

Libby's Food Products

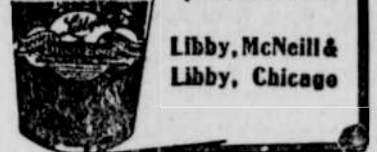
Peerless Dried Beef

Unlike the ordinary dried beef—that sold in bulk—Libby's Peerless Dried Beef comes in a sealed glass jar in which it is packed the moment it is sliced into those delicious thin wafers.

None of the rich natural flavor or goodness escapes or dries out. It reaches you fresh and with all the nutriment retained.

Libby's Peerless Dried Beef is only one of a Great number of high-grade, ready to serve, pure food products that are prepared in Libby's Great White Kitchen.

Just try a package of any of these, such as Ox Tongue, Vienna Sausage, Pickles, Olives, etc., and see how delightfully different they are from others you have eaten.



Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

No Room for Anything Else.

"Laura," growled the husband, "what have you taken all my clothes out of this closet for?"

"Now there's no use in your making any fuss about it, George," said his wife, with a note of defiance in her voice. "I just had to have some place where I could hang my new spring hat."—Chicago Tribune.

The Filippant Youth.
"You know it all now, my son," said the old man, "but when you have reached my age you will find you know comparatively nothing."
"I guess that's right, dad," replied the filippant youth. "I've often heard that one forgets much in his declining years."

Dimly Remembered Her.
"How do you do, Dr. Fourtally?" she said, extending her hand.
"Your face is familiar, my dear young lady, but I can't quite—"
"Why, I sing in your choir, you know."
"O—ah—yes, to be sure!" said the Rev. Dr. Fourtally, shaking her hand warmly. "I knew I had seen you somewhere."

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Please Mention This Paper.

S.S.S. FOR BAD BLOOD

The most important part of the human system is the blood. Every muscle, nerve, tissue, bone and sinew is dependent on this vital fluid for nourishment and strength necessary to maintain them in health and enable each to perform the different duties nature requires. Even the heart, the very "engine" of life, receives its vigor and motive power from the blood. Since so much is dependent on this vital fluid it can very readily be seen how necessary it is to have it pure and uncontaminated if we would enjoy the blessing of good health. Bad blood is responsible for most of the ailments of mankind; when from any cause it becomes infected with impurities, humors or poisons, disease in some form is sure to follow. Muddy, sallow complexions, eruptions, pimples, etc., show that the blood is infected with unhealthy humors which have changed it from a pure, fresh stream to a sour, acid fluid, which forces out its impurities through the pores and glands of the skin. A very common evidence of bad blood is sores or ulcers, which break out on the flesh, often from a very insignificant bruise or even scratch or abrasion. If the blood was pure and healthy the place would heal at once, but being loaded with impurities, which are discharged into the wound, irritation and inflammation are set up and the sore continues. Bad blood is also responsible for Anemia, Boils, Malaria, etc.; the weak, polluted circulation cannot furnish the nourishment and strength required to sustain the body, and a general run-down condition of health results. S. S. S. is nature's blood purifier and tonic; made entirely of healing, cleansing roots and herbs. It goes down into the circulation and removes every particle of impurity, humor or poison that may be there, restores lost vitality, and steadily tones up the entire system. It adds to the blood the healthful properties it is in need of, and in every way assists in the cure of disease. S. S. S. neutralizes any excess of acid in the blood, making it fresh and pure, and permanently cures Eczema, Acne, Tetter, and all other skin diseases and eruptions. S. S. S. cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Sores and Ulcers, Malaria, and all other diseases or disorders arising from bad blood. Book on the blood and any medical advice desired free to all.

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EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

CHARACTER OF LABOR HAS IMPROVED.

A PECULIAR and unexpected, though easily comprehensible, result of the "hard times" and "business depression" is reported in the shape of a marked advance in the efficiency of the men who are still employed. Now that jobs are comparatively hard to get, the man who has one does his best, or at least his much better, to convince his employer that he is worth keeping, and his output of labor and amount of production have both notably increased over what they were in the days when discharge was something not at all to be feared and "soldiering" was as safe as it was pleasant—pleasant to all except the man who paid the wages, that is.

