

THE GOLDEN RULE STORE

is offering
Men's heavy all wool, water proof Logger Shirts, All values, at from
\$3.75 to \$5.00
Men's and Boys' Dress Wool Shirts, a long line to choose from, at from
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These shirts are all made from Oregon woolens and are No. 1 values at the right price. Come and see at

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**DON'T CARE ABOUT THE WEATHER
IT CAN RAIN HOUR AFTER HOUR
I KNOW THAT WE'LL HAVE PANCAKES
MADE WITH LYMPIC PANCAKE FLOUR**

Ask your dealer about the new
PRESENTS
for boys and girls that go with
"Olympic" Wheat Hearts
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Just the dandiest, catchiest, most interesting "new" novelties imaginable, especially imported from Germany.

Portland Flouring Mills Co.
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Wheat, Oats, Grain, Hay, Mill Feed—Shorts, Bran, Vetch Seed, Chopped Oats, Oil Meal, Grass Seed—all kinds constantly on hand.
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FLOUR—Hard Wheat Brands:
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Every sack Guaranteed.

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No other paper gives you more than one-half as much news of the Cottage Grove country as does The Sentinel.

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COTTAGE GROVE FLOUR MILLS



YOUR BANK DEPOSITS ROLL UP

Surprisingly if you make it a rule to pay by check only and deposit all your cash at the Bank of Cottage Grove. Then you stop to think before you buy and in many cases thinking means refraining. Ambition to have a good balance prevents many a spending, and thus your deposits roll up.

BANK OF COTTAGE GROVE

There is only one way to get all the news of the Grove country. That is in The Sentinel.

I have just enough time to make that Suit for you

Full Line of Winter Samples Now on Exhibition

BOHLMAN :: The TAILOR

Posted on Autographs.

During an interval in London W. O. Scully, so he tells in "Further Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer," had rooms in Pimlico with a landlady of snobbish tendencies, who made a cult of "superior persons." He tells this amusing experience:

"I had been for a short visit to Rudyard Kipling at Rottingdean and had brought back a bunch of roses from his garden. Seeing that Mrs. Wand was so proud of her celebrities, I thought I would let her know that I, too, knew a celebrity, so when she came to set the breakfast table next morning I pointed to the flowers and said:

"There, Mrs. Wand, you would never guess where these roses came from. They came from the garden of the great Mr. Kipling."

"Mr. Kipling? 'Oo's 'e?"

"'Good gracious!' I exclaimed. 'Surely you know Mr. Kipling is. Why, his autograph is worth a guinea!'"

"Mrs. Wand left the room without replying. She returned a few minutes later with a look of skepticism on her face and, as she put down the toast rack, remarked:

"'Well, 'e ought to be good lookin' at that.'"

Monument to a Quack.

"That the men who make great medical discoveries and who perform wonderful surgical operations are honored in life and that imposing monuments to their memory are reared when they have passed away seems only fitting," says a writer in the Hamburg Fremdenblatt, "but that a quack whose name as such has for generations been known in Germany should be thus honored is remarkable. There are not many children in Germany who do not know the song which begins thus:

"I am the Dr. Eisenbart,
Zwillewillewilkomosa!
I cure the people by my art,
Zwillewillewilkomosa!
The blind I treat so that they walk,
And the lame I teach to talk,
Zwillewillewilkomosa—brassas,
Zwillewillewilkom—bom!"

"A stately monument showing Dr. Eisenbart extracting a tooth from a writhing boy, the work of Professor Eberlein, has been erected at Hann-Munden, where the 'wonder doctor' was born."

Time's Changes.

Why is it that laws which worked very well fifty or sixty years ago are being discarded? Why is it that laws which a quarter century ago would have been laughed down are getting upon the books of every state in the Union? Why is it that there are new ideas in teaching, new ideas about the liberty of the individual, new ideas about a man's relationship with his neighbor? Why is it, in short, that there is a vast discontent with old institutions and old ways? It is because the world has outgrown the government, the ideas, the habits of thought that fitted easily and serenely enough into the lives of our great-grandparents, but which are creaking in their joints now. Life today is a very different thing from life fifty or sixty years ago.—Toledo Blade.

