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Spring Tonic

K.-C. SARSAPARILLA WITH IODIDES

Cleanses the blood and restores your system to a healthy condition without thinning the blood, or making you susceptible to colds.

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Reliable Druggist

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THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
HOOD RIVER, ORE.

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Our Directors

As it is upon the men directing the affairs of a bank that depends the success of the institution, we give below a list of our directors, who are well known in the Hood River district and vicinity for their long experience in banking and commercial affairs:

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Wholesale and Retail
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Lumber Delivered to Any Part of the Valley

We are Now Taking Orders for
Apple, Peach and Pear Boxes

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FASHION STABLE
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STRANAHANS & RATHBUN
Hood River, Ore.

Horses bought, sold or exchanged.
Pleasure parties can secure first-class rigs
Special attention given to moving furniture and pianos.
We do everything horses can do.



BOURNE HAS SMALL SHOW, SAYS STEVENS

"I had planned to campaign the central part of the state in the interest of the opposition to Jonathan Bourne for the United States senate," said J. D. Stevens, who was in the city last Friday morning, "but I found that everything was so satisfactory that a campaign was useless. Jonathan Bourne won't have a look in. Naturally while I was talking Bourne opposition I heard other politics discussed. Nick Sinnott of The Dalles, the favorite man for congress. The Dalles man's record stands him in good stead with the people."

Fins, Furs, and Feathers.

"It was raining last Friday evening when a long freight train came to a halt with the engine stopped abreast the water tank for a drink, and two members of the 'Sons of Rest,' who had failed to find traveling the pleasantest, crawled from the top of a stock car loaded with wheat and slunk away in the gloom to one of the shacks on the edge of the bottom land just north of the O-W, R. & N. station. The horny footed Williams had that look of disciples of Ike Walton who are returning homeward to spouses after a day of proverbial fishermen's luck. However, they lacked that undercurrent expression of expectancy which the empty stomach husband, looking forward to food, has."

The tramps were disgusted. The rain was cold. The Mount Hood and Oregon were too brilliantly illuminated for them to attempt to pass Bob Stone, the city's guardian by night, and appealing to the pectoral tenderness of the sympathetic citizens with hard luck stories. They certainly looked as if they had had hard luck. Even the bat (if it had been the season for such night fowls and he had been fluttering in the neighboring zephyr) could see the blue haze around them.

"Oh,—," uttered one of the big children of misfortune and what he said was growled with such emphasis as to create a kind of warmth around him and his companion. "Wish we could corral one of them rats the Seattle doctors have turned loose. Let's beat it to the Sound and try to manipulate the syndicate. I'll give you one of them rodents. Pink, yellow, red and blue rats," he laughed. "Some duck won't have heard of them beasts and will have a double case of the jimmie when he sees one of them. But what's the use, no Seattle rat'll ever get down here. Hike your carcass over a bit so's I can get my siesta."

Ridding himself of his speech, the hobo sprawled out on the floor of the cabin and amid a series of grunts as portions of his anatomy became better acquainted he finally fell asleep, his breathing sounding like those sounds that a satisfied pig emits. His companion in misery lit a carefully rolled cigarette, made from the paper of a yellow tag and scrappings out of a sticky packet, resigned himself to the consolation of his "Lady Nicotine." He may have been thinking, but the brain impulses must have been gentle, for he didn't move a muscle, and the cigarette was approaching that stage known as the "butts," when patterning noises sounded in the doorway of the cabin. The hobo was quick to night noises, however. "Probably a couple of big gray backs settling a dispute," were his thoughts. The noise became more acute; there was a scamper across the floor, a sharp squeal, "Durn rats," he muttered, and started to lie down and seek the embrace of Morpheus, when looking toward the doorway he saw what seemed a gray shadow and beside it a pink one. He raised himself on his elbow.

