

ROYAL Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes delicious home-baked foods of maximum quality at minimum cost. Makes home baking a pleasure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

No Alum - No Lime Phosphates

Death of Mrs. G. H. Ward.

The entire community was shocked on Saturday afternoon when it became known that Mrs. G. H. Ward, a much respected lady of this city, had died that afternoon at the hospital where she had been operated on the previous Monday for appendicitis.

The funeral services were held at the M. E. Church, Rev. J. T. Moore officiating. The church was filled with friends and the floral offerings were beautiful.

The relatives from outside who attended were Mrs. Ward's sister, Mrs. Albert Lucy and husband, and two brothers, Lewis and Sam Fletcher.

Fannie M. Fletcher was born at Vancouver, Wash., January 14, 1875, was married to G. H. Ward at Tillamook, Oregon, June 16, 1907, and died October 14, 1911.

Besides a husband, she leaves three sons, a father, one sister, three brothers and a host of friends to mourn their loss.

U. B. Church.

Rally Day will be the order Sunday morning at the United Brethren Church. Special features will characterize the sermon. It will begin at 10 o'clock with the Sunday school. Service at 7:30. Subject, "How one Man Reflected the Light of the World."

Card of Thanks.

We want our friends and schoolmates to know how deeply we regard their acts of love and kindness towards us during the sickness and death of our departed one. We are all too conscious of the weakness of words, they can never express the affection we feel for those who have helped and comforted us in our sorrow, but we want them to know that in the depths of our hearts we appreciate it all and thank them for what they have done.

G. H. Ward and family, father, sister and brothers.

M. E. Church.

10 a.m., Sunday School. This school has never been more interesting and profitable than now. Come, receive and give inspiration help.

11 a.m., sermon, subject, "Methodism; the dance; the theater and cards."

6:30 p.m., Epworth League. Do not miss the young people's hour. 7:30, song and sermon, subject, "Uncured Diseases the Cause." JAMES T. MOORE, pastor.

Patronize Home Industry.

Patronize Home Industry! And help boost the home products! James O. Hutchings has started a cigar manufacturing establishment in this city, and he turns out a superior quality of home made cigars. He is located near Vierick's Bakery. Give him a trial. He asks for a share of the patronage on account of being a home product.

A Snap. A Snap.

One lot, 50x105 feet, one block from public high school. Price \$375.00. Call at the office, N. MELCHIOR.

Biliousness is due to a disordered condition of the stomach. Chamberlain's Tablets are essentially a stomachic medicine, intended especially to act on that organ; to cleanse it, strengthen it, tone and invigorate it to regulate the liver and to banish biliousness positively and effectively. For sale by Lamm's Drug Store.

High School Flashes.

Because of inquiries from so many as to what the reasons were for us not writing a High School column this year, we have decided to again give the people a chance to read what the High School has done, is doing and is going to do.

School life this year is a great deal the same as it was during the fore part of the last one. However, there are a large number of new students, some who have moved to this city from other places and others who live in the country and are taking advantage of our school facilities. For ability, we feel certain that our present student body can boast of having more, then that of any preceding year.

The Athletic Association have their men out taking their needed grooming each evening, in order to show some of the wisecracks what the worth of our foot ball stuff is. Monday last the Student Body was excused from 2:00 o'clock until 3:30 o'clock p.m., in order that they might attend the funeral of Mrs. Ward who was the mother of the Student Body president, Mr. Read Bain. Nothing could have been more impressive than to see the "Body" of over sixty members filing into the church in solemn file. The soul of every one was filled to its fullest as they saw these stalwart young men and women coming in honor and through respect for the one whom they loved, to mourn with him the loss of his departed.

The Emersonian Society meets this coming Friday to render the first society program of the school year, which they promise will be a treat. Society work seems to be picking up very well. The Ciceronians have their program already posted since they will have their first meeting one week after the E. L. S. meeting because of some slight procrastination on the part of the Emersonians.

