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 OFFICE: 307 Commercial Bldg., Cor. 2nd and Washington Sts., PORTLAND, OREGON. PAC. 1845  
 RESIDENCE: 20 Villa Avenue, MONTAVILLA. At home evenings.

Notice to Creditors.  
 Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the county court of Multnomah county, Oregon, appointed administrator of the estate of Skyeville Smith, deceased.  
 All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present the same with vouchers, duly verified at the law office of Mendenhall & Mendenhall in the Commercial block, city of Portland, Oregon, within six months from this date.  
 C. B. SMITH,  
 9-22-43 Administrator aforesaid.

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**THE CITIZENS BANK,**  
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 To introduce the Northwest Pacific Farmer to progressive farmers who are not now subscribers, we will send the paper 10 weeks on trial for 10c. If at the expiration of the 10 weeks you are pleased with the Farmer, send \$1.00 for one year. Otherwise your name will be dropped from our list.  
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The Gresham Rekehah Lodge,  
 I. O. O. F.,  
 will give  
 The Stirring Society Drama  
 "DIAMONDS AND HEARTS"  
 AT—  
 AXTEL HALL, FAIRVIEW, ORE.,  
 Thursday Night, Apr. 25  
 GOOD MUSIC,  
 An Enjoyable time is assured to all  
 Admittance, Adults 25c, Children under 12 years 10c.  
 We are constantly being asked whether we are clubbing with other papers and we answer that we are.

United Artisans Gresham Assembly, No. 175, meets in Regner's Hall 1st and 3rd Friday each month; Henry Douthitt, M. A.; C. A. Nutley, Sec'y. All Artisans Welcome.

# The PILLAR OF LIGHT

By LOUIS TRACY,  
 Author of "The Wings of the Morning"  
 Copyright, 1904, by Edward J. Clode

Setting aside a glass chimney, and a wash leather, I had lost no time in reading Mr. Tracy's communication. Save that his lips tightened and his face paled slightly, there was no outward indication of the tumult the written words must have created in his soul, for this is what met his astonished vision:

Dear Mr. Brand—I hope soon to make your acquaintance. It will be an honor to meet a man who has done so much for those near and dear to me, but there is one reason why I am anxious to grasp your hand which is so utterly beyond your present knowledge that I deem it a duty to tell you the facts to prepare you, in a word.

Circumstances have thrown me into the company of Lieutenant Stanhope, Washington, D. C. He is not in actual record, but the accepted author of your adopted daughter, known to you as Frevelin. I, although an older man, can share his feelings, because I am engaged to be married to Mrs. Vansittart, a lady whom you have, by God's help, rescued. Hence Mr. Stanhope and I have almost lived together, ashore and afloat, during these troubled days. Naturally, he speaks of the girl he loves and told me something of her history. He described the brooch found on her clothing, and a Mr. Jones, retired from the lighthouse service, who was present when you saved the child from speedy death, informs me that her name was marked "E. W."

These facts, combined with the date and Mr. Jones' description of the damaged boat, lead me to believe that the girl is my own daughter, Edith Trail, whom you have mercifully preserved to gladden the eyes of a father who has lost her death and the death of her mother for nineteen years.

I can say no more at present. I am not making inferences not justified in other ways; nor am I setting up a father's claim to rob you of the affections of a beautiful and accomplished daughter. I will be content—more than content—if she can give me a tithe of the love she owes to you, for indeed, in Mr. Stanhope, and in all others who know you, you have eloquent witnesses. Yours most sincerely,  
 CURTIS J. TRAIL,  
 P. S.—Let me advise you that I have received this information. The agonized suspense which has been yours must have endured on the rock is a trial more than sufficient to tax their powers. If, as I expect, Mr. Stanhope meets you first, he will be guided wholly by your advice as to whether or not the matter shall be made known to your End—to my Edith—before she lands.

Brand dropped the letter and placed his hands over his face. He yielded for an instant to the stupor of the intelligence.

Pyne came near to him and said, with an odd dependency in his voice: "Say, you feel bad about this. Guess you'll hate our family in future."

"Why should I hate any one who brings rank and fortune to one of my little girls?"

"Well," went on Pyne anxiously, "she'll be Mrs. Stanhope, anyhow, before she's much older."

"That appears to be settled. All things have worked out for the best."

