

Find Appetites and Bear

They got back alive, but Mrs. Hubert Simmons had to come along as chaperone. It is just the way when a couple of our giddy city girls get out in the country and get fed up on real, for sure cream, 22 carets fine, and vegetables and calbages and pie-i—Huckleberry pie at that. And there is a story connected with that huckleberry patch. All mixed up with bears and dinners and huckleberries and pie; just ask Chief of Police McKinney how he was awakened away in the "stilly watches of the night" by a soft, cooing voice repeating in dulcet tones: "nice bear!" then a pause—"good old bear!" then another pause, and—"Whee-e he's after us, run Sister Hendricks!" and then a flying figure went dancing across the room. But when he asked: "What on earth is the matter?" the only reply was: "What in the world did you do with my house slippers, I can't find them anywhere. The gentle ladies say, too, that the biggest things they found white on the visit was appetites. To prove the truthfulness of this part of the story, they aver that Hubert Simmons had nothing left at the end of the visit and had to sell out and come back to St. Johns. They can't produce the bear they say, but they have got Mr. and Mrs. Simmons. XX

The Boy Scouts

Scouts Leon and Philip Peterson have returned from their outings full of vim and vigor. Scout "Piffle" Butts left Wednesday for a two weeks' wrestle with "Old Briney." He promises to bring a young whale or something for our aquarium. "Piff" will B. P. at all times to keep Father Neptune taking him in tow and depositing him in Davy Jones' locker. The aquarium was installed last Saturday and is working fairly well. New specimens will be added from time to time. We cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of not touching the fish with the hands or putting the hands in the water of the aquarium. It is death to the fishes. Some beautiful entomological specimens are being captured by the scouts and others and handed in, but we have no case in which to preserve them. Who will sell, or better still, donate to either the scouts or to the public library a good sized show case for this purpose?

Library Notes

Open Hours: 2:30 to 5:30 and 7 to 9:30 p. m. Remember to order your vacation books a week before you expect to start if possible, if you do not know what books you want ask for suggestions. The central library keeps on file 69 technical magazines. Back numbers may be had on request. Come in and look over the list on the bulletin board. These periodicals will give you the up-to-date news on such subjects as motor cars, motorcycles, machinery, all branches of engineering, and the trades. A 1911 directory is now ready for reference in the reading room. Mrs. D. A. Wright has presented the library with a fine young umbrella plant. Books are now received from the central library on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. "The Long Roll" by Mary Johnston has been added to the 5c books. LIBRARIAN.

Notice to the Public

Having secured the location formerly occupied by S. L. Dobie, as a real estate office, I have opened the same as such and hereby solicit the patronage of those who wish to buy and sell at actual values. Insurance and rentals will be carefully looked after and property handled at listed price only. John E. Hiller.

A nice line of Doll Go-carts at Caf6 Bros.

Call on the new jeweler at the Boston Bakery. Sixteen years experience.

Chester P. Gates of Dallas was in St. Johns Wednesday to preach the funeral of Mr. Root's little one and brightened this office by a cheery call.

Postmaster Monahan has added another convenience to his office to facilitate the work and save his patrons' time, by placing a window for the handling of packages and papers in the right hand side entrance to his "den."

Ed L. Stockton has returned from a ten day's sojourn in the Tillamook country. He says the trip was one of the most enjoyable he ever made. Trout, clams, and rock oysters, he says, are to be found in abundance in that neighborhood.

Mrs. George Weiss

Mrs. George Weiss died this morning at 4 o'clock of diabetes, aged 36 years. She was born in New York state, Saratoga county, and has been a resident of St. Johns for the past six years. She had been ailing for about two years and failed rapidly the last 30 hours until death intervened. She leaves a husband employed in the engineer's department of the Woolen Mills; five children; Amos Weiss, married and living at Walla Walla, aged 20; Edward aged 18, Lillian 11, Ruth 6, Howard aged two, all at home. Mrs. Weiss was a model wife and mother, highly esteemed, lovable, always ready and willing to help the needy and distressed about her. She was a member of the Presbyterian church. Funeral will be held at Blackburn's chapel Sunday at 2 p. m., and interment in Columbia cemetery. Rev. Johnson of Christian church will conduct the services.

