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"WAVERLY"

Motor Oils for Automobiles, Trucks and Tractor Lubrication.

"Waverly" Oils are not blends or mixtures or inferior crudes but "Waverly" Oils are guaranteed to be refined from 100 per cent pure Pennsylvania Crude. Learn the difference such an Oil can make in your motor. We can supply you with a pint or a barrel.

STANDARD SERVICE STATION.

Tillamook, Oregon.

AUCTION SALE OF DAIRY COWS.

Having bought the entire dairy herd of Mr. Donnelly, at Tillamook, Oregon, I will sell the same at public auction

at the Fair Grounds, Tillamook, Oregon, Wednesday, April 7th,

as follows:

- 19 Gude Jersey Cows, fresh and springing.
 - 2 Durlam Cows.
 - 3 Durlam Cows, fresh and springing.
 - 3 Holstein Cows, springing.
 - 1 Holstein Heifer, springing.
- The average yield of the herd is five and one fourth gallon a day.
- Also 2 Durham Bulls, 2 and 3 year old;
 - 1 registered Jersey Bull, 2 year old;
 - 1 Jersey Bull, 1 year old.
- Sale will start at 10 A.M. Mr. Wilson, of McMinnville, auctioneer.

A. A. YAGER and F. L. BRADEN.

A WADE does 10 men's work Saws 25 cords a day!

A honey-maker and hand work saver for land clearers and wood-cutting contractors. One man can move it from cut to cut. Simple and reliable. Hundreds in use all over the U. S. When not in use for wood cutting, the 4 H. P. motor will run mill, feed mills, feed cutters, pumps, etc.

Quick deliveries from over 100 points throughout the United States.

Used and specified by the U. S. Government.

Sold by Standard Feed Co., Tillamook, Agent.

Subscribe for the Tillamook Headlight, the leading County Newspaper \$2.00 per year,

Tillamook Headlight, Weekly Oregonian, Oregon Farmer, **\$2.75**

YPRES A BIG SOUVENIR SHOP

Virtually the City's Sole Industry Now is the Getting of Money From Tourists.

The future of Ypres is still uncertain. No one knows at present to what extent the town will be rebuilt as it was. All that is certain is that the former population of some 18,000 souls are now for the most part at Paris-Plage and Blankenberghe and that most of them are anxious to return "home."

There are more than a thousand people living in Ypres today, but these are mainly adventurers from Brussels and elsewhere, who have been attracted by the chance of making money out of visitors, says the London Times. A new Ypres is rising among the ruins of the old, but it is a wooden Ypres, a character altogether repulsive to all who realize that a quarter of a million lives were given to defend the salient which takes its name from the town.

The new Ypres is a place of cafes and restaurants, of mobs of picture postcard hawkers, of pleasure wagons and omnibuses, of souvenir hunters and noise. There is a so-called "British tavern" in the grand palace itself, and the road to the Menin gate is lined with places of refreshment. In the town and its vicinity there are 133 cafes and restaurants, and everywhere among the tumbled heaps of brick and plaster, stone and girders men are eagerly hammering and building to increase the number.

The Belgian government has shown itself very willing to consider all reasonable proposals in the way of conserving the ruins and of erecting memorials. It has declared that the remains of the Cloth hall, cathedral and adjacent buildings will be left as they are. It has allotted to the Canadians certain sites by the Menin gate. It has promised a site for the erection of an English church. There has been talk of preserving the whole of the remains of the town as a memorial.

GREAT IS FROSTY MORNING

Health-Giving Air Seems to Bring New Life and Hope to Souls of Men and Women.

After gloomy days, the frosty morning comes as a benediction. It seems to put new life and new hope and new aspirations into the souls of men and women, remarks the Columbus Dispatch.

Not long ago there was a nasty week. Clouds and moisture—and depression. The sun was all but forgotten, for it showed itself at all, it was with a sickly feeble glow. The muscles became flabby from the warm temperature; dispositions took on the nature of the weather. There was no elasticity in the step, no mirth in the voice, a slow, dull, listless tiredness took hold of people. And then came the frosty morning. One did not have to have eyes to know that the sun was shining, nor ears to hear the music of attuned Nature.

A hundred years were saved right here in the city in the quickened pace of the people. A thousand horsepower was added to the strength of the laborers. The good resolutions that were made would fill a library—and the inspirations that came to those who breathed deeply of the frost-laden air will keep the world a-going for another season. Great are the blessings of God scattering frost from every crystal; divine music borne upon the wings of the health-giving air.

Airplane Saves Taxpayers' Money.

