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THE STRIKE AND BUSINESS.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer. According to Bradstreet's strike in the steel trade has so far had the slightest of influence on the business of the world; far less, in fact, than the hot wave and the drought in the Southwest. The strike this year has occurred at the time when physical conditions ordinarily enforce a cessation of work. In the absence of any strike, it would have been necessary to shut down a number of the plants now closed, because it would have been impossible for the men to work during the terrific heat which has been prevailing throughout the district affected by the strike. Moreover, according to the same authority, the number of participants in the steel strike is much smaller than is generally understood. The careful searcher after facts will find it difficult to justify an estimate of over 50,000 participants. The machinists' strike is in most places a failure, and the miners' strike in sympathy with the striking stream, did not materialize.

Under these circumstances, the important question of the present strike is not its present effect upon business interests in this country, but the terms of settlement which may ultimately be arrived at, at the end of the struggle between organized capital and organized labor. The strength of the capitalists lies in the fact that capital is more mobile than labor. The owners of the various plants now under one management can close down plants at one place and open them at another, at will, while labor is to a considerable extent attached to the soil. The weakness of capital, in the present struggle, is that the stock of these great combinations have become part of the material of the stock market. The necessity of sustaining the price of securities in the stock market puts pressure upon the managers of a great industrial combination to end the strike, such as the individual manager or small corporation did not have to encounter. As Bradstreet's observes: "The philosophic observer of the ways of men may discern here the working of a law of compensation which has perhaps attracted less of the attention of the great trust capitalists than it may in the future."

It is true that the late Addison Cammack, once a great operator, several years ago stated that he had found it unprofitable to sell stocks short on strikes, leaving the inference that strikes need not necessarily result in a serious depreciation in the price of securities. It is likely, however, that he referred more particularly to the general trend of the market for stocks of all classes, not to the stocks of the particular corporation which had a strike on its hands. He certainly could not have referred to the effect of a strike upon the securities of a great industrial combination. Here a strike is something more than a mere adverse influence to appreciate the value of stock of all character. It represents an actual, concrete loss of money, as well as of the opportunity to make money.

The stock of the great industrial combination, whose works are closed as the result of a strike, is certainly worth less in actual value than when the concern is being operated and is earning money. Strong financial influences may sustain the market price of such securities during the pendency of a strike, but only at financial sacrifice. They simply have to take over, at a price above their value, the stock which the small investor is prompt to unload. It is certain that the effect on the stock market will, hereafter, be one of the items to be carefully considered by the managers of the great industrial combinations, whenever a labor dispute threatens to bring them

face to face with the prospect of a protracted strike.

WITH THE PARAGRAPHERS.

Sometime before he dies, possibly Admiral Sampson will remove his foot from his mouth.—Anacosta Standard.

The Pittsfield, Miss., plan of finding a murderer is to try all the innocent people first.—Topeka State Journal.

If Abdul Hamid wants to meet his equal he ought to come to America and tackle old Abdul Hamid.—Montana Record.

The drought in Missouri can at last be claimed to have revived the habit of prayer in that state.—Commercial-Gazette.

Cultivate a spirit of thankfulness. When roaches and water bugs run around, be thankful they are not bed bugs.—Acheson Globe.

It seems to be the general impression, Mr. Macley to the contrary, that Admiral Schley looked before he leaped.—Denver Republican.

From this distance no excuse for the Foshburgh murder trial is apparent. Pittsfield's chief of police seems to be a "rube" of purest ray serene.—Chicago Tribune.

Kilkenny castle is to be reproduced on one of the Gould estates. And will they import the famous cats or will they play the roles themselves?—St. Paul Dispatch.

The Pittsfield chief of police appears to be a close second to Admiral Sampson in the race which is to decide who is the champion prize donkey of the year.—Chicago Journal.

A gentleman who attempted to wear a silk hat with a sweater was shot at at Bemidji last week. Our admiration for Bemidji grows with the season.—Minneapolis Journal.

Nobody who has watched the Foshburgh trial could fail to expect a prompt acquittal, or avoid a feeling that the prosecution was an outrage, for which there should be some redress.—Mail and Express.

