

"Rexall Remedies"

Do you know about them? These are the remedies that are just famous on account of their wonderful curative powers.

Rexall Remedies are made after the most approved formulas from the purest, highest strength drugs, in one of the finest laboratories in the world. Every formula is tested and tried. One remedy for each ailment. Ask for FREE BOOKLET.

Patterson Drug Co.

The Rexall Store

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

Joe McKay was visiting friends in Bend last week.
Mrs. Louis Rodseth went to La Pine this morning.
Mrs. A. M. Overturf is visiting her son, H. J. Overturf.
The Bridge Club will meet with Mrs. W. W. Faulkner Friday.
Chester Catlow is playing the piano at the Dream Theatre this week.
The Corketts are now domiciled in their new residence in Kenwood.
There will be services at the Catholic church Sunday at 10:30 a. m.
The Afternoon 500 club will meet with Mrs. John Steidl tomorrow.
Forest Assistant Sproat went up to the La Pine country Saturday on business.
J. C. Rhodes went to Seattle to visit his mother, returning to Bend Sunday night.
Mrs. Phillip Pampion of Sedro-Woolley, Wash., is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. R. Cook.
J. M. Lawrence was last week appointed guardian of Mrs. Mary L. Page, by Judge Springer.
There will be a large number of Bend people to attend the Rose Festival in Portland next week.
Mrs. H. F. Manion has had an exhibit at Mrs. Powelson's art shop the past week a large centerpiece which won for her the first prize in a needlework contest in Portland. It is a beautiful piece of work.

The last of the Subscription Club dances for this season was held at Rath's hall Saturday night.

Miss Gertrude Shultz came up from her home on Trout creek last week to visit her sister, Mrs. G. B. Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Rene West left Monday for Odell Lake, where they will conduct a camping resort during the summer.

To the list of new birds located in Bend this week by local bird lovers have been added Louisiana Tansagers, swallows and grackles.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Allen Jones and J. P. Rector of Burns are over in their auto for a pleasure trip and are trying their luck today fishing.

Mrs. S. C. Caldwell and son John left Saturday for Shedd, Ore., where Mrs. Caldwell was called by the illness of her father. Mr. Caldwell accompanied them as far as Portland.

The Oregon session laws of 1913 are now ready for distribution at \$1.50 a copy, postpaid, according to a letter from the secretary of state. The volume is larger than formerly and hence the increased price.

J. D. Davidson, H. E. Allen and George S. Young have been elected by the local lodge as delegates to the Masonic convention to be held in Portland next week. Mr. Allison will probably be the only one to attend.

H. Catlin, wife and daughters, J. R. Linn and wife, Miss Paula Linn and Mrs. R. Fordyce, all of Salem, are at the Altamont. They expect to spend some time here. Messrs. Catlin and Linn are owners of the Pilot Butte ranch east of Iowa.

A party composed of J. F. Taggart, J. H. Connors, Mont O'Donnell, John Hodges and Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Latta went to Crescent Monday to attend the opening of the Hotel Crescent by Eddie Santry. They drove up in the Pilot Butte Hotel car, returning yesterday morning.

Miss Ethel Holmes, Miss Martha Sidner and Miss Ethel Borden left Monday for their homes in the East to spend the summer. Misses Borden and Holmes will visit Miss Sidner at Nickerson, Neb., before going to their homes at Chippewa Falls, Wis., and Minneapolis, respectively.

A picnic party went up to Lava Island Friday and spent the day fishing. Those taking the outing were: Misses Anne, Gertrude and Nell Markel, Angie and Florence Young, Meda M. Castle, Harriet Dolson, Dorothy Schoncraft and Pauline West; V. A. Forbes, H. E. and C. A. Smith, Tom Cowan and Ross Farham. Mrs. E. R. Post was chaperone.