A Map That Failed.

The French National Library in the Rue de Richelieu, Paris, is full of wonders for the lovers of history. One of its treasures is a map of North and South America as French possessions. The map is dated 1564, and here is the explanation of it: Catherine de Medici, the queen of Henry II, and mother of Francois II, Charles I, and Henri III, dreamed once of the conquest of the two Americas. She even named viceroys, one for North America and the other for South America. They were on their way to the new world when the queen's audacious plan fell through because of events at home. The queen, however, had a map made showing her projected possessions under the French flag.—New York Sun.

Car of the Czar.

The private car of the czar of Russia is said to be practically dynamite proof, and owing to its weight it could not be run on most of the European lines. The car is elegantly furnished and also contains a chapel, where prayers are offered for his safety. The czar travels with only one chef, who is well along in years and who served his father and for awhile the grandfather of the present German emperor.

Near to It.

Hoax—I thought you said that the man was a musician.

Hoax—Nonsense!
"You certainly told me he wrote melodies."

"I told you he was a composer of hits. He sells soothing sirup."—London Telegraph.

Presence of Mind.

Mother (to daughter, who is being carried off through the air by a blast of wind that has caught her umbrella)—Hold tight, Emilia! I will go and telephone to the aviation ground and get them to send an aeroplane after you.—Lustige Blatter.

Big Guns Bend.

One of the most serious problems of army and navy engineers is the bending of great guns by their own weight, wire wound guns being the worst offenders in this particular.

Ambiguous.

"You remember I missed you several times last year."

"Yes," said the guide.
"Well, I'm a better shot now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

There is a vast difference between those who have something to say and those who want to say something.—John Timothy Stone.

Gold Facts.

The attorneys for the plaintiff in a suit before Federal Judge Smith McPherson of Iowa were attempting to introduce into the record of the case the diary of the deceased mother of the defendant, which contained references to a love affair between her daughter, a widow, and the defendant, also dead, against whose estate the suit was brought. The court finally ruled that the diary might be admitted, but before so ruling he told the jury this story:

"Down in my country," said Judge McPherson, "Bill Leveridge was trying to keep from paying his landlord the rent due on the farm he had been working. It was necessary for Bill's attorneys to show that the winter had been an especially hard one. To prove the extent of the difficulties under which Bill had labored Bill's diary was introduced, and among other entries laid before the jury was this:

"'Nov. 27.—Ground froze on this date and stayed frozen all winter!'"

—Saturday Evening Post.

A Guileless Chinese Artist.

In the fourth century A. D. there lived in China an artist who was also a poet. His name was Ku K'ai Chih. In London there is a painting, a long scroll, which for at least a thousand years has been treasured as his work, and, though that cannot be proved, it is in all probability a painting by his hand. One day, we are told, he entrusted to a friend a chestful of paintings which he had collected. For better security he fastened the lid of the chest and sealed the fastening with a seal. The friend, however, coveted the paintings and bit on the simple expedient of removing the bottom of the box and so abstracting them. When the box was restored to Ku K'ai Chih he broke the seal and found it empty. But he suspected no theft and expressed no surprise. Beautiful paintings, he said, communicate with supernatural beings. They had changed their form and flown away like men when they join the immortals.—Louis Hinyon in Atlantic.

French Detective's Revenge.

M. Calchas, the famous French detective, was noted for his skill as a "shadower." Having quarreled for administrative reasons with M. Lepine during the latter's reign at the prefecture, he threatened to have his vengeance.

"It's no use trying to kill me," said the prefect genially, "I am too well looked after for that."

"I've a much better and less obvious plan than that," retorted the detective. "Just wait and see."

