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Do not forget to ask for Schiller when you want a good 10 cent amoke—no "cough dust" in the Schiller. SUMMORE.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington. Winthrop W. Davis, Plaintiff, .

Julia P. Davis, Defendant, To Julia P. Davis, above named de-To Julia P. Davis, above named defendant
In the Name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the plaintiff's complaint filed against you herein, within aix weeks from the date of the first publication bereof, and on or before the 2948 day of July, 1918.

If you fail to make such appearance within the time herein specified, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit, a decree of the shove entitled court dissolving the marflage contract heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and yourself and for such other relief as the court may deem just and equitable.

This summons is made by publication pursuant to an order of the Hon. Geo. R. Baginy, Judge of the above entitled court, made and entered hersin on the lith day of June, 1918.

Date of first publication, June 17, 1918.

Date of first publication, July 29, 1918Joseph and Haney, Attorneys for plaintiff, 511 Corbett Building, Portland, Ore.

For sale: Shoat, Angora goat, and some milk cows.—Jos. Seus, Farmer 5115, Hillsboro, R. 8.

A PAIR OF BLOVER

The Impudent Stere People W Take Them Back

l'inkerton's first qu

tried to change them, but the old. "Why not?"

"They said they were assist."
"They said they were assist."
"Solled? Well, of all things! If they are they got solled in their own store. I didn't sell them. I have never had them on my hands. I couldn't got them on. They were half a stee too small. They give me the wrong numeral. They give me the wrong numer.

Why didn't you tell them ap?"

ber. Why didn't you tell them so?" "Who did you tell?"
"The clerk and the floorwalker and verybody who would listen to me."

"And what did they my?" "They laughed." "The impudent creatures! I'll no

my a cent's worth in that stone again "That's just what I said." Pini

out in. "I said you never would."
"And what fild they say to that?"
"They laughed again."

"Well, that settles R. I never toby anything there now. Where

"Let me have them, picade adeed! I'll see if they are."

TALKED AT CROSS PURPORES

"What are your prices?" be a

"Pretty reasonable!"

The girt put two boxes of cigare on the showcase and he took a Havem worth a quarter. "Much obliged," and. "Is it customary to set 'em

She thought it was one of the coonplace pleasantries men unlend a par stance. "Oh, yes," she said. Where's the register," be asked.

"Right here," said the girt, pointing o the cash register. He considered it a preity good joke and laughed. "But where's the book?"

"You don't have to register when you

buy a cigar," said the girl. She couldn't imagine what was wrong with the man. "But I want a room." "Oh," came from the girl as she re

deak is right over there. This is the cigar stand. Get your room at the deak."

As he left she dropped into a chair to laugh. A few minutes later one of the room clerks came to the eight stand. "What made you tall that man we had rooms here for from 10 to 75 cents?" he asked. "He said he'd take a 50 cent one. He's gone eway with a bad opinion of us."

"That's not the worst of it," mid the girl. "He's gone away with one our 25 cent cigare—free."—St. Lord Post-Dispatch.

SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASH-INGTON COUNTY. C. B. Woodworth, Plaintiff

Warham H. Ooz and Paul Reimors, Do-Varham H. Cox and Poul Reimers

To Warham H. Cox and Faul Reimers, Defendants:

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 suit on or before six——weeks from the date of the first publication hereof, towit: on or before six——weeks from the cith day of July, 1915, and if you fail to answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the reitet demanded in the complaint, towit: for a decree destruituing the respective interests of said defendants is and to the following described real property situate in Washington Dounty: State of Oregon, towite