Whereas the Almighty has seen fit to take from our presence the kind and affectionate mother of our honored and respected classmates, Read and Verne Bain. Be it resolved, that we the members of the Progressor Class of the Methodist Sunday-school, do hereby extend to them our sincerest tokens of sympathy, And, be it further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be placed in each of the local papers.

ELLEN BEWLEY, ELBERT E. GINN, EDGAR G. MUNSON, Committee on Resolutions. It's Equal Don't Exist. No one has ever made a salve, ointment or balm to compare with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the one perfect healer of Cuts, Corns, Burns, Bruises, Sores, Chapped Hands or Sprains its supreme. Unrivalled for Piles. Try it. Only 25c at Chas. I. Clough's.

Common colds, severe and frequent, lay the foundation of chronic diseased conditions of the nose and throat, and may develop into bronchitis, pneumonia, and consumption. For all coughs and colds in children and in grown persons, take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound promptly. Chas. I. Clough.

Take Your Common Colds Seriously. Common colds, severe and frequent, lay the foundation of chronic diseased conditions of the nose and throat, and may develop into bronchitis, pneumonia, and consumption. For all coughs and colds in children and in grown persons, take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound promptly. Chas. I. Clough.

LUCK OF A MINER.

What He Deemed a Disaster Brought Him a Fortune.

The miners of New Mexico tell a queer story which illustrates their belief in luck. A miner was trudging along one hot day through a gulch, with the sun shining on his back, when he smelled smoke and presently, to his dismay, discovered that his knapsack was on fire.

Like all miners, he carried a large lens for the purpose of examining specimens, and for want of room he had hung the glass on the outside and the rays of the sun had been concentrated on his pack.

As among the contents were fifteen pounds of powder he lost no time in dropping the dangerous burden and getting as far away as possible. The haversack fell between two big rocks, while the miner from a safe distance mournfully watched the smoke rising from his sole worldly possessions.

Presently there came a deafening explosion, and the miner went to gather up what he could find. Then his eyes almost started out of his head at seeing the quartz that had been blown up fairly glistening with gold. His powder had literally blown open a gold mine, and he was made a rich man in an instant. He named the mine the "Nick o' Time."—Exchange.

HINDU WOMEN.

Whatever Their Station They Are Gracious and Picturesque.

There are, of course, all kinds of Hindus. They range from the lowest levels of superstition and ignorance to high attainments of intelligence and culture. But in one respect they are all alike. "Never once," says Mr. Begbie, "have I detected the very smallest smirch of vulgarity either in manners or in dress." The Hindu may believe in 30,000,000 gods, he may hold that the world is flat and that his soul's salvation is endangered by the shadow of a European, "but he will have charm of manner and make a picture either in the unhandled jungle or on the platform of a railway terminus."

But the Indian woman is the crown of her creation, as, of course, all women are everywhere. She may be unable to read or write, she may give food to idols and believe that her god or devil rides around the village at night on a plaster horse or a mud elephant, "but she will be modest and gracious in her manner, and her dress will be as beautiful as the flowers of the field." No matter how savage and heathen, how ignorant and stupid these people may be, they "have a nobility in their manner and a loveliness in their raiment."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Environment.

The street car conductor was about to be transferred to another line. Not his to reason why, yet on that occasion he did, and with the chief of the department.

"I don't like that line," he said. "What's the matter with it?" asked the chief.

"It's commonplace," said the conductor. "I will lose my good manners if I go down there. The line I am on now is a well dressed line and a liberal education for the railway employee. I am not the same man I was when I was moved up there two years ago from a downtown line. I am more polite, my voice is lower, and I have spruced up in general appearance. It is that way with every man in the business. Put him on a line patronized by well dressed people and he will fix up to fit his surroundings. If I go back on that other line I will lose polish."

All the chief said then was "Well, well," but the conductor was not transferred.—New York Sun.

A Queer Animal.