Wanted, For Sale, Lost, Found, Etc.

All local advertisements are run under this head at the rate of ONE CENT A WORD EACH ISSUE. No ad. published for less than 15 cents. Cash in advance except to regular advertisers. If you have anything to sell, or wish to buy anything, or have lost anything, TRY A "WANT AD." in this column. The results will surprise you. Cash or postage stamps.

For slab and block wood call up W. R. Moser, phone Tabor 553.

FOR SALE—Pure Bred Mallard Duck Eggs. Wendell Cleveland, Gresham, Or.

FOUND—You can find just what you have been looking for on the Racket Counter at McCaslin's, Montavilla.

FRESH COW—For Sale, also Brown Swiss Bull. Apply to J. N. Clanhahan Division street, Gresham. 17

PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE. Guaranteed. Chas. Cleveland, agent, Gresham, Ore.

GEO. F. BARRINGER,  
 Notary Public, Buys and sells Real Estate, Loans Money, etc. 131 Base Line Road, Montavilla, Ore.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS!  
 Magoons for sale. Plants from new beds, roots free from worms, at \$2 per thousand. Orders delivered free in Multnomah county. A. L. MAYBEE, Gresham, Ore. 17

\$1000 TO LOAN on first-class real estate security, long time, low rate. D. S. Johnson, Gresham, Ore. 16

For Sale—good pure reelected seed oats, Silver mine' at Shattuck's, Gresham.

HORSES—For trade, - range horses, for good 1200 pound mares or over with the heaves. Enquire of Ed Smith, Gresham, Ore.

GILES BROTHERS, at Montavilla, for choicest meats. That's all.

FOR SALE—Good work or driving horse. Howitt, Gresham, Ore.

WANTED—A quantity of clean linen or cotton rags @ 2 1/2¢ a lb, at Herald office.

Seed Oats—Good, pure and reelected White Russian, at Shattuck's, Gresham.

MEN WANTED—For steady work at Columbia Brick Works, Hogan station near Gresham.

STUMP POWDER—We now have plenty; carload, 800 cases, just received. Prices right. Lewis Shattuck, Gresham.

PRUSSIAN STOCK FOOD—Just arrived at McCaslin's, Montavilla.

FOR SALE—Goose and Duck Eggs, also 20 Ducks. Enquire at Giles Bros. Market, Montavilla.

LOST—Between Gresham and John Palmblad's, a bunch of keys on a heart-shaped ring. Finder please leave at Herald office and receive suitable reward. 16

FOR RENT OR SALE—All or part of my farm at Harburt. M. Rickert, Troutdale.

Additional Fairview Items.  
 (Continued from page 5.)

Miss Daisy Wilcox, Miss Edith Jenkins, Miss Clara Moller, George Dolph, Clem Clark, E. M. Stone, Ernest and Rodney Hall, Daniel Dunbar, and the Misses Zimmermann, all of Portland, spent Sunday with relatives here.

E. Sierst and wife of Gresham, S. S. Logan and wife of Troutdale, C. C. Vaughn and wife of Portland, John Brown and family of Rockwood and F. H. Crane and family were seen in our town Sunday.

Mrs. W. E. Lewis of Seaside, Oregon, was a welcome guest of old friends here last week. She visited her son at Albany college before returning to her home.

Mrs. A. W. Zimmerman and daughter, Miss Rae, William Townsend and wife, Mrs. J. M. Ashcraft, Mrs. T. J. Crute, Mrs. H. W. Mathison and daughter, Miss Laura Tuce, Miss Susie Hunter, E. Anderson and Mrs. A. B. Moller were recent Portland visitors.

Mrs. William Tegar is suffering from a very sore hand, caused by a burn. Her daughter, Mrs. B. Fenseth, of Portland has been with her.

Rev. C. E. Crandall will deliver an illustrated address on astronomy in the Methodist church next Tuesday evening. Admittance free.

Nearly every family in town have had a case of the measles. The school has been small the last few weeks on this account.

H. Wenger, E. A. Whitney, J. T. Stillion, R. Anderson and Mr. Sharp all spent Sunday with their families here.

G. O. Dolph has returned from a trip East. He says he enjoyed his visit, but was glad to get back to Fairview.

Mrs. J. Luschas has been entertaining her father, Mr. Gloor, of Fulton, Oregon.