The practice of conveying prisoners to jail by airplane was begun in San Francisco recently when Ivan Gates, police aviator of the San Francisco department, flew across the bay to Alameda and returned with James M. Kelley, who had been sentenced to six months in jail. Kelley, who was brought across with no handcuffs on, says he enjoyed the trip across the bay, though it was rather short—less than five minutes. The airplane went up 5,000 feet. Chief of Police White says: "Think what a saving it will be if we can send a plane to Reno or Los Angeles for a man and have him back in a few hours. Now there must be a long, expensive trip by train, with a stop over night at a hotel."

To Make Potato Flour.

Arrangements have been made in Great Britain for the establishment of mills for the production of potato flour, which it is hoped will be on a large scale. Although this industry has been established on the continent for several years it is a new one in Great Britain. The British ministry of foods has for some time been conducting experiments in potato flour, as there has been an overproduction of potatoes, and the flour will provide a means for the consumption of the over-supply.

Postgraduate Course.

A misadventurist in the home of the poet Wordsworth, told a caller who asked to see her master's study, that he studied in the fields. No one can read Wordsworth's poems without realizing that however much he owed to books, he owed more to nature. No matter how many diplomas you may take, your education will not be complete till you have taken a postgraduate course in the open.—Girls' Companion.

Lucre Absent. Artist (to patron)—"Yes, sir, I am wedded to my art." Patron—"Well, you certainly didn't marry for money."—London Mail.

USED THE CONVINCING WORD

Story of Traveler and the Cab Horse Used as Object Lesson in Good Salesmanship.

"So you let him get away, eh?" said the proprietor with mingled bitterness and philosophy. "And you had him right to the point. Your sales talk was good, right up to the last minute, when you omitted the convincing word."

"Looks that way."

"Sure does. You remind me forcibly of the case of a colored hack driver down south. One day he and his dilapidated cab and moth-eaten horse were all asleep by the curb. It was noon. Ten minutes till time for the train and the station was a mile away. A fat traveling man of middle age came sweating along totting two heavy grips and hastening toward the station. Seeing the cab idle, he called to the driver:

"Hey, boy, can you get me to that train in ten minutes?"

"'Dunno, boss; dis hyer hoss he putty totable ole. He was in de ahmy, boss."

"Was he in the war? I was in the cavalry myself. Get into that cab and I'll get that horse there in time."

"The driver got inside and the traveling man mounted the driver's seat. As he did so he yelled 'tenton!' The old horse struck his head up for the first time in twenty years—tall ditto. 'Charge!' yelled the fare sharply. He charged. Away he went, striking fire from the bowlders. The outfit reached the station just as the train did. 'Halt!' yelled the fare and leaped from the seat as the horse came to a skidding stop. Tossing \$1 to the astonished occupant of the cab, the traveler ran to his train.

"That negro driver was the most astonished man in twelve states. He had seen a miracle occur right under his nose."

DISCARD ALL SPOILED FOOD

Death Lurks in Even a Taste of Canned Stuff That Contains Putrefactive Germs.

It is an extraordinary fact that there are still many persons in this country who undertake to salvage canned food, which they know to be spoiled, by making it into salads and such dishes.

The Journal of the American Medical Association publishes a long report by Drs. Charles Thorn, Ruth E. Edmondson and L. S. Giltner of the microbiological laboratory, United States department of agriculture, Washington, on several recent deaths due to eating canned asparagus that had spoiled. And it adds an editorial saying that "botulism," as the fatal disease is called, is "disturbingly frequent in the United States (apparently no case has ever occurred in Great Britain)."

The canned vegetables to blame are almost always those put up at home, and have generally been treated without boiling, although boiling does not always kill the putrefactive germs that cause the trouble.

When canned foods spoil they are not even to be tasted, for a minute quantity is sufficient to cause death. Nor should domestic animals be permitted to eat them. There would seem to be no occasion for any one to meet this quick but terrible death, for spoiled canned vegetables always smell nasty, and the vile odor ought to be warning enough for anybody.

Inventor of Corliss Engine.

George Henry Corliss, inventor of the Corliss engine, was born in Easton, N. Y., 102 years ago. His first device was a machine for sewing boots and shoes. After several other minor inventions had been completed by him, he settled in Providence, R. I., in 1844 and became head of a firm engaged in the manufacture of steam engines. Here his talent began to show full scope, and in 1848 he completed the original form of what has since become famous the world over as the Corliss engine. By the invention Corliss revolutionized the use of stationary engines throughout the world, and conferred a great and lasting boon upon industry. Corliss, who became immensely wealthy, died in Providence in 1888.

