

TO THE USERS OF GAS!

The only fuel that insures cleanliness, as well as economy. Nothing is equal to it for fuel, cooking or lighting purposes.

Notice is hereby given that, whereas the St. Johns Gas Light & Heat Company are about to begin laying their mains through the streets of St. Johns, the residents desiring to secure same will please leave application for the use of Gas at the St. Johns Review. Applications will be accepted by this office, and by making such an application at once, it will insure our going with mains in your street. This company will begin laying mains to connect consumers only in streets where people are ready to receive the same. There is no obligation on your part by making application for the use of the gas. It will only give us the necessary information of the streets that are desiring same, and upon such information such streets will be equipped with gas mains first. The residents upon streets that are making no applications will be kept to the last. If you have never used gas for cooking purposes, try it. You will use nothing else. Applications for the use of gas will be accepted at the St. Johns Review, St. Johns.

St. Johns Gas Light & Heat Company.

The St. Johns Review, with few exceptions, goes into every house on the lower Peninsula. Circulating among 4,500 people each week, it has great force as an advertising medium. It is a well established fact that no business can live long in these modern times without publicity. Look about you, if you have any doubt in this matter, and you will invariably find that the largest and most persistent advertisers are the most prosperous. If you will observe closely you will note that those business houses which do not advertise are constantly changing hands or going out of business. This is an undeniable fact, and will bear careful investigation. This being true, the best method and medium for bringing the desired result is the great problem. The big dailies, while they have a good circulation on the Peninsula, are too bulky and cumbersome to be a good medium unless one could afford to take a space large enough to attract attention. Dodgers have become so common as to be considered a nuisance, and fence boards can not be carried home to be read, and it is always a question whether a fence board advertiser is still doing business or not. A paper that goes into the home of the laboring man is the one that brings results. Try an ad. in the Review. It goes just where you want it to go, and the cost is not much. Let the people know about your business and know that you are alive.

BOWSER'S HUNTING.

Makes Annual Foray into the Country in Search of Snipe.

HAS INDIFFERENT SUCCESS.

Wife Has to Send For Him at Last to Save Him From Wrath of a Dozen Farmers—Was Taken For a Lunatic by a Stranger.

[Copyright, 1907, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.]
Mr. Bowser had promised to secure two seats for the theater during the day and take me in the evening, and when he entered the house at 6 o'clock with a broad smile on his face I felt sure that nothing had happened to bring about a disappointment.
"Then you got the tickets and we are going?" I asked as I gave him the expected kiss.
"Tickets? Going? What do you mean?" he asked in a blank way.
"Tickets for the theater, of course. You said you would surely get them."



"I HEARD HIM ASK IF THERE WERE GREEN-ELK HEADS ABOUT AND READY half an hour ahead of time. Did you get them well down in front?"
"Come to think of it, I believe there was something said about tickets and the theater, but I met Green on the car, and the thing passed completely out of my mind."
"And what did meeting Green have to do with it?"

"Why, Green is a great sportsman, you know. He catches more fish and shoots more snipe than any other man in town. He wanted to know if I didn't know that the snipe shooting season opened tomorrow and was surprised that I had forgotten it."

"Well, he has got a game knee and can't go out shooting, but I'm going by myself. You know I go every fall. I've been tasting snipe in imagination all day. We can go to the theater any night this fall or winter—we can go a hundred nights—but I must go snipe shooting tomorrow. I want to get away at daylight, and I've got to borrow a gun this evening and make ready."

It is true that Mr. Bowser went snipe hunting last year and the year before. It is also true that he didn't even see a snipe; also that he had trouble with farmers on both occasions and on the last came home with a black eye and his coat ripped from tail to collar. He had then said that he was through with snipe forever; that millions of them might come and light on the house and he wouldn't stretch forth his hand. I reminded him now of his words, and he replied:

"Never, Mrs. Bowser—never said anything that could be possibly twisted to mean any such thing! I couldn't have had any fuss with farmers, and if I came home with a black eye it was caused by a kick from the gun. You have got things all mixed up. This puts off our going to the theater for only a night or two, and I hope you won't be a booby about it."

"Oh, I'm not going to complain," I said. "If a husband cares more about snipe than he does about his wife she must put up with it."
"It isn't that, and you know it isn't. I care more about you than I do about five snipe, but I want you to see this thing in the same light that I do. I go out to shoot snipe. I get the day in the country. The walking is good for my rheumatism. I get the exhilaration of shooting a gamey bird. I talk with the farmers about their crops. I drink more or less buttermilk. I meet other sportsmen, and we compare notes and get acquainted. I shoot and bring home four dozen snipe, and we have snipe pie for a week. I feel rejuvenated, am completely restored to health, and during the rest of the fall I go around whistling and singing. I hope you won't be selfish in the matter."

