5th Bargain Floor

DIMITIES
Special 12c
Barred Dimities — suitable for waists, dresses underwear, etc.—comes 27-inches wide—in white only—very specially reduced Wednesday to, yard.. **12c**

TURKISH TOWELS
35c—3 for $1.00
Bleached Turkish Towels—hemmed ends—fancy borders in blue and pink—striped and floral—size 22x44 inches—extra heavy hems for tatting and crochet—very specially reduced Wednesday to 35c—THREE for **$1.00**

BED SPREAD
Special $1.69
The popular Wear-Well Quilt—size 78x88 inches—extra heavy hemmed ends—comes in the new Marseilles patterns—sizes and weights are average — Wednesday very special, each **$1.69**

STOCKINGS
19c a Pair
Women's out size cotton hosiery—choice of black and white—size 8½ to 10—very special Wednesday, per pair **19c**

CHILDREN'S HOSE
Special 15c Pair
Children's Cotton Hose—real yarn—the kind of hose for service—seamless—fully reinforced—all sizes—very specially reduced Wednesday to, pair.. **15c**

MIDDY DRESSES
Special 89c
Girl's white Middy Dresses — strictly washable — the season's newest styles—good fabric—best workmanship—pink and blue trimmed—sizes 6 to 14 years—very specially reduced Wednesday at **89c**

Bungalow APRONS
Special 49c
A new line of Bungalow Aprons in striped and figured percales — garments that combine utility with attractiveness—sizes 34 to 44—specially reduced Wednesday ,at, each. **49c**

HOUSE DRESSES
Special $1.49
Women's extra large size house Dresses — made of good quality percales and ginghams—sizes that are usually hard to find—very specially reduced Wednesday to **$1.49**

EXTRA SPECIAL
12-qt. grey mottled enamel ware Preserving Kettles—have strong wired bale—complete with cover—specially reduced Wednesday, each ... **35c**

EXTRA SPECIAL
—Blue and white bowls, pitchers—smooth white body with unglazed blue frames—heavy white body—beautifully glazed—Kiln baked—Wednesday, very specially reduced at from each 5c to **30c**

TOILET PINS
3 Combs 9c
Croley's Berry Toilet Pins—always desirable—assorted colors—very specially reduced Wednesday at THREE COMBS for.... **9c**

TOILET PAPER
6 Rolls 21c
Another sensational offering of fine Crepe Toilet Paper—the Luxus brand—6-oz. rolls—very specially reduced Wednesday to SIX ROLLS for **21c**
(No phone or mail orders—none sent C. O. D.—limit 1 lot to customer.)
—5th Bargain Floor.

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In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

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NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

Our offices at San Francisco, Tacoma, Portland and Seattle constitute one bank, under one management, and the depositors of any branch have the security afforded by our