Roughly stated by one observer, the member of a big contracting firm, sixty new men now do as much as 100 did formerly, with a corresponding reduction in the cost of the work done. This, in many cases, has changed what had seemed to be a losing contract into a profitable one, and has made possible the continuance of operations that otherwise would have had to stop.

Looking deeper into the matter, one gets some new light on the petty reasons so often given in the past as justification of the worker who did not exert himself to his fullest capacity. This, it was said, was for altruistic reasons—in order that there might be work enough to go round and none should be left without employment. Apparently an even stronger argument along these lines could now be made, but, if the facts are as stated, the inclination to make it has departed and in its place has come what, according to old-fashioned people, is the old-fashioned habit of finding the highest self-interest in consideration of the employer's interest.—New York Times.

THE IDLE RICH.

ULUS CHAMBERS, in the Brooklyn Eagle, tells of a young man of his acquaintance who has reached the age of 30, who has an income from his father of \$100,000 a year, who owns five automobiles, has a standing order with his tailor for three suits of clothes a month, changes his dress three times a day, spends \$10,000 on flowers, and when he took a notion some time ago to make a trip to Spain did not know in what part of the world that country is located, and only knew it was somewhere across the ocean.

The young man said life was a great bore to him, that he has nothing to do, that he never did anything, and Mr. Chambers avers that the young man is intellectually poverty stricken.

Perhaps he might have made a good business man had he been compelled to work. In a professional career he might have climbed to the top of the ladder had there been an incentive to apply himself. Had he been without money he might have become a captain of industry.

ELECTRICITY IN KHYBER PASS.

Plan Under Way to Utilize Water Power of Afghanistan.

There is a plan for utilizing the tremendous force which lies beyond the Khyber Pass in the wasted waters of Afghanistan, says Charles M. Pepper in Scribner's. It is proposed to supply electricity for lighting the forts and military cantonments scattered over a large territory and also for the stations and yards along the railway lines. The enterprise contemplates the construction of trolley lines spreading out through the dense population of northern India and an electric railway from Peshawar to the Khyber Pass to the British outpost station there. While I write this article this project is receiving favorable consideration from the British government. In some form within the next few years it will be adopted.

Apocryph of the Himalayas and the progress of electricity a query is raised regarding Tibet. Is the roof of the world less susceptible to this progress than Kashmir, which may be called the caves?

The answer may be given that the conditions are not the same, for Kashmir is habitable by a large number of people, in altitudes ranging from 2,500 to 10,000 feet, while Tibet at 14,000 to 20,000 feet could not sustain a large population. Yet should the ultimate outcome of the British political mission to Lhasa with its military accompaniment be the prospecting of the Himalayas for gold, and discoveries of that precious metal be made, the water power would be utilized as in the Kolar gold fields of Mysore.

The influence of the electrical element in one of its primary forms already is seen. During the British invasion the "lineman" was with the advance guard of the troops, and communication with the rear was kept up by telephone and telegraph apparatus. To-day remote recesses of the Chumbi valley in Tibet are in communication with the world's centers—London, New York, Hongkong—for the messages are transmitted to Darjeeling, the Indian gateway to the Tibetan passes, retelegraphed to Calcutta or Bombay and then cabled to their destination.

ENGLAND'S NEGLECTED QUEEN.

Element of Pathos Sheds Somber Light on Her Declining Years.

An element of pathos sheds a somber light on the declining years of England's queen. Neglected by the king, whom even her youthful beauty failed to hold in unflinching allegiance, she dwells among the splendors of royalty, but with an aching and desolate heart. The effect of her unhappy life is daily becoming more apparent in an irritability that inspires dismay within the palace and causes comment outside.

The king goes traveling on the continent several times a year—and nearly always without the queen. He is always the center of a brilliant group he most cultivates. The lure of pleasure is as strong as ever. The queen enters little into his thoughts; less into his life. In London the queen lives her pitiful, embittered life. Discontented, growing deaf and more irritable every day, she has ended her career as the youngest old lady of Europe.

