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THE POET SAYS "Beauty draws us by a single hair." This seems like something of an exaggeration on the part of the poet, if at least does not apply to men. The man with a single hair would not draw worth a cent, unless as a curiosity. People to look their best need hair, they need all they ever have. If the hair begins to go it is time to use IMPERIAL HAIR TONIC. This preparation saves hair. It stimulates the hair bulbs, cleans the scalp of dandruff or eruptions, and promotes new growth. Try it now. Price 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle.

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Out of town people can have their teeth and bridges finished in one day if necessary. We will give you a good 22k gold or porcelain crown for \$3.50 Molar Crowns 5.00 22k Bridge Teeth 3.50 Gold Fillings 1.00 Enamel Fillings .50 Silver Fillings .50 Inlay Fillings 2.50 Good Rubber Plates 5.00 Best Red Rubber Plates 7.50

DR. W. A. WISE, President and Manager. Painless Extractions. WORK GUARANTEED FOR 15 YEARS. Painless Extractions Free when plates or bridges work is ordered. Consultation Free. You cannot get better painless work done anywhere. All work fully guaranteed. Modern electric equipment. Best methods.

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40 HEAD OF Registered 40 HOLSTEINS-FRIESIANS, 10 cows from 3 to 7 years, fresh and soon to be fresh, 15 bred heifers; 15 bulls, many from A. R. O. Dams of 19 to 25 pounds of butter in 7 days. These cattle are from the best working herds in New York and will be sold at prices that any farmer can afford to buy. Come and see them or write for description and prices of what you want. FRYAR & COMPANY, Sumner, Wash.

BIG BARGAINS IN FLOUR. Now is the time to buy your Winter's Flour, Snow Drift Flour, \$5.60 a bbl.; 1.45 a sk. Light-house Flour, 5.10 a bbl. 1.35 a sk. Pure Cane SUGAR, \$5.80 a sk. Extra Fine Dry Granulated SUGAR, \$5.60. See our goods and get our prices before buying your winter's goods. We carry Bran, Shorts, Middlings, Wheat, Barley, whole and Caked Corn, Alfalfa Meal, also a full line of Canned Goods and Dried Fruits. RAY FEED CO

Nothing Was the Matter. "A newsboy I knew," said a yachtman, "took to the sea. He became cabin boy on a tramp collier. He was a good boy, but— "Once, when our white squadron was at Newport, this collier steamed in her slow way shoreward with her ensign upside down, the signal of distress, distress of the direst. Instantly a pretty sight was to be seen. Every warship in the fleet lowered a lifeboat, and all of those beautiful, snowy boats, manned by jacks in spotless white duck, raced for the grimy old collier at breakneck speed—a pretty sight indeed. The captain of the collier stood on the bridge. He waved his hat, and the crews pulled all the faster. As they drew close they heard the man's cries. "Come on! Pull! Get down to it!" he roared, dancing about wildly. "What's the matter, captain? The first officer to reach the collier asked breathlessly. "Why, nothing's the matter," the captain answered in a surprised voice. "Then why's your ensign upside down?" "The captain looked aloft, then frowned. "It's that boy Hank again," said he. "And here I thought it was a regatta."

Light and Dark Cigars. A striking example of the ordinary smoker's ignorance on the subject of smokes is the popular superstition that a dark looking cigar is stronger than a lighter colored one. Some strong cigars have dark wrappers, but the dark wrapper does not by any means indicate a strong cigar. Dark, gummy tobacco, if thoroughly cured, is the mildest form. Of course if dark tobacco is not thoroughly cured it will be strong, but so will light tobacco, for that matter. Any cigar man will bet you that the dark color is usually, though not always, a sign of a ripe, well cured leaf, which is therefore milder nine times out of ten than the lighter hued leaf. But when it is known that every manufacturer makes both dark and light cigars and that he uses exactly the same blend of filler in both and that the wrapper only constitutes a small fractional part of the cigar it is clearly seen that the shade of the wrapper has little to do with the strength of the cigar. Ask the dealer for a strong cigar. He hands out a dark one, and the imagination does the rest.—Harper's Weekly.

How Spiders Undress. It is an interesting sight indeed to watch a spider change its skin and one that will repay any one for the time taken up by waiting for the little known—generally speaking—event to take place. When preparing for the change the spider stops eating for several days and makes his preliminary arrangements by fastening himself by a short thread of web to one of the main lines of his snare, this to hold him firmly while he proceeds to undress. First the skin cracks all round the thorax, being held only by the fore part. Next the lower part of the body is uncovered, and then comes the struggle to free the legs. He works and kicks vigorously, seeming to have a very hard time of it. Fifteen minutes of continued perseverance, however, brings him out of his old dress, the struggle causing him to appear limp and lifeless for some time after it is finished.

