

BROOMS

We have a special lot that will sweep clean and give satisfaction. You can get them this week at only

**49c
EACH**

Be on hand early and get yours, as the quantity is limited.

Churchill Hardware Co.
THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Wicker baby buggy, cheap. Phone 42-L.

CEDAR—Page Lumber & Fuel Co. TRAILERS FOR SALE CHEAP—At Saffs.

FOR SALE—Nagansett gobblers and hens. Boyer Bros. Phone 1414.

FOR SALE—Broccoli planter and cart. Hurst Bros., Rt. 2, Roseburg, Ore.

WOOD—Dry second growth split 1/2 block, cut last winter. 23 tier \$7. Phone 10F23.

FOR SALE—15 head of 125-lb. shoats, \$8 each. Weanling pigs, \$4 each. Phone 34F2.

SMALL Delicious apples, 50c box. Cripps ranch, Riddle, Ore.

HAY FOR SALE—Edenbower Orchard Tracts. Phone 28F3.

KOHLER lighting plant for sale. Practically good as new. S. C. Miller, Dillard, Phone 48F11.

FOR SALE—Mammoth Imperial duck eggs; also Toulouse geese eggs. Box 373, Yoncalla, Ore.

FOR SALE—Barred Rock hatching eggs, \$4 per 100. C. W. Hughes, Garden Valley road, or address Wilbur, Ore.

FOR SALE—Fresh Holstein cow with heifer calf; also 300-chick incubator. Emma Lee, High and Kane Sts.

FOR SALE—Saturday, March 3rd; 50 head goats; one extra fine Jersey cow; dry; one corn cultivator. R. F. Huntley, Brockway.

FOR SALE—Young brood sows, \$1500; shoats, \$7 each, 15 cords dry 4-foot wood; also fir stumpage at 50c per cord. Llandholm, Dixonville.

FOR SALE—BROCCOLI SEED—300 pounds purchased at execution sale, price \$8 a pound. It is not guaranteed but should make excellent quality for feed. Write Ben S. Fisher, Marshfield, Ore.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Good 6-room house, garage, \$10 per mo. 518 S. Main. Phone 19F12.

FOR RENT—Cory 2-room apartment, hot water all hours. Price \$10. 404 N. Jackson.

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

FOR RENT—75 or 80 acres for broccoli or melons, \$20 per acre with good bankable note. Ed Weaver, Myrtle Creek.

FOR RENT—Ground floor concrete Bldg., corner Oak and Pine Sts. Inquire 317 Oak St., J. M. Weatherford.

FOR RENT—New attractive 2-room apartment, stationary tubs and other conveniences. Dear doff Apts., 112 Brockway. Phone 40F4.

WANTED

WANTED—250 men to take dinner at Roseburg Cafeteria.

YOUNG lady wants place to room and board, close in. Address Box 95, care News-Review.

WANTED—House cleaning or work of any kind; 30c per hour. Also washing and ironing, 50c per dozen. Phone 478.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Electro-Chiropractor—Drugless Health Center, 327 Cass. Pn. 491.

Roseburg Cabinet Shop

230 W. Oak

FURNITURE REPAIRING

Upon Board and Veneer Panel

Cut to Order

Saw Filing a Specialty

E. S. AND F. L. COCKELREAS

Public Liability and

Property Damage

Two mighty important insurance

coverages for the automobile

owner. Are you protecting your-

self by carrying this coverage

on your car? This agency is at

your service in writing all lines

of automobile insurance.

G. W. Young & Son

INSURANCE

116 Cass St. Phone 417

WANTED—Ladies not to forget

to take lunch at Roseburg Cafe-teria.

SEWING WANTED—Kohlhagen Apt. 308. Phone 496-J. Mrs. M. E. Pearce.

WANTED—A young, single man to learn the florist business. An opportunity to learn a first class trade. Must be industrious, good habits, willing to improve him- self. Some wages given. Rose- burg Rose Co., Inc.

NOTICE to woodcutters. Bids will be received for 49 cords of 3-ft. old growth fir. For further infor- mation inquire of Storey Bros, 142 N. Jackson St.

LOST—In Camas Valley, a green gold wrist watch with link band. Return to Box 50, Camas Valley, Ore. Reward.

NEW TELEPHONE POPULAR

The new hand sets secured by the local telephone exchange are proving very popular, according to John Farrington, local manager. Mr. Farrington secured two of the instruments for demonstration use and before he could get them on display four were sold. He is ar- ranging an instructive display showing the evolution of the tele- phone from the old type of wall in- strument to the new hand set, which is the last word in work- manship and attractive design.