The discovery by a noted anthropologist in Chicago of a large number of persons in that city with six fingers is not surprising in a community where there are so many free lunches.—Kansas City Star.

The modern Sampson doesn't have to invade any other creature's skeleton to get the jawbone.—Chicago Tribune.

At the same time it isn't safe to rely heavily on Professor Triggs' judgment of poetry. He said, "The Prairie Dog" was doggerel.—Chicago Tribune.

Vice-President Roosevelt is a very busy man but he always has time to extract some information from reporters who try to pump him.—Chicago Tribune.

JOB COULDN'T HAVE STOOD IT. If he'd had ironing plates, they're terribly annoying, but Bradstreet's Arnold Salve will cure the worst case of piles on earth. It has cured thousands. For injuries, pains or lacerations it's the best salve in the world. Price 25c a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Hart's Drug Store.

One of the healthful tendencies in the American life of today is the way in which out-of-door sports have been taken up and enjoyed and popularized.—Buffalo News.

TO HEAL A HURT. It's Banner Salve, the great healer. It's guaranteed for cure, wounds, sores, piles, and all skin diseases. Use no substitute. Hart's drug store.

The public has no complaints to make of the courts which decide that a man who wants to work must not be interfered with by a man who doesn't want to work.—Washington Post.

A. R. Bass, of Morgantown, Ind., had to get up ten or twelve times in the night and had severe backache and pains in the kidneys. Was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure. It's guaranteed. Hart's drug store.

The news from China is that the reform program calls for the substitution of the teung-ly-yamen by the wei-wu-pu. This news is received with intense interest and satisfaction.—Washington Star.

WHAT'S YOUR FACE WORTH? Sometimes a fortune, but never, if you have a sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin—all signs of Liver Trouble. But Dr. King's New Life Pills give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25c at Hart's Drug Store.

The thirty Bryanites of Ohio got themselves together yesterday and nominated themselves for all the state offices. This gives them an excuse for not working for a few months.—Chicago Journal.

WHITE MAN TURNED YELLOW. Great consternation was felt by the friends of M. A. Hogarty of Lexington, Ky., when they saw he was turning yellow. His skin slowly changed color, or, also his eyes, and he suffered terribly. His malady was Yellow Jaundice. He was treated by the best doctor, but without benefit. Then he was advised to try Electric Bitters, the wonderful Stomach and Liver remedy, and he writes: "After taking two bottles I was wholly cured." A trial proves its matchless merit for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. Only 25c. Sold by Frank Hart, Druggist.

O. O. Buck, Belton, Ark., says: I was troubled with constipation until I bought DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Since then have been entirely cured of my old complaint. I recommend them. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

Two simultaneous Robert Treat Paines are a trifle painful for one generation.—Mail and Express.

If the action of your bowels is not easy and regular serious complications must be the final result. DeWitt's Little Early Risers will remove this danger. Safe, pleasant, and effective. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

And all that Mr. Macley gets is 7248 a day. This hardly keeps him in hammers.—Chicago Tribune.

James White, Bryantville, Ind., says DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve healed running sores on both legs. He had suffered six years. Doctors failed to help him. Get DeWitt's. Accept no imitations. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

It is inferred that the railroads would rather repair a few washouts than have no crops to haul.—Kansas City Star.

Eruptions, cold, sores and sores of all kinds quickly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Certain cure for piles. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure you get the original—DeWitt's. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

Coal at \$11 a ton and milk at 11 cents a quart. Even the trust in Providence seems against us.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Mrs. S. H. Allport, Johnstown, Pa., says: "Our little girl almost strangled to death with croup. The doctors said she couldn't live, but she was instantly relieved by One Minute Cough Cure." CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

This year's drought may be a blessing in disguise. It may cause congress to do something for the cause of irrigation in the West.—Topeka State Journal.

In cases of croup give the little ones One Minute Cough Cure. Then rest, easy and have no fear. It never fails. Pleasant to take, always safe, sure, and almost instantaneous in effect. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

At the same time people running other kinds of batteries should be careful not to use the United States mails.—Chicago Tribune.

