

TURKEYS
Have you any Turkeys to sell for Thanksgiving?
Have you Ducks to sell?
Have you Geese to sell? How many?
Have you Chickens to sell? How many?
Get into communication with us at once.
Address
FRANK L. SMITH MEAT CO.
"Fighting the Beef Trust"
PORTLAND, OREGON

Dr. B. E. Wright
Have your teeth out and plate and bridge work done. For out-of-town patrons we finish plate and bridge work in one day if necessary.
PRICES:
Metal Crowns, \$5.00
22K Bridge Teeth, \$3.50
Gold Fillings, \$1.00
Enamel Fillings, \$1.00
Silver Fillings, \$1.00
Good Rubber Plates, \$5.00
Best Gold Rubber, \$7.50
Painless Extraction, 50c
BEST METHODS
Painless Extraction Free when plates or bridge work is ordered. Consultation Free. You cannot get better painless work anywhere, no matter how much you pay.
All Work Fully Guaranteed for Fifteen Years
Dr. B. E. Wright Co.
342 1/2 Washington St.,
Portland, Oregon
Take car or depot and transfer to Washington St.

Dr. B. E. Wright Co.
342 1/2 Washington St.,
Portland, Oregon
Keeping Young and Well.
Here is a receipt for keeping young and well: Find an occupation and love it with all your heart. Think kindly of and act justly toward those by whom you are surrounded. This receipt, if followed, will insure a good digestion, sound health, and never fails to make a woman of forty-five look and feel fifteen years younger.
WHY suffer with eye troubles, quick relief from using **DR. WRIGHT'S EYE SALVE** 25c. All drug stores or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.
Glory in Doing One's Best.
The reason so many people are not contented and happy in their work is because they do not do their best at it. Never be satisfied with second bests.

RHEUMATISM
IT WILL CURE
Get a 25-cent vial. If it fails to cure I will refund your money. Munyon's, Phila.
MUNYON'S RHEUMATISM CURE
CUT RATE MUSIC HOUSE
STRING AND BAND INSTRUMENTS
All Sheet Music 10c. Mail orders carefully attended to.
SMITH & STOREY
127 Fifth St., Portland, Or.
"FILL YOUR OWN TEETH"
FILL-O
If you have aching teeth or cavities and you are too nervous for the dental chair, try **FILL-O**, the home dentist. At drug stores or by mail 25c.
FILL-O MFG. CO., 351 Empire Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
Blumauer-Frank Drug Co., distributors for Oregon

GOLDEN WEST
COFFEE
TEA SPICES
BAKING POWDER
EXTRACTS
JUST RIGHT
AT ALL WELLS
CLOSET & DEVER'S
PORTLAND, ORE.

Golden Rod
QUALITY
ACME MILK CO.
QUALITY

THE BUSY WORLD WEARS
W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3, \$3.50 & \$4 SHOES FOR MEN
BOYS' SHOES, \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00
W. L. Douglas \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes are positively the best made and most popular shoes for the price in America, and are the most economical shoes for you to buy.
Do you realize that my shoes have been the standard for over 30 years, that I make and sell more \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the United States, and that I sell for Dollars, I guarantee my shoes to hold their shape, look and fit better, and wear longer than any other \$3.00, \$3.50 or \$4.00 shoes you can buy? Quality counts, and quality has made my shoes what they are—The Leaders of the World.
You will be pleased when you buy my shoes because of the fit and appearance, and when it comes time for you to purchase another pair, you will be more than pleased because the last one wore so well, and gave you so much comfort.
CAUTION! Some gamblers without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom, TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalogue.
W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spurr Street, Brockton, Mass.

