

**arkdale.**  
**o Weeks**  
**an-Up in All**  
se.

you want to save money on  
LINENS, WHITE WAISTS,  
our prices. On many of  
our goods, a good sel- 91  
92c.

**Sale**

l shades and designs, new  
15c, to clear at per 71  
goods, a good sel- 91  
92c.

er Underwear  
good quality Underwear,  
Price ..... 2 for 25c.

**white Waists**

ve 4 dozen White Lawn Waists in good  
regular \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50 and 2.00.  
Spring Price ..... 75c

resses  
\$1.00 to 5.00, for the next two weeks  
Dresses for 2.40  
Dresses for 2.80  
Dresses for 3.20  
Dresses for 3.95

ds  
6. Special Clearing Price ..... 99c

pecial  
t, 12 cents Cash  
cents Cash

**Markdale.****BEAVERDALE**

(Special to The Standard)  
Threshing is the order of the day  
around here. The Ladies' Aid and a number of  
others put in a busy afternoon painting  
the church ceiling and painting  
the windows, as they intend painting  
the windows a bit. Beaverdale, P.O. will soon be a  
thing of the past as they intend having rural mail in a couple of  
months. That's the line the roads  
will have to be kept open.

The trustees have made quite  
an improvement at the school  
house. They got the porch and  
steps cemented.

Our teacher, Miss Thistlewaite,  
returned on Monday to take charge  
of the school again.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Love and daughter,  
Grace, of Manitoulin Island,  
arrived last Thursday and intend  
staying at their daughter's, Mrs.  
John Miller, for a week or two.

Miss Fannie Cowart, who has  
been spending the summer in the  
West arrived home last Saturday  
night. She is looking fine and  
bright. She is having a glorious time.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Brady, of  
Markdale, were the guests of Mr.  
and Mrs. H. Johnston on Sunday

Mr. R. Miller is laid up this last  
couple of weeks with a severe attack  
of lumbago. We hope he will  
soon be better.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Miller and Mr.  
and Mrs. J. Love and Miss Grace  
and Mrs. Bert Brady Miller went  
to Clarksville on Tuesday to visit  
friends.

Mr. Ab. Cowan is busy preparing  
to build a silo.

It was a pitiful mistake, an error  
sad and grim. I waited for the  
railway train the light was low and  
dim. It came at last, and from a  
car there stepped a dainty dame  
and, looking up and down the  
place, she straight onto me came.  
"Oh, Jack!" she cried. "Oh dear  
old Jack!" and kissed me as she  
spoke; then looked again and  
said, "Forgive me, I'm frightened, cried. "Oh what a bad  
mistake!" I said. "Forgive me,  
maiden fair, for I am not your  
Jack; and as regards the kiss you  
gave, I'll straight away give it  
back." And since that night I've  
often stood upon the platform  
dim, but only once in a man's life,  
whole life do such things come to

him.

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