

ROYAL IS THE Best Baking Powder

The Official Government Reports:

The United States Government, after elaborate tests, reports the ROYAL BAKING POWDER to be of greater leavening strength than any other. (Bulletin 13, Ag. Dep., p. 599.)

The Canadian Official Tests, recently made, show the ROYAL BAKING POWDER highest of all in leavening strength. (Bulletin 10, p. 16, Inland Rev. Dep.) In practical use, therefore, the ROYAL BAKING POWDER goes further, makes purer and more perfect food, than any other.

Government Chemists Certify:

"The Royal Baking Powder is composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances."

"EDWARD G. LOVE, Ph. D."

"The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public."

"HENRY A. MOTT, M. D., Ph. D."

"The Royal Baking Powder is purest in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge."

"WM. McMURKIE, Ph. D."

The Government Report shows all other baking powders tested to contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid.

Hard to Choose.

Mrs. Bargain—What are you worrying about this morning?
Mr. Bargain—I need some new clothes and a new watch, and I can't make up my mind whether to get the clothes at a shop where they give away watches, or to buy the watch at a shop where they give away clothes.—London Tit-Bits.

THE FATHER OF MANY ILLS.

Constipation leads to a multitude of physical troubles. It is generally the result of carelessness or indifference to the simplest rule of health. Eugene McKay of Brantford, Ont., writes:
"I had for several years been a sufferer from constipation, had taken a great many different remedies, some of which did me good for a time, but only for a time; then my trouble came back worse than ever. I was induced by a friend, whom BRADBETH'S PILLS had benefited, to try them. Took two each night for a week; then one every night for about six weeks. Since that time I have not experienced the slightest difficulty whatever, and my bowels move regularly every day. I believe firmly that for sluggishness of the bowels and biliousness BRADBETH'S PILLS are far superior to any other."

A genius is a person who finds out things for other people.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture, piles and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no fee. Private diseases. Address for pamphlet: Dr. Forterfield & Lowsy, 838 Market Street, San Francisco.

A man who is an animal that can eat out of both stocks of hay at the same time.

1000 REWARD 1000.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one directed disease that so far has not been cured in all its stages, and that a Catarrh—HAY-FEVER—Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, it cures a constitutional disease. Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and restoring nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. HENLEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75 cents.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Though a scoundrel's plunage and rags, but the cat of an oriole robin or thrush. Let the bird be a bright golden eagle.

Ladies, why use shoe dressings that have alcohol, acid, and ammonia in them, and spoil your shoes? Watson's Peerless Polish has none of these injurious ingredients. It is guaranteed.

A Ruddy Glow

on cheek and brow is evidence that the body is getting proper nourishment. When this glow of health is absent assimilation is wrong, and health is letting down.

Scott's Emulsion taken immediately arrests waste, regardless of the cause. Consumption must yield to treatment that stops waste and builds flesh anew. Almost as palatable as milk.

If You Think
any kind of crop will do, then try kind of seed that you think the best results you should expect.

FERRY'S SEEDS.

Always the best, they are recognized as the standard everywhere.

Ferry's Seed Annual is the most important book of the kind published. It is available to all.

D. M. FERRY & CO.
DETROIT, MICH.

Old Gold and Silver Bought your old Gold and Silver to sell to the old reliable house of J. Coleman, at Third Street, San Francisco. I will send you returns with the most satisfactory manner; if the amount is not satisfactory will return it.

HIS ASHES TO THE WIND.

STRANGE FUNERAL RITES OVER HENRY MEYER'S REMAINS.

He Was Incarcerated to the Music of a Band—His Ashes Were Cast into the Air from the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor—All as He Directed.

A little white cloud floated over from the head of the Statue of Liberty at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and in it disappeared in the four winds of heaven the remains of Henry Meyer, hotel keeper, of Staten Island.

To be buried in this singular, half-cynical fashion in mid-air, as it were, was exactly as the dead man had often directed while he lived. As he had wished, his body was cremated, his handful of ashes was preserved in a box until the next Sunday should come, and then, with the popping of champagne bottles and expressions of good will, but no grief, was cast from the top of Liberty whenever it would go. In the clear sunshine of the beautiful day, looking no bigger and of no more importance than a puff of cigar smoke, the cloud hung for a moment under the lee of the statue. Then the sharp north-west wind caught it, whirled it instantly out of sight in the direction of the dead man's old home, and that was the last of the body of Henry Meyer.

A jovial though an odd soul, and a hotel keeper for thirty years at Port Richmond, Mr. Meyer was well known to every Staten Islander and a good many other people, too. From the name of his hotel he got to be called "Puck" Meyer, so that his real first name was generally forgotten. He was a skeptic, a socialist, a strenuous advocate of cremation, a pretty good liver and a man of great popularity in spite of a thousand peculiarities which will be stated in full hereafter for the generation to come.