following described real property situate in Weshington (Jojinty; State of Oregon, towite Beginning at an iron pige 9t the center of Section Eleven—11—. Township Three—2—South, Eauge Two—3—West, Will. Mor.; These South 9 deg 18 min: Best etc., 9 ft. along the line through the center of section to an iron pine; these Seeth 28 deg 2 min West 1817 of 8 to an iron pine; these Seeth 28 deg 2 min West 1817 of 8 to an iron pine; these Seeth 28 deg 2 min West 1817 of 8 to an iron pine; these Seeth 28 deg 2 min West 1817 of 8 to an iron pine; these Seeth 28 deg 2 min West 1817 of 8 to the point of beginning. Containing fifteen—12—nerse, more or less under the terms of a certain contrast detail May 17th, 1811, between Western Fuel Co., a serporation and defendant Warham H. Onz, and determining the assessed date the plaintiff under said contrast; and fixing a time within which defendants or either of them, as the court may determine, may no found due, together with asterneys fee and costs, and within which plaintiff may thereupon convey said premises to both or sither of said defendants, as the court may direct, and decreating that upon failure to make such payment within said time, detendants be barred and force closed of all right, title, interest and squilty of redescription in and to said premises, and that the pigintiff do have and recover of and from the defendants his costs and disbursements, and to such other and further relief as may be just and equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication under and by visine of an order of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, mude and entered herein on the Ma day of June, 1915, which order directs that an annount herein be published in the Hillisboro Argue, a newapaper published in Washington County, Oregon, once a week for six —— weeks, and that you appear and answer on or before six —— weeks after publication thereof.

Date of first publication, August 18, 1846.

HE WAS A WONDER

Good His Assertion.

Atm piece where the compositors on he morning papers gather after the dition has gone to press this story was told by an old typo:

Some years ago a tramp printer had-ed in a little town dead broke but with nahattered nerve. He wandered into little job office and persuaded the wher to trust him for some small

That night he went forth and posted

> HE IS COMING.

This set all the people to talking and epeculating, and the next night be poured up another since which read:

> HE IS A WONDER

This poster increased the popular excitoment, and on the next day it was followed by a third announcement:

IS HERE.

00000000000000000000000 The last of the series of posters said:

HE WILL BE AT THE OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT.

That night there was an immense round before the open-house and a most runk when the doors were open-he trains printer was is the box likes with the proprietor, whom he sads paid, and then began to stow away bills and silver all over his per-

When the house could hold no more the printer closed the box office and went out. Ten minutes later the cur-tain arose, and the audience, which had waited its ascent with breathless exthe borders a big sign which said:

HAR GONE

And he had. Editor and Publisher. sople influence us who have s to do it simply because we

"Why," he exclaimed, with an quent gesture, "my ancestors have had

"Hoot, mon," cried the Scot, "manan-centers have had the right to bare less for the last two thousand years?"

A Solar Plexus Blow. On one occasion Sam Berger, the brawny fight manager, was in a certain small town sounding some of the residents as to the possibility of holding a prisedght. The local police force, a clownish looking individual with a huge badge, heard of Sam's investiga-

"You can't hold no prize fight in this here town," said the police force



Areateningly shall topes. "It is agin inc.
wen't stand for it."
"Aw, beat it!" said Berger in disgust. "What do you know about law?
Why, your very appearance in public
to a misdemeanor."—Lippincott's.

The small son of a cial was asked by his intended to be when "I think I shall replied.
"Why, Willie," his protested, "that isn't months and the sale."Oh, it will be all. his mother. "I sh from you."—Saturd

THE CUPID **EXPRESS**

A Comedy of Love

By CLARISSA MACKIE

636 train "the Cupid express," be cause it invariably carried one or more

It was the close of a March day, ex actly 6:36 p. m., and the Cupid express had just snorted away cityward with two of Trentham's fair brides and in-cidentally the newly made husbands. The Faber twins had just been mar-

ried. It was a double wedding, and all the town had turned out to send them off with a suitable merrymaking "Where is Edith?" inquired Mrs. Wil liam Blake, craning her neck arounthe carriage. "Where is Edith?" sh repeated sternly as her niece took he place in the surrey.

Cora Morris' voice was guilty. "Edith is walking home," she said. Mrs. Blake drew a sharp breath. Cors nodded, but her face beneath th

white hood of her cloak was serious.
"Not alone?" declared Mrs. Blake the decisive tone of one who knew. "With Harley Lane," confessed Cora

"Ah!" Mrs. Blake's tone was freesing. She sank back in her seat and Bitter thoughts crowded It was like an unkind fate to decre

that her only child, Edith, should fall in love with Judge Lane's son. She had always tried to keep then apart and was openly rude to young

oman in the world if she would only forget her grouch against the world," said her would be son-in-law to his father one day.

