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BREAKING THE RULES.

It's the Wise Man Who Knows When to Jump the Track.

"You trumped my ace," said the engineer accusingly when the game was finished and the postmortems were on.

"Well, what of it?" truculently demanded the oracle. "Didn't we win?"

"Yes, but according to all the rules of which?"

"We didn't break any of the rules regulating what you can and can't do. We broke only one regulating what you should do. There's a difference."

"Nevertheless, according to all the rules of the best authorities?"

"According to the rules of the best authorities," the oracle declared, "we didn't have the ghost of a show to win that hand. It was my trumping your ace that made it possible—our winning. I broke the rules, if you wish, but I played fair, and we won."

"In life it's exactly the same as in cards. Stick to the rules and you'll stick in one place. It's the wise man who knows when to break them. I don't mean breaking the rules of fairness and honesty. I mean the rules set up by the so called authorities. I'll bet you when Alexander conquered the world all the old wisecracks shook their heads and remarked that he wasn't observing the time honored rules of warfare. We know what they said about Napoleon when he fought in winter, and we also know how vexed Bradlock's men were with the red men who wouldn't stand up and be shot in the open, but insisted on getting behind trees."

"When you stick by the rules you're like everybody else and you'll never get you name in the papers. When you know when to bust the rules you begin to climb. There never was a successful writer or adventurer or soldier or lawyer who didn't leave whole wastes of broken rules behind him in his progress. And when the conventional old wisecracks got a new set made to fit the new situation somebody else came along and spoiled them all over again."

"Suppose you have a job where you don't need to think. Tradition has made it a rule that a man in that place shouldn't think. You break that rule—you think. By and by you rise. If you'd stuck to that rule you'd stick in the nonthinking job. The men who do the impossible, the men who give us light and gas and printing presses and trolley cars and phonographs and such like things, are all rule breakers. They broke the rule of precedent, of tradition, of doubt, of fear. They wouldn't be stopped by what others had decided were limitations. They went ahead, and if the rules didn't fit the thing they were seeking to accomplish the rules went by the board."—New York Press.

Sewing Room Sayings.

Dressmakers' superstitions are as numerous in the sewing room as the pins and needles about which they circulate. Some of them sound as if they might have originated out of the need of placating the powers that be in case of accident. For instance, if a new gown slips out of the operator's hands and falls to the floor "it is a sign" that the gown will be sold quickly. Still another saw that carries placation on the face of it is the one that promises that if you spill a box of pins "it is a sign" that customers are coming.—New York Post.

How a Woman Strikes a Match.

There are differences in these days between men and women. But have you noticed the small differences? It was a domestic servant who pointed it out to me when she struck a match. Note a woman striking a match. She strikes it outward. And that observant girl could always detect the sex of the striker upon the stage by the way the matches were struck. A man scrapes the match to himself, the woman the other way.—London Chronicle.

Missed the Moral.

Hoping to impress a lesson of reverence upon the mind of his young pupil, the Sunday school teacher led Tommy past a house with crabs on the door, and said he: "Tommy, do you know why those blinds are all down?"

Tommy, reasoning from the domestic makeshifts in his own home, replied:

"Yes, sir; they're washing the lace curtains."—New York Press.

He Realized.

"Did you realize quickly on that investment of yours?"

"Quickly? I should say I did! It took me about ten days to realize that I was a verdamt come-on, who ought to have a guardian appointed before some hypnotizer takes my watch away from me."—Milwaukee News.

CURED HIS COLD.

Queer Remedy That Worked Wonders For Lord Brougham.

Lord Brougham's extraordinary cure for a cold is described in the course of some extracts from a doctor's diary recently published in the London Lancet.

The famous lawyer and politician was in 1855 a constant visitor to Holland House, and on one occasion when he arrived he was suffering from a sore throat and loss of voice. He refused to take any medicine, but consented to go to bed. The diary continues:

"Toward 2 o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a loud rapping at my door and on opening found Lord B. standing in his nightshirt with an empty pitcher in his hand. In a voice almost unintelligible from hoarseness he announced that he wanted a can of boiling water, some carbonate of soda and a pot of currant jelly. I thought he must be delirious, but as he was not to be put off by argument I thought best to pacify him by compliance with his strange request. At that time of night, every one being fast asleep, the desiderata were not easily obtainable. Nevertheless I set out on a foraging expedition. I woke up the old man of the kitchen, the old woman of the still room and returned with my spoils to the oddest of men upstairs, Lord B.

"He was quite ready with his empty washing jug and proceeded to empty the pot of jelly into this receptacle, adding two large tablespoonfuls of soda and filling up the jug with boiling water. The result, a foaming mixture of blood red color and worthy of Macbeth's witches, he carried off in triumph to his room. At 6:30 I awoke, and with a guilty sense of having neglected my patient, I went and rapped at Lord B.'s door, first gently, then loudly, and, receiving no answer, stealthily opened it. On the floor was the jug, empty, as was also the bed. The room was in great disorder and the window wide open. I was really alarmed."

"Returning to my room, I dressed hastily and, running downstairs to the library, found it untenanted. The floor was strewn with torn up papers, and on one of the writing tables lay a pile of letters ready for post, all the work of my energetic patient. From a housemaid who was dusting the apartment I learned that Lord B. had been up since 5 and was now gone out. I met his lordship at the breakfast table shortly afterward and found him perfectly well, his strange remedy having worked wonders."

His Proof.

A large boarding house caught fire during dinner, and much confusion resulted. After the worst was over the landlady, who was a philosophical soul, remarked that it was a blessing that the fire had not happened at night, as some life might have been lost. A little later the colored boy, who heard this, mysteriously exhibited a great bunch of dark, tangled hair. "Don't say nothing," Miss Nora, he whispered. "I's flash is worse than it 'pears. One o' dem ladies in de room ovah de liberty done got burnt up. I ben up dar to see, an' I found her hair."