Beds, springs and mattresses at McKean, Darby and Baldwin's.

NOTICE TO DOG OWNERS

We have your names and ad- dresses, and if licenses are not procured by the 10th of March, ar- rest will follow. This means you! W. M. VAUGHN, Chief of Police.

Every Friday during Lent and

MOTHER'S BREAD

BY HECK

YOUR STAFF OF LIFE

Food Savings

Not only do our cus- tomers save in time by ordering over the phone, but they get the best of Groceries at economy prices.

Try our service and you'll become a satisfied patron.

The Economy Grocery

230 W. Oak

FURNITURE REPAIRING

Upon Board and Veneer Panel

Cut to Order

Saw Filing a Specialty

E. S. AND F. L. COCKELREAS

Public Liability and

Property Damage

Two mighty important insurance

coverages for the automobile

owner. Are you protecting your-

self by carrying this coverage

on your car? This agency is at

your service in writing all lines

of automobile insurance.

G. W. Young & Son

INSURANCE

116 Cass St. Phone 417

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.

Margaret Odell (the "Canary"), Charles Cleaver, a man-about-town.

Kenneth Spotswoode, a manufac- turer.

Louis Mannix, an importer.

Dr. Ambrose Lindquist, a fa- shionable neurologist.

Dr. Skel, a professional bur- glar.

William Elmer Jessup, telephone operator.

Harry Spively, telephone op- erator.

Ernest Heath, Sergeant of the Homicide Bureau.

THE STORY THUS FAR

Skel's finger prints were found in the apartment of the murdered Margaret Odell, but Vance does not believe him guilty. It is proved later that Mannix, Cleaver and Dr. Lindquist had been lying about their whereabouts the night of the murder. The truth comes out that Mannix had been calling on the young lady in the apart- ment adjoining the "Canary's"; that Cleaver had been in the building around midnight, and that Dr. Lindquist, knowing Spotswoode was calling on Margaret Odell, had planned in a jealous fit to kill him. But this plan was frustrated when Spotswoode jumped into a cab. Skel telephones that he will tell who committed the murder, and Markham, Vance and Heath wait for him in the dis- trict attorney's office.

CHAPTER XI

A few minutes later Heath turned abruptly and went out into the hall. We could hear him calling to Skelkin down the elevator shaft, but when he came back into the office his expression told us that as yet there was no news of Skel.

"I'll call up the bureau," he de- cided, "and see what Guilfoyle had to report. At least we'll know then when the Dude left his house."

But when the sergeant had been connected with police headquarters he was informed that Guilfoyle had as yet made no report.

"That's damn funny," he com- mented, hanging up the receiver.

It was now twenty minutes past ten. Markham was growing resis- tive. The tenacity with which the Canary murder case had related all his efforts toward a solution had filled him with discouragement; and he had hoped, almost desperately, that this morning's interview with Skel would clear up the mystery, or at least supply him with information on which de- finite action could be taken. Now, with Skel late for this all-important appointment, the strain was be- coming tense.

He pushed back his chair ner- vously and, going to the window, gazed out into the dark haze of fine-rain. When he returned to his desk his face was set.

"I'll give our friend until half past ten," he said grimly. "If he isn't here then, Sergeant, you'd better call up the local station-house and have them send a pa- trool-wagon for him."

There was another few minutes of silence. Vance lolled in his chair with half-closed eyes, but I noticed that, though he still held his cigar, he was not smoking. His forehead was puckered by a frown, and he was very quiet. I knew that some unusual problem was occupying him. His lethargy had in it a quality of intensity and concentration.

As I watched him he suddenly sat up straight, his eyes open and alert. He tossed his dead cigar into the receiver with a jerky movement that attested to some inner excitement.

"Oh, my word," he exclaimed. "It really can't be, y' know! And yet, by Jove, that's it! . . . What an ass I've been—what an unutter- able ass! . . . Oh!"

He sprang to his feet; then stood looking down at the floor like a man dazed, afraid of his own thoughts.

"Markham, I don't like it—I don't like it at all!" He spoke al- most as if he were frightened. "I tell you, there's something ter- rible going on—something uncan- ny. The thought of it makes my flesh creep. . . . I must be getting with an effort at lightness; but the look in his eyes belied his tone. 'Why didn't I see this thing yester- day? . . . But I let it go on . . .'

We were all staring at him in amazement. I had never seen him affected in this way before, and the fact that he was habitually so cynical and aloof, so adamant to emotion and impervious to outside influences, gave his words and ac- tions an impelling and impressive quality.

After a moment he shook him- self slightly, as if to throw off the pall of horror that had descended upon him, and, stepping to Mark- ham's desk, he leaned over, rest- ing on both hands.