"That is the only animal I ever saw that would eat and drink and sleep upside down," said a visitor to the zoo, indicating a fruit bat or flying squirrel from Borneo. It hung head downward in its cage. Three curved claws on what appeared to be its tail embraced a roof bar. In its pendulous position it reached out for the disks of banana the keeper passed through the bars. Finishing its meal, it swung over to a cup of water and took a drink. Then, folding its membranous wings, it closed its eyes and was soon asleep.—New York Sun.

Ball Money.

Blackmail used to be levied on the newlyweds in England to prevent them from being mobbed upon leaving the church. This "graft" was called "ball money," because it was given ostensibly to buy a football for the village green, but it rarely went beyond the nearest public house.

A Matter of Habit.

He (nervously)—What will your father say when I tell him we're engaged? She—He'll be delighted, dear. He always has been.—Lippincott's.

As One Sees It.

"Jones grumbles that his wife can't take a joke." "That's funny, seems to me." "How so?" "She took Jones."—Judge.

His Standing.

"Is Julia's suitor a man of birth?" "Sure he's a man of berth. He's a Pullman car conductor."—Baltimore American.

Mind is the beginning of civilization, but the ends and fruitage thereof are of the heart.

PILLMAKING CRABS.

Queer Way These Tiny Creatures Get Their Food From the Sand.

Curious little crabs, mostly about the size of a pea, are found in abundance on the shores of the Malay peninsula. They are usually first perceived on the beaches after the going down of the tide, when they give the beach the appearance of being covered with loose, powdery sand and holes of various sizes. Upon looking more closely it is perceived that little radiating paths converge among the litter of sand to each hole and that the sand itself is in minute balls.

At the approach of an observer there immediately becomes apparent a peculiar "twinkle," which is nothing else than the simultaneous and rapid retreat of a multitude of the tiny crabs into their holes.

Should one who is watching these curious little creatures take up his position by one of their holes and remain perfectly motionless they will in time come out, when he will be enabled to see them at work.

Coming cautiously to the mouth of the hole, the crab will reconnoiter a bit, and when satisfied that no enemy is near it will venture about its own length from its lurking place. Then, rapidly taking up particles of sand in its claws, it will deposit them in a groove beneath the thorax.

As it does so a little ball of sand is rapidly projected as through its mouth. This it seizes with one claw and deposits on one side, proceeding in this manner until the smooth beach is covered with little pellets or pills corresponding in size to its own dimensions. This is evidently its method of extracting particles of food from the sand.—Harper's Weekly.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

The Foxes Mourn When a Head of the Gormanston Family Dies.

"Among the oldest families in Ireland are the Gormanstons. It is said that when the head of the house dies and for some days before the foxes leave all the neighboring coverts and collect at the door of the castle. This strange phenomenon," writes E. T. Humphries in the National Review, "occurred when the twelfth Viscount Gormanston died in 1860 and again in 1876, when the thirteenth viscount shook off this mortal coil. The fourteenth holder of the title died in 1907. Inquiry was then made to test the truth or otherwise of the weird legend."

"The son, in a letter published in the New Irish Review, stated that when in the chapel watching his father's remains prior to burial he heard noises outside as of a dog sniffing at the door. Upon opening it there was a full grown fox close to the steps and several more around the church. The coachman around the presence of the foxes; so does another family retainer."

"The daughter of the thirteenth successor wrote saying that upon the illness of her father the foxes sat in pairs under the bedroom windows, howling and barking all night, and if driven away returned. "The family crest is a running fox, and a fox is one of the supporters of the family arms."

His Thoughtful Wife.

"I hate to boast," said a Cleveland lawyer, "but my wife is one of the most economical women in the world. The other day she told me she needed a new suit. I said she ought to have it by all means, but asked her not to spend a big bunch of money without letting me know about it. Well, the next day she said: 'The tailor said he couldn't make that suit for less than \$150. I thought it was too much, but told him to go ahead.'"

"Well, I suppose it is all right," I said, "but why didn't you consult me first?"

