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- Macaroni, Spaghetti, 5 lb. box..... 55c
- Log Cabin Syrup... qt. 45c, large size 90c
- Crisco, ... small 55c, med. \$1.00, large \$2.00
- Hershey's Cocoa, 1-2 pounds..... 25c
- Guitard's Pure Ground Chocolate, 1 lb. can..... 30c
- None Such Mince Meat, 2 packages..... 25c
- Potatoes, cut..... \$1.25
- Toilet Paper, 4 rolls..... 25c
- Peanut Butter, in jars..... pint 30c, quart 50c
- Peanut Butter, bulk, pound..... 20c
- Onion Sets, 2 pounds..... 25c
- Palace Car Jam, 16 oz. jar..... 25c
- Palace Car Jelly, glass..... 15c
- Monopole and Sailer's Catsup, bottle..... 25c
- Monopole Jelly Powder, 3 packages..... 25c
- A. B. Napha Soap, 4 bars..... 25c
- Bob White Soap, 5 bars..... 25c
- Ivory Soap, 4 bars..... 25c
- Matches, box..... 5c
- Evaporated Peaches, pound..... 15c
- Evaporated Prunes, pound..... 10c and 15c

IT PAYS TO PAY CASH AT CONROY'S

## "OVER THERE"

### The Thrill and the Hell of the Trenches, Described by an American Boy SERGEANT McCLINTOCK

Sergeant Alexander McClintock of Lexington, Ky., and the Canadian Army Has Grippingly Told That Every American Will Read for Its Facts—Unarmed, Wounded, a Distinguished Conduct Medal Man, He Was Invalided Home, But Is Going "Out There" Again to Fight For Uncle Sam and His Allies. An Inspiring, Interesting, Personal Narrative, Full of the Spirit and Atmosphere of the Trenches.

(Continued from Saturday.)

There were reasons, of course, for the difference between conditions in Belgium and on the Somme. On the Somme we were constantly preparing for a new advance, and we were only temporarily established on ground which we had but recently taken after long drumming with big guns. The trenches were merely shell holes connected by ditches. Our old and ubiquitous and variously useful friend, the sandbag, was not present in any capacity, and therefore we had no parapets or dugouts. The communication trenches were all blown in, and everything had to come to us overland, with the result that we never were quite sure when we would get ammunition, rations or relief forces. The most awful thing was that the soil all about us was filled with freshly buried men. If we undertook to cut a trench or enlarge a funk hole our spades struck into human flesh and the explosion of a big shell along our line sent decomposed and dismembered and sickening mementoes of an earlier fight showering among us. We lived in the muck and stench of "glorious" war, those of us who lived.

The German Dugout—and What They Found.

Here and there along this line were the abandoned dugouts of the Germans, and we made what use of them we could, but that was little. I had orders one day to locate a dugout and prepare it for use as battalion headquarters. When I led a squad in to clean it up the odor was so overpowering that we had to put on our gas masks. On entering we first saw two dead nurses with our ghastly flashlights, one standing with her arm around a post, just as she had stood when gas or concussion killed her. Seated at a table in the middle of the place was the body of an old general of the German medical corps, his head fallen between his hands. The task of cleaning up was too dreadful for us. We just tossed in four or five fumite bombs and beat it out of there. A few hours later we went into the sealed and empty cavern, made the roof safe with new timbers and notified battalion headquarters that the place could be occupied.

During this time I witnessed a scene which, with some others, I shall never forget. An old chaplain of the Canadian forces came to our trench section seeking the grave of his son, which had been marked for him on a rude map by an officer who had seen the young man's burial. We managed to find the spot, and at the old chaplain's request we exhumed the body. Some of us suggested to him that he give us the identification marks and retire out of range of the shells which were bursting all around us. We argued that it was unwise for him to remain in danger, but what he really intended was that he should be saved the horror of seeing the pitiful thing which our spades were about to uncover.

"I shall remain," was all he said. "He was my boy."

It proved that we had found the right body. One of our men tried to clear the features with his handkerchief, but ended by spreading the handkerchief over the face. The old chaplain stood beside the body and

their work paying no attention to the flying death about them.