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits Over $16,500,000.00

S. M. JACKSON, Manager. G. H. RALEIGH, Asst. Manager.

TACOMA BRANCH, 13TH & PACIFIC

TODAY'S MARKET PRICES

WHAT RETAILERS PAY

POULTRY	
Hens, live, light	12@13c
Hens, live, heavy	15@16c
Ducks, live	10@12c
1916 springs, live	14@16c
Geese, dressed	12@14c
BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE	
Fresh Ranch eggs	29c
Washington cheese	16c
Tillamook	17c
Wash. creamery butter	28@29c
Swiss dom.	25c
Cream brick cheese	21c
WHOLESALE MEATS	
Heifers	12½c
Mutton, wethers	14c
Hogs, sides	16c
Dressed hogs	12½c
Steer beef	12½c
Ewes	13½c
Spring lamb	17½c
FRUIT	
Lemons	$4.50
Bananas, lb.	5c
Oranges, by size	$4@4.25
Cherries, local	10c
Gooseberries, lb., local	2@2½c
Loganberries, crate	75c@85c
Apricots, crate	$1.00
Blackberries, crate	$1.15@1.25
Cantaloupes, crate	$2.50@3
Strawberries, crate	$1.75
Pineapples, doz.	$1.70@2
Plums	$1@1.50
Cal. grape fruit	$2.75@3.00
Peaches	$1.00
Watermelons, lb.	1¾c
Prunes	$1.65
Currants	$1@1.25
Pie Cherries	5@6c
Red Raspberries, crate	50@75c
Bartlett pears	$2.25
Grapes	$2.75
New Yellow Transparent apples	$1.25
New Gravensteins	$1.90
VEGETABLES	
New potatoes, cwt.	$2.40
Yakima, ton	$35
Local potatoes	$30
Onions, Oregon, sack	$2.50
Carrots, sack	$1.50
Lettuce, head, doz.	50c
Radishes, local, doz. bunches	10c
Rutabagas, cwt.	$1.65
Leaf Lettuce, crate	$1.25
Rhubarb, lb.	3@4c
Florida green peppers, lb.	30c
Spinach, retail, lb.	5c
Cucumbers	30c@$1
Artichokes, doz.	75c
Beets, sack	$2.25
Asparagus, pyramid, box	$1.50
Tomatoes, lb.	15c
String beans, lb.	8c
Telephone peas, lb.	4c
Brussels sprouts, lb.	10c
Turnips, sack	$1.50
Cabbage, home grown, lb.	2½c
Green corn, doz.	40c
Celery, bu.	10c
Oregon cauliflower, doz.	$1.25
Cal. eggplant, lb.	12½c
FLOUR	
Amocat	$6.00
Pyramid	$5.45
Whole wheat bbls.	$5.30
Drifted Snow	$5.45
Olympic	$5.45
High Flight	$5.25
Ocident	$7.70
Keystone full wheat	$5.25
Lyon's Best	$7.70
HAY AND GRAIN	
Corn	$41@42
Bran	$28
Mixed Timothy	$22@23
Whole oats	$31
Barley	$33
Middlings	$36
Shorts	$31
Timothy	24@26
Wheat, ton	$26@27
Alfalfa	$15@16
Rolled oats	$33
Hops, 1915 crop	8@11c
Hops, 1916 contracts	Nominal

"AMAZING GRACE"

By Kate Trimble Sharber.

Copyrighted.

A NOVEL A WEEK.
Next Week
Another Best Seller.

(Continued from our last issue.)

Now, according to my ethics, there are two kinds of men who go to daylight parties—idiots and those who are dragged there by their wives.

I had scarcely crossed the lawn of Seven Oaks and found for myself a modest place beside the speaker's stand when I observed that this present congregation held a fair sprinkling of each kind.

First of all I noted two or three financial graybeards; three or four yearling bridegrooms, not broken yet to taking the bit between their teeth and staying rebelliously at the office; Major Harvey Coleman, a high officer in the Sons of the American Revolution, and then—then—!

Well, certainly the impassive being next him was the most unsicial looking man I had ever had my eyes droop beneath the gaze of!

He was sitting in the place of honor — in the last chair of the first row—but despite this, he so clearly did not belong at that party, and he so clearly wished himself away, that I—well, I instantly began searching through the crowds to find a woman with handcuffs!

I had just reached this point when our hostess hustled up and shooed me out of my quiet corner.

"Grace," she whispered, "move out a bit, will you, and let me crowd a man in over there——"

I gathered up my open sheet of copy paper and moved obediently into the next chair, which she had indicated.

"That's right—thank you! I've found out by experience that if you let certain suspicious characters linger on the ragged edges of a crowd like this they're sure to disappear."

Then she turned and beckoned with a smile of triumph.

"Him?" I asked in surprise.

She was looking in his direction so failed to see the expression of my face.

"It's no more than he deserves—having this American Revolution rubbed into him," she observed, absently. "I have never worked so hard in my life over any one man as I have over this identical Maitland Tait!"

