

ANNOUNCEMENT

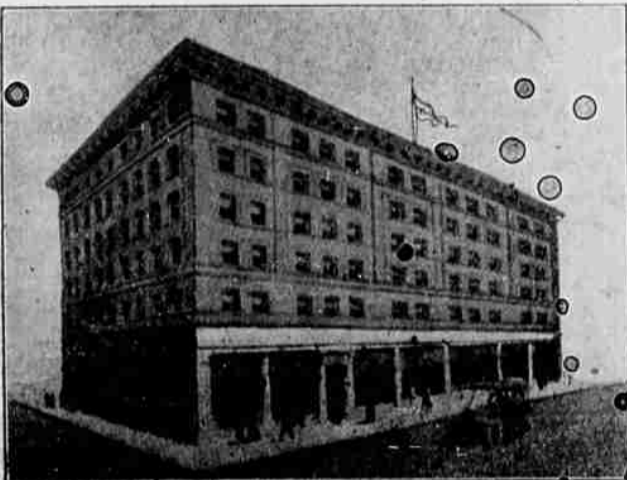
G. H. Irish wishes to announce that he has purchased the GROCERY stock of B. A. Allen & Co., located at 55 east 9th St., and carries at all times the best brands of GROCERIES, FLAX and FEED. We have our own delivery wagon and all goods delivered promptly.

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CARNEGIE ADDS MORE MILLIONS TO UNIVERSITY FUND

New York, April 5.—Announcement that Andrew Carnegie has contributed enough bonds to increase the Carnegie foundation fund for state universities to bring the yearly income from \$500,000 to \$750,000 has created much satisfaction among professors. The fund was running low, Carnegie also said that he would contribute \$15,000,000 more to the fund if necessary. The new funds allow for pensioning of professors.

SPREADING PAVING DOPE ONCE MORE

Once more the Warren Construction company is laying its bit of paving on Eugene's streets, and inside of two weeks, providing the weather remains good, East Eighth street, from Willamette to High, will be covered with a splendid hard-surfaced pavement, the same as on Willamette street and the same which covers portions of Ninth, Seventh and Eleventh streets before the summer is over. A large force of men began the work of spreading the paving this morning. The work attracted a large crowd of people all day, for even to those who saw it all last summer, it is interesting and seems to never get old.

QUIET ELECTION AT COTTAGE GROVE

Special to the Daily Guard. Cottage Grove, April 7.—The city election in Cottage Grove yesterday was quiet and there was no excitement. Dr. B. W. Jolt was elected mayor over Thompson and J. E. Young recorder over Alta K. G. Herbert. J. H. Jolt was elected treasurer without opposition. George Atkins was chosen councilman from the First ward, Henry Fisher from the Second ward and Al Eldridge from the Third ward.

BUILDING INSPECTION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that all persons erecting or repairing buildings in the city of Eugene, the cost whereof, if within the fire limits, equals \$50, or without \$100, must present to me at my office, No. 75 Charnelton street, a plan of the building or repairs. All persons failing to comply with the building ordinance of the city will be prosecuted. V. McFARLAND, Building Inspector, 565 Charnelton St.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

The Eugene Transfer Company having sold its business to J. J. Chase and R. B. Bray, all persons owing the firm up to April 1 will please pay the amount at the company's office or on the streets. All bills outstanding against the firm up to that date will be paid by us. We desire to thank the public for their generous patronage and to wish for our successors a continuance of the same. J. J. MARTIN, S. B. McCLUSKEY.

IF YOU KNEW The merits of the Texas Wander, you would never suffer from kidney, bladder or rheumatic trouble. \$1 a bottle (two months' treatment). Sold by G. J. Hull, or by mail. Send for testimonials. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2929 Olive street, St. Louis.

WOOD! WOOD! Maple, body and second growth fir and tie. WILLIAMS TRANSFER CO. Phone Black 1141.

PURE WATER For pure bedrock water see G. W. Taylor. All surface water caused off by casing into the bed rock, thus insuring nothing but pure bed rock water. G. W. Taylor, 828 Patterson street, Eugene. Phone Red 3377.

WATER! WATER! For pure bed rock water see La Duke & Leffler. We case off all surface water by casing into the bed rock, insuring nothing but pure bed rock water. LA DUKE & LEFFLER, 999 Villard Boulevard, Eugene. Phone Red 371.

WOOD SAWING John M. J. Brown, successor to W. Boddy. All wood sawed to gauge. For prompt service phone Black 2312. Residence 224 High street. Gasoline wood saw.

MERRY WIDOW SAILORS A new line of Merry Widow sailors just received at Colvin & Russell's, 84 East Ninth street.

The up-to-date women avoid cosmetics, drugs and powders. They are extremely harmful to the skin, while Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35c. Tea or Tablets. LINN DRUG CO.

We use all the latest methods in cleaning and dyeing at the Eugene Dye Works, corner Sixth and Willamette streets. Phone Red 2861. 283 1/2 Eugene, Or.

