Food Chopper Special

One of these handy utilities in your kitchen saves a lot of work in a dozen different ways. We have Food Choppers made by

The Enterprise Co., Universal, Keen Kutter, and Winchester Co.

Also this week we are specializing Butcher Knives—good ones that will hold an edge, at your choice of

49c

Churchill Hardware Co.
THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Shepherd pups, $5 each. Phone 33F24.

FOR SALE—Two Boston bull pups. 745 S. Stephens.

BROCCOLI CART FOR SALE. C. J. Hodges. Phone 18F3.

HAY FOR SALE — Edenbower Orchard Tracts. Phone 26F3.

FOR SALE—Young milk cow, 14 miles east of town. W. W. Haley.

WOOD—16-inch second growth fir block, load 2½ tier, $7. Phone 10F23.

FOR SALE—Young brood sow, $12, shoats each, $7. Linblom, Dixonville.

FOR SALE—Comfort range. Inquire Tollman Real Estate office, Riverside.

FOR SALE—White Pekin duck eggs for hatching, 50c a setting. J. H. Sieverts, Oakland, Ore.

INCUBATOR for sale at the Village Locksmith, 333 N. Main St. Cash or will trade.

FOR SALE—Dry second growth split block wood, $3 tier. Phone 14F5.

KOHLER lighting plant for sale. Practically good as new. S. C. Miller, Dillard. Phone 46F11.

PIPE, PIPE, PIPE—All sizes, new and second hand. Also complete stock of pipe fittings. Farm Bureau Exchange.

HAVE WATER PLANTS—210 gallons per hour, $75. Can furnish almost any size. Farm Bureau Exchange.

SPRAY MATERIALS—All kinds. We have a complete stock of Sherwin Williams spray materials. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Small place equipped for raising chickens. Address Box 15, care News-Review.

FOR SALE—Good dry block fir wood, $7.75 a load of 3 tiers. Inquire Fisher's Wallpaper and Paint Store.

FOR SALE—Fresh milch cow, also turkey Bronze gobblers. Also want pasture for cattle. Boyer Bros. Phone 14F14.

UNCLAIMED mounted specimens, ladies chokers, one fine Otter choker scarf at less than cost of raw skin, for sale at Bruton's Taxidermy Shop. Come in and see the buffalo head.

FOR SALE—1926 Chevrolet touring, looks and runs like new. The best buy in town for $325.
1925 Dodge Coupe, looks and runs like new; all new tires. Easy terms and trade, $550.
1922 Ford touring, is sure a dandy for $40.
1924 Overland light delivery, A1 shape, all good tires. Is sure a real bargain at $75.
1926 Master Buick sedan, looks and runs like new. For a real bargain, we offer it for $950.
1923 Dodge sedan, in the best of shape, it looks like new and runs the same, $400.
1927 Master Six sport coupe, looks and runs like new; new tires. Formerly owned by a banker. Easy terms, a real bargain for $1150.
We guarantee all of our used cars and give easy terms and big trade ins on your used car. R. L. Chambers Motor Co., Oak and Main Sts. Phone 649.

OWING to sickness, must sell about 60 Buff Leghorn pullets, 9 months old, $1.00 each. Mrs. Geo. Mellott, 6 miles south of Roseburg, Pacific highway.

FOR SALE—Hotel doing good business; 20 sleeping rooms; dining room; 3 baths; modern building; electric lights; steam heat. A splendid place for man and wife. Property and furnishings very reasonable, or will trade for small property. Eldon Hotel, Glendale, Ore.

FOR RENT

WELL furnished apt., ground floor, close in. 331 S. Main.

FOR RENT—10-room modern, partly furnished house on Winchester St., North Roseburg. S. W. Starmer, Soldiers' Home.

FOR RENT—2 houses, one partly furnished; modern in every way; garages; paved streets. Phone 566-R.

FOR RENT — New attractive 2-room apartment, stationary tubs and other conveniences. Deardorff Apts., 112 Brockway. Phone 403-R.

FOR RENT—Room upstairs in Bell Sisters Bldg., reasonable, for a dressmaker or alteration work and dressmaking. Phone 565.

WANTED

WANTED—Old wood stove for laundry purposes. Phone 433-J.

WANTED—250 men to take dinner at Roseburg Cafeteria.

