

THE NEW STORE.

The B and C Store
Bargain Counter
Bargain Catchers

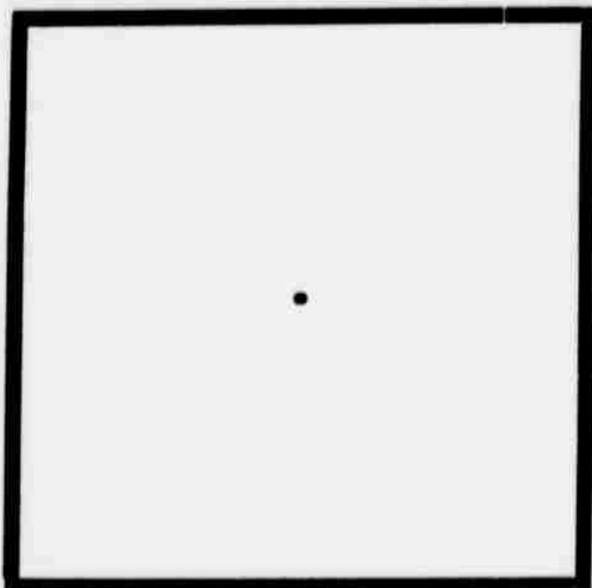
BONHAM & CURRIER
Shoes, Gents' Furnishings, Dry Goods
107 South Jersey Street, St. Johns.

THE PENINSULA BANK

St. Johns, Oregon.

Statement at close of business December 4, 1906:

RESOURCES:		LIABILITIES:	
Loans	\$127,732.11	Capital Stock	\$25,000.00
Furniture and fixtures	2,976.86	Surplus and undivided profits	2,553.22
Cash on hand and due from banks	72,539.65	Dividends unpaid	1,250.00
		Deposits	174,295.49
	\$203,998.62		\$203,998.62



IN the above square you will observe a tiny dot. Noticed it, didn't you? Now if YOU saw that little speck think of how all the rest of our readers noticed it. Then, if you, Mr. Businessman, had placed an attractive announcement of your wares, at correct prices, in that space, you'll have some idea that it would have brought you trade. Better try it next week.

New Bargains This Week

50x100 North Jersey street	\$1,000
50x100 on Jersey street with party wall and alley	4,500
Quarter block, 100 feet of postoffice	2,750
50x100, south St. Johns, easy payments	400
25x100 with alley and wall on Jersey street	2,750
100x100, 6 room house, fruit, fine river view	2,150
3 lots, close in, Willamette Boulevard	900
1 acre near car line and N. P. railroad	1,300
50x100 on Ivanhoe street	450
New 7 room house, 75x100, fruit	2,100
100x100, fine factory site, on railroad	3,700
House and lot, 150x150, on Jersey street	2,750
25x100, Jersey street	1,300

Business locations for rent.

H. G. OGDEN

Review Office. ST. JOHNS, OREGON

Keep in touch with the Western World, Business and Bargains by subscribing for the Monthly Investors' Guide

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Paints, Oils and Building Materials
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University Park, Oregon



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and BUILDER

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ST. JOHNS - OREGON

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Coal For Sale.
Green and dry slabwood.
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THE LORD MAYOR.

He Was a Most Formidable Personage In Days Gone By.

At a great entertainment given in the fifteenth century by the sergents-at-law at Ely place, Holborn, the lord treasurer, Baron Ruthven, refused to recognize that as the sovereign's immediate representative the lord mayor was bound to take precedence of every other subject within the limits of the city. The bold, bad baron sat stolidly therefore at table in "the most honorable place," whereupon the lord mayor instantly withdrew, followed by his faithful aldermen and sheriffs and all the other citizens.

The person of the lord mayor was once held to be sacred and inviolable, and none dare approach his presence in an impudent manner. Men have been hanged for forcible resistance to his authority, and it is on record that one Richard Byfield in the year 1479 was fined £50 for presuming to kneel too close to his lordship at St. Erkenwald's shrine. Most awe inspiring still, the lord mayor once commanded the services of a merry andrew and a poet laureate.

Ben Jonson himself was a lord mayor's laureate, and even his supreme talent was not thought equal to the high duty of singing the praises of the common council. Ben must have performed his duties not too graciously, for we know that he wrote a letter complaining of the corporation withdrawing him from their "chandlery pension for verjuice and mustard." Upon which letter a champion of the city made the comment that the pension was "not so chandlery, for it amounted to £33 6s. 8d., a sum which may at least stand comparison with what has been at any time allowed other laureates of higher degree." It was much more than was allowed even to the king's laureate in Ben Jonson's days, for until 1630 the pension was but 100 marks—without a sip of Canary.—London Chronicle.

Things Had Altered.

"Where is the dashing boarder who used to be the life of the table when I was here before, Mrs. Livermore?" asked an old patron, addressing the landlady.

"I married him," was the quiet reply. "Indeed! He was one of the sprightliest fellows I ever met, always bubbling over with spirits and chock full of stories. He's away from home, I suppose? I haven't seen him since I returned."

