MAZOLA

This delicious cooking and salad oil from corn is wonderfully economical

Mazola is a pure oil, pressed from American corn, for deep frying, sauteing, shortening and salad dressings.

Mazola can be used over and over again—it does not transmit taste or odor from one food to another.

Since Mazola is a *vegetable oil* it enables you to follow the plans of the Food Administration for saving butter, lard and suet. More economical than the old cooking mediums, too.

Get Mazola from your grocer in pint, quart, half-gallon or gallon tins—the large sizes are the most economical. Also ask for the free Mazola Book of Recipes, or write us direct.

Your money refunded if Mazola does not give entire satisfaction.

Corn Products Refining Co.
New York Selling Representatives
Johnson, Lieber Company
Portland, Oregon

An Opportunity of 1918

This is to announce to our patrons a new schedule of business, a plan that offers you unusual opportunities.

Because we found interest in S. & H. green trading stamps growing cold, we have discontinued them.

This is the opportunity:

We give five per cent discount on all cash purchases; and on all bills paid in full on or before the tenth of the month following, we give three per cent discount.

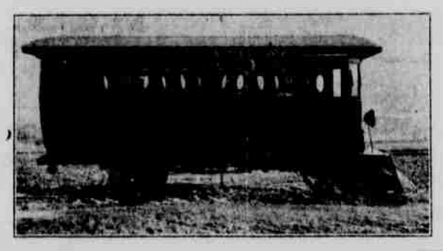
Owing to a change in our afternoon delivery, now starting from the store at 4:00 instead of 4:30 o'clock, kindly have your orders in before the automobile starts.

W. J. FILZ MEAT MARKET

MT. HOOD RAILROAD COMPANY

Time Table No. 31

Taking effect 12:01 a. m. Sunday, July 15th, 1917.



SOUTHBOUND				NORTHBOUND			
No. 5	No. 3	No. 1	Stations	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6	No. 8
Motor Daily	Motor Daily	*Daily Except S'nd'y		*Daily Except Sunday	†Daily Except Sunday	Motor Daily	Motor Saturd'y Only
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
5.00	10.45	8.00	Lv. Hood River Ar	3.00	8.25	2.15	7.45
5.03	10.48	8.05	Powerdale	2.57	8.22	2.11	7.41
5.12	10.57	8.15	Switchback	2.50	8.15	2.04	7.34
5.26	11.10	8.25	Van Horn	2.40	8.02	1.52	7.22
5.29	11.13	8.30	Mohr	2.35	7.58	1.48	7.18
5.35	11.18	8.40	Odell	2.30	7.53	1.43	7.13
5.40	11.23	8.45	Summit	2.25	7.46	1.36	7.06
5.43	11.26	8.50	Bloucher	2.20	7.42	1.32	7.02
5.47	11.30	9.00	Holstein	2.10	7.37	1.27	6.57
5.50	11.33	9.05	Winans	2.05	7.34	1.24	6.54
5.57	11.38	9.20	Dee P.M.	2.00	7.30	1.20	6.50
6.02	11.43	9.25	Trout Creek	11.15	7.25	1.15	6.45
6.12	11.53	9.35	Woodworth	11.05	7.15	1.05	6.35
6.17	12.00	10.00	Ar. Parkdale Lv.	11.00	7.10	1.00	6.30
P. M.	M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

*Steam. †Motor.

Owing to limited space on Motor Cars all trunks and heavy baggage will be handled on the steam trains, either in advance of or following the passengers.

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LAUDER TELLS OF PRUSSIAN ATROCITIES

(The following stirring article, telling of an address by Harry Lauder to Northwestern soldiers at the Heilig theatre Wednesday afternoon of last week, is taken from the Oregonian. It was written by Ben Hur Lampman).

A little man, fearless of front, whose eyes twinkle right merrily behind glasses—shrewd, good natured eyes, that make friends at a single glance. The years have taken their toll in baldness alone. He is sturdy as any lad of 20 years, in his brown sack coat and the plaid kilt.