WANTED — Modern furnished house. Phone 471-Y.

WANTED—Cheap, gentle work horse, around 1200 lbs. W. F. Wright, Roseburg, Rt. 2.

WANTED—Ladies not to forget to take lunch at Roseburg Cafeteria.

UTAH Woolen Mills wants salesman for Roseburg district. Write Willard H. Clarke, Heathman Hotel, Portland.

WANTED—Man with car to look after our business in Douglas county. Good permanent proposition. L. E. Howard, distributor Beeman Garden Tractors, Grants Pass, Ore.

WANTED TO TRADE—92-acre irrigated alfalfa and dairy farm close to good town, Rogue river valley for sheep ranch, about equal value near Roseburg. Box 77, Westfir, Ore.

LOST

LOST—Brown leather suit case, contains clothing, papers, etc. Initials on end W. L. B. Leave at News-Review office. Reward.

MISCELLANEOUS

METROPOLITAN POLICY HOLDERS—Geo. Gilham, local agent, is now located at 704 Thompson St. Phone 221-J.

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 553 when in need of auto parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking House.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Electro - Chiropractor — Drugless Health Center. 337 Cass. Ph. 491.

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED FARMS

Long term loans with liberal repayment privilege. 5½% interest payable annually. Usual commission charges. Ask for folder describing this loan.

G. W. Young & Son
Insurance and Loans
116 Cass St. Phone 417

Roseburg Cabinet Shop
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FURNITURE REPAIRING
Upson Board and Veneer Panel Cut to Order
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E. S. AND F. L. COCKELREAS

PRICE

Our quality is sky high, but our prices are down-to-earth. In other words you save here on good foodstuffs.

Economy Grocery
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"The Store That Serves You Best"
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THE "CANARY" MURDER CASE

Charles Boyer Cleaver Series

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

CHARACTERS

Philo Vance.
John F.-X. Markham, district attorney of New York county.
Margaret Odell (the "Canary").
Charles Cleaver, a man-about-town.
Kenneth Spotswoode, a manufacturer.
Louis Mannix, an importer.
Dr. Ambrose Lindquist, a fashionable neurologist.
Tony Skeel, a professional burglar.
William Elmer Jessup, telephone operator.
Harry Spively, telephone operator.
Ernest Heath, Sergeant of the Homicide Bureau.

* * *

THE STORY THUS FAR

Vance believes Skeel innocent of the murder of Margaret Odell and that he lay hidden in a closet while the strangler did his work. Vance is unshaken. He shatters Cleaver's alibi of being out of the city the night of the murder and urges Markham to check up thoroughly on Mannix's whereabouts. Dr. Lindquist says he spent the night with a patient, and Vance threatens to bring in the night nurse and question her.

* * *

CHAPTER XXXIII

"Let me get this right," put in Heath. "Am I, or am I not, to round up the Finckle woman tomorrow morning?"

"There'll be no need," said Vance. "We are doomed, I fear, not to gaze upon this Florence Nightingale. A meeting between us is about the last thing the doctor would desire."

"That may be true," admitted Markham. "But don't forget that he may have been up to something Monday night wholly unconnected with the murder, that he simply doesn't want known."

"Quite—quite. And yet, nearly every one who knew the Canary seems to have selected Monday night for the indulgence of sub-rosa peccadilloes. It's a bit thick, what? Skeel tries to make us believe he was immersed in Khun Khan. Cleaver was—if you take his word for it—touring the countryside in Jersey's lake district. Lindquist wants us to picture him as comforting the afflicted. And Mannix, I happen to know, has gone to some trouble to build up an alibi in case we get nosey. All of 'em in fact were doing something they don't want us to know what.

"Now, what was it? And why did they, of one accord, select the night of the murder for mysterious affairs which they don't dare mention, even to clear themselves of suspicion? Was there an invasion of demons in the city that night? Was there a curse on the world driving men to dark, bawdy deeds? Was there Black Magic abroad? I think not."

"I'm laying my money on Skeel," declared Heath stubbornly. "I know a professional job when I see it. And you can't get away from those finger-prints and the professor's report on the chisel."

Markham was sorely perplexed. His belief in Skeel's guilt had, I knew, been undermined in some measure by Vance's theory that the crime was the carefully premeditated act of a shrewd and educated man. But now he seemed to swing irresolutely back to Heath's point of view.

