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Both demand that you get your prescriptions filled where you can get the best service.

You are very careful whom you select as your physician. You want none but the best.

Then isn't it as important to use just as much care in selecting your druggist, the man who fills the prescriptions your doctor writes?

Your doctor will tell you that it is. He will tell you that he can't promise that his medicine will do you a bit of good unless your druggist puts it up just as he has ordered, using only the freshest, best ingredients, in just the right proportions, exactly as prescribed.

He will tell you that thousands have died who might have lived if their prescriptions had been properly filled. He wants you to get your prescriptions filled where they will be filled right, because he wants you to get well.

We have the most complete prescription stock in this section, and our big prescription business requires us to constantly order fresh, new supplies. Nothing has a chance to get old or stale, because it is used up too quick.

If anything should become stale or spoiled, we would throw it out! We would no sooner think of putting it into your prescription than we would of committing murder; because we believe that filling a prescription in any other way than ordered, or with anything but the best, is a criminal act.

Two remaining points to be remembered in connection with your prescriptions are these:

That every prescription brought to us is filled by a trained, registered man, and is checked and re-checked, making any mistake impossible.

That our prices are the lowest, consistent with quality that you can get anywhere of anyone.

Common sense and safety both demand that you bring your prescriptions to us.

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302 First Street Phone Black 106

LIVING SUDDENLY.

A New Experience For the Woman Who Thought She Couldn't Do It.

Mrs. Brown went in to see Mrs. Smith, whom she found, tired and pale, trying to sew with the baby on her lap.

"Life does seem hard," Mrs. Smith said after a little ordinary conversation. "I've just had a letter from my sister wanting me to come there for a fortnight and bring the baby. It looks like heaven to only think of it, but of course I can't go."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Brown. "Oh, it would be perfectly impossible. There's the sewing and the cleaning, besides everything else. I've got to stay here."

"Suppose you died suddenly. What then?"

"Oh, then, of course, they'd just have to get along somehow."

"Then why not live suddenly and let them get along somehow, just the same?"

Mrs. Smith stared. "Live suddenly?" she said. "Why, I never heard of such a thing!"

But, nevertheless, Mrs. Brown managed to get her to do it, and the next week she went off for a fortnight and didn't come back for a month.

What happened at home was like a miracle.

Elsie and Amy, whom their mother never allowed to take the least care, took all the care and made father and the boys have a regular picnic. The boys turned in and helped clean the house.

The whole family took hold exactly as they would have done had the wife and mother been suddenly snatched away.

Only, as she was just "suddenly alive" instead, there was joy instead of sorrow, looking ahead instead of looking backward.

And then what a homecoming, with the baby rosy and all its back teeth cut, and mother not tired, not pale, not fidgety, not nervous.

Really and truly alive for the first time in years. What a stupid lot of big children we are, anyway, fumbling over dirty old methods, when the new ones are showing clean, smiling faces everywhere! Here's to no more necessary people "dying suddenly." Let's all "live suddenly" and be happy forever after.—Nautilus.

Opened His Eyes.

Sweet Master Chaucer Epicus and Amayllis fair went strolling by the mill stream, a most idyllic pair. "My loveliest of loves!" broke forth the swain's excited muse. "Permit me to extol the charms which thus my soul enthuse. Your little ears, so shelly pink, for lovers' praise were made; no fairy feet than thine more neat e'er tripped o'er moon-lit glade; your eyes are like twin stars of night; like fine spun gold's your hair; your lips put Cupid's bow to scorn; your teeth are past compare." But here a playful gust of wind came gayly through the trees and whisked his darling's hat and hair away upon its breeze! Alas, why did the maiden then permit herself to shout and cause her lover added pain to see her teeth fall out?—London Tit-Bits.

One Sentence For Six.

Hetty's uncle, who is a school-teacher, met her on the street one beautiful May day and asked her if she was going out with the Maying party.

"No, I ain't going." "Oh, my dear," said her uncle, "you must not say 'I ain't going.' You must say, 'I am not going,' and he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar: "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going. Now, can you say all that, Hetty?"

"Of course I can," she replied, making a courtesy. "There ain't nobody going."

A Generous Fox.

A very unusual kind of sportsmanship was shown by the Maori chief who was taken prisoner by the British after a hot engagement. His captors were talking to the man, and one of them asked him why he had not captured the British provision and ammunition trains a few days before, when he had a chance. The chief gave a loud, scornful laugh.

"You fool!" he cried. "If we had stolen your food and powder how could you have fought us?"

More Trifles.

"Folks all well this morning, Tommy?" asked a friend of the family.

"Yes'm," replied Tommy.

"I am glad to hear it. The last time I heard from them your papa was suffering from rheumatic gout and your mamma had neuralgia."

