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KC is pure. KC is healthful. It really does make lighter, nicer biscuits, cakes and pastry than the old fashioned single acting baking powders.

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JACKS, JENNETS & HORSES for SALE

Sixty head of the finest bred Marcs and Colts, including 10 to 5 year old Geldings, bred for Saddle and Racing. Will consider trade in cheap land.

A Bargain for a Short Time

Cause for selling is the herd law in Morrow county, and the transforming of my 2000 acre stock farm into a wheat field. I must close out this stock. Will consider trade. What have you got?

B. F. SWAGGART, Prop.
Lexington, Oregon.

Her Criticism.

Wee Mabel had a little disagreement with her grandmother one day. She was relating the affair next morning to her parents and in conclusion she said with a sigh, "Well, grandma is certainly a very twee lady."

Wanted Point Remembered.

When little Billie was visiting at lunch one day he had strawberries and there were but a few on each one's plate. Billie looked at the small assortment at his place, then whispered: "Remember, Aunt Marie, that I'm company."

REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.

Shamrock, Mo.—"I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion, female weakness, pains in both sides, backaches and bearing down pains, was short of memory, nervous, impatient, passed sleepless nights, and had neither strength nor energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind, I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a place in my right side that was so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I certainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicines had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. All pains, aches, fears and dreads are gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all is pleasure and happiness in my home."—Mrs. JOSIE HAM, R. F. D. 1, Box 22, Shamrock, Missouri.



If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Satisfaction in Work. All thinking men and women get the main satisfactions of life, aside from the domestic joys, out of the productive work they do.—Charles W. Elliot.

Wasted Energy. Some day the people who are concerned in conserving energy are going to turn their attention to the man who sits up all night working out chess and checker problems.

Nervous Emotional Dizzy Depressed

WOMEN who are restless, with constant change of position, "fidgetiness," who are abnormally excitable or who experience fainting or dizzy spells, or nervous headache and wakefulness are usually sufferers from the weaknesses of their sex.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

is the soothing, cordial and womanly tonic that brings about an invigorating calm to the nervous system. Overcomes the weakness and the dragging pains which resemble the pains of rheumatism. Thousands of women in the past forty years can bear witness to its benefits.

Your dealer in medicines sells it in liquid or sugar-coated tablet form; or you can send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial box of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription tablets. Address Dr. V. M. Pierce, Inwards' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets Regulate and Invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Sugar-Coated Tiny Granules.

Some Truth in This. "Et some men," said Uncle Eben "not up as late o' nights thinkin' 'as dey does playin' cards dey'd go an' tell de doctor dey had insomnia."

GHOSTS IN FLANDERS

SURELY OLD SOLDIERS REVISIT SCENES OF BATTLES.

Five Centuries Ago English Warriors Fought Over the Territory That Is Now the Scene of European Warfare.

I think that old ghosts must be astir in Flanders, now that an English army is encamped there again, with Edward, prince of Wales, on the headquarters staff. Out of the mists of time there must surely come some of those English gentlemen and men-at-arms who more than five centuries ago came with another prince of Wales, called Edward, to fight against heavy odds in and about all those towns in Belgium and France which, again, have become familiar in our mouths as household words—St. Omer, Ypres, Arras, Soissons, Reims, St. Quentin, Gravelines, Dunkirk, Calais and Abbeville, Lille and Armentieres.

Perhaps "Eye-Witness" knows the names of those silent ghosts, though he has not yet written about them in his dispatches, owing to the severity of the censor. He knows, I am sure, that among those who watched the destruction of Cloth Hall were Sir John Chandos—"the flower of knight hood"—and Lord Thomas Percy, Sir Godfrey de Harcourt and Lord Reginald Cobham, Lord Thomas Holland and Lord Delawarr, Lord Robert Neville, Lord Thomas Clifford, Lord Bouchier, Lord Latimer, Sir Walter Manny—"sans peur et sans reproche"—and many other knights and squires, "whom," as old Froissart said, "I can not now name."

