

(Continued from page two)

Lot 7, Block 1, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$42.96, interest \$6.88, cost of adv 61c

Lot 8, Block 1, W. G. Dwight Estate, owner, Sidewalk lien \$104.63, interest \$22.50, cost of adv. 61c

Lot 1, Block 3, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, (bonded) Sidewalk lien \$105.62, interest \$53.70, cost of adv \$8c

Lot 5, Block 3 W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$97.67, interest \$15.69, cost of adv 61c

Lot 8, Block 3, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien, \$97.67, interest \$15.69, cost of adv 61c

Lot 5, Block 4, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$97.67, interest \$15.69, cost of adv 61c

Lot 8, Block 4, W. G. Dwight Estate, owner, Sidewalk lien \$97.67, interest \$15.69, cost of adv 61c

Lot 1, Block 5, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$140.63, interest \$22.50, cost of adv 61c

Lot 2, Block 5, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$42.96, interest \$6.88, cost of adv 61c

Lot 3, Block 5, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$42.96, interest \$6.88, cost of adv 61c

Lot 4, Block 5, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$140.63, interest \$22.50, cost of adv 61c

Lot 5, Block 5, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$140.63, interest \$22.50, cost of adv 61c

Lot 6, Block 5, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$42.96, interest \$6.88, cost of adv 61c

Lot 7, Block 5, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$42.96, interest \$6.88, cost of adv 61c

Lot 8, Block 5, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$140.63, interest \$22.50, cost of adv 61c

Lot 1, Block 6, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$42.96, interest \$6.88, cost of adv 61c

Lot 2, Block 6, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$42.96, interest \$6.88, cost of adv 61c

Lot 3, Block 6, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$140.63, interest \$22.50, cost of adv 61c

Lot 4, Block 6, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$140.63, interest \$22.50, cost of adv 61c

Lot 5, Block 6, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$140.63, interest \$22.50, cost of adv 61c

Lot 6, Block 6, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$42.96, interest \$6.88, cost of adv 61c

Lot 7, Block 6, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$42.96, interest \$6.88, cost of adv 61c

Lot 8, Block 6, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$140.63, interest \$22.50, cost of adv 61c

Lot 1, Block 7, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$140.63, interest \$22.50, cost of adv 61c

Lot 2, Block 7, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$140.63, interest \$22.50, cost of adv 61c

Lot 3, Block 7, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$42.96, interest \$6.88, cost of adv 61c

Lot 4, Block 7, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$42.96, interest \$6.88, cost of adv 61c

Lot 5, Block 7, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$140.63, interest \$22.50, cost of adv 61c

Lot 6, Block 7, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$42.96, interest \$6.88, cost of adv 61c

Lot 7, Block 7, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$42.96, interest \$6.88, cost of adv 61c

Lot 8, Block 7, W. G. Dwight Estate owner, Sidewalk lien \$140.63, interest \$22.50, cost of adv 61c

Said sale will take place at the front door of the City Hall in Tillamook City, Oregon, being the front door of the building in which the Common Council of said Tillamook City holds its sessions.

The names of the owners, or reputed owners of said property as hereinbefore given, are the names of such owners, or reputed owners, as they appear on the docket of city liens of said Tillamook City, and each of said tracts of land so described will be sold at said sale to satisfy the assessment, interest and costs due upon each tract as described, and each tract will be sold separately.

This sale is made for the purpose of satisfying the delinquent assessments for street improvements duly assessed against said property, together with interest and costs thereon, said assessments having been made by the Common Council of Tillamook City, Oregon, on the 1st day of November, 1915, and said assessments having been thereupon docketed in the docket of city liens of said Tillamook City, and more than 30 days having elapsed since said docketing and said assessments not having been paid in whole or in part, and the Common Council of Tillamook City, Oregon, having, on July 15, 1921, duly ordered a warrant to issue for the collection of said delinquent assessments. Dated this July 28th, 1921.

HENRY WHITE,
Marshal of Tillamook City, Oregon.

Banks will have a Hog and Dairy show beginning on the 6th and lasting over the 7th of October. Attractions aside from the stock show, as advertised in the Herald are a barbecue, sports, automobile races, etc.

Mrs. Bert Exton of Buxton last week attempted suicide by shooting herself with a revolver. She is now in a Hillsboro hospital, and it is believed she will recover. Mrs. Exton had been in bad health for some time prior to her rash attempt, and it is thought the act was a result of her brooding over her health conditions.

The Banks Herald reports hundreds of people in the hills back of Buxton gathering wild blackberries, and states that the crop is ample to supply all comers.

YOU WILL BE GLAD

to know that you can again get that fine **ALBANY LINN BUTTER** at Satisfaction Store. Nothing on your table is more important to have of the best quality than butter. You can get it here.

Now is the time to can Apricots. We have them, also jars, jar tops, rubbers, etc.

Our good pickles, olives, jams, jellies and canned meats will help you with that picnic lunch.

E.G. ANDERSON
"The Satisfaction Store"

THE FATE OF PONTO, WHO FOLLOWED ON

CURIOSITY KILLED A CAT BUT PONTO CAME TO GRIEF ON ACCOUNT OF A SALMON.