Gordon Wasn't Worried.

Mother asked Gordon to keep the baby quiet while she hurried to the grocery. Soon after she left the baby began to cry and Gordon gave her his watch to play with. When mother returned she was horrified to see baby putting the watch in her mouth.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, as she seized the watch. "Why did you give it to baby; she might have swallowed it."

"I was holdin' the chain," explained Gordon, "so it couldn't go far. But even if she did swallow it I wouldn't care very much, 'cause pa has promised me a better one."

Italian Territory in Africa.

Italian Libya now comprises the two provinces of Tripolitania and Cirenaica, and lies along the north coast of Africa between Tunis (French) on the west and Egypt on the east, in longitude from about 9 to 23 degrees east. The extreme northerly point of Libya is at about the parallel of latitude 33 degrees north; the southernmost point is unknown, as the territory runs south into the uncharted Sahara indefinitely.

Essay on Baseball.

A small boy was told to write an essay about baseball. This is what he handed to his teacher: "Rain—no game."

Notice to Tax Payers.

1919 taxes are now due and payable, and must be paid before April 5th to avoid additional interest. Interest at the rate of 1 per cent per month will be added after that date.

W. L. Campbell, Sheriff.

Even the Kaiser in his seclusion must admire the way the president can conduct diplomatic relations without consulting anybody.

NO SPOCKING IN AIRPLANES

Sheer Impossibility of Sociability While Flying May Constitute Bar to Popularity.

The most fatal thing of all at the present time to the popularity of flying is its unsociability. The pilot may have the profile of a Greek god, but if every time he turns it to speak it is necessary to shut off the engine, and one's heart stops, too, it is difficult to think of a witty response. And mostly he does not turn it. All one has for company is the upper two-thirds of the back of a leather helmet. As a match-making proposition the airplane is a failure. And as for descending to some flowery meadow and there saying all the things he has been thinking up while in the air, I can only say personally that after two hours of flying, I was stone deaf, and I wouldn't have known whether he was telling me he adored me or was asking me if I wanted a drink of water.

I was quite deaf for some time. We landed at an army aviation field before a lot of ground mechanics and flyers, and if I expected that the removal of my goggles and discovery of my sex was going to make any sensation I was disappointed. D'you think they ran up and shook me by the hand and observed that I was a brave woman?

They did not. A man in overalls came up and I gathered by lip reading and his gestures that we weren't wanted there where we were, and to move on down the field and park somewhere else. No newspaper men, no excitement, no cameras. Was this thing to be lost to the world?—Mary Roberts Rinehart, in Saturday Evening Post.

IS AIRMEN'S PATRON SAINT

Michael, With His Wings and Spear, is Peculiarly Qualified for That High Position.

It was the wing of St. Michael, chief of the archangels and head of the celestial militia, which Jeanne d'Arc heard, they say, whirring about her in the little garden of Domremy when she had her softly spoken but insistent call to arms. And now, as if it were not enough to be the one who called Jeanne d'Arc from Domremy to Rouen, St. Michael is also the patron saint of aviators, because he heads celestial warriors and battles in the air.

In a London church on Spanish place—the church to which King Alfonso went when he was there—there is a new stained window with an airplane mosaicked into its design, and that window is dedicated to St. Michael, patron saint of airmen.

St. George met his dragon on the earth, but St. Michael battled with the devil and his angels in the celestial spaces and threw them out of heaven. With his wings and his spear he was the great prototype of the armored airplane, and it may be that even the inspiring Jeanne d'Arc did not satisfy him and that he has always kept in his mind this time when men should fly and fight as he did.—New York Evening Post.



A BUSE and neglect will give any battery the "K. O." in short order, but it takes care and attention to keep it O. K. Charge must be kept up as near as possible to 1,280 mark—water must be put in to make up for loss by evaporation—connections must be kept tight and clean. If you want to keep your battery in the O. K. class all the time be sure to drive in every two weeks for inspection and test.

Tillamook Battery Station. Willard Service.



VALUABLE HORSE SAVED

Expected Horse Would Die—Now Sleek and Healthy.