The ancestors of British officers who are now fighting in Flanders rode under their banners over the flat marshlands, they banqueted in many of the grand halls which now lie in ruins under the German eagle, they stormed at the gates of many towns which are now filled with British soldiers, their lances glittered down many of the roads where the winter sun now glints upon the lances of French dragoons; and with the chivalry of medieval knight hood they did many acts of courtesy and valor and heroic adventure upon the same ground where the men under Sir John French have upheld the old traditions of their breed with no less courage. Also, according to the way of war they, ravaged the countryside through which they passed, burned farmsteads and peasants' cottages, swept it clean of all food, looted its treasures, and laid it waste, so that there was desolation and famine where the English army had passed.

It was Lord Henry Spencer, bishop of Norwich, who undertook the siege of Ypres in the days when English arrows sung with a shriller note than the modern shell.

"Day after day," writes Froissart, "the assault continued, but the place still held out. At last the English, finding that they could not take the town by storm, and that they had expended all their artillery, resolved to have a quantity of faggots collected with which to fill up the ditches, so that they might advance and fight hand-to-hand with the garrison, undermine the walls, and, by throwing them down, effect an entrance."

Every road and dyke round Ypres was moistened with English blood in those old days, and now, fighting side by side instead of against the French and the Flemings, English blood drips down to the same soil, which is mixed with the dust of heroic bones, of English arrowheads, of steel breastplates and richly chased casques, and of all the panoply of medieval knight hood, now dissolved into the chemistry of the earth's graveyards.

If ghostly warriors keep the watches of the night, Sir Charles Chandos, Sir Walter Manny, Lord James Audley, Lord Reginald Cobham, and a thousand other knights of old renown, salute the men who challenge death for England. The Black Prince raises his visor and kisses the sword hilt to Edward, prince of Wales, who is walking the same fields of fame and blood.—London Chronicle.

The Spaniard in Mexico.

When Cortez landed at Vera Cruz and in honor of the day being "Good Friday," gave the place the sacred name, he set the style of Mexico for the land to be called after saints and sacred things rather than people. The glory of the spirit of Crusader appeared more to him than perpetuating his own name as the cognomen of country. Following in the wake of this warlike Spaniard came troops of friars, some of them pious and truly noble, while others were no more human than the average type of men of that day and generation. A Catholic priest, Hidalgo, occupies a prominent place in the calendar of the country's liberators; while dreams and visions actuated others to explore the country and set up the cross.

Bink's Good Luck.

Binks—Isn't it about time our daughter began to think about getting married? She is getting on and she'll be an old maid the first thing she knows.

Mrs. Binks—Yes, but she's me all over again. I was the same way until my mother warned me that if I was to marry at all I had no time to lose.

Binks—Um—er—I suppose so.

Mrs. Binks—Yes, indeed. I made up my mind to take the first stick that offered, and that very evening you came.

HER "LOVE" RETURNED

WHEN HUSBAND HAD MADE HIMSELF FAMOUS.

But Now, Despite Her Pleas, He Does Not See Why He Should Take Her Back—His Concise Explanation of His Reasons.

They had been deeply in love when they married. That was ten years ago. Much had happened in ten years, and in their case they had drifted apart. At first there were little scraps, mended with a kiss and a few loving words. By degrees the rift became larger. She wanted the comforts, if not the luxuries of life, and told him many times of the motor cars and theater boxes she could have had if she had married Tom, Dick or Harry instead of him. Once he used to weave stories of a tomorrow, but tomorrow never came, and finally the friction became too much for him.

"You are never satisfied," he said after one of their quarrels, according to a New York letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer. "You have no belief in me. Perhaps I don't amount to much. We don't get on. You remain here and I'll find a place for myself. I'll let you have enough to keep you going—\$25 a week."

She agreed to this joyfully, and in a few days he removed to a furnished room not many blocks away. Each week she received an envelope with the stipulated amount in it. Otherwise they lived as strangers.

The man had only left himself enough out of his salary to keep himself alive. There was no overplus for amusements, and his chief recreation was reading at the public library.