With the aid of cosmetics and a wig King Edward's 63-year-old consort has

an inventor—any one of a thousand things in which he would have benefited the world.

The average young man thinks he is greatly handicapped because he is without means. He builds air castles as to what he would do if he had thousands to do it with. The chances are he is a better man and a better citizen, better to his family, better to the world, because he has no big income. He uses his hands and his brains, he does things, and is of use to mankind, while the idle rich man, as shown in the example cited by Mr. Chambers, is a drone in the world's vast hive, finding life a bore, adding nothing, spending money only for self-gratification and doing nothing for the benefit of humanity.

Two strong arms and the will to use them and the brain to intelligently guide are better capital for the young man than a heritage of mere dollars and cents.—Toledo Blade.

THINGS HAVE CHANGED.

THIRTY years ago one of the old-fashioned steel-wire spring wagons was a luxury. In a funeral procession a mile long you would see perhaps two or three of them. Everybody rode in farm wagons. Twenty years ago a top buggy was a rich man's good fortune, and but few of them were seen.

To-day a top buggy with a rubber tire is as common as a Democrat in Texas. Anybody has them. A farm wagon in a funeral procession would be a novelty. The upper tens ride in automobiles, and they are fast getting to be common. A newspaper printed yesterday is stale. If a letter is twenty-four hours traveling a thousand miles there is a kick coming. Ten dollars don't last as long as 10 cents did with our grandfathers. We spend more for socks and suspenders than grandfather did for his Sunday clothes, and still we wonder what is the matter with the world that it does not grind out as many rich blessings as it did a century ago.—Bethany Clipper.

HOPE FOR THE INDIAN.

THAT the red men in these advanced times are developing pride of race must be regarded as a hopeful sign of a prosperous future for a people who were seemingly brought nearly to extinction by the vices and oppression carried to them by the advancing tide of civilization. As on some of the reservations, the remnants of formerly powerful tribes appear a sorry lot of listless incompetents, but if sought in the right places many educated and capable Indians can be found who are prosperous as well as self-respecting, notably the civilized tribes in the new State of Oklahoma. It seems a far cry from the naked brave brandishing a tomahawk to the native red American in broadcloth treading the halls of Congress, but already the latter fact is accomplished.—Buffalo Courier.

the necessary contact for conversation. The queen, with one of the instruments in her dress and her hand on the table wire, can hear anybody talking who also has an instrument and connects with the wire.

Queen Alexandra's real home is not in England, but in Norway, where her other daughter, Maud, is queen. Whenever she can Alexandra goes to Christiania and joins the dowager empress at a small house the two jointly own at Bygdø, just outside Christiania, beautifully situated on the Christiania fjord.

There the royal sisters forget their troubles, and lead the life of two girls on a summer holiday. They go for long walks, unaccompanied; they play billiards; they study their art collections and paint. Alexandra, particularly, is a very fair artist, and her water color work ranks high among amateurs. Alexandra likes to photograph, and at Bygdø she has a huge collection of her press-the-button work.

Alexandra is very popular among the English, due not only to her constant visits to charitable works, but to the keen sympathy felt for her because of her domestic unhappiness. England knows the trials Alexandra has had to suffer, and overlooks the irritable temper the queen has developed in consequence.

GRAVITATION.

The Mystery of This Wonderful Force in Nature.

When plants are grown in receptacles fastened to the rim of a rapidly revolving wheel, the shoots and leaves grow toward the center and the roots away from the center of revolution. This is remarkable as showing the influence of centrifugal motion upon the sky?

But the earth, any point in whose surface at the equator passes through fifteen miles in one minute, has a centrifugal motion so swift and so great that it is almost inconceivable. Why, then, reasoning on the basis of this wheel experiment, do not trees and plants grow in the directions they are urged by this centrifugal force—namely, with leaves and boughs toward the earth's center and roots pointing to the sky?

The answer is because there is a force called gravitation which overpowers the enormous centrifugal force and practically reverses it. Whether this overmastering force which we call gravitation is electrical or what it is no one has yet been able to discover. There can be no doubt that it is the greatest force we know of.

