

LOW FARES WEST.
Daily March 1st to April 15th,
TO
PORTLAND and HILLSBORO

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BEAVER STATE
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A TRIAL CONVINCES
Every Sack Guaranteed
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A Blessing to the Farmer's Wife.

THE Bell Telephone Service lightens the domestic tasks of the farmer's wife. In the family circle, the Bell Service is indispensable. It is a constant household companion. It stops for her when she is too busy to go to town. It brings her in close touch with the social life of the community. Loved ones far away may be reached, for the Bell field is almost limitless. It relieves the monotony of life. She cannot be lonesome with the Bell Service at her command. It is a constant source of pleasure and profit in the home circle. Talk it over with our local manager.
THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.

A Warning Against Wet Feet.
Wet and chilled feet usually affect the mucous membrane of the nose, throat and lungs, and la grippe, bronchitis or pneumonia may result. Watch carefully, particularly the children, and for the racking, stubborn cough give Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It soothes the inflamed membranes, and heals the cough quickly. Take no substitute.—Chas. I. Clough Co.

An Epidemic of Coughing
Is sweeping over the town. Old and young alike are affected, and the strain is particularly hard on little children and on elderly people. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is a quick, safe and reliable cure for all coughs and colds. Contains no opiates.—Chas. I. Clough Co.

Wanted for Cash, Cheap Farm Land in Tillamook County.
We have a customer who will buy for spot cash a cheap farm in Tillamook County. Answer at once. Ralph Ackley Land Co., 170 Fifth St., Portland, Ore.

Dairy Farm Wanted.
Wanted by an experienced dairy man, a dairy farm to rent, with 10 to 30 cows. Apply to this office.



HARPER WHISKY
Grandpa has travelled and he knows that the one whiskey which you find everywhere is HARPER Supply yourself with this World Famous whiskey from JOHNSON & McLAUGHLIN

Are You Giving Your Live Stock a Fair Deal?

You like a little salt and pepper—a little mustard—a little lemon extract—a little this and that to flavor your grub. Your cow, your steer, your hog under natural conditions would have a chance to get a bite of this, a bite of that and a bite of the other thing and so get a variety in its feed. But under the unnatural condition in which you keep them, they get every day about the same sort of stuff to eat. As a natural consequence they get "off their feed." Even if they do not, their digestive organs need the tonic effect which comes from a variety of feeding stuffs.

Watkins' Stock Tonic
Is a scientific preparation which not only improves the flavor of the feed you feed, but also supplies that tonic element so needed to make your live stock do their best.

There is no longer any doubt about the need of a tonic for the modern domestic animal kept under artificial conditions. You must give them something to help them digest their feed and get the greatest good from it. Watkins' Stock Tonic supplies this need. It makes the animal relish its feed more; it aids in the digestion and assimilation of the feed, and in addition to that, it has a tonic effect upon the whole system.

Your animals need a tonic of this kind. Watkins' Stock Tonic is not a secret preparation. We tell you the actual ingredients that are used in it. You know exactly what you are buying, and pound for pound it will go farther and do more good than any other stock tonic or so called stock food ever made.

The Watkins Man will be glad to leave you a pail on trial, backed by the Watkins guarantee. Delivered by Waggon.
R. R. ROBERTS



Be sure you have the correct time. Buy your watch here and you will have the best time always—ever accurate and dependable. Our stock of Gold and Silver Watches for Ladies and Gentlemen includes some of the best time pieces ever made. All kinds of Jewelry of the best grades at the lowest market prices. Jewelry repaired while you wait.

EUGENE JENKINS,
Reliable Jeweler,
Next to the Post Office.
Tillamook Bakery.
OPPOSITE THE ALLEN HOUSE.
Corner Stillwell Ave. and First St. West, and both Phones.
SPECIALTY IN ALL KIND OF CAKES
ALL KIND OF PASTRIES

R. A. WAHLEN, D.O.
Eye Sight Specialist.
Prices for Hogs.
Light hogs 150 lbs., 85c.
150 lbs. to 200 lbs., 80c.
200 lbs. to 250 lbs., 75c.
300 lbs. and over, 70c.
Tillamook Meat Company.

