

Exchange sold on all commercial centres

F. T. KANE, Cashier

E. W. HAINES

BANKER.

Transacts a General Banking Business

Main Street, Forest Grove

B. S. HAY

DEALER IN

Fresh Meats, Ham, Bacon and Lard

Packers and shippers of all kinds of meats. Keeps a supply of the best always on hand.

BOTH PHONES

Pacific Avenue - Forest Grove

Don't Dread the Dental Chair

Dr. V. L. Dimmick, a graduate of the North Pacific Dental College, employs all the very latest devices for dental work. The expert dentist of today is not the torturer his old-time predecessor was. Painless dentistry is a fact if you patronize a competent operator.

The graduate dentist, too, far excels in mechanical skill the tooth-puller who has gained all his knowledge from his forceps. Many a tooth can be saved if properly treated in time. And if your teeth must come out, they can be replaced with others so perfect, easy-fitting and convenient that only an expert can tell the artificial from the natural, as a gold crown may do or bridge work so no plate will be needed.

Decayed teeth are unhealthy, as well as making offensive breath, while a missing tooth injures your appearance. Then, too, with sound teeth you can masticate your food and preserve your health. These are not luxuries; all are within your reach.

These prices are right and you will be treated right. See how much good we can do you for a little money:

- Full set teeth\$6.50
- Gold filling\$2.00 and up.
- Platinized filling\$1.00
- Silver filling50
- Gold crown and bridge work, per tooth 5.00

No charges for extracting when teeth are ordered.

Washington Co. Dental Parlors

V. L. Dimmick, D. M. D., Mgr.

Over Dr. Hines' Drug Store

Forest Grove

Don't Forget

Peterson & Kelsey's MEAT MARKET

Fish for summer eating, fresh and fine meats—the kind you like to eat.

full of juicy excellence and tender enough for any one. Cured meats of all kinds. Beef, pork and mutton.

Best lard at lowest goodlard prices.

Phone your order. Prompt delivery to any part of the city.

Main St.

Forest Grove

I. N. Cornelius

A. R. Cornelius

Special Attention to Commercial Travelers' Patronage. Good Service, Fair Treatment and Moderate Rates

Cornelius & Son

(Successors to McNamar & Cornelius)

Proprietors

Fashion Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

Wagonette to and from all trains. Special conveyances over the Wilson River Route to Tillamook at any and all times.

Oregon and Columbia Telephones

Forest Grove, Oregon

The new depot hotel has all its framework up. Architect Jerome is furnishing plans for another new hotel which will be built on Pacific avenue on the corner adjoining the city water tank. The building will cost unfurnished about \$7,000.

John Anderson will clean and press your clothes so they will look like new. Repairing done, too.

The team driven by Mr. Doan, which hauled the Liberty car in Forest Grove's Independence Day parade, belongs to ex-Commissioner T. G. Todd, and are fair specimens of the fine horses on his Groveland farm just west of town. Both horses are of a beautiful dark brown color, splendidly built and weigh one 1650 and the other 1750.

GUARDIAN'S SALE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the County court of Washington county, and State of Oregon, made on the 15th day of June, 1903, in the matter of the guardianship of the state of William H. Lee, minor, the undersigned duly appointed and acting guardian of said minor and of his estate will sell, at public auction for cash, at the dwelling house on said premises, subject to the confirmation of the said county court, on Monday, the 20th day of July, 1903, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, all the right, title and interest of the said William H. Lee, minor, in and to said premises, described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point 14 chains East of the South west corner of the North West quarter of section 2 T. 1 N. R. 4 W., and running thence North 20 chains, thence East 13.5 chains, thence South 20 chains, thence West 13.5 chains to the place of beginning. Excepting the following described tract, to-wit: Commencing at a point 50 rods West of the center of Section 2 T. 1 N. R. 4 W., and running thence North 80 rods, thence West 14 rods, thence South 80 rods, thence East 14 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 7 acres. All in Washington county, and State of Oregon. JOHN F. LEE, Guardian of William H. Lee, Minor. By his Att'y's, Langley & Son.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, administratrix of the Estate of Asa Williams, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me properly verified, as by law required, at Forest Grove, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 16th day of June, A. D. 1903.