One evening, having finished his evening paper, he took up a pencil and began to draw on the edge. He had a sense of humor and was making a comic picture of something he had just read. He was fond of drawing and had given much time to it before his marriage. Then he took a sheet of paper and drew several comic sketches, and they amused him so much that just for fun he sent one to a comic paper. It was accepted and the editor asked for more. He kept on drawing, and in three years had attained a reputation under the name of "Scorn." Meanwhile his wife lived on in the old house, perfectly contented and only slightly curious when her allowance was gradually increased. When one day the envelope contained fifty dollars she decided to go after him. She called at the place where he had been employed when they parted and asked to see him. The clerk grinned.

"He left over a year ago." She rushed to the house where he had roomed. "He left over a year ago," she was informed. Still the fifty dollars arrived regularly.

In California lives a thin man who is something of a cynic. His reputation as a comic artist is established and money comes easily to him. Once a pretty woman asked him why he lived alone.

"I have a wife," he told her. "I left her because she didn't believe in me. I am never going back to her. It hurts a man to be tied a bundle of pessimism in petticoats."

"And did she love you?" the pretty woman asked.

"I hardly think so."

Once his agents wrote to him that she wanted to know where he lived.

"Tell her," he wrote, "that I am in the Town of Tomorrow."

And she understood.

Want Market Commission.

California women are anxious to establish a national marketing commission as suggested by the United States delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome. According to this plan, the president of the United States will appoint the national marketing commission, consisting of the commerce, the mayor of three of the largest cities in the United States, three members of the leading mail order and department stores, a leading railroad man, a parcel post man, a leading banker, a leading workman, two congressmen, a senator, making fourteen in all, and in addition to this fifteen farmers from various sections of the United States, making twenty-nine members of the commission. There would also be state commissions, appointed by the governors, and so on down to township commissions. There would be places in each town and city for sales, and farm produce would be put on sale at different hours in the week.

Barrie Puzzles Gaby Deslys.

Miss Gaby Deslys' comments on Sir James Barrie, in whose first venture in musical burlesque the Parisienne is about to appear, makes piquant reading. The lady complains that Sir James is "strange author." Apparently, "he not like me to know what he means. When he look glad then I know I doing it all wrong, but if he look triste, then I know I doing it right." Moreover, Miss Deslys complains, and this is really a grave indictment, that she does not know whether the author likes her dresses or not, and that he is of opinion that she should do her hair with "nice little round bump at back."

A Gentle Hint.

"Sir, does your boy call his dog Rome?"

"No; why do you ask that?"

"Oh, merely that I noticed he seems to like to make it howl."

SMOKE AND WATER FIRE SHOE SALE



ROYAL SHOE CO., 229 Morrison Street, PORTLAND, ORE. Between 1st and 2d.

Mushrooms Somewhat Neglected.

The artificial production of mushrooms is carried on in Europe to an extent never attempted here, though the growing of them in America is rapidly increasing, mushroom "barns" being available in cellars, caves, stables, fields, outhouses of all kinds. It is one of the many attractive spectacles of the great markets of Paris to see high pyramids of mushrooms, fresh from the "farms," white as snow and of whose luscious edible qualities there can be no doubt.

Aiding the Memory.

Concentration and practice are the chief needs in memorizing poetry and dramatic lines. Competition seems to be the best way to stimulate concentration in children if they are not suffering from nervous troubles, and youngsters will find it most interesting to do these memory feats against time. A race to learn a poem may be as interesting as a hundred-yard dash. Adding columns of figures against time is not only interesting but exceedingly practical.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy.

Bound to Be Seen.

Little Mr. Einstein, a traveling salesman, found himself far away from home, and naturally very lonesome. He knew not a soul in the hotel at which he was staying and he decided that he must attract some attention at any cost. Presently a bellhop came through the lobby paging a Mr. Murphy. "Mr. Murphy!" he shouted. At this point Mr. Einstein jumped up and hollered: "Say, boy, vat initials?"—Everybody's.

Tribute to the Ancient Romans.

The Avezano region was not unknown to the Romans and the old Roman roads across the mountains may still be traced in places. A man beside the way of whom the distance was asked, replied: "By the Roman road it is so far."—Thomas Nelson Page in Scribner's Magazine.

Her Way of Putting It.