"Don't you see?" he asked. "Skel's not coming. No use to wait—no use of our having come here in the first place. We have to go to him. He's waiting for us. Come. Get your hat."

Markham had risen, and Vance took him finally by the arm.

"You needn't argue," he per- sisted. "You'll have to go to him sooner or later. You might as well go now, don't y' know—My word! What a situation!"

He had led Markham, astonish- ed and but mildly protesting, into the middle of the room, and he

now beckoned to Heath with his free hand.

"You, too, Sergeant. Sorry you had all this trouble. . . . I should have foreseen this thing. A devilish shame; but my mind was on Menet's all yesterday after- noon. . . . You know where Skel lives?"

Heath nodded mechanically. He had fallen under the spell of Vance's strange and dynamic im- portunities.

"Then don't wait—And, Ser- geant, you'd better bring Burke or Suttin along. They won't be needed here—nobody'll be needed here any more today."

Heath looked inquiringly to Markham for counsel; his bewil- derment had thrown him into a state of mute ideation. Markham nodded his approval of Vance's suggestions, and without a word, slipped into his raincoat.

A few minutes later the four of us, accompanied by Suttin, had entered Vance's car and were lurching up-town. Swacker had been sent home; the office had been locked up; and Burke and Emery had departed for the homi- cide bureau to await further in- structions.

Skel lived in 35th Street, near the East River, in a dingy, but once pretentious house, which formerly had been the residence of some old family of the better class. It now had an air of dilapi- dation and decay; there was rub- bish in the arway; and a large sign announcing rooms for rent was posted in one of the ground- floor windows.

As we drove up before it Heath sprang to the street and looked sharply about him. Presently he espied an unkempt man slouching in the doorway of a grocery-store diagonally opposite, and beckoned to him.

The man shambled over furtively.

"It's all right, Guilfoyle," the sergeant told him. "We're paying the Dude a social visit. What's the trouble? Why didn't you re- port?"

Guilfoyle looked surprised.

"I was told to phone in when he left the house last night. But he ain't left yet. Mallory tailed him home last night round ten o'clock, and I relayed Mallory at nine this morning. The Dude's still inside."

"Of course he's still inside, Ser- geant," said Vance, a bit impa- tiently.

"There's his room situated," Guilfoyle asked Heath. "Second floor, at the back."

"Right. We're going in—Stand by."

"Look out for him," admonished Guilfoyle. "He's got a gat."

Heath took the lead up the worn steps which led from the pave- ment to the little vestibule. With- out ringing he roughly grasped the door-knob and shook it. The door was unlocked, and we stepped into the stuffy lower hallway.

A bedraggled woman of about 40, in a disreputable dressing-gown, and with hair hanging in strings over her shoulders, emerged sud- denly from a rear door and came toward us unsuspiciously, her bleary eyes focused on us with morose

resentment.

"Say!" she burst out, in a rasp- ing voice. "What do you mean by bustin' in like this on a respect- able lady?" And she launched forth upon a stream of profane epithets.

Heath, who was nearest her, placed his large hand over her face, and gave her a gentle but firm shove backward.

"You keep outa this, Cleopatra!" he advised her, and began to as- cend the stairs.

The second-floor hallway was dimly lighted by a small flicker- ing gas-lamp, and at the rear we could distinguish the outlines of a single door set in the middle of the wall.

"That'll be Mr. Skel's abode," observed Heath.

He walked up to it and, drop- ping one hand in his right coat- pocket, turned the knob. But the door was locked. He then knocked violently upon it, and placing his ear to the jamb, listened. Skelkin stood directly behind him, his hand also in his pocket. The rest of us remained a little in the rear.

Heath had knocked a second time when Vance's voice spoke up from the semi-darkness.

"I say, Sergeant, you're wasting time with all that formality."

"I guess you're right," came the answer after a moment of what seemed unbearable silence.

Heath bent down and looked at the lock. Then he took some in- strument from his pocket and in- serted it into the keyhole.

"You're right," he repeated. "The keys gone."

He stopped back and, balancing on his toes like a sprinter, sent his shoulders crashing against the panel directly over the knob. But the lock held.

"Come on, Suttin," he ordered. "The two detectives hurled them- selves against the door. At the third onslaught there was a splin- tering of wood and a tearing of the lock's bolt through the mould- ing. The door swung drunkenly inward.

The room was in almost com- plete darkness. We all hesitated on the threshold, while Suttin crossed warily to one of the win- dows and sent the shade clatter- ing up. The yellow light filter- ed in, and the objects of the room at once took definable form. A large, old-fashioned bed project- ed from the wall on the right.