P. T. Thomas, Sumterville, Ala., "I was suffering from dyspepsia when I commenced taking Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. I took several bottles and can digest anything. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the only preparation containing all the natural digestive fluids. It gives weak stomachs a new lease of life, restoring their natural condition. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

There is needed an international and an inter-territorial agreement upon the correctness of the definition of footing.—Mail and Express.

Don't be satisfied with temporary relief from indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure permanently and completely removes this complaint. It relieves permanently because it allows the tired stomach perfect rest. Dying won't rest the stomach. Nature restores supplies from the food we eat. The sensible way to help the stomach is to use Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, which digests what you eat and can't help but do you good. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

Those who drew blanks in the Oklahoma lottery can use them to advantage in their remarks on the subject.—Anacosta Standard.

FOR WHOOPING COUGH. "Both my children were taken with whooping cough," writes Mrs. O. E. Dutton of Danville, Ill. "A small bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar cured the cough and saved a doctor's bill." Hart's drug store.

It would seem that the oil trust has a pretty big job on its hands when it undertakes to exterminate the mosquito.—Montana Record.

Mr. Daniel Bantz, Ottumwa, Ia., says: "Have had asthma and a very bad cough for years, but could get no relief from the doctors and medicines I tried, until I took Foley's Honey and Tar. It gave me immediate relief and does me more good than all the other remedies combined." Hart's drug store.

Harrison county, Kansas, farmers are throwing out forty bushels to the acre. Drought rain storms are called in.—Minneapolis Journal.

Wm. Finn of Lima, O., obtained excellent results from the use of Foley's Kidney Cure. "It relieved my backache and severe pain over the hips. It acted on my system and gave me new vim and energy. It is an honest and reliable remedy, a sure cure for all kidney diseases." Hart's drug store.

A St. Louis man has constructed a street-car Turkish bath establishment. It consists of St. Louis atmosphere and a hose.—Chicago Journal.

High living, intemperance, exposure and many other things bring on Bright's disease. Foley's Kidney Cure will prevent Bright's disease and all other kidney or bladder disorders if taken in time. Be sure to take Foley's. Hart's drug store.

Stealing of happy deaths, the Alabama negro who expired while eating a watermelon has broken the record.—Washington Post.

WORLD HAVE COST HIM HIS LIFE. "Dear Bowman, Lebanon, Ky., writes: 'I have been using Foley's Kidney Cure and take great pleasure in stating it gave me permanent cure of kidney disease, which certainly would have cost me my life.' Take note but Foley's. Hart's drug store."

Mr. DeLesse says that the term "shelved" has little or no significance. Mr. Bryson's lexicon has the same explanation of the word.—Denver Republican.

A. H. Davis, Mr. Sterling, Ia., writes: "I was troubled with kidney complaint for about two years, but two one dollar bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure effected a permanent cure." Hart's drug store.

SAVED TWO FROM DEATH. "Our little daughter had an almost fatal attack of whooping cough and bronchitis," writes Mrs. W. K. Haviland of Ansonia, N. Y., "but when all other remedies failed, we saved her life with Dr. King's New Discovery. Our niece, who had Consumption in an advanced stage, also used this wonderful medicine and today she is perfectly well." Desperate throat and lung diseases yield to Dr. King's New Discovery as to no other medicine on earth. Infallible for Coughs and Colds; 50c and \$1.00 bottles guaranteed by Hart's Drug Store. Trial bottles free.

From Various Sources.

FROM MESSENGER TO MAGNATE.

Young men who complain that you have "never had a chance," listen to words of wisdom from Edwin Hawley. Thirty-three years ago Edwin Hawley was 17 years old, green and unsophisticated. He came from "Up Chatham way," where his father worked a farm, and when he reached the metropolis he was almost too timid to move around for fear of shodding horses. His worldly possessions were in a carpet bag, and consisted of a change of linen, a dozen cookies, made by the hand that patched the linen, and daguerreotypes of the old folks at home.

Edwin Hawley had no friends in the city, no "pull," no profession, no trade. He was just an honest, healthy country boy who had dreamed of fame and fortune while on the farm, and who was determined to make his dreams come true.

