

Be on your Guard.

If some grocers urge another baking powder upon you in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit upon it. This of itself is evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

To insure the finest cake, the most wholesome food, be sure that no substitute for Royal Baking Powder is accepted by you.

Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

The Book of Confessions.

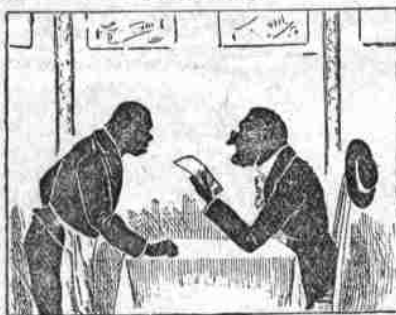
The English drawing room has a new fad, which is as unique as it is interesting. On a table in the drawing room or the reception room is kept a handsomely bound volume with the word "confessions" running in large gilt letters over the handsome binding. In it are contained all the gossip or sentimental thoughts of the members of the family and intimate friends, which they inscribe from day to day. Here and there one finds a line quoted from some more or less noted poet to indicate the sentiment that swayed the writer's heart and communicated itself to his pen at the time he made the inscription, or some sad or joyful happening that has caused him to leave behind the imprint of his state of mind by parloining a phrase from a familiar author.

The name of the writer is signed to each inscription, and for weeks afterward this quaint volume furnishes food for the amusement of the initiated by its curious contents. It is not only in many cases an index to the character of those who are permitted to write in it, but it reflects their temperament as well, like a diary, in which are entered the events of a space of one's life.—*Jessie Miller's Illustrated.*

She Knew One.

He—Yes, I know two men I thoroughly admire.
She—Indeed! Who's the other one—Life.

Good Advice.



Water—What'll you have?
Rube Jayseed—Waal, I don't know which ter take, whether roast beef, veal or mutton.
Water—Take corn beef hash, and yer'll eat ther whole lot.—*Truth.*

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST. NO GUESSING.
\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
\$4.75 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
\$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
\$2.50 WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
\$2.125 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES' BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe. Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

Nobody

need have Consumption. It is not inherited. The inherited tendencies toward it are overcome by

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, which makes children robust and healthy, and stimulates the development of the lungs in old and young alike. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.
ELY'S CREAM BALM
WORTH \$5.00 TO ANY
Woman or Child
SUFFERING FROM CATARRH
Apply into the nostrils. Druggists.

GONE FOREVER.

How a Young Girl's Heart Was Well Nigh Broken.

It was afternoon. There was a slight haze overhead, and the scurrying clouds in the western sky bore their warning of the coming shower to the passersby on the avenue, who hurried swiftly along, some with their overcoats turned up and others, more free and easy, with the hurried air of the metropolitan pedestrian. It was not a pleasant afternoon in any sense of the word, and yet to Mildred Twilling, as she paced rapidly up and down the drawing room of her father's princely mansion on the avenue, it was the gladdest, gayest afternoon in the whole year, for was he not coming?

As she stopped to think of what this meant to her, her heart gave a great throb of joy. Yes, he was coming at last—her tall, broad shouldered lover, who had said goodby to her on that terrible night two years ago and had left her to roam in foreign lands, and now—now he was coming. She held his letter in her hands, and even as she stood thus, with all the eager joy of anticipation in her beautiful face, a tall and unburned stranger, with the distinguished air of one who has traveled much, alighted from a carriage that but a moment before had rolled up to the door, walked slowly up the steps and rang the bell.

It needed but a glance to see that Edward Cashmere was not the same impassioned lover that had torn himself away two years before. His face was anxious, perturbed and showed no trace of the great joy that should have been his. He hesitated a moment in the hall, and then, summoning all his resolution, threw open the drawing room door and stood face to face with the woman who had clung to him so passionately at parting and whom he had promised, even as he kissed her farewell, to be faithful to. And now what was he to bring her? Nothing but a record of broken promises, the charred ashes of a dead love.

"Edward," she said, looking up into his face with a searching gaze, as if she would read his very soul, "have you nothing to say to me? After two long years of waiting, do you come back to me now only to tell me—ah, have I guessed the secret—that your heart is another's?"

