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wear longer than others because the materials are

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E. C. BAIRD, GENERAL MERCHANDISE

WARNING TO BOYS

Published by Request of a Newberg Mother.

The following is a true incident occurring in the home town in the East of one of our Newberg ladies. It is printed in the Graphic with the hope that these words coming from a boy who has erred will stop some other boy from taking the same course. To the Boys at Home—Pittsburg, N. S., May 13, 1911.

Mr. John F. Short; Dear Sir: I will try and drop you a few lines and let you hear from a poor unfortunate Clearfield boy and these few lines and few verses of poetry, I hope the young boys of town will take heed and not travel the same path I did, for here I am friendless and a wreck. No one ever writes a word of cheer. It is all the result of being a dope fiend and this is what it will do. Here I am with a thirty-year term of imprisonment before me. City life and dope are the cause of it all. It takes money and lots of it when you become a fiend to the dope and you must have it, so it is up to you to steal for it and right there you are breaking into prison. I know from experience for here I am, Mr. Short. These few verses, please publish for every word is true and from the bottom of my heart, Shorty, this is the last letter I will bother writing, but I would like for some of the boys who used to be my friends to let them read these few verses and sincerely hope they will be of some help.

From yours very truly, (Gip) J. Fred Dougherty, Box A 6830, Pittsburg, Pa.

Some Mothers' Boy.

—There is some mothers' boy unsaved tonight,
A boy once pure and fair,
Sins withering touch has left its blight
In spite of mother's prayer.
He is going the downward road to-day.
Yes, some mothers' boy has gone astray.

—Ah once a fair young mother knelt
Beside her baby boy.
She kissed his cheek, his brow, his lips.
He was her pride and joy,
And she prayed as she knelt beside his bed,
"God bless my darling," she tenderly said.

—And some boys' mother is praying now
For God to save her child.
She loves him still though afar he's gone
O'er mountains lone and wild
Tho' deep in sin and woe and shame
Mother's love is still the same.

—Some mothers' heart is breaking to-night
As she pleads with bitter tears,
For the boy who has spurned her love
and prayers
Through all the lonely years.

God save my boy from his awful fate
Save him, Oh God ere it be too late.
—But some mothers' boy still goes astray,
In sorrow and sin to roam
He's wandering farther and farther away

From mother and from home
Afar from God and hope and light,
Some mothers' boy is lost tonight.
—There is some boys' mother has gone to heaven,
And she's waiting for him to come
She is watching his soul all tempest driven,
And calling my child come home.
And if he will turn from darkness to light
Some mothers' boy can be saved, to-night

—Some mothers' boy is coming home
So tired of toil and sin.
He has answered yes, to the loving call
Just now he is entering in
And the angels are sounding their harps of light,
For some mothers' boy is saved to-night.

—True Verses.

Marriage Licenses.

- Emma Cresswell, age 19 yrs. to R. A. Clark, age 30 yrs.
- Iona Woods, age 25 yrs. to Richard C. Hale, age 28 yrs.
- Lulu Fisher, 23 yrs. to Mark E. Stone, age 26 yrs.
- Katherine Platts, age 70 yrs. to J. O. Lyon, age 66 yrs.
- Minerva Hayes, age 21 yrs. to Wilbur Byrnes Russell, age 40 yrs.
- Opal Jones, age 16 yrs. to Frank E. Hayward, age 20 yrs.

AMBASSADORS.

They Enjoy Many More Privileges Than Mere Ministers.

In the popular mind—the American mind at least—there is very little difference between an ambassador and a minister, but the former is entitled to very many privileges abroad that are denied to a mere envoy.

For instance, one curious privilege of an ambassador is that he, and he alone, when dismissed, may turn his back to the sovereign to whose court he is accredited. The mode of procedure, generally speaking, is as follows:

When an audience is at an end the ambassador waits to be dismissed by the sovereign. When dismissed the ambassador bows, retires three paces, bows again, retires three paces, bows a third time, turns on his heels and walks to the folding doors. But when the reigning sovereign is a woman still politer methods obtain. To turn his back would be discourteous; to walk backward would be to resign a privilege. Therefore the ambassador retires sideways like a crab. He keeps one eye on the sovereign, and with the other he endeavors to find the door. By this unique means he contrives to evince all politeness to the sovereign and at the same time retain one of his privileges.

