

Grand Clean-Up Sale All Women's Coats, Suits and Dresses

ENTIRE LINE OF STOCK AT REDUCED PRICES--None reserved, this means that we are cleaning decks of all garments left over on this season's run. This is your opportunity to select your summer garments at a great saving. Come at once as we will not receive any more garments this season.



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\$12.50 Suits Now.....	\$ 8.85
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\$20.00 Suits Now.....	\$14.65
\$22.50 Suits Now.....	\$16.45
\$25.00 Suits Now.....	\$18.35
\$27.50 Suits Now.....	\$19.85

COATS	
\$ 7.50 Coats at.....	\$ 5.45
\$ 9.50 Coats at.....	\$ 6.65
\$11.50 Coats at.....	\$ 8.45
\$12.50 Coats at.....	\$ 9.25
\$15.00 Coats at.....	\$10.95
\$17.50 Coats at.....	\$12.75
\$20.00 Coats at.....	\$14.85
\$22.50 Coats at.....	\$16.65

DRESSES	
\$ 7.50 Dresses Now.....	\$ 5.45
\$ 8.50 Dresses Now.....	\$ 6.35
\$ 9.50 Dresses Now.....	\$ 6.85
\$10.00 Dresses Now.....	\$ 6.95
\$12.50 Dresses Now.....	\$ 8.45
\$13.50 Dresses Now.....	\$ 8.85
\$16.50 Dresses Now.....	\$ 9.35
\$15.00 Dresses Now.....	\$ 9.75
\$20.00 Dresses Now.....	\$13.65



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SPRAYING FOR COOLING MOTH AND APPLE SCAB

The time for the first spraying for cooling moth and of the second spraying for apple scab is near at hand. In fact in some places in the county, it is now time to be doing the work, while in other sections, the latter part of this week and the first of the next will be about the proper time for this application.

Since the fruit grower is not able to control the market price his finished product, or is not able even to receive a compensation that will be sufficient to pay him for the cost of production, to say nothing of his labor depreciation, or interest on his investment, it behooves him to take advantage of every opportunity to reduce the cost of growing his crop. This does not mean that he is not to spray or cultivate his orchard, or that he should only spray once, where he has been spraying three times for the cool-

ling moth. It is well to remember that the cost of production of the crop includes not only every item of expense that is used in production, but may also include the costly results of insufficient or careless work of the producer. If orchardists are successfully control or combat the various diseases that they are obliged to fight, it is absolutely necessary that they insist upon a thorough application of the various spray materials.

As most of our pests are controlled by preventative, rather than by curative means, there is no ground whatever for assuming that light or careless or less frequent applications will be justified on account of low prices of fruit. It has been shown many times where the labor included these operations as well as cost of ingredient have been thrown away, simply because they were not properly applied, or were not followed up by control the various pests. I have found some growers who wish to economize, for instance in the matter of spraying for cooling moth, and will use double the amount of spray material in their solutions, and then make a hurried or light application, believing that they will receive just as good results as if they had used proper amounts and made thorough applications. It is often the case in years when crops are light that we get larger percentage of wormy apples. Under these conditions the moths concentrate their efforts upon the smaller quantity of fruit and where applications of spray have been made carelessly, it is difficult to find any clean fruit at all. To make myself plain, will say that I know of fruit growers who have used, for instance, 4 lbs. of arsenate of lead to 50 gal. of water, and then make light applications, thinking that they were economizing. It has also been found that 1 lb. to 50 gal. is sufficient, providing that thoroughness in application is insisted upon. So my advice would be to economize by possibly using a weaker solution and by making absolutely thorough applications. Especially is this important for the first cooling moth spray, what is otherwise known as the calyx spray.

Apple scab is gaining a foothold in the county and it is well to apply some fungicide spray for this pest before it gets too much of a start. It is not necessary to make an additional application, for by combining what is known as lime and sulphur solution and neutral or the arsenate of lead, we can save the labor of one application. I would especially advise fruit growers who know that they they have had some scab in their apples to use the combination spray. It is prepared as follows: 2 lbs. arsenate of lead, neutral to 50 gal. of water, one gallon of lime and sulphur to 30 gal. of water. If the powder form of arsenate of lead is used, only 1 lb. to 50 gal. of water is necessary. Spray with high pressure and angle nozzle, so that the calyx will be more easily filled. Be sure to fill all the blossoms.



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RUNAWAY JUNE

(Continued from Page 2.)

into that debate, but she had been able to offer no argument on either side. She had realized at last a great and saddening truth—that every woman's problem must be for herself alone.

Marie meantime, with Officer Dowd as interpreter, had telephoned everywhere for news of Ned Warner, but without result; then in despair she telephoned the Villard house to excuse her absence to June. That number did not answer after repeated trials. Marie, more frantic than ever and feeling sure that she was about to lose her mind, hurried straight down to the station and took a train to the Villard place.

It was closed and locked. Even the servants were gone, but at the carriage entrance stood the touring car. The garage—empty too! There were no signs that Jens Janssen or Henri had returned.

