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T. I. Packs, Murrayville, Ga. Route 1, is in his 73rd year, and was recently cured of a bad kidney and bladder trouble. He says himself: 'I have suffered with my kidneys. My back ached and I was annoyed with bladder irregularities. I can truthfully say, one 50c bottle of Foley's Kidney Pills cured me entirely.' They contain no habit forming drugs. For sale at Lamar's Drug Store.

BRITAIN'S CABINET It Really Has No Legal Warrant For Its Existence.

YET IT RULES THE NATION.

This Most Powerful and Important Committee in the World is Without a Staff, a Secretary, a Seal or a Minute Book and Has No Fixed Home. Sidney Low, the English writer, calls attention to the fact that the British cabinet has really no standing in law, though it is actually the body which rules England. He makes several interesting statements in describing the situation.

The British cabinet has long been one of the mysteries of that greater mystery, the British constitution. To be quite exact, indeed, it is not correct to call it a part of the British constitution, for strictly speaking it is unknown to the constitution. The cabinet today rules the country, but it has no legal status. It was not until about 1901 that the word "cabinet" appeared on the notice paper or other official document.

A cabinet minister takes the same oath that every privy councillor takes, "to be a true and faithful servant unto the king's majesty as one of his majesty's privy council" and "to keep secret all matters committed and revealed unto you or that shall be treated secretly in council." The entire body of the privy council is supposed to advise the sovereign on affairs of state, but to be made a privy councillor today is practically an empty honor. It is regarded as a high compliment, but if a privy councillor is not a member of the cabinet he hears no secrets and performs no official functions.

All the executive and political functions of privy councillors have passed into the hands of those of them who form the cabinet, which is really a secret committee of the king's servants who in practice collectively rule the country so long as they remain in office.

"But," as Sidney Low writes in an article in the London Daily Mail, "no act of parliament ever gave them these powers, which could not be asserted or defended in any court of law. They are due to prescription, accident and custom. Technically the cabinet as a cabinet can do nothing. It cannot even write a letter or issue a signed order. It has not indeed the means of doing so, for it does not keep a clerk or a typewriter; it has no office, nor has it any money wherewith to buy a sheet of note paper. The most powerful and important committee in the world is without a staff, a secretary, a seal, a minute book or a fixed location.

"When a cabinet council sits it has no agenda before it, nor has it any record of what was done at its last meeting. No one keeps the minutes, and it is still deemed a little contrary to etiquette for any minister to take a note of the proceedings or indeed to write anything at the meetings at all.

"In fact, the cabinet council is still treated as if it were nothing more than a casual private consultation between a few of the privy councillors. It bears the traces of its ancestry, for it was born over the dinner table.

"It originated in the reign of Queen Anne in those famous Saturday dinners at which a select group of the privy council assembled to discuss the affairs of their party without the presence of the queen and of colleagues whose presence was not desired. The cabinet has always kept to the tradition. It is a secret committee of government and a secret committee of the dominant party in parliament, and where the one function begins and the other ends no one can ever say. "All its members are collectively responsible for the acts of one of them, but there are no means of knowing what the decisions of the cabinet are at any moment till they are embodied in action, or how many of the ministers may dissent from the opinion of the majority, or whether indeed it is the majority or a minority that really directs the policy."

The promotion of Sir Rufus Isaacs, the attorney general, to the cabinet was a double novelty. Not only was there no precedent for an attorney general being a member of the cabinet, but never before had the official announcement of the conferment of cabinet rank mentioned, as it did in the case of Sir Rufus Isaacs, the words "his majesty's cabinet." This appointment therefore marked a further development in the acquisition of a corporate existence by the cabinet.—New York Sun.

Sleighbells—How Made. It is a mystery to many how the iron bells inside of sleighbells get there. In making sleighbells the iron ball is put inside a sand core just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mold is made exactly the shape of the outside of the bell. The sand core, with the flinglet inside, is placed in the mold of the outside, and the molten metal is poured in, which fills the space between the core and mold.

The Proposal. Bertie—Edith, will you be my wife? Edith—Oh, Bertie, it all depends on the weather.

