

# ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

Where the finest biscuit, cake, hot-breads, crusts or puddings are required Royal is indispensable.

Royal is equally valuable in the preparation of plain, substantial, every-day foods, for all occasions.

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

No Alum—No Lime Phosphates

### Notice of Application for License to Sell Spirituous Malt and Vinous

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That a petition presented in and to the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, for a liquor license, is in words letters and figures and a full, true and correct transcript therefrom and of the whole thereof as follows, to-wit:

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Tillamook.

In the Matter of Application of J. J. McCormick, for Liquor License.

To the Honorable County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Tillamook.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, hereby allege and show you the following facts and petition you as follows:

That we and each of us are residents and legal voters within Garibaldi Precinct, in Tillamook County, Oregon, and have been such for more than thirty days next preceding the date and signing of this petition, having been and now are actual residents within said precinct for more than thirty days next preceding November 30th, 1911.

That we hereby petition you to grant a license to sell, dispense, malt and vinous liquors and hard cider, or fermented cider, seasonally known as hard cider, for the period of one year from the date of said license, within said Garibaldi Precinct, and at Garibaldi, therein, to J. J. McCormick.

- P. Byrom, Garibaldi.
- C. R. Sutton, Garibaldi.
- Frank Buckles, Hobsonville.
- Wm. Keys, Garibaldi.
- Jo Haunhurst, Garibaldi.
- J. H. Thompson, Garibaldi.
- B. S. Thompson, Garibaldi.
- J. Jackson, Garibaldi.
- Ben Johnson, Garibaldi.
- Carl Loll, Garibaldi.
- William Dowd, Garibaldi.
- Frank K. Strueby, Garibaldi.
- Henry Champe, Garibaldi.
- A. N. Bolting, Garibaldi.
- Arthur Davis, Garibaldi.
- H. M. Davis, Garibaldi.
- Chas. Fonger, Garibaldi.
- Henry Jennings, Garibaldi.
- Ben Tilofson, Garibaldi.
- H. Mitchell, Garibaldi.
- Charles Bowers, Garibaldi.
- Tom Snyder, Garibaldi.
- Wm. Anderson, Garibaldi.
- R. C. Robinson, Garibaldi.
- C. Robinson, Garibaldi.
- R. C. Jackson, Garibaldi.
- George Perry, Garibaldi.
- L. L. Mead, Garibaldi.
- W. Schrauntz, Rockaway.
- P. L. Frost, Rockaway.
- G. M. Gunderson, Rockaway.
- C. H. Frost, Rockaway.
- S. C. Frost, Rockaway.
- E. Hart, Rockaway.
- Nartin Hart, Rockaway.
- M. M. Mead, Rockaway.
- Lloyd C. Smith, Rockaway.
- Roy Dunham, Garibaldi.
- W. H. Derby, Garibaldi.
- Thomas Quinn, Garibaldi.
- Wm. H. Franklin, Garibaldi.
- Ben Center, Garibaldi.
- J. J. McCormick, Garibaldi.
- Sam Johnson, Garibaldi.
- Wm. Campbell, Garibaldi.
- J. S. McDonald, Garibaldi.
- A. F. Goff, Garibaldi.
- A. Johnson, Garibaldi.
- E. D. Best, Garibaldi.
- G. G. Suddock, Garibaldi.
- C. A. Eastland, Garibaldi.
- D. W. Johnson, Garibaldi.
- J. A. Smith, Garibaldi.
- G. Marshall, Garibaldi.
- C. V. Stoker, Garibaldi.
- C. F. Alexander, Garibaldi.
- E. Beelitz, Garibaldi.
- E. A. Krumlauf, Garibaldi.
- A. G. Krumlauf, Garibaldi.
- Chas. Morgan, Garibaldi.
- Joe. Snitsinger, Garibaldi.
- John Paquet, Garibaldi.
- Wm. Hartzell, Garibaldi.
- H. B. Karr, Garibaldi.
- A. Aubrey, Garibaldi.