Just as Marie was pondering over this remarkable circumstance there came trudging down the drive a natty little figure, its limbs neatly laced in leather leggings, its cap pushed on the back of its head, but its tiny little mustache all fuzzy. It was Henri, and in his eyes was a very great weariness.

"Where is Mr. Ned?" screamed Marie.

"Name of the good Lord!" groaned Henri. "He is watching the day perhaps. Such a headache!" And Henri pressed his thumping brow.

"Where is Jens?"

"Vanished! I wake up, Jens is no more! He has had a fight, they say. He has been licked, they say. The enormous ruffian who is strong enough to box my friend Jens has stolen the machine. Here it is. Voila! Jens must have returned!"

Marie shook Henri by the sleeve. "Where is Mr. Ned?" she demanded. "In the woods." Henri waved his arms comprehensively.

"Not dead!"

"As you saw him, Mlle. Marie." And once more Henri was able to laugh. He blew a kiss to the sky. "It was well executed, mademoiselle. It was Henri, myself, who!"

Marie got into the car. "You take me right out there," she ordered.

"Bravo!" he approved. "It is another good enterprise! I have enthusiasm!"

"Then don't talk about it!" snapped Marie, and lightly as a cat Henri climbed over his spare tires, plumped into the seat beside Marie, and away they sped.

At 7:15 that night Bobbie and Iris Bliehering, the latter June Warner's bosomest of bosom friends, strolled into the Cafe New York. Suddenly Iris grabbed Bobbie by the arm, and he turned to her in surprise. Iris for the first time in her life was speechless, and her face was pale, but she could look. She was staring at a table in the corner. There sat the runaway bride, laughing and chatting happily with a vivacious brunette, a pleasant faced lady of mature years, a dark, handsome man with a black Vandyke, a pink faced, white mustached man who bore all the evidences of a bon-

vivant and a heavy, round headed maid with thick eyelids!

Her moment of paralysis past, the hearty Iris made a straight dive for June's table, and it was Bobbie's turn to clutch her by the arm.

"Wait a minute," he counseled.

"But there's June!" gasped Iris. "Look here," he whispered in her ear while he held her, "what can we do? We interfered once and messed it all up. Now, the right thing to do is to telephone Ned."

Iris Bliehering regarded her husband with a dawning approbation. It was the first time he had ever thought faster than she, and she was proud of him for it.

"I'll sit right behind this post and watch that table!" Iris promptly decided. "You telephone, and hurry up. But I do wish I had a good place to cry!"

And, suppressing the tendency of her bosom to heave, she dashed away a ready tear and plumped into a chair behind the post.

Ned was at home when Bobbie called. He was ready to start on any journey in search of June—and Gilbert Blye! When he arrived at the cafe he found Iris and Bobbie Bliehering in a state of quivering excitement.

"You're just in time!" gasped Iris.

"They're leaving," said Bobbie. "They hurried into the vast, richly decorated, glittering cafe. About one of the tables in the far corner were the two whom Ned had sought since the day of his wedding.

All the pentup murder which had seethed in Ned Warner's heart for days flamed into his eyes as, with an oath, he started for the table.

"Stop him, Bobbie! Stop him!" and, loudly cried Iris Bliehering, and, jumping in front of Ned, she threw her arms about his neck and hung her weight upon him, while Bobbie, also frightened by the terrible expression of Ned's countenance, impeded his progress on the other side.

Ned had turned to shake off his clogging friends when June, drawn by some intangible force, wheeled slowly and looked in that direction. She saw only that it was her husband.

"Ned!" she cried.

Both Cunningham and Blye paled as they saw that movement and what had caused it. As by a simultaneous impulse they took her by the arms, one on each side, and turned her toward the corner entrance near which they had sat.

"I won't go!" she declared and tried to hang back, but they forced her out of the door.

Ned Warner saw June's piteous face as she half turned to look back, saw her being kidnapped from under his very eyes, and, bursting through the group which impeded him, he made a dash among the tables and across the restaurant.

Too late! He reached the corner entrance only in time to see Blye's luxurious limousine whirl away up the street. June was frantically determined that she would not go where they were taking her. Mrs. Villard was pale and panic stricken, but the other three carried out their pretense of laughing coercion. On the front seat with Scatti, Blye's wife featured Italian chauffeur, sat T. J. Edwards, the round headed, heavy man, and his thick lidded eyes peered constantly back through the glass, and there was a firm set to his thick lips.

There was no one at the lonely dock upon which the swiftly speeding limousine stopped abruptly, no one to

hear or heed the call for help which June tried to send up above the noisy laughter of five of her companions, for now Edwards and Scatti joined loudly in the hilarity.

There was a cold, stern voice in June's ear.

"We've had quite enough of this hysteria. You're going along!" It was the voice of Gilbert Blye.

It was he who, with Orin Cunningham, forced her from a lonely dock into the motorboat which lay alongside, and in another moment all except Scatti were speeding swiftly away toward the long, low quay which lay midway of the misty river.

(To be Continued.)

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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