Soldiers of Oregon and the Northwest, waiting for the word which sends you to France, where Harry Lauder's son gave to England the supreme sacrifice—this is Harry Lauder.

At noon yesterday, and for an hour before, Vancouver Barracks poured a steady stream of olive-drab through the entrance of the Heilig theatre, until each seat was held by a soldier—officers and men who came to hear Harry Lauder speak of the world war.

Pipers skirled airs of the highlands, their shakoed heads nodding with the brave vehemence of the tunes. The drummer, in his leopard skin, twirled his wrists to the thunder that ran through the old airs. Then they swung to "Tipperary," to "Marching Through Georgia," and to "Yankee Doodle," with an accompaniment of cheers.

There was Harry standing before them, as the last piper filed into the wings. He twinkled at them, stepped forward and raised his hand to check the applause. They were silent before the man who had given his son to the common cause. He jested with them.

"I hope you don't want me to sing and dance for you today," laughed Harry. "I hope you are not all Scotch, for a Scotchman always wants something for nothing, and usually gets it." The soldiers laughed with him.

But there was little of the comic in the swift, moving address that followed, and, for all that he gave Harry Lauder got good measure in return—for time and again they shouted their approval or capped his vehement conviction with outbursts of handclapping.

From the Scotch comedian's address to the soldiers of the Northwest stand forth two integral factors—that it is a high privilege to fight for freedom, and that hatred, consuming and implacable, is the due of the hun until victory is achieved for democracy.

"Well, now," began Harry, with the burr of Scotland clinging to his talk, "I have been on this coast for three weeks, and I have met nothing else but an absolute, immediate response. I'm expecting the same thing today.

"I'm awfully glad my audience is composed mostly of soldiers, because I am here to add my word against anything and everything that is going to impede victory for the United States. All along the line I have insisted that the soldier shall have all the assistance the civil population can give him.

"Yet, farther from the battle front, I have found a spirit of carelessness. We want to be inoculated with the serum of sacrifice. We want to remember today that we are citizens of a great nation, and that you are what your forefathers made you, freemen!

"Does not the word thrill you?" he asked. "It does me—to know that I am a freeman and that I will never in any degree bow to Prussian military rule! No man should lose his liberty but with his life. If there is a nation that should fight for liberty, it is the United States, because that is your symbol."

At the entrance to America, said Harry, stands a gigantic figure of promise—the Statue of Liberty—representative of all that America offers in opportunity and ideals.

"Men," he charged, "don't let you big statue crumble down into the sea! Liberty is the best word in any language. Liberty consists of respect for the rights of others."

He made a parable of an experience, a talk he once had with a life-prisoner, whose sentence had been commuted and who saw, for the first time, the prospect of fields and water, and open places beyond the walls of his prison, because his liberty was before him.

"But the dull gray walls we stand behind today," said Lauder, "are walls of cannon—cannon of the allies—and behind those gray walls are the best and bravest men the world has ever seen."

Lamplighters of freedom, firemen of civilization, we are in the great war, declared the comedian, holding a trust so high that the children of men who fall, of men who return, will feel pride in the sacrifice of their fathers.

"So that when the generations come after us," he said, "they will be able to walk erect, with smiles on their faces, and say, 'My dad lit that lamp.' Aye, and you're firemen, too. The world is on fire. Men, make no bones of putting that fire out! Put it out as black as night!

"Don't let us be war-weary, boys!" he urged, his voice vibrant. "The man that stays at home, as well as the soldier, has a great responsibility hanging on his shoulders. He has asked you to go and defend him, and he must look after you.

"We mustn't take our bank roll and say, 'I'll see what I can do.' Ah, no! We mustn't see what we can do—we must do! Do our best, our very best. When a soldier is ordered over the top he doesn't say, 'Well, I'll see what I can do.' Ah, no! he does it—and he can't do any more than lay down his life.

"So, I tell them, when you're asked for a war necessity, don't take out your roll and look at it; don't measure it by the lives of splendid men. Because God is a God of justice, and he will see us through!"

In the Scripture, said Harry Lauder, his voice taking on new enthusiasm, tenseness, is an admonition to love thy neighbor. He did not wish to declare his disbelief in it, an excellent commandment, but he asserted that some were beyond the pale of love, human or divine.

