

Mennen's Toilet Powder is the Shining Mark of Success



which every imitator aims at. But Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder remains imitable despite of all false boasts "as good as Mennen's."



Facsimile of Box. Have you tried Mennen's Violet Borated Talcum Toilet Powder? Ladies partial to violet perfume will find Mennen's Violet Talcum fragrant with the odor of fresh-plucked Parma violets.

GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO., Newark, N.J. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1249

BEAT THEIR CAPTORS.

Curious Contest That Occurred on a British Frigate.

ALL NIGHT BATTLE OF SONG.

The Crew of an American Privateer, Prisoners on Board the Leander, Outsang the English Tars—An Odd Incident of the War of 1812.

A curious defiance of captors by their prisoners was that of the crew of the American privateer Prince de Neuchatel when confined on board the British frigate Leander. Toward the close of the war of 1812 the frigate had captured the privateer easily enough and, taking her crew on board, gave them quarters in the cable tier, making them stay in those confined quarters among the spare cables from 4 o'clock every afternoon until 8 o'clock the next morning.

The captain of the Leander sent word that such concerts were not at all to his taste and must be stopped. This set the Yankees to singing louder than ever. Then the captain picked out six of the best singers in his crew and, joining a dozen more to them for the chorus, stationed them at the hatchway and ordered them to sing the Yankees down.

The British choir started in with a song descriptive of the capture of the Chesapeake by the Shannon. The Americans waited in silence until the British song of victory was ended and then burst forth with that grand old sea song, "The Constitution and the Guerriere," telling how

The first broadside we poured carried her mainmast by the board, Which made this lofty frigate look abandoned, oh!

Our second told so well that her fore and mizen fell, And we doused the royal ensign neat and handy, oh!

They fairly made the timbers of his majesty's frigate ring as with one mighty shout they ended with the line, "The Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, oh!"

To this the British singers retorted with a song composed in honor of the taking of the Wasp by the Polterers, and in return the Americans gave them "Bainbridge's Tid-Re-I," which tells how the Java was taken and has such pleasing little verses as:

For now, my hearts, we've played our parts; Proud John once more we've humbled, oh!

It may be said a bull he made On Yankee when he stumbled, oh! And if he comes to run his aunts We'll give proud John a beating, oh!

And so the battle of song went on until the British, running out of ballads celebrating their victories over Americans, began to sing "The Battle of the Nile," "Britannia Rule the Waves," etc. At this the Yankees cried out, "Not fair," and claimed the victory, as their songs of victory over the English had not begun to be exhausted.

Thereupon the British band of song withdrew, acknowledging their defeat, while the Americans continued their saengerfest with such roasting ballads as "The Yankee Man-of-War" and "When the Yankee Thunders Roll."

It was now past midnight, not a soul aboard the frigate had had a wink of sleep because of the hysterical concert, and the British captain determined to try another mode of overcoming the Americans. He ordered a file of marines, with loaded muskets, to the hatchway and shouted down to the singing sailors that if they did not stop their racket the marines would fire down into them.

"Fire away, my headies!" shouted back the elated Americans as they burrowed beneath the cables. "You may kill us, but you'll spoil your best bower cable in the doing of it."

The captain had seriously intended to shoot down among his prisoners. He thought better of it and withdrew the marines, whose departure was the signal for more cheers for the stars and stripes and the roaring out of another ballad abusive of the British.

All that night they sang, and surely old ocean never before or since saw the spectacle of a British frigate plunging through the waves, tan and trim and still in his majesty's service, while from her depths surge out over the dark sea choruses which defied the British power and sang of British defeats.

That captain was a pretty good sort of fellow. His name was Sir George Collier, and he deserves to be remembered. As things went in those days, if he had had his prisoners soundly flogged the next morning, he would not have been thought to have exercised undue severity. Most captains would have done at least that, even if they had not ordered the marines to fire into the cable tier. As it was, Sir George transferred the captive Americans to the first homeward bound British man-of-war he met and declared that, while he admired their spirit, as guests he considered them a trifle noisy.—Irving, King in No. York Press.