I saw him rise and come toward her—then I began having trouble with my throat. I couldn't breathe very easily.

"Maitland Tailt!" I gasped.

"Yes—the Maitland Tait! Have you met him?" Mrs. Walker asked carelessly, as he approached.

"No."

She turned to him.

"I'm going to put you in here—where you'll have to stay," she laughed.

"I wasn't going to run away."

"No? You can't always tell. In this location you'll be in the clutches of the press, you see, and—by the way, you must meet Miss Christie; Mr. Taft, Miss Christie!"

His face was still perfectly impassive, and he bowed gravely—with that down-to-the-belt grace which foreigners have. I noddcd the pink satin rose on my hat in his direction. This was all!

"You are a Daughter of the Revolution, I presume?" his voice finally asked me.

"Yes, I am," I answered.

Our eyes met for an instant. Far, far back, concealed by his dark iris, was a tingle of amused contempt.

"Then I dare say you're interested in this occasion?" His tone held a challenge.

"No, indeed I'm not!" I answered foolishly. "I came only because I have to write up Major Coleman's speech for my paper. I am a special writer for the Herald."

And it was then that he smiled—really smiled. I saw a transformation which I had never seen in any other man's face, for with him a smile escapes.

"Did you say the Herald?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I have had my—attention called to your paper recently," he said, in so serious a tone that I was compelled to look up and search for the smile which I felt must lurk behind it. And when I saw it there, I felt reassured, and smiled in response.

"So they told me at the office," I said, with great cordiality. "Is it three or four of our reporters you've thrown down your front steps?"

The lecture had commenced in good earnest by this time, and I was scribbling away in shorthand as I talked.

"I see. But after you get this report?"

"I'm going back to the city," I answered. "I have to catch the 5 o'clock car in."

"I've an engagement at five, too," Maitland Tait said.

"Mayn't I take you back to town in my car?"

"Thank you, that would be lovely, but I'm afraid Mrs. Walker won't consent to your going so soon," I said between curlicues.

"I'm going, however," he answered. "I've an important engagement, and—I'm not going to stay at this party one minute after you're gone. I don't like to talk to just any woman."

It seemed hours and hours before that lecture ended, then more hours before the tall, restless man and I could make our way to a distant point, where our hostess stood giving direction to a white-coated servant.

She turned to me with a fluttering little air of regret, when I reached her side.

"Grace, surely you don't have to hurry off at this unchristian hour!" she insisted.

"I'm sorry," I began, but Maitland Tait interrupted me.

"It is a great deprivation to miss the rest of your charming party, Mrs. Walker," he began, but as he mentioned going, in a cool, final voice, our hostess emitted a little terrified shriek.

"What? Not you, too!"

His face was the picture of deep contrition.

"I am sorry," he said, as only an Englishman can say it, "but I have an important engagement that really can not wait—"

The rest of the fabrication was cut short and drowned out by the shriek of a trolley-car, grinding noisily round a curve of the track at that instant. It was the five-o'clock car.

From force of long habit, that grinding sound of the car wheels acted upon my nervous system like a fire alarm upon an engine horse—and I started to run.

"Charming party—so sorry to have to rush off this way—hope next time I'll not be so busy—yes, I'll tell mother!"

I gathered the folds of copy paper close, having forgotten to thrust them away out of sight into my bag, and made a break for the front gate. Then, as I reached the line of waiting motor cars, I remembered—and stopped still with a foolish little feeling.

Looking back I saw Mrs. Walker shaking hands in an injured fashion with her troublesome lion.

"Thank goodness she won't see this!" I volunteered to myself, as the tall gray figure came hastily down the line and caught up with me.

CHAPTER V.
Longest Way Home.

The limousine to which I was conducted was a gleaming dark-blue affair, with light tan upholstery, and the door-knobs, clock-case and mouth-piece of the speaking tube were of tortoise shell.