Just Pleasantness. Perhaps just pleasantness has not a very heroic sound, but the human heart that, knowing its own bitterness, can yet carry itself cheerfully is not without heroism. Indeed, if that human heart does no more than hold its tongue about its own aches and pains it has a certain moral value that the world cannot afford to lose. "Pleasantness" does not sound as well as self sacrifice or wisdom or spirituality, but it may include all these great words. And certainly just to start one's husband out to his work cheerily, to make the hobbled boy of a son feel a gentler and sweeter sentiment toward women because of his own mother's sound, sweet gaiety and strength, to help one's servants to put good humor and friendliness into their services—these things make for righteousness in the world.—Margaret DeLaud.

It Didn't Work Out Just Right. I saw the best of intentions become a veritable boomerang on Broadway the other night. A policeman had arrested for some small disturbance two well dressed men who had evidently had too much, but were facing the inevitable trip to the station without any further fuss. A friend saw their plight and rushed up. "Officer," he piped in a peculiarly effeminate voice, "I beg that you will not arrest these men. Why, they are no more drunk than I am." "Oh, very well," said the cop. "I'll take you too." And he did.—New York Telegraph.

Kitchen Talk. "I suppose," said the Lemon to the Nutmeg, "that you were very much hurt when the cook announced that she did not intend to use you for flavoring the pudding." "On the contrary," retorted the Nutmeg. "It was a grate relief."—Baltimore American.

Cabbage Leaves. Wigg—What kind of cigars does Closest smoke? Wagg—Well, when you light one of them you instinctively look around for the cooked beef.—Exchange.

Strictly Business. "Who presented the count to you?" asked the privileged friend. "No one," answered the heiress. "I bought him."—Lippincott's.

What a Dollar Dog Can Do. A man in a nearby city bought for his wife and child a year ago a dog, for which he paid a dollar. It was obviously nothing wonderful in the canine way—merely a mongrel, with the bulldog strain predominant. The owner was a man in humble circumstances, and the dog in his modest dwelling was the principal asset aside from a few sticks of furniture. The other night Tom was tied to a leg of the kitchen sink, as usual, and the family went to bed. They were awakened by the dog at midnight scratching at his master's door. When his master came out to see what was the matter the dog, with a remnant of chewed rope hanging from his collar, whined and ran to the head of the stairs. The house was on fire, and shortly after woman and child and man and dog made their escape their poor dwelling was a mass of glowing embers. The owner of the dog has been urged to part with him for a large cash consideration; but, though he is penniless, he will not part with the four footed savior of his family. Neither has the dog at any time had thoughts of leaving them for luxurious kennels.—New York Times.

Slaves to the Servants. "I am very tired," said the fashionably dressed woman. "I have been working dreadfully hard all day. Doing what? Why, seeing to my servants—working for them. Didn't you know that the more servants you have the harder you must work? Certainly I have to do all the shopping for my servants. I have to buy their uniforms, the caps and aprons of the maids, the clothing of the housekeeper, and have to see to the marketing, too, yes, and very often, in spite of the fact that I have a housekeeper, I must, or they will form a combine to rob me of everything I have. The housekeeper will get a rakeoff that will enable her to retire in a few years. Then perhaps it is I who must hunt a place as housekeeper for some one else. Oh, yes, if you want to keep your position as mistress of a household of servants you must keep hustling! You can't afford to let the grass grow under your feet to any great extent."—New York Press.

He Got a Hundred. Sammy's mother talked to him long and earnestly about the poor marks he had been getting in his work at school. She painted in alluring colors the career of the little boy who studies his lessons and gains the love and respect of his teachers. She went even farther. She promised him that if he got good marks she would give him a whole dime all for his own. Sammy seemed impressed. That afternoon he returned from school fairly dancing with joy. "Oh, mother," he shouted, "I got a hundred!" "Sammy?" cried his delighted mother. She hugged him and kissed him and petted him and—gave him the dime.

Trapping the Parson. William Morris did not always get his jokes right end first. In a biography of her husband, Mrs. Edward Burne-Jones tells of the ease with which he reversed them. A dinner gathering had all been asking conundrums. "Who killed his brother Cain?" asked Burne-Jones. Morris fell into the trap at once. "Abel," he shouted. Later in the day he came in laughing. "I trapped the parson, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "I asked him, 'Who killed his brother Abel?'" "Cain," he said at once. "Ha!" I said, "I knew you'd say that. Every one does." I came away and left him puzzled enough, and I doubt if he's found out yet what the joke was.

