

CHOICE GROCERIES



SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR PATRONS
In line with progressive methods of merchandising we wish to announce a new policy effective Aug. 1, 1936. From that date forward we will discontinue the giving of trading stamps.

We are doing this, first, because it is to the advantage of the shopping public to have their money's worth in merchandise itself. We want the merchandise, its assortment, its value, and its price, to be the reason for your buying it, not for any prize or premium.

Second, because modern business methods and the ethics of up-to-date merchants demand that the value shall be in the merchandise bought and not in some premium or prize.

To Have The Best Values Always Is The Aim And Object Of This Store—To Render Service And To Give You FRESH GROCERIES AT LOWEST PRICES.

WE MAKE A DELIVERY SATURDAY FORENOON

Phone Orders Early

Beaverton Market & Grocery
H. A. Morrison, Mgr.

The Free Traders

By Victor Rousseau

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WGU Service.

(Continued from last week)

One minute's start was all he needed. Then he was safe. He could make Lake Misquah in three days. There, in the far north, at the last outpost of the Free Traders, run by the half-breed whom he supplied periodically with hooch for sale, he would remain with Joyce, safe against pursuit through the long winter. In any event it was not likely that the gang would have the enterprise to follow him.

In spring Joyce and he would move south by other trails. By spring the girl would have forgotten Anderson.

It was beginning to snow again. Clouds would cover the moon that night. Things could not have turned out more favorably. Best of all was Estelle's absence.

But then, through the fading twilight, Hathway saw Estelle coming toward him along the path through the reeds.

And a fury of resentment rose in his breast at the sight of her. He had never hated her more. Why had he tolerated this woman so long after she had ceased to mean anything to him?

There was murder in his heart as he advanced to meet her.

CHAPTER XVIII

Lee Is Given a Powerful Tool

It was dawn in the gorge when Lee opened his eyes. At first his memories were confused so that he could carry them no further forward than the moment when he turned away from the log house, leaving Joyce with Hathway.

He had meant to kill him then—and here he must have fallen asleep in the forest, for it was daylight. And Joyce had been all night in Hathway's power?

Murder filled his heart; and again everything else was blotted out of his mind but the insatiable desire to slay, a primal instinct that swamped every other part of the man's being.

He started up. But—this was not the forest! He was amazed to see the walls of the gorge on either side of him, dwindling away in the distance into open country, with a vista of trees beyond, and splashes of sunshine, interspersed with long waves of shadow, showing that the sun had already risen.

Almost immediately beneath the ledge on which he lay was a catarrh, but not deep—a roaring stream of water rushing among the rocks.

And not far away was old Leboeuf, placidly frying bacon in a skillet over a wood fire.

Then all the events of the night flashed into Lee's mind. He uttered a cry, got on his legs.

"Leboeuf!"

At Lee's cry the old Indian turned and came toward him, the skillet in his hand.

"Monsieur?"

"We must go back, Joyce—" And he began to tell the old man of the events of the night, that Joyce and he were married—but it was all incoherent, and he was not sure that he succeeded in making Leboeuf understand.

But what Leboeuf did not quite understand what Lee was trying to tell him, he understood enough to send him into a flaming fury. He shook his fists. He danced. His face grew red with blood. He seemed transformed once again into that monstrous, ape-like creature with whom Lee had engaged in that desperate duel in the chasm.

"We must save her, Leboeuf," Lee exclaimed. "We must go at once."

"We must go at once, Monsieur. But we cannot return that way. There is only one way into the mine beneath the stone. No one can breast this river. I shall show you. But wait!"

He disappeared within a small cavern in the mountain, and reappeared in a moment or two carrying a rifle.

"Now, Monsieur, there is no time to lose. I shall pick them off one by one as they come out of the house. Eh, my little Joyce in the hands of that devil! But my master has shown me in a dream that she shall not be harmed. Still, it was the last words my master spoke to me while he was alive, that I should protect her from him, and he has warned me many times in dreams also. Eh, this way, Monsieur!"

Lee, feeling recuperated, despite the throbbing of his bruised scalp, followed the old man along the narrow coping of rock beside the catarrh. In a little while the path grew wider, the rocky walls fell back, becoming outlying spurs of the mountain. The roar of the catarrh grew faint behind them. They continued down a gentle gradient into a level plain. The forest closed about them.

Then, when they had been proceeding for about half an hour, the forest suddenly came to an end, and to Lee's amazement, he found himself standing near the bank of the main river which flowed through Siston lake. He could not have been more than half a mile from the log house.

