

Glass Bake Pie Pan

Regular 90c Value

Special Sale on Glass Bake Pie Pans This Week.

Come in and learn how you get one of them for only

7c

Churchill Hardware Co.

THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Young Beagle male

hound, cheap. Phone 5242.

FOR SALE—Baled hay, T. E. Dun-

can. Phone 14F2.

VIATVI for men, women and child-

ren. Phone 18F22. Mrs. Smith.

FOR SALE—Seasoned wood; old

growth, 2nd growth and fir

knots. Phone 33F14.

FOR SALE—Purchased fourbon

Red turkey toms. N. L. Conn.

Roseburg, Ore. Phone 6F15.

FOR SALE—Varmint dog, Bil-

lings strain. Rabbit, deer, coyote

proof. J. Hyman, Canyonville.

FOR SALE—Red cedar posts, de-

livered in Roseburg for 19c each.

M. G. Henth, Myrtle Creek, Ore.

FOR SALE—Strawberry plants,

\$2.50 gunny sack; dig them your-

self. Mrs. Geo. Dyer, Myrtle

Creek.

WOOD FOR SALE—Seasoned, sec-

ond growth red fir blocks, \$3.00

per tier, load of 25 tiers, \$75.00.

Phone 10F23.

FOR SALE—One 3-year-old cow

giving about 3 gallons milk, 5

miles from Dixonville. Phone

34F15.

IRRIGATION SUPPLIES—We can

give you expert information on

your pumping job. Farm Bureau

Exchange.

FOR SALE—One young Jersey

cow, fresh, Gold Dollar straw-

berry plants, \$3 per M. Elma D-

well, Canyonville.

BEAN SPRAY PUMPS—\$25 up.

Why waste time on poor equip-

ment? A new Bean will make

you forget your worries. Farm

Bureau Exchange.

SHERWIN WILLIAMS SPRAY

MATERIALS—Dry lime, sulphur,

free emulsion, arsenate of

lead. Order now and save money.

Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE—1926 Dodge business

sedan, very good condition. Al-

so 1925 Ford coupe, completely

overhauled. Bargains. Phone

209-L.

LUMBER—All kinds, \$15 per M.

Bills sawn to order; sawwood

\$2 per cord; edgings free. 3

miles south of Sutherlin, Ore.

Highway Lbr. Co.

FOR SALE—11 acres near Suther-

lin, 2 acres Bartlett pear, full

bearing other fruit; good mod-

ern residence; barn, large poul-

try house. No reasonable offer

refused. R. N. Pickens, Suther-

lin, Ore.

WANTED

WANTED—250 men to take dinner

at Roseburg Cafeteria.

WANTED—Owner to call at tailor

shop, room 4 Bell Sisters Bldg.,

and get coat.

WAITRESSES—Experienced in ho-

tel dining room. Send your appli-

cation to the Redwoods Hotel,

Grants Pass, Ore.

WANTED—Man with good team or

light donkey engine to skid logs

by contract. Inquire L. A. White,

5 miles up Rice creek road, 1

mile below Dillard.

WANTED—A partner in every

town and locality in Oregon.

Only men willing to work need

apply. Federal Distributors, Inc.,

427 Stark St., Portland.

WANTED—300 acres unimproved

fair timber land. Will purchase

for cash this week in 80 acre

tracts—only. Want clear titles

at \$2.50 per acre. Write

complete description, Box 95,

care News-Review.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—5-room furnished

house. Inquire 604 W. Lane St.

FOR RENT—Five-room cottage

with garage. Phone 187-B.

FOR RENT—Apartments, new,

cozy. Phone 645-J.

FOR RENT—10-room modern,

partly furnished house on Win-

chester St., North Roseburg. S.

W. Starmer, Soldiers' Home.

FOR RENT

FURNISHED—4-room cottage, city

water, electric lights, hillside lo-

cation, good view, \$14.

FURNISHED—3-room bungalow-

ette, modern, plastered, garage,

very cozy, \$20.

SUBURBAN—3-room, newly re-

novated, 3 acres one mile out on

Dixonville road, \$20.

McLENDON REALTY CO.

140 Jackson St.

THE CANARY MURDER CASE

By S. S. VAN DINE AUTHOR OF THE BENSON MURDER CASE

CHARACTERS

Philo Vance.

John F. X. Markham, district at-

torney of New York county.

Margaret Odell (the "Canary").

Charles Cleaver, a man-about-

town.

Kenneth Spotswoode, a manu-

facturer.

Louis Mannix, an importer.

Dr. Ambrose Lindquist, a fa-

shionable neurologist.

Tony Skeel, a professional bur-

glar.

William Elmer Jessup, tele-

phone operator.

Harry Spively, telephone op-

erator.

Ernest Heath, Sergeant of the

Homicide Bureau.

THE STORY THUS FAR

Margaret Odell, the "Canary,"

a former Polles girl, was one of

Broadway's favorites and a prom-

inent figure in New York night

life. When her strangled body

was found lying on the davenport

in her apartment, New York was

confronted with one of the most

baffling murders in its history.