English Sunday Laws. The most absurd of British laws is undoubtedly that forbidding a man pursuing his trade on Sunday. Apart from the moral aspect of the case, this law is constantly broken, and the cases being reported form an excellent advertisement for the lawbreaker.—London Telegraph.

PROVE IT ANYTIME By the Evidence of the Astoria People.

The daily evidence citizens right here at home supply is proof sufficient to satisfy the greatest skeptic. No better proof can be had. Here is a case. Read it:

Mrs. Helen Lewis, of 52 Astor Street, Astoria, Ore., says: "Doan's Ointment proved its healing qualities several years ago when I used it and told in a published statement the great relief and cure I obtained from it. I used it for a breaking out around my mouth and lips which had troubled me for a number of years, despite all I could do to get rid of it. My lips would crack and become sore when cold weather set in, and this lasted until it got warm again. I was finally induced to try Doan's Ointment, procuring it at Charles Roger's drug store. In a short time after beginning to apply it I was cured of the annoyance, and have been entirely free from it since."

For sale by all Dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, Sole Agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Brasses and Bronzes of the Hindoos.

The brass and bronze trade is kept alive by the religious customs of the Hindoos, who are not allowed to use wooden and earthenware vessels freely, and brass and bronze are to them as important as glass and china to the westerners. Almost all Hindoo utensils are of brass, copper or bronze, and it is the custom to present the female portion of a Hindoo family with a valuable batterie de cuisine, made either of brass or copper, and a still existing Hindoo ceremony is that of carrying the utensils in a procession at the wedding. The result of this custom is that almost all the platters, trays, bowls, nutcrackers and all brass and copper utensils are most beautifully ornamented, and there are lovely combinations of brass and copper and silver and copper. All Hindoo women used to have lovely brass caskets covered with ornamentations called chelams, manufactured in Malabar, in which they kept their jewels, but these are fast being replaced by the vulgar English japanned dispatch box.

Dense, indeed.

Curate—I hear your husband has signed the pledge. Has he kept it to the letter? Parishoner—It wasn't a letter, sir; it were a card. Curate—I mean has he kept his pledge inviolate? Parishoner—No, sir; I've kept it in lavender in a drawer. Curate—I'm afraid you don't understand me. What I mean is—has he broken the pledge since he took it? Parishoner—He hasn't touched it, sir. I've kept it wrapped up in paper, and it's as good as new. Then the curate gave it up as hopeless.—London Express.

Why They Cried.

"I say, mamma," said little Flossie, "why did Mrs. Brown cry at the wedding today?" "Oh, because her dear daughter was getting married and leaving her." "And why did Mrs. Jones cry?" "Oh, because her dear son has left her." "I see. And why did Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Simpson cry?" "Oh, because they have ever so many daughters to get married and no sign of any of them going off."—Pearson's Weekly.

Its virtues have been established for many years, and thousands of people have been made happy by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea of Table's. Frank Hart's.

Mr. S. L. Bowen, of Wayne, W. Va., writes: "I was a sufferer from kidney disease, so that at times I could not get out of bed, and when I did, I could not stand straight. I took Foley's Kidney Cure. One dollar bottle and part of the second cured me entirely." Foley's Kidney Cure works wonders where others are total failures. T. F. Laurin.

Gently moves the bowels and at the same time stops the cough. Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup. Contains Honey and Tar. No opiates. Best for Coughs, colds, croup, and whooping cough. Satisfaction guaranteed. Children like it. Mothers endorse it. Sold by Frank Hart's Drug Store.

The Price of Health.

"The price of health in a malarious district is just 25 cents; the cost of a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes Ella Slayton of Nolan, Ark. New Life Pills cleanse gently and impart new life and vigor to the system. 25c. Satisfaction guaranteed at Chas. Rogers, Druggist.

