

Hardware

Doing Business.

We are still doing business in the old stand, in the same lively manner. Why? Because we have the stock, the quality, the variety, and at right prices.

Metal Photo Frames.

Have you seen our fancy Metal Photo Frames.

Fancy Trays.

Call and examine our assortment of Trays, decorated with pictures of Pope Leo XIII, Horses at the Brook, Two Fair Maidens, etc. They are selling fast.

Fly Nets and Fly Oil.

Protect your horses when driving with some of our Fly Nets, and when in the field with some of our Eureka Fly Oil.

Screen Doors.

We have renewed our stock of Hammocks, Screen Doors and Window Screens.

Good Grain Cradles.

A few more of these celebrated Red Bird Grain Cradles in stock.

W. Black

Have You Got Feet?

If you have, bring them to the

New Boot and Shoe Store

and have them fitted with a pair of nice Boots, Shoes or Slippers. We have them in various styles and qualities at popular prices.

SHOE DRESSINGS.

We have in stock a lot of different Shoe Dressings in liquid, combination and paste, going at 10c, 15c and 25c.

THRESHERS.

Call and examine my stock of threshers' Mitts, made to wear, in calf and horse hand, before purchasing elsewhere. Also harvest Mitts in ten and fourteen inch lengths.

Shoes Made to Order

and repairing promptly attended to.

Remember the place, Jordan's Old Stand, next door to Dan. Campbell's Implement Shop.

J. S. McIlraith

Darling's DRUG STORE

Our Soda Fountain

Is sizzling and fizzing and bubbling with the

Most Delicious Drinks.

None but the best quality of material is used, and folks tell us that we do know how to make

Delicious Soda Drinks.

Try our

Ice Cream Soda

or a

Floradora High Ball.

Costs only 5c, but it's worth it. Just see if it isn't.

JNO. A. DARLING Dispensing Chemist.

HITS AND MISSES.

Sipping the nectar from her lips, As close to the stove they sat, He wondered if any other chap Ever drank from a mug like that.

Dr. W. N. McVicar, Bishop Coadjutor of Rhode Island, tells a funny experience at a recent visit to Boston. He saw some boys trotting down Tremont street and keeping close together. One of them kept saying "Chug! Chug! Chug!" and another occasionally said, "Toot!" The Bishop asked what they were doing and was informed they were playing "automobile." The one saying "chug" was the engine and the one saying "toot" the chaffeur and the one saying nothing was a friend taking a ride. The auto moved on, and the Bishop noticed a fourth boy, running along about fifty feet behind the others, and asked him what he represented. "Oh, I'm the smell," was the perfectly serious answer.

"What are you hollerin' for, Bill?" asked a mother at the foot of the stairs one evening after her two sons had been put to bed. "Please, mother," said Bill, "Jim wants half the bed." "Well," said the mother, "let him have it and you take the other half." "Yes, mother," says Bill, "but he wants to take his half out of the middle and make me sleep on both sides of him."

Nothing jolts a lovelorn youth like asking for a girl's hand and receiving her father's foot.

A Tennessee paper records birth of a girl baby with three hands and arms. Fortunate infant! When she attains the age of long dresses she will be able to carry an umbrella in one hand, hold up her skirts with the second and keep the wind from blowing her hat off with the third.

A little girl had been looking at pictures of angels and she turned to her mother and said: "Mamma, why is there no men in heaven?" "But there are," replied the mother. "Then why is it," asked the child, "that we never see any pictures of angels with whiskers or moustache?" "True, but there are men in heaven," was the reply, "only they get in by a close shave."

The cruellest thing a woman can do to us is to marry us.

When a fifteen-year-old girl succeeds in making a "dash" she is never satisfied until she appears in long skirts.

"Left here and left no address" is about as mean a way as a delinquent subscriber can treat the publisher. Pieces of information similar to the above come in nearly every week from subscribers in arrears from one to seven years. It is hard for a local newspaper man to tell exactly what to do. He hates to drop a person whose intentions may be good and who will no doubt pay up, but on the other hand, after getting nipped a couple of times a week, he feels like kicking himself all over town for being so generous.

A traveller engaged a room in a hotel and was somewhat surprised at the meagreness of the furnishings. "Is this all the soap there is in the room?" he asked the landlord.

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "all we will allow you."

"Well," replied the traveller, "I'll take two more rooms. I've got to wash my face in the morning."

The danger of carrying an argument to its logical conclusion is thus set forth by the Chicago Post: They were at a picnic. "Fingers were made before forks," she laughed as she helped herself in democratic fashion. "Yes," he admitted, "and people were made before clothes." She hastily reached for a fork.

They say a young lady requires a long time to dress when she's going any place. How soon a man falls into the same habits when he joins the Rebekahs may be learned from Frank Lenehan at the McIntyre block. Frank was so slow that he missed the morning train and he decided to wait till afternoon rather than run after it and overtake it at Varney.

When a wise man speaketh all the small fry should give earnest ear, so as not to mar the symphony nor destroy the sympathy.

