

It Pays to TRADE AT BAIRD'S

Shoes

It pays to buy your shoes at Baird's you get the very best shoes for wear and you save money by buying them here



Groceries

It pays to buy your groceries at Baird's. Good clean fresh Groceries at lowest prices. We want your trade and we are sure we can please you.

DRY GOODS

This Department is full of bargains. Come and look them over. It pays to buy your Dry Goods at Baird's

Magnolia Coffee

Try a package of Magnolia Steel Cut Coffee. It costs you 30 cents and is fully as good as any 40 cent coffee on the market.

Pure White Flour

Try a sack of Pure White Flour. It is the highest grade flour made and costs no more than other brands.

Ask for a Parisiana, the Guaranteed Corset



Don't be satisfied with an ordinary corset. The same money will buy a Parisiana guaranteed to give you satisfactory service and to hold its good shape and style.

PARISIANA CORSETS

wear longer than others because the materials are better; if they should prove defective in any way, you will receive a new corset without charge.

We have a Parisiana in the right size and style for you. Will you come in to-day?

Men's Clothing

If you need a new Suit it will pay you to look our line over before buying.

E. C. BAIRD, GENERAL MERCHANDISE

AT HOME AND AGAIN IN PRACTICE

Dr. Bowers and wife who have been in California the past ten months, engaged in post graduate work have opened up offices for the continuation of their practice here. Aside from their review in professional studies, they did much work of the character of interne's in hospitals. There were from one hundred to one hundred and fifty patients in the sanitarium all the time, thus giving opportunity for study in a great variety of cases.

We have never gone anywhere in our life that our services were not in demand. We have been sought out by a number of patients the last three weeks at our friends in the country before establishing an office in the city. Last summer we visited by the Glendale Sanitarium, California, and a patient there wanted treatment, and the head nurse said we ought to have an osteopathic physician here by all means. They have tried to get one often since then, but the physician in charge refused to permit it. Many of the patients know from experience that it isn't like Sanitarium Treatment even though the doctors don't know it.

At Long Beach a woman who had just had an ovarectomy performed insisted that my wife treat her; but she refused, not having the right to practice in that state since she had no license. The woman said: "you don't have to make a charge; I'll lay the money on the table." We have saved many a woman from just such an operation.

At Loma Linda, different nurses wanted us to examine and treat their patients secretly because some of the physicians were too narrow and prejudiced to allow it openly. This we refused to do because it would not have been ethical. However, some of the faculty of the college of Medical Evangelists there

sent for me during acute attacks though they had been under constant sanitarium treatment for a lengthy period. The leading member of the faculty says: "the Seventh Day Adventist Sanitariums will have to include osteopathy in their 'system.' To refuse to do so is unjust both to the patients and to the sanitariums." And I will add to the osteopathic physicians too, who are such strong advocates of "Present Truth." They are too numerous to be arbitrarily ignored.

Numerous were the requests to come back and take up our practice some months ago; among them were requests from Portland, St. Johns, McMinnville, besides Southern Oregon cities, some of them being very favorable propositions. But, among them all, Newberg was our favorite, because of the ties formed by over six years of residence there.

Office up stairs in Edwards' building opposite the post office. Hours 9-12 and 1-5. Home Phone.

"ACROSS THE CONTINENT"

There is a striking significance, a wealth of the romantic atmosphere of the awakening West, and a vivid, elaborate picturing of the wilderness responding to the genius of Western constructive civilization in the beautiful book written by Isabelle Carpenter Kendall, entitled "Across the Continent," a copy which has just come to the reviewing desk. It is the first book of the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway, and as a luxuriously designed and printed volume descriptive of the wonderlands between the Mississippi and the Pacific ocean it compels attention as a superb work of art. The book contains some seventy large quarto pages of heavy calendered paper and the elaborate picture work in colors

throughout, as well as the distinctive letter press and art work, disarm criticism. Its chief significance lies in its demonstration of the scenic grandeur and magnificence of the 1,400 miles of new railway through new territory in the prolific West. The text is a concise, impressive descriptive story of a trip over the entire line, and the reproductions of photographs in colors are splendid examples of engraving and printing art. The principal towns and districts along the line are comprehensively described, as well as the chief elements of improved railroad building that have attracted world-wide attention to the Milwaukee road, which represents in some respects the most remarkable of modern accomplishments in railroad construction. The book is issued by the publishing department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway which is in charge of General Passenger Agent Geo. W. Hibbard and Traffic Manager R. M. Calkins, Seattle, Washington.

A Foolish Company.

"Well, I want to get my life insured," said a very old man who had entered the office of a general agent. "I am afraid our company will not wish to take you as a risk," the agent replied. "How old are you?" "Eighty-five." "We never write policies for people who are over eighty." "What's the matter with your fool company? Don't you know that a great many more people die under eighty than over that age?"—Judge.

An Eye to the Future.

"Good morning, ma'am. Can't I sell you a preparation warranted to kill rats and mice?" "I think not. There hasn't been a rat or a mouse on the premises for more than two years." "You'll have some before long. I've just sold the neighbors on both sides of you some stuff they wanted to kill off your seven cats with, and it'll do it, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

TURQUOISE MINES.