BY THE PINE TREE
By TEMPLE BAILEY
(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

At the foot of the pine tree the cousins made their compact.
"Neither of us shall ask Corinne to marry us until we have \$1,200 a year."
"In the forest that would be riches," Maurice, the younger, said.
"It is easy enough to earn," Hugo boasted.
He was a man of great strength, and he had studied law. He meant to wrest fame from the world. He was sure that he should win Corinne, but one owed something to past friendship, and he and Maurice had played together as boys. They had loved their fair little cousin, but as yet they had nothing to offer her. Hugo was going to the city to seek his fortune; hence it might be judged that his compact with the cousin, who was to stay on the field, was not entirely disinterested.
"Suppose," Maurice said slowly, "that Corinne should love one of us now; what then, Maurice?"
"She is too young to know her own mind; we will wait."
"I wish," Maurice's tone was wistful, "that I had a profession. But there have always been so many to support, and the work in the lumber camp has been steady."
"And you are the steady fellow to do it," was Hugo's reply. "Some day you will be foreman."
"I shall stand little chance," said Maurice, sadly, "against you, and Corinne deserves the best that life can give her."
"Who says that I deserve the best?" said a voice from the other side of the



pine tree, and then turned quickly to see a sprite in red and gray, who looked at them reproachfully.
"I heard you bargaining," she said. "Do you think that I am to be bought?"
"I was afraid," was Hugo's bold assertion, "that you would marry Maurice before I had time to win you."
"Oh!" her eyes blazed and she stamped her foot. "I will marry neither of you, I swear it—as long as this pine tree lasts."
Their eyes took in the firmness and youth and strength of the tree, and they turned pale.
"I have said it," her lips trembled, but her cheeks were red. "I will not have my love bought."
She was gone before they could stop her. For a moment their eyes met blankly. Then Hugo said: "I'll cut it down."
"She would know it," Maurice said heavily. "Perhaps it is the will of God. Men have no right to talk of love as we talked. It is not to be bought or sold. It is sacred."
"Nonsense!" Hugo's brow was black. "When I come back with a fortune she will marry me. Women are like cats—they love a warm hearth."
"Corinne is different," Maurice said, heavily.
Again Hugo insisted. "She will marry me, I tell you, when I show her what I can give."
Maurice stood up and spoke hotly. "I would rather she lived singly till her dying day than to have her break her word. It is her goodness that I love."
After that Hugo went away, and Maurice plodded daily to the forest. Often as he came home tired he passed the pine tree, standing straight and tall by the roadside. In his mind it stood as a symbol of her word of betrothal to the tree, that only its death would give her the right of widowhood to be sought by another. He grew to hate its slim strength, its vigor, its proud head, which was never beaten down by storms.
"Do you think," Maurice demanded of it one evening, as he walked home in the shadows, "do you think that you have more pride than I? That you are stronger than I? We shall see—I love Corinne—surely the good Lord will let me have her."
Once he spoke of it to Corinne. "Why should you say such a thing?" he demanded. "I am sure there is love in your heart for me—are we to live and die alone while the pine tree flourishes?"
"I wish I had not said it," she confessed, eyes brimming, lips quivering. "I wish I had not—But Hugo—I hate Maurice, and I gave my oath, and now—"

