

Meat Specials

- Lean Bacon, lb. 25c
- Morrell's Hams, lb. 28c
- Bacon Squares, lb. 18c
- Lamb Stew, lb. 12 1/2c
- Short Ribs of Beef, lb. 16c
- Home Rendered Lard, lb. 15c

Big Assortment of Lunch Meats

- Fancy Rhode Island Red Hens, Fryers
- Young Spring Rabbits

Wilson's Certified Chicken

Whole or half chicken, cooked, ready to serve. Ideal for camping trips or picnics.

Sinclair's Fidelity Hams

Cooked Hams in tins. All ready to serve at short notice.

"Let Us Meet Your Meat Needs"

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Meat and Fish Market

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And

PEOPLES MARKET

ECONOMY GROCETERIA NO. 2, W. Sixth
Telephone 1085
Nichols & Ashpole

MODEL BAKERY'S SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY

- Marble Cakes, 25c and 50c
- Maple Nut Cakes with Pineapple Frosting 25c, 35c and 50c
- Angelfood Cakes 25c, 35c and 50c
- Raised Do-Nuts 15c a dozen
- Pumpnickle Bread, 15c a loaf
- Homemade Bread, 3 for 25c


MODEL BAKERY

111 W. Main Phone 103-R

IVY STREET MARKET

OPEN SIX DAYS EACH WEEK
With a Full Line of Meats

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BOB CROWDER

Well, Folks, here we are with some big Saturday Bargains

SATURDAY SPECIALS

- Extra Fancy Hens, lb. 28c
- Fryers, fat and tender, lb. 30c
- Rabbits, small fryers, lb. 25c
- Spare Ribs, lb. 20c
- Hamburger and Sausage, lb. 20c
- All kinds of Steaks and Chops, lb. 25c
- Boil Beef, lb. 15c
- Short Ribs, lb. 15c
- Pot Roast, lb. 22c
- Pickled pigs' Feet, 2 lbs. 25c
- Pure Lard, lb. 15c
- Lamb Stew, lb. 15c
- Shoulder Lamb, lb. 20c
- Legs Lamb, lb. 25c
- Legs Pork, half or whole, lb. 25c
- Shoulder Veal Roast, lb. 15c
- Legs Veal, whole or half, lb. 25c
- Shoulder of Pork, lb. 20c
- Pig Heads, lb. 5c
- Pigs' Feet lb. 8c

There's nothing better in town—Come in and get your money's worth.

West of Post Office on Ivy Street

Classified Advertising Gets Results

Murder at High Tide

By CHARLES G. BOOTH

SYNOPSIS: The shrewd, calculating Anatole Fliques explains the murder of Dan Parados. He tells how the clever criminal Jules Lacote, alias Professor John, shot Parados and his hired man, Granger, from the tower of the island fort. He explains how Jules Lacote had been fitted with the ruffing of a pistol—how John "framed" Granger's death so it would appear that the shot was fired inside the house. John had planned a "perfect crime" but Fliques had detected flaws in it—and the house in Jules' alias, Samuels, who has been baffled throughout the investigation, finally cracks when John lived 20 years on the island before executing his revenge on Parados.

CHAPTER 35

THE TRIUMPH OF FLIQUES

WHY had John waited 20 years to kill Parados? Fliques pondered.

"That, monsieur, is the big question," he resumed, spreading his hands. "Until that M. John died in my arms whispering to me in the tongue of his mother I could not have answered it. It was not much that he said, but enough.

"After those infamous ones, le Balafre, Clecron Bec and Jules Lacote had robbed the Banque du Midi they separated. We of the police were not behind. Was not I then an agent of the Marseilles Suretiet Lacote had the money—a million francs. Perhaps they trusted him—perhaps it was the expediency. Who can tell?

"And now destiny plays the hand, as you say. Not often is it so, but sometimes. M. John winds a little reel and the years spin, and he thinks he is hooked to eternity. And then destiny laughs and the thread is broken.

"Destiny laughed when Lacote bought the phenol, and again when M. Parados took it for himself, again when le Balafre and Bec departed from l'ile du Dragon, and madame sent her writing to the Marseilles journals, and yet again when Lum We stole the phenol from his master.

"Messieurs et mesdames, Lacote took the million francs to his room at the back of a tobacco vendor's shop. But his phenol, which he had bought from a merchant of antiques, stood on a shelf in his room. The vendor of tobacco saw it.

"Now, my friends, that vendor of tobacco had read of the affair at the Banque du Midi. A merchant of antiques, one of the patrons of the bank, had been shot, and with his last breath he had told M. Anatole Fliques that his assassin had bought a phenol of J. de from him the day before. You see?

"Destiny has laughed and the thread of that infamous Lacote is broken. And that vendor of tobacco—who is he but Monsieur Parados? And Monsieur, a man of vision, begins to spin his little reel.