The chauffeur touched something and the big creature began a softened, throbbing breathing. And I gained the idea as I stepped in that its master must be rather ridiculously well-to-do.

At Solinski's Japanese tea-room in Union street, the limousine slowed up. The band was playing "The Rosary" as we went in.

"Each hour a pearl—each pearl a prayer—"

"Which table do you prefer?" my companion asked me, but for a moment I failed to answer. I was looking up at the clock, and I saw that the hands were pointing to six. I had met Maitland Tait at four!—Thus I had two pearls already on my string, I reckoned.

"Oh, which table—well, farther back, perhaps!"

I came down to earth after that, for getting acquainted with the caprices of a man's appetite is distinctly an earthly joy.

We chatted fitfully and presently he asked abruptly:

"Where do you live?"

I told him, and he took from his pocket a small leather book with his name, Maitland Tait, and an address in smaller letters which I could not make out, on the inside lining. He wrote the address I gave him, "1919 West Clydemont Place," and then looked up at me.

"Next I want to know when you will let me come to see you?"

"When?" I repeated, rather blankly.

He drew slightly back.

"I should have said, of course, if you will let me come, but—"

"But I shall be very glad to have you come," I made haste to explain. "I—I was only thinking!"

I was thinking of my bethrothed—for the first time that afternoon.

"The length of time I am to stay in the South is very uncertain," he went on to explain. "At first it appeared that I might have to make a long stay, but we are settling our affairs so satisfactorily that I may be able to get back to Pittsburg at any time now."

"Then come," I said, with a friendly show, which was in truth a desperate spirit of abandon. "Come some day—"

"Tomorrow?" he asked.

"Tomorrow—at four."

But during the rest of the meal grandfather and Uncle Lancelot came and took their places on either side of me. They were distinctly de trop, but I could not get rid of them.

"This is—really the wrong thing to do, Grace," grandfather said.

"Nonsense, parson;" Uncle Lancelot expostulated jauntily. "She's young!"

I turned away, resolutely, from their bickering. I had enough to contend with besides them—for suddenly I had begun wondering what on earth mother would say after she's said: "Grace, you amaze me."

CHAPTER VI.
Maitland Tait.

He came the next afternoon at four o'clock, not on the stroke, but ten minutes after.

"Am I early " he asked, after we had shaken hands.

"No—you are not early. I was expecting you at four, and—mother will be down presently."

"I was out at the golf club dance last night," he said, after a pause, with a certain abruptness which I had found characterisrized his more important parts of speech.

"Was it—enjoyable?" I asked politely.

"Extremely. Mrs. Walker was there, and she had very kindly forgiven me for my defection of the afternoon. In fact, she was distinctly cordial. She talked to me a great deal of you and your mother."

My heart sank. It always does when I find that my women friends have been talking a great deal about me.

"Oh, did she?"

"She is very fond of you, it seems—and very puzzled by you."

"Puzzled because I work for the Herald?"

I spoke breathlessly, for I wondered if Mrs. Walker had told of the Guilford Blake puzzle, as well: but after one look into the candid half-amused eyes I knew that this information had been withheld.

"Well, yes. She touched upon that, among other things."

"But what things?" I asked impatiently. At the door I heard the maid with the tea tray. "I suppose, however, just the usual things that people tell about us. That we have been homeless and penniless—except for this old barn—since I was a baby, and that, one by one, the pomps of power have been stripped from us?"

He smiled.

"Yes!" he replied. "And Mrs. Walker told me something that I had not in the least thought to surmise—that you are a descendant of the famous artist, Christie. I don't know why I happened not to think about it, for the name is one which an Englishman instantly connects with portrait galleries. He was very favorably known on our side."

Turning around, he glanced at a small portrait across the room.

"Is—is this James Christie?" he asked.

"Yes. There is a larger one in the hall."

He walked across the room and examined the portrait.

