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STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Butler Banking Company, of Hood River, Ore.

At the Close of Business, Sept. 1, 1911

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts.....	\$514,061.28
Bonds and Warrants.....	9,442.09
Office Fixtures and Furniture.....	5,700.00
Cash on Hand and in Other Banks.....	156,590.96
	\$685,794.88

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock.....	\$ 50,000.00
Earned Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	62,921.58
Deposits.....	572,873.30
	\$685,794.88

HOOD RIVER ABSTRACT CO.

J. M. SCHMIDT F. A. BISHOP
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"Accuracy" is Our Motto
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Better Fruit

Ought to investigate the merits and results of spraying with

Wm. Cooper and Nephews TREE SPRAY FLUIDS

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We have storage space for all kinds of goods in a concrete building. Our Transfer Wagons Will Move Anything.

Complete Transfer Service

Transfer & Livery Co.

Phone 5

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HOOD RIVER NURSERY

Stock Grown on Full Root.

We desire to let our friends and patrons know that for the fall planting we will have and can supply in any number

Cherry, Pear, Apricot, Peach and Plum Trees
Grape, Currant and Berry Plants
Shade and Ornamental Trees

Also, all the standard varieties of Apple Trees. Can supply the trade with plenty of Newtown, Spitzenberg and Jonathan apple trees

Rawson & Stanton, Hood River, Ore

BOWSER ON FARM

He Hears of An Ideal Place to Spend Vacation.

PUT WISE BY FARMER'S SON.

Promises Sounded Good, but Investigation Made Tired Man Think Visit From His Mother-in-law Would Be Preferable—Says He's Sold Again.

By M. QUAD.
[Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.]

MR. BOWSER had one of his good streaks on. He came home to get the cat, who ran down to the gate to meet him, and to give Mrs. Bowser a smile as he ascended the steps. He made no kick at all during dinner, but, on the contrary, had several words of praise. When the meal had been finished and they had ascended to the sitting room he said:

"Mrs. Bowser, you met the doctor on the street the other day, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"He told me so today. He said you were looking fagged out. I think you are myself. The hot weather is pulling you down."

"Oh, I don't know," she replied. "I haven't felt so very well for the last week, but there'll come a cool day and I shall brace up. You are looking a bit fagged yourself."

"I feel so. We both of us need a vacation. We ought to have two weeks or a month off."

"Yes."

"And we are going to have. We can get away as well as not. From two to four weeks in the country or on the seashore would make us feel like new beings."

"But you've looked every summer for the last five years and haven't found a place."

"Expected Too Much."

"And I'll tell you why. I've expected too much. I've been thinking it over and I know that's the reason. I

the conductor as his ticket was taken up.

"Summer boarder?" was queried with a smile.

Tip From the Conductor.

"Yes, and this pure country air is like a tonic to me. Do you know anything about Spike Villa? It is run by Farmer Spike?"

"I know that people go there and come away again."

"Too rich for most of them probably."

"That may be it."

When Mr. Bowser got off at Spike's station he found a shed, a cow and a boy waiting for him. After some hesitation he asked the boy to direct him to Spike Villa.

"Never heard of it," was the reply.

"Then you don't live around here?"

"Yes, I do. I'm a Spike."

"Farmer Spike's son?"

"Yes, sir, and we didn't have any villa around when I left home an hour ago. Come on if you want to go there. A villa is a bang-up sort of a house, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, we hadn't got nothin' of the sort. Ma must have told pa to ring that in on you city folks."

"But you have a bungalow near the house?"

"That's ma again!" laughed the youngster. "Pa's fixed up a shed, but I didn't know they'd got another name for it."

Not Much Furniture.

"But it's furnished, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes. There's a bedstead and a looking glass and two chairs. Ma says that city folks don't want much furniture when they come to the country. They see so much at home that they get tired of it."

Mr. Bowser began to feel chills go over him as he walked along, but he decided to hope for the best and asked the lad:

"You have fresh eggs, of course?"

"When we buy 'em," was answered.

"How about milk?"

"The milkman leaves it every day."

"But you have fresh vegetables?"

"Well, you see, pa and ma are so busy running the villa that we don't make garden."

Mr. Bowser paused in the middle of the road as if in doubt whether to go on.

"Might as well come on," said the boy.

"But this was advertised to be only ten minutes' walk."

"That was ma again. She said Weston could do it in ten, she guessed."

"Look here, young man," said Mr. Bowser as he bristled up. "I believe your old Spike villa is a fraud!"

Boy Had Feelings.

"That's what they all say."

"And your father is a blamed old liar?"

"I've heard 'em 'tall him so."

"And your mother's in on the game."