"Why, dearie, I didn't want to spend car fare for two visits. 'I tell you, it's these little economies that count, eh?'—Cleveland Press.

Pay of French Ministers.

Ministers in France are not so well paid as in England. All members of the French cabinet receive the same salary, £2,400 a year, and as they have to forfeit the allowance of £600 which they receive as senators or deputies their net annual gain through taking office is only £1,800. It is true they are provided with official residences, furnished, heated and lighted at the public expense. Their tenure of office is, however, so precarious that they can never venture to let their private residences, so they save nothing under the head of rent.—London Chronicle.

The Oxidization of Brass.

Brass when immersed in a hot solution consisting of one-half ounce of golden sulphuret of antimony and four ounces of caustic soda in each gallon of water becomes oxidized with a pleasing brown shade. The shade becomes darker if the metal is immersed in a dilute solution of sulphate of copper, need cold, about four to eight ounces to the gallon. Several immersions in the same manner give deeper brown tones.

Felt So Small.

Boggs—Did you get in all right last night? Woggs—Oh, yes. Boggs—Then the doors weren't locked, as you feared? Woggs—Indeed they were, but my wife yelled at me as I was coming up the steps, so I crawled in through the letter slot.—Puck.

He who has truth in his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue.—Ruskin.

SAVING MONEY.

A Dollar a Week Put into the Bank Is a Good Investment.

"It is mighty hard," said an unfortunate workman some time ago to the writer, "to save up a thousand dollars by laying aside a dollar or two a week and then to take it out of the savings bank and lose it to a get rich quick swindler, as I have just done." The poor fellow could work and save, but he had not had even a kindergarten education in finance, else his story would have been different. He had never given a thought to interest and so was absolutely ignorant of growth through compound interest and, of course, had never heard of that wonderful process of accumulation known as "progressive compound interest."

One dollar deposited in a savings bank that pays 4 per cent will amount to \$2.19 in twenty years. This is simple compound interest. Now, if you deposit \$1 every year for twenty years, or \$20 in all, the sum to your credit will have grown to \$30.97.

Any wage earner can put by \$1 a week. That money deposited in a savings bank for twenty years will have increased to \$1,612. A deposit of \$5 a week will have grown to \$8,000, and this at 4 per cent will be \$320 a year. There is no secret, no mystery, about this. It is as clear as the cloudless sun, and the method is just as clean and honest.—Christian Herald.

CAN'T READ THEIR LIPS.

When Actors Do Not Face the Audience it Bothers the Deaf.

"Time and time again we're asked to have our actors face the audience squarely when speaking lines that are of great importance," a theatrical manager said recently. "The explanation for the request is generally the same—that deaf people in the audience who depend on lip reading rather than hearing lose the run of the play if some important lines are spoken by a person whose lips can't be read. An actor or actress who's stuck on posing in profile is always the despair of the deaf people in the audience, as they say it's almost impossible to read lips in profile."

"Out ticket agent hears another side of the same question. People tell him when buying tickets that some one in the party is stone deaf and must read the lips of the actors in order to follow the play. Then they ask him on which side of the theater these particular seats should be located to make this lip reading the most satisfactory. Often the stage setting decides which way the actors must face, and if a deaf person gets on the wrong side of the house the play is practically lost."—New York Sun.

Too Late.

Mr. B. drove up in a hansom and entered the jeweler's shop accompanied by his valet, who carried an oblong box of steel. Mr. B. asked for a private interview, and on being shown into the office he opened the box, exposing a splendid array of diamond and pearl necklaces, earrings, tiaras and rings.

"Mrs. B.," he said, "is now abroad. Before she returns I want you to extract these stones and replace them with good imitations, selling the real jewels and giving me the money. This, of course, is to be a confidential transaction. Mrs. B. is to know nothing of it."

