

Hot Shot Prices on Clothing At The Bon Marche Store

Oh, Yes! Listen everybody: Monday and Tuesday we're going to sell Men's and Boys' Suits at Spot Manufacturers' Prices. We will discount any price you can obtain in this town from 25 to 50 per cent. If we fail to do this WE WILL GIVE YOU THE SUIT.

Get ready for the great Fourth and come to the underselling store. Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes at almost your own price.

If you don't come YOU LOSE.

THE BON MARCHE

THE UNDERSELLING STORE

COUNTY COURT FORMALLY DECLARES PROHIBITION

Begins Tonight At 12 O'clock—The Punishment for Violation of the Law Is a Fine of Not Less Than \$50 Nor More Than \$500, Or By Imprisonment

The county court in adjourned session this forenoon made the official order declaring prohibition to exist within the boundaries of Lane county on and after July 1, 1933. Prohibition will therefore begin legally at 12 o'clock tonight and continue for two years thereafter.

No notice further than that is order of record is necessary to be given to the official record of itself is a notice to all persons in Lane county that after July 1st "any person who shall within Lane county sell, exchange, or give away with a purpose of violating the law any intoxicating liquor, whether or not in any way violate the provisions of the law, shall be subject to prosecution by information or indictment and shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$50 or more than \$500, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than ten days nor more than 30 days, or by both such fine and imprisonment. If any person shall be convicted a second time for violating any of the provisions of this law such person shall be punished for such second and each subsequent violation of the law by both such fine and imprisonment. Justices of the peace shall have concurrent jurisdiction with the circuit court in all violations of the local option act."

It is necessary that the cities that have licensed saloons should return them their money for the unexpired time on their licenses.

SUZETTE'S SOLUTION

By A. M. Davies Ogden

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It was only a few minutes until train time, and the woman who all the morning had been wandering restlessly about the house forced her reluctant consciousness to the realization of the fact that soon, very soon, Suzette could be here. Suzette, after her four years at an eastern college, was coming home. And that was she, Helena Crosby, going to say to the girl? It was in answer to Helena's own urgent appeal that the girl was coming—that and Sanford's letter. Despite the warmth of the sweet June day Helena shivered. What was she to say?

Sanford's letter spoke for itself. In clear, unmistakable terms it begged Suzette to give up that long dreamed of year in Europe and come back and marry him. His anxiously awaited promotion had arrived. He was at last in a position to ask the fulfillment of their boy and girl pledge. Helena knew well enough what the letter contained. Had she not practically dictated the substance of it?

And Suzette's only answer had been a noncommittal telegram, "Starting for home today."

Did she mean to marry Robert or did she not? That was the question which over and over again rose feverishly to the sister's mind. Since Suzette was sixteen and Robert twenty-three, the two had been engaged; or, rather, there had been an understanding between them. Then Suzette had gone to college and Robert had followed his regiment to the Philippines.

Had the trouble begun, then, wondered Helena daily, when a triangular chain of correspondence linked the three? Or was it not until Sanford had come to Helena first to talk about the absent Suzette, then to argue and tease about her own concerns and, lastly, to discuss that never tiring topic of conversation to a man—himself? Helena could not tell, but lightly, unthinkingly, they had drifted along until all unwittingly a sudden shock laid bare the truth to lover and sister that a new feeling, stronger, deeper, had taken the place of that childish affection.

Sanford, manlike, had wanted to admit the truth and face the consequences, but Helena, her heart a fiery turmoil of conflicting emotions, would not listen. She who, although only a year and a half the elder, had been always mother, nurse, everything to the cherished little sister—she to be the one to destroy that sister's happiness, break forever her faith in humankind? "Impossible!" cried Helena, her gray eyes dark with anguish, and from that determination she could not be shaken, despite Robert's most impassioned pleadings.

"I cannot hurt Suzette," was her unswerving answer, and at last Robert, desperate, had written Suzette. Since the thing must be met let it be met at once. Let them be married at once and return to the Philippines. It was the only remedy either could see. And so it was that Helena Crosby could see nothing fair or lovely in the clear, warm sunshine, the rustling bird filled trees. When would Suzette come? And what would be the end? This was all her tired brain could carry.

There was a crisp footfall in the street, a sharp tinkle of the bell, then the sound of Suzette's voice in a low interchange of words; a retreating heavier footstep. The next moment the girl had sprung into the room. Her arms closed about Helena.

"Why, you darling!" she cried. "Why, Helena, dear," as her quick eye noted the signs of suffering in the elder's face, Helena tried to smile. "It is nothing, sweetheart," she answered. "Only a touch of headache" falling back on woman's never failing excuse. "Oh, Suzette! How glad I am to see you!"