Oh, What's the Use?
Of course I told him that I didn't want to be and that I should be glad to see him go out and enjoy himself. What was the use in saying anything to the contrary? He would have gone anyhow. As soon as dinner was over he went off somewhere and borrowed a gun and a game bag and ammunition, and he spent two solid hours cleaning that gun. It was a gun a rod long. I can't remember what bore he said it was nor how many snipe it would shoot to the minute, but the figures were very liberal. All you had to do was to put in anywhere from a dozen to a bushel of cartridges and aim and pull the trigger. I asked Mr. Bowser the gun wasn't made sixteen feet long so that the muzzle could

be used to push snipe off their nests, and for a few minutes the relations between us were strained. We had hardly become reconciled again when I asked him what sort of a looking bird a snipe was. He didn't seem to hear the question, and I put it again. Then he looked up, with a red face, and said that some folks called them partridges—some folks who didn't know anything. I had my suspicions, but said nothing further. When we got ready for bed Mr. Bowser charged me as follows:

Not to let him overstep.
Not to let him forget the gun.
To see that he took some ammonia in case a snipe bit him.
Not to let him forget to kiss me ere he departed. He didn't look for any accident, but a fuse might possibly blow out somewhere.
Not to let anything that the cook might say disturb me. The cook didn't know a snipe from a codfish.
To remind him to telephone me whenever he had opportunity during the day.

To remind him the very last thing before his departure that he was no dray horse and that if he slaughtered more than two dozen snipe he was not to try to bring them home on his back.
Mr. Bowser woke up at midnight and got up to find that the weather was all right for snipe; again at 1 o'clock, at 2, at 3, at 4. The weather continued all right, and he was thrashing around in bed and killing snipe by the cart load when I woke him at 5. He dressed, hurried down and devoured a piece of bread and butter and ran out of the house with that long gun on his shoulder before I was fairly awake. He hadn't waited to be reminded of anything. The milkman was at the door, and I heard him ask if there were grizzly bears around, and if they had teeth, but his inquiries remained unanswered. When I finally went down to my breakfast I found the cook in tears, and when I asked her what she wept she replied:

"I weep for your man, and I don't charge you anything extra for it."
"But why weep for me?"
"Because Mr. Bowser will be knocking trees and fences down with the end of that long gun and get himself killed."

An hour had passed when the telephone rang, and I went to it to be greeted by Mr. Bowser's voice. He said:

"I have reached the country. Am telephoning you from a brickyard. All the brick men say that there are snipe by the million about a mile farther on. It is a good thing that I brought 500 cartridges. I am in the best of spirits. Goodby."

Snipe? Billions of 'Em!
Forty minutes later I heard from him again. He said:
"Hello, girl. I am at a farmhouse. Have been inquiring all about buckwheat and cabbages. They are a big chop. The farmer says the snipe must have got wind of my coming, as they all flew away just before my arrival. He estimates the number in the stock at 2,000,000. I am about to push on after them. Wish I had brought a thousand cartridges and a gun thirty-two feet long. I feel all the exhilaration I anticipated. Have arranged with the farmer for the use of his two horse wagon to bring my snipe home. He is really an intelligent man. He doesn't think the Standard Oil company will pay that fine for two or three weeks yet. Goodby."

Once more I heard from him. It was two hours later, and I had begun to worry. It was needless, for he said:
"I am on the trail of the snipe. There are billions and billions of them, and they cannot escape me. Wish I had brought 500 cartridges. Wish the gun was fifty feet long. Am telephoning from another farmhouse. Farmer says that the bumblebee is preparing to retire to his lair for the season. One more effort and I am among the snipe. Never felt so exhilarated in my life. By John, but this is seeing life, this is! Goodby."

That was the last from him. Hours and hours later the telephone called me again, and the voice of a stranger said:

"If that is Mrs. Bowser I want to say to her that there is a short, pudgy man with a bald head roaming around here and talking about snipe and exhilaration. He claims to be your husband. Will you send for him before the farmers gather and run him off and lock him up for a looney?"
I sent for him and brought him home, gun and all, and as I wrote this he lies asleep on the lounge. The doctor says he will probably live through it, but all depends on the nursing. He must have been bitten by at least twenty snipe and a dozen farmers.

Not Near Enough.
Love Sick Giraffe (making gooey eyes at Miss Gorilla)—Way down in mah heart I've a feeling for you.
Miss Gorilla (looking dubiously down the giraffe's neck)—Yes, but it's too far off, giraffe. I can only be a sister to you.—Bohemian.