I, J. J. McCormick, being first duly sworn, say:—That I am one of the petitioners within named, and that I circulated the same, and that each and all of the foregoing named petitioners signed the same; that each stated his name, postoffice address and residence correctly; and that each one is a legal voter within

Garibaldi Precinct, and has actually resided therein for more than thirty days next preceding Nov. 30, 1911, and that all of the facts set forth in said petition are true as I verily believe.

J. J. MCCORMICK, Address, Garibaldi, Tillamook County, Oregon.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of November, 1911.

WEBSTER HOLMES, Notary Public for Oregon.

NOTICE IS FURTHER HEREBY GIVEN.—That said petition will be called up for action in the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, on the third day of January, 1912, and based on said petition; said J. J. McCormick, on said last named date, will apply to said County Court for a license to sell within said Garibaldi Precinct and in the town of Garibaldi therein, spirituous, malt and vinous liquors, fermented cider, commonly known as hard cider, for a period of one year from the date of said license.

Dated this 30th day of November, 1911.

J. J. MCCORMICK.

Brick, Lime, Cement, Shingles, Coal Oil, Coal, \$10 ton, Poultry Supplies, Potatoes, \$1.50 per 100, "Best" hard wheat flour \$1.40 sk., \$5.50 bbl., Alfalfa meal, hay and all kinds of feed at prices as low as any in the city.

TILLAMOOK FRED CO.

### The Gem Theatre.

At the Gem Theatre tonight the National Stock Co. will present the "Friends," a feature play that will keep every one laughing from start to finish. Saturday night they present the "Comrades" or "A Wife's Mistake." This play is one of their best and is full of life and wit. Sunday night the "Woolfe" a play taken from the book by the same name, will be placed before the public for the first time by the National people. Any one who has read the book knows what the play must be. Each night during the past week the Gem has been packed to the doors with interested spectators.

THE TRAIN BROUGHT ME TO TILLAMOOK AND I AM HERE TO STAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS QUALITY.

Before having 'Xmas. Photos made come and see my work and styles of mounting.

Your Moneys worth, Or your money back.

The Tillamook Studio.

J. W. Williams, Pro.

Next door to Sarchet, the Tailor.

## TAKING THE CURE.

Graphic Pen Picture of Carlsbad and Its Dyspeptics.

### MUD BATHS AND VILE WATER

The Victims Drink Often and Drink Deep and Absorb With the Evil Brew Large Doses of Misery—An Unpleasant and Costly Road to Health.

A city shaped like a cup, a cup containing hot water. The sides of the city are clothed with pines, and in the hollow lie the waters where the dyspeptics of the world foregather to drink and to be healed. They desire to be freed from excess of fat, from yellow skins, from pains that catch one in the small of the back and from the stiff joints that follow hard upon the pleasures of the too abundant board.

In Carlsbad you drink often and drink deep. Drinking is your main occupation. Your drinking glass is strapped over your shoulders as you wander, sipping from spring to spring as assiduously as any one bee, but you do not get honey.

Your misery begins at 6. At 6 o'clock they call you, and you are expected to be shaved and decent before you face the world of waters and of miserable sinners at 7 o'clock. If you had not been a miserable sinner, too, you would not be here, but you have done those things you ought not to have done and you have left undone those things you ought to have done, and your penalty is Carlsbad.

So you take your place at the end of a queue 300 dyspeptics long and wish you were dead. You very nearly are, for no "morning tea" sustains you; they "add that it is strictly against the law. You take your turn at the "sprudel" spring uncomfited by the cook. Everything contributes to your misery. A German close behind you is treading on your heels and breathing loudly down your neck, and a gentleman in a curious top hat is conducting an orchestra with intent to make you merry. He falls. You hate him. And every moment you draw nearer to the "Sprudel" spring. It leaps from the bowels of the earth toward the roof of the colonnade shrouded in its own steam, and a girl in waterproof overalls catches you a glassful by means of a long pole.

Then you retire to a corner with the evil brew and try to drink it. It tastes of dead rats—hot ones, long dead. Your character may be divided by your method of dealing with it. It may be faced as one faces a pet beverage, "with an air," or it may be dalled with in sips—thrown away. It may beat you altogether, but this is rare. The hardened dyspeptic who does his yearly "cure" has a trick with a little glass pipe. He is imitated by the wise. After the first fell glass you hurry to the little glass pipe stall and buy a little glass pipe for your very own, and half an hour later you brace yourself together for the second dose. If you have sinned deeply you may be ordered even three, but probably you will be let off with two goes of "Sprudel" and one of something lighter.

