

IT'S ALWAYS SUMMER HERE

A STEAMING hot cup of chocolate or clam broth, a warm dish of chili, a sandwich, or a hot tomale in our lunch room makes the thermometer go up on the coldest kind of a day.

Open at all hours for your comfort.

Lynden Confectionery

Everybody's and The Tribune—Regular price \$3.00. Our special price \$2.70.



TEN CENTS WORTH OF TROUBLE

is what you buy when you fit yourself with "bargain" glasses. While "ten-cent store" glasses may sometimes seem to give you temporary relief, they are a very large percentage of cases actually dangerous. It is never possible under any circumstances to fit yourself with glasses that will accurately correct your defects of vision, even though the quality of the glasses was everything that might be desired. And the "ten-cent store" kind is anything but that.

We are prepared to test your eyes by scientific means and make you glasses that are right at reasonable prices.

WILBER GIBBS

Optician, Bellingham, Wash.

Van Zon & Powers

SANITARY BARBER SHOP
A clean hot towel for each customer
Opposite Farmers' Mercantile Co.

LYNDEN BARBER SHOP

Next Door to Post Office.
First Class Barbering
Shears Ground Umbrellas Mended Agency for Pacific Steam Laundry

PACIFIC STEAM LAUNDRY

CHAS. BEHOLM, Prop'r.
Established 1889
We Are Always at Your Service
Bellingham, Wash.
THE LYNDEN BARBER SHOP is agent for us in Lynden. Leave your bundles at their barber shop and your wants will be promptly attended to.

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PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
Office Over Lynden State Bank
LYNDEN, WASHINGTON

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TINSMITHS
FURNACE WORK
PLUMBING
TINNING
Heating Stoves of All Kinds Prompt Attention to Stove Repairing if in Need of a New Heating Stove Give Me a Call—I Can Please You Both as to Quality and Price

STAGE TIME CARDS

TIME CARD

Lynden-Bellingham STAGE

LYNDEN LIVERY, Prop.

Leave Bellingham	Leave Lynden
8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.
11:00 a. m.	11:00 a. m.
2:00 p. m.	2:00 p. m.
5:00 p. m.	5:00 p. m.
Special Saturday Only 9:00 p. m.	Special Saturday Only 7:00 p. m.

STAND IN FRONT OF LYNDEN DEPARTMENT STORE

Round Trip 75c

LYNDEN STAGE

TIME CARD

75c Round Trip.

Leave Bellingham From Auto Stage Depot	Leave Lynden From Blonden Bros.
7:00 a. m.	7:00 a. m.
9:00 a. m.	9:00 a. m.
10:00 a. m.	10:00 a. m.
12:00 m.	12:00 p. m.
1:00 p. m.	1:00 p. m.
3:00 p. m.	3:00 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
6:00 p. m.	6:00 p. m.
Special Saturday Only 9 p. m.	Special Saturday Only 7 p. m.

J. Mc INNIS
Phone R-751 -- Lynden
HARRY M. MOCK
Phone 942 -- Bellingham

Bellingham-Lynden CUT RATE STAGE LINE

LAUCKHART-DORR

Leaves Lynden, Armstrong-Hammond's Store, 7:45, 8:30 a. m.; 12:45, 3:30, 5:30 p. m.

Leaves Bellingham Rest Room, corner Dock and Holly Sts., 7:00, 10:30 a. m.; 2:30, 4:00, 5:30 p. m.

Lynden Phone X091
Fare 75c Round Trip.

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Good, wholesome Meals, regular Noon-day Dinner. Oysters, Fish and Game in Season. Prices right

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GENERAL BLACKSMITHING AND HORSESHOEING
Diseased Feet and Interfering a Specialty
All Work Guaranteed
L. Larson

Let 'er Rain!

If you've a man's work to do, wear Tower's Fish Brand

Reflex Slicker \$3.00

The coat that keeps out all the rain. Reflex Edges stop every drop from running in at the front.

Protector Hat, 75 cents
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Send for free catalog

A.J. TOWER CO. BOSTON

TRIBUNE FOR JOB PRINTING.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Novelized by Samuel Field from the Successful Play

by **ROI COOPER MEGRUE** and **WALTER HACKETT**

Copyright, 1914-1915, by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett.

(Continued from last week)

"If you wanted money, why on earth didn't you come to me?" asked Rodney. "Because you haven't any. This firm's broke. I was surprised, too, when I balanced the books this morning," said Mary. "but you've spent a lot these last two days. Here's a statement of assets and liabilities. You owe \$22,818."

