

New Houston Hotel
SIXTH AND EVERETT STS.
Four blocks from Union Station. Under new management. All rooms newly decorated.
SPECIAL RATES BY WEEK OR MONTH
Rates 50c. 75c. \$1. \$1.50 Per Day.

BEAUTIFUL RUGS
Are made from your OLD CARPETS. Rag Rugs woven all sizes. Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention. Send for booklet.
NORTHWEST RUG CO.
E. 8th and Taylor Sts. Portland, Or.

\$2.50 AGATE CUTTING
FOR \$2.50 WE WILL CUT AND MOUNT YOUR AGATE IN A SOLID WOOD OR BRASS CASE. SEND SIZE OF FINGER AND AGATE.
NOVELTY AGATE CO.
171 BROADWAY
PORTLAND, OREGON

FREE DEVELOPING and PRINTING for YOU
For a little boosting among your friends with Kodaks. Send for information as to how you can secure credits and have your work done FREE. Charge. Write today, or send us for trial a roll of film or negatives to be printed and receive 40 per cent off.
PHOTO CRAFT SHOP, Pittcock Block.
P. O. Box 725.
Portland, Oregon

ELECTRIC MOTORS
Bought, Sold, Rented and Repaired
WALKER ELECTRIC WORKS
Barnard, cor. 10th. Portland, Ore.

"C. B." MINERS & CO.
UNIVERSAL REPAIR and MACHINE SHOP
AUTOMOBILE REPAIRING AND REBUILDING.
8. E. COR. FIFTH AND OLIVAN STS. PORTLAND, OREGON

HIDES, PELTS, CASCARA BARK, WOLF AND MOHAIK.
We have it all. Write for prices and shipping tags.
THE H. F. NORTON CO., Portland, Ore.; Seattle, Wa.

SHIP
Veal, Pork, Beef, Poultry, Butter, Eggs and Farm Produce.
to the Old Reliable Freezing House with a record of 45 years of Square Dealings, and as assured of TOP MARKET PRICES.
F. M. CRONKHITE.
45-47 Front Street Portland, Oregon

Weeds Wanted
Many common ones
Dept. O, National Drug Co., North 24th to the ground.
Regular Course.
"Don't you think that your young folks ought to be taught how to spend money?"
"Humph! I see you never sent a boy of yours to college."—Exchange.

Pertinent Inquiry.
Mrs. Johnson—How does you feel dia mawwin, Joe?
Mr. Johnson—I feel bad—mighty bad! I wish dat Providence would have mussy on an' take me.
Mrs. Johnson—How can you expect it to, ef yo' wunt take de doctor's medicine?—Exchange.

Hot One.
She—I was thinking of you last night, Mr. Supleigh.
He (flattered)—Aw, really?
She—You see, we had Prof. Hypnot at our house and during one of his tests he bade me think of nothing—Boston Transcript.

His Excuse.
Lady—Why do you use such terrible language, my man?
Profane Workman—Fact is, mum, I'm a bit deaf an' don't exactly hear what I say.—Boston Transcript.

Expensive Title.
"Why are you putting that mark in your hat?"
"I always put one in when I check it. So far this hat has cost me \$98.10."—Puck.

Impossible Ideal.
"There is one thing of which this summer we can not have high hopes."
"Oh, what is that?"
"Low temperatures." — Baltimore American.

THOSE AWFUL CRAMPS
Suggestions that may save Much Suffering

Marysville, Pa.—"For twelve years I suffered with terrible cramps. I would have to stay in bed several days every month. I tried all kinds of remedies and was treated by doctors, but my trouble continued until one day I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for others. I tried it and now I am never troubled with cramps and feel like a different woman. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly and I am recommending it to my friends who suffer as I did."
—Mrs. GEORGE R. NATLOR, Box 72, Marysville, Pa.

Young women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by this root and herb remedy.
Write for free and helpful advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Only women open and read such letters.

P. N. U. No. 26, 1917

SHEEP'S CLOTHING

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
Author of "THE LONE WOLF," "THE BRASS BOWL," Etc.
Copyright by Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.
—10—
"Then let me see you back to your stateroom, and I'll—"
"No, I—I'd rather wait here. I must know tonight—I can't sleep without knowing—"
Admiration kindled in Quoin's regard. He liked that spirit. She had been quick to recover, quicker than the average woman would have been. "Very well," he assented.

