

YOUR KIDNEYS.

Cottage Grove Residents Must Learn the Importance of Keeping Them Well.

Perfect health means that every organ of the body is performing its functions properly.

Perfect health cannot be enjoyed if the kidneys are weak and disordered. Thousands testify that Doan's Kidney Pills have a reviving action on weak kidneys.

What this remedy has done in so many cases of this kind is the best proof of its merit.

Read the following. It's testimony gratefully given by a resident of this locality:

Mrs. Rhoda H. Peterson, 630 Fourth St., Corvallis, Ore., says: "I was in a bad shape from kidney complaint. My ankles were swollen and pained me. My back ached. I knew that my kidneys were to blame for these ailments. When I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, I did. I found them to be just as recommended. They did me a lot of good."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Peterson had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Information and Catalogues Free

International Correspondence Schools

A. E. CHAMBERS, MANAGER
897 Willamette St., Corner E. 9th
Eugene, Oregon

A Medicine Chest for 25c.

In this chest you have an excellent remedy for Toothache, Bruises, Sprains, Stiff Neck, Backache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and for most emergencies. One 25c bottle of Sloan's Liment does it all—this because these ailments are symptoms, not diseases, and are caused by congestion and inflammation. If you doubt, ask those who use Sloan's Liment, or better still, buy a 25c bottle and prove it. All Druggists.

It's surprising how much news The Sentinel gets when there are so many who know news that they do not tell.

Cottage Grove Transfer
HARREL & COMPTON

We solicit a share of your patronage.

We do all kinds of
Hauling and Heavy Dray Work
PIANO MOVING A SPECIALTY.

Office: Elite Confectionery, Phone 72
Auto Dray for Quick Delivery

Constipation Causes Most Ills.

Accumulated waste in your thirty feet of bowels causes absorption of poisons, tends to produce fevers, upsets digestion. You belch gas, feel stuffy, irritable, almost cranky. It isn't you—it's your condition. Eliminate this poisonous waste by taking one or two Dr. King's New Life Pills to-night. Enjoy a full, free bowel movement in the morning—you feel so grateful. Get an original bottle, containing 26 pills, from your Druggist today for 25c.

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Neuralgia relieved instantly by local application. Residence and office one block south of postoffice.
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OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Cottage Grove

Blank notes and receipts for sale at The Sentinel office. apr7tf

Who Pays?

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Story No. 3.

WHEN JUSTICE SLEEPS.

By Edwin Bliss.

"Dearest Flo: Good bye. There was no other way to—"

Joseph Drum halted with pen poised. The words sounded so silly and so insincere. He nudged his brains for the right phrasing to convey the real meaning of a parting that would be forever.

The tinkle of the 'phone in the living room brought a sharp exclamation of impatience from him, but he carefully put aside the loaded revolver and went to answer it.

A slight smile parted his lips as his broker, John Field, announced himself. He knew the worst. He had seen the papers. In glaring headlines his doom had been flashed about the city. Nothing mattered now. He was prepared for the end. Much as they say a drowning man's life passes before him, so Joseph Drum's entire career seemed to flash across his brain, even in the short space of time during which he was waiting for his broker to speak. He remembered the day President Darius Brown of the Fourth National Bank had raised his pay to \$5,000 per year as a reward for faithful service. He remembered how large the sum had seemed to both himself and to his fiancée, the pampered, spoiled child of the stage, whom he had married immediately the good fortune had come to him. A perfect wife she had made him—perfect except for her extravagances. Deeper and deeper he had fallen into debt. Then he had gambled—gambled on the horses and won. And then lost. Desperate, he had borrowed from the bank and played the market, with the inevitable result. In an effort to recoup his shortage he had made one grand play. A full \$75,000 of the bank's money he had staked on one stock. There had been a raid on C. D. & E. and his investment was wiped out. He was a thief. He had found that out from the papers and now he was to get the news first-hand from his broker.

"All right, go ahead," he said. "I have just closed your C. D. & E. transaction with \$100,000 profit," Field was saying. "Is that correct?"

"Quite correct," the teller answered quietly. "Just send the money to my apartments—\$175,000." He heaved a sigh of relief. His broker had sold instead of bought and he was safe, but he felt no excitement. He had gone so far down—had been too near the brink to feel any great elation. It was just one more sensation—that was all.

Then, like a flash it came; came with the click of the key in the lock of the door; came with the scent of violets his wife affected. Through the portieres he could see her brother accompanied her. Their voices were lifted in angry controversy, but he paid no attention to the words. A fresh panic had seized him as a harrowing problem presented: THE BANK EXAMINER WAS TO BE THERE NEXT DAY. HOW WAS HE TO GET THE MONEY INTO THE VAULT BEFORE MORNING?

A panic was upon him, a proxy of terror. His hands grasped the portieres and he would be flung himself into the living room, when he halted abruptly, listening—listening—

"I tell you, Flo, you've got to can it. He's a decent guy, this husband of yours, and I'm strong for him. I wouldn't say a word if I didn't know you were kidding yourself along. I tell you it ain't possible for a bank teller to live the way Drum lives and support you the way you're supported and be on the up and up. He may have got by up to now—I ain't saying. But he can't get by long with this stuff. I tell you, and I know. I tell you straight, you're making, you have made or you're going to make a thief outta Drum if you don't cut out the merry merry and beat it to the bushes quick."