Bitten By A Spider.

Through blood poisoning caused by a spider bite, John Washington, of Bosqueville, Texas, would have lost his leg, which became a mass of running sores, had he not been persuaded to try Bucklen's Arnica Salve. He writes: "The first application relieved, and four boxes healed all the sores." Heals every sore. 25c. at Chas. Rogers, Druggist.

Advertisement for Beecham's Pills, showing 'Before Taking' and 'After Taking' results. Includes text: 'Beecham's Pills, the man or woman who is disturbed by indigestion, sluggish bowels, biliousness, sick headache, bad blood, dizziness, or loss of sleep is in a bad way.'

Advertisement for STEEL & EWART ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS. In Business for Business and Your Satisfaction. We make it our aim to do first class work at reasonable prices. 222 Twelfth Street. Next to the Astoria Theatre.

Advertisement for BIG REDUCTIONS ON Wall Paper 30 PER CENT OFF. On account of the large new spring stock coming and to make room in our store we offer 30 per cent off for the next few days. Buy your wall paper now while it is cheap. Eastern Painting & Decorating Company. Commercial Street, near Eighth.

Advertisement for Ten Men Wanted. At Columbia Mills, Knappton. Wages \$2.25 per day. Board, \$15 per month.

Advertisement for ASTORIA IRON WORKS. JOHN FOX, Pres. F. L. BISHOP, Secretary. Nelson Troyer, Vice-Pres. and Supt. ASTORIA SAVINGS BANK, Treas. Designers and Manufacturers of THE LATEST IMPROVED Canning Machinery, Marine Engines and Boilers. Complete Cannery Outfits Furnished. SPONSORSHIP SOLICITED. Foot of Fourth Street.

Advertisement for Astoria Savings Bank. J. Q. A. BOWLBY, President. FRANK PATTON, Cashier. O. I. PETERSON, Vice-President. J. W. GARNER, Assistant Cashier. Capital Paid in \$100,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits \$65,000. Transacts a General Banking Business. Interest Paid on Time Deposits. 100 Tenth Street, ASTORIA, OREGON.

PUBLIC WARNING. We shall not be responsible if any person takes any but the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs and colds. THIS MAY INTEREST YOU. No one is immune from kidney trouble, so just remember that Foley's Kidney Cure will stop the irregularities and cure any case of kidney and bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

Advertisement for Come See Our Enamelware! To the housewife: If you wish anything in white-ware, Enamelware, both in gray and green, we can please you with our excellent line. Tinware in Japaned or plain is excellent ware—now on display—see our window. Everything for the home at reasonable prices.

Advertisement for The Foard & Stokes Hardware Co., Inc. Successors to Foard & Stokes Co.

Advertisement for Trout Fishing! The season is now "Full On" and we are "Full On" with all its requirements. A better line of Poles, Flies, Lines, Baskets, never saw the light of day. Poles from 10c to \$10 each. All grades of supplies. See the Show Window. E. A. HIGGINS CO., MUSIC BOOKS STATIONERY.

Advertisement for THE TRENTON First-Class Liquors and Cigars. 602 Commercial Street. Corner Commercial and 14th. Astoria, Oregon.

Advertisement for First National Bank of Astoria, Ore. ESTABLISHED 1886. Capital \$100,000.

Advertisement for PARKER HOUSE EUROPEAN PLAN. First Class in Every Respect. Free Coach to the House. Bar and Billiard Room. Good Check Restaurant. Astoria, Oregon. Good Sample Rooms on Ground Floor for Commercial Men.

Advertisement for Sherman Transfer Co. HENRY SHERMAN, Manager. Hacks, Carriages—Baggage Checked and Transferred—Trucks and Furniture Wagons—Pianos Moved, Boxed and Shipped. 433 Commercial Street. Main Phone 121.