TIME TABLE O. R. & N.
Union Depot, Portland.
No. 4 Chicago Special leaves 8:30 a. m.
No. 4 Spokane Flyer leaves 7:30 p. m.
No. 6 Kansas City Exp. leaves 7:40 p. m.
No. 8 Local Passenger leaves 8:00 a. m.
No. 1 Chicago Special arrives 8:30 p. m.
No. 3 Spokane Flyer arrives at 8:30 a. m.
No. 5 Kansas City Exp. arrives 9:45 a. m.
No. 7 Local Passenger arrives 5:45 p. m.

Our Charges.
As is customary, we will charge for card of thanks, 50c; for resolutions of respect, \$1.00; for notices of church or lodge entertainments, suppers, societies, etc., where there are charges for admission, 3c per line, but where there are no charges for these events, we will break the rule and insert them free. We make this announcement so that our good friends may understand our rule in this respect.

SHE HAD NERVE.

But It Was Very Trying on the Busy Clerk's Patience.

"Don't you know that you have the reputation of being the politest drug clerk in town?" she gushed as she entered the big drug store and picked up a dozen candles and two sample packages of chewing gum at one sweep.

"Thank you, miss," replied the modest clerk, with a bow. "I always try to do my best."
"That is very commendable. Now, I want a stamp, and I want to use your pen and ink and also your blotter, and I'd like to look at your directory."

The clerk bustled himself in passing over the above articles, and then she said in her sweetest tones:
"Would you mind taking up this big blot? I'm nervous."
"Yes, miss, I—"
"And attaching the stamp? I don't like the flavor of the gum."

"Really, I—"
"And dropping the letter into the box out on the sidewalk? My fingers are lanky. Thank you! That's a good boy."
The clerk dropped in a chair from exhaustion.

"Well, of all the"—he exploded. But she was back again.
"Would—would you mind standing by the window and watching for the collector? I've made a terrible mistake."
"What, miss?"
"Why, I actually forgot to dot an I."—Detroit Tribune.

Doubtless the Reason.
Professor Searchen was engrossed in the study of all things that cried. To him a pin had but one purpose—to impale insects; tin cans but one use—to house worms.
"Professor," complained his young wife one evening, "how the prices of vegetables are soaring! Just think of it, \$2 for this bushel of apples and half have worms in them."

"Perhaps, darling," commented the professor as he strove to part the few remaining hairs on his shining head, "they are of a very rare species."—Harper's Weekly.

A Good Lawyer.
"Do you know of a good lawyer?"
"Yes, Danforth is one of the best lawyers in this town."
"Danforth? I never heard of any important case that he won."

"I know, but he's a good lawyer all the same. His first advice to a client always is to keep out of court."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Presence of Mind!
Astounding rescue of a bird's nest in a gorge of the Sierra Nevada.—Tatter.

No Sign.
Sister—I know Jack is in love with me.
Brother—What makes you think so?
Sister—His hand trembled when he buttoned my glove for me this morning.

Brother—Guess again. I was out with him last night.—Cleveland Leader.

Both Objectionable.
Towne—They are two fellows I hate to play poker with, Measley and Kraft.
Browne—Oh, I know Measley's always a hard loser, but what's wrong with Kraft?

Towne—He's always an easy winner.—Philadelphia Press.

Till Next Time.
"Well," said Ardup, "I've established a credit at the barber's, anyway."
"How's that?" inquired Smeers.
"I got a shave and a hair cut, told the barber I'd pay him the next time I happened in and made my getaway immediately."—Chicago Tribune.

Willing to Oblige.
Sutor—No, sir, I do not love your eldest daughter for her money. It is her beauty, her charm, her—
Pater—Say, I've got a younger daughter who hasn't a cent. And she's lots prettier and more charming. Want her?—Cleveland Leader.

Comforting.
Connoisseur—What a beautiful sideboard! Is it one of your old family pieces, Mrs. Noo?
Mrs. Noo—Not yet, Mr. Connoisseur. But it will be after me and James has had it a couple of hundred years.—Harper's Weekly.

Stating the Case.
"Oh," cries Miss Minn. "Why?" I say. "I'm very ill," says she.
"And if my pain you would Alas, Run quick for an M.D."
This morning early I Arise—
Right Oa. of heart was I—
And made it my especial tie To milk our Tenn. fat Ky. Then, with the help of Cal and Del, I did the Wash, and that Was not a joke I Kan, you tell—
Indeed, it did Me flat.
So when I found I must give Ore. Upon my bed I Lie.
Alas, I now am very sure Such smartness does not Pa."—Elizabeth Hill in New York Life.

BENNETT'S Cash Market

C. W. BENNETT, Prop.

As you may be aware, I have recently taken charge of the business here myself, and am doing STRICTLY CASH business, which enables me to furnish my customers the best meat at reduced prices, as I save the expense of bookkeeping, and also as I do not delivering the customer gets the benefit of the money thus saved.

Come in and inspect our meats and get our prices.

