Stocking 'Most Full.

We were glad to receive a good letter from Juneau, Alaska, from John C. Brooks, son of our townsman, J. T. Brooks, written May 17th. He says he notices the changes as recorded in the Review each week. He is looking forward to the time when he will come back home, we think, because he said: "I've got that stocking nearly filled, and when I get it filled I will come back home; see?" We will be looking for him down this way some of these days. He is loud in praise of the weather in that country now, but not far from there a big snow slide nearly doused the glim for a number of the citizens.

He has seen a number of people from Portland—even the Merry Widow lid made its advent there. There was but one appearance, however, and Mr. Brooks does not say whether it was laid away as a relic or put up for a prospector's shack on the Yukon. He also says he notes that an Alaska fashion paper says "purses are flatter this season." Evidently the millionaire's panic has struck Juneau, too. Well, John, come home; our purses are getting more and more like the gastronomic arrangement of a typical alderman, or that of the coming republican candidate for president of the nation.

An Even Break.

Two games of ball were pulled off on the Jersey street grounds May 31. The Papermakers of Oregon City made their initial appearance here, and it was only through the rank playing of Brown, the local short-stop, that St. Johns did not capture both games. The first one was dead easy, the locals winning handily by a score of 8 to 1. The second contest was nip and tuck up to the sixth inning, the score then standing 3 and 3. With two men gone the Papermakers succeeded in filling the bases. The next batter then drove an easy chance to Brown, who picked it up neatly, but instead of tossing the ball to second, when he had loads of time to do so, he made one of his regular wild heaves to first, resulting in three runs crossing the home plate. Brown seemed unable to come anywhere near first base when trying to head off a runner, and during the two games was charged with eight errors. Clark Moore made the star catch of the game when he caught a foul fly off the right field fence. Otto Moore also distinguished himself by driving the ball over the fence. The game ended in a score of 6 to 3, in Oregon City's favor.

Marshal Shot by Mistake.

Mistaking J. S. Wright, of Colville for one of the thugs who had attempted to hold up his brother, George Rush shot the officer down at Spokane, May 27, and inflicted a fatal wound. Wright has refused to have Rush arrested, as he states the shooting was the result of a mistake.

Jack Rush reported to the officers that two men had attempted to hold him up and that, when he fled, they fired two shots after him. Officers went to the Rush home and ,after shouting through the door, were surprised by the brothers, one of whom pulled open the door, while the other fired a rifle, fatally wounding Wright.

The brothers thought the highwaymen were coming to the house to commit robbery.

No word has been recieved by Rev. Young since the accident, and this leads him to hope for the recovery of the wounded officer, who is his brother-in-law.

Farewell Reception.

Thursday afternoon, May 28th, Mrs. Leon H. Chambers and Mrs. D. Frank Horsman entertained very pleasantly in honor of Mrs. John J. Lyons who expects to leave in a few days for Seattle. Those present besides the hostesses were: Mrs. John J. Lyons, Mrs. Howard G. Ogden, Mrs. William E. Hartel, Mrs. G. W. Nelson, Mrs. Marion F. Loy, Mrs. E. C. Mounich, Mrs. C. E. Woodley, Mrs. L. A. McKeon, Mrs. Edward Wilson, Miss Brown, Mrs. Marion Johnston, Mrs. Lutz, Mrs. D. G. Busby, Mrs. F. W. Valentine, Mrs. J. H. Canright, Mrs. A. W. Vincent, Mrs. Geo. Thomsen, Mrs. B. T. Leggett, Mrs. A. Craik and Mrs. Holland of Portland.

Iowa Cyclone.

Even Old Albia, the city in which we were born, where we passed some of the happiest days of life, fine old town, progressive, up-to-date, has been monkeying with a cyclone. The storm started up the Tyrone Bottoms, where we first served as telegraph operator 35 years or more ago, and swept across Monroe county doing a great deal of damage, both by the wind and the lightning, and in Albia one death occurred, that of an old pioneer, J. M. Taylor. We wish all our good friends in Iowa were here where we never have dangerous storms and the lightning never does any damage.

If you want to know how the Scotch people live go to Dr. McLachlan's June 8, in the tour of the world.

DOWNRIGHT ABUSE.