Little Clark Stillion has been having a severe time with a rising on his hand.

was more room," said the man. "an why isn't there any washin'? Mamie an' me is always bein' washed 'cept when we're here."

"Surely you have not kept your face as clean as it is now ever since you left the ship?"

"Oh, no," put in Mamie. "We've just been rubbed with a hanky."

"And sent out to pay a call?"

"Not 'zactly," said truthful Mamie. "Mr. Pyne told us to wait near the door."

"That's an old story now," intervened Pyne quickly. "Climb up on my shoulder and have a look at the sea. Perhaps there may be a ship too."

"What did Mr. Pyne tell you?" whispered Brand, pretending to make a secret of it with Elsie.

"There didn't seem to be 'nuff to eat," she explained seriously, "so Mr. Pyne kep' a bit of biscuit in his pocket, an' 'Mamie an' me had a chew every time we saw him."

"Him?" murmured the man, glancing up at his young friend as he walked around the trimming stage with the delighted Mamie. "I suppose he asked you not to tell anybody?"

"We wasn't to tell Miss Constance or Miss Edith. An' they told us we wasn't to tell him about the sweet stuff they put in our tea. That is all. Funny, isn't it?"

Brand knew that these little ones were motherless. His eyes dimmed somewhat. Like all self contained men, he detested any exhibition of sentiment.

"I say," he cried huskily to Pyne, "you must escort your friends back to their quarters. No more idling, please."

"An' you will really send for us tomorrow to see the milkman?" said Elsie. Notwithstanding his sudden gruffness she was not afraid of him. She looked longingly at the great lamp and the twinkling diamonds of the dioptric lens.

"Yes, I will not forget. Goodbye, now, dearie."

The visit of the children had given him a timely reminder. As these two were now, so had his own loved ones been in years that might not be recalled.

The next word soon he empty, the young birds flown. He realized that he would not be many days ashore before the young American to whom he had taken such a liking would come to him and put forward a more enduring claim to Constance than Mr. Trail made with regard to Edith. Well, he must resign himself to these things, though no man ever lost two daughters under stranger conditions.

When Pyne returned, Brand was ready for him. The struggle was sharp, but it had ended.

"I would like you to read your uncle's letter," he said. "I am clear in my own mind as to the right course to adopt. If Mr. Trail wishes to win Edith's affections he will not take her by surprise. Indeed, he himself recognizes this element in the situation. You will not rush away from Penzance at once, I take it?"

"No, sir," said Pyne, with a delightful certainty of negation that caused a smile to brighten his hearer's face.



"Say, you feel bad about this"  
 Most certainly your excellent uncle and I shall not fall out over Edith. If it comes to that we must share her as a daughter."

Pyne brightened considerably as he learned how Brand had taken the blow.

"Oh, bully!" he cried. "That's a clear way out. Do you know, I was beginning to feel scared. I didn't count a little bit on my respected uncle setting up a title to Edith!"

CHAPTER XVI.  
 THEY were interrupted. Elsie, with her golden hair and big blue eyes, pink cheeks and parted lips, appeared on the stairs. All that was visible was her head. She looked like one of Murillo's angels.

"Please, can Mamie 'n' me see the man?" she asked, a trifle awed. She did not expect to encounter a stern faced official in uniform.

"What man, dearie?" he said, and instantly the child gained confidence, with that prompt abandonment to a favorable first impression which marks the exceeding wisdom of children and dogs.

She directed an encouraging sotto voce down the stairs:

"Come right 'long, Mamie."

Then she answered, clasping the hand Pyne extended to her, but eying Brand the while:

"The man who brought the milk."

She wondered why they laughed, but the lighthouse keeper caught her up in his arms.

"He has gone away, sweetheart," he said, "but when he comes in the morning I shall send for you, and you will see him. You are the little girl who was injured, eh? Are you getting better?"

Elsie, having seen Mamie safely extracted from the stairway, became voluble.

"My elbow is stiff, but it doesn't hurt. I was feelin' pretty bad 'fore the milk came, but Mamie an' me had a lovely lot an' some beautiful jelly. Fine, wasn't it, Mamie?"

"Squizzit!" agreed Mamie.

"I think I'd like being here if there

# MONTAVILLA

## LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

Mrs. Gilman Parker has been on the sick list for a number of days this week.