WORKED THE DIPLOMAT.

The Part a Chinese Minister Played as a Press Agent.
When Wu Ting Fang was minister from China at Washington he was the most curious man in the diplomatic corps. He would go any place to see anything. There was a rundown suburban resort near the capital in hard luck. Everybody would go of evenings to a rival resort on the same trolley line a mile or two beyond it. The resort hired a publicity agent and told him to drum up trade. The press genius got a private car and invited Mr. Wu and his family and suit to spend an evening at the resort, which was painted in marvelous colors. Wu accepted and took the whole legation out, and they were entertained at dinner. While the Chinese guests were dining the publicity man put a leather lunged barker, with a megaphone, on the platform, and when the trolley cars, loaded to the guards with people for the rival place stopped, the barker bawled out:
"Come in and see Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister, and his suit! They are in oriental costumes. They are eating with chopsticks."
The people piled off the cars, and that night Mr. Wu was the center of the biggest crowd in the history of the resort. The scheme turned the tide for the rundown resort, and it has been prosperous ever since. But Mr. Wu went back to China without ever discovering the part he had played as a press agent.—New York World.

IRISH FOX HUNTERS.

Their Horses Are Said to Be Wonders For Endurance.
"Fox hunting has thrived for centuries in Ireland," said a Belfast man. "It is the great sport among those who can afford it, and it hardly becomes a gentleman in our country not to have ridden to the hounds and been in at the death at some time."
"To follow the dogs on their hunt for the wily reynard is not child's play. It brings into play the most consummate skill as a rider, for one has to be able to stick to his horse through all kinds of going. Some of the fences are high, the jump being much more severe than those in the hunts in this country, but our horses are up to it. There is no finer horse in the world than the Irish hunter. In fact, men who incline to the thoroughbred and the standard bred horse give us credit for having produced a wonderful equine. He can run and jump and pack a great load, and his endurance is beyond that of any other breed."
"The supply of foxes seems to hold out all right. There are plenty of them in Ireland. Among the peasants there is a superstition that the fox knows his end and rather enjoys it, for he likes to be hunted and to double on his tracks and watch his pursuers go by."
—Detroit Free Press.

John Felt Secure.

There was a knock on the door in the midst of the packing, and the little globe trotter opened it to behold John Chinaman with her laundry bundle. "I'll not need you again, John. I'm going away to China," was the smiling explanation. "Me go back some day, too," he replied. "Got wife an' 'll' boy in Canton. No, see now it year." The Manhattan girl who was to accompany the little globe trotter on the oriental tour became interested at this juncture. "Aren't you afraid your wife will run off with some other Chinese while you are away, John?" she asked. Without so much as vouchsafing a glance at his inquisitor he picked up his bundle and when he reached the door retorted, "My wife she no Melican woman; she Chinese lady."

The Minister's Usefulness.

Among the members of a fashionable country club of Washington are a doctor and a minister, who delight in the exchange of repartee touching their respective professions. As they met one day the minister observed that he was "going to read to old Cunningham," adding (as he was aware that the old man was a patient of his friend the doctor), "Is he much worse?"
With the gravest of expressions the physician replied:
"He needs your help more than mine."
Off his guard, the minister exclaimed anxiously: "Poor fellow! Is it as bad as that?"
"Yes. He is suffering from insomnia."—Lippincott's.

Keeping Track of Ships.

In the course of a year more than a dozen ponderous books are filled at Lloyd's with nothing but the names of ships, their captains and the dates on which they touch and leave port. Every known vessel in the world of more than a hundred tons register has its record in them, and the underwriters can easily turn to the name of any British or foreign ship and tell approximately where she is at the moment.—London Tit-Bits.

Considerate.

"You seem cross, Philisey."
"So I am. A fellow called me a born idiot today."
"That's nothing to worry about. I think it was very considerate indeed of him to blame it on your ancestors."
—London Express.

All He Did.