"Oh, yes, they've still got 'em. I thought you meant was any of us sick."

MUSIC OF THE WALTZ.

Magic of the Alluring Melodies of Johann Strauss.

Johann Strauss wrote some of the most alluring waltzes that have ever bewitched the feet of the world, and they have aptly been described as "those irresistible waltzes that first catch the ear and then curl around the head till on a sudden they invade and will have the legs."

The music of the waltz originally consisted of two sections, each composed of eight measures in three-fourths or three-eighths time. Examples of these primitive forms are found in Beethoven's and Mozart's German dances. The next development was the stringing together of several of these sixteen measure waltzes and the addition of trios and a coda. Hummel first effected this in 1808. The base of modern waltz music, however, is found in the dances of Schubert. But it is to Weber that the waltz owes what, musically speaking, is its most important development. The composition of the "Invitation to the Dance" marked the adoption of the waltz form into the sphere of absolute music and prepared the way for the stream of pianoforte and vocal waltzes not intended as accompaniments to dancing, the best examples of which are the waltzes of Chopin and Rubinstein.

Johann Strauss, the first called "the father of the waltz," raised the waltz to a higher level than it had ever been raised before, and Johann, his son, called "the waltz king," developed the waltz to its present form. Strauss, the son, wrote over 400 pieces of dance music, of which "The Beautiful Blue Danube," his first vocal waltz, was the most popular. His waltzes were built up of such beautiful musical themes, often so inspired and moving, as well as rhythmically alluring, that they were in a sense symphonic.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the composition of waltzes for dancing was almost entirely in the hands of the Viennese composers and the Strauss family in particular. The Strauss waltzes, which were written for the ball-rooms of the gayest dancers in the world, are full of piquancy, coquetry and vigor, as full of momentary hesitations and sudden abandonment of reserve as the conduct of coy but ardent lovers.

Wagner wrote, "A single Strauss waltz surpasses in grace, refinement and real musical substance most of the products of foreign manufacture which we often import at great cost." Hans Von Buelow publicly advocated the occasional inclusion of Strauss waltzes in the programs of symphony concerts, and Brahms wrote under the opening measures of "The Blue Danube Waltz," "Not, unfortunately, by Johannes Brahms."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Taciturn Carlyle.

Thomas Carlyle was taciturn, and one writer gave him the paradoxical title, "the roaring apostle of taciturnity." The same writer once rode with Carlyle in the Chelsea omnibus and endeavored in vain with questions to induce the great man to break his golden silence and coin a few sentences of silver speech. Carlyle preserved a moody silence. But the defeated questioner had his revenge when, affecting not to know Mr. Carlyle, he asked the conductor as they got out who the gentleman was and received the following reply:

"Oh, yes, sir; I know him well enough. 'E's wot you call a littery gent—writes books wot nobody can understand. 'E's a bit off his chump, like many of those gents, but he ain't a bad sort if you take him the right way."

Maund and Maunder.

Neither maund, a basket, nor maunder, to whine or grumble, is obsolete. Both are still in common use in South Notts and Leicestershire, at any rate. The former is used only, however, of a particular kind of basket, used for carrying butter to market. The basket is nearly square in shape and has two lids opening from the middle part, where the handle is, and it is called the "butter mawn" (maund). Maunder is usually heard in such sentences as "What are you maundering at?" A Northumbrian will say, "He's a maundering old fool," when the man of whom he is speaking strings words together in a senseless sort of way somewhat akin to mauding.—London Notes and Queries.

The Gentleman.

It is possible for every man to assume an elegant manner, but the true gentleman is nature's own nobleman, who never forgets to be polite to every one, and it is as easy to discern the assumed from the innate good breeding as it is to distinguish paste from diamonds.—Dickens.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 8
Newberg—8:00 p. m.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9

Springbrook—8:00 a. m.
Dundee—9:30 a. m.
Dayton—1:00 p. m.
LaFayette—2:30 p. m.
Carlton—4:00 p. m.

Yamhill—5:30 p. m.

McMINNVILLE—8:00 p. m.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10

Amity—8:30 a. m.
Ballston—10:00 a. m.
Willamina—12:45 p. m.
Sheridan—2:00 p. m.
McMinnville—4:00 p. m.

Come and see and hear these men; then help elect them.

Chapel in a Coal Mine.

In the Mynydd Newydd colliery at Swansea, south Wales, at a depth of 750 feet below the surface, is a notable chapel. It is claimed to be the only such chapel especially prepared and consecrated for worship. It is a long, low room, fitted with rough wooden benches, capable of accommodating between 150 and 200 men. Services are held before work every Monday morning in the Mynydd Newydd colliery and have been held regularly since 1867.

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