I've sure been called a lot of things
Since I've been fooling round on earth.
They've even called me names, b' jings,
That cast reflections on my birth.
They've called me "grafter," "snide" and "crook"—
Yes, they have named me worse than that.
But here comes some man with a book
That calls me "proletariat!"

Now, I have lived the best I could.
I've paid my debts when necessary.
I've been, I reckon, average good
For one so human and contrary.
But all my effort in the line
Of keeping straight and all of that
Is wasted, and my eyes run brine
If I'm a "proletariat!"

I don't know what the word can mean,
And, tell the truth, I'm scared to learn.
Far as I know I've never seen
A sample s'ed don't care a durn
If I should waste the brief remains
Of what short time I have at bat
Without once getting through my brains
The sense of "proletariat."

Yet while I live and have my health
I'd have the whole world understand
That, though I've neither fame nor wealth,
There's none that dares to lift his hand
And swear that I, peace loving man
That tries to side step family spats,
Could e'er be listed with the clan
That's labeled "proletariats."

—Strickland W. Gillilan in Judge.

Pleasant Prospect.

A young fellow in Pittsburg intended to ask her father's consent the other evening, but changed his mind. He has decided to wait till the old gentleman is disabled from a fall on the ice or till something equally propitious turns up. It happened in this way:

When he reached the house, the girl met him at the door, pearly tears stealing down her fair cheeks.

"Oh, George," she whispered, "I am so glad you have come. Please go into the library and see if you can calm father; he is so excited and is raging about, knocking over the furniture and breaking things."

"Certainly," George said briskly. "What is the matter with the old gentleman?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she said. "He was all right, and I just began to tell him that you wanted to marry me."—Lippincott's.

A Wrong Tip.

A well known Chicago merchant was once asked to talk to the boys of a business school. He prefaced his address by a few extempore remarks.

"Boys," said he, "as I approached the entrance to this schoolroom I observed on the panel of the door a word most appropriate to an institution of this kind. That one word expresses the quality most useful to the average boy when he steps into the field of business. Can you tell me what it is?"

"Pull!" shouted several of the pupils, with a burst of laughter, while the horrified merchant recognized that he had taken his text from the wrong side of the door.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Revenging Himself on the Profession.

"Say," asked the wild eyed man, limping into the chiropodist's office, "can you cure a bunion?"

"Yes, sir," answered the chiropodist.

"Can you do it in a short time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Permanently?"

"Sure! Take this chair."

"No, thanks," said the caller, whipping a notebook out of his pocket and making an entry in it. "I don't want anything done. I am merely making a collection of monumental liars. I have found another one, that's all. Good day."

Turning on his heel, he limped out.—Chicago Tribune.

Timely Aid.

"I see that Moneybags has come forward with a half million to help out in this financial trouble."

"Yes. But if he wished to relieve the trouble any why did he wait so long?"

"Well, you see, he wanted to be sure the tide was coming in before casting his bread on the waters."—Judge.

The Proper Term.

Knox—You and Dr. Jones are partners, are you not?

Dr. Smith—Oh, no. We often consult together and attend to each other's patients in case of absence, but we are in no sense partners.

Knox—I see. He is what might be termed your accomplice.—Detroit Tribune.

Gradations of Crime.

"That constable who followed a lecturer about the stage with a warrant for breach of contract might have provoked the man to worse crime."

"I suppose you mean assault and battery?"

"No. But in his excitement the stager might have uttered a false note."—New York Times.

Saving Her Pelt.

"Look out!" cried the friendly walrus. "Here comes a hunter after you."

"I don't give a wrap," chortled the fur bearing seal, disappearing beneath the waves. — Catholic Standard and Times.

In Portland, Saturday, we met Chris Greisen, the wide-awake hustler for the brightest horticultural magazine on the coast, "Better Fruit," published in Hood River, Oregon. Mr. Greisen says the prospects for all kinds of fruit in the banner fruit district of the coast is the best for years, and that is going some. If there is any place in the world that can hold a candle to Hood River for fine fruits and beautiful scenery we have not been able to locate it yet, and there are few places in the world where the people are as genial, as social and goodhearted. Just while we are talking, St. Johns is one of those places. For sociability and genial comradeship there is no place we have ever known that comes up to St. Johns.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Clarke of Hood River, who were visiting the Rose Show this week, took a run out to St. Johns Wednesday to say hello to their old time friends. He is the same old Charlie in the same old way and passed a number of fine compliments on the appearance of our little city.