They moved forward. Opposite the companionway Lydia paused. "Will you be long?"
"Not ten minutes," Quoin promised. His figure momentarily eclipsed the blur of light that stood for the doorway.

Indeed it was hardly more than ten minutes when the doorway was again darkened, and Quoin came to Lydia's side. "Was I long? I'm sorry. I had to be rather severe before they gave in—and up."

"You succeeded?" He laughed quietly. "Here it is."
Mute in astonishment, speechless with gratitude, she took the puzzle box from his extended hand.

"A crook known as Southpaw Smith—he deals left-handed—had it, together with the father and mother of all black eyes. I was almost sorry for him. 'George Traymore' is his alias on the passenger list. A tall, slender scoundrel—very, very smooth. Not that you're likely to see him before we land, if then. He'll lay very low and make the quietest getaway from the dock he can manage—"

"Mr. Quoin!" the girl interrupted in a tremulous voice. "Yes?"
"Her embarrassment was painful. 'What can I say to you? Mere thanks aren't adequate.'"

"Please say no more. To know I've been of some use is enough. Besides," he laughed boyishly, "I've had a good time bullragging Southpaw. I like that sort of thing, you know."
"Mrs. Craven,"—he retained her hand for a moment—"will you tell me one thing?"

"If I may—anything—"
"His eyes searched hers jealously. 'Do you know what's in that box?'"
"No, Mr. Quoin! Upon my word of honor, no."
Her eyes were limpid pools of ingenuous candor. Quoin could no longer doubt. He nodded, releasing her hand.

"Thank you."
"But," she lingered, "do you?"
"I do," he admitted reluctantly. "Not through any wish of mine. But Southpaw had only succeeded in puzzling the combination out when I interrupted. I made him put back—that he'd taken from the box. Don't worry. I've already forgotten what it was. And Southpaw won't bother you again—I promise you that."

Her eyes questioned anxiously, his smiled reassurance. With yet another good-night, Lydia turned away. He watched her down the alleyway to the door of B75, then turned to seek his own berth, shaking his head to rid it of tormenting doubts.

Softly closing the door, Lydia as gently shot the bolt, hoping to gain her bed unquestioned. But as she moved toward it in darkness the Dowager Dragon suddenly switched on the lights and lifted from her pillow an indignant head framed in a nightcap, the most coquetishly beribboned imaginable.

"Well?" she demanded tartly. "Where have you been, if you please?"
Lydia showed her a countenance innocent of any trace of guile. "On deck," she said quietly, removing her cloak with its sprinkling of moisture that glittered like diamond dust. "The foghorn, you know—and I wasn't sleepy. It's wonderful out there, so still and dark and uncanny. You'd think almost anything could happen, and no one be the wiser."

CHAPTER IX.
"Good old town!" said Peter Traff. Removing his hat, he saluted Town with grave and affectionate respect. "Graft and all, it's one human young city!"

Intuition enabled Lydia to interpret this utterance as the invocation to the litany of your tried but true Manhattanite.

The Alsatia was trudging sedately up the bay from the Narrows. Quarantine ten minutes astern, New York looming over the port bow through a tenderly irritated haze in whose illumination it became a city of mother-of-pearl suspended between the blue of haze-veiled sky and the blue of confining waters.

"Arthur Rackham must have colored it," Lydia mused aloud.
"Wait—this is only the overture—wait till you see it as I mean to show it to you—bridlepaths in Central park of a sunny morning, Broadway at night with a full head of steam on, South street at noon with the old sailing ships asleep in the sun and their forefeet up on the sidewalk, Fifth avenue at evening, lights like big pearls popping out through the purple dusk—"
Ostentatiously drawing a handkerchief from his cuff, Peter mopped his

THE CUSTOMS INSPECTORS AT NEW YORK TAKE A HAND AND THE SUSPICION GROWS THAT LYDIA KNOWS MORE THAN HER NEW FRIENDS SUSPECT

Synopsis—Lydia Craven, traveling under the name of Lucy Carter, runs away from her English home to go to her father, Thaddeus Craven, in New York, who she hasn't seen in five years. Three nights out on board the steamer Alsatia, she runs plump into her father making love to Mrs. Merrilies, a young widow, engaged to marry him. Later Craven explains his mysterious conduct and supposed bachelorhood by telling Lydia he is a British secret service agent in America. He gives her a small box to keep for him. She is attacked. The box is stolen, but Quoin, a detective, recovers it for the girl.

