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I have re-opened this well-known Bakery, and am now prepared to supply everybody with Bread, Pies and Cakes. Also all kinds of Staple and Fancy Groceries.

**GEORGE RUCH Pioneer Grocer.**

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DEALERS IN All kinds of Funeral Supplies

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The Dalles, Or.

# Wasco Warehouse Milling Co.,

Headquarters for Seed Grain of all kinds.  
Headquarters for Feed Grain of all kinds.  
Headquarters for Rolled Grain, all kinds.  
Headquarters for Bran, Shorts, and all kinds of MILL FEED.  
Headquarters for "Byers' Best" Pendleton Flour. This Flour is manufactured expressly for family use; every sack is guaranteed to give satisfaction. We sell our goods lower than any house in the trade, and if you don't think so call and get our price and be convinced.

Highest Prices Paid for Wheat, Barley and Oats.

# G. J. STUBLING,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

# Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Family Orders will receive prompt attention.

Next door to First National Bank.

THE DALLES, OREGON.

# F. S. GUNNING,

Blacksmith, Horseshoer and Wagon-maker.

DEALER IN

Iron, Steel, Wheels, Axles, Springs and Blacksmith Supplies

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# THE "OWL"

J. E. FALT, Prop.

Purest Liquors for Family Use

Delivered to any part of the City.

Phones: 51 Local, 858 Long Distance. 173 Second Street.

## THE CELEBRATED

# ..COLUMBIA BREWERY..

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Of the product of this well-known brewery the United States Health Reports for June 28, 1900, says: "A more superior brew never entered the laboratory of the United States Health reports. It is absolutely devoid of the slightest trace of adulteration, but on the other hand is composed of the best of malt and choicest of hops. Its tonic qualities are of the highest and it can be used with the greatest benefit and satisfaction by old and young. Its use can conscientiously be prescribed by the physicians with the certainty that a better, purer or more wholesome beverage could not possibly be found."

Next Second Street, THE DALLES, OREGON.

**Take them to-day and you'll be well to-morrow!**  
**Baldwin's Cold Cure Tablet No 23B (sold in head) No Cure No Pay 25c**  
Send for Free Sample and Medical Manual Baldwin San Francisco  
Sold by Clarke & Falk, The Dalles, Or.

**Kodol Dyspepsia Cure**  
Digests what you eat.  
It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion.  
Price 50c and \$1. Largest size contains 96 times smaller size. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free. Prepared by E. G. DSWITT & CO., Chicago  
Sold at Clarke & Falk's Pharmacy.

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A handiwork illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newspapers.  
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**KIDNEY DISEASES** are the most fatal of all diseases.  
**FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE** is a Guaranteed Remedy or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles.  
PRICE 50c and \$1.00.

**DISSOLUTION NOTICE.**  
Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned that the partnership heretofore existing between E. P. Ash and R. Black, under the firm name of Black & Ash, at Cascade Locks, Oregon, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The said R. Black retiring from said partnership, and the said E. P. Ash will continue the business heretofore carried on by the said firm and will pay all partnership debts.  
Dated this 16th day of November, 1901.  
R. BLACK and E. P. ASH.  
n19

**TAKEN UP.**  
Came to my place at Fairfield school house, about Nov. 21st last, a black saddle horse, about 17 or 18 years old; branded J. E. E. (or J. E. F.) on left shoulder; weight about 1000 pounds. Owner can have the animal by proving property and paying all charges.  
G. A. HARTH, The Dalles, Or.  
d11-1m

**ESTRAY NOTICE.**  
A grey horse branded JP (connected) on the hip and shoulder came to my place about six months ago. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this notice and other costs.  
E. P. KOONTZ, Five Mile.  
d9 1m  
Clubbing Rates Extraordinary.