But they heard the sudden throbbing of the motor boat. Lee ground his teeth. In an instant old Leboeuf had pulled him down behind the shelter of a rock.

Then they heard Joyce scream. Again and again her agonized cries rang out.

Lee tried to leap to his feet; he would have flung himself into the river, but the Indian's iron arm encircled him. And, as he tried to cry out in answer, a hand closed over his mouth.

Next minute the motor boat shot into mid stream. It contained Hathway and his three aides; there was something huddled in the bottom of the boat, undoubtedly Joyce; and there was no doubt that they were making for Siston lake.

And all the while Joyce screamed, and Lee struggled in the Indian's grasp, and tried to cry out, but he could not move or utter a sound.

"Monsieur! Think of her! Leboeuf was hissing in his ear. 'It is useless to betray yourself. We do what we can. You understand? You promise?'"

And suddenly reason came back to Lee. He nodded and Leboeuf released him.

But the next instant it was Lee who knocked up Leboeuf's hand as the old man was drawing a bead upon the boat, now some hundred yards away from them in the middle of the stream.

Leboeuf looked at him reproachfully. "Monsieur, I could have killed him. I do not err at the mark, Monsieur."

Again he was about to take aim, but Lee caught the rifle in his hand.

"No, no, Leboeuf. She must not be left to the mercy of those three men. So long as Hathway lives there is a shade of hope for her. Don't you understand?"

Comprehension came to the old Indian. He lowered the rifle.

Lee had ceased to cry out, and in dumb helplessness the two men watched the motor boat shoot past them and disappear around the curve of the shore. They looked at each other.

"If any harm has come to her," said Lee, "I swear that I'll kill Hathway like the hound that he is."

"Good!" Leboeuf nodded vigorously. "Some men are like the catrajen, Monsieur. Yes, he must die. He has done harm enough for one man, and I think le bon Dieu, who is so patient, has grown weary of him. But what will you do now, Monsieur?"

"Go to Siston lake. Take her away or die there."

"Very good, Monsieur. That was my own plan also. But it is a journey of a night and a day, Monsieur, and it is necessary to eat, also to take food with us."

Lee was for starting immediately, but Leboeuf persuaded him. They were to return to the log house, to see if any provisions had been left behind. If not, they were to go through the mine and to Leboeuf's den in the rocks, which could be reached by fording the edge of the subterranean stream. It gave access in one way, but not in the other. And Leboeuf's decision proved a fortunate one, for at the door of the log house they met Father McGrath, his rifle across his back.

"Thank God I've found ye, Anderson!" he cried. "I couldn't sleep all the night for trouble about ye and that pair lassie. So before the dawn I started off to mak' sure that no evil thing had happened beyond what couldn't be avoided. But what has happened, and where is she, and that band of skunks?"

Lee told him as concisely as possible while old Leboeuf, bustling inside the house, brought out some flour and bacon that the gang had left behind, and proceeded to prepare a meal.

Father McGrath listened, uttering sharp expletives which sounded remarkably like clipped oaths, deprived of their harmful characteristics by the alteration of an occasional consonant.

"Ye and I'm no surprised," he said. "But what ye'd have expected. But still, what can ye do, Anderson? The law's the law, whether of God or man, and that compact ye made w' Rathway has na bindin' power."

"I can arrest him for attempted murder."

The priest laid a hand on his shoulder. "Ye canna do that, lad," he answered. "There's na court in the land would convict him. In the first place, though ye meant only to save the lassie from him, there's na jury would believe it. They'd say that compact by which ye were to get his wife for the mine stinks in the sight of heaven. Aye, and they'd say ye arrested him to get the wumman. Aye, and furthermore, ye canna shame her by bringin' her into court as a witness. Na, lad, ye'll e'en ha' to let it go."

"Ye fought a guld fight for her, lad, but there's nothing more to do. Nor can ye arrest him for hooch-selling, for that wud be meekin' up public duty w' private vengeance. Ye'll see it, lad, when ye grow cool."

The shrewd, hard, common sense seemed to turn Lee's heart to stone. He knew Father McGrath was right. There was nothing he could do.

He could not even attempt the arrest of Pierre and Shorty for the dynamiting without bringing the whole story into publicity. And he knew well enough that, prima facie, it looked simply like an attempt on his part to possess himself of the wife of another man.

Then there was the discredit that such a case would bring on the police. But as he stood there, feeling his

last hopes gone, Leboeuf laid down his skillet and came toward them. The old man had overheard all that had passed.

"Listen, Messieurs," Leboeuf said. "Now I can tell you what I know. I have known Jim Hathway under many other names, since when he was a young man, he first came into this district to sell drink to my people."