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Merrilies retorted indignantly. "As if an American ever got anything cheap in Paris—and from Cottier's, of all places! By every right you ought to assess the duty on not more than forty thousand dollars."

"Well," the inspector suggested indulgently, "we'll just see what the appraiser says. There he is now. Hey, Charlie, step over here a minute, will you?"

In response to this hail, a slender, bespectacled young man in a O section, nodded assent, picked his way through the barrier of trunks, and, recognizing Mrs. Merrilies, touched the vizar of a cap bearing the word "Appraiser."

"Mrs. Merrilies has declared her necklace, Charlie," said the inspector, handing over the case. "And here's the bill; but she wants you to take a slant at it for value."

"No, ma'am," the appraiser interrupted with mournful decision, "not three hundred dollars, but just three hundred dollars; duty a hundred and eighty (sixty per cent ad val), and if you like I'll get someone else to size it up and see if maybe we can't shade that a bit."

"What?" Mrs. Merrilies blazed indignantly. "Three hundred thousand dollars! Ridiculous! Look at the bill—"

"No, ma'am," the appraiser interrupted with mournful decision, "not three hundred dollars, but just three hundred dollars; duty a hundred and eighty (sixty per cent ad val), and if you like I'll get someone else to size it up and see if maybe we can't shade that a bit."

"The whole party of friends of Mrs. Merrilies get the surprise of their lives when the customs inspectors make a certain discovery. It's all told in the next installment."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NO REAL BRITISH "NOBILITY"

No Member of the English Peerage, With Few Exceptions, Can Give Proof of Ancient Lineage.

In England the Saxon "thane" was transformed, after the Norman conquest, into a "baron" unless the dominant power entirely deprived him of his position as a nobleman. It is possible that many thanes were absorbed in the English yeomanry. In France and Germany the prefix "de" and "von," which are essentially local, designated noble rank. Even in poor old Ireland, where nearly every man boasts of his descent from kings, "O" and "Mac" are aristocratic symbols, although many Irishmen of today have for one reason or another discarded the prefix. But in England the custom has died out.

The wearing of coat armor was for centuries a badge of nobility, but the right to wear coat armor was granted so lavishly that the members of the English peerage can, with few exceptions, give no proof of any ancient lineage. There is, in fact, no real "nobility" in England in the sense in which the word is used in continental Europe. It is a curious circumstance that many real "gentlemen," in the heraldic sense of that unfortunate word, have never worn coat armor at all and were neither desirous nor competent to exhibit a coat-of-arms to the persons who attach value to such an empty possession. Heralds have failed to establish any man's right to call himself a "gentleman," and the majority of genealogies given for the British "nobility" and "gentry" are in all probability mythical or, in the American vernacular, "fakes."

Fox Worried by Food Problem.
It is not often that the six fox reveals to man his method of securing his daily rations; so that men of Canton Centre, Conn., who were hauling logs were quite surprised recently to see a large red fox on the hillside only about ten rods from the team. He was not the least bit disturbed. Suddenly he leaped into the air and pounced onto the snow. This operation was repeated several times, the fox jumping several feet into the air each time. He was doubtless trying to break through the crust and catch the mice which he heard burrowing under the snow. The hard, deep snow makes it much harder for the foxes to catch the little animals except when they are running for cover.—Hartford Courant.

Carrier Swift Flyer.
It is estimated that in calm weather a carrier pigeon can fly at the rate of 1,200 yards a minute; with the help of a moderate wind it will attain a speed of 1,500 yards, and before a strong wind 2,000 yards.

Never undertake anything that you can't get somebody to do.—Life.

GRAIN DEALERS MEET

Urge Uniformity in Inspection Laws—Oregon and Washington Millers Say Wheat Quality is Poor.

To lower the high cost of living by decreasing the cost of grain, the Public Service commissions of Washington and Oregon heard evidence showing that uniformity of state laws on weights, measures and inspection with federal laws was a necessity, at a meeting in the Tacoma, Wash., Commercial club rooms Wednesday.

