

# Great Bargain Sale!!

33<sup>1</sup> Reduction on all Clothing  
3<sup>3</sup> In Our Store : :

The Stock consists of Rain Coats, Overcoats, Mackintoshes, Wool Hosiery, Fancy Neckwear, Linen Collars, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Men's Hats, Umbrellas. Everything will go at same reduction, as our room is small. We have decided to make room for the size of our stock on hand, so if you are ready to purchase your Winter Supply, you had better come right now, as this sale will last only until the Holidays. Remember we are located in the Naylor Building near the corner of Main Street and First Avenue North.

Here are one of the Prices:

Men's Suits worth \$7.00 at.....	\$4.67	Men's Suits worth \$12.00 at.....	\$ 8.00
" " " 7.50 ".....	5.00	" " " 13.00 ".....	8.67
" " " 8.00 ".....	5.33	" " " 14.00 ".....	9.33
" " " 8.50 ".....	5.67	" " " 15.00 ".....	10.00
" " " 9.00 ".....	6.00	" " " 16.00 ".....	10.67
" " " 10.00 ".....	6.67	" " " 17.00 ".....	11.33
" " " 11.00 ".....	7.33	" " " 21.00 ".....	14.00

A large line of Men's Pants, Fancy Shirts and Heavy Underwear. Blue Flannel Top Shirts, Shoes for Men, Ladies and Boys.

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Forest Grove

Oregon

# Holidays Near

We will have for this season a complete line to select from, and you will not have to leave Banks to get just what you want in

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Try the Liner column of The News if you have anything to sell; want to buy or trade.

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FINE WORK DONE CHEAP—PRICES

White shirt - - - 10c	Drawers - 8 to 15c
Soft " - - - 10c	Waists, white 10 to 20c
White skirts - 10 to 20c	Undershirts - 15 to 25c
Undershirts - 8c	Stockings - 25c
Handkerchiefs - 2c	Collars - 25c
Men's White Vests - 10 to 15c	Pants - 25c
Coats - 10 to 20c	Dusters - 15 to 20c
Towels - 20c doz.	Napkins - 20 Doz

The following articles, 50c per doz.: Pillow case, Bed Sheets, Tablecloths, Night Gowns, Women's Drawers, Underwear, Aprons and Cosset Covers.

Pacific Avenue - Forest Grove

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Forest Grove Time Table

TO PORTLAND	
No. 6	departs 6:40 a. m., arrives at Portland 8:00 a. m.
No. 4	" 8:55 a. m. " " 10:30 a. m.
No. 8	" 10:30 a. m. " " 11:50 a. m.
No. 10	" 3:30 p. m. " " 4:50 p. m.
No. 2	" 4:37 p. m. " " 6:20 p. m.
FROM PORTLAND	
No. 1	lv. Portland 7:30 a. m. lv. Forest Grove 8:39 a. m.
No. 5	" 8:50 a. m. " " 10:10 a. m.
No. 7	" 1:00 p. m. " " 2:20 p. m.
No. 3	" 4:10 p. m. " " 5:40 p. m.
No. 9	" 5:40 p. m. " " 7:00 p. m.

W. BROWN, Agent.

WM. MCMURRAY, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.

### Bargains.

One House and lot.....	\$1200
One " " ".....	1600
One " " ".....	1500
One lot 100x200 feet.....	800
One " 100x100 ".....	500

See James Stephenson. 14-1f

## Vengeance.

By FORBES DWIGHT.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Cuyler stood at the gate watching the much decorated motor disappear down the road in a cloud of dust, out of which the white ribbons still fluttered in flamboyant fashion.

The ground before him was white with rice, while here and there a decrepit shoe, having done its duty in speeding the parting couple, lay in pathetic neglect, its brief moment of popularity now over.

With a grim smile Cuyler turned on his heel and made his way up the gravel walk, past the groups of pretty, laughing girls, each with its attendant train of satellites.

On the wide veranda the orchestra played lilting waltzes, to which apparently no one was listening, and near by the bride's mother, a portly, rather handsome woman, was talking gayly with a solemn faced young man, whom Cuyler recognized as the officiating rector.

"Where is Elinor?" he asked as Mrs. Trenholme turned to him with a welcoming smile which plainly invited him to join her.

"Elinor? Really, Fritz, I haven't the least idea. Isn't she down there on the lawn?"

Cuyler shook his head. "She was standing beside me when they entered the motor," he explained, "and after they had started I found she had slipped away."

"I think," the rector interposed, "I saw her going through the house a moment ago. She went through the rear door, if I remember."

"Thank you," said Cuyler. He entered the hall, crossed to the door at the rear and stepped out on the broad veranda that commanded a fine view of the hills to the west.

Below him the formal gardens on the terrace were cool and green and, to



TELL THEM HOW I'VE GOT SQUARE WITH MARGARET.

his disappointment, apparently deserted.

Lighting a cigarette, he descended the broad steps and sauntered leisurely along the path that led down the terrace.

He had proceeded no great distance when from behind a clump of bay trees he caught the flash of a white dress.

He tossed the cigarette away and turned from the path. Behind the barrier of bay trees was a rustic seat, and, sitting very straight on this seat, her hands clasped and her eyes a most suspicious red, was Eleanor Trenholme. Cuyler was beside her in an instant.

"Well, well," he said lightly, yet not without a certain touch of gentleness in his voice, "this is rank desertion. It will never do in the world. Aren't you going to ask me to be seated?"

"I came here to be alone," she said doubtfully. "I'm not sure that I want you here just now."

But nevertheless she moved over and made room for him beside her. Cuyler at once took the seat, looking at her searchingly meanwhile.

