

Armistice



There will be services today at the grave of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington, at Westminster Abbey in London and in the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. Memorial services will be held in the homes of many of the boys who never will return. May we, in our humble but sincere way, offer our sympathies to those homes.

Westenhaver & Gilbert
204 Depot St.
Style Leaders

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Union County, dated the 8th day of October, 1925, in the suit wherein Charles Hutchins, unmarried, Elizabeth Hopper and Walter Hopper, wife and husband, Anna Jacobson and Edward Jacobson, wife and husband, Ollie Corner and Ben Cotner, wife and husband, Lillian Kelsey, unmarried, Edna Vandermeulen, unmarried, and J. B. Vandermeulen, unmarried were plaintiffs, and Orange Vandermeulen and Elia Vandermeulen, husband and wife, Claralene G. Judy, formerly Claralene Vandermeulen, and Roy A. Judy, wife and husband, Clarence J. Vandermeulen, and Ida E. Vandermeulen, husband and wife, Vere J. Vandermeulen and Wilma Vandermeulen, wife, Al Vandermeulen and Margaret Vandermeulen, his wife, Martin Vandermeulen, unmarried, J. B. Vandermeulen and Rena Vandermeulen, his wife, Holton-Bonimer Co., a corporation, La Grande National Bank, a corporation, H. E. Dixon, and also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, were defendants,

to be directed and delivered, in which said order of sale, I am commanded to make sale of the following described real property, the same being the real property described in the Amended Complaint, to-wit:

Lot 17 and the Northwest 20 feet of Lot 16, in Block 123, in Chapin's Addition to the City of La Grande, Union County, Oregon.

Now therefore, by virtue of said authority and in obedience to the commands, I will, on Tuesday, the 17th day of November, 1925, at the hour of two o'clock P. M., of said day, at the front door of the Court House in La Grande, Union County, Oregon, sell at public auction the above described real property, to the highest bidder for cash, or for cash and credit, and the balance secured by a first mortgage on the premises, the proceeds of said sale to be applied in accordance with the orders of the Court.

Dated this 13th day of October, 1925.

LOWELL WILLIAMSON,
Referee.

Oct. 14, 21, 28-Nov. 4, 11.

BACK BAD TODAY?

Then Find the Cause and Correct It as Other La Grande Folks Have.

There's little rest or peace for the backache sufferer. Days are tired and weary—Night brings no respite. Urinary troubles, headaches, dizziness and nervousness, all tend to prevent rest or sleep. Why continue to be so miserable? Why not use a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys? Use Doan's Pills. Your neighbors recommend Doan's. Read this La Grande case: C. W. Cain, 1409 T St., says: "My kidneys were weak and acted too freely. I had attacks of backache and soreness across the small of my back that made it hard for me to stoop. Doan's Pills from the Red Cross Drug Store have always relieved these attacks by strengthening my back and kidneys and benefiting me in every way. I depend on Doan's now if I have any sign of the trouble." See it at all dealers. Foster-McJannet Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

CHIROPRACTIC

Is the removal of pressure from impinged nerves by the bony structure of the body, especially along the spine. A Chiropractor locates the displacements in the articulation joints and corrects them. He has by this method brought back health, strength and happiness to persons who before were hopeless invalids or doomed to the grave by the old healing methods.

F. L. TRIBE, D. C. Ph. C.
(Palmer Graduate) PHONE 126-W
New Foley Bldg Office Hours: 9 to 6; 7 to 5

S.H.E.R.R.Y.'S

TODAY AND TOMORROW

"Off The Highway"

A Hunt Stromberg Production with an all-star cast, including John Powers, Marguerite De La Motte, Luis Carrasco, Charles A. (Buddy) Post, Joseph Suckard, Charles Gerard, Smoke Turner and Lydia Yamans Titus

Comedy. "TAXI PLEASE"

CHANCE

Published by Arrangement with First National Pictures, Inc., and Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc.

CHAPTER XXIX (Continued)

The door to the commandant's office opened without warning. Pierce stood framed in it. His head was up, his shoulders were back, his countenance was alight with confident tread, he entered the room and crossed directly to the girl who stood waiting beside the table. He held out his two hands to her and with a flash of her clear blue eyes she placed hers in his. Gladness, trust, blind faith, and adoration were in her eyes. She murmured something which Roubetta did not hear, for at that instant Colonel Cavendish appeared with the curt announcement:

"That is all, ladies. You needn't remain longer."

Blindly, confusedly, Roubetta rose and fumbled with her wraps, she gave the colonel go to Laura and speak with her in a stiff, formal way. She saw Pierce and Josephine turn away hand in hand, their heads close together—he had not even glanced in her direction; then Cavendish was speaking to her directly.

At first she did not understand him, but finally made out that he was telling her that everything had been cleared up, including even the mystery of Count Courteau's gold-sack.

