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Great Palace of Art of the Pacific Coast

Fine Bar and the Best of Liquors and Cigars

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ELATERITE is Mineral Rubber. We properly term it for each particular climate. Then, upon a jute canvass we build up a fire, water and acid proof roofing material, with a ground mica surface and a wool felt paper dry sheet or backing.

WE'LL lay the goods, or you can. If you have to use a roof, we can tell you some mighty interesting things. They will prevent your pocket book from shriveling up. Write us.

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In all Brands and Sizes. We have them in stock.

The Trade supplied at absolutely bottom prices.

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We have added a pipe repairing department. Best work in this line. GOODS EXCEL, PRICES RIGHT

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G. W. Morton and John Fahrman, Proprietors. CHOICEST FRESH AND SALT MEATS. - PROMPT DELIVERY 542 Commercial St. Phone Main 321.

Stories of Clergymen

The following instance shows how a clergyman, by saying the right thing in the right time, can convulse a church audience:

One night, while a hushed audience was listening to Dr. Willits, a little yellow dog trotted up the middle aisle, jumped upon the platform, looked lovingly into the preacher's face and wagged his tail. Of course the audience was amazed and ready to go into convulsions.

"Good evening, sir," said the doctor, bowing to the dog graciously. "Your face is full of Christian love, and you make all these Christians laugh with joy."

Then looking at the audience pleasantly, the doctor said: "Brothers and sisters, I asked a poor Dutchman once what he would take for his little dog."

"Oh, vell, parsons," he said, with tears in his eyes, "I couldn't sell dot leetle dog; he loves me so. I know dat dog is no good. He is no good to hunt, and he is no good to watch; but dere is one ting about dat dog vat I wouldn't sell, and dat is de vags of his tail when I cums home."

"You are a clergyman, ain't you?" asked a garrulous, old Pennsylvania agnostic of the venerable and sainted Dr. Willits.

"I am, sir," said the gray-haired minister. "And you preach out of the Bible?"

"Why, of course I do!" said the doctor, smiling. "And you find a good many things in that book that you don't understand?"

"Oh, yes, of course; some things do puzzle me a little."

"What do you do then, doctor?"

"Oh, I do just as I do when I am eating a luscious Delaware shad, and come to the bones; I quietly lay them aside and go on with the delicious shad, and let some old, foolish idiot choke himself with the bones."

When our little Ethel went to Boston to visit her Aunt Belinda she became deeply interested in her aunt's Sabbath school. When she returned to New York, before taking off her hat, she exclaimed enthusiastically:

"Oh, mamma, you ought to go to Aunt Belinda's Sunday school! It was just splendid! Last Sunday the lesson was awful interesting. It was all about Moses—and he was just the nicest man! He loved all the little children, and one day he led all the little children of Israel out of the desert into the promised land—only Moses himself, he didn't get into the promised land, but he went up on top of a high mountain and just looked over in, and then he died—and there don't anybody know where Moses is buried or where he went to but God and Aunt Belinda, and she won't tell."

Dr. Robert Collyer, contemporary with Chapin and Beecher, still delights to tell this merry story in his ripe old age:

"One day," said the genial father of preachers, "I sat in a seat on the train down in Kentucky with a famous Kentucky colored preacher whom they all called Uncle Rufus. We were talking about clergymen being called to preach."

"Uncle Rufus," I said, "I hear that you don't believe much in the idea that the Lord calls certain men to preach?"

"Wall, sah," said Uncle Rufus thoughtfully, "de Lawd mout call some negroes ter preach; but it sorter 'pears to me dat whar de Lawd calls one ole man, laziness calls er dozen. Nine negro preachers outer ten, Brother Collyer, is de lazlest pussons in de world, sah!"

"How do you know that, Uncle Rufus?"

"'Beca'se I se a preacher myse'f, sah."

"I tell yer what, Brudder Collyer," continued Uncle Rufus confidently, "we preachers must wuck wid energy if we wuck er tall. Scriptah sez: 'Whatsoever yo' hastest fer to do you orter dust wid all yer hawt an' mine an' strench'—an' above all things doan' pronosticate.'"

"Don't whichtyrate, Uncle Rufus? What do you mean?" I asked.

"I means, doan' pronosticate, Brudder Collyer. Doan' put off till nex' week what yer orter done las' year. Time, Brudder Collyer, is a mighty hahd hoos to hab.' Tharfo' it behoofs you, as Scriptah says, to ketch her by de fetlock ef yer wanter come under he wiah befo' he does. You heah me?"

A funny thing happened in the great memorial church built to the memory of Adoniram Judson, the famous Baptist missionary. It was built in the center of a poor district in New York where they are not famous for generosity in supporting the church. The missionary's son, Dr. Edward Judson,

supplied the pulpit. The young preacher was gifted, energetic and eloquent, and tried hard to gather the people into the church. He even used the sympathetic city newspapers in extending a cordial invitation to everyone to come: "Come, without money and without price." One night several noted revivalists were secured, circulars were sent out, and when the night arrived the church was crowded.