Suzette laughed, hugging her close. The girl's cheeks were flushed to a vivid pink; her blue eyes, her plump little mouth, her wavy soft brown hair all seemed alive, a quiver with youth and joyousness. A breath from the brilliant, blossomy outer world seemed to have blown in with her. A soft rose in Helena's throat. How soon—ah, how soon would Robert forget!

Suzette, tossing off hat and gloves, turned suddenly and, catching the elder girl's hands, pulled her down into the big chair, so often the shelter for them both. Her eyes were serious now.

"Tell me what it all means," she demanded practically. "Why is Robert in such a hurry all at once? He seems to have existed without me hitherto fairly well, with an amused little laugh. 'Why, then, this sudden eagerness?'"

"His promotion—his return to the Philippines," stammered Helena. "I was going to be even harder than she and fanned. If to give up Robert to an invisible, intangible little sister had been difficult enough, the renouncing of him to this radiant, splendid young creature—'He thinks best,' she faltered. 'He—'"

"He thinks I will go with him to the Philippines," put in Suzette keenly. "I! There was incredulous protest in every line of the pretty face. Helena flushed.

"Why, surely, dear, as his wife," she began, but Suzette interrupted. "Not I!" she declared decisively. "No heathen lands for me! It's absurd!"

"Absurd," echoed Helena. "But Suzette, dear—let me take him. He's just the man for you!"

ously, Suzette's chin tilted resolutely.

"Do I?" she said. "Not enough for that, anyway. After all, I haven't seen Robert in ages, and we were only babies when—when we were so foolish," her own wild rose tint deepening. "He is unreasonably. How shall I know whether I love him?"

"But you do!" broke in Helena passionately. "Of course you do; you always have loved him, dearest. And he loves you," bravely.

"Um! Does he?" was the dubious response. "Well—perhaps. But I—listen, Helena," her voice sharpening suddenly. "You—remember Mr. Williams? I've written about him."

"Yes," answered Helena, surprised. The little face was hidden now on her shoulder.

"Well—well"—came a muffled sound—"he has always known of my engagement to Robert—so when I told him that I was coming home he—he would not let me come alone. He is older than I, a good deal," went on the voice. "He—he cares for me very deeply, though. He wants to take me abroad, to let me study"—

A sudden blind resentment surged through Helena.

"But—but Robert," she urged vehemently. "He cares for you, too; you know he does. He has not so much to offer—an unreasoning loyalty to the absent soldier sweeping her along. 'He—he'—stammering as she remembered. A warm little arm crept about her neck.

"But you will help me," begged the voice. "You—you will tell him—"

"Tell him what?" uttered Helena sharply. There was fear, almost terror in the cry.

Suzette sat upright.

"That—that I am married," said Suzette distinctly. "Frederick would not take the risk of losing me. And—and so we were married in Denver. He brought me here. He is coming back in an hour. You—you are not angry?" wistfully.

"Married!" gasped Helena. For a moment she remained quite still, seeking to absorb, to realize, the wonderful fact. "You—married!"

"Yes," said Suzette meekly.

"And—and you are happy?" her first thought, as ever, for Suzette.

"Yes," said Suzette, a sparkle of laughter breaking forth.

"And—Robert?"

"Robert I leave to you," said Suzette. "You must explain!"

But Helena, comprehending at last, sprang toward the telephone. As she watched the girl's face changed, a new and wholly sweet expression crept across the mobile features, revealing unsuspected depths.

"And did you two think that I could not understand?" she breathed, a tender renunciation shadowing the blue eyes. "Did you think I could not guess the truth? Oh, sister, my dearest sister, I leave Robert to you."

His Substitution.

"My son is taking algebra under you this term, is he not?" remarked the fond father to the new Boston high school teacher.

"Well," answered the pedagogue, "your son has been 'exposed' to algebra, but I doubt if he will take it."

The case of the youth was not hopeless, for most institutions now permit substitutions. A writer in the Boston Transcript recalls a youth who had not studied astronomy, but had taken Greek history. A substitution was granted. He had not studied trigonometry, but he had received outside instruction in practical electricity. The substitution was also accepted.

"But," said the principal, "you do not seem to have taken moral philosophy, or anything I could regard as an equivalent. How about it?"

"That came, you remember, in the spring term, when I was out of school on account of having the typhoid fever, and I did not know but that you would let me make the substitution."

The effect of typhoid fever is excellent on the system, but the principal could not see its moral educational value.

The Wrong Week.