Another privilege of ambassadors is the right of being ushered into the royal presence through folding doors both of which must be flung wide open for him. No one save an ambassador can claim this privilege. The most any nonambassadorial individual can expect is that one of the doors shall be opened to him.

One privilege appertaining to the ambassador, one capable of causing great inconvenience to the ruler, is the right of demanding admission to the sovereign at any hour of day or night. This was one of the reasons why Abdul Hamid when sultan of Turkey opposed the raising of our mission at Constantinople to an embassy. It was decidedly inconvenient at times to see the American representative at all.

To the European the most important feature of the ambassador's makeup is his sword. There the blade of the sword is a rapier blade with the point blunted. It has been facetiously observed abroad that the use of the sword is put to, in addition to its trick of tripping up its wearer, is usually the harmless one of poking fires. One diplomatist

was said to file his bills on his sword when it was not otherwise engaged, and for a long while it was a standing witticism of the corps diplomatique in Europe that the Russian ambassadors used their swords to file broken treaties, a circumstance that was held to account for the inordinate length of their weapons.—Exchange.

Living One Day at a Time.

A certain lady met with a serious accident, which necessitated a very painful operation and many months' confinement to her bed, says one of our exchanges. When the physician had finished his work and was about taking his leave the patient asked, "Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here helpless?"

"Oh, only a day at a time," was the cheery answer. And the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times through the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, "Only a day at a time," come back with its quieting influence.

His Special Preparation.

In the good old days when "lick-in' and larnin'" went together a teacher's preparation did not necessarily include a course in a university or a normal school.

A county examiner in one of the states of the Mississippi valley once asked a young man what special preparation he had made for teaching.

The candidate answered, "I've dug my taters, sold my mare, and now I'm ready to go at it."—Youth's Companion.

A Precaution.

"Mary," said her mistress, "I'm going to entertain a few friends this afternoon. You needn't stay in."

"But don't you want me to help?" said the hired girl.

"No. I'll get along myself. I'm afraid if any of my friends see how competent you are they'll start bidding for your services."—Detroit Free Press.

Paucity of Dramatic Situations.

Goethe told Schiller that Gozzi, the Venetian, had said that only thirty-six dramatic situations are possible. Schiller declared that he could think of but fourteen, and those of us who are most conversant with dramatic literature will find on curious consideration that even fourteen are difficult to compass.—Ellen Duvall in Atlantic.

Sheriff's Sale of Personal Property.

By virtue of a writ of attachment, issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Yamhill, in the case of Geo. S. Hoopes, plaintiff vs. John Ghong or John C. Young, defendant for the sum of three hundred and seventy-five dollars together with interest and costs, said writ being issued on the day of April 1911, and to me directed, I attached the following personal property to-wit:

Seven cows, four calves, one yearling heifer, one yearling bull, one bull calf, two Oliver chilled plows, one roll of barbed wire, one pump, one span of horses, one set of double harness, one farm wag n, one spring tooth harrow, eight head of sheep, 80 to 100 feet of wire fencing, twenty-five sacks of ground oats, one shot gun, one cook stove, one heater stove, one table, about 60 chickens, a few sheep hides and jason jars.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the power and authority in me vested by the statutes and laws of the State of Oregon, On Saturday the 17th day of June at the hour of 1 o'clock p.m. of said day for the year A. D. 1911, on the farm premises of H. D. Hulster in t. 2 s. r. 3 w. in Yamhill county, state of Oregon, about 6 miles northwest of the city of Newberg, I will sell at public auction the above described personal property of said defendant for cash to satisfy said sum of three hundred and seventy-five dollars and said interest and costs and accruing costs.

Dated this 6th day of June, 1911.
W. G. Henderson, Sheriff of Yamhill County.
By Ray Henderson, Deputy.

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