SARAH E. CROW,

Administratrix of the Estate of Asa Williams, deceased.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, June 1, 1903.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before County Clerk of Washington county, at Hillsboro, Oregon, on July 17, 1903, viz.: George O. Sloan, H. E. No. 13,834, for the N¹/₄ NW¹/₄ and NW¹/₄ NE¹/₄ Sec. 22, T. 1 N., R. 4 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.: Charles F. Miller, Edward L. Naylor, Robert O. Stevenson, Hamilton W. Burk, all of Forest Grove, Oregon.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, June 18, 1903.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act August 4, 1892, Georgiana Howe, of Portland, county of Multnomah, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 6185, for the purchase of the northeast quarter of Section No. 14 in Township No. 1 south, Range No. 6 west, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Monday, the 7th day of September, 1903.

She names as witnesses Hiram W. Scott, Henry W. Scott, Oliver M. Scott, Raleigh Walker, of Dilley, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in his office on or before said 7th day of September, 1903.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, June 29, 1903.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Oregon City, Oregon, on August 4, 1903, viz.: Moses Middleburgh, H. E. No. 14,106, for the southeast quarter Section 3, Township 3 north, Range 6 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.: Hice Montague, of Timber, Oregon; Robert T. Simpson, of Buxton, Oregon; William McLaughlin, of Portland, Oregon; Amos Bradshaw, of Rossland, Oregon.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

VERBOORT KERMIS CONTEST WINNERS.

Girls' footrace: Grace Revereman; prize, an umbrella. Egg race, Veronica Wonderlich; Boys' footrace, Tony Sohler, climbing monkey; climbing greased pole, John Sohler, rubber ball and pipe. Horse race, Charles Spurringer, a gold scarf pin; tub race, Ed Kasper, a scarf pin.

Go to The Bazaar at Forest Grove for Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines. Goods and prices are right.*

Seghers, July 7.—J. H. Hanson's 6-year-old son was buried at the Hill cemetery Saturday. A largely attended funeral attested the hearty sympathy of friends and neighbors for the sorrowing ones.—G. W. Beal has returned from a pleasure trip to Idaho, but did not bring with him the expected bride.—Al Dethlefs, our active, warehouseman, went to Portland Tuesday on a business trip.—August Roth appears to have been enjoying the society of Verboort's niece young ladies coming home from church.

Farm for rent for term of years, 1 mile from Forest Grove. Langley & Son.

Recorder J. C. Clark had a busy day Monday disposing of those who had become too joyous in celebrating the nation's birthday. Attorneys Hollis and Hawks prosecuted such cases as were necessary. Two of those whom Marshal Cronin had had make deposits for their appearance in the recorder's court, failed to show up and the \$10 cash bail of each was declared forfeited. One drunken and disorderly person paid into the city treasury, fine and costs, \$9.50, while two others will give the city a chance to prove a similar charge against them next Saturday, two arrests having been made of one of these. Mayor Kane has decided on a vigorous policy to make the department of justice self-supporting and Marshal Cronin will catch all offenders and Recorder Clark impose fines in every instance so that the city will find quite a little revenue from this source.

Inquire of J. H. Westcott about the S. W. Paints before you buy. They are all right.

About 60 turned out on the Fourth and raised a flag pole in front of Dr. Parker's store at Greenville.

Standard Steel Ranges, the best stove on the market. J. H. Westcott.*

Quite a little complaint has been made of the shooting contest on the Fourth, several claiming that it was continued past the advertised time for closing so that the prize went to a different person than it would had the conditions been adhered to. Also it was said several of the ladies were favored with a rest while the other competitors shot offhand. George Moore of Scholl's won the rifle prize.

Mrs. Josephine Link, an estimable lady who had many friends, died Sunday at her home south of Cornelius, aged 72 years, and was buried Monday in the Blooming Lutheran cemetery.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Dilley died Monday, aged 4 months and 17 days, and was buried in the Buxton cemetery.

Watches and diamonds, best grades, on small weekly payments if you prefer. A safe investment and an easy way to save. Abbott & Son's

Mrs. Harry Crossley, a former resident of the Grove and especially remembered in fraternal circles, having been a prominent Rebekah worker, has been visiting relatives and friends here. Mrs. Crossley's home is now in Tacoma.