At the close of the service a collection for the poor was taken. After the treasurer had counted the contents of the collection box carefully he rose sadly and whispered to the clergyman that the collection amounted to two dollars and twenty-three cents. Then Dr. Judson held up his left hand, as if delivering a benediction, and closed with these feeling remarks:

"My dear, beloved brethren—I thank you for coming to our religious feast. We have tried to reach the poor of New York and induce them to come to our church and break the bread of life. I infer from the amount of the collection just taken—two dollars and twenty cents—that they all have come."

"Arise and sing: 'I'm a sinner, poor and lowly, Striving for a Savior's love.'"

I have heard of poor and sad congregations, but the saddest preacher I ever knew went from Posey county, Indiana, to Pike county, Missouri (where John Hay discovered Little Breeches and Jim Bludso.) He was starving to death on donations of catfish, possum and a hundred-dollar salary. Finally he made up his mind to go away. With wet eyes he stood up in the prayer meeting to bid good-by to his weeping congregation.

"Brothers and sisters," he said, wiping his eyes on his red bandana handkerchief, "I've called you together tonight to say farewell. The Lord has called me to another place. I don't think the Lord loves this people much; for none of you seem to die. He doesn't seem to want you. And you don't seem to love each other; for I've never married any of you. And I don't think you love me; for you don't pay me my salary—and your donations are moldy fruits and wormy apples. 'By their fruit ye shall know them.'"

"And now, brothers and sisters, I am going to a better place. I've been appointed chaplain to the penitentiary at Joliet. 'Where I go ye cannot come, but I go to prepare a place for you.'"

—Eli Perkins in New York Tribune.

End of Bitter Fight.

"Two physicians had a long and stubborn fight with an abscess on my right lung," writes J. F. Hughes, of DuPont, Ga., "and gave me up. Everybody thought my time had come. As a last resort I tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. The benefit I received was striking and I was on my feet in a few days. Now I've entirely regained my health." It conquers all Coughs, Colds and Throat and Lung troubles. Guaranteed by Chas. Rogers' drug store. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

"Neglected colds make fat graveyards," Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup helps men and women to a happy, vigorous old age.

The beer that made Milwaukee famous—Schlitz—is always on draught at The Grotto. Otto Mikkelsen, proprietor.

Do you know MADAME?

PRODUCED AND GUARANTEED BY THE HELVETIA MILK CONDENSING CO. CHICAGO, ILL. OF EVAPORATED MILK

Out the Can and compare the quality of Economy Brand Evaporated Cream

with any of its imitations. Note the difference. See how smooth and appetizing our product is, owing to its heavy consistence, which keeps the butter fat equally distributed, in contrast with the cheap and thin imitations which allow the butter fat to rise and form unsightly clods.

MISCELLANEOUS BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FOR SALE—At Gaston's Feed and Sale Stable, one Colfax Roller Feed Mill; one 20-horsepower Motor and Starter Box; 80-foot 4-ply Rubber Belt; one pair Butchers' Wall Scales; also 800 good Sacks.

LADY bookkeeper wanted; state experience and salary expected. Address C. M., care of Astorian.

FOUND—A pair of eye glasses; owner can get same by applying at this office and proving property and paying for advertisement.

Standard portable and adjustable shower bath, finest made, price \$15. Only two screws to put in place. John A. Montgomery, tinner and plumber, 425 Bond street. Phone 1031.

WANTED—Experienced girl for general housework; must understand cooking. Wages, \$25; reference required. Address Mrs. M. G. Hall, Seaside, Ore.

Upper Astoria has a place where you can get a fine glass of beer, as good wines and liquors as you can find any place in the city. HARRY JONES, Opposite North Pacific Brewery.

WANTED—Girl for general housework; must be good cook. Wages, \$30; reference required. Address "S," care The Morning Astorian.

WOOD. WOOD. WOOD. Cord wood, mill wood, box wood, any kind of wood at lowest prices. Kelly, the transfer man. Phone 2211 Black, Barn on Twelfth, opposite opera house.

WANTED—Girl or middle aged woman for general housework. Enquire Bay View hotel.

PIANO TUNER. For good, reliable piano work see your local tuner, Th. Fredrickson. 2077 Bond street. Phone Red 2074.

First-class meal for 10c; nice cake, coffee, pie, or doughnuts, 5c. U. S. restaurant, 434 Bond street.

Lump Coal—Large Lumps—Ring up S. Elmore & Co., Main 1961, and order a ton of Ladysmith coal. They deliver it. Select lump coal.

BEST 15-CENT MEAL. You can always find the best 15-cent meal in the city at the Rising Sun restaurant, No. 612 Commercial street

JAPANESE GOODS. New stock of fancy goods just arrived at Yokohama Bazaar. Call and see the latest novelties from Japan.

Union made heating stoves, home manufactured and very stove perfect, at Montgomery's tin and plumbing store, 425 Bond street. Phone 1031.

WANTED — Energetic, trustworthy man or woman to work in Oregon, representing large manufacturing company. Salary \$50 to \$90 per month, paid weekly; expenses advanced. Address with stamp, J. H. Moore, Astoria, Ore.

Alderbrook Transfer Company—Baggage transferred and wood furnished. Orders received at Gaston's stable. Phone Main 1671. E. L. Geddes, Mgr.

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