"Monsieur approaches Lacote. That infamous one, who has a million francs in his mattress, must divide his loot, is it?—with monsieur, the vendor of tobacco, who will secretly send to M. Fliques an information that will dispose of le Balafre and Bec. Also, monsieur will take the phenol. If Lacote declines, monsieur's information will dispose of him as well. What can that unhappy Lacote do? He yields.

"Very well. Monsieur's destiny brings him to California and Lacote comes with him. He dare not stay in Marseilles—and monsieur prefers to have the eye on him. And now in this enchanted land monsieur blooms like the rose.

"But what of Lacote? He has blood on his hands, and monsieur has most of his half million of francs. Has not destiny laughed at him?

"Monsieur has a million of dollars and soon he has two. He is a man of power and sinister reputation. He craves an empire, so he becomes le siegneur de San Lucas. And that gives the unhappy Lacote his—um—inspiration.

"He would live on San Lucas, he would bury himself from the world and impose on his old self a new personality. That old fort—it must have a custodian. Why no Jules Lacote, one of the cleverest rascals of France?

"And so that raring Lacote comes to the island. But his fear of those little ones monsieur sent to l'ile du Dragon becomes an obsession—a specter that sits in his heart. They would escape—yes, certain! If they should find him his soul becomes just. Clearly, his new personality must be a mask through which none shall see—none but Monsieur Anatole Fliques, perhaps, and he is on the other side of the earth.

"What shall it be. Ah, he will become Professor Herbert Johns, scholar and student of the eye of the jellyfish. Destiny could restrain its mirth no longer. The obsession of M. Johns—how you say it?—materialized: those little ones, le Balafre and Clecron Bec, cast off their bonds. And then he takes courage. Only monsieur knows, Monsieur will not tell. And then destiny laughs again. Madame sends her writing to the Marseilles

journals. It is printed and madame has her clippings, no doubt, and monsieur finds one of them—"I intended that he should," Mrs. Parados said.

"That was my belief, madame," Fliques said. "What does monsieur do with his clippings? Monsieur has a passion to nourish fear in the hearts of those around him. Madame Parados, M. Annerstey, Lum We, Mlle. Jaries—they will tell me what monsieur did with his clipping. He presented it to M. le Professeur.

"Ah it is the grand joke! That imbecile Lacote building his citadel of jellyfish eyes and lettuce for the rabbits, and he, Dan Parados, with a snap of the finger accomplishing its ruin!

"Why would he not tell those little ones, le Balafre and Clecron Bec, if they come to San Lucas, that M. le Professeur, the authority on the eye of the jellyfish was their little playmate? Eh, what is that? They will avenge themselves on monsieur? Let them try that monkey business. Nothing can harm monsieur. Look not the little green god live in his house? While that is there nothing can harm him!

"Monsieur's faith is magnificent. Well, he is not the first to put his trust in that phenol of jade. . . . But that joke on M. le Professeur! So loud is monsieur's laugh that he does not hear the clack of Destiny.

"It was the citadel that infamous Lacote had built around himself, not the fort of San Lucas, that monsieur threatened to destroy. M. le Professeur thought he would and that was enough. Had not le Balafre and Clecron Bec sat in his heart for 25 years? Monsieur is the only one who knows! It is an acid on his brain. And so he prepares his weapon and his alibi that no one shall break . . . no one but Anatole Fliques. Afterwards, he will go away. . . .

"It was crowded, monsieur's last hour, for Lum We and M. Annerstey and madame also would have a part of it. But what of that, I ask you? Has not destiny a fondness for crowding her hours of reckoning? And so, mes amis, Destiny's reel ceased to spin, for the thread was broken. . . .

"We were silent for a minute or two.

"Messieurs et mesdames," Fliques continued, "it is not possible for a man to hide the light of himself behind a mask every minute of the hour. The mask will slip. So it was with M. le Professeur. He had a passion for all living things, yet he forgot the goulfish in 'is pool! He was a notable scientist, yet he assured me that he had not the French. And then, when I spoke to him in the French, understanding was in his eyes. That was *negligent!*

"M. Johns was on the top of the island yesterday and he saw those little ones, le Balafre and Clecron Bec, with the glasses. Had he not been watching? They had come for him and M. Johns mnds up his mind with a quick— This evening he slipped away and found them . . . and Destiny laughed again. That is all. . . .

Samuels shook the little man's hand.

"You've done a good job, Fliques," he muttered huskily.

Fliques bowed and twirled his mustache. "I am the principal agent of la Suret, monsieur," he said. "Does one find littleness in high places?"

Wedding presents should come afterwards, long afterwards, when people are more likely to need their brightening influence, Caroline says I am inclined to agree with her, as I am with everything Caroline says.

There is some excellent eglery from the Annerstey and a little green god from Lum We. Mrs. Parados' gift already hangs in the library. When Caroline comes into the room she stops and looks up at it, and I find myself holding my breath.