A Little One Gone

Edith Lulu Root, aged 8 months, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Root of 905 Jersey street St. Johns, died July 24, after a week's illness. Funeral services were held in the Evangelical church Wednesday morning, Rev. C. P. Gates of Dallas officiating. The tiny white casket was borne to the white hearse by four little girls, Cordelia Cross, Mildred Poff, Marguerite Ruland, and Marie Bredeson—all dressed in white. The little one was tenderly laid to rest in Columbia cemetery beneath a mound of beautiful flowers. Particularly sad circumstances surround the death of this little one whose span of life was so brief, and yet performed a mission that it seems she was sent to fulfill. She was a beautiful child, having taken recently the \$20 prize at the Meyer & Frank baby show. The grief-stricken parents have the sympathy of the community.

Edgar Orlow Reed

Edgar Orlow Reed died at the home of his son, S. B. Reed, corner of Burr and Stafford streets at 4:10 p. m. July 28, aged 77 years, two months and 14 days. He was born in Milford, Otsego county, New York. Came to St. Johns about 16 months ago, was the father of 10 children, 8 of whom survive him, also a sister, Mrs. E. Badger, of this city. His body will be taken to Bay Center, Wash., his home prior to coming to St. Johns, for interment.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to offer our heartfelt thanks to our many friends and neighbors and all who gave us their kind attention and tender sympathy in the hour of our deep sorrow, and for the beautiful floral tributes brought to the bier of our little one, whose memory will ever be to us as a beautiful flower, the gift of God's love, delicate, fragile, sweet; it has faded from our sight, but its memory will bloom in our hearts forever. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Root.

Get your Camp Stoves at Caf6 Bros., also Camp Chairs and Cots.

Your spectacles repaired promptly by E. W. Cochran at Boston Bakery.

Mrs. T. J. Monahan spent the week end at the Evangelical camp meeting at Quimby, returning Monday.

Evangelical church, Sunday school at 10 a. m., C. E. at 7 p. m. followed by a song service. All are invited.

E. W. Cochran, watchmaker and jeweler, will repair your watch with care; close timing a specialty. Sixteen years experience. At Boston Bakery.

When representatives of foreign countries come to St. Johns to do business, and will not aid in benefiting the city in any manner, never subscribe to any public or charitable enterprise, never help the local paper by advertising, they are unworthy of the support of our citizens. Trade with those who have the benefit of the city at heart. By aiding them you are helping yourselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmondson returned Monday evening from a visit of a few days with relatives in Seattle. They took in the Potlatch, and had a delightful time. The business men of Seattle treated them royally, giving a visit to the navy yard, an automobile over the windy city, and a feed fit for a king, all as free as air. They also visited Vancouver, B. C., and found the people really civilized even there, and did not have to carry a star spangled banner as a protection while in Ed's domain. They were well pleased with both Seattle and Vancouver.

Great Attractions

—AT THE—

PRINCESS

THEATRE

Saturday and Sunday. Finest pictures produced. See them.

Push Go-carts for the boy and girl only \$1.25 at Caf6 Bros.

The public fountain has finally been installed at the intersection of Philadelphia and Burlington streets and is proving a source of great satisfaction to the dumb animal these thirsty days.

Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, cholera and diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be obtained when on board the cars or steamships. For sale by all dealers.

The Electric Theatre is expecting to occupy its new quarters in a few days. The name will be changed from the Electric to Multnomah Theatre. The new quarters will be greatly appreciated by the management and patrons as well.

Christian Church—Sunday school 10 a. m., Preaching 11 a. m., 7:30 p. m., C. E. 6:30 p. m., Junior Endeavor 3 p. m., Everybody invited to all these services. Tabernacle corner New York and Leonard streets. A cordial invitation is extended to all.—J. R. Johnson, Pastor.

A bad taste in the mouth comes from a disordered stomach, and back of that is usually a torpid liver. A condition which invites disease. HERBINE is the remedy needed. It corrects the stomach and makes the liver active and regular. Price 50c. Sold by St. Johns Pharmacy.