But the judge had frowned and look ed very uncomfortable.
"I wonder why your mother set against me," remarked Harley as he tucked Edith's hand under his arm

and marched down the street.
Edith's eyelashes flickered as surrey passed them at a corner wi a street lamp shone brightly.
"I don't believe she really hates yo

to marry your father. They quarreled and neither forgave the other. married. There you are, sir!"
"The deuce!" whistled Harley; then ire added hastily: "They've both been widowed for fifteen years. Why didn't

they marry each other?" "I don't know," sighed Edith. "They couldn't really have cared," "Dear, do you know I was shat you and I had courage to throw clope on the Cupld express some day!"
They would never forgive us, dear,"

murmured Edith, "and we couldn' really be happy if they didn't."
"I know it. There's only one thin to do, then-to convert them to ou way of thinking."

"I didn't have an idea until you told me that once they had been sweet bearts. Listen to this scheme."

Mrs. Blake saw them lingering at the front gate. Her handsome face grew sterner, and her lips straightened into a thin line. Her hands smote sharply together t a passion of wounded pride.

"His son-of all men!" she moan One April afternoon Mrs. Blake returned from her euchre club to find the house strangely silent.

"Miss Edith?" repeated Jane, the bonne an hour ago. She carried a suit case and ""A suit case?" interrupted Mrs. Blake. "Did she say where she was

about it only I heard the front doo close, and I looked and saw Miss Editi running down the walk. A cab was

these. She jumped in and was off?"
"Very likely she has been called over
to her cousin's in South Trentham.
She will telephone to me no doubt."
The clock in the hall chimed the quarter after 6, and mingled with it was the sharp, insistent tinkle of the

was the soarp, insmedit tinkle of the telephone bell.

Winona Blake's voice shook a little ag she lifted the receiver from its hook.

"Yes?" she inquired.

It was Edith's voice, speaking in

It was Edith's voice, apearing in tremulous excitement.

"Mother, dear," she quavered, "would you consent to my—my marrying Har-ley?"

An instant's silence, then the moth-er's voice, cold and terrible: "No daughter of mine ever will mar-

"No daughter of mine ever will marry him?"
"Mother!" Edith's voice was stricken.
"Where are you?" asked Mrs. Blake.
"The railroad station."
"Wait until I come!" ordered Mrs. Blake, and, hanging up the receiver, ahe rushed from the house, still wearing her hat and her most becoming

afternoon gown.
There was no time to call To Before he could harness one of the lasy blacks into the runabout the Cupid ex-press would be away from the station! press would be away from the station:
As Mrs. Blake hurried up the states she heard the thunder of the approaching train. Her tips tightened.
"I will go along, too!" she thought.
"Edith is a minor, and"—
"Here, madam!" A conductor aimest

"Here, madam?" A conductor almost lifted her to the steps, and as she staggered across the platform into the coach a shower of small particles full stingingly upon her face.

"Ricel" called somebody from the coach behind.

"Where's the bridegroom?" some one naked in a loud whisper.

"The old party in the gray overcoat. See the confetti on his hat?"

And at this moment Mrs. Blake collided with same one in the case.

A With came one in the s

A mormur ran through the Smiles agreed from face to face, was not this the beneymous train, did they not recognize a bridal con

pair in gala attire; there was the con-fetti, rice. Somewhere in the sear a light headed youth whistled the wel-ding march from "Lohengrin." Furiously embarramed, angry and quite helpless in the face of so many whole hearted strangers, Judge Lane accepted the nearest proferred seat and pushed the equally embarramed, angry and helpless lady into it.
"We may as well at down."

searching the train when I met Harley telephoned me for my bless before they were married. Bah?" "Tickets, please?" smiled the con-

pocketbook was at home. Could she accept money from John Lane? She did, for without soking her per-

mission he opened a building took and paid for both tichets. Grinningly the conductor penched the rebate cuecks and gave then to

"Congratulations, judge," he said as he moved along. "I knew the Cupid would catch you some day?" A cold horror settled upon the twe

A cold horror necessary in the mat. So they were supposed to be a newly wedded pair!