Paint up and be up-to-date. That means getting your paints, oils, lead, varnish and enamel of J. H. Westcott.

Seeds—Timothy and Clover, at W. R. Hicks.

Rev. D. A. Lynch, a pioneer Baptist preacher, died at Gaston Tuesday, aged 73 years, and was buried at Mc Minnville Thursday.

It looks as if good times had come to stay. Last week The Bazaar at Forest Grove sold three pianos and four organs, besides a number of high-grade sewing machines. Of course people realize the fact that they never had a chance to get such good instruments at so low figures and on so easy terms.

The social committee of the Civic Improvement Society meets tonight at the home of Mrs. Dr. Hovey.

Jim and the Extract

His Ways Were New, but the Ensuing Profits Were Big

From "Letters From a Self Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. By permission of Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston

The first college man I ever hired was old John Durham's son Jim. That was a good many years ago, when the house was a much smaller affair. Jim's father had a lot of money till he started out to buck the universe and corner wheat. And the boy took all the fancy courses and trimmings at college. The old man was mighty proud of Jim. Wanted him to be a literary fellow. But old Durham found out what every one learns who gets his ambitions mixed up with number two red—that there's a heap of it lying around loose in the country. The bears did quick work and kept the cash wheat coming in so lively that one settling day half a dozen of us had to get under the market to keep it from going to smash.

That day made Jim a candidate for a job. It didn't take him long to decide that the Lord would attend to keeping up the visible supply of poetry and that he had better turn his attention to the stocks of mess pork. Next morning he was laying for me with a letter of introduction when I got to the office, and when he found that I wouldn't have a private secretary at any price he applied for every other position on the premises right down to office boy. I told him I was sorry, but I couldn't do anything for him then; that we were letting men go, but I'd keep him in mind, and so on. The fact was that I didn't think a fellow with Jim's training would be much good anyhow. But Jim hung on—said he'd taken a fancy to the house and wanted to work for it. Used to call by about twice a week to find out if anything had turned up.

Finally, after about a month of this, he wore me down so that I stopped him one day as he was passing me on the street. I thought I'd find out if he really was so redhot to work as he pretended to be; besides I felt that perhaps I hadn't treated the boy just right, as I had delivered quite a jag of that wheat to his father myself.

"Hello, Jim," I called; "do you still want that job?"

"Yes, sir," he answered quick as lightning.

"Well, I tell you how it is, Jim," I said, looking up at him—he was one of those husky, lazy moving six footers—"I don't see any chance in the office, but I understand they can use another good, strong man in one of the loading gangs."

I thought that would settle Jim and let me out, for it's no joke lugging beef or rolling barrels and tierces a hundred yards or so to the cars. But Jim came right back at me with: "Done. Who'll I report to?"

That sporty way of answering, as if he was closing a bet, made me surer than ever that he was not cut out for a butcher. But I told him and off he started hot foot to find the foreman. I sent word by another route to see that he got plenty to do.

I forgot all about Jim until about three months later, when his name was handed up to me for a new place and a raise in pay. It seemed that he had sort of abolished his job. After he had been rolling barrels awhile and the sport had ground down one of his shoulders a couple of inches lower than the other he got to scheming around for a way to make the work easier, and he hit on an idea for a sort of overhead railroad system by which the barrels could be swung out of the storerooms and run right along into the cars and two or three men do the work of a gang. It was just as I thought. Jim was lazy, but he had put the house in the way of saving so much money that I couldn't fire him. So I raised his salary and made him an assistant timekeeper and checker.

Jim kept at this for three or four months, until his feet began to hurt him, I guess, and then he was out of a job again. It seems he had heard something of a new machine for registering the men that did away with most of the timekeepers, except the fellows who watched the machines, and he kept after the superintendent until he got him to put them in. Of course he claimed a raise again for effecting such a saving, and we just had to allow it.