AN INCIDENT OF WATERLOO.

Its Effect Upon the Shovel Making Industry in England.

A millionaire shovel maker as he sat in the smoking room of an Atlantic liner said:

"I have been over to England trying to sell shovels to the British government. I failed. I didn't sell a shovel. And a dead man named Jones was the cause of my failure.

"Jones was alive, very much alive, during the battle of Waterloo. He sat on horseback near Wellington's tent. Wellington, seeing him there in civilian's dress, said angrily:

"'Who are you?'

"'I am a shovel salesman,' said Jones, 'and I came here from Brussels to see the battle.'

"'Now you are here,' said Wellington, 'are you willing to carry a message for me to one of my generals? It will be a dangerous errand, but just now I have no one else to send.'

"'I'll carry your message,' said Jones, 'and as for danger, one part of this battlefield is no more dangerous than another part today.'

"So Wellington gave him the message, and Jones delivered it, but failed to return. The duke thought him slain, but one day eight or nine years later a man accosted the duke in London.

"'Do you remember me?' he said.

"'I do,' said Wellington, shaking the man's hand warmly. 'You saved two regiments of mine by the delivery of that message. Why didn't you return to me?'

"Jones said his horse had been killed by a cannon ball as he was returning, and he himself had been shot in the side, but not badly. A few days abed had brought him round.

"'Well, said the duke, what can I do for you?'

"'I am a partner in that shovel house of ours now,' said Jones. 'The firm name is Smith, Jenkins & Jones, and I'd like to get a government contract.'

"He got it," the millionaire ended sadly. "From that day to this all the shovels used in the British army and navy have been supplied by the house of Smith, Jenkins & Jones. I wasted my time trying to compete with that firm."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Latest Arithmetic.

A tramp hires out to a farmer for $14 per month. He gets a boss dinner, works for an hour and then skips out. Counting the dinner worth 30 cents, did he make or lose? Counting the three bites he got from the farmer's dog while making his skate at 20 cents a bite, was the dog, the farmer or the tramp ahead?

A father pays $250 to educate his daughter in music, $50 to enable her to say "good day" in French, $150 to give her lessons in painting and $100 to teach her how to dance. She then marries a young man getting a salary of $9 per week. How much will she save by doing her own kitchen work for the next five years, paying herself at the rate of $3 per week?

It takes twenty blows of a hammer in the hands of a woman to drive a tenpenny nail one inch, and she misses the nail three times where she hits it once. In striking 500 blows, how far in is the nail driven and how far can she be heard when she strikes her thumb instead of the nail?—Chicago News.

A Wily Answer.

Sir Acquin Martin was at the head of a firm of civil engineers in Calcutta, a post which eventually led to a business trip to Kabul and to an intimate friendship with the late Ameer Abdurrahman. His highness, who had a low opinion of the truthfulness of the average man and woman, was greatly impressed by the Englishman's frank manners. "Did I ever tell you a lie?" Sir Acquin once asked the ameer. The potentate rolled his eyes and replied, "I never found you out in one."—London Tit-Bits.

Sociable Spiders.

Spiders are not always solitary creatures. A scientist has lately found in southern India a species of spider that builds spongy nests with outlying webs, each nest being occupied by forty to a hundred spiders, with a large excess of females. Sometimes five or six nests are clustered together. The spiders not only live and work together, but they share with one another any prey that may be captured, and some even show maternal affection approaching self sacrifice.

Paganini's Violin.

Paganini came by his favorite violin in a curious way. A French merchant lent him the instrument to play upon at a concert at Leghorn. After the concert Paganini brought it back to its owner, when the latter exclaimed, to the delighted astonishment of the player: "Never more will I profane the strings which your fingers have touched. That instrument is yours."

Mandolin or Guitar Lessons

Would like to instruct a class of mandolin scholars who have not completed a course of lessons. Also beginners will be given lessons. Guitar pupils also. Apply for information to D. F. Taylor.

I am prepared to spray your trees, henhouses, fences, in fact do any kind of whitewashing and spraying. N. A. Gee.

SHE WAS ENGAGED.

The Tale of a Business Man Who Met His Match.

He was engaging a new stenographer, and he bit off his words and hurled them at her in a way to frighten any ordinary girl out of her wits.

"Chew gum?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Talk slang?"

"No, sir."

"Make googoo eyes at the fellows when you're not busy?"