"Yes, men, but I believe that God does not expect us to love his enemies!" exclaimed Harry. "If the kaiser isn't an enemy of God—I don't know. So we won't love the hun. We'll take him on his evidence, and we'll risk the rest.

"The kaiser is no friend to anybody. When a man ceases to respect his fellow man I don't see how he can have any respect for God Almighty! I don't see it. It's impossible to me. The kaiser is going down to the very depths of abomination.

"The wake of the hun is abominable desolation!" he shouted. "He knows no mercy! No mercy prevails with the hun. I often wonder does he expect to get any when the time comes."

Where there were villages in France there is no longer any habitation, nothing but waste and ruin to mark the spot of happy homes, said Harry. He had seen them, had marveled, as he hated, at the thoughroughness of devastation.

"These towns don't exist today," he said. "They have been wiped off the face of the earth as clean as the floor I'm standing on. The hun knows no mercy! Those beautiful little villages, of from 2,000 to 5,000 people, wiped off the face of the earth. The hun knows no mercy!"

There was a soldier whom he met in a hospital, related Harry—a young soldier whose terrible face was hidden in bandages. He had asked the soldier how he received his wound. In a captured German dugout, by a lighted candle, the boy had found a fountain pen, and had placed it in his pocket. A week later he has sat down to write to his mother, to tell her all was well with him.

"'And when I tried to unscrew the pen it blew half of my face away,'" was the explanation that Harry repeated.

"Now, men," he urged with earnestness, "that is the enemy you're up against. He knows no mercy. And when you're over there, and in a German dugout, should you see a fountain pen, don't touch it! Don't touch anything."

As he passed through one captured trench, related Lauder, his coat caught on a nail and tore the fabric. "This very coat I have on," he amplified. Turning to an officer he asked why the nail was not driven in, out of harm's way.

"Oh, no," the officer declined. "We did knock one in about two weeks ago, just over the line there, and we buried 72 of our men."

"There isn't anything too hellish for the hun," exclaimed Harry, as he cautioned against nail driving in captured trenches. "The 'Boche,' the Frenchman calls him. I call him the vandal, the raper of women, the murderer, destroyer of old men and boys.

"When you are over there you will see, as I did, little boys with their right hands cut off. And when you ask them who did it, they will tell you the Germans did, and when you ask them why, they will say: 'So I will never be able to lift my hand against Germany.'

"I used to sit by the fire and talk with my lad, before—" his voice wavered, "before he went back to the trenches again. I asked him to tell me of these things, these unbelieveable things."

Before Harry Lauder's son went back to the trenches, to die gallantly, he told the father of the fate of 60 captured men of the Black Watch, butchered before his eyes. Taken in a night raid, they were stripped and forced to stand in nakedness through the chill hours till dawn.

"In the gray dull of the morning," said Harry, "the Germans told them they could go back to their own trenches again. They crawled through the barbed wire, torn and lacerated, those brave men. I know of nothing more fiendish than German barbed wire. Halfway across No Man's Land the Germans opened with machine guns and mowed down every one!

"'Dad,' my son said to me, 'it was an awful sight. I helped to bury them.'

"What are you going to do men?" he challenged. "You are going to leave this building with the resolution that you will buckle on the sword, and you will stand at attention every moment of your lives until the bugle sounds the blast of peace!"

He charged that the estrangement of England and the colonies was brought about through the reign of a Prussian Prince on the throne of Great Britain—a hun, he termed King George—and that Prussian propaganda had served through many years to keep hatred against the motherland alive in the American heart.

"The spirt of the Revolution prevails today," he delcared, "the same spirit. You are revolting against the hun."

Prussian propaganda had poisoned America for long years, declared Lauder, "with one arm around your neck, coddling you, stabbing you in the back with the other."

He spoke of German rifles buried in American soil, asserting that a large cache had been uncovered not long ago—the murderous instruments intended to repay American friendship and welcome.