C. M. McKenzie and mother arrived this week in Bend from Long Beach, Cal., to make their home here with L. A. McKenzie, their father and husband. Mr. McKenzie has completed a cozy little home in which they will reside. Before leaving Long Beach, Mr. McKenzie was manager of the branch office of the Los Angeles Evening Herald at that place.

The W. C. T. U. will hold its next monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. H. B. Ford Thursday, June 12, at 2:30 p. m. At a meeting held while Mrs. Wallace was here the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Amanda Winter; vice president, Mrs. C. P. Niswonger; secretary, Mrs. H. B. Ford; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Ada Henkle; treasurer, Mrs. E. M. Thompson.

There are messages at the Western Union Telegraph office for Mrs. C. S. King, Mrs. S. A. Goodwin and Mrs. J. R. Majors.

The annual meeting of The Bend Company will be held next Monday. It is expected that prominent stockholders will be present, including W. L. Mueller, Davenport, Iowa; D. F. Brooks and H. E. Gibson, Minneapolis; D. L. McKay, Portland, and D. E. Hunter.

John Linster, with a 20-inch red-side, won the fishing pole put up by N. P. Smith for the largest trout brought in by June 1. Mr. Smith is offering another pole for the biggest Dolly Varden and the Skuse Hardware Company a pole for the largest trout of any kind.

A PAMPERED POET.

Wordsworth Was Waited on Hand and Foot by His Family.

The somewhat doubtful pleasure of a visit to Wordsworth in his home at Rydal Mount, as described by Mrs. Keble, is thus given by Mrs. L. D. Walcott in "Memories of Victorian London."

"It was not a pleasure—the Wordsworths were such queer people and so wrapped up in themselves. Even though you were their guests you were expected in everything to play second fiddle to the man of the house. Round him everything revolved. You might have a poor breakfast, cold dishes, had coffee—things were mostly had at Rydal that were only for the inferior general company—but the master's comfort was sedulously attended to—so different from my other poet friend, Mr. Southey, with whom I also stayed at the lakes. Southey was everybody's body, attending to every one, looking after every one himself, while in the Wordsworth household it was the custom for the head of the house to breakfast in bed, wife on one side, daughter on the other, both wholly absorbed in ministering to his wants, while every other person might go hang!"

"And it was the same all through the day. You might as a stranger long to see all you could of those beautiful lakes and mountains, and almost any hosts would have taken care that you should, but not so the Wordsworths. If it were a dull day and rain impending there was a chance of his getting wet, and all the pros and cons were detailed in your presence, but without any reference to your possible wishes. If there were a cold wind they shook their heads with decision; he was never allowed to walk or drive in a cold wind.

"One was fairly sick of it, and I would not have stayed even the three days I did but that I was on my way to Greta Hall and did not like to incommode the Southneys."

BAGGAGE SMASHING.

An English View of American Methods and Our Big Trucks.

A fact to be sternly borne in mind, especially by those who voyage round the world, is that luggage which will serve for every other place on earth is too often useless on American railways. The wanton breakage of luggage goes on on every American railway. A trunk may travel round the world, on all the European railways, and in the hold of every kind of boat; it may be heaved in and out of sampans, dumped about by bullock carts and knocked around by coolies and carriers, and arrive at, let us say, San Francisco, as sound and serviceable as when it left the London terminals, and before it has journeyed half across the American continent be smashed and useless. Many thousands of pounds' worth of European travelers' luggage is thus gratuitously destroyed every year.

The American press, and in some degree the public, treat the "baggage smasher" as a joke, instead of being, as he is, an almost criminal survival of the barbarous days of America, one of the last points on which the United States fails of being a civilized country. To this abuse are due the monstrous, iron-bound trunks which mark the average American traveler, a nightmare to the porters of less reckless countries, and for the transportation of which the owners on continental railways not seldom pay more than they do for their own first class tickets. Just as the struggle goes on between projectile and armor plate, so does the conflict between the American traveler to build luggage which will beat the baggage smasher, and of the baggage smasher by more and more strenuous smashing to beat the traveler and trunk builder.—London Times.