Care in nowise to make more of money, but care to make much of it.—John Ruskin.

THE FLAG AFLOAT.

Intricate Etiquette of the Stars and Stripes in the Navy.

The etiquette of the stars and stripes aboard United States naval ships is almost hopelessly intricate to outsiders, writes Katherine E. Thomas in Joe Chapple's News-Letter. Rigid ruling of life aboard ship requires every officer or man on reaching or leaving the quarter deck formally to salute the national ensign, which salute must be as formally returned by the officers of the watch at hand.

All officers and men, however, must stand at attention whenever the "Star Spangled Banner" is played unless engaged at the time in some duty that absolutely prohibits their doing so. This respect must be paid to the national flag of any country when an official representative of that country is aboard ship. Nor does the courtesy cease at this, for at morning and evening colors all pulling boats when passing near a foreign man of war must lie on their oars, and the coxswain salutes, standing to face the colors in his salute, and steamers must stop their engines.

When a foreign ship of war enters a harbor or passes a fortification it is customary to hoist at the main the flag of the country whose waters it visits and to salute it, and the nearest fort or battery returns the salute. When a foreign warship is in United States waters and fires such a salute it is returned exclusively by the nearest battery, the United States ships remaining silent.

Under no circumstances is a salute permitted from a United States vessel in honor of any nation or any official of a nation not formally recognized by the government of the United States, and no ship of the navy is permitted to lower her sails or dip her ensign unless to return a courtesy. On the other hand, when passing or being passed by a foreign ship of war at close range all officers and men on deck are required to salute the foreign flags and the sentries to present arms.

BURNS IN THE RAIN.

Proper Way to Build a Campfire in Stormy Weather.

There are several ways of building a campfire that an ordinary rain will not put out. This is one: Lay two sticks on the ground parallel with each other and from two to four times as far apart as the diameters of the sticks. Across these two lay two more, as if you were starting a cob house. If necessary drive stakes into the ground to keep the sticks in place.

For the next story of the cob house use only one stick and place that on the side on which you are to be when the fire is burning. These five sticks may be green. Dry wood makes a better fire, but it needs rebuilding sooner.

Roof over the cob house with any kind of dry wood. The harder the rain the more there will have to be if this roof is to shed the water. Each stick of the roof should rest on the back log and on the last—the fifth—stick of the cob house and be kept in place by the side sticks.

Fill the inside of the house with kindlings and set fire to them. The roof will burn on the under side, where the heat of the fire keeps it dry. As each stick burns through it falls into the fire that fills the interior of the cob house. The camper watches the fire and cooks through the opening between the fore stick and the top stick that supports the roof. He also feeds brands and small kindlings through this opening, but puts the large sticks on the roof.

It is surprising to see in how hard a rain this kind of fire will burn.—Youth's Companion.

The Flag Halyards.

"Many a slender flagpole has been ruined," said a rigger, "by drawing the halyards down too snugly when making them fast after hauling down the flag. If this is done in dry weather and it comes on wet the shrinking of the halyards thus drawn taut to start with may be enough to bend the pole, and if it should be left in that way long enough the pole would be permanently bent. Flag halyards when no flag is flying should be made fast with a little slack."

An Earl and His Limit.

"The late Lord Dufferin," says W. H. Rideing in "Many Celebrities," "came in to luncheon very late one day, and after he had apologized to the hostess he whispered to me that he had been detained by the late Earl of Kimberley. 'A wonderful man—a fascinating man! It is amazing how much he knows. He knows everything—everything—all the corners of the earth and all the men in it. Except—a pause—except when to stop.'"

The Difference.

"Pop." "Yes, my son." "When a man talks a great deal what is he called?" "An orator, my boy." "And when a woman talks a good deal what is she called?" "A nuisance!"—Yonkers Statesman

No Wasted Effort.

"Tommy, did you wash your hands this morning?" "I washed one of them, mother. The other didn't need it."—Life.

Pa's Answer.

Geraldine—What did pa say when you asked him for my hand? Geraldine—He gave me a delightful travel talk.—Judge.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—Shakespeare.

ALMOST SHIPWRECKED.