"I'll admit," he said, "that Lindquist and Cleaver and Mannix don't inspire one with a belief in their innocence. But since they're all tarred with the same stick the force of suspicion against them is somewhat dispersed. After all Skeel is the only logical aspirant for the role of strangler. He's the only one with a visible motive; and he's the only one against whom there's any evidence."

Vance sighed wearily.

"Yes, yes. Finger-prints—chisel marks. You're such a trustin' soul, Markham. Skeel's finger-prints are found in the apartment; therefore, Skeel strangled the lady. So beastly simple. Why bother further? Send Skeel to the chair, and that's that! . . . It's effective, y' know, but is it art?"

"In your critical enthusiasm you understate our case against Skeel," Markham reminded him testily.

"Oh, I'll grant that your case against him is ingenious. It's so deuced ingenious I just haven't the heart to reject it. But most popular truth is mere ingenuity—that's why it's so wrong-headed. Your theory would appeal strongly to the popular mind. And yet, y' know, Markham, it isn't true."

The practical Heath was unmoved. He sat stolidly, scowling at the table. I doubt if he had even heard the change of opinions between Markham and Vance.

"You know, Mr. Markham," he said, like one unconsciously voicing an obscure line of thought, "If we could show how Skeel got in and out of Odell's apartment we'd have a better case against him. I can't figure it out—it's got me topped. So, I've been thinking we oughta get an architect to go over those rooms. The house is an old-timer—God knows when it was originally built—and there may be some way of getting into it that we haven't discovered yet."

"'Pon my soul!" Vance stared at him in satirical wonderment. "You're becoming downright romantic! Secret passageways—hidden doors—stairways between the walls. So that's it, is it? Oh, my word! . . . Sergeant, beware of the cinema. It has ruined many a good man. Try grand opera for a while—it's more borin' but less co[illegible]"

"That's all right, Mr. Vance," Apparently Heath himself did not relish the architectural idea particularly. "But as long as we don't know how Skeel got in, it's just as well to make sure of a few ways he didn't get in."

"I agree with you, Sergeant," said Markham. "I'll get an architect on the job at once." He rang for Swacker, and gave the necessary instructions.

Vance extended his legs and yawned.

"All we need now is a Favorite of the Harem, a few blackamoors with palm-leaf fans, and some pizzicato music."

"You will joke, Mr. Vance," Heath lit a fresh cigar. "But even if the architect don't find anything wrong with the apartment, Skeel's liable to give his hand away 'most any time."

"I'm pinnin' my childish faith on Mannix," said Vance. "I don't know why I should; but he's not a nice man, and he's suppressing something.—Markham, don't you dare let him go until he tells you where he was Monday night. And don't forget to hint mysteriously about the fur model."

(Friday, September 14; 3:30 p. m.)

In less than half an hour Mannix arrived. Heath relinquished his seat to the newcomer, and moved to a large chair beneath the windows. Vance had taken a place at the small table on Markham's right where he was able to face Mannix obliquely.

It was patent that Mannix did not relish the idea of another interview. His little eyes shifted quickly about the office, lingered suspiciously for a moment on Heath, and at last came to rest on the district attorney. He was more vigilant even than during his first visit; and his greeting to Markham, while fulsome, had in it a tone of trepidation.

Nor was Markham's air calculated to put him at ease. It was an ominous, indomitable public prosecutor who motioned him to be seated. Mannix laid his hat and cane on the table, and sat down on the edge of his chair, his back as perpendicular as a flag-pole.

"I'm not at all satisfied with what you told me Wednesday, Mr. Mannix," Markham began, "and I trust you won't necessitate me to take drastic steps to find out what you know about Miss Odell's death."

"What I know!" Mannix forced a smile intended to be disarming. "Mr. Markham—Mr. Markham!"

He seemed oilier than usual as he spread his hands in hopeless appeal. "If I knew anything, believe me, I would tell you—positively I would tell you."

"I'm delighted to hear it. Your willingness makes my task easier. First ,then, please tell me where you were at midnight Monday."

Mannix's eyes slowly contracted until they looked like two tiny, shining disks, but otherwise the man did not move. After what seemed an interminable pause, he spoke.

"I should tell you where I was Monday? Why should I have to do that? . . . Maybe I'm suspected of the murder—yes?"