A week later M. Calchas appeared in the prefect's study and presented an ominous document. It was the record of M. Lepine's doings day by day, hour by hour, almost minute by minute, since their last interview, and it was with rather a wan smile that the prefect perused it. Satisfied with his characteristic vengeance, the detective assured M. Lepine that the "doesier" for that week would not be given to the world.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

A Bird With Hands.

In the forests of British Guiana, says the London Globe, lives the hoactzin, a singular bird, whose young possess a free claw at the end of each wing, which they use almost as the monkey uses his hands in tree climbing. The nest of the hoactzin is in a tree overhanging the water, and the young, unlike most birds, are active from the first. The outermost quill feather of the wing, which might hamper the free use of the claws, do not grow much until the rest of the wing is strong enough to make climbing less necessary. Then they grow out, and the claws are absorbed. The adult bird does not need them. Should a young hoactzin fall into the water it makes for the shore and seizes a branch, up which it quickly climbs.

The Oldest Epigram.

An epigram must pass through many hands and get much polishing before it is a perfect jewel. You may remember, says the London Chronicle, how Oscar Wilde sent on the stage the man of the world through the drawing room door with the epigram, "There is one thing I never could resist; that is temptation." But you may trace it from the garden of Eden, where the masculine plea for mercy was that the "woman tempted me."

Earthquake Records.

An average of 180 earthquakes a year has been recorded at the seismological observatory of Rocco di Papa, near Rome, during the last twelve years. Of this number forty-four have originated within a distance of sixty-five miles, while eighty-five had their source more than 3,000 miles away.

More Appropriate.

"Shine 'em up, sir?" cried the young bootblack. "I'll polish 'em so's you kin see yer face in 'em, sir."

"Thanks, my good lad, but I'm entirely satisfied to see my feet in 'em," replied Fogg, and on he went.—Boston Transcript.

Good Hindsight.

"Is Dibble a man who can be depended on to give a good account of himself in an emergency?"

"Yes—after the emergency has passed."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Jailbirds.

It is estimated that in the United States 132 persons out of 100,000 are in prison on any given day. In Italy 217, and in the United Kingdom 46.

Facts For Millionaires.

A billion in Great Britain is a million of millions, 1,000,000,000,000. In France and the United States a billion is a thousand millions, 1,000,000,000.—Boston Globe.

She Shuffled, He Cut.

At a country ball a farmer had engaged a pretty coquette for the next dance, but a gallant captain coming along persuaded the young lady to cancel her previous engagement in favor of himself. The farmer, overhearing the conversation, went to a card table and sat down to a game of whist.

A few minutes later the captain stepped up to the young lady to excuse himself, as he had forgotten that he was already engaged to another. Miss Coquette, much chagrined, then made tracks for the whist table, hoping to secure her first partner.

Nodding to the farmer and with her face covered with smiles, she sweetly said:

"I think, sir, that it is time to take our places."

The old farmer, in the act of dividing the pack for the next dealer, courtously replied:

"No, Miss S. I mean to keep my present place. When ladies shuffle I cut."—Liverpool Mercury.

The Bell Bird.

The most remarkable thing in connection with the bell bird is its powerful voice. It utters a clear metallic note that can be heard at a distance of three miles. Its note is like that produced by a blacksmith striking his anvil. Sometimes it repeats its notes in quick succession, sometimes at fairly long intervals. There is no mistake about the voice of this bird; it is loud and piercing and would be heard above the din produced by every inmate of the zoo raising its voice at once. Except for a space of naked skin on the throat and around the eyes, which during the breeding season is of green color, this bird is pure white. The contrast between the sexes in the bell birds is extreme, for, while the male is pure white, the female is brownish green. Darwin refers to the bell bird when he points out that "white is a very rare color in terrestrial species of moderate size and inoffensive habits."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Kept the Opposition Busy.

The only instance known wherein an employee was paid by his employer for gambling occurred in New Orleans. Walter Lamana, a child of wealthy Italians, was kidnaped, and the interest was intense throughout the gulf coast country.

The staffs of the two leading morning dailies were engaged in "draw" after hours when the city editor of one of them was called out. He summoned a reporter.