Not Qualified. Two men were getting warm over a simple difference of opinion. They turned to the third man. "Isn't a homemade strawberry shortcake better than a cherry pie?" demanded one of them. "Isn't a homemade cherry pie better than any shortcake?" inquired the other. The third man shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I board."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Tripping Tongue. "Henry Peck, you're a fool!" "You didn't seem to think so when I was single." "No, you never showed what a big fool you were until you married me."—Exchange.

Not an Umpire. A clergyman started his drowsy congregation the other day as follows: "My dearly beloved friends, permit me to remind you that I come here to preach, not to act as umpire in a snoring match."

The Explanation. Fred—There seems to be a lot more fuss made of Miss A.'s singing than Miss K.'s, and I am sure Miss K. has by far the richer voice. Jack—Ah, yes, but Miss A. has by far the richer father.

Made Sure of the Pie. A young girl who carried her dinner was observed to eat her pie first. When asked why, she replied, "Well, if there's anything left it won't be the pie, will it, now?"

Notice. Notice is hereby given, that the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, will receive bids for the construction of the first two miles of the Netarts Road, beginning at the initial point of the locating survey, and said bids to be in accordance with the plans and specifications now on file with the County Clerk. A certified check equal to 5 per cent of the amount of the bid must accompany each bid as a guarantee that the bidder will execute a Bond for the completion of the contract if awarded the same. All bids must be filed in the office of the County Clerk of Tillamook County, on or before 9 o'clock a.m. Wednesday, the 3rd day of November, 1909. The County Court reserving the right to reject any and all bids. By order of the County Court. J. C. HOLDEN, County Clerk.

An Illegal Tribunal. It is no surprise that the Attorney-General of Oregon holds that the Legislature had no constitutional power to make provision for two additional Judges of the Supreme Court, and that the Governor had no constitutional power to appoint them. Nothing could be plainer than the constitutional limitation of the justices to three. This was pointed out to the Legislature, in clearest terms. But from interested sources, mostly political, came a demand for two more; and the Legislature, always ready to multiply offices, complied. Governor Chamberlain approved the act, though he knew it was an infraction of the constitution; for his whole life is in politics and nothing else, and here was a chance for him to place two of his fellow partisans on the Supreme Bench. It was one of the general "deals" in politics and legislation, brought about under our new "reform" methods; to which also Mr. Chamberlain owes his seat in the United States Senate.

The act of the Legislature, approved by the Governor, was the more indecent and unjustifiable for the reason that the people of the state, by a direct vote, had just refused to authorize the law for appointment of the additional Judges. It was not only an unconstitutional procedure, therefore, but was a direct and insulting reversal of the mandate of the electors of the state. Yet the politicians who did this pretend to be the special supporters and defenders of the initiative and referendum of the primary law, the holy statement and popular legislation. No one has authority to say what the decision of the constitutional and legitimate Supreme Court will be on the question raised by the Attorney-General and the District Attorney at Salem. But every one knows, or may know, more easily and certainly, what the constitution itself says on the subject. No provision of the entire instrument is more certain in its meaning than this. The Attorney-General is right and just in his intimation that it is rather hard on a man to be condemned to death, or deprived of his property, by an illegal tribunal. The Oregonian will add that the fact that the illegal tribunal, moreover, was created in direct violation of the express mandate of the people, as part of a job executed by political jugglers, will add no salve nor solace to injuries.—Oregonian.

More Than Enough is Too Much. To maintain health, a mature man or woman needs just enough food to repair the waste and supply energy and body heat. The habitual consumption of more food than is necessary for these purposes is the prime cause of stomach troubles, rheumatism and disorders of the kidneys. If troubled with indigestion, revise your diet, let reason and not appetite control and take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and you will soon be all right again. For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

Well Known Hotel Keeper Uses and Recommends Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. "I take pleasure in saying that I have kept Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in my family medicine chest for about fifteen years, and have always had satisfactory results from its use. I have administered it to a great many traveling men who were suffering from troubles for which it is recommended, and have never failed to relieve them," says J. C. Jenkins, of Glasgow, Ky. This remedy is for sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

Its a Top Notch Doer. Great deeds compel regard. The world crowns its doers. That's why the American people have crowned Dr. King's New Discovery the King of Throat and Lung Remedies. Every atom is a health force. It kills germs, and colds and la grippe vanish. It heals cough-racked membranes and coughing stops. Sore, inflamed bronchial tubes and lungs are cured and hemorrhages cease. Dr. Geo. More, Black Jack, N.C., writes "it cured me of lung trouble, pronounced hopeless by all doctors." 50c. \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Chas. I. Clough.

The Best Plaster. A piece of Hannel dampened with Chamberlain's Liniment and bound on to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When it is combined with lame back or pains in the side or chest give it a trial and you are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. This liniment also relieves rheumatic pains and is certain to please anyone suffering from that disease. Sold by Lamar's Drug Store.