"You shouldn't feel about it the way you do," he chided gravely. "And how do you think I feel?" she challenged.

Cuyler looked at her again. "Rather cut up, I fancy," he replied.

"You are wrong. I am not cut up, as you choose to call it, only—only—"

"Only what?" said he.

"Of course he's perfectly splendid," she said slowly, "and I am awfully proud of him, just as we all are, but—somehow I can't help being selfish. I can't bear the idea of giving up Margaret to him. We've always been together, she and I, and—oh, well, I'm selfish, that's all there is to it."

Cuyler saw something glistening in her eyes. A tear coursed slowly down her cheek and hung in ridiculous fashion on the point of her chin. She brushed it away almost savagely.

"You see," Cuyler declared, "I was sure you would feel this way about it. That was why I came out here to find you."

"I'm not sure how I feel about it myself yet," said she.

"Oh, I can make a good guess," he replied. "You are very glad that she is to be happy, and yet there is a little ache in your heart that you can't deny, try as you will to do so. There is an end to something, just what you can't definitely decide, but something has gone out of your life. Of that you are certain. Isn't that it?"

"Yes. That is just it. How did you know so well?" she asked.

Cuyler turned to her, with a smile of

understanding. "I have a brother," he said simply. "He was very close to me—closer, indeed, than any one else in the world—until one day he found the other end, of course, the greater happiness, just as your sister has done. It was tremendously lonely without him."

"But you got over it in time?" she asked quickly.

"In a way, yes; in another way, no," said he.

She looked at him questioningly. He was smiling down at her with a certain whimsical gravity.

"There is only one way to get even with these people—this sister of yours and this brother of mine," he asserted.

"And how is that?" she asked.

"Follow suit," said he.

Her brows wrinkled in a perplexed frown. "I don't exactly catch your meaning," she said.

Cuyler suddenly leaned toward her. There was something in his eyes that brought a quick flush to her cheeks.

"Let's not permit these other people to have all the happiness in the world. Let's reserve a little for ourselves," said he.

Her head was turned from him. Presently he saw her shoulders shake convulsively. At the same time she arose from the bench.

"I'm—I'm going down to the pond," she faltered, still refusing to look at him. "Please, please, stay here and don't come until I call you."

"Just a minute, Elinor," he pleaded.

"I wanted to say"—

But with a little imperious gesture she moved away, leaving him there somewhat mystified and decidedly angry.

He sat down again on the rustic seat, drew out a cigarette and began smoking furiously. When it was burned out he lighted another and then another.

It was not until his fourth cigarette that a voice sounded faintly from the little pond at the foot of the terrace.

"Fritz!" it called. "Oh, Fritz! You may come now if you like!"

He hurried down the path. Elinor sat on the rail of the little boathouse. Her eyes were very red, and beside her lay a tiny bit of lace, crumpled and very wet.

"Elinor," he said contritely, "I didn't mean to make it any harder for you. I was trying"—

"Listen," she interrupted. "I came down here to have a last grand orgy of feelings all by my lonesome. Whatever tears I have for Margaret I wanted to shed once for all, and that's what I've done. I—I had to shed them now, because—because—what you've just said, you know—makes it—makes it—oh, Fritz, don't you see?"

The manner in which he sprang to her side told very plainly that he did see.

"And now," she said rather breathlessly a moment later, "we'd better go up to the house and tell them how I've got square with Margaret."

### Stevenson on Idleness.

If a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain. It is a revolutionary precept, but, thanks to hunger and the workhouse, one not easily to be abused, and within practical limits it is one of the most incontestable truths in the whole body of morality. Look at one of your industrious fellows for a moment, I beseech you. He sows hurry and reaps indigestion; he puts a vast deal of activity out to interest and receives a large measure of nervous derangement in return. Either he absents himself from all fellowship and lives a recluse in a garret, with carpet slippers and a leaden ink pot, or he comes among people swiftly and bitterly, in a contraction of his whole nervous system, to discharge some temper before he returns to work. I do not care how much or how well he works, this fellow is an evil feature in other people's lives. They would be happier if he were dead.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

### Changes in English.

A striking means of measuring the great changes that have from time to time taken place in the English language is to study the Lord's Prayer as it has been written in different centuries:

1150.—Fader ur heune, haleweide beith thi neune, cumin thi kuneriche, thi wille beith idon in heune and in erthe.

1800.—Fader ure in heavene, halewyn be thi name, thi kingdom come, thi wille be done as in hevene and in erthe.

1370.—Oure fadir that art in heune, hallowid be thi name, thi kingdom come, be thi wille done in erthe as in heune.

1524.—Oure father which arte in heven, hallowid be thy name. Let thy kingdom come, thy wyll be fulfilled as well in earth as it is in heven.

"Daily bread" appears in three versions severally as "dawe bread," "days bred," "dayly brede" and "superstantial bread."

### Tolstoy's Sense of Honor.

At one music party at Count Tolstoy's a lady's singing displeased the count's boys, and they adjourned to another room and made a noise. Their father lost patience and went after them, and a characteristic admonition ensued.

"Are you making a noise on purpose?" he asked.

After some hesitation came an answer in the affirmative. "Y-y-yes."

"Does not her singing please you?"

"Well, no. Why does she howl?" declared one of the boys, with vexation.

"So you wish to protest against her singing?" asked Lyeff Nikolaevitch in a serious tone.

"Yes."

"Then go out and say so or stand in the middle of the room and tell every one present. That would be rude, but upright and honest. But you have got together and are squealing like grasshoppers in a corner. I will not endure such protests."

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