In reporting his experience, Mr. J. C. Huste, of Rock Bridge Baths, Va., stated: "My horse is the best advertisement you would want for Dr. LeGear's Stock Powders. He was in a run down fix and poor and I thought he would die soon. I got some of Dr. LeGear's Stock Powders—and today he is as fine a looking horse as you can see in this section. I only used a few boxes of Dr. LeGear's Stock Powders." Mr. Huste benefited by the advice of Dr. LeGear, Graduate Veterinary Surgeon of 27 years' experience. By following the Doctor's treatment, you can keep your stock sleek and healthy. Here's his offer to you. Get a package of Dr. LeGear's Stock Powders from your dealer; feed it to your horses, milk cows, steers, hogs, and sheep as per directions. If after a thorough trial, the results are not satisfactory, just return the empty carton and your money will be cheerfully refunded.—Dr. L. D. LeGear Med. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

JOHNNY NOW IN "TRAINING"

Wife of Absent-Minded Veteran Will See 'Tat' at the Course He is Taking is Thorough.

"Johnny" did not come marching home, at least not to the wife awaiting his return in an Iowa town, after a certain fighting division returned from France. The wife waited and wondered. Comrades of the man returned. To the waiting wife they had little information to offer, except to say that "Johnny" had been wounded in battle, that he had recovered and had come home on a transport.

"If disabled soldiers are given training at the hands of the federal board for vocational training," mused the wife, "and Johnny was wounded, he may ask for training, and—well, I will just write to the board asking them to notify me if 'Johnny' does ask for training."

A letter to the board brought back information that "Johnny" slightly disabled, was about to take a course in training. The wife gathered a few clothes, boarded a train and within a few hours walked in on "Johnny."

Here is the place to insert a few stars, exclamation marks, interrogation points, quotations galore.

There was a reunion. District vocational officers will not talk. They smile, but refuse to answer even the most innocent questions. Their reports do not indicate a sudden withdrawal from training of any veteran admitted. It is understood that the wife is now on the job to see that "Johnny" gets the training he applied for and another sort of training taught only by the affectionate wives of absent-minded husbands.—Exchange.

UNSPOILED TRIBES OF AFRICA

English Traveler Pays High Tribute to Morals and Behavior of Negroes Whom He Met.

Summing up seven years of travel in the interior of Africa, where the natives are "unspoiled by alcohol, European morals, and the love of gain either by fair means or fraud," an Englishman, Mr. E. Torday, speaks very well indeed of the African negro. In two crossings of the Congo Free State he met no tribe that "was not naturally good-tempered, and, in most instances, hospitable and trustful." Customs of course are different in a land where one may know the tribe to which a man belongs by the design that has been painfully embossed on his skin. The traveler tells of tribes where all the women who would be in the fashion paint themselves red from top to toe, and are so fond of the color that if a gift is given them they immediately paint it red also. Cannibals he met, and people who live in houses the door of which looks like a window, and others, remote from the inventions of civilization, who transmit complicated messages over long distances by signals on a wooden gong. Odd human beings, as the rest of us hear of them; but the traveler left them with regret, looking down from his steamer on the crowd gathered when he was leaving the Congo, "among whom there was not one who was not my friend."

"Doke" was his name among the natives, and as he steamed away, there stood his "dear black friends, waving their hands, cloth, branches, and anything that came to hand, and shouting in the native tongue, 'Good-by, Doke; don't forget us.'"

Word Coinage of War.

"Don't be a dud," said the lad, haughtily, half-contemptuously, to a schoolmate upon whom he was urging action to which the other opposed resistance. Thus a word used colloquially as designating shabby clothes or semi-valueless effects acquires a meaning but indirectly traceable to the original. A remarkable number of new words, either applying to new inventions or to be classed as "soldiers' slang," came into being during the war and have been recognized in a 1919 dictionary. Presently philologists will be exploring a search for roots, and certain among them will be fully incorporated into our language, while others will drop out as words of occasion only.

Unkind Remarks.

In haste to catch a street car before the conductor closed the door, a man dropped a two-pound package of sugar in the street. The sack burst; the granulated cane was ruined. He had to wait for the next car and to hear what the vox populi exclaimed over the disaster. Here's some of it: "Just wait until his old woman meets him."

"His crushed oats will taste soggy for three weeks." "Sweeten the corner where you are."

Moral: Carry a basket.

It Was.

"The law ain't nigh as flexible as it ought to be!" grumbled the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "There's a whole lot of cases that it can't begin to cover properly."

"What is one of them, for instance?" asked the guest.

"Why, right here, tomorrow, a life insurance agent is going to be tried for calling an oil stock seller a liar, and I'll be dod-blasted if I see how, according to law, they can both be stuck!"—Kansas City Star.

Notice.

An Arkansas paper announces that the postmaster at Baturia has received a letter with no name or address on it, and he would like the person it is intended for to please call and get it.—Boston Transcript.

If it is MEAT you want try the **SANITARY MARKET.** Yours for Quality and Quantity, We give 5 per cent Discount for Cash.