No one saw "Puck" die. He was found dead in his bed in the hotel on the morning of Feb. 14. His wife was the first to discover his death. As his will, made many years ago, directed, the body was taken to the Fresh Pond crematory, on Long Island, two days later and incinerated. A committee from the Staten Island Schuetzen corps, of which Meyer had been a member, accompanied the remains in three carriages, with a brass band.

The body was dressed in the blue uniform of the Schuetzen corps, and after it had been consumed the brass buttons and other pieces of metal which the fire had not destroyed were preserved as souvenirs. The ashes, weighing little more than three pounds, were of a whitish color and as feathery as cigar ashes. They were carefully placed in a round tin box and put in charge of First Lieut. Moritz Wegerle. Then, with the band playing a lively air, the party returned to Staten Island.

The special committee took the steamer Bay Ridge for Bedloe's Island. To avoid curiosity Lieut. Wegerle had the tin box in a brown Gladstone bag. He swung this carelessly in his hand as the party climbed to the top of the pedestal. Then they went outside the statue on the stone platform surrounding it, and there the bag was opened and the master of ceremonies disclosed four brown paper bags, each containing an equal amount of Meyer's ashes. There was a spoonful or two left in the bottom of the case, which were saved for "Puck's" married sister on Staten Island at her request.

As he handed around the bags Mr. Rinschler made this speech: "Here are the ashes of old 'Puck' Meyer. He was a good man, beloved by all. I never knew of any wrong thing he ever did."

Each man that got a bag stuck it into his pocket. Then the "Puck" proceeded to climb the winding stairs to Liberty's head. Their movements, however, had been observed by Watchman Horn, and as they began the ascent he called out: "What have you got there? 'Puck' Meyer?"

Consternation was depicted on every face until Horn shouted again: "It's all right! Go ahead. You can come up!" Up they went accordingly, and one of the sharp turns Capt. Fink who is a portly man, got hopelessly stuck. He handed his bag of ashes to Mr. Boehm and went back to the pedestal. It had been intended to throw the ashes from the country from Hamburg about thirty years ago. Each man took his station therefore in the head corresponding to the points of the compass, and as each bag was emptied the members of the "Puck" threw the ashes of "Puck" Meyer. "Happy days! Happy days!" "Happy days to old 'Puck' Meyer," said Mr. Rinschler.

"He was a good fellow," remarked Lieut. Wegerle.

"You're right he was," said the others altogether, according to the prearranged formula.

"Do you believe in the resurrection?" asked one of the committee of a brother member as they boarded the 5 o'clock boat.

"Well, I guess there's something in it," said the brother tactically.

"Then all I've got to say is that 'Puck' Meyer will find a hard job pulling himself together when that day comes."

Meyer was 56 years old and came to this country from a German town about five years ago. He was one of the first volunteers from Staten Island on the northern side during the rebellion. He served through the war and got a wound in his left leg in a skirmish in Tennessee. He refused to let the surgeons amputate his limb, although they said he couldn't live unless he did, and brought the leg and the rest of his body home safe and sound at the end of the war. He never wore an overcoat, always wore a silk hat the year round and always carried a cane. The Staten Island children almost worshipped him.

Meyer provided in his will that his friends should have a champagne supper after scattering his ashes, but it was found that no money remained for this. In fact, the man died a bankrupt. His place at Port Richmond was sold under foreclosure the day after he died. He left one child, a son 3 years old, by his present wife. His life was a fast and a merry one, and his friends hardly knew whether to laugh or cry over his memory.

Odia is the Difference.

When a subject of the king of Dahomey is ailing he is bled from the arm. If this doesn't cure him he is laid on his face and two men walk up and down his spine. If this fails, his case is called incurable, and he is left to shift for himself as a very obstinate fellow.—Detroit Free Press.

At the Table; Guests Present.

Mamma—Why, Bessie! Get down from the back of your chair. What are you doing?

Bessie—Mamma, you told me little girls should be seen, not heard.—Democrat.

Early Icehouses.

In America icehouses have been known for at least 200 years. They were the first very primitive affairs, being nothing more than deep cellars, the flooring made of boards or stone, upon which was placed a layer of straw or sawdust. The sides were lined with boards set about a foot from the wall, and this space was filled in with sawdust, tanbark or straw. A rough, thatched roof completed the structure, which was then filled with ice, between the layers of which tanbark or sawdust was strewed.—Detroit Free Press.

ASTOR HOUSE EXTRAVAGANCE.

The Little Old Lady Thought That Too Many Candles Were Burning.

