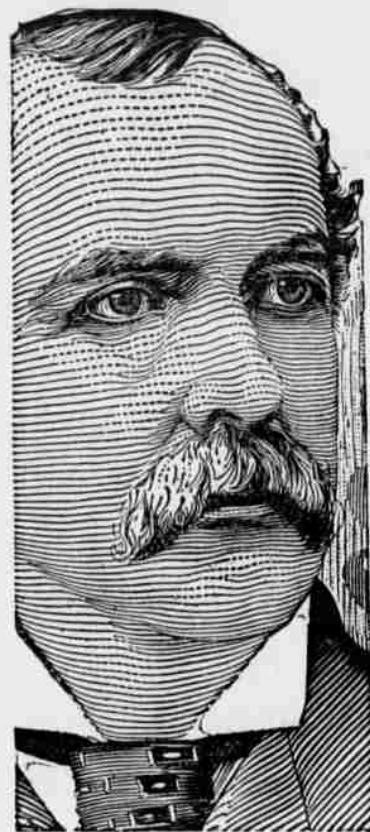
Footinitt (energetically helping at bazaar)—Won't you put in for a raffle for this cushion? Visitor—Oh, no, thanks! Footinitt—Of course, it's rather useless and gaudy, and so forth; and personally I think the design's rotten. But do put in for it! Visitor—No, thanks! I made it!—Punch.

Little Willie, who is a Philadelphia boy, had been watching a dog chasing his tail for three minutes. "Papa," he asked, "what kind of a dog is that?" "That," said the father, "is a watch dog." Willie was silent a moment. "Well," he finally said, "from the time he takes to wind himself up I guess he must be a Waterbury watch dog."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Househunter—This house does not seem to be very substantially built. Even the floor shakes when we walk on it. Agent—But, madam, this floor is—the very latest thing in spring dancing floors. All the newest houses have them. Mrs. Househunter—And the stairs creak terribly. Agent—Oh, we don't make any extra charge for those patent burglar-alarm stairs, madam.—Chicago News.

Dick—Say—seen a letter of mine lying around, gray envelope? Sweep (stops making the bed)—Do you mean a letter starting off, "Dearest Dickie," and asking you to come down and spend Sunday, and telling you how lonely she has been all the week, and ending up, "Your own little Gladys"? Dick—Ye-es. Sweep (going on making the bed)—Then it's in your top chiffonier drawer.—Yale Record.

U. S. SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA Recommends Pe-ru-na For Dyspepsia and Stomach Trouble



If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Catarrh of the Stomach is Generally Called Dyspepsia—Something to Produce Artificial Digestion is Generally Taken.

Hence, Pepsin, Pancreatin and a Host of Other Digestive Remedies Has Been Invented.

These Remedies Do Not Reach the Seat of the Difficulty, Which is Really Catarrh.

Ex U. S. Senator M. C. Butler, from South Carolina, was senator from that state for two terms. In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., from Washington, D. C., says:

"I can recommend Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach trouble. I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine besides a good tonic."—M. C. Butler.

The only rational way to cure dyspepsia is to remove the catarrh. Peruna cures catarrh. Peruna does not produce artificial digestion. It cures catarrh and leaves the stomach to perform digestion in a natural way. This is vastly better and safer than resorting to artificial methods or narcotics.

Peruna has cured more cases of dyspepsia than all other remedies combined, simply because it cures catarrh wherever located. If catarrh is located in the head, Peruna cures it. If catarrh has fastened itself in the throat or bronchial tubes, Peruna cures it. When catarrh becomes settled in the stomach, Peruna cures it, as well in this location as in any other.

Peruna is not simply a remedy for dyspepsia. Peruna is a catarrh remedy. Peruna cures dyspepsia because it is generally dependent upon catarrh.

Algy's Ambition.
Algy—Aw—can you spare me a few hundred to run o'vah to Lunnon?
Father—What's the object?
"Golf."
"Good! If you learn how to play golf, it may—"
"Oh, I don't want to play it. I want to learn how to p'wounce it."

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CURE Horses of **HEAVES, COUGH, Distemper, Pink Eye or Indigestion.** A great **BLOOD PURIFIER AND CONDITIONER** and a sure cure for all ailments from which heaves arise.

CURED 34 HORSES.
I have been using Russian Heave Powders the past eight months and in that time have cured 11 horses of Heaves, 14 of Distemper and 9 of Chronic Cough. The Russian Remedies have gained a great reputation in this section.—Ernest Beckley, Newark, N. Y.

PRICE: AT DEALERS, 50c; BY MAIL, 60c
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Plate trouble is a common thing, and there are various kinds of it. Many plates never were right. Others are properly made, but the mouth is not put in proper condition for wearing the plate.

If your plates are in any way unsatisfactory we will be glad to make an examination and tell you the cause of trouble.

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