Free garden seeds of all kinds at the Bee Hive grocery, W. J. Gibson & Son, 37 West 10th street.

JUST A POSTAL

By LESTER ROSE

Copyright, 1932, by Lester Rose

Jimmy propped the card against the sugar bowl, and while he hurriedly ate his breakfast his eyes seldom wandered from the picture. Della, the dining room girl, regarded him scornfully. What was the use of mooning over a picture postal with never a word to tell who it was from?

It was rather a pretty picture, a quiet little town nestling on the bank of a broad stream, but it might have been a love letter from the way Jimmy stared at it. Twice Della had to remind him that he must leave the house by three minutes past 8 in order to catch the last car that would land him at the office on time.

Della knew to a fraction of a second when each of Mrs. Beeman's two score boarders must leave. Driggs jestingly called her the "human alarm clock."

Recalled to earth by the sound suggestion, Jimmy thrust the card into his breast pocket and sprinted down the street to the corner. Once on the corner he took out the card again and had to walk back three blocks because he was carried past the office building still studying the picture.

After all, it was a picture well worth the study, for Arlington was one of the prettiest towns in his native state. Postal cards with local views were something new to the little town. Jimmy could remember the one which the first illustrated postal received by an Arlingtontian had made. Sarah Coyne, to whom it was addressed, had let the postmistress know it for a whole week that all might see the curiosity. It had attracted more attention than the first Philippine stamp.

Now, it was evident that some amateur photographer had taken a picture of Arlington from the hill. Jimmy could almost locate the exact spot where he had stood. It was over



IT WAS JIMMY WHO STEPPED FORWARD. In the Pruyt lot, where the boys used to coast in winter, it was too steep for the girls. One could easily run clear to the river on a good pointer.

But there was no hint of snow in this picture. The trees that fringed the river bank were a full leaf, the lone willow that grew on the tiny island was draped in green, and Jimmy could fairly smell the mint and the sweet flag in the marsh where the creek through the Newmans' lot formed a confluence with the river.

Somehow it brought Arlington back with startling distinctness. He had supposed that he had forgotten the town in his two hurried years of city life, but with the picture before him it was as though he had just climbed the hill from the little red house that was hidden in the picture by the new brick Methodist church. They were just finishing the steeple when he had gone away. Now it proudly reared its head above all the other buildings.

Jimmy turned the card over and regarded his face. The blurred postmark seemed like an old friend. He could look through the glass partition where the boxes were empty, down in the corner nearest the drug store, and see Emma Sherman industriously stamping the mail.

He could hear the double thud as she struck first a letter and then the ink pad. He could hear the comments of the men waiting for the mail to be sorted. He could even see the receding poster with its gaudy pictures of uniformed soldiers, a glory of blue and red and yellow, in the midst of the more somber bills announcing auction sales and the plain handwriting of the notice of the social of the Ladies' Aid society.

But, most of all, the neat writing of the address held his thoughts. It needed no signature to tell him the name of the sender. Only Bessie Brewster wrote like that. He recalled the long, happy years when they two had planned to seek the city together. He was assured of a position through his uncle's influence, and Bessie would keep house for him and perhaps in time be able to write for the magazines. The Arlington Times had used some of her stories and had called editorial attention to them.

It had all been a glorious dream, but Bessie's mother had died, and when they graduated from high school and

he spoke of going to the city she had gently said that her duty was to care for her bereaved father.

He had used the argument that her great duty was toward herself, but she thrust the idea from her, and in the end he had swung away from her, desiring that she did not love him, else she would see that he had greater rights than her father, for whom she had worked all the best years of her life.

He had not written after that, not even to tell of his success. This was the first time he had seen her handwriting since he had left Arlington, and his eyes grew soft as he studied the cirography. Then his chief entered the office, and Jimmy had to bend to his work.

But thoughts of Arlington were strangely mixed with the details of accounts, and when the noon hour came he sought an interview with the head of his room. The latter was looking for an opening for a cousin and was glad enough to let Jimmy go without the usual two weeks' wait. Three days later Jimmy was in Arlington.

His first call was on the Brewsters, but the tiny maid told him that Miss Bessie had gone to town for a shopping tour and would not be back until evening. When the evening train rolled up to the little platform and Bessie descended from the car steps, her arms loaded with bundles, it was Jimmy who stepped forward to relieve her of her burden, and who guided her through the little knot of station loungers.

"You are back for a visit?" asked Bessie when they had cleared the crowd. Jimmy shook his head. "I came because of your postal," he explained. "It made me homesick, and I just had to come."

"I'm sorry," she began, but Jimmy stopped her.

"I'm not," he declared. "I'm glad I never was so glad about anything before. It was like a message that I had to answer."

"But now it may make you only dissatisfied to go back," cried the girl. "That's just the beauty of it all," explained Jimmy. "I'm not going back. I guess Arlington's a big enough place for me to stay in, especially."