With a quick gesture of despair he hurried from her, and burying his face in his hands muttered hoarsely: "Alas! have you so soon learned the truth? Yes, indeed, it is but too true," he went on. "One day while I was traveling through an unrequented portion of Italy I met by chance a beautiful girl from Plainfield. For nearly a day after that we were thrown almost constantly together. It is the same old story, Mildred, or—"

"And is she your wife?" she demanded, the color gradually fading away from her face and leaving it quite ghastly in its pallor.

"She is," he replied brokenly. "We were married in Paris last month. But, Mildred, dear," he cried passionately, "do not grieve so. Can it be possible that you still love me so? Oh, tell me that this is not true!" With a piercing cry the young girl threw herself prostrate on the sofa. "Oh, why did you not tell me this before?" she moaned. "No, Edward, it is not that I loved you so much, but now I fear that it is too late." "Too late?" he repeated mechanically. "Why, what can you mean?" "I mean this," she cried hysterically. "Knowing that you were coming back and believing you to be true to me, this morning, fool that I was, I sent back four elegant engagement rings."—*Tom Masson in Life.*

Cruel Man.

"Charley," said the young wife tenderly as he kissed him goodby preparatory to his going down town, "the cook is taking a holiday today, and the dinner you will get when you come home will be entirely of my cooking. It will be my first, Charley, dear, and won't it be lovely?" She twittered softly at the thought, and Charles turned his face away so she could not see the lines upon it, for he loved this wife of his and would not for worlds do or say ought to wound her feelings.

"Delightful," he responded, stroking her sunlit hair, "and I'll bring those good friends of ours, the pastor and the physician, along to be with us." "Oh, Charley!" she exclaimed. "Don't bring them. Bring some of the young fellows." "I'd rather have them," he said. "Now, dear," she pouted, "why not do as I want you to do? Why do you want them?"

Charles hesitated a moment and then took her hands in his own caressingly. "Because, sweetheart," he explained, "this is your first effort, and I'd feel so much easier in my mind if they were both here."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Very Man.

A company of soldiers is unfortunate if it does not contain a few ways to enliven the tiresome march and the uncomfortable bivouac.

A Georgia man of enormous girth stood at his gate watching the passage of General Johnston's army. All at once three or four men left the ranks and came running toward the gate, exclaiming: "We've found him! We've found him!"

The fat man was astonished and perhaps a little frightened, and the captain of the company demanded: "What is it? Whom have you found?" "Why, captain," answered the men, still dancing about the bewildered citizen, "don't you see? We've found the man that swallowed our bass drum!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Inconsiderate.

"What are you wearing dark glasses for?" said one clerk to another. "You never had trouble with your eyes before, did you?" "Never. But the janitor came around when I wasn't looking and washed the window by my desk. The sudden glare was too much for me."—*Washington Star.*

She Knew Her Business.



The Greenhorn—Arrah, phwat are ye pourin coffee grounds into the sink for? Don't ye know it'll stop oop the sewer pipes?

The Other One—Phwhisht! Shure I do this phwhiver. I'm inesome for gintlemint's society. By this phwher I kin cent on havin the attintions of a plumber an a carpenter for the next three days.—*Puck.*

Republican Milton Made a Lord.

My Paris correspondent writes, "Deeply as British civic corporations are sunk in snobism, none of them ever fell so low as, in naming a street after the hero of Trafalgar or of Waterloo, to listen to Lord Nelson street or Duke of Wellington street."

My correspondent underestimated the depth of snobism in civic human nature. There is, it appears, a "Lord Nelson street" in Liverpool. Even this is outdone in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Some years ago that city boasted of two Byron streets and two Milton streets. In order to get rid of the consequent confusion, the corporation, instead of altering "street" into some synonymous term, hit on the beautiful plan of turning one thoroughfare into "Lord Nelson street" and another into "Lord Milton street," and so the names remain to this day.

The idea of conferring a peerage at this date upon the author of "Paradise Lost" is novel and striking, and when one comes to think of it there are many obvious omissions of this kind in history which it may not yet be too late to rectify.—*London Truth.*

Congregational Fund for Ministers.