Trying Ordeal For the Sailor Who Wanted to Be a Master.

Joseph Conrad, who was a sailor before he turned author, has told of the examination that he underwent for his master's certificate. The examiner began by trying to make him talk nonsense.

"But I had been warned of that devilish trait and contradicted him with great assurance. After while he left off. So far good. Placing me then in a ship of a certain size at sea under certain conditions of weather, season, and so forth, he ordered me to execute a certain maneuver. Before I was half through with it he did some material damage to the ship. As soon as I had grappled with that difficulty he caused another to present itself, and when that, too, was met he stuck another ship before me, creating a very dangerous situation. I felt slightly outraged by this ingenuity in piling trouble upon a man.

"I wouldn't have got into that mess," I suggested mildly. "I could have seen that ship."

"No, you couldn't. The weather's thick."

"Oh! I apologized blankly. "The examiner did not stop there. Difficulty followed difficulty in the imaginary homeward voyage until when just off a lee shore with outlying sand banks the examinee said desperately, 'I shall have to think a little, sir.'

"Doesn't look as if there were much time to think," was the sardonic reply. "No, sir," the examinee responded, "not on board a ship; but, then, I could see. As it is, so many accidents have happened that I really can't remember what there's left for me to work with. Have I two anchors at the bow, sir?"

"Yes. But there's only one cable. You've lost the other."

"Then I would back them if I could and tail the heaviest hawser on board on the end of the chain before letting go, and if she parted from that, which is quite likely, I would just do nothing."

"Nothing more to do, eh?" "No, sir. I could do no more."

"You could always say your prayers."

But the exhausted captain of this vessel in multimod distress was not shipwrecked after all. He passed with credit.

An Art Critic.

An actor who is known as Lew is of German descent, and his father speaks broken English. Lew says the old gentleman went to a big art gallery recently and came home greatly enthused. "Saw a fine painting, Louis," he said. "You did?" "Yes, it was a fine one—hundreds of people looking at it. It must have been worth a hundred dollars, sure."

"What was its name?" asked Lew.

"Dot I can tell you not, but it was a fine picture."

"Describe it to me."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "there was three fellers. Von was playing the five, von was playing the drum, and der other had a headache."—New York Telegraph.

He Was Sarcastic.

Dubbleigh's car lay flat on its side and deep in the mud in the freshly plowed field, having skidded off the road, through the low stone wall, to get there. "Ah!" cried a passerby from the roadside. "Had an accident?"

Dubbleigh tried to hold his tongue, but the strain was too much for him. "No, of course not," he replied coldly. "I've just bought a new car and brought my old one out here to bury it. Got a pickax and a shovel in your pocket you could lend me? I can't seem to dig very deep with my motor horn."—Harper's Weekly.

How Apes and Monkeys Differ.

What are the differences between apes, baboons and monkeys? Apes are such as are destitute of tails; baboons have muscular bodies, elongated muzzles, and their tails are usually short; monkeys are those whose tails are in general long, some of them, the sapagos, having prehensile tails, which can at pleasure be twisted around any object, and thereby, in many instances, answer the purpose of an additional hand.—"Reason Why."

A Quaker Oath.

Two small boys in a family of Friends, writes a contributor, had a disagreement, during which the elder boy became very much incensed. Finally, no longer able to control himself, he took his brother by the shoulder and shook him, with the exclamation, "Oh, thee little you, thee!" Then as the enormity of his offense came over him he said, in a changed voice, "Don't tell mother I swore."—Youth's Companion.

Ingratiating.

"This is the fifth time you have been brought before me," said the judge severely. "Yes, your honor," smiled the offender. "When I like a feller I like to give him all my business. You see?" "Sixty days," roared the judge.—Harper's Weekly.

Fame.

Fame is the inheritance not of the dead, but of the living. It is we who look back with lofty pride to the great names of antiquity, who drink of that flood of glory as of a river and refresh our wings in it for future flight.—Hazlitt.

But for some trouble and sorrow we should never know half the good there is about us.—Dickens.

A VISION IN THE NIGHT.

The Man That Was Posed on the Edge of the Precipice.