"A thief!" Flo's voice rose hysterically. "You've got a nerve talking about thieves. You have! You've got a nerve talking—a reformed burglar—"

The eavesdropper felt something catching in his throat—something that racked his entire body. There was his salvation, in the person of his wife's brother, Williams, the gambler and ex-burglar.

"I am a thief!" he shouted. Then, at his wife's horrified exclamation of protest, over and over again he repeated it: "I am a thief—a thief—a thief—"

The gambler's hand fell upon his shoulder, the fingers biting to the very bone, his wife sternly commanding as he brought the man out of his hysteria. "What's the limit, Joe?" he demanded quietly.

"It isn't a limit," choked the teller. "I've got it all—in the next room. I won, Fred, at the last minute. I won it all back. It's in the next room—"

"Then what's the kick?" Drum lifted his eyes to the impersonal ones of the gambler, dropping them quickly, a swift flush of shame at what he was about to suggest mantling his cheeks.

"Whole hog or none—give it to me straight. I'm your friend," Williams said.

"I can't get the money back—into the vault. It's got to be there in the morning—first thing. The examiner—you must get it back for me."

Williams drew away sharply as the request was made. A quick shudder of repulsion shook him but Flo's hand was upon his arm, her beautiful face lifted appealingly toward his own.

"Tain't strictly professional even for a reformed burglar to break into a safe to put money in it," said Williams with a tight, queer little smile, "but I'll go the limit for you and Flo." And that night found him hard at work before the big iron doors, with the watchman safely bound and gagged. Feverishly he worked—so feverishly that he failed

to hear a soft footstep behind him; failed to realize that he had been trapped until a hand touched him lightly on the shoulder. To lean aside, and grapple with the intruder, was the work of only an instant.

Came a flash of flame and a crackling shot. Williams felt the other relaxing. Slowly his opponent sank to the floor, shot by his own gun, which had gone off in the scuffle. Then for the first time Williams was able to get a square look at the face of his disturber. In the dim light he recognized the features of Darius Brown, president of the bank. In his hands he held a bundle of certificates—stocks that belonged to the bank. And, wise to the ways of the criminal world, the truth flashed on Williams.

He whistled softly.

"So old man Brown came to put something back, too!" he said, half aloud. "Two thieves in one bank, hey?" Carefully he laid the money Drum had taken beside the cold, still form of the dead man.

And then, with one last look, he fled—fled as if the demons of a thousand hells were after him; fled from the white, accusing face of the dead bank president. What mattered it to Williams if he knew that it was the banker's own gun that had killed him? What mattered it to him if the coroner's jury decided that Brown had come to his death by his own hands? What mattered it to him if the law decided that Brown was the only thief? Go where he would, do what he would, the cold, clammy fear of death was always on him. To forget his troubles he plunged into his old life of crime. But the old cunning was gone. And one day the police tracked him to his sister's apartment and got him.

"Poor brother!" said the now chastened Flo, "he did it all for us. But what was he running—from—always?" she persisted, dully. "The verdict cleared—everything—so far as any chance of being—caught—was concerned. Why did he run, Joe?"

"Not from man," his voice was laden. "From the arrows of the Almighty, he ran. Haven't you felt them, Flo?"

She shivered, wishing she might meet his eyes—knowing their eyes could never meet as of old.

WHO PAYS?

600 EDUCATED ANIMALS.

Barnes Circus Has Great Array of Educated Wild Animals; 65 Big Acts.

Without doubt, some of the most sensational, thrilling, death-defying wild animal acts ever shown are presented by the Al G. Barnes Wild Animal Circus.

Over 600 educated wild and domestic animals are used in giving the performance of this show—the greatest collection of trained animals ever assembled under one management. The Barnes circus was the original wild animal show and now holds the rank of being the largest aggregation of the character in the world, presenting as it does, more trained animals than all other shows combined.

Sixty-five sensational, amusing, amazing, thrilling acts are presented at each performance. These acts are given in two divisions, the wild animal acts in a large steel-barred arena in the center of the big tent and those of the domestic animals in the regulation saw dust rings at either side of the arena. There's something doing in these two rings and the arena every minute of the three solid hours of entertainment.

The members of the Barnes animal-acting troupe have been recruited from jungles, plain, desert, forest, ocean and homestead. Lions, tigers, elephants, leopards, jaguars, zebras, hyenas, camels, zulus, monkeys, apes, orang-utangs, dogs, horses, ponies, goats, seals and sea lions are members of the troupe—every one trained to perform, in fact every animal carried with this big show is an actor.

One of the biggest features of the show is the troupe of beautiful horses and ponies—550 in number, which for size, beauty and breeding are unrivaled in the entire world. These horses are all shown during the action of the show's program.