"And you actually consented to let your wife run for office?"
"Consented? Certainly not. I acquiesced."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hypocrits, the only evil that walks invisible, except to God alone.—Milton.

THE LOST SPECTACLES.

What Happened When the Old Gentleman Tried to Find Them.
A man from "up state" who was in New York city on business was taken by a nephew whom he was visiting to dine at a Broadway restaurant the evening of his arrival. The next day he said to the younger man:
"Where is that restaurant we dined at last night? I left my gold spectacles there, I'm pretty sure. I've got another pair with me, but I don't want to lose the others."
"I'll stop in and get them for you on my way down town," replied the nephew.

He went to the restaurant, explained the circumstances and received a pair of gold rimmed spectacles that had been left on a table the previous evening. On his return home in the afternoon he handed them to his uncle.

"Where in thunder did you get those?" inquired the elder man. "I was going down Broadway today and recognized the place we dined at—at least I thought I did. Anyway I went in and asked if I left my spectacles last night, and they gave me this pair." He produced another pair of gold rimmed spectacles.

Upon the uncle describing the restaurant whence he had retrieved the glasses the nephew assured him it was several blocks from the one they had patronized the day before. While the two were discussing the situation the postman delivered a package for the uncle. It contained a pair of gold rimmed spectacles, with a note from his wife saying that she had found them on his writing desk at home and was sending them to New York in the event that he might need them.—New York Herald.

MOROCCO CITY.

Magnificent in Its Site and in Its Historic Ruins.
Morocco city, the capital of the southern half of the Moroccan kingdom, is a far more interesting city than Fez. Architecturally its monuments, including the famous Kutubia tower, the counterpart of the Giralda in Seville; the famous mosque of Muley Abdallah and a hundred other ruined or semi-ruined edifices surviving from the days when the city had 700,000 inhabitants and was one of the great capitals of Islam, are the most considerable and magnificent in Morocco. Equally beautiful is the site of this city in the upper valley of the Teneft river, surrounded in a half circle by the great wall of the grand Atlas mountains, whose snowclad peaks are seen beyond a foreground of large farms and fertile fields.
A city far less given over to war, with a population less ferocious, less fanatical than that of Fez or Mekinez, Morocco city has been much more frequently visited by Europeans than its northern rivals. Geographically Morocco city is the real gateway to the Sahara. By the Gawi pass one road climbs over the Atlas mountains to Taflet, and the caravan route continues to Timbuktu. A second road descends to the Draa, crossing the Atlas chain, while a third leads to Tarudant and the Sus country. Close communication with the south has left its mark upon the people, who are darker and show more patently the infusion of African blood than the Berbers and Arabs of the north.—London Standard.

Queen Ants.

The queen ant has apparently not had justice done to her by naturalists. Dr. W. M. Wheeler's view is that by comparison with the queen bee the queen ant is by far the more admirable creature. In many important respects they are diametrically opposite. The queen bee is, it is pointed out, a degenerate creature, unable to nourish either herself or her young, to visit flowers, to build combs or to store them with honey. With the queen ant quite the reverse is the case. She is held to be a perfect exemplar and embodiment of her species, and the worker ants suffer from incomplete and retarded development. The queen ant is a very industrious and intelligent worker. She forms an exceedingly interesting subject for study.—London Globe.

Odd Signs.

Placard at a moving picture show: "Young children must have parents."
In a barber's shop window: "During alterations patrons will be shaved in the back."
In a tailor's shop: "We dye for others. Why not let us dye for you?"
In a clothing store: "These pants will look better on your legs than on our hands."
A silversmith has a place next door to a restaurant. The former having put up a placard, "Jewelry of all kinds plated," the restaurant keeper followed with this: "Oysters and little neck clams plated."—Boston Transcript.

Dodging the Dun.

"Why did you come way downtown to buy this when you could have bought it from your neighbor?"
"I've exhausted my credit with him, and if I went in there and paid cash for something he'd think I have money and start to dun me."
—Detroit Free Press.

Just to Cheer.

Young Hub—There's no need of further parley. The next war that comes along finds me joining— Young Wife—Oh, George, don't! Young Hub—In the cheers of victory.—London Tit-Bits.