When a tourist from the valley comes over to the coast, about the first thing he seems to crave after he gets a sniff of our rejuvenating salt air, is a mess of clams or salmon trout. And if fresh from the super-heated valley towns, he too often finds his B. V. D.'s unsuited to the fresh sea breeze which dumbly seems to call for flannels. But our sea breeze is invigorating, and is decidedly good for what ails most of the valley folks at this season of the year, namely that tired feeling, induced by a too caloric condition of the atmosphere over on the east side of the Coast range. A friend of ours came over to the Tillamook beach recently, and when he got out about twenty miles from Six Corners it was discovered that his dog was following at a mad gallop, red-eyed and tongue lolling. Ponto had been left with some neighbors before the party started coastward, but somehow he broke the "tie that binds" and "carried on" with a grim determination. The camper's wife first spied the water spaniel, and our friend stopped at a turn in the road to give Ponto the surprise of his life, with a hastily cut switch. Soon, Ponto came loping around the bend with a protruding red tongue. A dozen rods away the family heard his "hah hah" lung exhaust, and as the faithful beast stopped and wagged his tail and hoarsely barked a welcome he was not so sure of, his master fell upon him with the rod and with an angry admonition to "beat it home!"

Ponto took the home trail, but not for good. The next day, while the family was on the point of starting out to dig clams at one of the beach resorts, Ponto skulked out of the nearby brush and humbly crawled toward the group, with a sneaking look on his face, and finally through intercession of the children and Mamma, was forgiven.

This was Ponto's first visit to the briny deep, and when he was sure of his social standing he seemed delighted. He sniffed the salt air, and ambled along after a bunch of scallops, but rather feebly, as the 75 mile trip had sapped most of his vitality. But you can't keep a good dog down. Ponto looked long and vaguely at the bounding billows, which seemed to stretch outward without end. He even waded out into the surf, prudently retreating when a big wave came in. He barked joyously at everything and nothing. Like the family to which he owed allegiance, he was having a good time at the beach.

Finally, when the family became engrossed with clam digging, Ponto resolved to do a little hunting on his own account. Down the beach he spied an inanimate object on the sand, and investigated. A big fish lay before him—a salmon—from whose body a seal had bitten out a chunk of pink flesh.

Like the humans with whom he stayed, Ponto liked sea food, and when he smelled the salmon he went wild. Gingerly, at first, he tore off tid bits and finally pleased with the taste he gorged until the salmon no longer cast a shadow on the beach as before. It was all in—inside of Ponto.

Later, when the family had gathered clams enough for a delicious chowder, they missed Ponto and wondered if he had been engulfed by the cruel waves? Had a stray octopus clasped the dear dog with its relentless tentacles? These were the thoughts that occupied the family until they reached camp where to their joy they found Ponto, but

not the blithe spaniel that had capered so friskily upon the beach an hour before. Alas, Ponto was a slobbering, weeping invalid, unsteady on foot and bleary of eye. The owner, who was not much up on diseases of dogs, made a poor diagnosis, and in the meantime Ponto grew steadily worse. He could no longer stand, and soon convulsions set in, and ere the red sun went down behind the crimson flecked western horizon poor Ponto was a cadaver.

Papa looked mighty glum; mamma was in tears and the children sobbed aloud. It was indeed a sad first day at the beach—but Ponto would follow on, contrary to instructions, and here was the end.

It is wonderful how a good dog will get into one's affections. Nor would we make light of the human grief over his demise. The man who dislikes dogs, isn't a very good companion for good humans, and a man who hasn't a little red sporting blood in his makeup is apt to be a crab or a "sissy."

But to return to the defunct Ponto: When the family grief had expended itself and Ponto had been humanly and properly mourned the sad dened family set to work to prepare for the canine's interment. There were no formal services at the chapel—no hired singers—no obsequious funeral director with a white tie and a long frock coat. Papa dug the grave back on the beach, where the sighing pines might constantly sing a dirge, and mamma assisted to wrap the remains in an old rug that was about ready for the discard. Papa sweated some digging the grave with a small kid's shovel, and it wasn't any too deep, but it sufficed to cover the remains from the prying eyes of those vultures of the sea—the gulls—whose demoniac laughter caused embryo chicks to chase up and down the children's spines, as they watched them circling overhead. The burial over, papa took the side of a cracker box and with his pencil, solemnly and laboriously indited the following epitaph:

"Here lies Ponto, who never told a lie. He was a good dog. Never deceived, nor 'beat' anybody. He was honest, and minded his own business, which is more than I can say of several humans I know. May he rest in peace."

When the grave was rounded up, the children plucked some wild flowers in the woods nearby and placed them upon the mound, and the services were over.

The next day the campers moved to another beach, and if dog consciousness persists after death, as some people think, who of us can prove that the spirit of Ponto, in its astral body, did not follow on and affectionately hover over the new camp?