"My dear sir," said the jeweler, "I should be glad to do as you ask, but it is impossible. Two years ago Mrs. B. called here on the same errand that now brings you, and this errand in her case was successful. The paste jewels that you offer me are worth little more than the hire of the hansom awaiting you outside."—London Tit-Bits.

Thackeray and Colonel Newcome.

Mr. Louis Melville tells a characteristic story of Thackeray's fondness for 'Evan's,' he writes, "that Lowell, being on a visit to London, met the novelist looking so haggard and worn that he asked if he were ill. 'Come inside, and I'll tell you all about it,' said the latter. 'I have killed the colonel.' At a table in a quiet corner Thackeray took the manuscript from his pocket and read the chapter that records the death of Colonel Newcome. When he came to the end the tears that had been swelling his lids trickled down his face, and the last word was almost an inarticulate sob."—London Chronicle.

Pretty High Hills.

A distinguished astronomer once took the trouble to measure in several paintings the size of the moon and to deduce from it the height of the mountains shown in the same picture. He found that the average height of the hills was about forty-three miles, while one giant peak raised its head more than a hundred miles above sea level. Turner, who was one of the greatest masters of landscape composition and coloring, frequently exaggerates the height of his hills with the intention of conferring upon them a majesty which otherwise they would not possess.

Happiness.

That all who are happy are equally happy is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher.—Johnson.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poetry; the water of life, faith.—Mrs. Jameson.

James C. Dahiman, Mayor of Omaha, "The Lariat."

Mayor Jas. C. Dahiman and his career as a cowboy, and the following record. Sheriff of Omaha, Neb., three years; Mayor of Chadron, Neb., Democratic Nat'l Commissioner eight years; Mayor of Omaha, Neb., and in 1910 Candidate Governor of Nebraska. He has taken Foley Kidney Pills, they have given me a great deal of relief so I cheerfully recommend them." Yours truly, (signed) JAMES C. DAHIMAN, Chas. I. Clough.

Foley Kidney Pills

Supply just the ingredients to build up, strengthen and tone the natural action of the kidneys and bladder. Specially adapted for backache, headache, nervousness, rheumatism and all kidney, bladder and urinary irregularities. Chas. I. Clough.



Be sure you have the correct Buy your watch here and you have the best time always—accurate and dependable. Ladies and Gentlemen in some of the best time pieces made. All kinds of Jewelry of best grades at the lowest prices. Jewelry repaired while wait.

EUGENE JENKINS

Reliable Jeweler, Next to the Post Office

Tillamook Bakery

OPPOSITE THE ALLEN HOUSE, Corner Stillwell Ave. and St. West, and both Phones.

SPECIALTY IN ALL KIND OF

ALL KIND OF BREAD.

Keep It Handy.

Don't trust to luck and try to cure the ills of your home and cattle. They need help—anything goes wrong with the "handiest thing" about the stable—the surest and most dependable—is a bottle of Watkins' Liniment. R. R. ROBERTS, At Tillamook Feed Store.

FAMILY RECIPES.

The valued family cures for cough and cure, liniments, tonics and other remedies here careful attention here the most intricate prescriptions.

Our fresh, high quality drugs will help to make these remedies more effective than ever.

Right prices are assured.

CLOUGH.

Reliable Druggist.

Foley Kidney Pills

TONIC IN ACTION - QUICK IN RESULTS. Give prompt relief from BACKACHE, KIDNEY and BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM, CONGESTION OF THE BLADDER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER and all annoying urinary IRREGULARITIES. A positive cure for MIDDLE AGED and ELDERLY PEOPLE and for WOMEN. HAVE HIGHEST RECOMMENDATIONS. S. A. Davis, 627 Washington St., Wash., D. C., is in his 85th year. He writes: "I have lately suffered much from my kidneys and bladder. I had severe backaches and my urine was too frequent, causing me to get up at night, and in my bladder there was a constant burning and stinging. I took Foley Kidney Pills and am now free of all troubles and feel as well as ever." Highest recommendation. C. I. CLOUGH, Tillamook, Ore.