"No, sir."

"Know how to spell 'cat' and 'dog' correctly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Chin through the telephone half a dozen times a day?"

"No, sir."

"Usually tell the office force how much the firm owes and all the rest of its private business you learn?"

"No, sir."

He was thinking of something else to ask her when she took a hand in the matter and put a few queries.

"Smoke cheap cigars when you're dictating?" she asked.

"Why—er—no," he gasped in astonishment.

"Take it out of the stenographer's hide when you've had a scrap at home and got the worst of it?"

"Cer-certainly not!"

"Slam things around and swear when business is bad?"

"N-never."

"Lay for your employees with a club when they get caught in a block some morning?"

"No, indeed."

"Think you know enough about grammar and punctuation to appreciate a good stenographer when you get one?"

"I—I think so."

"Want me to go to work, or is your time worth so little that"—

"You bet!" he broke in enthusiastically. "Kindly hang up your things and let's get at these letters."—A. B. Lewis in Judge.

The Cautious Reporter.

"Young man," said the editor to the new reporter, "you lack caution. You must learn never to state a thing as a fact until it has been proved a fact. You are apt to get us into libel suits. Do not say, 'The cashier stole the funds.' Say, 'The cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That's all. Oh, get something about that First ward social tonight."

The next day halfway down the social column the editor saw the following cautious paragraph:

"It is rumored that a card party was given last evening to a number of repulsed ladies of the First ward. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess, and the festivities are reported to have continued until 11:30 in the evening. The alleged hostess is believed to be the wife of John Smith, the so called 'high priced grocer.'"—Success Magazine.

"Great Cry and Little Wool."

Were All Out.

An acquaintance called on some ladies in an Alabama town who had at the time been much wearied by an apparently endless succession of callers. The door was opened by Augustus Butts, the faithful old butler. "Are the ladies in?" asked the caller. "No, ma'am, they're all out." "I am so sorry that I missed them," continued the visitor, handing him her cards. "I particularly wished to see Mrs. Jones." "Yes, ma'am, thank you, ma'am," responded Augustus. "They're all out, ma'am, and Mrs. Jones is particularly out, ma'am."

When the Maid Proposed.

The leap year girl had just proposed.

"This is—er—so sudden," stammered the young man in the case. "I am dreadfully—er—embarrassed, and"—

"Embarrassed!" exclaimed the fair maid. "Then I take it all back. I thought you had oodles of money."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Genial.

"Bilggius has a patient and cheerful disposition."

"Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "If Bilggius owes you money, he doesn't get angry, no matter how often you ask him for it."—Washington Star.

Should Have Waited.

"Bilger eloped with his cook, the unfeeling wretch!"

"Well, I don't know. Why shouldn't he if he wanted to?"

"But his wife was just going to give a dinner party."—New York Life.

'Twas Ever Thus.

When I was a lad
A digestion I had
That assuredly was a jim dandy.
And it seemed to me tough
I could ne'er get enough
Of such stuff as cheese, mince pie and candy.

Things have changed, I must own,
Since to manhood I've grown,
Now cheese I can get by the hummock,
Piles of candy foot high
And just lashin's of pie;
But, oh, where is that juvenile stomach?

—Boston Transcript.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between D. G. Mossman and E. G. Sites, blacksmith shop, 401 South Ivanhoe street, is hereby dissolved. The business will be continued by D. G. Mossman who will collect all accounts due the late firm and pay all bills. D. G. Mossman.

Bring in your printing now.

THE DEBUTANTE AT BRIDGE.

Let's see, what's trumps—oh, Grace, your hat's a dear,
And so becoming too! Girls, did you hear
That Clara Getrox is engaged at last,
And to a count with a dreadful past
And not a penny to his titled name?
(I dote on bridge. It's such a clever game.
Let's see, what's trumps?) There's Catherine over there,
And entre nous, I hear she dyes her hair
And paints—but I might, too, with such a face!
(Oh, partner, did I really trump your ace?)

Who is that freak three tables to the right?
I saw her at the Wilbur-Brownes last night.
Some parvenu no doubt, and, goodness knows,
I think a blacksmith must design her clothes.
(Are hearts or diamonds trumps? Oh, that's a fact;
It's clubs!) Some girls are so devoid of tact!
That Carlton creature in the last year's hat
Just makes me mad as mad—she's such a cat
And nearly snaps your head off if you don't
Keep absolutely dumb. Of course I won't!