"He's at home. He has never been away."

"Really! Where is he then?"

"There he is at the end of the table."

"What! That quiet, subdued looking man?"

"Yes, sir," significantly.

Tip In Advance.

A gentleman who was in the habit of dining regularly at a certain restaurant said to the darky waiter, "Erastus, instead of tipping you every day I'm going to give you your tip in a lump sum at the end of the month."

"Dat's all right, sah," replied the darky, "but I wondah if you would mind payin' me in advance?"

"Well, it's rather a strange request," remarked the patron. "However, here's a five dollar bill for you. I suppose you are in want of money, or is it that you distrust me?"

"Oh, no, sah," smiled Erastus, slipping the bill in his pocket, "only I's leaving hyar today, sah."

"People's Home Journal."

Pretty Thick Fog.

They were seated on the cracker barrels and soap boxes in the village grocery in an Oakland county town swapping yarns.

"I saw a fog on the Pacific coast," said one, "which was so thick that you couldn't see a lantern six inches away!"

"Pshaw!" said a native. "Hi Jinks, the carpenter, tells of goin' out to shingle a house one foggy mornin' right in this town an' shinglin' four feet out on the bosom of the fog before he noticed his mistake. Made Hi terrible angry to waste an hour rippin' off all them shingles."—Detroit News.

The Regular Fee.

A gentleman having advertised for a coachman was called upon by a candidate, who referred him to a celebrated physician for information in regard to his qualities. The gentleman called on the physician, who simply took his pen and wrote on a piece of paper that his former servant was a reliable, punctual and polite coachman. Taking the paper in his hand and thanking the writer for it, the man turned to leave. But the physician called him back and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but my terms for a consultation are 2 guineas."—London Tit-Bits.

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111 N. Jersey Street.
Phone Union 3105.

Fine Line of Wines and Liquors Constantly on Hand.
Finest Beer in the City on Tap.

THRILLING NEWS.

How the Discovery of Ether Excited the Medical World.

It is difficult at this day to realize what the excitement must have been both in the world at large and among the medical profession on the discovery of ether. The late Sir Benjamin Richardson in his "Vita Medica" gives an account of the commotion which prevailed in the medical college at Glasgow when the news reached the physicians of the city.

According to custom, a large class was seated in the college theater, waiting for the midday lecture. The professor, Dr. Moses Buchanan, was always scrupulously punctual, but minute after minute went by and he did not appear. Finally he came, but only to say, to the students' great surprise, that there would be no lecture that day. He had, he announced, a wonderful piece of news to tell—the fact that a method had been discovered through which surgical operations could be performed without pain.

"I am," said he, "on my way to the Royal infirmary to take part there in the trial of the new system, and by and by we shall meet to learn if the news which has reached us is really true. If it be, this day is a red letter day in all our lives."

The announcement created the greatest excitement, and all the students trooped off at once to the Royal infirmary. There Professor Andrew Buchanan, who was to perform the operation, stepped forward and repeated the news which had come from the Massachusetts hospital and described the process so far as he knew it. The patient was then sent for, and he came in quite smilingly, rather proud of being the first man in Scotland to enjoy the honor and good fortune of being cut without pain.

The usual programme followed. He laughed, wept and went through the gamut of emotions produced by ether, but he finally sank to sleep, and the operation was brilliantly performed.

Sheridan's Gratitude.

Sheridan once had occasion to call at a hairdresser's to order a wig. On being measured the barber, who was a liberal soul, invited the orator to take some refreshment in an inner room. Here he regaled him with a bottle of port and showed so much hospitality that Sheridan's heart was touched. When they rose from the table and were about separating the latter, looking the barber full in the face, said, "On reflecting I don't intend that you shall make my wig."

Astonished and with a blank visage, the other exclaimed: "Good heavens, Mr. Sheridan! How can I have displeased you?"

"Why, look you," said Sheridan, "you are an honest fellow, and I repeat it, you shan't make my wig, for I never intended to pay for it. I'll go to another less worthy son of the craft."—Liverpool Mercury.

The Ostrich's Mistake.

A trained ostrich recently disconcerted its exhibitor at a music hall by continually endeavoring to break away from all restraint and to climb over the footlights into the orchestra. The widely advertised act came to a sudden end, and the professor emerged from behind the curtain and apologized for the actions of his pet in about these words:

"Ladies and gentlemen, Hi ham very sorry to disappoint you this evening. We are compelled to cease our hengegement until the management hengeages a new horse-chestra leader. The one at present hemployed 'ere 'as no 'air on top of 'is 'ead, and my bird takes it for a hegg."—London Tit-Bits.

Not Only Walls Have Ears.

"Mrs. Smith looked lovely this afternoon," remarked the woman just returned from the pink tea. "Usually she gets herself up like a cream puff or a slab of Neapolitan ice cream, but this afternoon she looked lovely."

"Was she as much painted as usual?" asked the girl.

"Painted?" queried the kid of the family. "What color?"