What becomes of disabled and aged ministers and their families? A good many of them depend on friends for support, some on public charity, some suffer in extreme poverty. The average salary of ministers allows no margin to be laid aside. The minister himself is likely to cease to be in demand at an age when men in other professions are most prosperous. Our denomination is far behind others in providing for worn-out ministers and ministers' widows.

A foundation has been laid for a fund sufficient to provide for the most pressing needs. The trustees of the national council, having charge of this work, have in hand about \$25,000. The Rev. N. H. Whittlesey, of Evanston, Ill., has consented to present this matter to the churches for three years, in the hope that by that time the needed amount will be raised.—*Boston Congregationalist.*

Glad to Congratulate Him.

When John Wanamaker celebrated his fifty-fifth birthday recently he received many congratulations and good wishes, but it may be doubted if any of his friends really wished for many happy returns of the day with as much earnestness as that felt by the twenty-four life insurance companies that have issued policies on the life of the Philadelphia shopkeeper. The whole amount of the insurance thus represented is said to be \$650,000. Every additional year of Mr. Wanamaker's life diminishes the companies' risk by increasing their premium receipts. Hence the sincerity of their wish for many recurring anniversaries of the day Wanamaker celebrates.—*New York Times.*

Colonel Henry Waterson has shaved off his luxuriant mustache and intends to depend upon flowery whiskers as facial adornments through which the sweet south wind can whisper its ideal messages.—*Exchange.*

Catherine de Medici always wore a wide black skirt, a black pointed bodice with wing sleeves, a black collar, ruff shaped, and a hood that came down in a point over the forehead.

NEARING THE GRAVE.

In old age infirmities and weakness hasten to close the gap between us and the grave. Happily scientific research and pharmaceutical skill have aided themselves in furnishing us a reliable means of ameliorating the ailments incident to declining years and of renewing waning physical energy. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a widely comprehensive remedy in disease and an inestimable blessing to the elderly. It cures indigestion, rheumatic ailments, trouble with the kidneys and lumbering ailments, the more common ailments of the aged. These are effectively counteracted by the Bitters, which likewise prevent and cure catarrh of malarial complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. It is highly promotive of appetite, sleep and the acquisition of vigor.

Married men are always prefer'd as workmen. They are more docile; they know what it is to be bossed.

For throat troubles and coughs use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." They possess real merit.

Sunda-school Teacher—What kind of boys go to heaven? Small Boy—Dead ones.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors prescribed a local cure, and by constantly failing to cure with remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with treatment, Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists; 75 cents.

THE SCHOOL BOY

—is often a sufferer from headache. The seat of sick headache is not in the brain, for if you regulate the stomach and bowels you'll cure it. Too much brain-work and brain-tire brings on a rush of blood to the head with headache, dizziness or "nose bleed."

Miss BERTHA WOLFE, of Dayton, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., writes: "I suffered from loss of appetite, constipation, neuralgia, and great weakness, and had terrible attacks of sick headache very frequently; also nose bleed. My house was so poor that I was not able to go to school for two years. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and in a short time I was strong and well. Many friends are taking your medicines, seeing what they have done for me."

"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES **SAPOLIO**

HOITT'S OAK GROVE SCHOOL.

Millbrae, San Mateo Co., Cal., is a first-class home school for boys, with beautiful surroundings. The best of care, superior instruction. Prepares boys for any university or for business. Fall term commences Aug. 8. Catalogue and all particulars can be had by addressing Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Master (Ex-State Supt. Public Instruction).

Bilson—Jimson seems to be devoted to his wife. Jimson—No wonder. She is the most angelic creature I ever saw. Why, I believe she could even keep a girl.

REMOVE STIFFNESS.

None are so quick to see the advantage of a remedy as those who may be called on at any time to avail themselves of it. In witness of this J. E. Sullivan, Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, President of the Pastime Athletic Club and Athletic Editor of *The Sporting Times*, writes: "For years I have been actively connected with athletic sports. I always found it to my advantage to use ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS while in training, as they quickly remove soreness and stiffness; and when attacked with any kind of pains, the result of slight colds, I always used ALCOCK'S with beneficial results. I have noticed that most athletes of the present day use nothing else but ALCOCK'S PLASTERS." BRANDRETT'S PILLS remove all impurities.