Both were thinking of one day thisty years ago when they plighted their troth in the apple orchard beneath a

"That's a good idea!" and Lane escaped to the rear coach After awhile he came be

ing to take this train."
"So I inferred from Haraga," responded the judge
"I hope they are not may
out of the question." was

Was he looking at her?

Slowly her eyes turned

"Absurd!" she childed herealf sha:
"Winnie," he whispered sudde
"you haven't forgotten, after all?"
"I never could, John," she whisp

"And Hartey," he added.
"About Edith and Harley," of corrected herself.

When the 11:15 train from town drew into Trentham that night it found two anxious young people pac-

ing the platform. "They will never forgive us for lering them aboard that Capid train,"
said Edith nervously.

"They might," Harley spiled capptically. "Here they are Edith! Together—and looking sheepish! Why,
father," he said represchfully, "Twebeen worried to death about you!
Where have you been?"

The judge bleshed and clung to his
wife's hand. "Why, we've been gotting married?"

mying a word to me? Why, mother?" "But you and Harley have married without consulting us"—
"Married?" interrupted Edith insecently. "Why. mother, dear, I wouldn't
marry without your blessing. And I
want a home wedding, with all my
friends and beaps of presents—and we
shall take the Cupid express, shan't
we. Harrier?"

we, Harley? A smile flickered on Harley's face. "Sure we will, if dad doesn't ob-

But the bride and bridegroom, walking ahead, were so absorbed in each
other that they never answered the
question. But, as Harley told his
sweetheart, it was one of those questions that answered themselves.

Not a Cough Cure.

"A little girl sitting next me in
church was coughing," said Mrs. Jones
at the card club, "so I whispered to
her mother for permission to slip her
a cough drop. The child had it in her
mouth a moment and then swallowed it.

"Would you kindly give her another? the mother whispered,
"I'm sorry, but I had only the one."

"Coming out of church I felt in my pocket and was horrified to fish out the cough drop. You see, I had had a

the cough drop. You see, I had had a cough drop and a button in my pocket."

"And what did you do?" chorused the women at the table. "Did you tell the mother?"

"No, I didn't. I was mad. It was a very unusual button from my new suit."—Kansaa City Stap.

Enlarge Year Spirit.

Oftentines it is not so much greatness of thy trouble as the lines of thy maket that makes the

situation and sang words that came to of the mom

This gag, which at an would have been o

The Fevered.
Life gave him hears of lake
With guerdons frait and fe
And Fate no gift of precious
For cheer the gray pears t
But God, who know how see
Of such gifts may depart,
Gave him the greatest gift of
A happy heart.

"Wall, then, how me. I waiting here ever since 2 of waiting here ever since 2 of that 2:15 train, and it's new? I no train yet? Take a leak at table and at this waith, plus the me why."

The polite station agent is quested and then said said only quested and then said said.

That worthy son of likes the cross swords on the ga-cer's shoulders and as in w cluded in the carpens's onto ply nodded cheerfully.

you?"

"Oh, I'm supposed to be a life of general," said the latter.

"A gineral, is it?" cried the class.

Pat. "Then yo'll want sensiting. The corp'ral tould me about the cre, but nothing about yourself at at all. But hold hard a minute, I'll cre we the house of sensiting.

I'll give ye the inyonet of

tenset a sign reputation tensetity of purpose.

During a Nilo company I and Sir Rodvers, descen-"jud water" in a river of into a discussion as to the nel to be taken. Ench obs fended his own course, but in the and Buller got his own way, with the se sult that the steamer ran through

"You see, I was right?" cried the oral. "Mine was the proper of
"That was mine, too," coeff
Lord Charles. "I only reco
the other because I knew y
go against whetever I said!"

Demonstrated.

The very young minister, on teleshin first charge, was well nethined his ample sermen. Fully expect compliment, he saited one of the offer a criticism. The old gentlement pited that "they wis gay fas where young man disagreed we whereupon the sider proceeded to tify his opinion."

tify his opinion.

"To told yes at the intex to 'deer inference,' ye kee. See as this Aw, Handy!" beckening to an eld low member over the way, "in fit ye think ye could draw as a care the day!"

Bundy grawed his finger a fall ute in ellence. Then:

"Aweel," he submitted could if it wises the finwhat to the submitted could if it wises the finwheth I have o' steem out yen that am its