"Says, mister, she's the slickest talker you ever met. She can get the boarders to use sour milk and 'lasses in their tea and coffee."

"But—but what of you? If you are a son of the Spikes' why do you tell me all this?"

"Oh, I was born with feelings, you see, and the more boarders that show up the less there is for me to eat. If you think I've been lying about things come on. I'll bet you give dad a sweat in the eye in less than five minutes. Look out for ma, though. She's a great hand to claw and bite."

Mr. Bowser returned home. Mrs. Bowser saw him while yet a block off, and she was prepared to hear him say that she had driven him to the dead line and that their lawyers would settle things on the morrow, but to her amazement he simply said:

"Sold again! I wonder if it wouldn't be like a vacation to have the mother-in-law come down for two months!"

As to Cats.

Cat is the first syllable in catalogue and catarrh and differs from the common housefly in many respects.

The cat is useful for many purposes. For one thing, it affords an ideal spot to place little odds and ends, such as old shoes, bricks, etc.

Cats usually grow under one's window at about 12 o'clock at night, at which time the difference between the clam and the cat families is very distinct—very, very distinct.

The cat has nine lives, each of which is one-ninth of a life in duration.

The cat may be divided into three parts—bass, alto and soprano.—Puck.

Fine Sanitary Conditions.

"What are the sanitary conditions in this town?" asked the man who was looking for a factory site.

"First rate," replied the native.

"Eb Stevens has a boy that ain't just right, and old Mrs. Webb has been out of her mind for some time, but the rest of the folks are all about as sanitary as you'll find 'em anywhere."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not Pestic.

Our prosaic notion of nothing to write poetry about is a lady with large feet and white shoes.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Insistent.

Friend—What about the rent of a place like this? I suppose the landlord asks a lot for it?

Hardup—Yes, rather. He's always asking for it.—London Opinion.

The Bathing Girl.

I said she looked like Venus, rising from the sea.

But when I told her of it she was much vexed at me.

Not that she was so modest, as she observed, but shoot!

It seemed I hadn't noticed her stylish bathing suit!

—Milwaukee Daily News.

A SNAP

12 Acres on the East Side, 10 acres in trees. 2½ acres, 9-year-olds; ¼ acre in 4-year-olds; remainder set this spring. Balance oak grove. Beautiful building site, which commands a glorious view of the valley.

E. G. NAPER
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Wild With Excitement

Hood River, Oregon, in Fever of Excitement Over the Wonderful Cures Performed By

DR. MADISON

The Great Medical Expert and Bloodless Surgeon

Opera House Packed— Nothing Like it Ever Seen in Hood River Before

Dr. Madison and staff of the Medical Institute of Liverpool, England, and Crawfordsville, Indiana, lectured to a large audience last Tuesday evening. The doctors are agreeable and forceful speakers, and held the audience in close attention while they explained the theory and usefulness of their wonderful discoveries.

Many promises were made which seemed utterly impossible to believe and when the doctor invited those who were hard of hearing to come forward and be cured. L. D. Boyd, Eugene Bush and N. J. Seline responded to the call and were made to hear a whisper in a few seconds.

The doctor then called for cripples on crutches and V. A. Whitcomb responded.

He was afflicted with the giant disease, rheumatic paralysis and he was unable to walk except with crutches and great difficulty and pain. He was operated on with medicine for twenty minutes and walked off the stage free from pain and stiffness followed by the wondering crowd, while he broke his crutches. To say the audience was astonished and wild would be putting it mildly. The doctor was warmly congratulated. It seemed like a dream, but it was real. Ministers and doctors were in the audience and they seemed as well pleased as anyone.

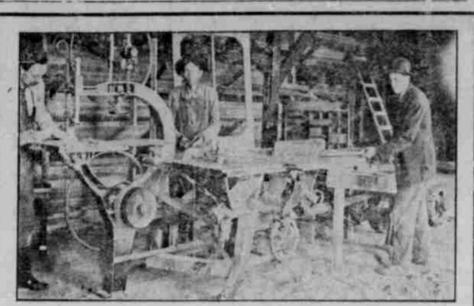
They treat the following diseases: Paralysis, catarrh, deafness, big neck, bladder and kidney diseases, rheumatism, scrofula, female diseases, bowel complaint, debility, dropsy, heart, liver and nerve diseases, cancers, piles and fistula cured without pain and all kinds of chronic diseases cured.

Office at HOTEL OREGON

9 a. m. to 9 p. m. including Sunday.

CONSULTATION FREE

The treatment is Medicine and Bloodless Surgery. Will not visit any other town in this county. All wishing treatment must come to Hood River by Tuesday, September 19. Positively the last day in Hood River, closing at 5 p. m.



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