Oh, girls, Jack's so devoted it's a joke.
He's quite my shadow—what! Did I revoke?
Well, anyway I think it's mean to take
Three tricks from me for just that small mistake.
Bridge bores me frightfully, I'm bound to say,
Though Jack says it's astounding how I play.
Why will some hostesses invite such frumps?
Oh, dear! My lead again? Let's see, what's trumps?

—Ella Bentley in Puck.

Grandma's Destination In Doubt.

Ethel is of the mature age of five. Recently her grandmother concluded that it devolved on her to instruct the child in religious matters.

"You must be a good girl, Ethel," she said. "Then you will go to heaven when you die."

Ethel seemed scarcely pleased with this reward for exceptional conduct.

"Don't you want to go to heaven?" asked grandma, with a look of reproach.

"Oh, I don't know," temporized Ethel. "I guess not."

"Why not?" demanded grandma severely.

"Because maybe I couldn't get out," answered Ethel.

"You wouldn't want to get out," replied grandma.

"Oh, yes, I should," returned Ethel with conviction.

"No," argued grandma, "you would not. Why should you want to get out of heaven?"

"Why," answered Ethel, "I guess I'd want to go and see you once in awhile, wouldn't I?"—Woman's Home Companion.

Overheard in the Barnyard.

"I can't kiss you, dear, unless you stop pouting."

Mr. Green's Waterloo.

Mr. Green had been paying $4 a week for board. His appetite constantly increased. Finally his landlady saw that she must either sell out and quit or raise her boarder's rate. One day after watching him feverishly devouring plateful after plateful she plucked up courage and said:

"Mr. Green, I shall have to raise your board to $5."

Mr. Green looked up, with a start. Then in a tone of consternation he said:

"Oh, Mrs. Small, don't! It's as much as I can do now to eat $4 worth."—Woman's Home Companion.

Screened.

They sat in the dim parlor.

"One kiss," he pleaded.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the pretty girl in a teasing mood. "Some one might see us."

"Who?"

"Why, the clock, for instance. That has a face."

"Yes, but that clock is as considerate as the moon that goes under a cloud. It keeps its face covered with its hands."—Minneapolis Journal.

Then the Fight Began.

"Well," said Mrs. Casey proudly, "my Dennis was wan o' the pallbearers at the funeral o' the rich Michael Hooligan t'day."

"Aye," retorted Mrs. Cassidy jealously, "'twas well fitted fur the job yer husband was. Sure he's used to carryin' the liler that some wan else pays fur!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Strictly Appropriate.

"Mrs. Gossip is a rare read."

"Why?"

"She asked all her friends to give her something characteristic to start her new greenery with, and they all sent her rubber plants."—Baltimore American.

A Certainty.

"Papa, when will the world come to an end?"

"Probably, my boy, some Sunday morning when I can sleep as long as I want to and have left orders not to be called."—New York Life.

The Limit.

Howell—I don't mind getting a lemon now and then, but—

Powell—But what?

Howell—I think it is overdoing the thing when the lemon has been squeezed.—New York Press.

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, sociables, etc., where there are charges for admission, 5c 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.

J. E. KILKENNY G. L. EPPS

St. Johns Electric Works

203 South Jersey St.

We don't solicit plumbing, tinning or carpenter work or any other line not pertaining to the Electrical Business.

THAT ISN'T ALL

We are not running a curbstone Electrical Business. Our way of doing business is legitimate.

Motors and Dynamos sold and repaired; Fixtures and Supplies; House Wiring.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE

As well as the other kinds of Hardware is

OUR HOBBY

—o—

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

Street Car Time Table.