Oregon may soon have a silk industry. A colony of Italians will settle in Wasco County next month and the immigrants expect to raise mulberry trees for silk worms. The newcomers are said to be experienced in this industry in their own country and find on investigation that Oregon is suited to the growth of the industrious worm and the manufacture of its gossamer fiber.

Messrs. L. L. and W. C. Bailey have severed their connections with N. J. Bailey & Co. and have accepted positions with the Coos Bay Manufacturing Co. at North Bend, Oregon. L. L. Bailey was formerly superintendent of the Western Veneer and Box Co. of Edwards, Wn., and goes to fill a like position with the Coos Bay company. W. C. Bailey takes charge of the veneer cutting department.

A. W. Davis and J. S. McKinney and their families have returned from a very pleasant outing at Newport, beside the sea waves. "Billy," the two-year-old son of Mr. Davis, in his rambling along the beach found a water agate that is a particular beauty. By holding in one's hand and turning it around a large drop of water is plainly discernible therein. Mr. Davis has had the find mounted to serve as a watch charm, and it makes a dandy.

The blooming reporter in making his report of the Rebekah "do-in's" last week must have had his fingers crossed. He made us say their officers were installed by "District Deputy President Hattie E. McKinney," when he should have said District Deputy President Mrs. Hubert Simmons, assisted by District Deputy Grand Marshal Hattie E. McKinney and staff. If the good ladies will forgive us we will not have the reporter electrocuted this time, but—

Union services will be held at the M. E. church Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock, when Rev. J. H. Leiper will preach on the proper observance of the Sabbath. He will also endeavor to prove conclusively that the seventh day of the week is the true Sabbath day. Rev. Leiper is field secretary of the Northwest Sabbath association, is a speaker of eloquence and his address Sabbath evening promises to be full of interest and instruction. New thoughts will be brought out and enlarged upon. If you enjoy a really good sermon, do not fail to hear Rev. Leiper Sunday evening.

It is expected that every member of our local Union and their friends will attend the picnic at Columbia park Tuesday, August 1st. As two of our chief officers are going away soon, it is especially desired that all members attend. Every mother with her children is urged to be present. Take the 11 o'clock car and bring lunch.—Press Co.

There is a little hard surface on Jersey despite recent predictions of wisecracs. It has been placed by trolley company.

SECOND SIGHT.

An Apparition That Was a Messenger of Death. The third Lord Templeton used to tell of an extraordinary and really authentic case of second sight. His brother, Henry Upton, the second viscount, was with his regiment abroad when he and several brother officers saw an old friend wearing trousers and shirt only pass through the moon room to another room from which there was no outlet. They followed and saw nobody, and the sentry persisted that no person had entered. Henry Upton wrote to his brother, afterward third viscount, to request him to go to their friend's lodgings in London and find out what he was doing at such and such an hour on a certain day. The brother in London complied and found that their friend had died, but not on the day he had been seen abroad.

Later the lady was asked on oath as to the date and hour of death and whether he had died in a white shirt with a blue check. After some denial she confessed that her lodger did not die when she stated, but on the day when his friends had seen him pass through the moon room. It seems the date of demise had been falsified on account of his pension, which was almost all his family had to depend upon. And he died in a white shirt with a blue check, his laundry having lent one of her husband's to him on the morning of his death.—London Court Journal.

SHE WANTED LIGHT.

And So She Had the Windows Fixed Exactly to Her Taste. The architectural feature of the new house that caused a decided domestic rupture was the windows. The man was in favor of minimum sized windows, with small panes to match the rest of the house, but his wife insisted upon enormous sheets of plate glass.

"You are away all day and do not know whether I can see my hand before me at nighttime or not," she said, "but I am in the house most of the time and must have plenty of light and sunshine."

So they had big windows. Before the carpenter left she ordered inside shutters put up. The family's first night in their new home was celebrated by adjusting two sets of window shades, one white, the other dark green, which served as a background for two pairs of curtains, one of silk, the other of lace. On the third day the man helped his wife to hang additional sash curtains, and on the fourth day he found a man tinkering with the outside of the window ledge.