Markham brings Vance with him

to the disordered apartment,

where police investigation is un-

der way.

CHAPTER IV

The two rooms had apparently

been thoroughly ransacked.

Clothes and various articles were

strewn about the floor. The doors

of both closets-closets (there was

one in each room) were open, and

to judge from the chaos in the bed-

room closet, it had been hurriedly

searched; although the closet of

the living-room, which was given

over to the storage of infre-

quently used items, appeared to

have been ignored.

The drawers of the dressing-

table and chest had been partly

emptied onto the floor, and the

bedclothes had been snatched

away and the mattress turned

back. Two chairs and a small oc-

casional table were upset; several

vases were broken, as if they had

been searched and then thrown

down in the wrath of disappoint-

ment; and the Marie Antoinette

mirror had been broken.

The escritoire was open, and its

pigeonholes had been emptied in a

jumbled pile upon the blotter. The

doors of the Boule cabinet swung

wide, and inside there was the

same confusion of contents that

marked the interior of the escrui-

toire. The bronze-and-porcelain

lamp on the end of the library ta-

ble was lying on its side, its sta-

tue shade torn where it had struck

the sharp corner of a silver bon-

netiere.

Two objects in the general dis-

array particularly attracted my at-

tention—a black metal document

box of the kind purchasable at any

stationery store, and a large

jewel case of sheet steel with a

circular inset lock. The latter of

these objects was destined to play

a curious and sinister part in the

investigation to follow.

The document box, which was

now empty, had been placed on the

library table, next to the over-

turned lamp. Its lid was thrown

back, and the key was still in the

lock. In all the litter and disor-

ganization of the room, this box

seemed to be the outstanding in-

dication of calm and orderly ac-

tivity on the part of the wrecker.

The jewel-case, on the other

hand, had been violently wrench-

ed open. It sat on the dressing

table in the bedroom, dented and

twisted out of shape by the terri-

ble leverage that had been neces-

sary to force it, and beside it lay

a brass-handled, cast-iron poker

which had evidently been brought

from the living-room and used as a

make-shift chisel with which to

pry open the lock.

Vance had glanced but casually

at the different objects in the

rooms as we made our rounds, but

when he came to the dressing-table

he paused abruptly. Taking out

his monocle he adjusted it

carefully and leaned over the

broken jewel-case.

"Most extraordinary!" he mur-

mured, tapping the edge of the lid

with his gold pencil. "What do

you make of that, Sergeant?"

Heath had been eyeing Vance

with narrowed lids as the latter

bent over the dressing-table.

"What's in your mind, Mr.

Vance?" he, in turn asked.

"Oh, more than you could ever

guess," Vance answered lightly.

"But just at the moment I was

toying with the idea that this steel

case was never torn open by that

wholly inadequate iron poker,

what?"

Heath nodded his head approx-

imately. "So you, too, noticed that

did you? . . . And you're dead

right. That poker might've twist-

ed the box a little, but it never

snapped that lock."

He turned to Inspector Moran.

"That's the puzzle I've sent for

Prof. Brenner to clean up—if he

can. The jimmying of that jewel-

case looks to me like a high-class

professional job. No Sunday-

school superintendent did it."

Vance continued for a while to

study the box, but at length he

turned away with a perplexed

frown.

"I say!" he commented. "Some-

thing devilish queer took place

here last night."

"Oh, not so queer," Heath

amended. "It was a thorough job,

all right, but there's nothing mys-

terious about it."

Vance polished his monocle and

put it away.

"If you go to work on that ba-

nals, Sergeant," he returned care-

lessly, "I greatly fear you'll run

around on a reef. And may kind

Heaven bring you safe to shore!"

(Tuesday, Sept. 11, 9:30 a. m.)

A few minutes after we had re-

turned to the living-room Doctor

Doremus, the chief medical exam-

iner, arrived, jaunty and energetic.

Immediately in his train came

three other men, one of whom car-

ried a bulky camera and a folded

tripod. These were Captain Du-

bois and Detective Bellamy, finger-

print experts, and Peter Quacken-

bush, the official photographer.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed

Doctor Doremus. "Quite a gather-

ing of the clans. More trouble,

eh? . . . I wish your friends, in-

spector, would choose a more re-

spectable hour for their little dif-

ferences. This early rising upsets

my liver."

He shook hands with everybody

in a brisk, businesslike manner.

"Where's the body?" he deman-

ded breathily, looking about the

room. He caught sight of the girl

on the davenport. "Ah! A lady."

Stepping quickly forward, he

made a rapid examination of the

dead girl, scrutinizing her neck

and fingers, moving her arms and

head to determine the condition of

rigor mortis, and finally unfixing

her stiffened limbs and laying her

out straight on the long cushions,

preparatory to a more detailed nec-

ropsy.

The rest of us moved toward

the bedroom, and Heath motioned

to the finger-print men to follow.

"Do over everything," he told

them. "Take a