A dear old lady from the country sat with her son, also from the country, in the big dining room of the Astor house a few evenings ago. Men who have come to New York from the country, if they had seen her, would have been reminded of their grandmothers. Her face was kindly, and there was just a little color in it. She wasn't very tall, and her figure was comfortable. She wore a shawl. Her bonnet was a little one, and in the front of it was some white lace. Her gown was of bombazine and of somewhat ancient cut.

The big, brightly lighted room interested her. So did the people at the tables. While the son was engaged in the somewhat perplexing task of selecting the supper the old lady talked audibly with the waiter. She told him that she hoped Landlord Astor and Miss Astor were pretty well. The waiter explained that Mr. Allen was the landlord, whereas the old lady expressed polite surprise. When the waiter had gone with the order she devoted a few moments to studying the chandeliers. They represent candles.

"I wonder," she said, "how under the sun Miss Allen ever gets up there to snuff 'em."

"Snuff what?" asked her son.

"Why, them candles; they're so high up."

The young man did not answer.

The old lady again gazed at the chandeliers. "They ain't no kind of all that light," she said. "Miss Allen is a powerful wasteful woman."

Her son was apparently a man of few words. Her criticism was unnoticed.

Presently the waiter brought the bread and the plates, and what the old lady evidently thought was a superabundance of knives and forks. She greeted him pleasantly. "Back again, boy?" she said; "you're pretty quick. But, Horace," she added to her son, "you ordered something more than bread, didn't you?"

"It will be here shortly," put in the waiter, with a polite bow. The old lady gave him a sweet smile. "I'm pretty hungry," she said.

Several of the diners had overheard her observations. Some of them were hard faced business men. They didn't laugh at her. They only regarded her with lively interest. She smoothed out the tablecloth carefully, and inspected the silver, evidently with approval.

The waiter brought the meal and gave the old lady a courteous smile, which pleased her immensely. She smiled on him and asked after the health of his family. As she rose from the table she said to him: "Tell Miss Allen I'd like to have her recipe for that snow pudding, but I'm in a hurry."

The waiter bowed and said gravely that he would do so. And as the old lady passed out of the door one of the diners raised a glass and exclaimed, "The old lady—God bless her!"—New York Letter.

Special Charm of a Favorite Club.

The fact that we know each other very well is the reason of the charm of a certain American club. It gives an idea of this place to say that people find themselves neglecting their business in order to be in the club.

The Royal Baking Powder is the greatest help of modern times to perfect cooking, and every receipt requiring a quick raising ingredient should embody it.

Bank Cars.

New Zealand has set an example which might advantageously be followed in certain parts of this country. In the same way as we have "cathedral cars" it has "traveling banks."

A clerk representing the bank travels up and down a railway line for the transaction of the ordinary business of the bank with those who have not sufficient facilities for coming into the city. Laden with a satchel containing his supply of cash, and provided with a teller's usual precautions against robbery, the clerk makes the carriage his headquarters, and there receives visits from customers at the way stations, changing checks or taking deposits as occasion may require.

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TRY GEMMA for breakfast.

Use Emaline Shoe Polish; no dust, no smell.

How to Come to a Stop.

When we least expect them, accidents will befall us, a verification of the old adage that the unexpected always happens. The following recites how an active business man was suddenly brought down.

THE TRAIN STOPS.

While I was leaning while in the act of alighting from my car, I stepped upon a stone, which, turning suddenly under my foot, threw me to the ground, with a severely sprained ankle.

THE MANAGER STOPS.

Suffering exceedingly, I was helped into my car, and my man rubbed me most generously with arnica and kindred remedies, but to no avail.

A POINT TO STOP AT.

Reaching a station where St. Jacobs Oil could be procured, two bottles of the "POINT TO STOP" were bought, and the application of it resulted at once in a relief from pain, which has never since returned, and which has been well nigh unbearable. I would not have believed it in three days.

W. W. FEABODY, Pres. & Gen. Mgr. O. S. M. R. K.

BACK FROM TOWN.

Old friends sit to the best, Hail like and hail more; Known as first, and don't allow We're so blame much better now They was standin' at the bars When we grabbed "the kivered kyars" And lit out for town, to make Money—and that old mistake!

We thought then the world we went Into best—"The Settlement." And the friends at we'd make there Would beat any anywhere! And they do—for that's there: The seat all the friends they set; 'Cept the real old friends like you 'At stand home, like I'd ort to!

Why, all of the good things I ain't shed of, to to quit Business, and git back to hear These old comforts waitin' here— These old friends, and these old hands 'At'll be glad to see me here! These old winter nights, and old Young folks chased in out the cold!