"Red, white and blue," explained the girl quickly, adding: "Little pitchers! He'll be telling her the next time she calls."—New York Press.

A Salmon Story.

Here's a fish story: A sportsman fishing for salmon in one of the streams that run into the gulf of St. Lawrence discovered a spot where he was convinced that a salmon ought to be lying. As he made his way through the bushes a cast which he had wound around his hat became loosened. The sportsman peered over the bank a fly on the loose cast gently touched the water. Immediately a salmon seized it and rushed away upstream, carrying both hook and hat.

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Holbrook Block, St. Johns, Oregon

AN INDIAN EXPERIENCE.

Trials of a Girl Who Was Captured by the Sioux.

The winter of 1856-57 was one long to be remembered by the people of Iowa and Minnesota for its bitter cold weather, deep snow and violent storms, which rendered communication between the different settlements almost impossible. A great many of the settlements were on the extreme frontier and absolutely unprotected and defenseless. It was during this winter that the Sioux attacked and destroyed the family of Mr. Rowland Gardner. They killed all except a young daughter, Abbie, who was taken into captivity, but was rescued through the efforts of the United States government. In "The Spirit Lake Massacre" she tells something of her captivity:

Whenever the Indians thought to torture me by threatening to take my life I would merely bow my head. My tearless acquiescence and willingness to die seemed to fill them all with wonder. They thought it a sign of bravery.

Soon after my capture one of the warriors, who was sitting by me one day in the tent, thinking to test my courage or to be amused at my fears, took his revolver from his belt and began loading it, while he gave me to understand that he would kill me as soon as it was loaded. I merely bowed my head to signify that I was ready.

When the revolver was all loaded he drew back the hammer and held the weapon close to my head. I quietly bowed my head, expecting he would do as he said. But instead of that he lowered the weapon and looked at me as if astonished and then laughed uproariously. So amused was he that he told his companions of it, and it was a favorite subject of conversation.

These Indians were at a loss to know what to do with much of the plunder they had taken. Among the spoils were quantities of soda and cream of tartar. They interrogated me as to their use, and when I told them we used it in making bread they wished me to make some. They seemed greatly surprised and pleased when they saw the bread "grow" during the process of baking. Although pleased with the "growing," they were too suspicious of being poisoned to eat any until I had eaten. Then they devoured it greedily.

A Paramulating Pudding.

A commuter who lives up the Hudson river and who is, of course, accustomed to go downtown every morning contributes a specimen of Finnish humor to the New York Sun. By the commuter's confession he is prone to prowl around the refrigerator almost every night and quietly dispose of any unconsidered trifle that may tempt his appetite without publishing the same to the household at large. Recently his wife was discussing luncheon with a new importation from Finland named Hilda and, remembering a pudding that they had not been able to finish the day before, said to the kitchen autocrat:

"Do you know where that piece of cold pudding is?"

Without a smile on her face Hilda answered:

"Yes, ma'am. It has gone downtown!"

A Slight Disadvantage.

She was only ten years old, little Margaret, but there were two younger children, and she had already taken upon her shoulders some of the responsibilities of life, but did not pretend to enjoy them all.

"Where are Helen and Agatha?" asked a visitor, who found Margaret sitting on the doorstep alone one afternoon, looking particularly sober.

"They've gone off to have what mother calls 'mischief' and they call 'fun,' said the solitary one.

"And you didn't go with them," said the visitor, with a hint of sympathy in her voice.

"Oh, no," said Margaret, with a sigh; "mother trusts me so dreadfully! I can't have much of any fun."—Youth's Companion.

The Price of Disobedience.

An Italian prince had strictly forbidden one of his daughters to smoke, but so great a hold had the habit obtained over her that she secretly engaged in the practice at every opportunity. One day she was indulging in a cigarette as she reclined on a balcony attired in a dress of the lightest muslin. Suddenly her father appeared on the scene. In the hurry to hide the evidence of her disobedience the princess placed her hand with the burning cigarette behind her back. The result was startling and tragic. Her frock was immediately in a blaze, and she was fearfully burned from head to foot, dying after suffering intensely.

THE JOY

Of living is to have good health. Use Herbine and you will have bushels of joy. You need not be blue, fretful and have that bad taste in your mouth. Try a bottle of Herbine, a positive cure for all liver complaints. E. Harrel, Austin Texas, writes: "I have used Herbine for over a year, and find it a fine regulator. I gladly recommend it as a fine medicine for Dyspepsia." Sold by St. John's Drug Store.

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\$2000—Lot 25x100; a close in inside lot on Jersey street.
\$500—Lot 50x100. A nearby residence lot; \$25 cash if you build at once.
\$400—Lot 50x100. Fine location; one-half cash.
\$2,000—Lot 100x100 on Philadelphia St.

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Real Estate

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Mail arrives at St. Johns at 7:10 a. m. and 1:15 p. m.
Leaves at 10:20 a. m., and 4:45 p. m.
Office open week days from 6:45 a. m. to 6:10 p. m. Sundays from 9 to 10 a. m.
No mail arrive or depart Sunday.

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