Will further notice subscribers to the **WEEKLY CHRONICLE** can have the **Youth's Companion** and **THE CHRONICLE** one year for \$2 50, which is just 75 cents more than the price of the **Youth's Companion** alone. Or they can have **THE CHRONICLE** and the **Weekly Oregonian** for \$2, which is just 50 cents more than the price of the **Oregonian** alone. Or they can have **THE CHRONICLE** and the **New York Tribune** for \$1.50, which is the price of the **Chronicle** alone. All subscriptions under these offers must be paid in advance. n15-wly

**DARE TO TRY.**  
Dare to try! What though a thousand critics wait To cavil at the thing you do? Have courage—grasp upon the great Names written high— And know that they had critics, too. Whose glory men acknowledge now— Had Colon harbored in his breast Dread of the critic's scorn his brow Had ne'er been pointed to the west.  
Dare to try! Not one immortal line or word Of Hamlet would enrich our tongue. And no man ever would have heard The bitter cry  
From Lear's poor, bleeding bosom wrung Had he that touched-but to adorn Sat down in dread of critics who Forever wait to laugh to scorn The things that other people do.—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

**BECAUSE OF A BOX OF TOOLS**  
BY JANE ELLIS JOY.

The sign in the window, "Furniture Neatly Repaired," was all that distinguished Max Hombach's home and place of business from the other narrow-fronted tenement houses in the row.  
While Mr. Hombach's shop on the ground floor was full of odds and ends suggesting his occupation, books, newspapers and certain of the magazines indicated that the man of the glue-pot and hammer was a man of some mental culture.  
Evidently the magnetic influence of Mr. Hombach was considerable; many were the friends and admirers that called to see him in order to hear his "views" on the questions of the day.  
In summer time the talk was carried on at the front door steps; but during the cold weather the little meetings took place in the work room, where Mr. Hombach's ringing voice not infrequently kept the tenants of the house, as well as those in the houses adjoining, awake until midnight.

Of course Mr. Hombach was a nuisance, but his neighbors bore with him on account of the little boy whom he had adopted. "Max must have a good heart," they reasoned, "to take in a strange child and be so kind to him."  
Little Randolph Hombach was the waif of a steamboat disaster of some ten years ago. Max, then about 30 years of age, had been one of the passengers. In the panic a baby was handed to him to save. The mother never reached shore. Failing to find any relatives for the child, the man, who had no relatives of his own, concluded to keep it.  
At present Mr. Hombach was at work mending a broken table. The fierce frown on his forehead indicated that he was also occupied with some mental problem. When, presently, he heard the sound of light footsteps in the hall, the frown disappeared.

The boy was coming home from school. He stopped a few moments to talk to a woman in the entry; then he came into the workroom with his customary: "Hello, father," adding: "Miss Elizabeth Bradley wants the loan of your chisel. May I take it up to her now?"  
Mr. Hombach started as if he had been struck, his countenance changing with the quickness of lightning. Although generous to a fault, he had drawn the line of generosity and neighborliness at his tool box, the contents of which were almost sacred in his eyes.

"Lend my chisel—to a woman! A woman! As if a woman could touch a tool without spoiling it! My gracious, Randolph, do you think I am mad?"  
"Haven't you an old chisel some-where, father?" asked the boy. "I don't like to tell Miss Elizabeth that you won't lend her a tool because she's a woman. She can't help that."  
Mr. Hombach threw back his bushy head, while a smile that he tried to hide shot out of his eyes. Nervous and tempestuous in manner himself, of all things he admired calmness in others. Randolph's quiet dignity quite delighted him.

"The boy is a diplomat," he thought to himself. "What a cool head! Ah, some day he will sit with the great men of the world. Well, I guess you may take that chisel to Miss Bradley," he said, presently, and began to work.  
Miss Elizabeth Bradley, who was a dressmaker in a small way, lived in the back wing of the second floor of the house. She might have been 30 or 35. She did not look old, but was still not what would be called "a young lady." Randolph felt that he would not have liked her so well if that title had fitted her exactly.  
"Thank you," she said, admitting the little Bismarck into her apartment. She was trying with some ill-assorted tools to make a cabinet out of a grocery box. The boy looked on the work with interest, and the two began chatting.  
Perhaps few things in Miss Bradley's monotonous life gave her so much pleasure as listening to Randolph's talk about the discussions that were carried on nightly downstairs. He was still so small and childish-looking that the suet

phrases he repeated so glibly savored to her of "cuteness." She liked to "draw him out," as she said, and frequently asked what "pa" thought about this or that.  
"Well, I guess your pa's got lots of nice sensible ideas," she remarked as a rejoinder to Randolph's elucidation of what his father believed in regard to "territorial expansion."