Leave 2d & Alder. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Leave St. Johns. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
5 45	11 30	5 48	5 45	11 25	6 15
6 05	11 45	6 00	6 05	11 40	6 30
6 25	12 00	6 12	6 26	12 00	6 40
6 40	12 30pm	6 30	6 40	12 30pm	6 50
7 00	12 40	6 48	6 50	12 40	7 10
7 15	1 00	7 06	7 00	1 00	7 30
7 30	1 18	7 24	7 15	1 18	7 50
7 45	1 36	7 42	7 30	1 36	8 10
8 00	1 54	8 00	7 50	1 54	8 30
8 15	2 12	8 20	8 10	2 12	8 50
8 30	2 30	8 40	8 25	2 30	9 10
8 45	2 48	9 00	8 40	2 48	9 30
9 00	3 06	9 20	8 55	3 06	9 50
9 15	3 24	9 40	9 10	3 24	10 10
9 30	3 42	10 00	9 25	3 42	10 30
9 45	4 00	10 20	9 40	4 00	11 00
10 00	4 18	10 40	9 55	4 20	11 30
10 15	4 36	11 00	10 10	4 40	12 00
10 30	4 54	11 30	10 25	5 00	12 30
10 45	5 10	12 00	10 40	5 15	12 30
11 00	5 24	12 30	10 55	5 35	1 20
11 15	5 39	12 45	11 10	5 55	A. M.

TIME TABLE O. R. & N.

Union Depot, Portland.

No. 2 Chicago Special leaves 8:30 a. m.
No. 4 Spokane Flyer leaves at 7:00 p. m.
No. 6 Kansas City Exp. leaves 7:00 p. m.
No. 8 Local Passenger leaves 8:00 a. m.
No. 1 Chicago Special arrives 6:20 p. m.
No. 3 Spokane Flyer arrives at 8:00 a. m.
No. 5 Kansas City Exp. arrives 9:15 a. m.
No. 7 Local Passenger arrives 5:45 p. m.

St. Johns Ferry Time Card.

Leave East Side (A. M.)—6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00, 12:00 M. P. M.—1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 4:30, 5:30, 6:00.

Leave West Side (A. M.)—6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00. P. M.—12:00, 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 6:00.

Mail Schedule

Mail arrives at St. Johns at 7:10 a. m. and 1:15 p. m.

Leaves at 10:30 a. m., and 4:15 p. m. Office open week days from 6:15 a. m. to 6:10 p. m. Sundays from 9 to 10 a. m.

Plant an ad. in The St. Johns Review and watch your business grow.

NEISS & CONNAWAY
PHOTO ENGRAVERS
ARTISTS & ILLUSTRATORS
Makers of PRINTING PLATES for STATIONERY PRINTING NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS MAGAZINE AND BOOKLET COVERS AND ILLUSTRATIONS COMIC ART & VENIER POST CARDS CATALOGS & LABELS &c.
109 SECOND STREET PORTLAND OREGON

Watch the label on your paper.

Pointers for our Patrons.

Our rule is the best stock and best work for our patrons.

We carry in stock typewriter paper, carbon paper and onion skin for making duplicate copies.

We do not allow any printer to put out nicer work than we do and we put the best stock into our jobs.

The difference between poor stock and first class stock on a job is a small item when you consider the value of the job. It is the price of a satisfied customer. It is better to make 50 cents less on a job and have a customer who will come back, than to use the flimsy stock, make the extra 50 cents and lose your customer. That is the way we figure it.

AN OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

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Day and Night Office in McChesney Block
Phone Woodlawn 478
ST. JOHNS, - - OREGON

Dr. MARY MacLACHLAN
Physician and Surgeon.
Office in Holbrook's Block.
Residence, 215 Hayes street.
Phone Scott 6093.

OSCAR DeVAUL, M. D
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Residence Phone, Union 980.
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LAUREL LODGE
No. 186 I. O. O. F.
ST. JOHNS, OREGON
Meets each Monday evening in Odd Fellows hall, at 8 p.m. 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 in I.O.O.F. hall. Visitors always welcome. Geo. F. Black, C. C.
E. H. Schwab, K. R. S.

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.

REGISTRATION OF LAND TITLE.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Multnomah county.

In the matter of the application of Frank Merrill to have registered the title to lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21 and 22 of Block No. 1 and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 of Block No. 2 in Ora May Addition in the city of St. Johns in Multnomah county, state of Oregon—applicant.

Vs.

All whom it may concern.

All to whom it may concern: Take notice, that on the 20 day of May, 1908, an application was filed by said Frank Merrill in the above entitled court for initial registration of the title to the land above described.

Now, unless you appear on or before the 8th day of June, 1908, and show cause why such application shall not be granted; the same will be taken as confessed, and a decree will be entered according to the prayer of the application, and you will be forever barred from disputing the same. F. S. Fields, Clerk.
[COURT SEAL]. By H. C. Smith, Deputy.
H. L. Nicholas,
26-30 Attorney for Applicant.

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