John Teuber is improving his property on Villa avenue by enlarging his house.

Lela and Edna Howitt are quite sick with the whooping cough.

J. Epton and wife from Seattle are visiting with relatives in Montavilla.

Home Training Association Entertain.

The entertainment last Friday evening was well attended, about \$46 being raised for the Free Reading Room.

Much disappointment was felt on account of some changes in the program, but in spite of them, the entertainment was a real treat to the people of Montavilla. Acknowledgements are due to the Portland people who gave their help and also to Mrs. Ella Jones, who secured their services.

Light refreshments were served after by the ladies of the Home Training Association.

Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Howitt drove out last Sunday to see their parents, as Mrs. W. W. Howitt has been very poorly the last few days. They also visited Grandma Homesley, who was hurt.

O. G. Kell injured his hand by running a stitch needle through it at the Broom factory last Saturday. He is now wearing a sling and will be incapacitated for work for two or three weeks.

Mrs. Mary Corbett was taken seriously ill Sunday last so that life was despaired of for a time, but she has so far improved as to be able to go to her granddaughter, Mrs. Mamie Brown, in Portland.

Mrs. Harris, who resides on Ebey street, is seriously afflicted in her eyes and may have to be operated on. Her son Wright has been sick with intermittent fever, but is better.

Chas. Hatch is the latest acquisition of the Warren Pharmacy. He is a graduate pharmacist and will surely receive a warm welcome from our citizens.

Parties who have the grading of Hillbard street are making arrangements to commence work in a few days. The curb timbers are being delivered.

J. E. McCaslin is preparing to move his family to his residence on Wabash avenue which he recently bought of A. J. Delano.

The B. F. Doddridge place of ten acres one mile east of Montavilla on the Base Line was sold to Mr. Forrest of Sauvies who will occupy it.

The addition to the Baptist church is assuming large proportions and is expected to be ready for use in two or three weeks.

E. Laurison has sold his new house on Misner street to O. D. Wilcox from near Butte, Montana, who has already moved in.

D. White has moved from corner of Base Line and Ebey streets to A. C. Martin's house in Stanley addition.

The Montavilla Presbyterian church will be organized at the new chapel next Sunday at 3 p. m.

Baby Susie Tibbets, that Mrs. T. T. Phillips is caring for, was very sick last week.

## Russellville Doings

Judge E. V. Littlefield of Moro, Oregon, was visiting his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Littlefield of this place. He is the youngest judge in the state of Oregon.

J. F. Yager and son, Paul, will start for their mines in a few days and expect to be able to show some of the highest grade quartz in the state on their return.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Marshall entertained the Russellville Grange Dramatic company with a grand feast last week.

Mrs. Blumenthal has bought a house near Montavilla and the family has moved in from the farm.

Lester Pitts had to go to the doctor with his foot as it got worse and he was afraid of blood poison.

J. W. Buxton who has been sick for over a year is now improving and able to move about.

W. W. Howitt is getting along nicely considering the seriousness of his accident.

C. L. Smith of Section Line has sold his farm and has moved near the reservoir.

Mrs. George A. Patterson and sons from Hillsboro, is visiting at Marshall Bros.

Mrs. Hoffman is visiting friends in Clackamas county this week.

Mr. Yager has a nephew here visiting him from the East.

Joseph Howitt called to see his brother Will Sunday.

E. Gill is visiting his son in Montavilla.

"I may not get clear of the rock for several days. There is much to place in order here. When the relief comes I must help the men to make things shipshape. Meanwhile, Stanhope—or Constance, whom you can take into your confidence—will smooth the way."

"No, sir," interrupted Pyne, even more emphatically. "When you come to know my uncle you will find that he plays the game all the time. If Edith is to be given a new parent, the old one will make the gift. And that's a fact."

Brand waived the point.

"The girls have plenty to endure here without having this surprise sprung on them," he said. "I will write to Mr. Trail and leave events ashore in his hands."

So for a night and the better part of a day the pillar locked in its recesses some new doubts and cogitations. As between the two men a stronger bond of sympathy was created. Pyne in those restless hours was admirably tactful. He talked a great deal of his uncle. Soon not only Brand, but the two girls, seemed to be well acquainted with a man they had never met.