"He is just getting ready to put up the awnings," she explained. Her husband looked at the shutters, the two shades, the two curtains and the sash curtains, and the arrangements for the awnings at each window, and then he laughed, but she could not understand why.—New York Times.

Superfluous Verbiage. It was Sunday evening and likewise his first call. She was entertaining him at the piano, and he was not fond of music. Of course she couldn't be expected to know that poor girl. She was not particularly accomplished, but she didn't know what else to do, and he hadn't suggested anything. So she played on and on, occasionally slipping a few bars that she didn't remember and trusting to luck. Finally from sheer weariness and to make conversation she turned to him and said:

"Papa thinks it is wicked for me to play the piano on Sunday," he replied wearily. "But why does he—er—specify Sunday?" It is perhaps needless to record that he was never again invited to that little flat.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Absinthe. Dr. R. Herod of Lausanne in a special contribution to the Alliance Temperance Almanac points out that the absinthe liquor, which is now prohibited in three European countries—Belgium, Holland and Switzerland—owes its peculiar noxiousness to the fact that it is prepared with several essences, among them wormwood, which has marked toxic properties. Added to the action of the alcohol in strong absinthe contains 65 per cent these essences have a most deleterious effect on the organism, especially on the nervous system. Even small doses provoke a great irritability, which may easily lead heavy drinkers to crime. Habits are more quickly developed among absinthe drinkers than among the drinkers of the commoner kinds of alcoholic liquors.—Dundee Advertiser.

A Quaint Inscription. An old churchyard near London is famous for the inscriptions on its tombstones. There is one on the memorial of Susannah Barford, died 1652, aged ten years and thirteen weeks. The concluding lines beneath the skull and crossbones on her monument are: Her stage was short, her thread was quickly spun, Drawn out and cut, got heaven, her words were done. This world to her was but a transient day, She came and saw't, die'd't and passed away.

When Dining Out. "Pop?" "Yes, my son." "What is an ultimate consumer?" "Why, he's the one who usually has to pay the check for the dinner, my boy."—Yonkers Statesman.

The concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear.—Burke.

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.

For Sale Cheap—2-horse power gasoline engines, new, never been run. As I have no use for them I will take any reasonable offer. Call and see them at 440 East Chicago street.

PLAYED A SHELL GAME.

A Parliamentary Joke by a New South Wales Solon. Australia once had a great public joke, which was played openly in the New South Wales state parliament by a member who afterward became attorney general.

A bill had been introduced to protect native fowls from ruthless destruction. The honorable member arose and sympathized. He informed the introducer of the bill—a somewhat pompous gentleman—that he heartily approved. But why these invasions and distinctions? The bill protected—and he quoted all the botanical names in the bill.

But why were other fowls equally deserving neglected? Why were—and here he recited off a long list of the names for cockles, mussels, oysters, etc.—why were these sweet fowls to be blotted in their bloom by being plucked by any prowling opportunist who wanted something in his buttonhole?

The introducer of the bill promptly offered to extend the list to include these. So half the shellfish on the coast, including the periwinkle, were added to the fowls worthy of protection.

DON'T MIND BIG NOISES.

But Slight, Rustling Sounds Make Giraffes Tremble With Fear. Among the curious characteristics of the giraffe is its strange indifference to loud noises as contrasted with its peculiar "scarciness" with reference to slight sounds. Noisy sounds, like that of a man walking near in hooted boots, the giraffe does not appear to notice, but should it be approached by a woman whose skirts give out but the slightest rustle the sound thereof causes the giraffe to start up with pricked ears and eyes distended in fear.

Officials of a zoological institution, situated near a canal, of a curious instance of this peculiarity of giraffes. After a terrible explosion of gunpowder on a barge on the canal the keepers were astonished to observe that the giraffes took little notice of the tremendous blast. They jumped to their feet, but almost at once lay down again when they found that nothing extraordinary had happened in their enclosure. But were a keeper at night to creep along outside that enclosure in his stocking feet the queer beasts would exhibit such terror that one would imagine them about to dash themselves in terror against the fences. Giraffes fear the tinkling of a tin, a giraffe fears them hardly at all. To them the faint, rustling sound is a token of the greatest danger. In that respect they are like deer.—New York Press.