"Laura confessed that she got a duplicate key to the captain's cage," she heard the colonel say. "Got it from Pierce. It was she who put the evidence in there during the confusion. Pretty ingenious, I call it, and pretty spiteful."

"Did she—have anything to say about the—murder?" Roubetta inquired.

"No. But the Countess has that figured out right. My sure. We'll have the proof when Rock brings back his prison key, and after that, as Roubetta moved toward the door, Pierce stopped her. There was a ring in his voice as he said:

"Roubetta, I want you to meet Miss Cavendish. I want the two finest girls in the world to know each other. Josephine, this is Miss Kirby, of whom I've said so much. Then without reason he laughed joyously, and so did the colonel's daughter.

The latter took Roubetta's hand in a warm and friendly clasp. Her smiling lips were tremulous. Engagingly, she said:

"There has been how splendidly you've been to him, and I'm sure you're as happy as we are, but—things always come out right if we wish for them hard enough. Don't you think so?"

The Countess Courteau was walking slowly when Roubetta overtook her a block or so down the street. She looked up at the younger woman joyfully.

"Well," she said, "I presume you saw. Not a word, not a thought for any one but her—that other girl."

"Yes, I saw. There was a pause, then: "She's wonderful. I think I'm very glad."

"Glad?" Roubetta raised her brows; she glanced curiously at the speaker.

"If I had a brother I'd want him to love a girl like that."

"But you have no brother, and I'm sure you're as happy as we are, but—things always come out right if we wish for them hard enough. Don't you think so?"

"I know, but if I had one, I'd want him to be like—Pierce. I'm sure, something has changed in me, oh, something! I can't really know what it is, but—I'm walking on air and my eyes are open for the first time. And you? We've been honest with each other—how do you feel?"

"The Countess smiled widely. "Why, it doesn't matter how you feel. The boy has found himself, and nothing else is of the least importance."

CHAPTER XXX

Joe McCaskey was not a coward, neither was he a suspicious man, but he had imagination. The steady strain of his and Frank's long flight, the certainty of pursuit close behind, had frayed his nerves and rendered him jumpy. For a man in his condition to be awak-



Today is Armistice Day. Everybody knows that but unless you have something to say, people would think we had moved out of the country. We are going to observe the day by closing our place of business and watching the parade. We do not expect to attend the dance; first place I am sure, second place I don't know how, third place I don't care to learn.

Claude C. Pratt
Lumber Co.
"The Poor Man's Friend"
Oppo. Foundry. Phone 51-218
No Sunday Business

left him. His eyes were still distended, to be sure, but into them came recognition, began to creep. He stared dazedly about him, and at last he managed to speak Doan's name.

"What are you doing—here?" he breathed.

"Me? I come to take you back."

Joe shook his head weakly. "You can't. We're across—safe." His eyes dropped to the prostrate body beside which he knelt, and a new thought swiftly flooded his vacant mind. "Look! You—Now I understand. You did it! You shot him. I never—By God!" The fellow's insane vehemence, the panting eagerness with which he undertook to absolve himself from the hideous results of his deed, argued that he loved his brother. He rose slowly, to his feet, his countenance flaming, his gaze fixed in an arresting expression of mingled rage and horror upon the woodsman's face. "You did it, damn you! Shot him in the dark, asleep! Now you want me—"

"Take me back, eh? You can't do it. I'm not safe."

"Polono uttered a grunt. He leaned his carbine against the wall behind him, and from his pocket he drew a thin cotton sleep-rop. With this in his hand he advanced upon the slayer.

McCaskey recoiled. Weakly at first he fought off his captor, then, as fear overwhelmed him, he became possessed of a phrenetic energy and struggled with the strength of two men. He struck, he bit, he clawed, he kicked. It was like the battle of a man with a bear—frenzied, merciless—while it lasted. They rocked about the cabin, heedless of the wounded man; the stove came crashing down and they trampled the pipe under their feet.

But McCaskey collapsed as suddenly as he had flown to action. When Polono trussed him up he had neither strength nor spirit either for resistance or for resentment. He was as spineless as a wet sack. With anguished eyes he watched his captor hit Frank into a tank and then proceed to do what remained to be done. Blood of face, lifeless of voice, hopeless of expression, he answered the questions put to him and made no feeblest effort at concealment. He was, in fact, no longer capable of any resistance, mental or physical.

Frank remained for a moment at the window and lit the sickly face of the brother who had slain him. There was no longer need of the rope; in fact, Joe implored his captor with such earnestness not to leave him alone that Polono untrussed him and found that he was impotent. Joe followed him outside, and stood near by while he harnessed the dogs, he accompanied every step the woodsman took—wild horses could not have dragged him away in his present frame of mind, and finally, when they set out back toward the Canadian line, he stumbled along ahead of the team with head down and eyes averted from the gruesome bundle that lay in the sled. His punishment had overtaken him and he was unequal to it.