The most thrilling wild animal spectacle known is Herr Roth's group of man-eating African lions—24 in number—which he presents in one act. Mlle. Florine, with a proupe of Persian leopards and jaguars, and Miss Mabel Stark's Royal Bengal and Siberian tigers are also "thrillers" of the first rank. Thirty bear actors, among which is Big Bill, the wrestling grizzly, provide another exciting feature. A big herd of posing and comedy elephants also have a headline act.

Fifty comedy animals, including Danger, Dynamite and Mileamint, unrivaled mules, provide a clean line of fun. A glittering six band, mile-long street parade is presented at 10:30. Performances will be given here at 2 and 8 p. m. on Monday, August 30.

Those who advertise in The Sentinel can give you better prices on merchandise than those who don't, because they sell larger quantities and don't need so large a profit.

PROGRAM

Thursday: Arithmetic, Writing, Language, Agriculture, Spelling.

Friday: Physiology, History, Civics, Geography and Reading.

E. J. MOORE,
aug24-31 County School Supt.

Positively the Only Big Show Coming This Year

Only Real Wild Animal Show on Earth

AL. G. BARNES

Big 3-Ring Wild Animal

CIRCUS

"THE SHOW THAT'S DIFFERENT"

600 Performing Animals 600

65 Big Sensational Animal Acts 65

Performing Jungle-bred Lions, Tigers, Leopards, Pumas, Jaguars, Grizzlys, Cinnamon, Siberian and Polar Bears, Elephants, Camels, Zebras, Zubas, Hyenas, Sacred Cattle, Kangaroos, Orang-Outangs, Apes, Chimpanzes, Monkeys, Mountain Goats, Dogs, Etc.

SEE

MISS HARVEY'S MUSICAL CARRIER PIGEONS
TOM, DICK, HARRY, HORSE-RIDING SEA LIONS
BIG BILL, WRESTLING GRIZZLY
MLLE. FLORINE'S PERFORMING LEOPARDS
TOT AND TINY, WORLD'S SMALLEST PERFORMING HORSES
AERIAL DOGS AND MONKEYS
BOB CHOCOLATE AND BLACK KNIGHT, TANGO DANCING HORSES
TOM, JERRY AND LOUIE, HORSE RIDING LIONS
SPUNK, THE GOOD-NIGHT PONY
ROMEO, MATHEMATICAL PONY
DANGER, DYNAMITE, GUNPOWDER, JUST MULES
WORLD'S ONLY EDUCATED BENGAL TIGERS
RIDING, DRIVING, RACING OSTRICHES
MAJ. THORNTON'S CLOWN PIGS

24 FULL-GROWN AFRICAN LIONS 24
IN ONE ACT
WORLD'S CHALLENGE GROUPE. VALUE \$50,000

Sampson AERIAL LION RIDES IN BALLOON SURROUNDED BY SHOOTING SKY ROCKETS. MOST AMAZING WILD ANIMAL ACT EXTANT

550 HIGH SCHOOL RIDING, DANCING AND MILITARY HORSES AND PONIES 550
World's Premium Stock, Every One an Actor

40 ANIMAL CLOWNS 506 PEOPLE 6 CONCERT BANDS
100 ANIMAL TRAINERS 2 BIG SPECIAL TRAINS 3 CALLIOPES

Glittering Mile-Long Street Parade at 10:30
PERFORMANCES RAIN OR SHINE 2 AND 8 P. M. DOORS OPEN 1 AND 7

WILL EXHIBIT AT

Cottage Grove 30
Monday, August 30
REMEMBER THE DAY AND DATE MARK IT ON YOUR CALENDAR

THE FLIES' REVENGE.

Ten little flies
All in a line;
One got swatted,
Then there were....
Nine little flies
Grimly sodate;
Licking their chops—
Swat! Then there were....
Eight little flies
Raising some more.
Swat, swat, swat, swat!
Then there were....
Four little flies
Colored green-blue.
Swat! (Ain't it easy?)
Then there were....
Two little flies
Dodged the civillian.
Early next day
There were a million!

Irish Wit.

An Irish author, remarkable for the flatness of his nose, showed much civility to an American lady and she expressed effusive gratitude to him and effusive admiration for everything European, as she called it.
"However," she added, being a free-spoken American woman, "I always say that which is uppermost, and therefore I must frankly tell you that I can't get over your nose."
"Bedad, ma'am," rejoined the author, "that's not to be wondered at, for the bridge is broken."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Dad's Experience.

"Johnnie," said his father, "I am surprised to hear that you have dared to dispute with your mother."
"But she was wrong, pa," replied Johnnie.

"That has nothing to do with it," said the father; "you might just as well profit by my experience and learn once for all that when a woman says a thing is so, it is so, whether it is so or not."—Chicago Herald.

When buying a railroad ticket, ask for a roundtrip one and boost the sales of your home station. It will help later when Cottage Grove wants improvements from the railroad. mch10tf

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KNOWLES & GRABER

IN HOT WEATHER

Above all other times you wish to be dressed comfortably, which is not secured as well any other way as in tailor-made suit. Special showing of summer samples. Right now is a good time to place your order for a fall suit.

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Pride of Oregon, Soft Wheat Flour

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