To unveil the mystery of it would be to become masters of a power whose possibilities dazzle the human mind. It would simplify the problem of building, water and air navigation, projectiles and many other branches of mechanics. It would revolutionize present methods.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Not Palatable.

"This is a new shaving soap I'm using," said the barber. "How do you like it?"

"Applied externally," spluttered the victim, as the brush slipped into his mouth.—The Catholic Standard and Times.

When a man is lying on his death-bed, his friends never comfort him by telling him that he was the best dancer in town.

Triumph of Mind.

Victim of Delusion—Doctor, I'm awfully afraid I'm going to have brain fever.

Doctor—Pooh, pooh, my dear friend! That is all an illusion of the senses. There is no such thing as fever. You have no fever, you have no brain fever—no material substance upon which such a wholly imaginary and supposititious "fever" as a fever could find any base of operation.

Victim—O, doctor, what a load you have taken from me—from my—I have a mind, haven't I, doctor?

Rather Like a Reflection.

An unfortunate author writes to the London Westminster Gazette: "Prof. Chandler, I understand, has just written a book on the literature of roquetry. In a letter accompanying the prospectus of the work the publisher writes to me as follows: 'We think you may be interested to know that reference is made to your name in these columns.' I do not object, but I think it might have been put differently."

Comparing Notes.

Mrs. Skimpem—My boarders always pay promptly.

Mrs. Fillem—Mine do for a few weeks after they come, but it doesn't last long.

Mrs. Skimpem—Why not?

Mrs. Fillem—They get so fat they can't get their hands in their pockets.

Things to Avoid.

Eastern Tourist—This climate is very healthy, isn't it?

Western—Oh, yes.

Eastern Tourist—What are the things to avoid out here if one wishes to keep in perfect health?

Western—Bullets, knives and rope.

No Exceptions.

"Cavassers must go to the rear door."

"But I am not a cavasser, mister."

am sent here by the agent of the building to take measurements for putting awnings over the windows on the sun side, and—"

"If putting up window awnings isn't cavassing I'd like to know what it is." (Slams front door in his face.)—Chicago Tribune.

His True Vocation.

"You are wasting your time painting pictures."

"But I sell my pictures," protested the artist.

"And that convinces me that you can sell anything. Such being the case, why not take up life insurance, or steel bridges, or something with big money in it?"—Home Herald.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine
Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna
manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA
FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
one size only, regular price 50¢ per Bottle.

Omniscious.

"Pardon me, old man," began the veteran boarder, "but we don't want to lose you, and I just want to warn you that you'd better begin to pay something on your board."

"Why?" asked the new boarder.

"Well, I noticed that Mrs. Starvem was dangerously polite to you this morning."—Philadelphia Press.

Seeking a Cause.

"Mamma, is that bay rum in the bottle on your table?"

"Mercy, no, dear!" she replied. "That is mullage."

"Oh," said little Johnny, "perhaps that's why I can't get my hat off."—The Methodist Recorder.

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At any rate, you seem to be getting rid of it on auction-sale principles: "going, going, g-o-n-e!" Stop the auction with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, and always restores color to gray hair. A splendid dressing also. Sold for over sixty years.

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Beyond the Sky.

Pluto had introduced Wackford Squeers, late of Dotheboys hall, to Simon Legree, late of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Squeers," said Legree. "You and I, I believe, are two of the most celebrated of the old masters."

But Squeers, who had just been called by Pluto to take his regular dose of brimstone—without the treacle—was too surly to answer.—Chicago Tribune.

Art and Specializing.

Why should an artist who has painted portraits for years be denied talent as a landscape painter? There is no reason for it. We have grown to mistake speciality for personality, and the artist who has made his name as a painter of cats will have to paint cats all his life.—Kunst, Munich.

Followed Instructions.

"Do you know," said Cholly, "I never had played a game of golf in my life, and when I first tried for me to do it looked at me just like this and said, 'Hoot, mon!'"

"Then what did you do?"

"I hooted, of course."—Chicago Tribune.

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