"Look!" cried Suttin, pointing; and something in his voice sent a shiver over me.

We pressed forward. On the foot of the bed, at the side toward the door, sprawled the crumpled body of Skel. Like the Canary, he had been strangled. His head hung back over the foot-board, his face a hideous distortion. His arms were outstretched and one leg trailed over the edge of the mat- tress, resting on the floor.

"Thurses," murmured Vance. "Lindquist mentioned it. Curious!"

Heath stood staring fixedly at the body, his shoulders hunched. His normal ruddiness of complexion was gone, and he seemed like a man hypnotized.

"Mother of God!" he breathed, awestricken. And, with an in-

Don't Gamble

With your next year's profits. Other feeds MAY BE ALL RIGHT—YOU KNOW CROWN FEEDS ARE ALL RIGHT

KOMLETE CHICK, MILK AND GRAIN CHICK FEED

See us for incubators, brooders, chicken wire, roofing, etc.

Seed Spuds \$3.00 and \$3.25

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

ROSEBURG AGENTS FOR OAKLAND

Bean Spray Pump Co. Fairbanks Morse & Co.

John Deere Flow Co. Sherwin-Williams Co.

Washington St. and S. P. Tracks.

voluntary motion, he crossed him- self.

Markham was shaken also. He set his jaw rigidly.

"You're right, Vance." His voice was strained and unnatural. "Something sinister and terrible has been going on here. . . . There's a fiend loose in this town—a ver- walt."

"I wouldn't say that, old man," Vance regarded the murdered Skel critically. "No, I wouldn't say that. Not a werewolf. Just a desperate human being. A man of extremes, perhaps—but quite ra- tional, and logical—oh, how de- cided logical!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Disinfect incubators, brooders and hen houses with B-K disinfect- ant and prevent disease in your chicks. B-K is sold at Wharton Bros.

A Double treatment for Headache

RUB forehead and temples with Vicks; also melt in a cup of hot water and inhale its healing vapors. This clears the head and usually brings quick relief.

If headaches are continuous a physician or good oculist should be consulted.

VICKS

2 VAPORUB

OVER 12 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

ELECTROCUTED BOY IS RESTORED TO LIFE

MAGNOLIA, N. J., Feb. 29.—Al- though "electrocuted" through con- tact with a high power line carry- ing 5000 volts, Michael J. Lynch is alive today although somewhat the worse for his experience.

Lynch was watching a fire when the line fell on his head. Specta- tors say he was enveloped in a huge ball of flame and thrown 20 feet. Artificial respiration brought him back to life 20 minutes after his heart had apparently stopped beating and within an hour he rose to his feet.

He was out of his mind and could give no account of what had happened. Physicians, however, say this condition will pass and that he will recover complete control of his mental faculties.

CALL FOR WARRANTS

All warrants of School Dist. No. 8, Canyonville, Ore., Douglas county, are called, up to and including \$84. Interest ceases after this date, Feb. 27, 1928.

JESSIE M. NEWTON, Clerk.

School Dist. No. 8, Canyonville, Oregon.

NOTED JOURNALIST DEAD

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PARIS, March 1.—William Alonzi Hopkins, formerly of Brattleboro, Vermont, one of the founders of the Paris newspaper, LeMatin, is dead at the age of 88. He was re- puted to be the dean of the Ameri- can colony here.

Mr. Hopkins was the intimate friend of General Grant, Ford- nard Lempsie, Governor Leland Stanford, founder of the university which bears his name, Whitelaw Reid and other leaders on both sides of the Atlantic.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

GEE—I'VE DONE EVERY- THING I CAN! I-I GUESS TH' FELLAS JUST DON'T CARE WHAT I THINK ANYMORE.

WELL, DON'T YOU WORRY, BOOTS—I'M GONNA READ THE RIOT ACT TO 'EM TODAY.

OH—DON'T BE TOO HARD ON THEM, COACH—THEY AREN'T TO BLAME.

I KNOW—BU SOMETHING TO DO UP! I'M AT THE END OF MY STRING.

He's the Only One in the Class

—!!—AND THAT GOES!—TOMORROW'S GAME IS THE LAST ONE TILL WE PLAY TH' TIGERS FOR TH' CHAMPION- SHIP—IF WE DON'T WIN THAT GAME TOMORROW—IM GONNA KICK EVERY MOTHER'S SON OF YOU OFFA TH' TEAM—AN' WELL PLAY TH' TIGERS WITH A BUNCH OF SUBS—!! Q-u-e-z-e NOW, WAKE UP—THIS'S YOUR LAST CHANCE!!!