Today that homesick country boy is a millionaire. The modest boarding house he singled out thirty-three years ago has been replaced by luxurious town and country homes. Several thousand persons depend upon his favor for their daily bread, and he is a member of Gotham's most exclusive club.

How did he do it? He worked for it. "I did not wait for the chance," Mr. Hawley said, going back reluctantly to the early days, "but I made it. The chances of our lives don't come from without; they come from within. Our lives are what we make them, and mine is what I have made it."

"I had no chance in the matter of a business. If it had been the diamond business or the rag business it would have been all the same to me. I had no notice about being fitted for a certain sphere. I knew I was fitted to work, and willing to work, and that covered all fields. I resolved to take the first thing that offered itself and stick to it until I had forced my way to the top."

"The first thing happened to be railroading. The position of errand boy was vacant in the Erie railroad, and I filled the gap. I got the magnificent sum of \$4 a week. I don't know that my dreams on the farm contemplated quite so humble a start, but the reality of things as they are, confronts the railroad office errand boy gave me little time for comparison. I put a good deal of energy into the first job. You see, I was fresh from the country and didn't know how consequential a New York errand boy ought to be—else I might, be there yet."

"At the end of the third month I was promoted to be bill clerk, at \$9 a week. I liked the first thing I did, after my initial change of position, was to move to new quarters. I have always maintained that it is quite as important to live as well as one's means justify as it is to keep out of debt. People like to deal with the prosperous-looking, and besides, one's feet and environment have a good deal to do with one's health and temper."

"After several months' experience as a bill clerk I found an opening on the Rock Island railroad as bill of lading clerk at \$14 a week. I was ready to fill that position because I have never been too busy to study the intricacies of the position just above me."

"Now, the bill of lading clerk in a railroad office has endless opportunities which I have reason to believe often escapes him. His salary is not sufficient for the wise one to save something each week. He has a splendid chance to learn the details of the business and to come a day nearer that I do not make use of some knowledge gained as a bill of lading clerk."

"Contracting agent was the next step, and in due time I took it. The salary was \$186 a year. I wasn't surprised when I got it, for I had been working for it. I kept my eyes fixed straight ahead on a point which was always a little beyond where I stood."

"As an \$186 a year contracting agent I saved money and lived well, too. My plan was to be ready in case a chance for a small investment presented itself. During my short experience in New York I have met a score of men who might have been wealthy if they had only had the money to get in on certain 'good things'."

"I never worked harder in my life than I worked for those \$186. There is no doubt that I earned each and every one of them. The conscientious training of the old folks was a part of my capital. It often brought me home fagged out at night, but it made an independent man of me in the knowledge that my employers were my debtors rather than otherwise. I worked with added vigor when I wasn't being looked at and I took delight in doing work that I might have shirked without anyone being the wiser."

"I have never shirked work. I like it. I don't think any life can be happy without it. If I had \$100,000,000 I could not be idle. The whole pith and point of my life would be gone. Perhaps I don't owe this disposition to any virtue of my own, but to the tendencies and the constitution which are my heritage."

Mr. Hawley leaned back in a comfortable office chair and looked contented. Success is an excellent antidote for the ravages of hard times.

"You know," he resumed, "we workers have all found tastes that seemed superfluous. They weren't just included in our job and we didn't have to do them. There wasn't any extra pay in sight. Now, I am sufficiently a believer

in the law of compensation to think that we draw pay for every bit of work we do. Sometimes it doesn't come right away and sometimes it doesn't come in money, but experience. No effort ever goes to waste."

"When the Chicago and Rock Island, the Northwestern and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy formed the tripartite arrangement under the name of the California, Erie, Freight Line, H. C. Wicker, the general eastern agent, repaid me for a lot of those unpaid tasks by making me contracting agent at \$4,000 a year."

"By that time I found investments for my savings. I was careful and fortunate. For ten years I held that position and slowly but surely laid the foundation for a small fortune."

"Up to this time several tempting offers had presented themselves outside the railroad business, but I fulfilled my purpose of standing firmly to the one line."