A foolish man may often appear wise by keeping his mouth shut.

Orchard.

In the absence of Rev. Mr. Truax, pastor of the Methodist church, Mr. Christie, of —, Scotland, delivered a very impressive address to an appreciative audience Sunday evening. All were pleased to hear he will occupy the pulpit next Sabbath.

Miss Calvert and Mrs. S. Calvert visited with Mount Forest friends for a few days.

Mr. Z. Clark threshed Thursday last for Mr. John Cornish ten hundred and twenty five bushels of fall wheat five hundred and seventy five bus. of barley. A fine result for one day's work and goes to show Mr. Clark a hustler and Mr. Cornish a first-class farmer.

Miss Aggie Brown is visiting at the home of her uncle, Mr. Jas. Edgington, Mount Forest.

After Charity Came Love

By Mary Wood

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As the doors of the Van Tassel mansion swung open the sweet, high soprano of children's voices reached Irving Ogden's ear. Mingled with it were the rhythmic beats of a rollicking two-step. It set the young man's blood to dancing.

"Cousin Mary's fandango is in full swing," he said to himself. "Now for an afternoon of real enjoyment to offset the stupidity of that dinner tonight. Oh, there she is now!" And he threaded his way skillfully around the long drawing room to where little Mrs. Van Tassel was as busy as the proverbial old woman in the shoe.

She beamed at the broad shouldered fellow as she said delightedly: "Oh, Irving, it is awfully good of you to stop



"I, YOU SEE, AM STILL VERY SMALL."

in and see how things are going! I thought you were joking when you said you would come."

Irving laughed. "Have you so little faith in my word, cousin?" he said lightly. "The truth is I am often envious of children and am only too honored to be allowed to share some of their good times, and then I thought it would be a good chance to get better acquainted with some of my young cousins. I have been away so long that they have grown out of all ken. There's Tina, now, the fairy. I must beg her for a waltz, if grownups are not debarred from the floor. But, I say, look at that little hoiden in red! She fairly sweeps her partner along. Who would think that she could ever grow into the air of boredom incumbent on a society belle? What a pity it is that she cannot stay as she is!"

Mrs. Van Tassel smiled in an absent fashion. She was more concerned with the problem of making every bashful Tom, Dick and Harry do his duty manfully and in seeing that no little miss tasted thus early the pangs of being a wallflower.

Irving, however, waited for no answer, but ran on cheerfully. "What dandy music you have! I'll just stroll off and hunt me up a partner, for I can't resist it."

As he turned he glanced carelessly up at the tiny balcony, expecting to see some long haired, spectacled musician presiding at the grand piano. He started, for instead he saw a slender figure swaying lightly over the keys, a delicate profile, with red lips parted in a smile, and gold bronze hair brushing a flushed cheek. "Cecilia herself!" he murmured. "But I must have a nearer view of the sweet saint."

The strings still reverberated with the last sounding chord. Anice leaned back, with a little sigh. It was very warm and more exhausting than she had expected. Would she have time, she wondered, to go down for a drink between dances?

"Pardon, mademoiselle," a pleasant voice said courteously. She turned a startled face. Ah! It was the young man whom she had noticed talking to Mrs. Van Tassel. She had wondered vaguely whom he might be.

"I am Mrs. Van Tassel's cousin," he said, "and I thought you might like something cool to drink."

Anice stretched out her hand eagerly. "I'm not 'mademoiselle,'" she laughed, "only plain 'miss.' But I have been wishing for something to drink, and it was very kind of you to think of it."

Irving's eyes twinkled as he answered gravely: "Pardon my mistake. But are not all musicians 'madam' or 'mademoiselle'?"

The girl glanced up at him saucily. "That is only after they become great," she said, with decision, "and I, you see, am still very small." She stood up. Yes, she barely came to his shoulder.

"You have new standards of measurement," he retorted gayly. "When I heard you play, I was numbering you among those elect—even as St. Cecilia herself."

She shook her head soberly. "I am not—I never will be—a real musician."

"Then what are you? What do you do?" he persisted.

The girl flushed guiltily. "I—I play accompaniments," she faltered.

"And I," he said boldly, "sing. Will you play my accompaniments some

time?" She smiled in enigmatical fashion.

"Perhaps," she murmured. "But see—they are looking up here. It is time to play again. You must go down. Yes," as she met the look of refusal on his face, "you must indeed." "But I will see you again," he protested. "I must see you." Again she smiled. "Perhaps."

Irving Ogden stood rather moodily in a corner of his aunt's drawing room. What a bore dinner parties were anyway, he said to himself. That was the nuisance of visiting. You had to meet such a slew of people for whom you did not care a hang, while the one you wanted to meet kept out of the way.

From which it may be seen that Mr. Ogden was in no pleasant frame of mind. The events of the afternoon still rankled. He had hastened up to the balcony after the last dance only to find St. Cecilia vanished as if by magic, and Mrs. Van Tassel could not or would not tell him anything about her.