"You're not suspected now. But your apparent unwillingness to answer my question is certainly suspicious. Why don't you care were?"

"I got no reason to keep it from you, y' understand." Mannix shrugged. "I got nothing to be ashamed of—absolutely! . . . I had a lot of accounts to go over at the office—winter-season stocks. I was down at the office until ten o'clock—maybe later. Then at half past ten——"

"That'll do!" Vance's voice cut in tartly. "No need to drag any one else into this thing."

He spoke with a curious significance of emphasis, and Mannix studied him craftily, trying to read what knowledge, if any, lay behind his words. But he received no enlightenment from Vance's features. The warning, however, had been enough to halt him.

"You don't want to know where I was at half past ten?"

"Not particularly," said Vance. "We want to know where you were at midnight. And it won't be necess'ry to mention any one who saw you at that time. When you tell us the truth, we'll know it."

He himself had assumed the air of wisdom and mystery that he had deputed to Markham earlier in the afternoon. Without breaking faith with Alys La Fosse he had sowed the seeds of doubt in Mannix's mind.

Before the man could frame an answer, Vance stood up and leaned impressively over the district attorney's desk.

"You know a Miss Frisbee. Lives in 71st Street; accurately speaking—at number 184; to be more exact—in the house where Miss Odell lived; to put it precisely—in Apartment Number 2. Miss Frisbee was a former model of yours. Sociable girl: still charitable to the advances of her erstwhile employer—meanin' yourself. —When did you see her last, Mr. Mannix? . . . Take your time about answering. You may want to think it over."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NOTICE TO EAGLES

There will be a pot-luck supper at Eagles hall Wednesday evening, Feb. 22 at 7 o'clock, for all Eagles and their families.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

Quick! STOPS COLDS

Millions rely on HILL'S to end colds in a day and ward off Grippe and Flu. No quicker remedy for you.

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Lower prices out of car
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John Deere Plow Co. — Sherwin-Williams Co.

Washington St. and S. P. Tracks.

AUXILIARY HONORS WASHINGTON WITH SPLENDID PROGRAM

The American Legion Auxiliary held the regular semi-monthly meeting at the armory last night. A patriotic program, celebrating George Washington's birthday anniversary, was enjoyed with the Legion and was followed by a very interesting business meeting.

A jam and jelly shower for the boys at U. S. Veterans' Hospital 77 is planned for the next meeting. Many of the veterans have been in the hospital for years, and these home-made jams and jellies are a real treat to them after hospital fare for so long.

Mrs. Clark Walker and Mrs. Clarence Blaxall lined up their sides for the membership drive, which promises to be a very spirited contest. Umpqua Unit has held second place in membership in the state for two years and is striving for first place this year.

Mrs. Fred Strang, the music chairman, gave a short talk on music in the Auxiliary and is planning on exhibiting some of our local talent at the State convention to be held at Medford this year.

The Auxiliary will sponsor a home-made candy and punch booth each night at the Legion's Automobile show.

At the close of the meeting refreshments were served by the hospitality committee.

Breath Bad? End it this simple way

Nothing is more disagreeable than bad breath. End it by using Chamberlain's Tablets. Pleasant, easy to take, they end bad breath by removing the cause—poor digestion. Also end gas-pains, biliousness, constipation, and tone up liver. Fifty and 25-cent pocket sizes at druggists. For free sample, write Chamberlain Medicine Co., 507 6th Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS "Help You Stay Well"

COLUMBIA BASIN BILL AMENDED TO SATISFY IDAHO

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—The Columbia Basin irrigation project, reported favorably late yesterday by the senate irrigation committee, was laid over after Senator Jones sought passage of an amendment by Senator Borah. The Borah amendment, acceptable to Jones, was offered to protect Idaho from a dimunition of the state's water supply.

The senate committee reported that two plans, gravity and pumping had been recommended to it.

The gravity system was urged before the irrigation committee by the Columbia Basin irrigation league. This system was also recommended by various engineering organizations. In the opinion of the committee, however, the pumping plan of irrigation should be given more thorough consideration than heretofore.

The committee reported that it would take at least 25 years to settle the first unit of about 400,000 acres in development and from 40 to 50 years before the entire project is completed and settled.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — How Do You Do! — By Martin

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — No School Today — By Blosser

SALESMAN SAM — A Horse on You! — By Small