Caribou Horns.

The caribou, or water buffalo, of the Philippines often attain to great length of horn, one specimen, it is believed, standing quite without a rival in that respect. Measured along the curve of the horns, it is over twelve feet from one tip to the other. The spread of this animal's horns is greater than the width of several of the narrow lanes of the town—Hobbs, where his owner lives, and in consequence a brown line of scurred bark on the thickest bamboo hedges often marks the roads which this splendid old giant has traversed.—Wide World Magazine.

Voltaire's Poer.

Voltaire's test to ascertain the sense of responsibility of an individual was to ask him to suppose that he had in front of him a button. The effect of pushing the button would be to obtain one's dearest wish—love, fame, wealth, power, or what not—and at the same time to cause the death of an unknown "thousand." What would he do?

PORTLAND TRIP GIVES TOWN AD

BEND LUNCHEON WINS PRAISE

Ad Club at Metropolis is Entertained by Publicity Stunts of Local Emblem Club on Junket Taken Last Week by the Organization.

Last Wednesday at the Hotel Portland, the Emblem Club of Bend was the guest of the Portland Ad Club at a luncheon which was enlivened by many unique "stunts," and provided not only much fun for guests and hosts, but also served as a big advertisement for Bend.

The following extracts from the Oregon Journal's account of the occasion tells briefly what was done: "Twenty-one young men from Bend, Ore., as representatives of the unique and famous Emblem Club of that place, showed Portland something novel in the way of entertainment today.

"With members of the Portland Ad Club as their guests, they gave a luncheon at the Portland Hotel. There were 350 plates and every one of them was taken. The entire main dining room of the hotel was turned over to the Bend men and their guests.

"The luncheon was begun in a novel manner. Members of the Ad Club and their guests were first ushered into the dining room and seated. Exactly at 12:15 there came three tolls of a big church bell concealed behind a blue curtain along the south side of the dining hall. As the bell ceased, the curtain rolled back, revealing first a clock with its hands pointing at 12:15, and then the members of the Emblem Club, who marched in, singing, to their seats.

"From then until 1:30 o'clock there wasn't a silent moment. Not one. When the Bend delegation was not singing—and it had a host of happy songs, mostly about Bend—someone was giving a three-minute speech. The speeches were as snappy as the songs.

"One unique feature was that there wasn't a toastmaster. The nearest approach to one was W. D. Cheney, taboo of the Emblem Club and its only officer, who started the rongs off right. The program made a tremendous hit with the Portland Ad men.

"Here are the speakers in the order of their speaking: J. E. Sawhill, secretary Central Oregon Development League; C. S. Hudson of the First National Bank of Bend; E. Morris Lara, president Bend Commercial Club; D. E. Hunter of The Bend Co.; George Palmer Patnam, mayor of Bend; W. D. Cheney, taboo of the club.

"In between the talks and songs a special orchestra kept things lively. The walls and ceiling of the dining room were hung with pennants and streamers with the Bend emblem in gold and blue on it. Altogether it was one of the liveliest affairs the Ad club has had in many months.

"Prior to the luncheon, the members of the Emblem Club rode in 16 variously decorated taxicabs from their headquarters at the Multnomah Hotel to the Portland.

While in Portland the Bend men stayed at the Multnomah, where splendid accommodations were furnished and everything possible done for their entertainment. The officials of the Oregon-Washington Railroad, which line furnished a private car for the excursionists, also lavished much attention upon the visitors and did a great deal to make the junket the unique success it proved.

Altogether Different.
"After all, life is a good deal like Wall street."
"In what way?"
"It is all a gamble, you know."
"But that doesn't make it like Wall street. In life almost every one has a chance."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Two Phases.
"I detest that Mrs. Jones. She always tells what all her clothes cost."
"Well, I detest Mrs. Brown. She never will tell what she pays for anything."—Detroit Free Press.