"Especially?" she repeated as Jimmy paused.

"Look here," he said, speaking rapidly and with a voice that betrayed the intensity of his feelings. "I know I don't deserve to be permitted to speak to you after the way I acted about your staying here when I wanted you to marry me and go to town. I've forgotten all right even to see you, but if you could only know the time I've put in since I got that card you'd be sorry for me, even if I did act like a brute. You were right, Bess, in staying with your father. I was all wrong. But I'm sorry. Do you think that perhaps some time we might be friends—good friends—once more?"

"We are friends now," said Bessie softly, "else you would not be walking with me."

"I don't mean that," objected Jimmy. "It's not just friendship I ask. It is something more. I want a chance to regain your love. Do you think that there would be a chance for me in time?"

Something in his tones told the girl of his sincerity and his loneliness. He had hurt her cruelly in those old days, but she had felt sure that he would come back to her. Her face grew softer as she laid a hand upon his arm.

"Why wait, Jim?" she asked. "You have learned your lesson."

The buddies fell to the hard packed snow as Jimmy rapturously caught her in his arms. As he recovered the buddies he crushed under his grasp, and there was the tinkle of broken glass.

Bess gave a cry of dismay.

"You've broken the lamp I bought for the parlor," she reproached.

Jimmy laughed happily. "I'll buy a dozen lamps for the parlor—our parlor," he promised recklessly.

Thackeray and the Scotch.

A glimpse of Thackeray is given in "Memoirs of a London Club," by David Masson.

At all our meetings at the Garrick and at our club Thackeray always seemed to me, in spite of his light humor and his habitual nickname of "Thack," among his friends, to be a man apart, a sad and highly sensitive man, a man with whom nobody could take a liberty.

It was at one of the larger dinners of our club that I may have been a Shakespeare birthday dinner about the year 1890—that I chanced to sit next to Thackeray, and in the intervals of the speeches we had a good deal of quiet talk. But in our club gatherings there was often a lapse into what we called the "war of the nationalities," which consisted of good humored English chat and banter between the English members and the two or three Scotch and Irish members of the club. It may have been this that somehow suggested the following bit of Thackeray's talk with me:

"I've known," he said, "that, though I can describe an Irishman perfectly, I never could describe a Scotchman." I reminded him of Mr. Rintee.

"Oh," he said, "that's not what I mean; that's a mere facsimile of a man I know, a mere description from life. But what I mean is, I couldn't invent a Scotchman. I should go wrong. But, oh, I'm quite at home with the Irish character!"

With a Satirical Streak. French tact is proverbial. A rather tiresome marquis came up yawning to the Prince de Ligne of the court of Louis XVI.

"That was exactly what I was going to say to you," observed the prince gravely.

TWO REMARKABLE CURES OF ECZEMA

Over Twenty-three Years Ago Baby had Severe Attack—Years Later Grandfather Suffered Torments with the Disease—Virulent Sores Developed from Knees to Toes.

BOTH OWE COMPLETE RECOVERY TO CUTICURA

"In 1884 my grandson, a babe, had an attack of eczema, and after trying the doctors to the extent of heavy bills and an increase of the disease and suffering, I recommended Cuticura and in a few weeks the child was well. He is to-day a strong man and absolutely free from the disease. A few years ago I contracted eczema, and became an invalid, without once having on shoes, my ankles and nearly from the knees to the toes being covered with virulent sores. I tried practitioners, specialists, dermatologists, etc., to no purpose. My daughter-in-law reminded me of having prescribed Cuticura for my grandson more than twenty years ago. I at once procured the Cuticura Remedies and found immediate relief, and a final cure, till today I feel as well as I ever did. I am at this time I had never had that disease. I am well known in the vicinity of Louisville and Cincinnati, and all this could be verified by Mrs. M. W. Laffey, 545 Seventh St., Louisville, Ky., April 23 and May 14, 1907."



The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema, the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis, the loss of hair and crusting of scalp, as in scalded head, the facial disfigurement, as in acne—all demand remedies of extraordinary virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are such standers proven by testimonials of remarkable cures, when many remedies and even physicians have failed. One set is often sufficient to cure.

Cuticura Soap (25c) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c) to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Pills (50c) to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole U.S. Mfrs., Dept. 100, New York, N.Y. Write for Free Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

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Total Assets \$1,000,000 Under Same Management 25 Years T. G. Hendricks, President S. B. Eakin, Vice President P. E. Snodgrass, Cashier Luke L. Goodrich, Assistant Cashier Darwin Britton, Assistant



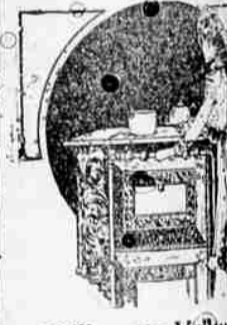
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