

THE PENINSULA BANK

St. Johns, Oregon.

Statement at close of business December 31, 1906:

RESOURCES:		LIABILITIES:	
Loans	\$127,732.11	Capital Stock	\$25,000.00
Furniture and fixtures	2,976.36	Surplus and undivided profits	2,553.22
Cash on hand and due from banks	72,389.65	Dividends unpaid	1,250.00
		Deposits	174,295.49
	\$203,098.12		\$203,098.12

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IN THE ST. JOHNS REVIEW
AND WATCH
YOUR BUSINESS GROW



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CONTRACTOR
and BUILDER

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ST. JOHNS - OREGON

OWN YOUR OWN HOME
Make Your Rent
Money Buy It

For Sale—New 5-room house with full lot 50x100 with alley, for only \$1,600. Terms \$100 down and \$20 per month, with interest. Location East St. Johns, only one block from car line and one block from Columbia boulevard. Excellent location, fine situation and property with a future. You seldom have an opportunity like this to become a home owner.

J. E. WILLIAMS

Take St. Johns car, get off at East St. Johns, Columbia boulevard

Buy a Lot in
West St. Johns
\$100 and up.

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Richard Shepard
& Co.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.
In order to insure a change of advertisement the copy for such change should reach this office not later than Wednesday, at 3 o'clock p. m. Please remember this and save the printer

L. B. Chipman
Real Estate

F. J. KOERNER

CONTRACTOR AND
BUILDER

Plans and specifications promptly furnished on application. All work done with neatness and dispatch.

Office in Holbrook's brick block.

J. S. MCKINNEY
REAL ESTATE

Three up-to-date houses on easy installments; one 6 room and modern. Small payment down and balance monthly.

St. Johns Heights Station.
Phone Union 283.

FISH IN ITALY.

Octopus, Sea Robin, Sea Spider and Skate Used For Food.

"The fish had a peculiar but agreeable taste," said a globe trotter. "Its flesh was a little tough and elastic. That, though, I didn't mind. I rather like it, as one likes the elastic toughness of a clam."

He was describing a dinner in Rome. He went on:
"Gorgio," I said to the waiter, "what kind of fish is this?"
"Fried octopus, signor," Gorgio answered calmly.

"I ate no more. Fried octopus! The idea! I'd as soon have eaten fried rattlesnake."

"I found that in Italy and in southern France the octopus makes a popular dish. And after that, taking a deep interest in the Roman fish stalls, I found on sale a number of sea things that we consider harmful and disgusting.

"The sea robin, for instance. His body is like a catfish's in shape. In color it is speckled and ugly, frog-like, brown and black. And it has a pair of brown wings. Well, this fish, which we always throw overboard, the Roman dealers get 3 cents apiece for.

"The sea spider. It looks like a great spider, and it is covered with black slime. You catch it when you go crabbing, and, with a cry of disgust, you toss it overboard again—a round, black body, from which a dozen jointed, restless tentacles ray. But the sea spider is a cherished dish in Italy.

"Do you know the skate? A flat, round body, with a long, slim tail—one side of the body white, and here a grotesque parody of the human face is seen—two eyes, nose, mouth. The skate is a horror to look at, and an American would as soon eat rat; but in Italy big, pale skates are on sale at every fish stall.

"You will not believe it, but it is a fact that there are even certain types of jelly fish that the Italians eat."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Compulsory Archery.

Archery was once a compulsory exercise in every English parish after Sunday church. "It is a worthy game," preached Bishop Latimer, "a wholesome kind of exercise and much commended in physic." A fine of a halfpenny for abstaining from archery practice on Sunday was enforced in Edward III's reign, and Henry VIII's crack regiment, the yeomen of the guard, was composed entirely of bowmen. Archery flourished some time after the introduction of the hand gun, though this had been used in England as early as 1471. This developed, in James I's time, into the caliver, so called from the English misconception of an order to supply English soldiers with guns of the same "caliber" as the French pattern, and the longbow was finally abandoned in the civil wars.

The Story of a White Lie.