Many Things Different in Holland. Holland is to me one of the most interesting countries in Europe, writes George H. Sims. Apart from the excitement of having to do a bit of Blodini, with the edge of a canal for your tight rope, at intervals of a few minutes all day long, the Dutch themselves furnish you never ending study. I love to see the little Dutch boy of six smoking his clay pipe or his cigar as he clings to his mother's skirt. There is something at once novel and startling in finding Dutch cheese and a penny bun placed in front of every guest at the breakfast table. In a land where a public company is a Maatschappij and nearly every house of restoration announces that the thirsty traveler can there obtain "Tapertj, Sillertj and Sleep," there is always something to amuse you.

Oath of the Turkish Doctor. The oath which young doctors take in Turkey when they come before the medical examining board contains the following pledge: "That when I am called at the same time by two different patients, the one rich and the other poor, I will accept the call of the poor without taking into consideration the money offered and will do my best for his treatment, and that I will never decline to answer any call, day or night, during the reign of common diseases or of an epidemic of contagious disease."

Keeping His Word. "Henry, you owe me \$5. You remember that but you made me last week that you wouldn't smoke any more for a month. Well, I saw you walking down the street last night smoking a big cigar."

"I'm not smoking any more; I'm simply smoking the usual amount."—Exchange.

Out of Place. Aunt Prisms—I am shocked at you, Maude. You permitted young Mr. Jones to kiss you. Maude—He only just touched me on the nose, auntie. Aunt Prisms—It was quite out of place, my dear. Maude—He knew it was, auntie. But you came in so suddenly, you see.

Fishing Luck. "Have any luck on your fishing trip?" "Yes. Counting those that got away and those we threw back, we almost got seven."—Detroit Free Press.

Her Criticism. "I wish Fritz would write his figures plainer. I can't possibly tell from his letter whether it is 1,000 or 10,000 kisses that he sends me."—Fitzgerald Blatter.

REVIEW'S LEGAL BLANKS

The following list of legal blanks are kept for sale at this office and others will be added as the demand arises:

Warranty deeds, Quit Claim Deeds, Realty and Chattel Mortgages, Satisfaction of Mortgages, Contracts for Sale of Realty, Bills of Lade, Leases.

All these blanks at the uniform price of 30c per dozen.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In Pitt's Day the Speaker Kept Himself Stimulated With Porter. The speaker of the English house of commons holds an enviable position today, but it was not until comparatively modern times that the speaker ceased to be a partisan, nor was his position always one of its present dignity. In the time of Pitt the speaker was accustomed to salute himself with a draft of porter.

Likes and Promethues fastened to the rook, in vain he looks for pity to the clock, in vain the effects of strengthening porter tries. And nods to Delany for fresh supplies. Manners were somewhat laxer in those days than they are now. Pitt himself on one occasion showed signs of a too copious libation to the gods, and this gave rise to the celebrated complaint:

I cannot see the speaker, Hal. Can you? What! Cannot see the speaker? I see him. It is said that on one occasion Mr. Disraeli arrived at the house somewhat "under the influence" and was induced as to attack Mr. Gladstone, then prime minister, upon some point of foreign policy. Mr. Gladstone replied wittingly that "the right honorable gentleman evidently has a surplus of inspiration from which her majesty's ministers are debarred."—Argonaut.

AN HOUR OF THRILLS.

Shooting the Rapids of the Hadzu River, in Japan. The rapids on the Hadzu river near Kyoto must fill even the most blasé of tourists with excitement. A train from Kyoto climbs slowly and painfully upward until finally it deposits its passengers at a quaint little siding.

From here, says the Wide World Magazine, one goes to the river bank and embarks in a rude, flat bottomed boat, which is pushed out by four men into the middle of a broad river, reed edged and sleepy.

For a few minutes one glides dreamily along; then, rounding a curve, one suddenly hears the roar of water, and the boat tears down a rapid, just missing the rocks on each side. The high banks race past, death appears imminent, and then, with one mad swirl, it is all over and the boat is on the quiet, untroubled stream once more.