An hour afterward you may have an inadequate meal of sour milk, one egg and a brown roll that would baffle a dentist. During the morning you will be required to undergo a bath, possibly of mud, reeking with curative properties and very expensive—as expensive as the lunch you would like to have afterward if they would let you. Even as it stands your mockery of a meal, fruit, rice and a bit of a boiled bird climbs up to a total hitherto unassociated with such elementary insufficiencies. At 4 o'clock you drink more water. At 10 the long day closes with a final gulp, and the dinner intervening is beneath the dignity of words—of any words.

Sixty thousand of the sorrowful subject themselves to these penalties yearly every summer. But in spite of the 90,000 you will probably be a lonely soul in Carlsbad. Its dietetic system does not make for sociability or mirth. But as the days go by the pink hues of health begin to return to your cheek, your color ceases to be drab and your temper becomes less vile. You find you can tolerate your fellow man with some degree of courtesy even when he breathes down your neck and clears his throat in the region of your ear. There is less of Hamlet about you and more of Puck, for your days are ordered now more in conformity with nature's plan and your reward is an equilibrium that is foreign to the life of broken laws in the place from whence you came. For two or three weeks this quickening process will develop and continue until in the exuberance of health you return to your land.

When you are not here Carlsbad puts its shutters up and goes away to cure itself of the tedium of having cured you, and by the time it has finished with you its coffers are quite comfortably stocked against a holiday, for you were not a "curequest" for nothing. Still you were cured, and a cure is always cheap. But on the whole perhaps it would have been cheaper if you had kept the law.—London Mail.

### Interesting Spots.

"I suppose," says the lady next door, "that you saw many really wonderful places while you were abroad."

"Yes, indeed," replies the returned traveler. "I think the most shivery of them all, however, was the catacombs in Rome. I have the nightmare about it yet."—Judge.

No whip cuts so deeply as the lash of conscience.—Proverb.

## PLANNED HIS OWN DEATH.

Judge Hankford Cleverly Evaded the Law Against Suicide.

Suicides often adopt ingenious methods, but the art of the felo de se seems not to have advanced materially during the centuries. The modern case of a heavily insured broker who on a feigned hunting trip stood barelegged in a quagmire for hours and willfully contracted a fatal pneumonia is matched in cleverness by one 500 years old.

The following facts are well vouchered for and indeed were never questioned, says the Green Bag: Sir William Hankford, a judge of the king's bench in the reign of Edward III., Henry IV., Henry V. and Henry VI. and at the time of his death chief justice of England, was a man of melancholy temperament.

He seems to have contemplated suicide the greater part of his long life, and during his later years the idea became a fixed purpose. The act was of peculiarly serious consequence in those days for the reason that the law treated it as a capital crime. The offender was buried at the crossroads with a stake driven through his body, and all his goods and property were forfeited to the crown, to the utter ruin of his family.

Hankford made good use of his wits and succeeded in accomplishing his purpose without incurring either unpleasant penalty. He gave open instructions to his gamekeeper, who had been troubled with poachers in the deer preserve, to challenge all trespassers in the future and to shoot to kill if they would not stand and give an account.

One dark night he purposely crossed the keeper's path and upon challenge made motions of resistance and escape. The faithful servant, failing to recognize his master, followed instruction to the letter, as was expected of him, and Sir William fell dead in his tracks. The whole truth or the affair was common knowledge, but it was impossible to establish a case of suicide by legal proof. The servant was protected by his instructions. Hankford had honorable burial, and his estate passed to those whose interests as heirs he had so wisely considered.

## PRIMITIVE SURVEYING.

Boers With the Fleetest Horses Got the Biggest Farms.

According to a legend of Smithtown, N. Y., the township was originally measured off by a primitive method. The first settler was one Smith, who bought from the Indians as much land as a bull could go around in a day. Now, Smith had a smart bull, trained to carry him and to half trot and half lope at a rapid pace. That day the bull was up to the mark. By night he had inclosed so much land that the amazed Indians nicknamed its rider Bull Smith.