People who never have any time are the people who do the most.—Lichtenberg.

CAUGHT A TARTAR.

Retort of a Witness That Broke Up a Cross Examination.

"The purpose of a cross examination in a law case," said a judge, "is to try to break down the testimony of a witness, but sometimes even the smartest lawyer catches a tartar and instead of breaking down the witness he himself is all broken up. I will never forget an answer made to me by a Hebrew witness who was the complainant in a burglary case in a county court. He charged the young gentleman whom I was defending with breaking open the door of his apartment above his tailor shop. On direct examination he testified that the alleged burglar had broken the chain on the inside of the door. I started in to cross examine with that ease of manner which characterizes every lawyer who has a good point up his sleeve. In my sweetest tones I asked:
"Now, my dear sir, you say this boy broke in your door?"
"Yes, sir."
"And you say he broke the chain that was fastened on the inside?"
"Yes, sir."
"Now will you tell me how any man on the outside of a door could possibly unfasten a chain that was on the inside?"
"Quick as a flash he blurted out: 'How should I know? Vy don't you ask him? Dat's his business. I'm a tailor. He's a thief!'"

WANTED AN EXCHANGE.

A Curious Adventure in Which the Czar Nicholas Figured.
The Czar Nicholas was very fond of masquerade balls and one night appeared at one in the character of his Satanic majesty, with grinning face, horns and tail, and seemed to enjoy the character very much.
About 3 o'clock in the morning he went out and, throwing over him some furs, called a cab and ordered the coachman to take him to the Quai Anglais. Being very tired, he fell asleep. When he awoke he found the coachman had taken the wrong direction, for the Quai Anglais was in the most fashionable part of the city, while around him were only miserable hovels.
Nicholas began to remonstrate, but the driver paying no heed to him, drove through a stone archway into a cemetery. Then, taking a long knife from his girdle, he opened the door of the cab and said:
"Give me your money and your furs or I will kill you."
"And do you give me your soul?" cried Nicholas as he threw on his furs and disclosed his personification of the evil one.
Overcome with terror, the coachman fell senseless on the ground, while the emperor himself drove the cab back to town and afterward used more care in the selection of a coachman.

An Easy Medical Degree.

Time was when medical degrees were obtained at St. Andrews without all the difficulties of today, and the story is told concerning a learned professor of old, who had advised a particular student whom he had never seen in the flesh and of whose work he knew but little, to call upon him at his house so that he might be examined for his degree. The morning was a brilliant one, and the learned gentleman found it impossible to resist the attractions of the links. Before setting out, however, he had left a message with one of the maidservants, and a conversation like the following ensued on the arrival of the student at the appointed time: "Are you the gentleman who was to call this morning about a degree?" asked the girl on opening the door. "I am," was the reply. "Well," said the maid, "I was to tell you that it was all right. You have passed!"—Scotsman.

Not Just What He Said.

A well known parson, preaching to a crowded congregation at a church where in his younger days he had been curate, alluded to the many changes that had taken place. He contrasted the attendance with that of days gone by and remarked, "At one time in this church there was not a saint—er—person in the gallery."
Next day, in a report of the service which appeared in one of the local newspapers, the minister was reported to have said, "At one time in this church there was not a sober person in the gallery."—Exchange.

Seizing His Opportunity.

Wife—Mrs. Bowen's house is strictly up to date, with electric appliances throughout. All she has to do is to touch a button and almost any desired result is accomplished. Husband—Well, you would never be able to get results in that way, my dear Wife. Why not? Husband—Because you seem to have a horror of touching buttons. Just look at my clothes.

Born Lucky.
"Some men just can't help being lucky?"
"Why—what's happened now?"
"Nothing but this: Earthquake swallowed the meanest man in town, and when they found him he was alive and well and stakin' off a gold mine!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

Answered the Doctor.

A physician, finding a lady reading "Twelfth Night," said, "When Shakespeare wrote about patience on a monument did he mean doctors' patients?"
"No," replied the lady; "you don't find them on monuments, but under them."
—London Telegraph.