

## Have you Catarrh?

Is nasal breathing impaired? Does your throat get husky or clogged?

Modern science proves that these symptoms result from run-down health. Snuffs and vapors are irritating and useless. The oil-food in Scott's Emulsion will enrich and enliven the blood, aid nutrition and assist nature to check the inflammation and heal the sensitive membranes.

Shun Alcoholic mixtures and insist upon SCOTT'S.



# Winter in Quebec

IF QUEBEC didn't partake of the light-hearted Frenchness of a Poiret skating cap it could never live out the life of a twentieth-century city, clinging aslant and jauntily as it does to a seventeenth-century mountain with its mouth full of guns.

Quebec began at river-level, humbly yet aspiringly, when the gallant Marquis de Montcalm in 1608 laid down the cross and the sword for a moment while he dug foundations for his house, situated near what is now the Levis Ferry pier in the lower town, says A. Lyman in the Boston Transcript. There was a hundred-and-eighty-foot cliff behind the little home, with its gay garden aflame with all the flowers of Versailles for the sweet marquise who was to come over the Atlantic, and before the door stretched the loveliest of rivers, fading into the distance beyond green Orleans. But Quebec could never be satisfied to live in one place, planned and at rest. So it climbed the great mountain, perching Frontenac's beautiful Chateau St. Louis where now the Chateau Frontenac stands. And after it had filled the hill with buildings, it flowed over the top and down into the valley of the St. Charles, where you can see it today, multiroofed and a-twinkle.

Thus it comes that the streets of Quebec lead a varied and exciting life, from Mountain hill, which is too steep for the old man to climb, and Sous le Cap, which is too narrow for the big car to get through with dignity, to such roads as Ste. Anne and Fabrique that go upstairs and downstairs in a life of perpetual hide-and-seek with the proprietries of streetdom.

Reflections of Normandy. Along these thoroughfares are planted tall Norman houses with grim roofs pulled down over their eyes. They stand in close formation, shoulder to shoulder, mindful of the old days when the Iroquois might drop over from Levis in his canoe or the cursed Eng-

the gateway of the Chateau Frontenac that you really find the heart of the city. In the old days the brave de Galignoniere walked in the governor's garden, where now the big rink flashes with gay skaters; and the wickedly incomparable Bigot bit his nails and cudged his dark brain for fresh villainies on the spot where Jean Paul serves the visitor with orange pekoe and buttered crumpets. If Quebec had a Calvinist soul, so much grim history might be depressing. As it is, ghosts add spice to gaiety.

Up here the view is remarkably fine. From the still hour when the mother o' pearl dawn breaks over the St. Lawrence, with the puffed silver of the tug-smoke against the dim heights of Levis; through the sparkling morning when you climb the green slopes of the citadel, 290 feet above the river, to get the Atlantic wind in your face; past the sunshine of the afternoon spent under one of the little pavilions on Dufferin terrace that stand like gay green and white striped parasols running their handles up for flagpoles; into the mysterious evening with the lights of Levis like softly woven strands of the Milky Way—there isn't a pause in the processional panorama.

When the Mercury Goes Down. Summer in Quebec is wonderful, with its drives and its dancing, its launch parties, its evening band concerts, its later hunting and fishing trips. But you never know the quaint old, gay old, glad old town until the mercury takes the down-elevator and the Chateau people flood the long toboggan slide that drops the breathless visitor from the king's bastion of the citadel across Dufferin terrace—a quarter of a mile in thirty seconds.

Then the sleigh comes out—the low, red-bodied musk ox-furred charmer in which you can drive all day in the coldest weather, thinking of twenty-five miles or so into the back country along roads grooved in the



THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE

fish be heard down Beauport way. Even the churches bear this same front of secret watchfulness, from the Chapel of the Ursulines on the hill, built in 1641, twice burned and three times reconstructed, where sleeps Montcalm after the fever of battle, to Notre Dame des Victoires, least altered of all, standing in the lower town, its cross aloft to the winds that welcome the Jack as once they flaunted the Fleur de Lis.

The English cathedral, built in 1804, seems older than its years, carrying as it does the scarred battle flags of the old Sixty-ninth, flags that saw Bala-klava, and that were replaced by new ones presented in 1870 by Prince Arthur. Today, as duke of Connaught, he annually takes his seat inside the golden rails of his pew in the gallery to listen to service during the time he lives at the citadel.

Hard by the cathedral is the duke of Kent's house, where Queen Victoria's father spent three winters in the seventeenth century, to the great fluttering of Quebec society. Almost across the street is the quaint little white house where Montcalm died. The visitor who is wise enough to knock at the door, take a look at the famous painting of the hero which goes with the lease of the place, and wish for his heart's desire the while he gazes, will assuredly and for certain attain thereunto within six months—or so at least the old Quebecois will tell you.

But it isn't until you swing under

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### The Housemaid.

The housemaid wears short skirts, which leads us to believe that the disease called "housemaid's knee" must be very becoming. The housemaid goes around the house very quietly—not even disturbing the dust.

The housemaid's duty is to pick things up—which she does very quickly. By the time she has picked up 38 hairpins, four combs and a barrette or two and has emptied nine badly crushed cigars from the ash receiver the news of the engagement does not strike her in the nature of a shock.

The housemaid likes to read rapid fiction, see empty plays and talk scandal. In fact, in nine cases out of ten she is in no way superior to her mistress.—Judge.

You can safely place faith in Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Adv.

### No Longer An Amateur.

"No, I won't flirt with you," Miss Gadsby told young Greegus, severely. "You're no amateur; you're disqualified."

"How so?" queried the puzzled youth. "Why, when you spent a week at the Yapp's country place and held hands with the eldest daughter you accepted board and lodging."—Judge.