"If Fritz has a shell with your name and number on it," said a British Tommy to me one day, "you're going to get it, whether you're in the front line or seven miles back; if he hasn't, you're all right."

Fine fighters all. And the Scotch kilties, lovingly called by the Germans "the women from hell," have the respect of all armies. We saw little of the police, except a few on leave. All the men are self-sacrificing to one another in that big melting pot from which so few ever emerge whole. The only things it is legitimate to steal in the code of the trenches are rum and "fags" (cigarettes). Every other possession is as safe as if it wore a patent lock.

### No. 5 WOUNDED IN ACTION

By Sergeant Alexander McClintock, D. C. M., 57th Overseas Bait, Canadian Gren. Guards

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Sergeant McClintock, an American boy of Lexington, Ky., has been serving in France, was decorated for bravery, wounded and invalided home. He is telling his story, a thrilling one, and this is the fifth article of the series. In the preceding ones he described how he reached the front, fighting in Belgium, and then the great preparations for the Somme battle. In this installment he tells of conditions and describes first hand the fighting in that greatest of all battles.

OUR high command apparently meant to make a sure thing of the general assault upon the Regina trench, in which we were to participate. Three times the order to "go over the top" was countermanded. The assault was first planned for Oct. 19. Then the date was changed to the 20th. Finally, at 12:10 noon of Oct. 21, we went. It was the first general assault we had taken part in, and we were in a highly nervous state. I'll admit that.

It seemed almost certain death to start over in broad daylight, yet, as it turned out, the crossing of No Man's Land was accomplished rather more easily than on our night raids. Our battalion was on the extreme right of the line, and that added materially to our difficulties, first by compelling us to advance through mud so deep that some of our men sank to their hips in it, and second, by giving us the hottest little spot in France to hold later.

I was in charge of the second "wave," or assault line. This is called the "mopping up" wave, because the business of the men composing it is thoroughly to bomb out a position crossed by the first wave, to capture or kill all of the enemy remaining and to put the trench in a condition to be defended against a counterattack by reversing the fire steps and throwing up parapets.

Our artillery had given the Germans such a battering and the curtain fire which our guns dropped just thirty to forty yards ahead of us was so powerful that we lost comparatively few men going over—only those who were knocked down by shells which the Germans landed among us through our barrage. They never caught us with their machine gun sweeping until we neared their trenches. Then a good many of our men began to drop, but we were in their front trench before they could cut us up anywhere near completely. Going over I was struck by shell fragments on the hand and leg, but the wounds were not severe enough to stop me. In fact, I did not know that I had been wounded until



His Voice Rose Amid the Noise of Bursting Shells.

removed his trench helmet, bearing his gray head to a drizzle of rain that was falling. Then while we stood by silently his voice rose amid the noise of bursting shells, repeating the burial service of the Church of England. I have never been so impressed by anything in my life as by that scene.

The dead man was a young captain. He had been married to a lady of Baltimore just before the outbreak of the war.



It Seemed Almost Certain Death to

## At The MOTION PICTURE THEATRES

Pastime Sunday and Monday  
The Pastime has secured for Sunday and Monday a pleasing picture from the Perfection studio. Shirley Mason is featured in "Cy Whittaker's Ward" a drama of love and retribution. Miss Mason who last appeared in Pendleton at the Alta theatre in "The Apple Tree Girl" won a host of admirers and doubtless the majority who witnessed the Apple Tree Girl will want to see her in her latest picture "Cy Whittaker's Ward." In addition will be shown the Universal weekly newsy pictorial magazine of world wide events including views of our boys over across the pond.

In this new photoplay, Miss Storey is able to do all the athletic stunts which she enjoys. She makes a thrilling escape on horse-back, and being pursued by a man in a row boat when she rides across a stream, she has a terrific struggle in mid-stream with her pursuer. In other scenes she shows her ability with a gun when, with the aid of a few men, she defends the historic "House in the Mist" from a host of half-crazed Virginia mountaineers. "The Eyes of Mystery" is replete with thrills.

### EDITH STOREY LAKES ATHLETIC ROLES

Edith Storey, the star of the Metro picture, "The Eyes of Mystery," which will be the attraction at the Arcade theatre on Sunday and Monday, delights in playing athletic roles on the screen.