"Do you care for him—for this sort of thing?" he asked, waving his hand carelessly toward the other portraits in the room. "I imagined that you didn't."

He spoke with a tinge of disappointment.

"I do—and I don't," I answered, coming across the room to his side and drawing back a curtain to admit a better light. "I certainly care for—him."

"The artist "

"Yes."

"But why?" he demanded. "To me it seems such a waste of time—this sentiment for romantic antiquity. But I am not an unprejudiced judge, I admit. I have spent all the days of my life hating aristocracy."

"Oh, my feeling for him is not caused by his aristocracy," I made haste to explain. "And indeed, the Christies were very common-place people until he elevated them into the ranks of fame. He was not only an artist of note, but he was a very strong man. It is this part of his history that I revere, and when I was a very young girl I 'adopted' him—from all the rest of my ancestors—to be the one I'd care for and feel a pride in."

He interrupted me, his smile growing gentler.

"I think I understand," he said. "I did the selfsame thing, years ago when I was a boy. But my circumstances were rather different from yours. I selected my grandfather—my mother's father, because he was clean and fine and strong! He was—he was a collier in Wales."

"A collier?" I repeated, wondering for the moment over the unaccustomed word.

"A coal miner," he explained briefly. "He was honest and kind-hearted—and I took him for my example. He left me no heirlooms that—"

I turned away, looking at the room's furnishings with a feeling of reckless contempt.

"Heirlooms are—are a nuisance to keep dusted!" I declared quickly, as we again seated ourselves.

"Yet you evidently like them," he said, as the little maid, in her nervous haste, made an unnecessary number of trips in and out. Looking up, I caught his eyes resting upon the ring I wore—Guilford's scarab. "That ring is likely an heirloom?"

"Yes—the story goes that Mariette himself found it," I elucidated, slipping the priceless old bit of stone off my hand and handing it to him to examine.

But as I talked my head was buzzing, for grandfather was at one ear and Uncle Lancelot was at the other.

"It's a royal scarab, isn't it?" Maitland Tait asked, turning the ancient beetle over and viewing the inscription on the flat side.

"Yes—perhaps—oh, I don't know, I'm sure," I answered in a bewildered fashion. Then suddenly I demanded: "But what else did Mrs. Walker tell you? Surely she didn't leave off with the mention of one illustrious member of my family?"

"She told me about your great-aunt—the queer old lady who left James Christie's relics to you," he laughed, as he handed me back the ring.

"They were just a batch of letters," I corrected, "not any other relics."

"Yes—the letters written by Lady Frances Webb," he said.

It was my turn to laugh.

"I knew that Mrs. Walker must have been talkative," I declared. "She didn't tell you the latest touch of romance in connection with those letters, did she?"

"Late romance " he asked in a puzzled fashion.

"A publishing company has made me an offer to publish those letters! To make them into a stunning 'beat-seller.' "

He was silent for a little while.

"No, she didn't tell me this," he finally answered.

"Then it is because she doesn't know it!" I explained. "You see, mother is still too grieved to mention the matter to any one by telephone—and it happens that she hasn't met Mrs. Walker face to face since the offer was made."

"And—rejected?" he asked, with a little smile.

"Yes, but how did you know?" The smile sobered.

"There are some things one knows," he answered. "Yet, after all, what are you going to do with the letters? If you don't publish them now, how are you going to be sure that some other—some future possessor—will not?"

"I can't be sure—that's the reason I'm not going to run any risk," I told him. "I'm going to burn them."

He started.

"I'll take them to Colmers Abbey—her old home," I explained. "To me the place has always been a house of dreams! She describes portions of the gardens in her letters—tells him of new flowerbeds made, of new walls built—of the sun dial. I have always wanted to go there, and some day I shall bundle all these letters up and pack them in the bottom of a steamer trunk—to have a big bonfire with them on the very same hearth where she burned his."

