

Making Good.

There is no way of making lasting friends like "Making Good" and Doctor Pierce's medicines well exemplify this, and their friends, after more than two decades of popularity, are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. They have "made good" and they have not made drunkards.

A good, honest, square-deal medicine of known composition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It still enjoys an immense sale, while most of the preparations that have come into prominence in the earlier period of its popularity have "gone by the board" and are never more heard of. There must be some reason for this long-time popularity and that is to be found in its superior merits. When once given a fair trial for weak stomach, or for liver and blood affections, its superior curative qualities are soon manifest; hence it has survived and grown in popular favor, while scores of less meritorious articles have suddenly flashed into favor for a brief period and then been soon forgotten.

For a torpid liver with its attendant indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, perhaps dizziness, foul breath, nasty coated tongue, with bitter taste, loss of appetite, with distress after eating, nervousness and debility, nothing is so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's an honest, square-deal medicine with all its ingredients printed on bottle-wrapper—no secret, no hocus-pocus humbug, therefore don't accept a substitute that the dealer may possibly make a little bigger profit. Insist on your right to have what you call for.

Don't buy Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription expecting it to prove a "cure-all." It is only advised for women's special ailments. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Less advertised than some preparations sold for like purposes, its sterling curative virtues still maintain its position in the front ranks, where it stood over two decades ago. As an invigorating tonic and strengthening nerve it is unequalled. It won't satisfy those who want "loose," for there is not a drop of alcohol in it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the original Little Liver Pills, although the first pill of their kind in the market, still lead and when once tried are never afterward in favor. Easy to take as candy—only three a dose. Much imitated but never equalled.

AT THE CHURCHES

M. E. Church

Regular preaching services at the Methodist church every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and at 8:00 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m.; Epworth League 7:00 p. m.; Mid-week Service, Thursday, 8:00 p. m.

REV. H. GOULD, Pastor.

German Lutheran Church

The German Lutheran hold services on the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month at 2:30 p. m.

H. C. ERELLING, Pastor.

Christian Church.

SCHEDULE OF SERVICES.

Bible School, Sunday 10:00 a. m.
Communion and preaching 11:00 a. m.
Junior Mission Band 8:00 p. m.
Christian Endeavor 8:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting 7:30 p. m.

REV. STAS, Pastor.

Congregational Church

Sunday School at 10 a. m. Morning Preaching Service at 11 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Young People's Meeting held at 6:30 p. m. Mid-week service on Thursdays at 7:30 p. m.

REV. H. W. BOYD, Pastor.

Free Methodist

There will be preaching services in the Free Methodist Church every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

REV. H. K. BOWMAN, Pastor.

Christian Science.

Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. in Christian Science Hall, 115 South Fifth Street.

—Dr. E. H. Brown, Physician and Surgeon. X-Ray and all electrical appliances in office. Calls answered night or day.

—Money to loan on farm security. W. H. Hollis, Forest Grove.

—Hoffman & Allen for good goods and lowest prices.

—Try Schultz's ground bone for your hens. It will make them lay.

—Cotton Blankets 10-4, 11-4, 12-4, prices 85c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, at Bailey's.

—O. P. Eldridge will be in this city about three months more and is ready to do tree pruning of all kinds and dehorning. 19 2t

Pumpkin Pie!

MARtha HOLMES

Pumpkin Pie! What magic in the name! What visions of cheer and good fellowship do the words conjure to our minds! Truly no production of culinary art is so distinctively American or so delightfully appetizing.

Pumpkin pie represents an ambition, the goal of much thought and patient effort. It is in fact a masterpiece and worthy of our affection.

Imagine a broad field of tangling rich green vines, starred with countless golden blossoms. It is truly a beautiful sight, and deserves a name more harmonious than its well known title, "pumpkin patch." Give your imagination freer reign and think of that same field after the lapse of a few short summer months. What a transformation! It is day in the pumpkin patch! The star like flowers have vanished, and in their place are golden suns! We can not realize the vast possibilities of the pumpkin patch. The sight thrills us and calls to our minds Halloween, Thanksgiving and all their attendant delights. Patiently has the farmer watched and tended this golden store, and for what purpose? For that savory delicacy, — pumpkin pie.

Greater even than this is the care and labor bestowed upon our best American dish. When days begin to grow short and dry leaves flutter and drift in fitful gusts of wind, the farmer's children hie them to the field, to gather this, the best of the season's gifts. How cheerfully they stagger "neath golden load, for to their minds there comes a vision of Thanksgiving and pumpkin pie.

Carefully are they hoarded away in dry cellars to ripen while the days pass swiftly by. The great day soon comes, the day of realization, the day for which the fields have yielded their rich abundance and for which the small boy waits with eagerness, but of which the turkey dares not think.