"I feel that my role of Carmichael in 'The Eyes of Mystery,' is very well suited to me," said Miss Storey in an interview. "I just love the type of role that gives me opportunities to wear 'sport' clothing and to be a real red-blooded athletic girl who rides, swims and shoots. I love the great outdoors which develops the girl of individuality and 'go-to-it-liveness.'"

### 'Start Over in Daylight'

I felt blood running into my shoe. Then I discovered the cut in my leg, but saw that it was quite shallow and that no artery of importance had been damaged. So I went on.

I had the familiar feeling of nervousness and physical shrinking and nausea at the beginning of this fight, but by the time we were halfway across No Man's Land I had my nerve back. After I had been hit I remember feeling relieved that I hadn't been hurt enough to keep me from going on with the men. I'm not trying to make myself out a hero. I'm just trying to tell you how an ordinary man's mind works under the stress of fighting and the danger of sudden death. There are some queer things in the psychology of battle. For instance, when we had got into the German trench and were holding it against the most vigorous counterattacks the thought which was persistently uppermost in my mind was that I had lost the address of a girl in London along with some papers which I had thrown away just before we started over and which I should certainly never be able to find again.

### Held Regina Trench at Last.

The Regina trench had been taken and lost three times by the British. We took it that day and held it. We went into action with 1,500 men of all ranks and came out with 600.

I have said that because we were on the extreme right of the line we had the hottest little spot in France to hold for awhile. You see, we had to institute a double defensive, as we had the Germans on our front and on our flank, the whole length of the trench to the right of us being still held by the Germans. There we had to form a "block," massing our bombers behind a barricade which was only fifteen yards from the barricade behind which the Germans were fighting. Our flank and the German flank were in contact as they are that of two live ends. And meanwhile the Brits tried to rush us on our front with nine separate counterattacks. Only one of them got up close to us, and we went out and stopped that with the bayonet. Behind our block barricade there was the nearest approach to an actual fighting hell that I had seen.

(To be continued Wednesday.)

### City May Buy Water Works

RENO, N. H., March 23.—Bonding the city to purchase the local water works system is a question before the voters at today's special election. If the issue carries, it is expected the transfer will be made about July 1.

### BETTER THAN CALOMEL

Thousands Have Discovered Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a Harmless Substitute.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—the substitute for calomel—are a mild but sure laxative, and their effect on the liver is almost instantaneous. They are the result of Dr. Edwards' determination not to treat liver and bowel complaints with calomel. His efforts to banish it brought out these little olive-colored tablets. These pleasant little tablets do the good that calomel does, but have no bad after effects. They don't injure the teeth like strong liquids or calomel. They take hold of the trouble and quickly correct it. Why cure the liver at the expense of the teeth? Calomel sometimes plays havoc with the gums. So do strong liquids. It is best not to take calomel, but to let Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets take its place. Most headaches, "dullness" and that lary feeling come from constipation and a disordered liver. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets when you feel "loggy" and "heavy." Note how they "clear" clouded brain and how they "perk up" the spirits 10c and 25c a box. All druggists.

# ALTA Today



## The Eyes of Mystery

WHERE HEARTS BEAT HIGH AND LOVE IS KING

ALTA SCREEN TELEGRAM.  
Late War News  
BRAY PICTOGRAPH  
VAUDEVILLE  
THORNTON SISTERS  
In Bits of Harmony.  
HOWE & BARLOW  
Comedy Novelty.

# Arcade Today



## Marguerite Clark in "The Seven Swans"

# PASTIME Today



## Shirley Mason in "Cy Whittaker's Ward"

### DOCTOR URGED AN OPERATION

Instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and Was Cured.

Baltimore, Md.—"Nearly four years I suffered from organic troubles, nervousness and headaches and every month would have to stay in bed most of the time. Treatment was persistently unperformed in my mind was that I had lost the address of a girl in London along with some papers which I had thrown away just before we started over and which I should certainly never be able to find again."

It is only natural for any woman to dread the thought of an operation. So many women have been restored to health by this famous remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after an operation has been advised that it will pay any woman who suffers from such ailments to consider trying it before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

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- HOT TAMALES CHILLI CON CARNE SPANISH STYLE.
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