



THE CAPITAL JOURNAL
(DAILY AND WEEKLY)

BY HOFER BROTHERS.

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Don't forget to have the Goddess of Liberty wear the colors.

Tillamook seems to be one of the live growing towns of the state.

Why not have a state contest among Oregon's numerous rose queens?

At this season the wide-awake farmer catches the hay fever.

Good Times are not far off. Many now living will see them.

The JOURNAL believes in Republicanism for the people first, last and all the time.

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"Coin's Financial Fool" is not read much in Oregon. He lives here—a good many of him.

The JOURNAL would give a thousand dollars to have the street car lines run around the corner of this office.

Umatilla county needs a good Republican paper. It has only one—a stale decoction of the Oregonian.

The Oregonian does not seem to know that Governor Lord and Secretary Kincaid are elected for four years.

No one objects to Carl Browne and Miss Coxey not living together after marriage. Are there not enough of that breed?

Independence is the greatest sporting town in Oregon, but a race date there is sure to bring rain than a camping.

As the state editorial association will go in bathing at Newport, the Albany Democrat man's strawberry will be visible.

Let Harvey Scott go to war with England, if he wants to. Nobody would go along with him and that would be all the better.

The State Press association meets this year at Newport during the bathing season. President Campbell will himself act as life-bouy.

Can't the newspaper wits invent something new about the bicycle bloomer? They have about worn it out with their one joke.

Oscar Wilde will have ample opportunity to study the theory of evolution, as perfected by tread mill athleticism.—Brownville Times.

Who has said anything against the late legislature that Brother Moore should fly off his base? He hasn't got a very large one and he better stay on it.

The editor of the Cottage Grove Leader is authority for the assertion that the fibre of corsets shrink when wet. Does he speak from experience?

Every minister who tackles the bicycle says there is something diabolical about the machine. Now let us hear the bicycle's opinion on the minister.

When will the people learn common sense, which after all is not so common?—Eugene Broadaxe.

The Broadaxe is getting in too big a hurry.

An exchange says: "Poisonous snakes, when they have done their duty for the purpose intended, should be immediately destroyed or placed under lock and key."

Governor Fletcher might not get an appointment of Governor Lord on account of his laziness or his bicycling, but his splendid figure ought to be a recommendation.

It used to be said that all a man had to do to get an office of Harrison was to prove he was a Presbyterian. It is said Governor Lord likes a fat man. They are seldom virtuous. He should have lived about five hundred years ago.

Hamilton & Moir,
MONEY TO LOAN.

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