"Great Scott, what are our assets?" "One hundred and thirty-three dollars and thirteen cents."

Rodney shook his head courageously. "That's quite a showing for a month," he chaffed.

"And Mr. Jones, the advertising man, was here this morning too. He won't wait any longer for his money," went on Mary.

"But we paid him \$5,000 not long ago." "And we still owe him \$9,400," said Mary. "Unless he gets \$2,500 of it today he says he will put you out of business."

"You didn't manage to raise any money while you were out, did you?" Rodney asked, pocketing his qualms about the source of Mary's capital.

"Not a cent," said Mary. "And you haven't heard from the countess since that day she signed the contract?"

"Not a word," said Rodney, and added hopefully. "But maybe we shall soon."

"I don't know what we're going to do," said Mary, sighing.

But Rodney was still hopeful and inclined to cheer up.

"The important thing is I've got you anyhow," he said happily just as Ambrose Peale came in again.

"Well, well, well! Still spooning, eh?" said Peale. "Say, son, I've just learned a lot from that advertising agent downstairs. Great little guy; full of facts and figures. He gets paid \$50,000 a year for writing ads."

Peale was incorrigible, and today his talk in the face of their actual condition got on Mary's nerves a little. She interrupted impatiently.

"Never mind him," she said to Rodney. "We're broke."

"Nonsense! Some mistake in the books," said Peale.

"Is it? Here's a statement of our liabilities," she said, holding up a paper—\$22,808.09.

"What's the 9 cents for?" Peale wanted to know, reading. "Assets \$133.13. That's a lucky hunch, thirteen. Well, why not change the heading? Make the liabilities the assets and the assets the liabilities. See, like this," and he scribbled on a pink pad that he carried with him: "Liabilities, \$133.13; assets, \$22,818.09. Merely a matter of bookkeeping," he added cheerfully, jabbing the pink paper on a book.

"You'd make a wonderful expert accountant," said Mary scornfully.

CHAPTER IX. Sowing the Wind.

ONE day, sure enough, not long afterward, Miss Burke tripped into Rodney's office and handed him something which had not yet become common in the company's routine—namely, a letter with a foreign stamp and postmark. The three partners were standing about as usual when this dramatic little incident occurred. Mary was willing to bet it was another bill, and Peale asked what odds she was giving—would they be as high as 100 to 1? Rodney in the meantime, who had opened the epistle and been reading it, shouted out: "Hurrah, hurrah! It's from the countess!"

They had pinned their hopes to the countess' Parisian skirts, and here she was coming back again in the nick of time. Luck was with them.

"What does she say?" asked Mary, much excited, while Peale grabbed the letter and exclaimed in disgust, when he had glanced at it. "Oh, French stuff."

"She says she was delayed abroad, but that she's due on the Northumberland this morning and that she's coming to see us at 11."

"It's half past 11 now," Mary sighed. "Oh, dear, she's late." "Remember, though a countess, she is still a woman. Give her time."

"Does she say anything about the \$15,000?" asked Mary, to which Rodney was obliged to answer, "No."

Peale, however, had a hunch everything was going to be all right. Unluckily Miss Burke punctured it by entering and saying Mr. Jones, the ad. man, was here to see him and seemed very angry.

"My hunch is wrong," said Peale. "Here's where we take an aeroplane and dig a hole right through the ceiling."

"Keep a stiff upper lip," Rodney coun-

seled. "Oh, sure, I'm full of starch," Peale retorted.

"Good luck, Rodney," said Mary. "Don't worry—I've got a way to square him," Rodney answered.

They looked forward to the countess and her \$10,000, and instead here was Jones again with his advertising bill. Such were the ways of business life. A colorless, unprepossessing person enough was Jones, but in truth the soap trio would have been poor judges of any man's personal magnetism who came on Jones' errand. To them he was just the man with the advertising bill.

He entered quite boldly, allowing he'd come right in and not waiting to be "How are you, Jack?" began Peale. He even tried to shake Jones' hand, but was thrown off roughly.

"You may be in the soap business, but cut out the soft soap with me," was his unsympathetic comment. "Where's my money? Have you got it?"

"Why—er—the fact is"—Rodney began. "That means you haven't."

"Well, you see"— "Bury the stall, bury it," said Jones brutally. "Do you think you can put me off? You can bet your blooming liabilities you can't. I'm going after you good. I think this whole concern is bunk, and I'm on my way to the sheriff now."

Rodney grew provoked. "I don't care for that kind of loud talk. Drop it," he said sternly. "Drop it," repeated Peale.