Their Product is More or Less of a Gamble in Persia.

"The turquoise mines of Persia are situated some hundreds of feet up a low range of hills which are of a magenta hue, and the one we visited was entered by a tiny iron grille. Once inside," says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, "we scrambled down over very rough rocks to a lateral gallery, at the end of which, by the uncertain light of evil smelling earthenware lamps, the quarrying was in full swing."

"Two gangs, each composed of three or four men, were knocking off pieces of the rock and then roughly breaking them up. This operation having been completed, boys carried the ore up to the surface. After observing this very primitive method of mining we were next taken up to a point above the mine and were treated to an explosion to illustrate the Persian way of blasting."

"This, much to our relief, passed off without any accident, and we then returned to the village to witness the operation of sorting the turquoises. The contents of the bags were poured into shallow circular pans, into which water was run. The fragments were then worked by the feet of gangs of boys under the charge of two men armed with long switches."

"After perhaps half an hour of this treatment fresh water was run in and the turquoises examined. This process is repeated three times, and then the turquoises, which are still in the rock, are sorted into sealed bags and sent into Meshed. There consignments are purchased and the stones are ground by professional polishers."

"It is only at this stage that the value of the stones can be in any way estimated, and purchasing bags of ore is a speculation which is occasionally indulged in by all classes and conditions of people, the Persians being particularly fond of anything in the way of a gamble."

Monster Beds.

Though the beds of the royal personages of England were elaborately carved and hung with rich curtains even so late as the Tudor period, it is recorded that King Henry VIII's bed contained only straw beneath all its finery. A curious order exists as to precautions to be taken against the possibility of intended mischief to the royal person in the making of the bed, for

the usner was to search the straw through with a dagger "that there be none untruth therein and to tumble over on the down bed for the better search thereof." The bed of Henry VIII. was nearly eleven feet square, and of even more generous dimensions is the great bed to which Shakespeare refers in a well known passage in "Twelfth Night," which was twelve feet square. This "great bed of Ware" has been a marvel for centuries.

For a Cold Kiss a Mule.

Some of the sufferers from coughs and colds may feel disposed to try one of the remedies recommended by Pliny. These include wolf's liver dissolved in hot wine, honey mixed with the gall of a bear and powders made from rabbit skins and bullocks' horns burned and pounded together. Should one's ills resist these simple remedies for a cough he might try wrapping any of his fingers in the skin of a freshly killed dog. Tree frogs, too, are excellent for all forms of catarrh. Place one in the mouth for a minute, and when he makes his escape the sufferer is cured. No harm is done to the frog. For a cold in the head Pliny prescribes a simple yet infallible remedy—three kisses on the mouth of a mule.

Nobility.

There was once an Oxford don, a very eminent man, whose father was a humble carpenter. As the don stood conversing one day before the miter with a group of distinguished visitors the old man, in his working clothes, slunk by on the other side of the street, thinking he would spare his son the mortification of a salute. But the son, breaking off his conversation, called out in the good Hampshire dialect of his childhood:

"Eh, feyther! If thee hain't ashamed of I, I hain't ashamed of thee."

Just as Bad.

Mr. Simpson was reading the newspaper.

"Here's a man got into a drunken brawl and was stabbed to death," he said aloud.

His wife glanced up from her knitting and commented:

"In some low drinking den, I suppose?"

"No; th' paper says he got stabbed in th' thoracic cavity."

"Same thing. You'd think th' police 'd close such a place up."

Executor's Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of Moses Hollingsworth, deceased, has filed his final account as executor of said last will and testament and estate of said decedent, in the County Court of Yamhill County, Oregon, and that said court has appointed Monday, July 17, 1911, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day as the day and hour for the hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement thereof.

Now, therefore, all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified and required to appear at the County Court room, at McMinnville, said county, and state at said time to then and there show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be settled, allowed, and approved and said executor and his bondsmen discharged and said estate forever and finally settled.

Dated, June 15th, 1911.
A. R. CUMPTON, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Moses Hollingsworth, deceased.

Clarence Butt, Attorney for Estate.

Executors Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed executor of the last Will and Testament of Penelope J. Skinner, deceased, by the County Court of Yamhill County, Oregon, and has qualified.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against the estate of Penelope J. Skinner, deceased, are hereby notified and required to present the same, with the proper vouchers, to the undersigned executor at his residence at Springfield, Yamhill County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated, June 8, 1911. WILLIAM KINGDALE, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Penelope J. Skinner, deceased.

Clarence Butt, Attorney for Estate.

FOR SALE—Late cabbage, cow kale, pepper plants, celery, salvia, geraniums, cauliflower.—John Gower, East Side Greenhouses, Newberg.

Under New Management!

Bijou Theatre

We intend to give our patrons

Clean, Up-to-date Entertainments

No pictures presented but those which are morally and mechanically correct.

Chas. V. Baker Dale P. True Managers

Watch for Announcements

Music every night by Prof. J. B. Hunt. Special Saturday night illustrated song, "A Withered Rose," by Tracy McSherry.