Views of life are apt to be tinged by surroundings and circumstances which may be merely temporary. "Your son is of a cynical and pessimistic turn of mind, I'm sorry to see," remarked the supply minister to Mr. Lane of Centerville, with whom he was spending Sunday. "I deplore that tendency in the young men of today." And the minister looked sober, even severe.

"Well, now, I don't worry about Jim," said Mr. Lane, thoughtfully expressing his jaw. "You see, Addie Piper hasn't fully made up her mind yet to let him know that she intends to have him and not Lon Howe. Soon as he gets his bearings on that point and the girl settles down a bit, there won't be anything cynical or pessimistic left in Jim."

"You're here the wrong week, that's all. Lon Howe had this Saturday night. If you were going to be here next Sunday, you'd notice a considerable lightening up in Jim's views. His mother and I do every other week."

Youth's Companion.

An Unpleasant Climate.

Karachi, a port in northern India, has a most unpleasant climate. The parched desert country behind Karachi has a terrific heat. Jacobabad, thirty miles away, often records 125 degrees F. The one mail train a day carries a coffin in the hot weather season "for the use of passengers." If need be, and in one year long ago twenty-three European engine drivers died while working their trains. A long journey by train in the hot season is particularly exhausting. Carriage windows are kept shut to exclude the heat and sometimes not only does the windows get hot to the touch, but even the water carried in the tanks is so hot that it cannot be touched.

THE OLD APPLEGATE RAILROAD SURVEY

Made By Way of Crow and Lorane
Thirty-Five Years Ago—Coal
Croppings Were Found Also and
Some Prospecting Done

The paragraph published last week relative to a railroad through the Lorane and Crow country revives memories of thirty-five years ago. Along about the last of the sixties or early in the seventies a railroad survey was made on that route by Jesse Applegate. The route is a good one, less elevations than by the Pass creek route. The latter was chosen by Ben Holiday, however, because he thought the country was bigger and the possibility for traffic better. About the time of the Applegate survey coal croppings were found along the line and some prospecting was done, but no results were realized for the reason that the money of the promoters was exhausted and tunneling was

suspended. Some oil was taken to Eugene and there burned. The quality was equal to that of most surface croppings. During the past twenty-five years no attention has been paid to the old tunnels. A thorough investigation may disclose that there is as much traffic on that route as on any other.—Cottage Grove Western Oregon.



Mary had a little lamb,
Snow white was its hide,
And everywhere that Mary went
Folks whispered "Peroxide!"

Some people don't get their picture taken because a camera has a way of telling the truth.

Some men if they had a fifty cent cigar given them would date events in their life from the day they smoked it.

Often the only cruel part of a prize fight is to charge confiding ones \$5 for the privilege of seeing a fake mill.

Somewhat there is not the satisfaction in blisters made by hocking that there is in those accumulated in rowing, although one hurts about as much as the other.



Money talks, but it is hard for some of us to get an interview with it.

If we will just have a little patience the magazines will get around to Julius Caesar and his wars.

The Sunday Stroll.

The smell of pop corn is in the air, And every single penny Has now a little claimant fair Who wishes it were many.

Fresh cracklejack and rice puff, too, Are loudly being lauded; All temptingly displayed to view, Their virtues are applauded.

The soda font is busy now, And children palates tickle, And every boy and girl knows how To squander every nickel.

They think that they must eat the stuff, And straightway they are teasing Their daddy dear for change enough To buy the confections pleasing.

A nickel for a peanut sack, A nickel for a sundae, Till daddy cries, "Alas, alack, I'll be dead broke by Monday!"

And that's the way the nickel goes; It's followed by the dollar, But daddy's wise, for well he knows It does no good to holler.

Made in Oregon.

The MOUNT HOOD Cigar

F.C.POTTS MANUFACTURER.

Mr. J. Mon Foo, an experienced compounder of Chinese Medicines, Successor to the late Hong Wo Tong, of Albany, Oregon, is now prepared to furnish Chinese medicines to all. The undersigned recommends him and guarantees satisfaction. Call or write him at No. 117 West Second Street, Albany, Oregon. JIM WESTFALL.

FOR YOUR BREAKFAST YOU WILL ENJOY

2 LB. PACKAGE 15¢

OLYMPIC WHEAT FLAKES

5 LB. PACKAGE 25¢

JUST THE HEART OF THE FINEST WHEAT

Two 1 lb. Packages, 15¢. The largest and best package for the least money. If your grocer does not sell it, send us his name and stamps for a package.