Particularly the flour mills of Washington and Oregon are affected by the difference in the quality of wheat which cannot compete with that of California or Chicago and Minneapolis because the inspectors are compelled to pass smutty wheat, it was charged. "My experience of 30 years," said Ralph B. Smith of the Puget Sound Mills company, "shows that Washington wheat is of lower quality every year. It is smutty when it comes to the mill and the miller has no choice but to take it. By the time it is thoroughly cleaned its cost has risen considerably and the consumer, who pays ultimately for the additional expense, begins to howl."

"Discoveries of the last year show that the smut is not the fault of the farmer," said L. M. Jeffers of Portland, grain supervisor of this, the 32nd district. "Farmers in order to take advantage of the first rains are obliged to plow up the fields early and the ground becomes infected with smut spores. Our department is equipping 12 machines with dust collectors which we think will practically eliminate the infection. If the collectors prove satisfactory and not too expensive, statistics and estimates will be put into the hands of all of those raising grain. All will have to use it, for one field can infect a whole district."

The commission then began the consideration of rye and oats. Here again uniformity was thought to be advisable, but there was some discussion of what the standard would be. The question of color should be the basis for at least four grades, according to Mr. Jeffers. He suggests, also, that the commission fix a maximum moisture weight per bushel. Oats and rye were felt to need the same legislation.

Bad order of sacks and the discount allowed for their repairs was the final subject discussed. The state claim of 1 and 3 per cent discount was agreed by all the men present as not sufficient, and the 3 and 6 per cent allowed by the Seattle Merchants' Exchange was thought more reasonable.

Horse Heaven Votes Bonds.
Prosser, Wash.—At an election in the Horse Heaven irrigation district recently it was decided to bond the district for the completion of the project. There was a small vote owing to the large number of non-resident land-owners. The majority for the bonds was 74. The project will comprise 215,000 acres, according to engineers' estimates. At a meeting of land-owners it was decided to select an executive committee of seven men and women of the district which committee will confer in an advisory capacity.

I. W. W. Strike Declared Off.
North Yakima—The strike at Porter Brothers' construction camp near here where the work of enlarging storage yards for the Northern Pacific has been hampered the last two weeks, was declared off by I. W. W. leaders, and about 20 strikers applied for work. I. W. W. was posted on dodgers, telling the demands they will make upon farmers. The schedule calls for \$60 a month and the board for a 26-day month with an 8-hour day, for haying \$3 a day; grain harvest \$3.50, fruit pickers \$3.50 and potato pickers \$5.

NORTHWEST MARKET REPORT
Wheat—Bluestem.....\$2.35
Fortyfold.....2.32
Club.....2.30
Red Russian.....2.28
Oats—No. 1 white.....\$4.00
Barley—No. 1 feed.....42.00
Cattle—Steers, prime...\$9.50/10.25
Steers, good.....8.75/9.25
Steers, medium.....8.00/8.75
Cows, choice.....8.25/8.50
Cows, medium.....7.50/8.00
Cows, fair.....6.75/7.25
Heifers.....5.00/5.92
Calves.....5.00/7.25
Hogs—Packers.....15.00/15.50
Rough hives.....13.90/14.25
Pigs and skips.....13.00/13.50
Stock hogs.....11.00/12.50
Sheep—Wethers.....10.00/10.50
Ewes.....5.00/9.50
Lamb.....11.00/13.50
Flour—Patents, \$11.80.
Millfeed—Spot prices: Bran, 33c per ton; shorts, 33c; rolled barley, 44c; rolled oats, 35c.
Corn—White, \$72 per ton; cracked, \$73.
Hay—Producers' prices: Timothy, Eastern Oregon, \$28/30 per ton; valley timothy, \$22/24; alfalfa, \$20/23; valley grain hay, \$18/20.
Butter—Cubes, extras, 37c per pound; prime firsts, 35c. Jobbing prices: Prints, extras, 38c; cartons, 1c extra; butterfat, No. 1, 38c; No. 2, 36c.
Eggs—Ranch, current receipts, 30c per dozen; selects, 32c.
Poultry—Hens, 15c/17c per pound; broilers, 16c/20c; turkeys, 20c; ducks, 18c/22c; geese, 10c/12c.
Veal—Fancy, 14c/14c per pound.
Pork—Fancy, 19c per pound.
Vegetables—Artichokes, 70¢/75¢ per dozen; tomatoes, \$1.50/2.00 per crate; cabbage, 2c/3c per pound; eggplant, 25c; lettuce, \$1.75/2.00; cucumbers, 75¢/81.50 per dozen; peppers, 20¢/35¢ per pound; rhubarb, 2c/3c; peas, 6c/7c; asparagus, 5c/6c; spinach, 6c/7c per pound.
Potatoes—Buying prices, \$3.50/4.00 per hundred.
Green Fruit—Strawberries, Oregon, \$1.75/2.50.
Hops—1916 crop, 3c/6c per pound; 1917 contracts, nominal.
Wool—Eastern Oregon, fine, 47¢/55¢ per pound; coarse, 58¢; valley, 60¢/62¢; mohair, 60¢/65¢.
Cascara Bark—Old and new, 6c per pound.