Ancient Theatrical Program.

Theater programs were known even in ancient times, though they were then of a very peculiar construction. In Greece and Rome they consisted of small tablets, which were handed out to the audience at the entrance. Those occupying the best seats obtained programs beautifully worked in ivory, while those occupying the cheaper seats were given tablets in bronze. The bronze tablets were distinguished by a dove worked in the metal, and the term "picconerio," used in Italy today as designating the lower priced seats in the theaters, dates from this antique custom.

Cows Tried For Murder.

Old documents of the middle ages tell us of numerous cases where animals were put on trial for serious offenses charged against them. For example, in 1370 three cows were tried for having killed a boy. The whole herd were arrested as accomplices. All were discharged but the guilty three, these being condemned to be executed. The sentence was pronounced by the Duke of Burgundy.—Our Dumb Animals.

No Way Out.

"Papa, wasn't that the man that cheated his sister out of a farm one time?"

"Yes, Bobby."

"Didn't I hear you tell mamma the other day that he was an old rascal?"

"I presume so."

"Then why did you tell him you were glad to see him?"

"My son, I—I lied to him; that's all."—Chicago Tribune

SEEING WASHINGTON.

By System and Hurry One May "Do" the Capital in Two Days.

In every city of note there are many things of more or less interest to all kinds of people and a few special things that appeal to every one. That is especially true of Washington, where every true American should be vitally interested in the things that pertain to the national government—that is, to us or the United States; it really means the same thing.

A visitor here for a very short time can easily see the few most important things in two days by going at it in the right way. One day may be profitably spent beginning with the capitol. Go early and examine the building, basement, main floor and terraces, bronze doors, pictures in the rotunda of historic interest and statues in the old hall of representatives.

Don't fail to see the bronze balustrades below the house and senate corridors and note the American game birds in the senate wing. Visitors are allowed in the legislative chambers until nearly noon, when the respective bodies usually assemble just at 12. It is very interesting to stand in the corridor and watch the justices of the supreme court cross from the robing room into the court. Then by going quickly to the senate and then to the house one may see both bodies in session before lunchtime. It is of vital importance in sightseeing not to forget to eat!

By lunching at the library of congress the interested visitor is in a position to spend several hours inspecting that building to good advantage. It is well to remember also that the library is open in the evening and on Sunday afternoon, a time when all the other government buildings are closed, except the new museum.

The next day offers opportunity for a short visit to the White House at 10 o'clock, a glance around the Corcoran gallery, not far away. Indeed, some of the more famous paintings and pieces of statuary are worth more than a hasty glance. If it is necessary for one's peace of mind to "do" the war department and treasury buildings it is possible to walk through them also, as they are very near both the White House and the picture gallery.

Then, after a hasty luncheon, take the electric car near the post-office for Mount Vernon at 1 or 2 o'clock, as no conscientious visitor should ever omit the pilgrimage to Washington's home on the Potomac. The way lies through Alexandria, where leisurely tourists may stop off and see the historic church where Washington had a pew, with his autograph on the nameplate.

Thus in two days the industrious and indefatigable visitor may see the most important sights of the city, and what is thus seen will remain in the mind and be a source of satisfaction. But such hurried tourists will miss lots of the charm of a more leisurely visit.—Washington Herald.

Riddle of the Sphinx.

The sphinx—some sort of fabled monster—proposed a riddle to the people of Thebes, it is said, and murdered all who could not answer it. Oedipus finally solved it, and in chagrin the sphinx put herself to death. The riddle was as follows: "What goes on four feet in the morning, two feet in the afternoon and three at night?" The answer given by Oedipus was this: "Man, because he crawls as a child, walks upright in his full strength and walks with a staff when an old man."

Spurring Him On.

A local business man had just taken his son, a former football star, into the office. Recently the following dialogue ensued:

"You don't seem to tackle work as you did football, son."

"The surroundings are different, father."

"I guess that's so. Maybe it would help if I instructed the other clerks to give your college yell at regular intervals."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gravitation.

Which would drop to the ground first, a bullet fired from a gun held perfectly level or one dropped from the hand from the same height and at the same time? They would strike the earth at the same time if the cannon is perpendicular to a plumb line, the firing and dropping to be at absolutely the same instant of time.—New York American.

Willing to Cure Him.

Parson—You say you are going to marry a man to reform him? That is noble. May I ask who it is? Miss Beati—It's young Mr. Bond-clipper. Parson—Indeed! I did not know he had any bad habits. Miss Beati—Yes; his friends say that he is becoming quite miserly.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator with the Will Annexed.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Rodolphus F. Miller, deceased, by the County Court of Yamhill County, Oregon.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate, are hereby notified and requested to present the same, with the proper vouchers, to the undersigned administrator, at his place of business, at Newberg, Yamhill County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated, April 25th, 1912.
Ulysses S. G. Miller,
Administrator, with Will annexed, of the estate of Rodolphus F. Miller, deceased.
Clarence Butts, Attorney for Estate.

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed executor of the last will and Testament of Nellie A. Miller, deceased, by the County Court of Yamhill County, Oregon. Now, therefore, all persons having claims against the estate of said Nellie A. Miller, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to present the same, with the proper vouchers, to the undersigned executor, at his place of business, at Newberg, Yamhill County, Oregon, within six months from date hereof.

Dated, April 25th, 1912.
Ulysses S. G. Miller,
Executor of the last will and Testament of Nellie A. Miller, deceased.
Clarence Butts, Attorney for Estate.

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