"If I may inquire, what do you know about this place—this Colmere Abbey?" he finally asked. "I mean, do you know anything of it in this century—whether it's still standing or not?"

"No—nothing!"

"Then, if you should go to England, you might be disappointed," he said gently. "Residents often fight shy of tourists."

I had a feeling of ruffled dignity.

"How long have you been in America?" I asked abruptly; and he looked relieved.

"Ten years—off and on," he answered briskly. "Most of the time in Pittsburg, but I love England. Some day—when things—when my affairs—are in different shape over there I shall go back to stay."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

TURN TO THE CLASSIFIED WANT ADS ON PAGE 7 FOR RESULTS. SEE PAGE SEVEN.

Acid Stomachs Are Dangerous

Nine Tenths of All Stomach Trouble Due to Acidity, Says New York Physician.

A well-known New York physician who has made a special study of stomach and intestinal diseases recently made the startling statement that nearly all intestinal trouble as well as many diseases of the vital organs, are directly traceable to excessive stomach acidity commonly termed sour stomach or heartburn which not only irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach, but may often cause gastritis and dangerous stomach ulcers.

Neglect, he says, easily leads to a chronic super-acidity, commonly mistaken for indigestion and is the principal cause for the indiscriminate swallowing of the various so-called patent digestive aids which bring only temporary and false relief.

In an acid condition of the stomach no artificial digestants whatever should be employed as these are likely to merely pass the sour, burning acid on into the intestines, causing serious trouble there. Instead, he recommends the use of some simple, harmless and inexpensive antacid such as a teaspoonful of bisurated magnesia, taken with a little hot or cold water right after meals or whenever distress is felt.

This simple remedy in just a few seconds from its entering the stomach neutralizes or sweetens all its sour acid contents. Dissolve the dangerous acidity and there will be no need for medicine as all symptoms of indigestion will promptly cease. Sufferers from acidity, sour stomach or indigestion should get a few ounces of the pure bisurated magnesia from their druggist and give this treatment a trial. In view, however, of the many varieties of magnesia used for various purposes, stomach sufferers should be careful to get it only in the bisurated form (either powder or tablets) and in a sealed package to insure its purity.

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7% Improvement & % Bonds
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C. B. FOSTER, City Pass. Agent, Tacoma, Wn.
A. D. CHARLTON, Asst. Gen'l Passenger Agt., Portland, Ore.

NORTHERN PACIFIC — YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

Round trip westbound summer tourist tickets on sale daily—tell your eastern friends. Attractive Homeseekers' tickets to Montana points and return.

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HORLICK'S
THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK
Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. For infants, invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. More nutritious than tea, coffee, etc. Instantly prepared. Requires no cooking.
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115 So. 10th St. Main 264

Time Card—Efecftive July 16, 1916.
Subject to Change Without Notice.

Leave.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Carbonado	7:20	1:00	4:20
Wilkeson	7:45	1:15	4:35
Burnett	7:55	1:25	4:45
So. Prairie	8:05	1:35	4:55
Arrive			
Tacoma	9:15	2:45	6:05

Connect with 9:35 a. m., 2:35 and 6:00 p. m. Interurban for Seattle.

Leave.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Tacoma	10:00	4:30	7:30
Puyallup	10:30	5:00	8:00
Orting	10:55	5:25	8:25
So. Prairie	11:20	5:50	8:50
Burnett	11:30	6:00	9:00
Wilkeson	11:40	6:10	9:10
Arrive			
Carbonado	11:50	6:20	9:20

MEN

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952½ Pacific Avenue
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Hours—9 a. m. to 5 p. m. daily; Wednesday and Saturday evenings, 7 to 8 o'clock; Sundays 10 to 12 only.