GRAIN DEALERS MEET

Urge Uniformity in Inspection Laws—Oregon and Washington Millers Say Wheat Quality is Poor.

To lower the high cost of living by decreasing the cost of grain, the Public Service commissions of Washington and Oregon heard evidence showing that uniformity of state laws on weights, measures and inspection with federal laws was a necessity, at a meeting in the Tacoma, Wash., Commercial club rooms Wednesday.

Particularly the flour mills of Washington and Oregon are affected by the difference in the quality of wheat which cannot compete with that of California or Chicago and Minneapolis because the inspectors are compelled to pass smutty wheat, it was charged. "My experience of 30 years," said Ralph B. Smith of the Puget Sound Mills company, "shows that Washington wheat is of lower quality every year. It is smutty when it comes to the mill and the miller has no choice but to take it. By the time it is thoroughly cleaned its cost has risen considerably and the consumer, who pays ultimately for the additional expense, begins to howl."

"Discoveries of the last year show that the smut is not the fault of the farmer," said L. M. Jeffers of Portland, grain supervisor of this, the 32nd district. "Farmers in order to take advantage of the first rains are obliged to plow up the fields early and the ground becomes infected with smut spores. Our department is equipping 12 machines with dust collectors which we think will practically eliminate the infection. If the collectors prove satisfactory and not too expensive, statistics and estimates will be put into the hands of all of those raising grain. All will have to use it, for one field can infect a whole district."

The commission then began the consideration of rye and oats. Here again uniformity was thought to be advisable, but there was some discussion of what the standard would be. The question of color should be the basis for at least four grades, according to Mr. Jeffers. He suggests, also, that the commission fix a maximum moisture weight per bushel. Oats and rye were felt to need the same legislation.

Bad order of sacks and the discount allowed for their repairs was the final subject discussed. The state claim of 1 and 3 per cent discount was agreed by all the men present as not sufficient, and the 3 and 6 per cent allowed by the Seattle Merchants' Exchange was thought more reasonable.

Horse Heaven Votes Bonds.
Prosser, Wash.—At an election in the Horse Heaven irrigation district recently it was decided to bond the district for the completion of the project. There was a small vote owing to the large number of non-resident land-owners. The majority for the bonds was 74. The project will comprise 215,000 acres, according to engineers' estimates. At a meeting of land-owners it was decided to select an executive committee of seven men and women of the district which committee will confer in an advisory capacity.

I. W. W. Strike Declared Off.
North Yakima—The strike at Porter Brothers' construction camp near here where the work of enlarging storage yards for the Northern Pacific has been hampered the last two weeks, was declared off by I. W. W. leaders, and about 20 strikers applied for work. I. W. W. was posted on dodgers, telling the demands they will make upon farmers. The schedule calls for \$60 a month and the board for a 26-day month with an 8-hour day, for haying \$3 a day; grain harvest \$3.50, fruit pickers \$3.50 and potato pickers \$5.