Dawson was in torment, for the news of another "strike" had come in and a stamped was under way. Discoveries of gold, or rumors of gold, had been common. The camp had thrilled to many Arabian Nights tales, but this one was quite the most sensational of all. So amazing, so unbelievable was it, in truth, that those who had been too often fooled laughed at it and declared it impossible on its face. Some wood-cutters on the hills above El Dorado had been getting out dry timber for the drift fire, so ran the report, and in following the tree-trunks down into the valley they had discovered a deposit of wash gravel. One of them, possessed of the prospector's instinct, had gophered a capful of the gravel from off the rim where the plunging tree-trunks had dug through the snow and exposed the overtopping bed-rock, and to satisfy his curiosity, had taken it down to camp for a test. He had thawed and panned it; to his amazement, he had discovered that it carried an astonishing value in gold—course, rough gold—exactly like that in the creek pay-dirt, except with less signs of abrasion and erosion. Rumor placed the contents of that first prospect at ten dollars. Ten cents would have meant the riches of Aladdin, but—ten dollars! No wonder the woodcutters shook their heads. "Ten dollars! To the pan, on a hilltop! Absurd! How did metal of that specific gravity get up there? How could there be wash gravel on the crest of a mountain? There was no sense to such a proposition."

But such old California placer miners as chanced to hear of it lost no time in fitting the trail. They were familiar with high bars, prehistoric river-beds, and they went as fast as their old legs would carry them.

More faith was put in the story when it became known that the diggings were being deserted, and that the men of El Dorado and

St. Peter's Episcopal Guild will hold a Rummage Sale at Honan Hall Sat., Nov. 14th at 10 a. m. 11-10-25

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J.C. Penney Co.

A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION—
DEPARTMENT STORES
108 Depot St., La Grande, Ora.

Many Like Our "Lay-Away" Plan

Although we do not have charge accounts nor sell on the installment plan, we do permit making an initial payment on a purchase here and when the final payment is made you take away your purchase.

We call this our "Lay-Away Plan."

If it so happens that you do not have ready cash, this plan enables you to make your choice of goods while in our Store and have the goods put aside for you until you can pay for them in full.

This is not departing from the advantages which our cash buying and selling affords you. Our desire is to serve you in every way possible.

J.C. Penney Co.

Gift Shop. Beautiful cards ranging from 10 cts. to 40 cts. each, which price includes the engraving. 11-11-11

The Blue Mt. Grange will give a rummage sale in the Lotley Bldg. Sat. 11-11-25

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I have decided to discontinue my practice and take a rest, which is much needed to both Mrs. Mayville and myself. All our property is for sale at very reasonable prices. Also all who are indebted to us are requested to come in and settle or send their checks to us within the next thirty days. We thank the public for the patronage shown us.

Respectfully yours,
Dr. A. N. Mayville.
11-9-25

Cut This Out—It Is Worth It.

Send this ad and ten cents to Foley & Co., 2375, Sheffield Chicago, Ill., affixing your address clearly. You will receive a ten cent bottle of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR POUND for coughs, colds, hoarseness, also free sample size of FOLEY'S PILLS, a diuretic stimulant for the kidneys, FOLEY'S CATHARTIC TABS for Constipation and Biliousness. These wonderful remedies help millions of people. them!—Adv.

SAYS PROHIBITION ARGUMENTS EXAGGERATED.

CHICAGO (AP)—There are many things being said about the liquor question that will not "hold water," and both sides of the controversy have been guilty of needless and foolish exaggeration, declared Dr. W. A. Ganfield of Carroll College, before the national convention of the Anti-Saloon

There's A Reason

Back of the Growing Demand for

ABERDEEN COAL

During the last several years there has been a steadily increasing demand for ABERDEEN COAL for domestic use. Because it is clean, burns free, little ash, and does not clinker.

Best in the West—
By Government Test.

Sawyer-Holmes Merc. Co.

Phone Main 17

This Store Will Be Closed All Day In Honor of Armistice Day

GET THESE HOOVERIZED SAVINGS TOMORROW

- Fresh Creamery Butter, 2 lbs. \$1.10
- New Crop Seedless Raisins, 3 pkgs. .35c
- Delicious Apples, box. \$1.39
- Sweet Oranges, dozen. .43c
- New Sugar Corn, 3 cans, No. 2.
- New Pack Tomatoes, 4 cans, No. 2 1/2.
- New Java Peas, 3 cans.
- Worcester Table Salt, 3 pkgs.

Free Citrus Washing Powder—last week of this special offer! One Large Citrus Powder A purchase of Large Package Citrus Garnulated Soap—Both for 50c. Buy a liberal supply

HOOVERIZED GROCERY

"WHERE THE THRIFTY THROG"—LA GRANDE'S PIONEER LOWER PRICE FOOD STORE. MA. MOTOR DELIVERY