Is a white lie ever justified? That at least some people believe it has no excuse is proved by the following tale: An ancient rabbi came to a city where all the people were truthful, married one of the inhabitants, had two children and prospered. One day a neighbor called when the rabbi's wife was washing her head, and the rabbi, going to the door, was seized by false modesty and said that she had gone out. Thereupon both of his children died, and, as no one died in that city before reaching old age, the neighbors made inquiries, the rabbi confessed what he had done and was ordered to leave the city immediately.

The Benefit.

A well known medical man was attending an old Irish woman who lived in one of the poorer quarters of Edinburgh. She had been ill, but was convalescent, when one day she said to the doctor:
"Will ye tell me, doctor, dear, for certain, whether I'll get well again or no?"
"Oh, yes, I think you'll be all right soon now," was the answer.
"I wanted to know for sure, ye see, doctor, because I'm a lone woman an' I subscribe to a buryin' society, an' I just wished to know if I was likely to be gettin' any benefit out of it or no."—Strand Magazine.

Olive Oil.

The bright and limpid appearance of the best olive oil is secured by repeatedly passing it through layers of carded cotton wool as a filter. The clarified oil of Italy is then, until bottled or sold in bulk, kept in cold storage in masonry tanks lined with hard marble and covered. Those who use much oil and have a cold, dark place in which to keep it find it economical to buy a good brand of oil in gallon packages. It can be drawn off into quart or pint bottles for convenient use and also so that the large quantity may not be exposed too frequently to the air.—New York Post.

Central Market!

Holbrook Block.

See us for the Choicest Cuts of the Best Meats Obtainable.

Orders Filled and Family Trade Solicited

T. P. WARD, Proprietor.

CHOOSING A BRIDE.

A Gay Custom in Russia That Has Its Merry and Sad Aspects.

An ancient custom is yet maintained in Russia at the Christmas season, in which the festivities of the day are made to play a permanent part in the lives of those who are chief in the frolicking.

Some person of importance in the district announces that the annual fete will be held at his house. Thither, at the appointed time, hasten the young men of the countryside; thither come, no less eagerly, but with decorous tardiness, the maidens of the place. There are dances and songs, games and feasting, but all else is but the prelude to the great event, when chance is made the handmaid of love. At the arrival of the proper hour the hostess gives a signal and withdraws into an apartment, accompanied by all the girls. The lasses are ranged upon long benches, where they pose, a tittering phalanx of freshness and beauty, with naught in their smiling affability to suggest that a scratch on blooming cheek might reveal the tartar.

The hostess is supplied with long strips of broad cloth, and with this she straightway muffles each and every maiden. She twists it deftly over and about the head until hair and features are hopelessly veiled; she winds it about the neck, the shoulders, the waist and on until the sprightly and lissom figure of the girl is merged in the rude outlines of a papoose.

This is the preparation. The action follows, when one by one, in an order determined by lot, the young men of the party enter the room. Each in turn approaches the veiled row of loveliness and examines it. Eyes and ears are useless; touch is everything. The puzzled suitor seeks to penetrate the baffling folds and locate the personality of his idol. When at last he has made his choice he is privileged to remove the swaddling clothes and behold the consummation—the moment of rapture or despair when soul answers soul in the love light of the eyes or when disappointment speaks in the stifled sigh or shows in the averted eye.

It is the law of custom that this twain should become man and wife. If the custom is broken a heavy forfeit must be paid by the unwilling person. But it is rarely that happiness fails in the result. Chance, it is well known, is open to a bribe. And the lovers who would fail to offer her bribes would hardly deserve happiness. In their whispers before the hour of trial amorous conspiracies for the cheating of ill fortune are made, and the lover may depend upon his ingenious inamorata to convey to him the concerted signal whereby will be determined her identity and their mutual happiness.

Turning the Tables.

"A Fort Dodge physician, a Dr. Pitcoo," said an Iowa man, "once had a grave dug for a patient, supposed to be dying, who afterward recovered, and over this error of judgment the doctor was joked for many years. Once he attended, in consultation with three conferees, another patient. This patient really died. After the death, as the physicians discussed the case together, one of them said:
"Since quick burial is necessary, we might inter the body temporarily. I understand our brother here has a vacant grave on hand."
"Dr. Pitcoo smiled.
"Yes," he said, "I believe I am the only physician present whose graves are not all filled."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Spider Tree.