nothing can change that. Can it, Maurice? oh, can it, Maurice?"
"Nothing but the will of God," he told her gravely. "I would not have you break your word."
But Hugo had no such scruples, and when he came back at the end of the year he brought a necklace of pearls and a ring with blue stones for Corinne.
"I have the house in town," he told her, "and the servant to work for you. Luck has been with me, Corinne."
"I do not love you," she told him, "and besides I made my promise to the pine tree."
He laughed and caught her hand. "A woman's promises," he said, "are like thistles; they blow here and there with the wind."
"Can you think that of me?" Corinne demanded, "and love me?"
"I want you for my wife," Hugo said, "and the pine tree has nothing to do with it."
"In your case," Corinne said with spirit, "the tree has nothing to do with it. I wouldn't marry you if you were the only man on earth, but I love Maurice. Is that answer enough, Hugo?"
At the look on her face he turned on his heel and went away, knowing that here at least was one woman whose will was not the wind's will.
A little later, as Maurice came along the road from his evening toll, he found Corinne at the foot of the pine tree, sobbing.
"Oh, what am I going to do?" she said to him. "Must I live my life alone, Maurice?"
They were simple folk, holding on as best they could to a simple faith. More worldly people might have felt themselves absolved from a promise given in a fit of temper, but Corinne, having given her word, would not go back on it.
After a little while Maurice said: "I am going away. You must learn to love some one else, Corinne. Your oath pertains only to Hugo and to me. When I am gone you will forget me."
"No," she whispered, "no."
She clung to him in the gathering darkness, but presently he said: "Dear heart, we must go. I hear the roll of thunder in the west."
As they went down the path the play of the lightning showed them the way. The wind, coming up, first whispered, then sang, then shouted, through the pines.
"We must run," Maurice told the girl; "there is the old shepherd's hut at the foot of the hill."
They gained the shelter as the rain came. Maurice found a bit of candle and in the dim illumination each could see the despairing face of the other.
"When I go away," Maurice said, "you will marry some one else—but I shall never forget."
She came over and knelt beside him, laying her head against his arm. "I shall never marry," she murmured. "Oh, Maurice, I shall never—"
Her words ended in a shriek as she flung herself in his arms. "Save me!" she begged. "Oh, Maurice!"
Half stunned by the glare and the crash that frightened her, Maurice rose and went to the window.
"Corinne," he cried sharply, as another flash lighted the hill, "come here and look!"
A third flash, and again his exultant voice rang out:
"It struck the pine tree. See, it has fallen, Corinne!"
When the storm was over they viewed the havoc of wind and storm. Broken and burned, the pine tree lay prostrate on the ground.
"It is the will of God," Corinne said, as her lover kissed her; "he will not let you leave me, Maurice, for you are mine and I am yours."

THE PORTER WAS WELL PAID
Fussy and Choleric Old Gentleman Forces Money Onto Wrong Individual—Had His Way.
A lively looking porter stood on the rear platform of a sleeping car in the Grand Central station when a fussy and choleric old man clambered up the steps. He stopped at the door, puffed for a moment, and then turned to the man in uniform.
"Porter," he said, "I'm going to Chicago. I want to be well taken care of. I pay for it. Do you understand?"
"Yes, sir; but—"
"Never mind any 'buts.' You listen to what I say. Keep the train boys away from me. Dust me off whenever I want you to. Give me an extra blanket, and if there is any one in the berth over me, slide him into another. I want you to—"
"But, say, boss, I—"
"Young man, when I'm giving instructions I prefer to do the talking myself. You do as I say. Here is a two-dollar bill. I want to get the good of it. Not a word, sir."
The train was starting. The porter pocketed the bill with a grin and swung himself to the ground.
"All right, boss!" he shouted. "You can do th' talkin' if you want to. I'm powerful sorry you wouldn't let me tell you—but I ain't goin' out on that train."

Oh, That's It?
"Your husband is crazy to go up in an aeroplane, isn't he?"
"Yes, and I have promised him that he may do so a year from now."
"Do you think aeroplanes will be so much improved in a year's time?"
"I don't know anything about that, but his life insurance policy forbids his going up in a balloon or an aeroplane within a year."
Informing Son.
Little Willie—Say, pa, what is an Indian reservation?
Pa—An Indian reservation, my son, is a lot of land on which the Indians are allowed to live until the white men want it.

A MISTAKE TO BE ALIVE.
Blunderman—You thought I was going to die, but I'm alive yet; you see, you were mistaken.
Dr. Speechist—No, my dear sir, the mistake is yours!

HE SQUELCHED CYRUS' WIFE
English Traveler Silenced American Who Showed Her Awful Ignorance of Mutton.
He was an English world traveler and he had written a book, but there was a certain dame he had never forgotten. He had met her on a voyage from New York to Liverpool. Said he:
"She became obnoxious from the moment we put out to sea. Her constant reference to her husband (Cyrus), who had made his pile quickly—to the quick for the lady to do more than buy fine feathers for the adornment of a very ordinary bird—were nauseating. I shouldn't have cared if she hadn't sat at my table—right opposite me."
"The mutton was brought on as we were nearing England. It was cut in generous slices—and very delicious. Why," she said, cutting into a slice, "this mutton is too thick—Cyrus cuts mutton thin as a wafer!"
"No one paid any attention, apparently, but I heard—and was disgusted. She repeated: 'Cyrus cuts mutton thin as a wafer.' Cyrus cuts mutton thin as a wafer," so many times that I could stand it no longer. Such ignorance needed to be dealt with. I leaned forward, looked her squarely in the eye, and then said, deliberately: "Madam, in England—mutton is cut thick." And she didn't mention Cyrus again."
It was great to hear him tell it—how he had squelched her with those six little words, uttered slowly and impressively. No wonder they had silenced her!