Sing "Hard Time's 'll come ag'in No More!" and neighbors all in! Here a feller comes from town Wants that old drink they set; From the chimney! Git the floor Cleared for one cozzition more! 'T's polite the kitchen fire says he, And shake a friendly leg with me!

—James Whitcomb Riley in Century

To Improve Cooking Receipts.

As a matter of useful information it may be stated that whenever a cooking receipt calls for a baking powder the "Royal" should be used. The receipt will be found to work better and surer, and the bread, biscuit, rolls, cakes, dumplings, crusts, puddings, crullers or whatever made, will be more tender, lighter, finer-flavored, more dainty, palatable and wholesome. Besides, the "Royal" will go further or has greater leavening power, and is therefore more economical than any other powder.

Many receipts as published will call for cream of tartar and so, the old-fashioned way of raising. Modern cooking and expert cooks do not sanction this old way, but the Royal Baking Powder should be substituted without fail.

The greatest adept in the culinary art are particular to use the "Royal" only, and the most popular cooks, book authors and the teachers of the successful cooking schools, with whom the best results are imperative, are careful to impress their readers and pupils with the importance of its exclusive employment.

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THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE.

This self-preservation is acknowledged to be, and people who adopt against the encroachments of disease a genuine medicinal safeguard, accredited by experience and the sanction of physicians, afford a happy illustration of the wisdom of the saying, in the health they restore and continue to enjoy among the millions, against the growth of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters affords efficient protection, diseases of the kidneys and bladder are fraught with the most peril and exhibit great obstinacy when opposed by ordinary means. The Bitters can and will subdue them. No testimony is stronger than this. Used at the outset and persistently, the best results may be expected. This medicine also eradicates liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism and nervousness.

The Japanese say: "A man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and the next drink takes the man."

For throat diseases and coughs "Brown's Bronchial Trochees," like all other really good things, are initiated, and purchasers should be careful to obtain the genuine article prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS.

One of the hardest times to love an enemy is when he seems to be prospering like a green bay tree.

A War Veteran

"At Gettysburg my ankle was smashed by a bullet. The wound has caused me great suffering, breaking out in terrible sores at intervals. Physicians made two amputations. At last my blood became poisoned and sores broke out all over my face and body. One day I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Soon my wife, in dressing my leg, said the wound looked better and in a few months, thank God, the sores all over my body healed, and now four years later, have never shown any sign of reappearance. Mr. H. H. MAGNUS, 219 Magnolia St., Syracuse, N. Y."

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all drug lists.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY

SHILOH'S VITALIZER

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

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MOTHERS, and especially nursing mothers, need the strengthening support and help that comes with Dr. Paro's Favorite Prescription. It lessens the pains and burdens of child-bearing, vigorous health, vigorous offspring, and promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment on the part of the mother. It is an invigorating tonic made especially for women, perfectly harmless in any condition of the female system, as it regulates and promotes all the natural functions and never conflicts with them.

The "Prescription" builds up, strengthens, and cures. In all the chronic weaknesses and disorders that afflict women, it is guaranteed to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded.

For every case of Catarrh which you cannot cure, the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy agree to pay \$500 in cash. You're cured by its mild, soothing, cleansing, and healing properties, or you're paid.

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TYPE Presses,

Printing Material and Machinery

For sale at lowest prices and most advantageous terms at

Palmer & Rey Type Foundry,

Cor. Front and Alder Streets, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Write for prices and terms before buying elsewhere.

"THE NEWSPAPER MAN."

A monthly journal of special interest to Printers, Reporters, Editors and Publishers.

If you don't receive it and want it, write

Palmer & Rey Type Foundry,

PUBLISHERS, PORTLAND, OREGON.

ROLLER SKATES

A full stock of Raymond Extension Roller Skates constantly on hand.

Fire Arms, Fishing Tackle

—AND— Sporting Goods of Every Description

H. T. HUDSON, 93 First Street, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Send 5 cents in stamps for new 112-page illustrated catalogue.

MANN'S BONE CUTTER

Will cut Dry or Green Bones, Meat, Gristle and all Great Cut BONES and will make them more portable—will carry the bone safely through the molting period and put them in condition to lay when eggs command the highest price and develop your chicks faster than any other food.

Feed Green Bones and no Creosote to kill the lice, and you will make \$10 per acre more profit. Send for Catalogue and prices.

Petaluma Incubator Company, PETALUMA, CAL.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!

Prune Trees.

Italian and Petite one year old: 3 to 4 feet high, \$20 per 1,000; 4 to 6 feet high, \$35 per 1,000. Packing done at cost. All trees warranted true to name and free from insects or scale. Send orders to THOS. J. DAVIS, attorney in fact for G. E. Watkins, Eugene, Portland, Or.

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