In the country about Cape Negro, in Africa, there is a curious plant called the spider tree. It grows on windy plains, its stem attaining a diameter of four feet, although it does not exceed one foot in height. It puts out two leaves six or eight feet in length, and these are split by the whirling of the wind into a number of stiff, narrow ribbons bearing no little resemblance to the legs of a gigantic spider. This resemblance becomes startling when a strong breeze puts the leglike leaves into rapid motion, and the negroes shiveringly exclaim that the great spider is struggling to get loose.

Macauley's Wit.

Macauley, who was in the habit of shaving himself, and badly, too, it would seem, once patronized a first class barber. After obtaining an easy shave he turned to the tonsorial artist and inquired:
"How much do I owe you?"
"What ever you have been in the habit of giving the man who shaves you, sir," replied the barber.
"I generally give him two cuts on each cheek," replied the celebrated English historian, "but you, sir, being a superior workman, deserve to fare better."

Cheap Brains.

One day as John W. Mugridge, the lawyer, and Judge Minot were walking along the street in Concord, N. H., together, Mr. Mugridge, in his sepulchral voice, said: "Judge, let's go into partnership. You furnish the capital and I'll furnish the brains." The judge quickly pulled a two cent piece from his pocket and holding it in the palm of his hand, said to Mugridge: "Very well cover that, John! Cover that!"

Do Not Neglect the Children.

At this season of the year the first unnatural looseness of a child's bowels should have immediate attention. The best thing that can be given is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy followed by castor oil as directed with each bottle of the remedy. For sale by St. Johns Drug Store.

JOYS OF THE SIGHTLESS.

The Blind Take More Pleasure in Travel Than Many Suppose.

A blind man was making a tour of the New England coast on his vacation. In Maine, in the pretty village of Castine, a lady said as she waited with him at the pier:
"What pleasure is there in travel for a blind man?"

"More pleasure than you think," he replied. "I enjoy this fine, invigorating wind from the sea as well as you do. The noise of the water is as pleasant to me as to you, and the warmth of the sunshine is as agreeable, and when we get aboard the boat do you think I shan't appreciate the swift sail seaward?"

"The blind are not so blind as the world imagines. When I walk the streets I know the shops I am passing by their odors. Meat, perfume, tobacco, leather and flowers tell me as well as eyes would that a butcher's, a tobacconist's, a shoemaker's or a florist's is near.

"So it is in the country. A spiny smell tells me I am in a grove of pines. The sweet breath of new mown hay floats from the meadows, and in fancy I see the haymakers. The wild blackberries have their pungent odor, and it is easy to know the presence of the wild honey-suckle. The lowing cows, the neigh of a horse, the bleating of sheep tell me the occupants of the field I pass, and the gurgle of water assures me that in that field is a running brook.

"Do you wonder how a blind man makes his way in a crowded street? I will tell you. He walks fearlessly as long as he hears nothing, but when the sound of approaching footsteps reaches him he turns a little to the right and passes by without delay and without collision. Farther on he meets children. Children are easy to recognize by their noisy prattle and their light, quick, irregular steps. And the blind man, knowing that it is difficult to count with any degree of certainty upon the actions of these little people, goes very prudently, creeping along at a snail's pace until the children are passed.

"He knows a street crossing by the increased violence of the wind, the louder noises and the gradual descent of the pavement for some forty or fifty feet. He knows when he draws near a wall or big stationery object by the different sound his steps have and by the different feel to his flesh of the air, which is much more compressed.

"A blind man gets along better on a dark night than at any other time, for then all the world goes cautiously and slowly, and there is little danger of being run over or run down."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Study of the Wild.

There is no more healthful and instructive recreation for the intelligent boy (or man, either, for that matter) than that which is easily obtainable by studying the ways of the wild things that inhabit the swamps, woods and forests in the vicinity of the town in which he lives. It is good for brain, nerves, eyes and muscles. It is good for the disposition, too, for the more you know of any living creatures (except beasts of prey, rattlesnakes and such) the less inclined to do them an injury. Ignorance is the parent of cruelty. One need not seek the great forests of the north and west to study wild things and their ways. The habits of many interesting birds and smaller wild animals may be studied at the expense of a not very long walk by the dwellers in most country towns all over the United States and Canada.—Field and Stream.

Beyond Speech.