With the morning tide the anarchy of the waves ceased. The children were brought to the lantern to witness a more majestic sight than the arrival of the "milkman." With the dawn the sun appeared, and the sea seemed to sink into long deferred slumber under his potency.

The flood tide of the afternoon brought the unflinching tug, towing the Penzance lifeboat. The crane was swung out, and Jack Stanhope, as was his right, was first to be hoisted to the entrance and to exchange a hearty hand grip with Brand.

Behind the lighthouse keeper were ranged many faces, but not that which the sailor sought.

"Where is Edith?" he asked after the first words of congratulation were spoken. "Have you told her?"

"No. Here is Mr. Pyne. He will take you to the girls and tell you what we have decided."

The two young men looked at each other with frank friendliness.

"When we have a minute to spare you must take me to the gallery and explain just how you worked that trick," said Stanhope. "Brand's semaphore was to the point, but it omitted details."

"That is where I have the pull of you," responded Pyne, with equal cordiality. "I don't require any telling about your work yesterday."

"Oh, people make such a fuss. What is there remarkable in guiding a boat through a rough sea?"

"I may be wrong, but it looks a heap harder than swarming up a pole."

In such wise did young Britain and young America poughpoh the idea that they had done aught heroic.

Indeed, their brief talk dealt next with Edith, and Lieutenant Stanhope, R. N., did not think he was outraging conventionality when he found Edith in the kitchen and took her in his arms and kissed her.

Constance and Pyne discovered that the tug as seen through the window was a very interesting object.

"You don't feel at all homesome?" he murmured to her.

her daughter, Mrs. Harry Bramhall, Sunday.

Miss Mershon, who was making her home at the Sweet Brier farm, fell and broke her limb Saturday. She was taken to Gresham to the home of Mrs. G. Robinson.

The Christian Endeavor will be led next Sunday evening by W. B. Parsons.

Mrs. Duke, Mrs. Sam Strebin and daughter Jennie spent Saturday in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Baker went to Portland to meet Mr. and Mrs. Clark Snyder of Sumpter, who are on their way to California, where they expect to remain for some time.

R. M. Schmeier and Bert Douthitt spent Sunday at Boring.

Mrs. and Mrs. John Moller of Fairview Miss, Amy Douthitt of Portland and Charles Douthitt were guests of Mrs. M. Douthitt last Sunday.

Among the recent visitors at Glenard Farm were Mr. and Mrs. W. Markell and Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Grant of Portland J. M. Ross of Goldfield, Nevada.

Charles Hoy and Alfred Baker made a business trip to Boring Monday.

W. O. W. Clover Camp No. 318, Gresham, meets in Regner's Hall on 2d and 4th Mondays at 8 p. m. J. N. Clanhahan, C. C.; L. P. Manning, Clerk Visiting Workmen Welcome.

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Warren's Pharmacy - Dealer in Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Stationery, etc. PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY DISPENSED 2 doors east of Postoffice Phone East 975 Base Line Road, MONTAVILLA

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 ALBERT EHLERS  
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 We could buy cheaper, but we don't. We know that old fashioned honesty pays—our customers know it too. That is the reason so many buy their groceries, feed, flour, hardware, etc., from us. You will too if you give us a trial.

## THE CENTRAL STORE

J. E. McCASLIN, Prop. End of car line, MONTAVILLA

## GODHARD, Fine imported German Coach Stallion



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 Five Years Old Weighs 1400 Lbs.  
 SEASON 1907  
 Has headquarters at Paul Bliss, Pleasant Valley, Ore., where he will stand Wednesdays and Fridays; also at F. Emitt's barn, 4 miles east of Sandy bridge, from Monday, 10 a. m., to Tuesday, 2 p. m.; at Chase's barn, Pleasant Home, Thursdays, 10 a. m., to 1 p. m.; at Fairview and vicinity on Saturdays.

Terms  
 To insure, \$25; leap, \$10  
 PAUL BLISS, Treas. and Mgr.

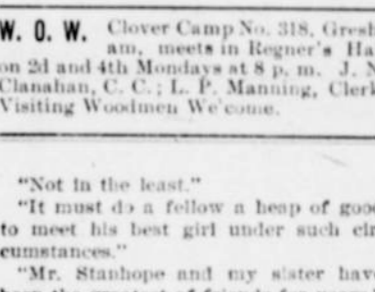
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