The crowning triumph of that day is the Thanksgiving dinner, the triumph of the dinner is—pumpkin pie. Ah, the comedies and tragedies of the final preparations! From every kitchen in the land, delightful spicy odors float upon the keen autumn air. Who dreams of the possibilities they suggest? All other things are insignificant, compared with the final test—the making of the pumpkin pie. The housewife feels the importance of her responsibility, and the recipe handed down from old New England ancestry does not fail. The Thanksgiving pumpkin pie is a creation such as we have only dreamed of in our wildest flights of fancy.

How sadly would Thanksgiving lack if we had not pumpkin pie. The Turkey may be replaced by goose, plumpudding by other dishes of that nature, but pumpkin pie you cannot take away nor replace with something just as good. It is a necessary part of Thanksgiving.

In the long years to come when we

shall have forgotten how the turkey looked and tasted, our eyes will sparkle and our pulses quicken when we mention pumpkin pie. Who can forget its mysterious charm or outlive his loyal allegiance to its memory?

Three things we love, nor question why,
Thanksgiving, home, and pumpkin pie.

A Boy's Thanksgiving.

Tomorrow'll be Thanksgiving, and things are upside down;
Mother's in the kitchen and father gone to town

To get a few more raisins; guess mother thinks it fun
For me to take those raisins and seed them one by one.

Bob's back from the city and Bess is home from school;
She says she's just wore out with keeping every rule

And learnin' all her lessons; at home she'll rest all right;
But mother says its parties and eatin' fudge at night.

Dick wrote he was busy and thought he'd stay and dig;
He was kind of low in German, and getting back in Trig.

Yet when mother worried if he weren't getting thin,
Bess said she thought 'twas football, and she had a sort of grin.

But if Dick had been here to see that turkey strut,
To taste that big fat citron that mother had us cut,

And help her fry the doughnuts, and put the pies in row,
He'd a' come a-flyin', and let that football go.

We're going to have a dinner that's most long as a mile;
And we'll all sit 'ere eatin' without your company style,

And pass up all we want to. The time can't come too fast
When I wake up in the morning n' tomorrow's here at last.

FIDDLE DEE

Meditation.

I gaze on the changing landscape
On budding bush and tree,
And every leaf that rustles
Whispers low my God of Thee.

I gaze in the flowing river
As it hurries on to the sea,
Yet every shining ripple
Babbles my God of Thee.

I stand on its sandy margin
As it mirrors the heavens above,
And to me the picture is speaking
Of Thy infinite tender love.

H. M.

Autumn.

Fading—oh year, all your splendor
Is fading and passing away,
It is blown on the blast of the wild wind
Blown and drifted away.

Fading—oh life, all your beauty
Is fading as fa'eth the rose,
And dies as the rose dies in autumn
A death, yet a short repose.

Not dying a death for eternal
That never to life shall awake,
But a slumber, long, sweet and peaceful
That shall last till the glad daybreak.

Waiting?—oh year, for the springtime
For the budding and wakening of life,
For resurrection—the glorious awakening
From slumber that then shall seem brief.

H. M.

Pioneer Thanksgiving.

BY LORETTA B. MURPHY.

"Our first Thanksgiving in Oregon was in 1844," said the old man. "Mother had been here six months and had bravely borne her share of the hardships of frontier life," said he, smiling at his pleasant faced wife. "Then we lived in the old log cabin down by the spring. On the little clearing in front of the cabin we had raised a few beans and potatoes and enough wheat to last through the winter."

We had planned all summer to have a great dinner Thanksgiving, and at two o'clock that day the grouse which I had shot the day before was done to a turn. A big pot of bean soup filled the room with its savory odor; potatoes roasted in the ashes; loaves of brown bread cooled in the window; the big bowl of huckle berry sauce looked rich and tempting.

Just as we were going to the table there was a noise outside the cabin. An Indian opened the door. Back of him we saw many dusky men moving about in the clearing and in the edge of the woods. "Come" said the Indian, who was standing on the doorstep, 'the Chief of the Molallas wants to see you.' We had seen many Indians but none had ever before been bold enough to come to our cabin. I turned to mother; a resolute look had come over her pale face. "Have him come in here," she said.

The Indian went away. Soon the chief and six Molalla braves crowded into the cabin. They stared at mother when she pointed to the table on which she had placed everything prepared for our feast. The chief and his men understood her and moved up to the table. They passed the big bowl of soup around and each one drank, and made ugly grimaces when the hot soup burned his throat. They tore the roasted grouse in pieces and passed them round. The chief buried his teeth in a hot potato; the next minute he howled with pain. Two Indians quarreled over the huckle berries, a fight followed and the chief with a grunt of delight emptied the berries upon the braves.

When the Indians had eaten the last scrap of our dinner, the chief turned to us and said, 'heap good, white brother, 'we friends.' Then he and his braves left the room. Mother and I glanced mournfully at the empty table. "At least," said she winking back tears, 'I believe our Thanksgiving dinner has paid, even if we didn't get to eat it.' And it did pay for we never received an injury from a Molalla Indian."

Optimistic.

Look up! no matter how rough the road
How deep or how dark the mire,
For the view that meets the eye from above
Will raise our thoughts to things higher.