"Shades of ham and eggs," he whispered to himself in agitation. "It's one of them Seattle rats." He wondered how he could catch the varmint. He took a chair and waited. He heard both rats would bolt out of the door. "Maybe they'll come further in the house," he reasoned. He waited. One of the rats must have bitten the other's tail, judging by the squeak and the battle that ensued as the two rodents rolled further and further away from the doorway.

Seeing his chance Wreny Willie leaped as though his life depended on it. He saw a scaly white creature there was no doubt, but as the pink rat darted beneath his feet he stepped on one of its hams and reaching down grasped the beast. The yell aroused the night operator at the station, who rushed to the scene. The two tramps had been fighting in the "Jungles." Swore he heard one of them yell murder. In fact the hobo yelled murder several times, with proper punctuation of profanity, that kind of that unexpected pain produces. You know what you say when you bump your head in the dark.

The sleeping hobo arose as if he thought of lying and saw the pink rat choking the rat loose from his right hand. This accomplished, he held it by the tail and dashing it against the door jamb, scattered "rodential gray matter" over the wall.

"What in 'Kingdom's' ain't yer, Mike?" asked the awakened sleeper, "want a bevy of blue bellies down here pinching us?"

But besides that inert feeling that every summer has, when he has killed his quarry, Mike scattered the reward for the painted Seattle rat. "Dead or alive," he said, "they'll give two buks for 'em, but that son of a gun made a meal off my hand before I finished him."

To make a long story short, the tramps exhibited the rat in the city Saturday morning, explaining that they were going to try and get to Seattle and claim the reward. However, a number of the expert naturalists after an examination, broke their dream by declaring that the rodent was a freak and an albino member of the local rat family.

In certain parts of Texas, in the rainy season, it is said that the pigs die for lack of sleep. The soil of the community is a sticky black. It falls upon the poor porkers' curly extensions of the back bones and becomes so heavy that the poor little fellows can't close their eyes. You know this is also the way the Arans keep a donkey from braying. A heavy stone tied to his tail takes away all the song. It has been suggested that the same rule might work with musical cats.

St. Patrick's day has been ushered in in Hood River this year with Irish ceremonies. The boys are telling a story now, the basis of which is said to have originated on the East Side. They declare that they have found a White Hope near Pine Grove.

Wood for Sale—All kinds, carlots, only. H. K. Davenport, Phone 0416.

Nervous? Thin? Pale?

Are you easily tired, lack your usual vigor and strength? Then your digestion must be poor, your blood must be thin, your nerves must be weak. You need a strong tonic. You need Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only Sarsaparilla entirely free from alcohol. We believe your doctor will endorse these statements. Ask and find out.

If you think constipation is of trifling consequence, just ask your doctor. He will disabuse you of that notion in short order. "Correct it at once!" he will say. Then ask him about Ayer's Pills. A mild liver pill, all vegetable.

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HYDRO'S SUCCESS TRAVELS FAR

The success of the Hydro is of interest to people as far away as Boulder, Colorado. H. H. Clark, who was in the city on the night of the news of the decision of the federal court, has written his friend, F. H. Morlan, the following letter:

"The city of Boulder is just taking up the proposition of municipal ownership of electric lighting, and we expect to have a real fight getting it through. I was at your city on the evening that your new company turned on its lights and was much impressed with the results, as were told to me while there, and I would be more than pleased to know how things are working out there now."

"I would be grateful if you could get the manager of that company to make me a statement regarding costs of installing plant, or anything that I can use to push our fight along. I would also like a statement from you as to how many lights you are allowed to use and the prices you pay, as well as the prices of resident lighting. Will you also give comparative prices between the charges of the old company to merchants and what is now charged for the same service?"

ELECTRIC TROUBLES IN OTHER CITIES

Other towns of the Northwest besides Pendleton are endeavoring to break from the tentacles of the Electrical Trust, says the Pendleton East Oregonian. The east state publication clips items from The Dalles papers and from those of Pasco, Wash. The Dalles hopes to secure relief from the reduction to be had when the Hydro Co. of this city enters the field. At Pasco Walla Walla papers give the following situation:

"Complaint has been filed with the Public Service Commission by Mayor J. H. Sylvester of the city of Pasco against the Pacific Power and Light Company and the Twin City Telephone Company which is one of the most sweeping of its character ever received by the commission."