This tradition has its counterpart among the Boers of South Africa. Their "runs," as the farms of these Dutchmen are called, contain, generally speaking, from 4,000 to 6,000 acres, of which only a few acres are under cultivation. Small monuments of stones piled up at certain points mark the boundary lines.

The first settlers, knowing nothing of surveying, measured off their "runs" by horsepower. Having piled up a lot of stones, the Boers would start from them and ride in a straight line for half an hour as fast as their horses could carry them.

Halting, each rider would build another beacon and again ride for half an hour at right angles to his first line. Then he would pile up another stone beacon. Two more turns and an hour more of riding brought him back to his starting point.

The square tract inclosed within the two hours' ride and the four beacons became his farm. Of course the Boer who owned the fleetest horse obtained the largest tract of land.—Harper's Weekly.

## Nature's Only Timepiece.

There is no need for clocks on the Aegean sea any day when the sun is shining. There nature has arranged her only timepiece, one that does not vary though the centuries pass. This natural time marker is the largest sundial in the world. Projecting into the blue waters of the sea is a large promontory, which lifts its head 3,000 feet above the waves. As the sun swings round the pointed shadow of the mountain just touches, one after the other, a number of small islands, which are at exact distances apart and act as hour marks on the great dial.—New York Tribune.

## A Collector's Troubles.

A Camden man always in debt was confronted again by the bill collector, to whom he confided the usual story of hard luck.

"Can't pay me today, eh?" mused the collector. "But I shall be here again tomorrow, and then—"

"Yes, do come tomorrow," urged the debtor, "and that will give me time to make up a brand new excuse and to decide when you ought to come again."—Philadelphia Times.

## What More Could He Want?

"What is your father's objection to me, Millie?" asked the young man. "He says you have no application, Gerald."

"No application?" he echoed bitterly. "I wonder if he knows I've been coming to see you twice a week for nearly six years!"—Chicago Tribune.

## Peculiar.

"Fecular chap, very. His wife is boss in his house."

"What's peculiar about that?" "He admits it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## ORIENTAL RUGS.

Their Worth Hangs on the Number of Knots to the Square Inch.

For ages reaching far back into the mists of antiquity, weaving has been the work of women, though the modern factory of the west has brought about changes in this respect. "In the unchanging east weaving is, with few exceptions, women's work. In the interior of Asiatic Turkey and in Persia the patriarchal system still exists and the sons bring their wives home to live. I have known as many as thirty-five persons to live in one dwelling," writes Mrs. Eliza Dunn in her book, "Rugs in Their Native Land."

"The mother-in-law is queen of the household, and every morning assigns to each woman and girl her task for the day." Methods of working as well as patterns are traditional, according to the same author, and some designs are peculiar to special families or tribes and become so familiar that the older workers produce them from memory.

The art of tying in the yarn has to be learned very slowly. The younger children are allowed to tie in only one solid color on the plain background, but when a girl becomes fairly expert she is allowed to make a whole rug, and traces of individuality may be looked for in her weaving. The two classes of rug, Turkish and Persian, are distinguished by the kind of knot in which they are tied, the Ghiordes, or Turkish, the Senna, or Persian knot.

The number of knots to the square inch is one of the tests of value of a modern rug, and the fact that more can be tied to the square inch in a Persian than in a Turkish rug accounts for the greater fineness and consequently greater costliness of the former.

## COVERED DISHES.

First Used in the Dark Ages to Guard Food From Poison.

From the days when our ancestors took their food in their hands and ate it with a little ceremony as a dog gnaws a bone to the present time of elaborate dinners is a long step, but a gradual one. It was a number of centuries before dishes of any kind were used, and knives and forks as adjuncts to eating are later still. The fear of poison which haunted the mind of every person of quality during the middle ages gave rise to certain curious customs and even to certain superstitions. When dishes are now served covered, it is understood that it is merely for the purpose of keeping them warm. This was not, however, the principal reason why they were served covered during the dark ages. It was the fear that poison might be introduced into them surreptitiously between the kitchen and the table where they were to be served to the kings or the lords or even to persons of inferior rank.