She—And don't you go in for sport of any kind?

He—Oh, yaas, don't yer know, I'm—haw—passionately fond of dominoes.—Detroit Free Press.

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### Life.

What is life? It is supposed to be something that most people value highly, yet few there are who are willing to preserve it. For example, everyone talks about methods of attaining long life, yet no one cares to practice them. The commonest rules of health are constantly violated by the great majority. Doctors know this and rarely, if ever, advise their patients how to live, but give them medicine to tide them over some temporary setback.

Life has been called an illusion, a dream, a bubble, a curtain raiser and a forgetting. In reality, it is merely something that no man wants to part from too suddenly, but which he will always sign on the installment plan to the highest bidder. The soldier gambles with the state for the price of his life, the immigrant with the miner, the rich man with luxury.

At best, life is only what we learn to avoid.

### The Middle Age.

There comes a clear day when one realizes that clothes are to keep the weather off you, that food is to give you health, that home is shelter and inspiration; that, aside from being clean and inoffensive, one's personal appearance does not signify very much; that the main thing in life is to be going along toward the goal of your ideals. That isn't getting old, it's getting sense. From then on time is not master, but friend.—Colliers.

To stop bleeding use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

### Different.

"We lent England and France half a billion dollars and never felt it," proudly declared the man with the wilting collar.

"Could you stake me to a dollar till tomorrow, Bill?" asks his acquaintance.

"Me! Great Scott! If I had a dollar more than I needed I'd have it framed and hang it up where I could look at it and see what money looks like."—Judge

### No Sale.

"I tell you," said the real estate agent, "there isn't a finer residence development on earth than this. Just look at the wonderful scenery."

"The scenery is all right," replied the man who was looking for a home. "The only trouble is there's too much of it between here and the city."

## THE GIRL WITH A CLEAR SKIN WINS

If you, too, are embarrassed by a pimply, blotchy, unsightly complexion, just try Resinol Soap regularly for a week and see if it does not make a blessed difference in your skin. In severe cases a little Resinol Ointment should also be used. Resinol Soap helps to make red, rough hands and arms soft and white, and to keep the hair healthy and free from dandruff. Resinol Soap contains no free alkali. Sold by all druggists.

### Greek.

Esculapius was giving a lecture. "Finally," said the father of medicine, "write your prescriptions in Latin and your bills in good plain English."

"But," asked the students, "where does our native tongue come in?"

"That's just it," he answered; "the patient's condition is usually Greek to you."

Cheered by this exposition, they went forth to practice their art.—Wit and Humor.

### Bachelor Privileges.

Wife—Dear me, you can never find a thing without asking me where it is. How did you get along before you were married?

Hub—Things stayed where they were put, then.—Boston Transcript.

## Portland Y. M. C. A. Auto School

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### Dust.

It is what you try to throw in your fellow men's eyes while they try to toss it into yours. It is what we all spring from and to which we return, thus vouchsafing to some solemn divinity the opportunity to complete the quotation of "Ashes to ashes—" It is the substance that impairs the breathing apparatus of many millions and deals out a pack of diseases—of every degree of importance, from the one to the twospot—at any blowy corner or in any unswayed tenement. A dust to the housewife, it is a benign god to the maker of brooms and vacuum cleaners. "Dust—the most pernicious substance in the world!" cries the intolerant reformer. Patience, patience, good friend! Were it not for the dust mote how would we ever perceive the beam of sunshine slanting through the shadowy room? Besides, there is star dust—Colliers.

### For Burns and Scalds.

In case of burns and scalds apply Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh and get relief. Apply it to cool the skin and take the fire out. Have a bottle always on hand to use in case of accidents. Adv.

### So He Went Hungry.

A member of the Merion Cricket Club was telling stories to a Bryn Mawr girl. Here is what he said, which was considered the climax in the evening:

"Her eyes were not exactly straight, and some one commented upon it and asked him if he had noticed it."

"Noticed it, Man!" he replied, "why she is so cross-eyed that recently when I sat next to her at a dinner she took off my plate."

### In the Wrong Market.

"Milton got only a few pounds for his Paradise Lost."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Sawiggle. "He could have done better by turning it into a s'nario for the movies!"—Washington Star.

### Queer Case.

"I have a storeroom on my hands that I can't seem to rent."

"Does nobody want it for an automobile supply shop? What neck of woods is it in?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We hear of new uses of Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. In dehorning cat-dog, light applications help to stop itching, making the use of a hot iron unnecessary. Adv.

### More Fuel

The agricultural department is selling out booklets cautioning people that there is a scarcity in the fuel supply.

The booklets may help to rectify it.—Louisville Courier—Journal.

For mosquito bites apply Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

### Mistaken Observation

What graceful free movements your daughter makes in her dancing, "Comeup."

They ain't no free movements. I pay her teacher \$5 a lesson."—Baltimore American.

### Save Your Horses.

Save Distemper, Mountain Fever, and all other forms of Contagion by using Spohn's Temper Compound. Put on the tongue in the feed. Safe at all times for all ages and sexes, under all conditions. Use for Dog Distemper and Chicken Cholera. Acts on the blood, expels the miasms. Removes worms from stomach and intestines. A fine tonic and appetizer. Absolutely safe, even for human beings. Over 1,000,000 bottles sold last year. Latest cure and preventive ever known for Contagious diseases. Nearly every one knows Spohn's. Over 15 years on the market. Have you used this great remedy? Why not? It is not an experiment. It is convinced; let "Spohn's" help save and make money. All wholesale druggists can supply you, or write to manufacturers handle it. Your home druggists, with price enclosed. A bottle, \$1.00; \$5.00 and \$10.00 the dozen. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., 1000 N. 1st St., U. S. A.

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