Bennetts Cash Market

"The place where you get more for less money."

J. E. KILKENNY G. L. EPPS

St. Johns Electric Works

203 South Jersey St.

ALL VARIETIES OF

Electrical Installation and

Repairing Promptly Attended to by Exp. rts.

Motors and dynamos

repaired, and all kinds of

electrical work done at

satisfactory prices. Estimates given and suggestions furnished.

No work too difficult—no job too small.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE

As well as the other kinds of Hardware is

OUR HOBBY

We are making the hardware business our study, and it's not how cheap we can buy but how good, and we must have the quality.

Our Universal Stoves and Ranges are as good as the BEST made.

Our mixed paints are the Acme quality kind.

Hendricks Hardware COMPANY.

No. 111 Burlington street

SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, COUNTY OF MULTNOMAH:

Charlie Schultz, Plaintiff

vs.

Mary Schultz, Defendant.

To Mary Schultz, the above named Defendant:

In the name of the state of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and suit, within six (6) weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to wit: from January 17, 1908; and if you fail so to appear and answer or otherwise plead to said suit, that plaintiff above named will apply to the above named court for the relief demanded in his complaint, to wit: for a decree forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, and absolutely divorcing plaintiff from you and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem just and equitable.

This summons is published pursuant to the order of the Honorable J. B. Cleland, Judge of the above entitled circuit court, made in open court in this cause, on January 15, 1908, which order prescribes that this summons shall be published in the St. Johns Review once a week for a period not less than six (6) weeks. The first publication of this summons was made on January 17, 1908, the last publication thereof will be February 25, 1908.

H. E. COLLIER, Atty for Plaintiff.

NEISS & CONWAY PHOTO ENGRAVERS

PRINTING PLANT

Bring in your job printing.

AN OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

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 208. Residence: St. Johns.

HENRY E. COLLIER

Lawyer.

Rooms in the Holbrook building. St. Johns, Oregon.

B. F. BELIEU

Contractor and Builder

East St. Johns.

Plans and estimates given.

Joseph McChesney, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Day and Night Office in McChesney Block

ST. JOHNS, OREGON

DR. L. G. HOLLAND,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Residence: 435 Williams Ave.

Phone East 6363. Office: Holbrook Block, rooms 3 and 4

Phone East 3689.

St. Johns, Oregon

Dr. W. E. HARTEL,

DENTIST

Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty

Rooms 1 and 2, Holbrook Block, St. Johns

Dr. MARY MacLACHLAN

Physician and Surgeon.

Office in Holbrook's Block.

Residence, 214 Hayes street.

Phone Scott 6995.

OSCAR DeVAUL, M. D.

Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m.

Office Phone, Scott 1104.

Residence Phone, Union 5901.

Office in University Park Drug Store.

J. R. WEIMER

Transfer and Storage

Your Patronage Solicited

105 East Burlington street, St. Johns.

Bon Ton Barber Shop

MANFIELD & KARMLIN.

First class work and clean hot towels for patrons. Hair cutting a specialty.

Agents for West Coast Laundry.

Jersey street St. Johns

E. C. MONNICH

PAPER HANGING AND PAINTING

Estimates Furnished

1009 Monteith St. St. Johns, Or.

Darling & Barnett

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS

414 Smith St. - St. Johns, Ore.

J. H. BLACK ANDY KERR

BLACK & KERR

Building Contractors

Plans and Estimates Furnished.

LAUREL LODGE

ST. JOHNS, OREGON

Meets each Monday evening in Odd Fellows hall, at 8:00. Visitors welcomed.

H. S. Simmons, N. G.

E. B. Holcomb, Secretary.

Holmes Lodge No. 101

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

Meets every Friday night at 7:30 o'clock at I. O. O. F. hall. Visitors always welcome.

Geo. R. Black, C.

C. J. H. Black, K. R. S.

Fraternal Brotherhood.

Meets every Friday night in M. W. A. Hall. S. J. Scheiter, president; Jas. H. Gee, secretary.

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

Street Car Time Table.

Leave 2d & Alder.

A. M. A. M. P. M.

5:45 11:30 3:45

6:05 11:45 4:05

6:25 12:05 4:25

6:40 12:20 4:40

7:00 12:40 5:00

7:15 1:00 5:15

7:30 1:15 5:30

7:45 1:30 5:45

8:00 1:45 5:55

8:15 2:00 6:10

8:30 2:15 6:25

8:45 2:30 6:40

9:00 2:45 6:55

9:15 3:00 7:10

9:30 3:15 7:25

9:45 3:30 7:40

10:00 3:45 7:55

10:15 4:00 8:10

10:30 4:15 8:25

10:45 4:30 8:40

11:00 4:45 8:55

11:15 5:00 9:10

11:30 5:15 9:25