Scandalized.
"Mother, why are you running away from those other horses?"
"My child, I simply cannot stand hearing those old gossips traduce your father. They say he is a horse with a very fast record."—Life

CAP and BELLS



THE PORTER WAS WELL PAID
Fussy and Choleric Old Gentleman Forces Money Onto Wrong Individual—Had His Way.

A lively looking porter stood on the rear platform of a sleeping car in the Grand Central station when a fussy and choleric old man clambered up the steps. He stopped at the door, puffed for a moment, and then turned to the man in uniform.
"Porter," he said, "I'm going to Chicago. I want to be well taken care of. I pay for it. Do you understand?"
"Yes, sir; but—"
"Never mind any 'buts.' You listen to what I say. Keep the train boys away from me. Dust me off whenever I want you to. Give me an extra blanket, and if there is any one in the berth over me, slide him into another. I want you to—"
"But, say, boss, I—"
"Young man, when I'm giving instructions I prefer to do the talking myself. You do as I say. Here is a two-dollar bill. I want to get the good of it. Not a word, sir."
The train was starting. The porter pocketed the bill with a grin and swung himself to the ground.
"All right, boss!" he shouted. "You can do th' talkin' if you want to. I'm powerful sorry you wouldn't let me tell you—but I ain't goin' out on that train."

Oh, That's It?
"Your husband is crazy to go up in an aeroplane, isn't he?"
"Yes, and I have promised him that he may do so a year from now."
"Do you think aeroplanes will be so much improved in a year's time?"
"I don't know anything about that, but his life insurance policy forbids his going up in a balloon or an aeroplane within a year."

Informing Son.
Little Willie—Say, pa, what is an Indian reservation?
Pa—An Indian reservation, my son, is a lot of land on which the Indians are allowed to live until the white men want it.



A MISTAKE TO BE ALIVE.
Blunderman—You thought I was going to die, but I'm alive yet; you see, you were mistaken.
Dr. Speechist—No, my dear sir, the mistake is yours!

A Conscientious Dealer.
"Are you sure this milk is absolutely free from germs?" Inquired the cautious young housekeeper.
"Yes, lady," he replied. "We boil every drop of water that goes into it."

Its Use.
Visitor—What do you use this for, laundry for?
Facetious Warden—To wash and iron the convicts, ma'am.

Running Away.
"What is your line of argument, when you meet old Borely on the street with his tariff ideas?"
"The nearest car line."

Our Language.
"Mamma prophesied that he would make a bad husband, too!"
"Well?"
"He's made good!"

A Matter of Planes.
"Life is on a much higher plane than it used to be."
"Yes. Which do you prefer—bi or mono?"

Sherman Clay & Co.
ESTABLISHED 40 YEARS
SIXTH, AT MORRISON ST., PORTLAND, OR.

We want you to try this Piano IN YOUR HOME FREE. We want you to try it at our expense because—
At the end of thirty days the Piano ITSELF will convince you of the following facts:
It's the best value on earth for the price (\$275.)
It's MUSICALLY and MECHANICALLY right!
We know there is so much real value in this Wellington Piano—we're selling for \$275—on easy payments—that we're willing to let it be ITS OWN SALESMAN.
It will tell it's own story to you—in your home—if you'll send us the coupon.
Please send me full particulars concerning this unusual Piano offer.
Name..... Address.....

DOCTORS ADVISED OPERATION—DECIDED TO TRY GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY.