"Rows on rows of them, those guns, buried in American soil," charged Harry. "Who put them there? Your neighbor! O, yes, he's a very nice man. O, yes, he's a German; you've known him for 20 years. What for did your nice neighbor do this? To kill your wives and your bairns!

"By God, men!" he exploded, "there isn't anything too hellish for the hun. He knows no mercy! He has shown me no mercy, and, by God he'll get none from me, either!"

For a space the speaker was silent, trembling, looking down upon the throng in uniform. Then he said:

"This I do know, that this country, the United States of America, had to be guided by a noble mind and a steady hand to come into this world turmoil today." With raised hand he held back the cheering.

"It took a steady hand and noble mind to guide this nation through the perils of Prussian propagana. And we, who appreciate the circumstances, thank God today for President Wilson." The storm of applause broke.

"I'm glad because my son was a soldier," said Harry simply. "I'm glad because I know that he did his duty.

"There are three Ds for the soldier to guard against. The first is desertion, the next is dirt and the third is disease. Guard well against these three Ds and give every attention to the other D—drill.

"Give your officers your concentrated attention, because an officer can't be a good officer if he hasn't a good platoon. And I believe, I know, there isn't an American officer who would ask a soldier to do what he wouldn't do himself.

"I may have an opportunity to meet you again, when you go over there. I hope you'll have a safe journey across and that I shall meet you again."

Then Harry Lauder sang a lively bit, written when he saw the first American troops in France, something to the effect that "We're going to do our verra, verra verra best, from the north, south, east and west."

They brought him to his feet again and again, and he smiled at them affectionately as he said:

"I know you haven't a thing to do but sit there and clap all day. But I've got to work this afternoon. So I'll say good bye to you, boys, and may the good fortune of battle be with you when you get across."

He stood at salute as they rose to their feet, those hundreds of American boys, cheering him.

Worst Winter in Years

Snow, wind and extreme cold caused more colds this winter than in past years. Foley's Honey and Tar proved its worth in thousands of homes. Men, women and children checked colds and coughs and prevented serious consequences from exposure. It clears the passages, heals raw inflamed membranes, banishes irritation and tickling throat. Mrs. Edward Strevy, R 37, Clinton, O., says: "I think Foley's Honey and Tar the only medicine for coughs and colds and recommend it highly." Sold everywhere.

EDISON

IS BUSY

in the service of his country. We hear of him at sea on one of his sleepless go-get-her campaigns of experimentation. He is trying to scotch the German sea snake—the submarine.

But his big Phonograph Plant keeps ever increasing its output. In spite of the heavy National problems with which Mr. Edison is wrestling, he has still found time to devote to perfecting

THE EDISON RECORD

His German supply of chemicals cut off, Mr. Edison bent his matchless mind to the problem of making ***all his own chemicals***, so now everything in the make-up of this famous record comes from his own plant. We are his Hood River agents, carrying a fine line of his Machines and Records for your inspection. Come and see.

A. S. KEIR, Reliable Druggist

REBEKAHS PRESENT I. O. O. F. WITH FLAG

Members of Laurel Rebekah lodge made and presented last Thursday evening to Idlewilde lodge, I. O. O. F., a handsome satin service flag. The names of the following six Oddfellow soldiers appear on the banner: Dr. H. D. W. Pineo, Will McGuire, Hall Chambers, Louis A. Henderson, Walter W. Shay and Edwin C. Eberly.

The presentation speech was made by Mrs. M. E. McCarthy. E. H. Hartwig accepted the flag on behalf of the lodge.

Rail Auto Derailed

Striking a huge boulder that had slid down an embankment to the middle of the track, a rail auto of the Mt. Hood R. R. Co. was derailed Thursday. Only the driver and one passenger, an Upper Valley rancher, were aboard. The car proceeding slowly around a curve enabled them to jump to safety.

When You Have a Cold

It is when you have a severe cold that you appreciate the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mrs. Frank Crecker, Pana, Ill., writes: "Our five year old son Paul caught a severe cold last winter that settled on his lungs and he had terrible coughing spells. We were greatly worried about him as the medicine we gave him did not help him in the least. A neighbor spoke so highly of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy that I got a bottle of it. The first dose benefited him so much that I continued giving it to him until he was cured."