NOT FAVORABLY IMPRESSED

A camper outfit mounted on what seemed to be a brand new Henry Ford, passed up one of Tillamook's main streets one day this week, and stopped while the driver went into a grocery store, presumably to purchase supplies for the family larder. On top of one of the piles of bedding on one side of the auto was lashed a bird cage, and therein, dusty and apparently disgruntled, perched a big green parrot. The parrot seemed casually taking in the sights without the least bit of emotion. A couple of ladies paused for a moment to view the strange visitor. All at once the bedraggled prisoner seemed galvanized into vocal activity, and perching at a point of vantage on the wires, suddenly exclaimed: "Say, Papa, ain't this one hell of a town!" Then it cackled derisively, while it's adopted Mamma and two precocious appearing kids had the bad manners to laugh immoderately.

Frank Davey, ex-Receiver of the U. S. Land office at Burns, but now a resident of Salem, spent a couple of days at the Tillamook hotel the latter part of last week going home Sunday.



Prince Albert's a new note in the joys of rolling 'em!

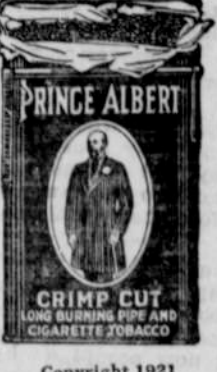
Talking about rolling your own cigarettes, we'll tell you right here that Prince Albert tobacco has 'em all lashed to the mast!

You've got a handful-of-happiness coming your direction when you pal it with P. A. and the makin's papers! For Prince Albert is not only delightful to your taste and pleasing in its refreshing aroma, but our exclusive patented process frees it from bite and parch!

And, for a fact, rolling up Prince Albert is mighty easy! P. A. is crimp cut and stays put and you whisk it into shape before you can count three! And, the next instant you're puffing away to beat the band!

Prince Albert is so good that it has led four men to smoke jimmy pipes where one was smoked before! It's the greatest old buddy-smoke that ever found its way into a pipe or cigarette!

Prince Albert is sold in tippy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors and in the pound crystal glass humidors with sponge moistener top.



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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

FREE PICTURE SHOW

The wonderful seven reel Studebaker film showing in detail the Studebaker plants in actual operation, manufacturing the famous Light Six Studebaker car will be shown at the City Hall Saturday, July 30 at 8 p. m. Absolutely free.

HERE AND THERE

A party of Portland people at the Manzanita Inn, out in a big Valle, Sunday morning at about 1 a. m. enjoying a drive along the beach in the moonlight, when suddenly a sea fog came swiftly inshore, and obliterated Luna and the shore line at the same time, with the result that the driver missed his bearings and brought up in the breakers. The party escaped without more than a thorough wetting, and after calling assistance managed to get the auto out from the raging billows without loss. Spooning in the fog on the beach is a trifle dangerous at any time we have heard people say, and time and tide wait for no one.

The Manhattan, Rockaway and Tillamook Stage line has been initiated by M. J. Maddox and seems to be meeting with public favor. The meeting with public favor. The took daily and they connect with the Portland stage. Charges are minimum, and good cars with careful drivers are other assets. Should business justify, the firm will put on two 12 passenger busses in the near future. The firm is here to stay and asks the public's patronage.

Leo Morrison had the bad luck to lose his fine automobile by fire last Saturday afternoon. He had driven out to the city garbage dump with some refuse, and was on his way back, when the machine short-circuited and burst into flames, igniting the gasoline tank, and leaving the machine a total wreck. Fortunately the machine was fully insured.

P. W. Todd, manager of the Todd hotel, returned last Sunday from an auto trip with his family to Ashland Oregon, where his wife and daughter will remain some time for the benefit of the daughter's health, the latter having asthma. The daughter hopes to be benefited by the dry climate of southern Oregon. Mr. Todd will remain here in charge of the hotel.

Dr. Harvey E. Rinehart of Wheeler who purchased a fresh water lake recently, near Manzanita beach, may later on stock the lake with trout and hatch and raise fish for the Portland markets. A Corvallis man, a friend of the Doctor's may be associated with him in the venture.

Mrs. Edward S. Nunn, wife of the manager of the Union Oil Co., at this place is expected in from Marshfield

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KODAK

Make an album of all your interesting snap shots and it will give you many hours real pleasure.

KODAKS are not expensive

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Charles I. Clough Co.

The Rexall Store
TILLAMOOK OREGON



100% pure ZEALAND PAINT

Made in Black and White and 24 Colors. Try it on your next painting job

MANUFACTURED BY
TIMMS, CRESS & COMPANY
Portland, Oregon

SOLD BY
C. L. LEWIS
The Paint Man

soon to join her husband, as permanent residents of Tillamook.

Fred Sewell of the Hillsboro Commercial Bank, O. Phelps, owner of the Liberty theatre, and Fred Engledinger of the Delta drug store, all of Hillsboro, with their families, are camping at Rockaway for a season, and Monday the men passed through Tillamook on a fishing trip up the

J. A. Todd, formerly in the clothing business here, and a brother of P. W. Todd is here from Portland, making some improvements on property, and looking after business interests.

Dr. W. H. Davis, a prominent citizen of Albany, and family, are spending their vacation at the Tillamook beaches. They were guests at the Tillamook hotel over Sunday.