DOES YOUR WORK REQUIRE

the need of good shoes? We sell a full line of Ladies', Men's, and Children's Shoes at prices that cause high-rent shoe dealers to wonder how we can do it. We are shoemakers and are judges of good leather, so you know you get your money's worth in quality. Repairing our specialty—give us a trial.

MILLER'S SHOE STORE

41 West Eighth Street.

FINED \$5 FOR RINGING THE FIRE BELL

George Myrland, a Logger, Was
Drunk and Says He Was Robbed
of \$15.50 - Wanted to Rouse the
Whole Town

George Myrland, a logger employed by the Booth-Kelly Lumber Co., was fined \$5 and costs this morning for ringing the fire bell about 12 o'clock last night. The fellow was drunk and wandered into the bell tower, and seeing the rope hanging there idly jerked it. Officers Croner and Purdy were soon on the scene and took Myrland into custody. He said he had been stood up by two men and robbed of \$15.50. He had \$19 in his pockets at the time. He couldn't give any explanation as to why he rang the fire bell, but no doubt thought the robbery was of such magnitude as to warrant arousing the town.

Eugene-Fall Creek Stage

Barnard & West stages now leave Eugene and Fall Creek each morning except Sunday, returning in the afternoon.

Leave Eugene at 6 a. m., arriving at Fall Creek at 10:30; leave Fall Creek at 2 p. m. and arrive at Eugene at 6.

Leave Fall Creek at 7:30 a. m., arriving at Eugene at 12; leave Eugene at 2:30 p. m. and arrive at Fall Creek at 7.

Leave orders for freight and passengers at office of Barnard & West stables, Eugene, and Frank Blair, Fall Creek.

Ice For Sale

Otto's confectionery has fitted up a fine ice room in the warehouse and hereafter will supply ice to those desiring the same. At the present time ice will not be delivered, but in a few days regular delivery will be made.

OTTO'S CONFECTIONERY, 11 Corner Seventh and Willamette.

Stock Still Cheap

There are many who are saying: "I am sorry I didn't buy when your stock was cheap." Wake up, it is cheap yet. If you ever get any at all you will pay much more than the present price unless you buy now. Have you ever had a better proposition offered to you? We think not. Seven years ago you could have bought Crow's Nest coal stock to what we are now asking. It is worth \$300 a share now. The Spencer Butte Coal Company has just as promising a prospect as they had. Don't wait; buy now.

SPENCER BUTTE COAL & PETROLEUM CO.

Try Dunn's bread, baked in sanitary pans.

Take your cleaning, dyeing and pressing to 433 Willamette St. Eng. one Steam Dye Works.

Bread that makes brain and brawn—Dunn's.

Refrigerators, all sizes and prices at Chambers' Hardware.

New Today.

FOUND—Ladies' wallet containing money and keys. Call at Guard office and pay for this ad.

LOST—A yellow-brown ribbon belt with two buckles, one white and one black. Finder please leave at this office.

GILLETTE WILL SUCCEED ADAIR

Popular Ticket Agent at the S. P. Depot Will Be Temporary Station Agent and May Hold Position Permanently

A. J. Gillette, the popular ticket agent at the S. P. depot, will succeed L. G. Adair as station agent temporarily at least and may be his permanent successor. Mr. Gillette has been connected with the local depot several years and has given excellent satisfaction. His hosts of friends here would very much like to see him appointed permanent station agent.

Brevities

Weather prediction: Fair tonight and Sunday.

Look out for a hot old time tonight.

Get your keg of booze before 11 o'clock tonight.

Some of the saloons began shipping their goods out of town today.

The Guard's little squib about sprinkling the crosswalks had its effect.

A carload of sewer pipe for the work now being done here arrived this morning from Portland.

The huge wooden pillars for the front of the new Commercial Club building were erected today.

Mrs. F. L. Chambers, Mrs. S. F. Kerns and Miss Mary Chambers returned today from an outing at Newport.

Miss Hare and Miss Mitchell, students, left this afternoon for their homes at Grants Pass and Merlin respectively.

A marriage license was granted this afternoon to Wm. C. Wilkins and Eva J. Rhodes, and one to Asher Wilcox and Mrs. Amanda E. Sheets.

Peter Withers, who owns a farm near Irving, suffered two broken ribs yesterday afternoon as a result of being thrown from his mower. Dr. T. W. Harris attended the injury.

Stock Will Advance

Owing to recent developments at the Spencer Butte coal mines, the price of stock will be advanced soon.

Replaces your old matting with new bought at Chambers' Hardware.

Paint with Phoenix paint. Protects from rust.

Use the new electric light bulb at Chambers' Hardware.