I want to tell you in a few words what your Swamp-Root did for me, believing that my testimony may do some other suffering person a great deal of good.
About six years ago, I was dangerously ill, consulted three doctors, all of whom said I had kidney trouble. One of the doctors analyzed my urine and reported that I had gravel, and further said that in order to regain my health and life, an operation would be necessary. I did not want to be operated on as I was afraid that I would not recover. Someone told me of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and said it was a reliable medicine for kidney trouble, so I decided to try it, and I went to Mr. Rose, the druggist, at 303 Central Ave., Minneapolis, and bought a bottle, took it, noticed results and continued taking it until I was entirely cured.
Having been free from any kidney trouble for over six years, I consider that I am absolutely cured and know that Swamp-Root has the credit.
I never fail to tell my friends about your remedy, as I believe it is the best of its kind. Your U & O Ointment is also very good. We are never without a jar in our house.
Yours very truly,
MRS. MARGARET E. ANDERSON,
Minneapolis, Minn.
State of Minnesota
County of Hennepin
Personally appeared before me this 23rd day of Sept., 1909, Mrs. Margaret E. Anderson, of the City of Minneapolis, of the State of Minnesota, who subscribed the above, and on oath says that the same is true in substance and in fact.
M. M. KERRIDGE,
Notary Public.
Commission expires March 26, 1914.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You
Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty-cents and one-dollar.
Self-Help.
It is not well, my friend, to run to the craftsman, whatever may befall, not in every matter to need another's aid, nay, fashion a pipe thyself, and to thee the task is easy.—Blon, translation of Andrew Lang.

Bad Breath
"For months I had great trouble with my stomach and used all kinds of medicines. My tongue has been actually as green as grass, my breath having a bad odor. Two weeks ago a friend recommended Cascarets and after using them I can willingly and cheerfully say that they have entirely cured me. I therefore let you know that I shall recommend them to any one suffering from such troubles."—Chas. H. Halpern, 114 E. 7th St., New York, N. Y.
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens. Weakens or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

ALCOHOL OPIUM—TOBACCO
Keeley Cure
Habitually Driven, Opium, Tobacco, Alcohol, etc., cured. Write for literature. Keeley Institute, 71 E. 11th St., New York, N. Y.

A TRIP TO PORTLAND FREE
CUT RATES IN PAINLESS DENTISTRY
Painless Extraction.....Free
Silver Fillings.....50c
Gold Fillings.....75c
22 K. Gold Crowns.....\$3
Porcelain Crowns.....\$3
Molar Gold Crowns.....\$4
Bridge Work, 22 K. Gold.....\$4
Inlay Fills, Pure Gold.....\$3
Very Nice Rubber Plate.....\$4
Best Rubber Plate on Earth.....\$7
ALL THIS WORK IS GUARANTEED.
Don't throw your money away. A dollar saved is two dollars earned. Our original reliable Modern Painless Methods and our perfected office equipment saves on time and your money.
BOSTON DENTISTS, 5th & Morrison, Portland
Entrance 29 1/2 Morrison, opposite Postoffice and Meier & Frank. Established in Portland 10 years. Open evenings until 8 and Sundays until 11:15, for people who work.

Coughs of Children
Especially night coughs. Nature needs a little help to quiet the irritation, control the inflammation, check the progress of the disease. Our advice is—give the children Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your doctor if this is his advice also. He knows best. Do as he says.

Ayer's
We publish our formulae. We banish ailments from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.
If you think constipation is of trifling consequence, just ask your doctor. He will dissuade you of that notion in short order. "Correct it, at once!" he will say. Then ask him about Ayer's Pills. A mild liver pill, all vegetable.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

C. Gee Wo
The Chinese Doctor
This wonderful man has made a life study of the properties of Roots, Herbs and Barks, and is giving the world the benefit of his services.
No Mercury, Poisons or Drugs Used. No Operations or Cutting.
Guarantees to cure Catarrh, Asthma, Lung, Stomach and Kidney troubles, and all Private Diseases of Men and Women.
A SURE CANCER CURE
Just received from Peking, China—safe, sure and reliable. U. S. falling in the works. If you cannot call, write for symptom blank and circular. Include 4 cents in stamps.
CONSULTATION FREE
The C. Gee Wo Medicine Co.
162 1/2 First St., cor. Morrison, Portland, Or.
FNU No. 45-19
WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.