NORTHWEST MARKET REPORT
Wheat—Bluestem.....\$2.35
Fortyfold.....2.32
Club.....2.30
Red Russian.....2.28
Oats—No. 1 white.....\$4.00
Barley—No. 1 feed.....42.00
Cattle—Steers, prime...\$9.50/10.25
Steers, good.....8.75/9.25
Steers, medium.....8.00/8.75
Cows, choice.....8.25/8.50
Cows, medium.....7.50/8.00
Cows, fair.....6.75/7.25
Heifers.....5.00/5.92
Calves.....5.00/7.25
Hogs—Packers.....15.00/15.50
Rough hives.....13.90/14.25
Pigs and skips.....13.00/13.50
Stock hogs.....11.00/12.50
Sheep—Wethers.....10.00/10.50
Ewes.....5.00/9.50
Lamb.....11.00/13.50
Flour—Patents, \$11.80.
Millfeed—Spot prices: Bran, 33c per ton; shorts, 33c; rolled barley, 44c; rolled oats, 35c.
Corn—White, \$72 per ton; cracked, \$73.
Hay—Producers' prices: Timothy, Eastern Oregon, \$28/30 per ton; valley timothy, \$22/24; alfalfa, \$20/23; valley grain hay, \$18/20.
Butter—Cubes, extras, 37c per pound; prime firsts, 35c. Jobbing prices: Prints, extras, 38c; cartons, 1c extra; butterfat, No. 1, 38c; No. 2, 36c.
Eggs—Ranch, current receipts, 30c per dozen; selects, 32c.
Poultry—Hens, 15c/17c per pound; broilers, 16c/20c; turkeys, 20c; ducks, 18c/22c; geese, 10c/12c.
Veal—Fancy, 14c/14c per pound.
Pork—Fancy, 19c per pound.
Vegetables—Artichokes, 70¢/75¢ per dozen; tomatoes, \$1.50/2.00 per crate; cabbage, 2c/3c per pound; eggplant, 25c; lettuce, \$1.75/2.00; cucumbers, 75¢/81.50 per dozen; peppers, 20¢/35¢ per pound; rhubarb, 2c/3c; peas, 6c/7c; asparagus, 5c/6c; spinach, 6c/7c per pound.
Potatoes—Buying prices, \$3.50/4.00 per hundred.
Green Fruit—Strawberries, Oregon, \$1.75/2.50.
Hops—1916 crop, 3c/6c per pound; 1917 contracts, nominal.
Wool—Eastern Oregon, fine, 47¢/55¢ per pound; coarse, 58¢; valley, 60¢/62¢; mohair, 60¢/65¢.
Cascara Bark—Old and new, 6c per pound.

Allen's Foot-Ease for the Troops.
Shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath it gives rest and comfort, takes the friction from the shoe and prevents blisters and sore spots. Makes walking easy. Accept no substitute. Sold everywhere, 25c.

A Needful Precaution.
Mike—Begorra, I had to go through the woods the other night when Casey was murdered last fall, an' that they say is haunted, an' bedad, I walked backward the whole way.
Pat—An' what for wuz ye after doin' that?
Mike—Faith, man, so that I could see if anything wuz comin' up behind me.—Princeton Tiger.

Did that itching keep you awake last night?
And how can you expect to sleep tonight unless you do something to relieve the trouble? Eczema and other itching skin troubles don't often heal themselves. But it is surprising how quickly Resinol Ointment heals sick skins.

Almost daily we hear from a skin sufferer who says "Resinol Ointment stopped my itching at once and I got the first good night's sleep I had had in weeks. Now my skin is well." Resinol Ointment is sold by all druggists.

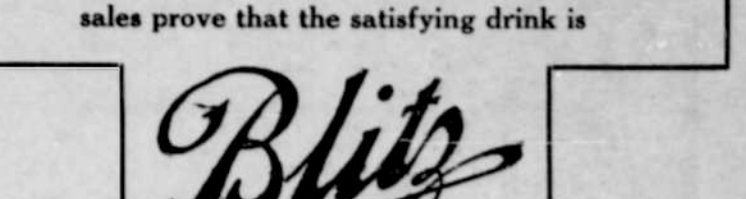
A Fine Renunciation.
"Doppel has begun to save money."
"I presume he wants to keep the wolf away from his door?"
"Not exactly. Doppel is a man of heroic mould. He says he's going to buy a war bond if he has to do without gasoline." — Birmingham Age-Herald.

CLEAR AWAY PIMPLES
Does Cuticura Ointment—Assisted by Cuticura Soap—Trial Free.
On rising and retiring smear the affected surfaces gently with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. When the skin is clear keep it so by using Cuticura for every-day toilet and nursery purposes.
Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Raw Days in May.
"Tough times, these."
"Eh?"
"Good many chilly days coming along, and the landlord expects you to heat the flat by opening a window."

Try Them All,

Thousands have applied this test, and the increasing sales prove that the satisfying drink is



The Drink That Fits.
It's the tasty, tangy drink—brewed of pure malt hops and barley. A beverage unlike all others. Made by patented process. For Sale Everywhere. The Portland Brewing Company.