An enormous parcel arrived from Paris. As we tore the wrappings apart and dived through a tangle of packing material I don't know what we expected to find—anything, I imagine, except what we actually did find.

It is a full length portrait of a little stout man in elegant evening regalia, fidgeting a carefully waxed mustache. His right hand is on his breast which is adorned with the decorations of many governments, and his pink face beams up, as and seems to draw us into his friendly embrace.

"Well, I don't know," Caroline said. She smiled at me and I knew I should agree to anything she suggested. "Let's hang it opposite Grandmother Brent once a week every year."

She was looking at me tenderly now. "After all, Allan, it was you who found me just in time, not M. Fliques."

I saw no reason why I should not agree with her.

(THE END)

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WAGNER CREEK

WAGNER CREEK, Ore., June 13.—(Special.) Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Combs and family were Klammath Falls visitors last Sunday.

Charles Cowan has been suffering from a hip injury this week.

Mrs. J. L. Briner is enjoying a visit from her sister, Mrs. Rose Eastland of Nampa, Idaho.

Mrs. Ella Abbott and son Oral and daughter Endell were Ashland

visitors Saturday morning.

Friends will be interested to know that a daughter was recently born to Mr. and Mrs. Warren Barr. Mrs. Barr was Miss Velda Wolgamot of Wagner Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rose of Ashland visited Tuesday at the F. W. Combs home.

Leon and Charles Lockwood spent Sunday with the home folks.

ROGUE RIVER

ROGUE RIVER, Ore., June 13. (Spl.)—A number of youngsters met at the home of Billy Eads Monday and enjoyed a circus and picnic put on by the boys of the party. Those who enjoyed the afternoon were Maxine, Pauline, Elva and Freddy Love, Joan and Jimmy Scott, Edward Eadley, Charlotte Carter and Billy Eads.

C. N. Culy of Medford was making business calls in and around Rogue River Monday. Mr. Culy is district representative of Oregon Mutual Life Insurance company.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Dover of Rogue River left for Portland Monday. After attending to business

stead here, while Mrs. Dover will remain with her parents, this being made necessary because of the ill health of her father.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred O'Kelly spent the week end at Crescent City.

U. B. Jones of Aberdeen, Wash., was an overnight guest at the Fred Dengler home Tuesday night.

Mr. Moran, who has been employed in the lime plant up Foothills, left Sunday for his home at Portland.

Dick Turpin of Portland arrived in Rogue River Friday evening. Mr. Turpin has business interests here.

Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Laws and daughter Freda motored to Wolf Creek Sunday, returning the same day.

A. T. Melvain, W. S. Sparks and J. M. Whipple were Medford visitors Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. Carl of Everett, Wash., are visiting at the S. J. Blakely home. Mrs. Carl will be remembered as Sarah Blakely.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Laws of Jacksonville spent the past week at the home of Mr. Laws' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Laws.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Lance have moved into Rogue River for the summer, after spending the winter at their mine on Foothills creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Estelle have traded their Rogue River property for property in California and plan to leave Rogue River soon. Mr. and Mrs. Estelle have made their home in Rogue River for many years and have many friends here.

Mrs. Effie Farra of Grants Pass is spending the week visiting her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wilson and family and Mrs. Florence Taylor were dinner guests Sunday at the R. F. Taylor home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Johnstone and their son and family are enjoying a trip through California at present.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hawk, a daughter, May 29. Mrs. Hawk will be remembered as Muriel Matthews. She attended school in Rogue River and later taught in the grade school.

Rogue River Civic Improvement program committee met Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Guetsloff. Programs for the coming year were completed. This committee consisted of Mrs. Effie Birdseye, Mrs. Ira Phelps, Mrs. Al Love, Mrs. Oscar Shepherd and Mrs. Guetsloff.

Eighth grade examination were given by Miss Gladys Sandry at the schoolhouse Thursday for those who failed at the last examination before school closed.

I. F. Taylor made a business trip to Murphy and up the Applegate Monday. Mr. Taylor is busy constructing new pens to care for his young foxes.

The Evans Valley Fox Farm will be open to visitors about the first of July.

Born, Friday, June 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Milton of Rogue River, a son, Dan.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Scott and children, Mrs. J. M. Whipple and Mrs. M. R. Bliss motored to Murphy Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Mack and children, Katherine and Walter, of Wolf Creek are visiting at the home of Mrs. Mack's mother, Mrs. C. C. Thompson.

Raymond Stevens was a Medford visitor Tuesday.

The city of Rogue River has donated two lots to the Live Oak Grange. These lots are situated near Ward's creek and are an ideal spot for the erection of the new Grange hall.

Mrs. Florence White spent Sunday visiting friends in Gold Hill.



Boyhood's Dream of Heaven

... fistfuls of crisp, lightly salted Tru-Bake Crackers. Flavorful, hunger-appeasing—yet so digestible that if the boy forgets and swallows 'em whole, they never cause a pang or an ache.

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