"Messieurs, many years have gone by—twenty years—since he came to Lake Misquah, where my people had their tepees. He was a friend to us. He trapped, and, if he sold a little whisky, that was between ourselves, you understand, Monsieur. And he was my friend."

"One day we both start to take the furs from our trap lines. His line runs east and mine runs west. I leave my woman in my tepee. A young wife, Messieurs, much younger than myself. In one week I return. My tepee is empty. My woman is gone. So, too, my furs."

"Later I learn. She has gone with Hathway. He keeps her six weeks. Then he drive her away into the forest. She dare not return to her own people. So she go south to the cities of the white people. Long I search for her, but I never find her. You know what happens to our women in the cities of the white men, Messieurs."

"Then my heart becomes hard, like a stone. As for her, she is nothing to me no longer. But some day I find Hathway again, and then I kill him."

"Well, Messieurs, many years ago I come here. I work for my master, Mr. Pelly. He trusts me. He tells me the secret that he has come here to hide. He shows me the mine that he has found. And for years we work it together, faking out the gold. He want me to take a share, but gold is nothing to me, now that I have the revenge in my heart. It shall be all for him, and Mam'zelle Joyce some day."

"Then Rathway comes. My people have caught him doing another such a wrong, but my master tells them to forgive, and because they love my master, they do not injure him. So the peace is laid upon me also."

"But I tell my master what Rathway did to my woman, and he turns back in time to save Mam'zelle Joyce from him. He shoots him through the arm. And Rathway smiles and tells him he has learned the secret that can bring my master to die."

"After that my master is as his servant. And again I say, let me kill him, and again my master says no. And he obeys Rathway in fear, only he would never show him the mine, which is for Mam'zelle Joyce."

"Night after night Rathway follows us, but always he leaves us at the rocking stone, for he cannot come near enough to discover the secret without being seen. Then Mam'zelle Joyce goes away to school, and after that Rathway gives my master no peace. And at last he betrays him, thinking that when my master has been hung for the murder, the mine becomes Mam'zelle Joyce's, and he will marry her and it will be his own."

(To be continued next week)

Say It With Printing
"BUY IN BEAVERTON"

SMALL LAYING FLOCKS

NEED COMMERCIAL FEED

In handling the small flock in Oregon, unless it is being kept on a farm or in connection with other livestock where considerable feed would be used, use of a commercial laying feed is recommended. By so doing the owner will be reasonably sure of getting a well-balanced ration and eliminating the possibility of getting poor ingredients with which to mix the feed. A good laying mash is kept before the chickens in a box or trough so they can eat it at will.

A scratch grain should be fed morning and night. This, if made by the owner, is made of two parts wheat, one part of corn, and one part plump oats. A sufficient amount is fed in the morning to last the birds two hours—it should be cleaned up in that time. In the afternoon a sufficient quantity is given to insure the chickens going to the roosts with their crops full. This means that about one-fourth of the total grain is fed in the morning and three-fourths in the late afternoon.

For young growing stock a developing mash with equal parts of millum can be used. This is fed in the afternoon, the reason for this being that if the mash is fed in the morning there is the possibility that they will not get out and exercise or work as they would if not fed until the afternoon. Grain is fed, of course, morning and night, as with the laying stock. Green feed, grit, shell, and charcoal should be kept before the old and young stock at all times.

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It is the wise man who takes this opportunity to stock up on new items, or to replenish his used supply.

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Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

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Lake Tahoe and back in High Gear!

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From Sacramento to Lake Tahoe via Placerville, officially observed, strictly stock model with absolutely standard gear ratio Star Car made the run over the famous motor-defying Slippery Ford grade. On, on—every inch of the way sealed in HIGH GEAR—Lake Tahoe and return.

THE run was officially observed by Mr. Hugh E. Atkins of the Sacramento Union and Mr. Earl C. Smart, representing the Calif. State Automobile Association, who removed the gearshift lever, sealed the motor in high gear, and accompanied Julius Dusevitz, the driver, as official observers. On the return trip, Mr. Oliver E. Steele, Automobile Editor of the Sacramento Union, was official observer. They make sworn affidavit to the truth of these statements.

When will this power demon stop? Never in automobile history has any automobile so successfully upset all existing power traditions as has the Star Car.

Every motorist knows Slippery Ford—the toughest, most illusive twisting grade in California. A few years ago it was considered an accomplishment if a car made it in "second"—and now the Star Car with the Million Dollar Motor goes over the top, easily, in high. REMEMBER—IN HIGH.

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TODAY
TOMORROW'S CAR

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