Miss Elizabeth herself did not know what the term meant, but she had some excellent ideas about making gingerbread. She had a fragrant loaf of it on hand, and she stopped working to cut a large slice, which she brought to Randolph on one of her prettiest china plates.  
The thought returned to the boy mind that Miss Elizabeth was very much nicer than any younger lady. One could be quite comfortable beside her; she had no "airs;" she wasn't "giddy;" she didn't tease and make fun of boys as young girls did. If fate had provided him with a mother instead of a father, he felt he would have liked a mother like Miss Elizabeth Bradley.

Here, however, the object of his thoughts interrupted.  
"I doubt I'll have to trouble you again, Randolph," she said. "Please take the chisel back to your pa with my compliments, and bring me up a little saw. Mine is so big and clumsy that I can't manage it."  
"Certainly, Miss Elizabeth, I'll ask him," responded Randolph, with some misgivings as to what would be the outcome of this second appeal for the loan of a tool.

It did not promise well for the success of his errand that, going downstairs, he heard his father arguing vehemently with a man in the workshop. He waited outside until the man had gone. But Mr. Hombach, pursuing a habit he sometimes indulged in, continued to demolish the argument of his vanished opponent.  
"You are wrong," he vociferated; "the present need of the country—"  
"Father," interrupted a clear, be-seeing voice, "Miss Elizabeth Bradley—"

But Mr. Hombach was too deeply stirred to heed or even to notice the boy. "Your argument is based on an exploded theory! You don't know—"  
Randolph was obliged to wait until the argument was concluded. Then he said, speaking very earnestly, in his clear, boyish tones:  
"Miss Elizabeth thanks you for the chisel, father. Here it is. See, it isn't spoiled. She's a very nice, careful lady, Miss Elizabeth is. She needs a little saw very badly; hers is an old, rusty one, and it won't work."  
"What! What's that!" exclaimed Mr. Hombach, raising his black brows with a fresh start of horror. "Does the woman want a saw now? I was a fool—a fool! I might have known I was only making trouble for myself! Bah!" His disgust turned to severe irony. "Maybe the woman would like the tool box!"

"Miss Elizabeth is going to give me a slip off her pink geranium," said Randolph.  
Mr. Hombach granted unwillingly, and the frown deepened between his eyes.

"Will you not lend the saw, father?" pleaded the boy.  
"No," said Mr. Hombach.  
The tool box stood on the work bench in sight of both. On top was just such a saw as Miss Bradley wanted. Randolph looked at the narrow, gleaming blade anxiously, then at his father. "How is Miss Elizabeth to finish her work?" he asked.

Mr. Hombach shook his bushy hair impatiently. "I cannot lend tools! No, no! The woman has no sense! My tools are my friends! Who ever heard of lending a friend?"  
Randolph's countenance fell; but in a moment he brightened with a new thought.  
"O, father," he gasped out with breathless eagerness to test the availability of his idea, "couldn't you take the saw upstairs yourself and do the work for Miss Elizabeth—for the sake of the saw, you know?"

Mr. Hombach's brows went up again, and he ran his fingers through his thick, upstanding hair as if the idea was difficult of comprehension.  
"Sure enough, Randolph," he said in an altered tone, his combative spirit all gone. "How absurd of me not to have thought of that! Yes, yes, of course, that is the only sensible thing to do, and it will take only a few moments."  
To himself he continued as he went upstairs with his tool box: "That little Randolph of mine is no common boy. Whoever he is, there is the blood of a statesman in his veins. He'll make his mark in the world."

Miss Elizabeth Bradley did not ask for the loan of any more tools. As the weeks passed Randolph noticed that his father went upstairs to chat with her now and then, to the great disappointment of the men who called every evening to discuss politics, and to the relief of the neighbors who wanted to sleep.  
"I guess there's something in the wind," gossiped Mrs. Marary of the second floor front to her neighbor of the hall room.  
"O, it's all settled; she's makin' the weddin' dress," came the reply; "and I'm right glad, it's so suitable all 'round. It ain't right for a man and a boy to be eatin' at a rest'rant day

in and day out. The only wonder in they didn't make a match of it long ago."—Boston Globe.