Through the hilly country of the Basques Harry A. Frauck made his way on foot with few adventures, and with many interesting experiences, the close of one day, he tells us in "Four Months Afoot In Spain," he began to clamber upward into the mountains that rose high in the darkening sky ahead. The night grew black, for the heavens were overcast, but he was not confused by any artificial lights, may still see moderately well.

It was two hours, perhaps after midnight, and the road, its edge a sheer precipice above unfathomable depths, was winding ever higher round the shoulder of a mammoth peak when suddenly I saw a man, a denser blackness against the sea of obscurity standing stock still on the utmost edge of the highway.

"Buenas tardes!" I greeted him in a low voice, almost afraid that a heavy tone would send him toppling backward to his death.

He neither answered nor moved, I stepped closer.

"You have rather a dangerous position, verdad, senor?"

Still he stared motionless at me through the darkness. I moved quietly forward and, thrusting out a hand, touched him on the sleeve. It was hard, as if frozen. For an instant I recoiled, then with a sudden instinctive movement passed a hand quickly and lightly over his face. Was I dreaming? That, too, was hard and cold. I sprang back and, rummaging hastily through my pockets, found one broken match. The wind was rushing up from the bottomless gulf below. I struck a light, holding it in the hollow of my hand, and in the instant before it was blown out I caught a few words of an inscription on a pedestal:

Erected to the Memory of the Men—Thrown over this precipice—Bandits—Night of— But before I had made out date or name I was in darkness again.

Bragged a Bit Himself.

It Was About a Wonderful New Machine He Had Seen.

"While I was running a bolt cutter at the Rock Island shops in Chicago," writes a contributor to Railway and Locomotive Engineering, "I boarded at a house much frequented by locomotive engineers and firemen. These men talked a great deal about their tremendous feats in getting over certain hills without the help of a second locomotive.

"My opposite neighbor at table, a young fellow who ran a lathe in the shop, grew tired of this monotonous bragging; he thought he was entitled to do a little talking himself. One evening he called out to me:

"Well, I went over and saw that new machine today, and it's astonishing the fine work it does."

"How does it work?" I inquired.

"Well," said James, "by means of a pedal attachment a fulcrum lever converts the vertical reciprocating motion into a circular movement. The principal part of the machine is a huge disk that revolves in a vertical plane. Power is applied through the axis of the disk, and when the speed of the driving arbor is moderate the periphery of the apparatus is traveling at a high velocity. Work is done as this periphery. Pieces of the hardest steel are by mere impact reduced to any shape the skilful operator desires."

"What in the name of sense is that machine, anyway?" demanded Tom Briggs.

"Oh, it's a new grindstone," replied James, and a silence that could be cut with a butter knife fell upon the crowd."

It Was Alive.

There are in the Book Monthly some "Memories of Mark Twain," chiefly in London, by his cousin, Katherine Clemens. One of the stories told is connected with a visit the humorist paid to Mme. Tussaud's. While in the famous show he stood a long while in contemplation of an especially clever piece of waxwork. He felt a sudden stab of pain in his side and, turning quickly, found himself face to face with a dumfounded British matron, with her parasol still pointed toward him. "Oh, Lor', it's alive!" she exclaimed and beat a hasty retreat.

A Long Way Back.

The earliest authentic date that has been handed down to us was inscribed on the foundation stone of the temple to the sun god at Sippara by Naram-Sin, son of Sargon. This stone was exhibited by Nabonidus, who reigned over Babylon about 554 B. C., and it is asserted that Naram-Sin ruled 3,200 years previously. From these dates we learn that the chronology of Babylon began with the reign of Sargon I, king of Agade, 3500 B. C.

A Good Answer.

A shopkeeper had for his virtues obtained the name of "the little rascal." A stranger asked him why the appellation had been given to him. "To distinguish me from the rest of my trade," quoth he, "who are all great rascals."—London Mail.

Sure on One Point.

"Out late last night? What time did the clock say when you got in?" "I don't remember what the clock said, but I will never forget what my wife said!"

Woman's Unhappy Lot.

A woman's lot is not a happy one. If she hasn't anything serious to worry about she begins to get fat.—Chicago Record-Herald.