"When J. C. Shultz, the general freight agent of the Southern Pacific, came from San Francisco to establish Huntington's Sunner Limited route, he offered me the general eastern agency at \$3,000 a year. Later Mr. Huntington advanced me to be traffic manager of the road."

"There, now, you have the history of my business career in New York. It doesn't require a great deal of a great diploma nor a great intellectual genius to make a million. It just requires a worker and fearless man whose willing to take a few risks."

"But if he has a family he can't take risks."

"Well, no," said Mr. Hawley, meekly. "That you wouldn't advise a young man to marry?"

"I'd advise him to use his best judgment. I might be a big to some men. What will cure one will kill another."

"Do you think it would have hindered you?"

"I don't know what I think about it," was the careful reply. "I've never had time to think of it. I believe I told you my rule was to follow one line and not divide."

"Women have been the making of a great many men and the downfall of a great many others. The risks in the matrimonial market are greater than those in the stock market. I prefer the latter. I'm a brave man, but there are limits. You see, if you get stuck with stock you can just lock your shares in a safe until they go up. You can't do that with a matrimonial investment."

"I drew dark pictures of a sore and yellow old age without any one to sympathize with his rheumatism and with no curly golden heads to make him picturesque but this 'hardened bachelor' smiled in placid content."

"I have accomplished all I set out to do," he said, "and I am satisfied. One cannot do more than one thing and do it well. You know they say, 'Look at certain industry in legs.'"

"And a million dollars satisfy all a man's wants?"

Mr. Hawley laughed softly. "I manage to 'survy' along," he replied.

"So well you wouldn't leave New York to fill Mr. Huntington's position in San Francisco at \$10,000 a year?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Hawley, "that well. Salary is no object to me now. I have enough to content me, and living in New York is worth a good income per annum. It is here that I landed when I first started out to conquer everything in sight. It is here that my interests are and here is the place I call home. When a man goes to be fifty, home and the associations of which it consists are dearer to him than fortune. Forty thousand a year in San Francisco couldn't buy me a sight of the town I love best, and I'd probably want to give up that much more a day for that same joy."—New York World.

An army officer now stationed in New York, referring to military life on the border, told a good story of how General Hancock once set out to make Indians soldiers in the regular army, says the Detroit Free Press. The Indians, he said, were not well up in English, or, rather, if at all confused, they forgot the pale face language, but General Hancock was determined they should do duty as soldiers; stand guard, call out, the hours, and do all that a white sentry did."

When the general got them, as he believed, well coached, he gave an entertainment at his headquarters one night to the officers and their families, and at 12 o'clock all were to listen to the call of the Indian sentries. At the appointed time headquarters was as still as a graveyard, and soon the "All's well" cry began to go the round, and as follows: "Pos' namb'! Two time—twice clocks—all right!"

This was fairly good for an Indian, but the next sentry forgot his salt and did the best he could with what English he could grasp, after this style: "Pos' namb'—old Hancock—hap fool—go to hell—all right!"

A wild shout of laughter drowned the call of the next sentry, but it was about the same, and that was the last of General Hancock's Indian sentries.

The naval officers are ordered to hold their tongues concerning the Sampson-Schley controversy. If the order had been issued to Labors-Historians Macley earlier in the game there might have been less talk back from the outsiders who cannot be silenced.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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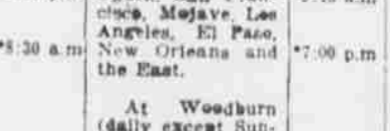
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Digests what you eat. This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It is unequalled for all stomach troubles.

It can't help but do you good. Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The St. bottles contain 24¢ times the U.S. size. For Sale by CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

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EFFECTIVE JULY 6, 1901.

Table with columns LEAVE, PORTLAND, ARRIVE. Rows for Portland Union Depot, Astoria and Way, Polaris.

Table with columns LEAVE, ASTORIA, ARRIVE. Rows for Portland and Way, Polaris.

Table with columns LEAVE, ASTORIA, ARRIVE. Rows for Astoria for Warrenton, Astoria for Warrenton and Astoria.

* Daily except Saturday. ** Saturday only.

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