It is charged in the complaint that exorbitant rates are assessed by the light company for municipal lighting; that the company has consistently refused to comply with its franchise by substituting incandescent lights for arch lights when asked to do so."

Repels Attack of Death.
"Five years ago two doctors told me I had only two years to live." This startling statement was made by Stillman Green, Malachite Co. "They told me I was to die with cancer and scabs. It was up to me then to try the best lung medicine and I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery. It was well I did, for today I am working and believe I owe my life to this great throat and lung cure that has taken the grave of death from my throat and lung troubles now. Take the cure that's permanent. Price 50c and \$1 Trial bottle free at Chas. N. Clarke's."

Armstrong Buys Ogden Paper

LeRoy Armstrong, after a short visit here, left last week for Ogden, Utah, where he takes charge of the Morning Examiner of that city. Mr. Armstrong, who with a number of prominent Utah business men has purchased the paper, will be the managing editor. He has had former experience in newspaper work, having been on the editorial staff for a number of years of the Salt Lake Herald-Republican. Mr. Armstrong, whose "Hagar's Son" recently appeared in "Sunset," is fast making a reputation as a short story writer.

Have You Read It?

The Adler-ika book, telling how you can EASILY, quickly and expensively get INSTANT relief from constipation or gas on the stomach, is being read with much interest by Hood River people. It is given away free by Chas. N. Clarke, Druggist.



ASHAMED OF HER FACE

"I was ashamed of my face," writes Miss Pickard of North Carolina. "It was all full of pimples and scars. But after using D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema I can say that now there is no sign of that Eczema and that was three years ago."

This is one of thousands of cases in which D. D. D. has simply washed away the skin trouble. D. D. D. cleanses the skin of the germs of Eczema, Psoriasis and other serious skin diseases; stops the itch instantly, and when used with D. D. D. soap the cure seems to be permanent. Nothing like D. D. D. for the complexion.

Trial bottle 25 cents, enough to prove the merit of this wonderful remedy. We can also give you a full size bottle for \$1.00 on our absolute guarantee that if this very first bottle fails to give you relief it will cost you nothing.

KEIR & CASS.

Toledo Ranges

Owing to a change in the business of the manufacturers of TOLEDO RANGES we offer a SPECIAL DISCOUNT of 10% for CASH from our regular prices, or will sell on weekly payments if desired.

The Toledo Ranges have been sold in Hood River for many years and a better range for the price has never been offered in this city. About 150 of them are now in use in Hood River Valley and are giving perfect satisfaction. They outweigh any other range for the same price that we have ever seen. Guaranteed for ten years, and will please you.

Why pay \$40 to \$50 for a Range you can buy from us for \$30?

ACT NOW—This offer will positively be withdrawn Saturday night, March 16

Blowers Hardware Co

Phone 99

Oak and 1st Sts.

Furniture and Pianos Moved

Draying, Express and
Baggage

All Kinds of Light and Heavy Work

Wood Yard and Feed

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Office Phone 29

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A Little of Our Meat

is really more nourishing than a whole lot of coarse, inferior grades.

MORE APPETIZING, TOO, as you'll readily agree when some of our chops or steaks are set before you.

We Only Ask You

to give them a trial. We know full well that their goodness will make you a steady patron of this market.

HOOD RIVER MARKET

Storage

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



Proof of the Baking

is in the eating. Taste our bread, rolls, cake or pastry and you'll know why sensible women no longer bother with home baking. Why should they when they can get such delicious things to eat here? Try our rolls for breakfast as a starter. They last any home made biscuits ever baked.

24 Bread Tickets \$1

ASK FOR TICKETS

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Hood River, Ore.