A Pinner Club Epigram.
An epigram from Sir Arthur Pinero: "English clubs are good for the liver. London clubs are not."—London Standard.

The father's virtue is the child's best inheritance.—Chinese Proverb.

Breaking It Gently.
"Whom have you there in tow?"
"This is Rip Van Winkle. He just woke up."
"Why guard him so carefully?"
"Well, we're letting him see the women's styles gradually, don't you know."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not Encouraging.
"Madam, do you think you can use your influence with your husband to induce him to support me in the coming campaign?"
"I don't know, sir. I've never yet succeeded in inducing him to support me."—Baltimore American.

WARM WEATHER MEANS Summer Underw'r

Our Stock for Men, Ladies and Children is Complete.

- Men's Union Suits..... \$1.00 to \$2.50
- Men's 2-Piece Suits..... \$1.00 to \$2.50
- Boys' Union Suits..... 50c
- Boys' 2-Piece Suits..... 50c
- Ladies' Union Suits..... 35c, 50c, \$1.00
- Ladies Vests..... 10c to \$1.25

New blue and pink Linen Suitings for Summer Dresses..... 65c yd.

Come in and get a copy of July "Good Dressing" It's Free



Come in and get a copy of July "Good Dressing" It's Free

Mannheimer's

HIGHEST IN QUALITY LOWEST IN PRICE

Left Handed Drinkers.
A commercial traveler says that he can identify members of his profession in the hotel dining rooms by their habit of drinking their coffee "left handed." He says that many traveling men have adopted this habit because when they drink "left handed" they drink from the side of the cup that isn't generally used. This is one of those customs the value of which will lessen as it becomes more general—or as dishwashing becomes more of a fine art.—Exchange.

Right Up to Date.
"In regard to the custody of the child," said the judge in handing down his decision in the divorce case. "I'll let the young lady decide for herself."
"Oh," replied the worldly wise young thing, "if mamma is really going to get all that alimony I guess I'll go with her."—Brooklyn Life.

Sacrifice For Art's Sake.
"You say you have devoted your life to art," said the man who tries to be polite, even when surprised.
"Yes," replied Mr. Camrox. "I have devoted myself to an effort to become rich enough to own a gallery of genuine old masters."—Washington Star.

More Trouble Coming.
Ambulance Surgeon: "These are not going to die! Motorist (looking at wrecked machine)—I don't know about that. That was my wife's auto."—Chicago News.



Fisherman's Lunch

Put up neatly in boxes that are light and easily carried.

INDIVIDUAL LUNCHES

25c or 50c



YOU CANT-BUY POOR TOOLS IN OUR STORE ONLY THE BEST



WE CANT BE ON THE LEVEL AND SELL POOR TOOLS.

BE ON THE LEVEL WITH YOURSELF. YOU CANT AFFORD TO BUY POOR TOOLS. OUR POLICY HAS ALWAYS BEEN, THE BEST IS CHEAPEST IN THE END.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS, WE WANT YOUR CONFIDENCE AND WE WANT YOUR GOOD WILL. COME TO SEE US. THE SQUARE DEAL IS OUR KIND OF A DEAL.

We will give a \$5 casting rod for the largest trout caught this season.

Skuse Hardware Company.

We Repair Guns of All kinds.

Get baby a new go-cart, then he wont cry



Dear Amy:-

My life was a burden to me a long time. Baby John just cried and cried. I didn't know what was the matter. He was also looking pale and his food didn't agree with him. I didn't know it, but he needed air and sunshine. So I went and bought him a new go-cart. Now he smiles and is fat and rosy. You just must come and see him.

Always your pal,

Lou.

P.S.—What a beautiful line of go-carts and baby carriages, and furniture of all kinds you can get from

E. M. Thompson

Where Your Dollar Does Its Duty.