Look up! for the sun is bright at day
And the stars are bright at night,
Tho' dark on earth, in the world above
It is always wondrous light.

Look up! tho' your heart seemed racked and torn
And your feet to cling to the sod,
Look up and hope and your cares will flee
If you put your trust in God.

H. M.

COST OF GREAT FOOTBALL GAMES

Yale-Harvard Game on November 23, Will Probably Put a Million Dollars into Circulation.

BY R. A. MILAY, '08.

Toward the end of the season, or near Thanksgiving, occur the greatest football games of the year. Thus the great annual game between Yale and Harvard occurs on the twenty-third of November, while the games between West Point and Annapolis, Chicago and Carlisle, take place on Thanksgiving. Training is carried on through the whole season with these games in view, and no expense or trouble is spared to get the teams in shape.

Last year Harvard, in her game with Yale, spent \$25,000 and the expense of Yale in the same game reached the enormous sum of \$35,000. This represents but a small part of the actual amount which is spent every year on these games both by the school and by the public.

Playing at other schools necessarily involves a great expense. Harvard made two trips last year, one to Yale and one to West Point, in which her expenses exceeded \$2,000, while Yale in her trips to West Point and Princeton, spent the considerable sum of \$6,450. This is partly explained by the fact that Harvard and Yale make it a practice to make the journey a few days before the game, and put up at an expensive hotel to rest up for the game. Last year Harvard's hotel bill alone exceeded \$1,000.

Harvard's training table alone costs \$400 a week or about \$3,200 a season. Yale spends, for her training table and other expenses connected with food and lodging for her football men, \$3,700 yearly. Add to this the salaries of coaches, wages of assistants, money paid out for repairs of grounds and numerous other expenses, and a fair idea can be gained of what a season of football costs in a large institution.

Yale's stadium will hold about 35,000 people, but Saturday's attendance will probably exceed that number by 5,000, causing the school the necessary expense of enlarging the seating capacity. This work is let out to a contractor who provides the extra seats at sixty cents apiece, so that the bill amounts to something like \$3,000. Booths and ropes cost about \$150, tickets \$300, police \$400 and officials \$600. The admission fee is from \$1.50 to \$2.00, although some persons are willing to spend from five to seventy-five dollars for reserved seats. The total gate receipts will probably reach \$60,000.

The expense to the public is impossible to estimate. Some come hundreds of miles to witness this event of the season, and their expenses run into thousands of dollars. Women, at the big game, dress more splendidly than at any other event. Hundreds are spent on flowers alone, and it is said that the stands at New Haven resemble hanging gardens. It is not improbable that one million dollars will change hands as a result of this great contest.

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The following articles 50c per doz. Pillow Cases, Bed Sheets, Table Cloths, Night Gowns, Women's Drawers, Underwear, Aprons and Corset Covers.
Pacific Avenue Forest Grove

Guardian's Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of a license and order sale duly made and entered by the County Court of Washington county, Oregon, on October 22, 1907, licensing me to sell, at private sale, for cash in hand the hereinmatter described real estate, belonging to William Ziegler, a spendthrift and incompetent person, I will, from and after Monday, December 2, 1907, proceed to sell, at private sale, for cash in hand, to the highest bidder, all the following described real estate, situated in Washington county, Oregon, to-wit:

The east half of the northeast quarter of section 10, T. 1 N. R. 4 W, Will. Mer. Also the following described tract of land: Beginning at a point on the west line 38 rods south of the northwest corner of the D. L. C. of John Lougnot and wife, in T. 1 N. R. 4 W, Will. Mer., and running thence east 15 rods, thence south 31 rods, thence west 15 rods, thence north 31 rods to the place of beginning; Excepting from the above described lands the following, to-wit: Beginning at a point the northeast corner of the northeast quarter of section 10, T. 1 N. R. 4 W, Will. Mer., running thence south 8 rods, thence west 36 rods, thence north 8 rods, thence east to the place of beginning; Also a strip of land 25 feet 9 inches in width lying and being on the west side of the above described land, the same running from north to south lines thereof, and being 25 feet 9 inches wide, the land to be sold being 80 acres, more or less.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this October 28, 1907.
H. G. KING,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of William Ziegler, a Spendthrift and Incompetent Person.
W. N. Barrett,
Atty. for Guardian.
(First Pub. Oct. 31) 5-t

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY Forest Grove Time Table

NORTH BOUND.
No. 7 departs 6:40 a. m., arrives at Portland 8:00 a. m.
No. 5 " 8:47 a. m. " " 10:20 a. m.
No. 9 " 1:30 p. m. " " 2:50 p. m.
No. 1 " 4:10 p. m. " " 5:50 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.
No. 2 dep. Portland 7:00 a. m. Arr. Forest Grove 8:34 a. m.
No. 8 " 11:00 a. m. " " 12:20 p. m.
No. 4 " 4:10 p. m. " " 5:40 p. m.
No. 10 " 8:20 p. m. " " 9:40 p. m.

E. C. SIMPSON, Agent.

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