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the County Clerk of Hood River County, Oregon, will receive sealed proposals for the grading of the thirteen hundred feet (1300), more or less, of County Road from the South end of the 12th street pavement, South across Indian Creek, in Sections 35 and 36, Township 3 North, Range 10 E. W. M., over the course specified in the plat thereof now on file in the office of the County Clerk of Hood River County, Oregon, by excavation of cuts and placing of embankments, all in accordance with said plans and specifications in said Clerk's office.

Also sealed bids will be received by the office of said County Clerk for the construction of a concrete culvert, according to the alternate plans therefor, said culvert to be constructed to carry the waters of Indian Creek through said fill in Sections 35 and 36, Township 3 North, Range 10 E. W. M. Bidders are required to bid on each type of culvert separately, all in accordance with said plans and specifications in said Clerk's office.

Also sealed bids will be received for the grading of nineteen hundred and fifty feet (1950), more or less, of County road on the Davidson Hill in Sections 10, 11, 12, 13, Township 2 North, Range 10 E. W. M., over the course specified in the plat thereof, now on file in the office of the said County Clerk by preparation of a road bed, excavation of cuts and placing of embankments, all in accordance with said plans and specifications in said Clerk's office where the same may be seen and inspected by proposed bidders or be mailed to their address on request upon the payment of $1.00 to the County Clerk.

Bids will be received at the office of the County Clerk in the City of Hood River, Hood River County, Oregon, up to Monday, the 25th day of February, 1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at which time or as soon thereafter as said bids may be checked, the contract will be let to the lowest and best responsible bidder, therefor, the County reserving the right to reject any or all bids.

Each bidder will be required to deposit with his bid a certified check for five (5) per cent of the amount of his said bid, which shall be forfeited to the County in case the contract is awarded to him and he shall fail, neglect or refuse for a period of five days after such award is made, to enter into a contract and file a bond as by law provided. Said work will be required to be completed within ninety days from the date of entering into such contract, and the bond required of the successful bidder will be for fifty (50) per cent of the contract price of the work, conditioned that said contractor will well and truly in a manner satisfactory to the County Court, and in accordance with the plans and specifications, perform the work contracted for and save the County harmless from any expense incurred through the failure of such contractor to complete said work as specified, within the time mentioned. And further that he will promptly make payment to all persons supplying labor or material for the prosecution of said work under said contract. Payment for said work will be made in accordance with Chapter 142 of the Laws of Oregon for the year 1911.

Kent Shoemaker, County Clerk
7-8c By H. M. Francis, Deputy

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The cleanest rooms in the city, first class service, fireproof, strictly modern, large ground floor lobby, steam heated rooms, with or without bath, hot and cold water, in shopping and theatre district, reasonable rates. An inspection will convince you.

APPLE FACTS.

All RED varieties are now becoming very ripe and should go to the consumer at whatever price they will bring quality considered. Newtowns, Red Cheeks and Ben Davis season is now here. We are in the market for 3000 Boxes FANCY Newtowns and can use a large percentage of small sizes. We want Newtown Cookers graded to size and placed in the box the same as wrapped and packed. Stock at 65 to 75 cents the Box. Boxes paper lined. If you have any small Spitz, Baldwins, or any other variety that needs selling ship them at once and get your money for them at once. We need 'em.

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Oregon Lumber Co.

Dee, Oregon

ALL KINDS OF LUMBER, SHINGLES SLAB WOOD, ETC. CAN FURNISH CEDAR SHIP LAP, ANY QUANTITY

Both Phones — **Estimates Furnished**

Dissolution of Partnership.

This is to announce the dissolution of the partnership between myself and C. A. Tucker in conducting the Cascade Garage. I have purchased the interest of Mr. Tucker and have assumed all liabilities and will collect all debts owed the firm. In order that the business may be settled at once will all who have accounts due the Cascade Garage please remit by mail or call at the Heights Garage where I am continuing in business.

J. F. VOLSTORFF.