Sure! High Heels Cause Corns But Who Cares Now?

WHEN IN SEATTLE TRY THE FRYE
SEATTLE'S LARGEST HOTEL
You reckless men and women who are pestered with corns and who have at least once a week invited an awful death from lockjaw or blood poison are now told by a Cincinnati authority to use a drug called frezone, which the moment a few drops are applied to any corn or callous the soreness is relieved and soon the entire corn or callous, root and all, lifts off with the fingers.

Frezone dries the moment it is applied, and simply shrivels the corn or callous without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin. A small bottle of frezone will cost very little at any of the drug stores, but will positively rid one's feet of every hard or soft corn or hardened callous. If your druggist hasn't any frezone he can get it at any wholesale drug house for you.

A Flattering Explanation.
A sturdy Scot, six feet five inches in height, is a gamekeeper near Stafford. One hot day last summer he was accompanying a bumptious sportsman, of very small stature, when he was greatly troubled by gnats. The other said to him:
"My good man, why is it that the gnats do not trouble me?"
"I daresay," replied the gamekeeper, with a comprehensive glance at the other's small proportions, "it will be because they havna' seen ye yet."—Tid Bits.

Too Old to Change.
Maloney, Jr.—The teacher told us about breathing oxygen into our lungs and breathing carbonic acid gas out.
Mrs. Maloney—Shure, 'tis all right 'r ye young people to learn thin things, but O'v' been breathin' air both ways too long to change.—Puck.

Between Girls.
Belle—I have so many callers that really I cannot satisfy them all.
Nell—An' I didn't know you had become a telephone operator.—Baltimore American.

Heard at the Front.
A sergeant was, installing into a squad of recruits that which marks the advent of their military career—namely, squad drill by numbers. One man was exceedingly backward, and exhausted the patience of the instructor, who at last exclaimed in tones of deep disgust: "Heavens! man, if your brains were made of dynamite, the charge wouldn't be sufficient to blow your hat off!"—Tid Bits.

Some Improvement.
"Has your father had anything good to say of me since I have been coming to see you?"
"Oh, yes," replied Miss Peacher, "Only last night he said: 'Daughter, that new beaus of yours gives me much better cigars than the tightwad who used to hang around here.'"
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Indian War Veterans
Or their Widow who are entitled to a pension under the act passed March 4, 1917, send name and address and get a copy of the bill. Pension Claim Agent, HENRY HEGWER, 608 3rd St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Paris Butchers Get Horses.
Paris—The British army sends between 400 and 500 horses a week to Paris butchers to be slaughtered and put on sale in the horse meat markets. The French army furnishes a smaller number. The total makes such an important contribution to the feeding of Paris that the horse butchers are using it as an argument against the closing of their shops two days a week along with the other butchers. The result, they say, will be that a great many wounded horses that are now killed at the front will be lost.

TO DARKEN HAIR APPLY SAGE TEA
Look Young! Bring Back Its Natural Color, Gloss and Attractiveness.
Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, streaked or gray. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get a 50-cent bottle of Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound at any drug store all ready for use. This is the old time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients.
While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.
This preparation is a delightful toilet requisite and is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

PHILANTHROPIC.
"Speaking of mean people, there's no one can beat old Scripp."
"Pretty stingy, eh?"
"Stingy! Why, he even looks over the top of his glasses for fear of wearing them out."—Boston Transcript.

PHILANTHROPIC.
"Has your father had anything good to say of me since I have been coming to see you?"
"Oh, yes," replied Miss Peacher, "Only last night he said: 'Daughter, that new beaus of yours gives me much better cigars than the tightwad who used to hang around here.'"
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

PHILANTHROPIC.
"Has your father had anything good to say of me since I have been coming to see you?"
"Oh, yes," replied Miss Peacher, "Only last night he said: 'Daughter, that new beaus of yours gives me much better cigars than the tightwad who used to hang around here.'"
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

PHILANTHROPIC.
"Has your father had anything good to say of me since I have been coming to see you?"
"Oh, yes," replied Miss Peacher, "Only last night he said: 'Daughter, that new beaus of yours gives me much better cigars than the tightwad who used to hang around here.'"
—Birmingham Age-Herald.