New Under the Doones.  
They were lodging in a Highland cottage, and their cupboard was well stocked with good after-dinner wines.  
One day the sherry bottle was found uncorked, and on the following day it had again been "tapped." They determined to set a trap.  
Brown had some hair wash of a yellowish color, and with this the sherry was soon diluted. Notwithstanding this, the "wine" grew less day by day, and at last the bottle was empty. Then the lodgers chuckled, and prepared to interview the landlady.  
"I am sorry to complain," said Brown to her, "but surely the empty state of the bottle requires some explanation."  
"Well, sir," said the good wife, "it's easy enough explained. The gentleman who was here before you ay liked a glass o' sherry in his soup, and so I've just been gleam' you a glass in yours."—London Answers.

Another ridiculous food fad has been endorsed by the most competent authorities. They have dispelled the silly notion that one kind of food is needed for brain, another for muscles, and still another for bones. A correct diet will not only nourish a particular part of the body, but it will sustain every other part. Yet, however good your food may be, its nutrition is destroyed by indigestion or dyspepsia. You must prepare for their appearance or prevent their coming by taking regular doses of Green's August Flower, the favorite medicine of the healthy millions. A few doses aids digestion, stimulates the liver to healthy action, purifies the blood, and makes you feel buoyant and vigorous. You can get Dr. G. C. Green's reliable remedies at Blakeley's drug store. Get Green's Special Almanac!

An Evangelist's Story.  
"I suffered for years with bronchial or lung trouble and tried various remedies but did not obtain permanent relief until I commenced using One Minute Cough Cure," writes Rev. James Kirkman, evangelist of Belle River, Ill. "I have no hesitation in recommending it to all sufferers from maladies of this kind." One Minute Cough Cure affords immediate relief for coughs, colds and all kinds of throat and lung troubles. For croup it is unequalled. Absolutely safe. Very pleasant to take, never fails and is really a favorite with the children. They like it. Clarke & Falk's P. O. Pharmacy.

Saved His Life.  
"I wish to say that I owe my life to Kodol Dyspepsia Cure," writes H. C. Christenson of Hayfield, Minn. "For three years I was troubled with dyspepsia so that I could hold nothing on my stomach. Many times I would be unable to retain a morsel of food. Finally I was confined to my bed. Doctors said I could not live. I read one of your advertisements on Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and thought it fit my case and commenced its use. I began to improve from the first bottle. Now I am cured and recommend it to all." Digest your food. Cures all stomach troubles. Clarke & Falk's P. O. Pharmacy.

Played Out.  
Dull Headache, Pains in various parts of the body, Sinking at the pit of the stomach, Loss of appetite, Feverishness, Pimples or Sores are all positive evidences of impure blood. No matter how it became so it must be purified in order to obtain good health. Acher's Blood Elixir has never failed to cure Scrofulous or Syphilitic poisons or any other blood diseases. It is certainly a wonderful remedy and we sell every bottle on a positive guarantee. Blakeley, the druggist.

Change of Headquarters.  
The headquarters of The Dalles and Shaniko stage line is now at the Columbia Hotel. Stage leaves there for Shaniko every morning, except Sunday, at 6 o'clock. Passenger rate to Shaniko 60¢. 20a-tf J. M. TOOMBY, Agent.

Don't Let Them Suffer.  
Often children are tortured with itching and burning eczema and other skin diseases but Huskin's Arnica Salve heals the raw sores, expels inflammation, leaves the skin without a scar. Clean, fragrant, cheap, there's no salve on earth as good. Try it. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c at G. O. Blakeley's drugstore. 4

Food Chopped to Pieces.  
Pretzeling food in the intestines produces effects like those of arsenic, but Dr. King's New Life Pills expel the poisons from clogged bowels, gently, easily but surely, curing Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Fevers, all Liver, Kidney and Bowel troubles. Only 25c at G. O. Blakeley's drug store. 4  
If you want to retain your hair you have to keep your scalp clean. Soap will make your hair harsh, dry and brittle. Now we have two of the purest preparations for shampooing the scalp—Keg and Pine Tar Shampoo. It will leave your hair soft and glossy. Price, 25c and 50c a bottle, at Freeman's barber shop, The Dalles.  
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