"Get back in there and play at the paper's expense!" he bled. "Make it lively!"

The reporter raised 'em and hoisted 'em and lifted 'em for an hour.

Then the game was broken up by cries of "Extra! Extra!" and the staff of the other paper read with emotion that the body of the child had been found.

There was a ten dollar check from the editor in the reporter's envelope next pay day.—New York Tribune.

Fifty Yards on the Head.

The curious miter shaped headress worn by women of quality in Spain during the middle ages is described in "The Queens of Aragon," by E. L. Miron. It consisted of an undercoil with plaited edges, covered by a second resembling a Phrygian or Catalan cap, the flat point falling over like that of a nightcap. These miters, supposed to be of oriental origin, were introduced into Spain by Beatrice of Suanza, queen of Ferdinand, the saint of Castile. Very hot and heavy they must have been, considering that sometimes as much as fifty yards of material were used to make them. They were fastened under the chin by a ribbon or band. The same writer refers to the silver bed ladders used for climbing into the high medieval beds.

An Extraordinary Projectile.

A child's struggles with the intricate facts of history are sometimes almost as serious a matter to him as the battles of which he reads. The results, however, are not always without humor, as a story in Everybody's Magazine shows.

A small boy handed in the following in an examination paper in United States history:

"General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary war. He had three horses shot under him, and a fourth went through his clothes."

Moss Bread.

A kind of bread is made along the Columbia river by the Indians from a moss that grows on the spruce fir tree. This moss is prepared by placing it in heaps, sprinkling it with water and permitting it to ferment. Then it is rolled into balls as big as a man's head, and these are baked in pits.

Dangerous.

"I am thinking of touring in South Africa next season," remarked the comedian.

"Take my advice and don't," replied the villain. "An ostrich egg weighs from two to three pounds."—London Tit-Bits.

Surprises Many in Cottage Grove.

The QUICK action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-i-ka, the remedy which became famous by curing appendicitis, is surprising Cottage Grove people. Many have found that this simple remedy drains so much foul matter from the system that A SINGLE DOSE relieves constipation, sour stomach and gas on the stomach almost IMMEDIATELY. Adler-i-ka is the most thorough bowel cleanser ever sold. For sale by New Era Drug Store.

Will Study Orchard Scab.

A demonstration orchard for the study of scab in apples will be established in Lane County next year under the direction of the Lane County Horticultural Society and H. S. Jackson, of the Oregon Agricultural College. This agreement was reached at the meeting of the horticultural society yesterday, when Professor Jackson formally accepted the proposition of the horticulturists. A tract of several acres is to be selected near Eugene, where the trees are from 10 to 15 years old. An orchard free from all defects, except scab, will be selected, and the rigid treatment will be given all but a few of the trees. At the end of the season comparison will be made by count of the production of both the sprayed and unsprayed trees, in order that the effect of the treatment may be made most graphic.

Prevalence of scab in Western Oregon orchards the past year leads the fruitmen to make a decided stand against the blight.

AVOID CATARRH

Breathe Hyomei—It Medicates the Air You Breathe and Instantly Relieves

Why continue to suffer from catarrh, stopped up head, husky voice and other troubles of the breathing organs when Benson's Pharmacy will sell you Hyomei with a guarantee to refund the purchase price if it is not satisfactory.

Hyomei is a pleasant, harmless and antiseptic medication which you breathe a few times daily through a small inhaler. It effectively and promptly relieves all catarrhal discharges, sniffles, foul breath, watery eyes and the formation of crusts in the nose, or money back.

A complete Hyomei outfit, consisting of inhaler and a bottle of Hyomei, costs \$1.00, and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, are only 50 cents.

Always use Hyomei for bronchitis, cold in the head, husky voice, croup of infants and any inflammatory disease of the breathing organs. J 7-14.

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We would rather hear a man with an impediment in his speech talk than one with an impediment in his thoughts.—New Orleans Picayune.