"What?" exclaimed Jones in surprise. "He said drop it," repeated Peale. Rodney stumbled on:

"It's simply that I haven't had time to examine your bill in detail. This afternoon, however, I—"

"Old stuff, old stuff," Jones scoffed. "But something gave Rodney a new resolve."

"Meanwhile," he went on, "I'll give you a check for \$2,500 on account," he said. "I presume that will be satisfactory, won't it?"

"Why—yes—sure—but"—Jones stammered, taken aback, and Rodney turned to Peale and added:

"You understand, Mr. Peale, that not a cent of that \$50,000 was appropriated for our October advertising campaign. It is to go to him!"

"Absolutely," said Peale. This was a great word with Ambrose, pronounced always with a strong accent on the "oot."

Jones was impressed. "Now, Mr. Martin, I'll admit I'm hasty tempered. I'm sorry I made a mistake, but a contract is a contract, and"—he began.

"Here's your check. Good day," said Rodney.

"But, Mr. Martin"— "Show Mr. Jones out," Rodney went on to Peale, who obeyed with glee.

"Come on, Jack. This way to the elevator," he said.

Poor Mary had observed this scene with renewed dismay.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "You've only got us into more difficulty. You know there's no money in the bank."

"But the check won't go through the clearing house until tomorrow morning, and by then we'll have the \$10,000 from the countess," protested Rodney.

Peale looked at his watch and wondered where the countess was.

"I'll bet she sank in midocean," he predicted dolefully. Wasn't that just the way with money when you wanted it? So things always went, it seemed, when they needed cash. They had looked forward so eagerly and so long to that 50,000 francs, and instead they had entertained a dun, a very vulgar and demonstrative dun at that.

Rodney could not pretend he liked such scenes and said so with some vigor. Even Peale looked a little sympathetic and forgot to spout his advertising gospel.

It was adding injury to misfortune when a card was presently handed to the president of the 13 Soap company bearing the name of Ellery Clark. How Rodney hated that fellow! He must admit that Ellery had never done anything to him, but he could not bear him, just the same. He said as much to Peale, whose curiosity seemed to be aroused:

"Let's have a peek at him," he said. "Take a good look at him," said Rodney as Miss Burke went after Ellery, "and see what father wanted me to be like. Ellery went into business—so must I. Ellery loved work—so must I."

"But it was only his pride in you," said Mary. "Your father didn't want old John Clark constantly rubbing it in about Ellery's success."

"I didn't want it rubbed into me either," said Rodney.

"Well, this is our chance to impress Ellery," said Peale. "Who knows too? He may have some money."

"Meanwhile I'll go call up the steamship office again," said Mary. "Oh, Rodney," she called back, "find out how Ellery's doing in business, will you?"

Rodney watched her as she disappeared and was brought to presently by Peale.

"You're spolling that girl—she used to be a good business woman. Now half the time instead of using her brains she sits and looks at you as if you were some marvelous antique work of art."

Rodney laughed and, as a matter of fact, liked this teasing. Above all, it was delicious to his heart to hear Peale say that Mary was in love with him. He did think Mary was beginning to show a little more love for him lately despite their troubles, and Peale's testimony made him glad. He looked up quite good naturedly, only forcing a frown on his face as Ellery Clark came in. Ellery bored him awfully at most times.

(To be continued next week)

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Splendid Laundry Service For Lynden

Our automobile delivery wagon is stopping at the door of many Lynden homes on Mondays and Thursdays of each week. We make a specialty of quick delivery with this Twice-a-week Service.

For Family Trade, Our Prices Are Especially Low

We ask but 50 cents for 30 pieces; for all over 30, 1 1/2 cents each, providing the 30 pieces do not weigh over 12 lbs. Should the weight exceed 12 lbs. the charges will be 4 cents a pound. No bundle less than 50 cents.

We use exceptional care in washing. Our best recommendation is in our list of satisfied Lynden customers.

Give Us a Trial!

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For Further Information See Our Local Agents **VAN ZON & POWERS**

WE OFFER YOU a big stock of fine patterns in Hart, Schaffner and Marx suits to pick from. Under our right selling plan these suits won't be marked down at sale prices later. We put a fair price on them and stick to it.

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX SUITS \$15.00 to \$30.00

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Bellingham Home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes.
Corner Holly and Commercial Street, Bellingham

BLOEDEL DONOVAN LUMBER MILLS

Rough and Dressed Lumber Lath and Shingles

Spruce and Cedar Siding, Floor and Ceiling
Doors, Windows, Knock Down Frames, Sanded Soft
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