TRAVEL INFORMATION

Leave.		Arrive
	NORTHERN PACIFIC	
12:10 a. m.	Spokane Limited—No. Yakima, Pasco, Spokane	8:15 a. m.
1:40 a. m.	Portland Night Exp.—Via Pt. Defiance	5:00 a. m.
5:10 a. m.	Seattle from Portland via Pt. Defiance	1:30 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	Atlantic Exp.—Spokane, Helena, Butte, St. Paul Chicago	10:50 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	Wilkeson, Carbonado, Fairfax	7:05 p. m.
9:00 a. m.	Grays Harbor Line—Via Point Line & Olympia	4:30 p. m.
9:35 a. m.	Portland Local—Via Yelm and So. Tacoma	9:25 a. m.
9:35 a. m.	Raymond & So. Bend via Yeym and So. Tacoma	9:25 a. m.
10:10 a. m.	Seattle Local—Seattle and Intermediate	8:15 a. m.
12:45 p. m.	Seattle—From Portland, Raymond and So. Bend via Yelm and So. Tacoma	12:35 p. m.
2:00 p. m.	Grays Har. ocal—Via P oint Defiance	12:35 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	Miss. Val. Lim.—Billings, Kan. City, St. Louis	8:00 a. m.
4:40 p. m.	Seattle—From Grays Har. via Pt. Defiance	4:30 p. m.
5:00 p. m.	Orting, Carbonado, Buckley, Kanasket	10:50 a. m.
5:45 p. m.	Portland Special via Pt. Defiance & Centralia	5:35 p. m.
5:45 p. m.	Raymond & So. Bend via Pt. Defiance	6:35 p. m.
5:50 p. m.	Grays Harbor Exp.—Via Lakeview & Dupont	12:20 p. m.
7:00 p. m.	No. Coast Lim.—Spokane, Butte, St. Paul, Cric.	8:30 p. m.
12:45 p. m.	Seattle—From Grays Har. via So. Tacoma	12:20 p. m.
9:30 p. m.	Seattle—From Portland via Pt. Defiance	9:20 p. m.
8:50 p. m.	Seattle—From Grays Harbor via Pt. Defiance	8:40 p. m.
	GREAT NORTHERN RY.	
6:05 a. m.	Shore Line Exp.—North and East	12:35 p. m.
12:45 p. m.	Shore Line Exp.—Portland and intermediate	6:00 a. m.
3:00 p. m.	Inter. Lim.—Everett, Bellingham, Van., B. C.	5:00 p. m.
5:05 p. m.	Inter. Lim.—Principal stations to Portland	2:55 p. m.
5:45 p. m.	Oriental Lim.—Spokane, St. Paul and Chicago	10:00 p. m.
5:45 p. m.	Southeast Exp.—Spokane, Billings, Kansas City.	
9:45 p. m.	Fast Mail (Mail and Express only)	7:05 a. m.
10:00 p. m.	"Owl"—Everett, Bellingham, Vancouver, B. C.	12:01 a. m.
12:10 a. m.	"Owl"—Portland and intermediate	9:55 p. m.
	CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL	
5:15 p. m.	Grays Har. Spec.—Aberdeen, Hoquiam, Raymond	6:05 p. m.
8:45 a. m.	Olympian—Spokane, Missoula, Butte, St. Paul, Chicago	9:30 p. m.
6:00 p. m.	Columbian—Spokane, Missoula, Butter, St. Paul, Chicago	9:55 a. m.
	O.-W. R. & N. CO. (Union Depot.)	
12:45 p. m.	Portland and Grays Harbor Owl	4:40 a. m.
4:45 p. m.	Seattle Local	12:40 p. m.
10:50 a. m.	Shasta Limited	6:40 p. m.
8:30 a. m.	Portland, east and south	1:35 p. m.
6:40 p. m.	Shasta Limited, Seattle	10:45 p. m.
3:40 p. m.	Seattle Local	11:55 a. m.
	TACOMA-EASTERN RAILWAY	
8:50 a. m.	Ashford, Morton	5:45 p. m.