The conversation of pigs is not usually considered a matter of serious import, yet by it Uncle David gauged the physical condition of his porkers. Uncle David was a native of old Saco, Me. Some of his peculiarities are recorded by Mr. Reddon in his book on the town.

The old man raised pigs for the market. At one time a scourge devastated his sties. During this affliction a neighbor, meeting him and seeing his doleful countenance, inquired sympathetically for his sties.
"Well, Uncle David," he said cheerily, "how is the litter getting on?"
"Getting on!" replied Uncle David mournfully. "Getting on! They are all dead but two, and they are speechless!"

One Day as John W. Mugridge.

One day as John W. Mugridge, the lawyer, and Judge Minot were walking along the street in Concord, N. H., together, Mr. Mugridge, in his sepulchral voice, said: "Judge, let's go into partnership. You furnish the capital and I'll furnish the brains." The judge quickly pulled a two cent piece from his pocket and holding it in the palm of his hand, said to Mugridge: "Very well cover that, John! Cover that!"

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Brodahl's greenhouse, 302 Buchanan street, for pot plants.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Baptist church—E. A. Leonard, pastor. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. B. Y. P. U. 7 p. m. Preaching at 8 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

Methodist church—F. L. Young, pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m.; preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Epworth League at 7 p. m.

Holy Cross Catholic church, Portsmouth Station 8:15 a. m., low mass; 10:15 a. m., high mass; 7:30 p. m., vespers and benediction.

St. Andrew's Episcopal Chapel, University Park—Rev. Wm. R. Powell, chaplain. Regular services 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 3 p. m. Bible class 7 p. m.; Lenten service every Friday at 10 a. m.

Evangelical church—Sunday school 10 a. m. Preaching 11 a. m. Junior K. L. C. E. 2:30 p. m.; Senior K. L. C. E. 7:00 p. m. Also preaching at 8:00 p. m. Chester P. Gates, Pastor.

First Congregational Church—G. W. Nelson, pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m.; preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Baptist Church, University Park. Rev. A. B. Waltz, pastor. Regular services every Sunday morning and evening.

German Baptist Church—Services held each Sunday at Baptist church as follows: Sunday school 2 p. m., preaching at 3 p. m. Rev. Faltmeat, pastor.

St. Johns Book Store

Has just opened at
420 Jersey Street
McChesney Building

The best line of reading matter will be carried by them. A circulating library, open to the public from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m., is on hand. You pay the price of any book in class you may select, after which you can exchange it for any book in that class, from 5 to 20 cents per book.

Blank books, legal blanks, stationery and children's books. We also carry a small stock of cigars, tobacco and candies.

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Ladies' and Gents'
Billiard Parlors
STINE BLOCK.

OWENS BROS., Proprietors.
Five First-class Tables.

Drop in and play a game.

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Fine Wines and Liquors.

Family Supplies a Specialty.

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Mail Schedule

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.

AN OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

L. E. STORY, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Day and Night Office, Rooms 7 and 8, Holbrook Block,
ST. JOHNS, OREGON

S. H. GREENE
Attorney-at-Law.
Office: Room 9, Breeden Building, corner Third and Washington streets, Portland, and Room 25, Holbrook Block, St. Johns.
Phone: Pacific 2098. Residence: St. Johns

Joseph McChesney, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Day and Night Office in McChesney Block
Phone Woodlawn 473
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Residence, The Raymond.

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Office in University Park Drug Store.

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Will test the eyes free of charge.
Jersey Street, St. Johns, Oregon.

Goodrich & Goodrich,
ARCHITECTS
Full Professional Services Five Per Cent.
Saint Johns and Portland, Ore.

N. A. GEE
House Mover and Repairer
Houses moved, raised and repaired. Odd jobs of all kinds. Prompt service, reasonable charges. Ivanhoe and Catlin streets. Phone Woodlawn 586.
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ST. JOHNS, OREGON
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Green and dry slabwood.
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UNIVERSITY PARK

A. W. DICKSON Woodlawn 506

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fit you to eye glasses or spectacles. Perfect fit guaranteed. Your eyes fitted at home. Write for free booklet describing our method. Remember, the glasses we fit you to are worth \$5.50 any where on earth. Our price, only \$1.00.

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