"When I proposed to Blanche she asked me if I was a new recruit." "What did she mean?" "She wanted to know if I had ever participated in an engagement before."—Boston Transcript.

Wise Kid.

A confirmed tippler remarked in the presence of his little son that at one period he didn't touch a drop for two years. "Pa," said the little fellow, "was that your first two years?"

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Be independent. Trade taught in eight weeks; tools free. Commissions paid while learning; positions secured. Write for free catalog. MOHLER COLLEGES, Portland, 48 N. 2nd St.; Spokane, 226 Main Ave.; Seattle, 109 Main St.

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A guaranteed remedy for Colds and La Grippe. Price 25c of your druggist. It's good. Take nothing else.—Adv.

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State of Washington, for The Dalles daily ex. Sunday 11 p. m. Leave Dalles daily ex. Monday 12 M. Steamers J. N. Toal, Inland Empire and Twin Cities for Upper Columbia and Snake river points. Taylor St. Dock. Tel. Main 618.

Williams and Columbia River Towing Co., Portland.

Eligible as a Graveside Orator.

"When I die," said Noyes E. Brewmore, "I would like Tennyson J. Daft to make a few remarks at my grave. A man who can write such ambiguous poetry ought to be able to deliver a well-sounding funeral oration without really exposing my true history."—Kansas City Star.

Same Breed.

The men and women who would be willing to use the Constitution to wrap a nickel's worth of liver in would not halt at carrying their salt mackerel home in the Declaration of Independence.—Houston Post.

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Keep Kids Kleen

The most practical, healthful, pleasing garments ever invented for children 1 to 8 years of age. Made in one piece with drop back. Easily slipped on or off. Easily washed. No tight elastic bands to stop circulation. Made in blue denim, and blue and white hickory stripes for all the year round. Also lighter weight material for summer wear. All garments trimmed with fast red or blue garters. Made in Dutch neck with elbow sleeves and high neck and long sleeves.

75c the suit

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send them, charges prepaid on receipt of price, 75c each. A New FREE If They Suit. Made By Levi Strauss & Co., San Francisco

Jogging Your Horses?

Your stallions, as well as your racing prospects, are shedding their coats, or have done so, and are susceptible to the weather changes. Have on hand your "standby"—SPOHN'S COMPOUND. It has stood the test for 17 years. All druggists sell it, or horse goods houses. Bottle, 50 cents and \$1; dozen, \$5 and \$10.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, Goshen, Ind.

All Blood Disorders Quickly Driven Away

Astonishing Results With the Greatest Blood Purifier Ever Discovered.



Strength, Power, Accomplishment are all Typified in S. S. S.

Some blood disorders become deeply rooted in the glands and tissues, and the mistake is made of resorting to drastic drugs. These only aggravate by causing other and worse troubles. A host of people know this to be true. They know from painful experience.

To get right down into where the blood is vitiated requires S. S. S. the greatest blood purifier ever discovered.

This remarkable remedy contains one ingredient, the active purpose of which is to stimulate the tissues to the healthy selection of its own essential nutriment and the medicinal elements of this matchless blood purifier are just as essential to well balanced health as the nutritious elements of the meats, grains, fats and sugars of our daily food.

Not only this, but from the presence of some disturbing poison there is a local or general interference of nutrition to cause boils, carbuncles, abscesses and kindred troubles. S. S. S. so directs the local cells that this poison is rejected and eliminated from their presence. Then, too, S. S. S. has such specific stimulation on these local cells as to preserve their mutual welfare and a proper relative assistance to each other. In a very brief time S. S. S. has the reconstructive process so under control that remarkable changes are observed. All eruptive places heal, mysterious pains and aches have disappeared, and from head to foot there is a conscious sensation of renewed health. From the fact that S. S. S. is purely a botanical preparation, it is accepted by the weakest stomach and has great tonic influence. Not one drop of drugs or minerals is used in its preparation. Ask for S. S. S. and insist upon having it. And if you desire skillful advice upon any matter concerning the blood and skin write to The Swift Specific Co., 208 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Do not allow some zealous clerk to larrip the "just as good" as S. S. S. Beware of all counterfeits.

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