The covers were not removed till the master of the house had taken his place. All dishes afterward served were brought on the table in the same manner. It was the custom originally when the dishes were uncovered for some of the servants to first partake of them, but this custom was afterward in part replaced by the servants touching the food with one of several objects which were regarded as infallible preservatives against poison.

## DAVID GARRICK.

The Great Actor's Art and His Ruffled Feathers.

Mrs. Garrick's admiration of her husband's dramatic talents was intense, and on his great best stage in rapturous delight. The flaw in her idol, she claimed, was taste for low life, for which she had him greatly, insisting that he was better to play Scrub to a low audience than one of his superiors before an audience of the titled.

On one particular occasion she in her box in the theater when Garrick's impersonation of Richard III. was applauded to the echo. One day a farce followed the tragedy evening, and as Mrs. Garrick leave before her husband's entrance in the box to say he had some business in the greenroom which would oblige him, so most unwillingly the lady obliged to acquiesce and remain through the closing entertainment. This proved to be a comical series of blundering adventures which had fallen a countryman who had left his farm to see London and on his return gave his neighbors an account of wonders he had met.

This characterization was met with such penals of applause that Garrick, ever zealous of her husband's fame, began to think it rivalled the lately lavished on Richard III. His feelings were nearly worked up to fever heat when she was attracted to the frantic efforts of her little son to overleap the balcony that degraded him from the stage, when immediately became aware of the fact that the actor was Garrick and claimed. "Strange that a dog should know his master when the woman who loved him best in the world could not pierce his disguise."

## His Biggest Failure.

John Jacob Astor was asked once what was the largest amount of money he had ever made in one transaction. This he declined to say, but said that he would tell the best sum that he failed to make. It was De Witt Clinton and Governor Clinton. He said, he had planned to sell Louisiana from France and to sell to the United States government, retaining the public domain and charging 2 1/2 per cent commission. He changed their minds and Mr. De Witt said that he lost \$30,000,000 by the deal to go into the deal.

## Fancy Prices in 1840.

A tourist lately on the Pacific coast picked up a menu used in 1840, when California was the mecca of gold seekers. The items and prices in that menu ran as follows: "Beef, 15 cents; pork, 15 cents; mutton, 15 cents; 18 carat, \$1; beef, plain, \$1; beef, one potato, \$1.15; baked beans, 75 cents; baked beans, green, 75 cents; two potatoes, 50 cents; rice pudding, 75 cents."

## The Privilege of Wealth.

"That man is getting to be a regular customer here."

"Yes, and he must be a substantial one."

"Why so, Mayme?" "He ain't afraid to ask to see me thing cheaper if he feels so inclined."—Pittsburg Post.

## Quick Conclusion.

"I see that one convict finally sauted another."

"They must have some bad men that penitentiary."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Depends.

Ted—Would you marry a girl who sued you for breach of promise?—That would depend on whether she won the suit.—Philadelphia Times.

## ONE WAY TO SAVE

Work Hard Till It Pays.

Perhaps you think you can't save. You have debts. Well, the way to cure a debt is by contracting more. Well, contract a debt to the bank. Just agree with yourself that you will pay the bank \$1,000 and make two or five out of each week's salary. Then pay that debt. The bank will use your other creditors, pays you use of your money and will return to you in time with interest. You are a partner with it. It is your money and its business is to make money for you.

When you start a bank account to become a capitalist, a banker, an investor in securities and a citizen, interested in the development of your town and country. You acquire standing, respect, peace of mind. Your point of view is changed, and no longer "see red." Your fellow appear to you as they really are—workers and friends—not oppressors and schemers against your welfare. You have done your part, you have put your interests with the right one—ought step with the march of progress.

It is only those who resist that get hurt. Don't get hurt—get in it. Going in debt to your family, to the general public, this should be the most sacred of obligations and should come first. It is the "preferred creditor," and you find that all your other creditors will be willing to stand back while you pay it. For it insures the payment of every other obligation. A man is saving is trusted and helped, credit is good. He can do it. People place confidence in him. —David Garrison.

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