"Little boy, doesn't it pain you to see an elderly woman hanging on to a strap?" Boy (keeping his seat)—"No'm, 'less it's my m'm."

Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

TAKE THE BEST

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

25c. 50c. \$1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Croup, Whooping Cough and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

YOUR SAFETY

Lies in purchasing reputable brands of Belting and Hoses. If you want the best and full value for money, ask your dealer for MONARCH and RED STRIP Belting and Maltese Cross, Ridgewood and Walcott Hoses. You can rely on these brands. Every length guaranteed.

Gutta Percha and Rubber Mfg. Co., Established 1855. Portland, Or.

NO DIRT OR SMOKE. Four Wife Can Run It. Hercules Gas or Gasoline Engine. Palmer & Roy, S. F., Cal. and Portland, Or.

FRUIT PRESERVED! LABOR SAVED!

Antifermentine

PRESERVES FRUIT WITHOUT HEAT.

ANTIFERMENTINE preserves CIDER, MILK, BUTTER, CATSUP, PICKLES, etc., and does it SUCCESSFULLY by preventing fermentation. The use of this wonderful preservative assures success in canning and preserving fruits and vegetables of all kinds. NO MOULD on top of fruit. Saves time and labor, and is in every way a decided success.

Antifermentine

is sold by all druggists and grocers, and is GUARANTEED to do what we say it will.

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD, Portland, Or.

N. P. N. U. No. 552—S. F. N. U. No. 629

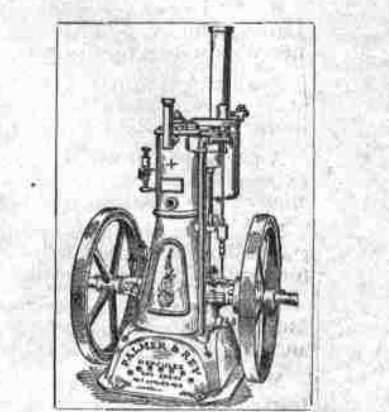


Hood's is Good "I have been troubled with that tired feeling, also loss of appetite. I could not sleep at night. My face broke out in pimples, and I had head-

Hood's Cures Sarsaparilla. Sarsaparilla and now my troubles are all gone. I gave Hood's Sarsaparilla to my baby, not yet eight months old, for sores on his body, and it cured him." Mrs. W. J. Roach, Kildebrew, Illinois. **Get only HOOD'S** Hood's Pills are especially prepared to be taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c. per box.

HERCULES

CAS and GASOLINE ENGINES



NOTED FOR—

SIMPLICITY,

STRENGTH,

ECONOMY

AND—

SUPERIOR

WORKMANSHIP

In Every Detail.

These engines are acknowledged by expert engineers to be worthy of highest commendation for simplicity, high-grade material and superior workmanship. They develop the full actual horse power, and run without an Electric Spark Battery; the system of ignition is simple, inexpensive and reliable.

For pumping outfits for irrigating purposes no better engine can be found on the Pacific Coast.

For hoisting outfits for mines they have met with highest approval.

For intermittent power their economy is unquestioned.

STATIONARY AND MARINE ENGINES

—MANUFACTURED BY—

PALMER & REY TYPE FOUNDRY, 405-407 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

—AND—

Cor. Front and Alder Sts., Portland, Or.

Send for catalogue.

THE ERICKSON PATENT SQUIRREL BOMB

Is sure death to Ground Squirrels, Pocket Gophers, Rabbits and all animals that burrow in the ground. Simple, safe and certain. Price \$5 per 100 bombs, boxed for shipment. \$35 per cartridge, with directions for using, sent free on application. For sale by SHELDON EXTERMINATOR CO., Moscow, Idaho.

FREE SILVER

not ahead of bread made with GOLDEN & WEST BAKING POWDER. Every can is guaranteed pure.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. \$1.00