This happens again and again for about an hour. At first one's whole mind is filled with the conviction that an accident must happen, but gradually comes a delicious feeling of safety as one notes the marvelous skill these men show in piloting the boat through the seething rapids and one is able to appreciate the beauty of the scene.

Lucien Bonaparte and Wellington. Lucien, whom I had never seen before his arrival in England, as he was in disgrace with the emperor, was said to be at least as able as his brother and to have more decision of character. I have heard it said that it was he who saved Napoleon on the 18th Brumaire, and, in fact, I had heard him greatly praised. My actual meeting with him, as often happens, did not come up to my expectations. He seemed to me to be erasing in his manners and false in his look. He is like Napoleon in the outward shape of his features—not at all in expression. I saw him last year, at a concert at the Duchesse de Cambridge's, beg her to introduce him to the Duke of Wellington, who was present. I saw him cross the room and come up bowing and scraping to be presented to the victor of Waterloo, whose reception was as cold as such baseness deserved.—From Memoirs of Duchesse de Dino.

An Ancient Rain Gauge. The credit of inventing the rain gauge has always been given to Cassell, a contemporary of Galileo, who made one in 1639, but the director of the Korean meteorological observatory, Dr. Y. Wada, has shown that it is due to a Korean king. The latter, King Sejo, in the year 1442 caused an instrument of bronze to be constructed to measure the rain, and it is set out in the historical records of Korea that this was a vase fifteen inches deep and seven inches in diameter, placed upon a pillar. An example of this was placed in the observatory, and each time the rain fell the officials were instructed to measure the height and to make it known to the king. Other instruments were distributed to the provinces and counties, and the results of the observations made were sent to court.—Knowledge.

Northern Pacific Railway

LEAVING ST. JOHNS
North Coast Limited via Puget Sound 10:30 a. m.
North Coast Limited via North Fork 7:45 a. m.
Alaska Express via Puget Sound 11:15 a. m.
Alaska Express via North Fork 8:30 a. m.
Twin City Express via Puget Sound 1:30 p. m.
Twin City Express via North Fork 9:45 a. m.
Boston Express via Puget Sound 1:45 p. m.
Boston Express via North Fork 10:15 a. m.
Seattle Express via Puget Sound 2:15 p. m.
Seattle Express via North Fork 11:45 a. m.
For Service Ticket, Olympia and South Bend Branches.
Puget Sound Limited 2:30 p. m. Grays Harbor and South Bend Branches.
Vancouver Passenger 4:00 p. m.

ARRIVING AT ST. JOHNS

North Coast Limited via North Fork 7:00 p. m.
North Coast Limited via Puget Sound 8:35 a. m.
Seattle Express via North Fork 7:25 a. m.
North Coast Express via Puget Sound 6:45 p. m.
Western Express via Puget Sound 10:00 p. m.
Western Express via North Fork 7:30 p. m.
Seattle Express via Puget Sound 11:00 p. m.
Seattle Express via North Fork 8:15 p. m.
For Service Ticket, South Bend and Grays Harbor Branches.
Puget Sound Limited 11:15 p. m.
Vancouver Passenger 12:00 a. m.

Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railway.

LEAVING ST. JOHNS
Lyle Passenger for Lyle, Goldendale and local points 7:00 a. m.
Lyle Passenger for Lyle, Goldendale and local points 7:30 a. m.
Inland Empire Express, 10:00 a. m. (for Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Walla Walla, Pasco, Kennewick, Grand Coulee, Golden, John Day, White Salmon, and Vancouver.)
North Fork Limited, 12:00 p. m. (for Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Spokane, Colfax, Vancouver and all intermediate stations.)
Columbia River Local, 2:00 p. m. (for Vancouver, Camas, White Salmon, Lyle, Goldendale, Clifton and all intermediate stations.)

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Inland Empire Express, 7:00 p. m. from Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Spokane, Pasco, Kennewick, Grand Coulee, Golden, Kennewick, Grand Coulee, White Salmon and Vancouver.
North Fork Limited, 7:30 p. m. from Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Walla Walla, Pasco, Kennewick, Grand Coulee, Golden, John Day, White Salmon, and Vancouver.
Columbia River Local, 10:00 a. m. from Clifton, Grand Coulee, Goldendale, Lyle, White Salmon, Camas, Vancouver and all intermediate stations.
Lyle Passenger 7:45 p. m. from Lyle, Goldendale and local points.
All trains stop for passengers.
Tickets on sale for all points.
A. M. Cornell, Agent.