I was beginning to take an interest in Jim, so I brought him up into the office and set him to copying circular letters. We used to send out a raft of them to the trade. That was just before the general adoption of typewriters, when they were still in the experimental stage. But Jim hadn't been in the office plugging away at the letters for a month before he had the writer's cramp and began nosing around again. The first thing I knew he was sicking the agents for the new typewriting machine on to me, and he kept them pounding away until they made me give them a trial. Then it was all up with Mr. Jim's job again. I raised his salary without his asking for it this time and put him out on the road to introduce a new product that we were making—beef extract.

Jim made two trips without selling enough to keep them working overtime at the factory, and then he came into my office with a long story about how we were doing it all wrong. Said we ought to go for the consumer by advertising and make the trade come to us instead of chasing it up.

That was so like Jim that I just laughed at first. Besides, that sort of

advertising was a pretty new thing then, and I was one of the old timers who didn't take any stock in it. But Jim just kept plugging away at me between trips, and finally I took him off the road and told him to go ahead and try it in a small way.

Jim pretty nearly scared me to death that first year. At last he had got into something that he took an interest in—spending money—and he just fairly wallowed in it. He used to lay awake nights thinking up new ways of getting rid of the old man's profits. And he found them. Seemed as if I couldn't get away from Graham's Extract, and whenever I saw it I gagged, for I knew it was costing me money that wasn't coming back. But every time I started to draw in my horns Jim talked to me and showed me where there was a fortune waiting for me just around the corner.

Graham's Extract started out by being something that you could make beef tea out of—that was all. But before Jim had been fooling with it a month he had got his girl to think up a hundred different ways in which it could be used, and had advertised them all. It seemed there was nothing you could cook that didn't need a dash of it. He kept me between a chill and a sweat all the time. Sometimes, but not often, I just had to grin at his foolishness. I remember one picture he got out showing sixteen cows standing between something that looked like a letter press and telling how every pound or so of Graham's Extract contained the juice squeezed from a herd of steers. If an explorer started for the north pole, Jim would send him a case of extract and then advertise that it was the great heat maker for cold climates; and if some other fellow started across Africa, he sent him a case, too, and advertised what a bully drink it was served up with a little ice.

He broke out in a new place every day, and every time he broke out it cost the house money. Finally I made up my mind to swallow the loss, and Mister Jim was about to lose his job sure enough when the orders for extract began to look up, and he got a reprieve. Then he began to make expenses, and he got a pardon, and finally a rush came that left him high and dry in a permanent place.

Jim was all right in his way, but it was a new way, and I hadn't been broad gauged enough to see that it was a better way.

That was where I caught the connection between a college education and business. I've always made it a rule to buy brains, and I've learned now that the better trained they are the faster they find reasons for getting their salaries raised. The fellow who hasn't had the training may be just as smart, but he's apt to miss the air when he's reaching for ideas.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Crane's Courtship

The Widow Owl was sitting on the stump of an old tree early one evening when she should come along but gaudy Mr. Crane. He made his best bow and wished her the best of health. The widow said she was feeling well, thank you, and then they fell to talking about the weather and one thing and another.

After awhile Mr. Crane sighed a deep sigh and the Widow Owl exclaimed: "Dear me, Mr. Crane, what is the matter that you should sigh that way? It really sounds as if you were in love."

"I am in love, Mrs. Owl—deeply in love," replied the long legged bird.

"I thought so," said the widow. "And with whom are you in love?"

"With you, widow; with you," answered the crane tenderly.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the widow.

"Yes, I am in love with you," continued the crane.



"I'M IN LOVE, MRS. OWL."

He bowed to her, and I want you to be my wife. You are the fairest female in the land."

"And you," said the widow shyly, "you are the handsomest thing I know."

"Then will you be mine?" cried the crane.

"Alas, I can never be!" replied the widow.

"Why not, dear heart?" he asked.

"You live in the day and I live at night. Our paths must ever be separate."

"Too sad!" exclaimed the crane, brushing a tear from his eye.

"But I will be a sister to you," added the Widow Owl.

And then the crane shed a few more tears and went to sleep, while Mrs. Owl flew away to catch her nightly supply of mice.—Chicago Tribune.

W. N. SEARS

Leading Barber Shop

Up-to-Date Haircutting and Shaving. Laundry agency. Main Street. Forest Grove.