Work for a Greater St. Johns.

No more "sorrow" this week.

Perrine still has his ear to the ground.

Edward Angel is spending a few days at Seattle.

Petitions for free mail delivery have made their appearance.

Harvey Smith has launched into the life insurance business.

The seashore beckons, but the pocket-book forbids. "More sorrow."

An infant child of George Eastwood of the woolen mills died Monday.

Marion Johnson and family are spending a few weeks at Columbia beach.

A great rush to the pie counter when the city takes over the water works.

The Central Hotel restaurant is again announced to be "under new management."

The fire department will hold a picnic and barbecue on the river front August 6. Of course a most delightful time will ensue.

The Portland sewer inspector is looking at the Maple street affair today. We print too early to give his prognostications.

J. Tenney of St. Louis, Mich., is visiting his Michigan friends here this week. He had been spending the past year in California.

Even the socialists don't believe in socializing (confiscating) the water works. They think it should be purchased if acquired at all.

The bondmen on the Maple street sewer are showing that they are the right kind of citizens, by starting to remedy the defects existing in the sewer.

The Bachelor Club's dancing party in the rink Wednesday night was another splendid success and largely enjoyed by the large crowd in attendance.

This is the last week of Caf6 Bros. pre-inventory sale, and if you want a bargain you will have to grab quick. See their ad in this issue for the best bargains ever offered in St. Johns.

"Subscriber" must have been completely squeaked by the force of Mr. Perrine's argument last week, since he failed to respond. Don't be afraid; we'll help you over the hard places—if you need assistance.

Mrs. Gail Perrine returned Thursday from a happy visit at her old home among friends at Kalama during the past ten days. Friday morning Gail was sporting an elegant little gash under the right eye but the two incidents are not thought to have any sinister connections. Small cigar this time, Gail.

The Debonair Club held a delightful social session at The Oaks yesterday afternoon and evening. One of the finest spreads that ever happened was one of the most appealing features to Messrs. Hewitt and Hiller, but they had some keen rivalry in disposing of the good things. The attendance was large and the occasion thoroughly enjoyed.

E. W. Cochran, an expert watchmaker and jeweler, with sixteen years experience, from Bushnell, Illinois, has located in St. Johns and opened up for business in a portion of the room in which the Boston Bakery is located, on Jersey street. He is a pleasant and agreeable gentleman.

Subscriber for the St. Johns Review and keep posted on the doings of the city.

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Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railway.

LEAVING ST. JOHNS
Lyle Passenger for Lyle, Goldendale and local points 7:00 a. m.
Lyle Passenger for Lyle, Goldendale and local points 7:30 a. m.
Inland Empire Express, 10:00 a. m. (for Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Walla Walla, Pasco, Kennewick, Grand Coulee, Golden, John Day, White Salmon, and Vancouver.)
North Fork Limited, 12:00 p. m. (for Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Spokane, Colfax, Vancouver and all intermediate stations.)
Columbia River Local, 2:00 p. m. (for Vancouver, Camas, White Salmon, Lyle, Goldendale, Clifton and all intermediate stations.)

ARRIVING AT ST. JOHNS

Inland Empire Express, 7:00 p. m. from Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Spokane, Pasco, Kennewick, Grand Coulee, Golden, Kennewick, Grand Coulee, White Salmon and Vancouver.
North Fork Limited, 7:30 p. m. from Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Walla Walla, Pasco, Kennewick, Grand Coulee, Golden, John Day, White Salmon, and Vancouver.
Columbia River Local, 10:00 a. m. from Clifton, Grand Coulee, Goldendale, Lyle, White Salmon, Camas, Vancouver and all intermediate stations.
Lyle Passenger 7:45 p. m. from Lyle, Goldendale and local points.
All trains stop for passengers.
Tickets on sale for all points.
A. M. Cornell, Agent.

Work for a Greater St. Johns.