As the remembrance of a tantalizing smile came back to him he cursed himself for his stupidity. He might at least have asked her her name, while now—

His aunt's voice recalled his duties as a guest. "Irving, let me introduce Miss Corbyn, your dinner partner."

He turned courteously and found himself looking down into a pair of laughing blue eyes. "Mademoiselle, you?" he stammered.

"I am very glad to meet you—again—Mr. Irving Ogden," Anice said demurely.

"But tell me what it all means," he implored when they were safely screened by the rose branches which formed the center table decoration.

"It means," she answered serenely, "that I did it for charity. You see, I was trying to wheedle some money out of Fred, my brother, for my poor children at the home. He was teasing me, and he said it was all very well to talk when I never gave a dollar that I had earned myself. He bet me a cool hundred that I could not earn even five. Then Mrs. Van Tassel's music disappointed her at the last moment, and I heard about it, and she promised not to tell. So I won my bet and earned \$20 as well as Fred's hundred. And the children will have an oh-be-joyful Christmas," she finished triumphantly.

"And you did it all for charity," he said softly. "I wonder if you would do something for me—for charity. You remember what I asked you about the accompaniments?" He looked at her eagerly.

Anice dropped her lashes, and a wave of color crept up to meet them. "Perhaps," she murmured.

And she did, but it was for love.

Society and Evolution.

"Society" is a comparatively recent and almost local phenomenon. Its ancestor in Europe was feudalism—the fighting men, the natural aristocracy on one side and their victims and serfs on the other. Today, the traders and hucksters, grown rich, occupy the castles of their late baron masters and sport their titles, though a remnant of the genuine nobles still survives, terrible examples of what happens to a generation that has outlived its era. But the physical force regime, while it lasted, stood on a sounder and juster foundation than does the money power at present in possession, and the latter will hardly last as long as the former did. It is, I repeat, comparatively local as well as recent. It could exist only in countries given up as are those of Europe and America to industrialism. Nevertheless the world may still offer living examples of society in all its stages, from the most primitive to that which now passes. Africa and Asia has each its social organization, and so have the Marquesas, Patagonia and Eskimoland.—Smart Set.

Emerson's Courtesy.

When Mrs. Mary A. Livermore was a little girl she was monitor at the Hancock school in Boston, and it was her duty to answer the door. One rainy day the bell rang and she found at the door a tall, thin man, with a dripping umbrella, who inquired for the principal. She was just at the hoidenish and disrespectful age, but there was something about this visitor which so impressed her that she led him in as politely as if he had been a prince, placed a chair for him by the fire, relieved him of his wet coat and umbrella and, after she had started to leave the room, came back to draw a fire screen between him and the blaze for fear he would find it too hot. She afterward expressed to her teacher some surprise at the unwonted civilities she had felt impelled to show the stranger. He answered: "Ah, that was Ralph Waldo Emerson, and that is the effect he has upon everybody. He is so courteous himself that it calls out the latent courtesy in all others."

Which Leg?

In a small town in the west of Scotland the town clerk, who was a bit of a "character," had the misfortune to lose his leg in a railway accident.

As a mark of appreciation and esteem for his long services the council unanimously agreed to replace his loss with an artificial limb, which they did as soon as he was sufficiently recovered.

A few months afterward the town clerk, who was generally known by his Christian name, Paul, was unfortunate enough to have his other leg fractured in an accident.

Naturally the mishap became food for town gossip, and one old wife in discussing the matter with a neighbor was overheard saying:

"It's a gey bad business for Paul's pair man, but it's his ain leg or the leg that belongs to the toon that's broken?"

Mid-Summer Clearing Sale

We're always ready to cut prices in two if conditions warrant it. That means we never allow goods to grow old—always rather sell for less than attempt to carry things over from one season to another. August used to be a busy month, but we maintain the stimulating busy days by crowding prices down and goods out all over the store. We can't afford to rest on our oars because it is mid-summer. It's a time for bargains, and you get the benefit of such reductions as these:

15c Fancy Lawn now	11c
30c Muslins for	22c
25c Muslins for	19c
25c Oxford Vellon and Fancy Swiss for	18c
12c Print for	8 and 10c
14c Fancy Dress Sateen now for	8c
15c Gingham while they last	10c
12c White Fancy Muslin for	8c
12c White Lawn for	8c
Men's Flannel Suits	away down in price
Men's 20c Wool Hose	2 pairs for 35c
Men's 25c Wool Hose	3 pairs for 50c
Ladies' Seamless Fast Black Cotton Hose, reg. 15c, now	10c

We will also clear many lines of Boots and Shoes, Men's Shirts, Hats, and both Ladies' and Men's Waterproof Coats.

Your Good-will.

We do something for the sake of your good-will. The whole conduct of our business here is based on enlarging your good opinion of the store, and bringing you twice as often. We sell cheapest just now in order to clear out balance of Summer goods, and we're not so anxious after profit, but we can afford to surprise you with better values than you expect.

H. H. MOCKLER.

Talk About Cottons.

Some of the cotton mills have had to close down for want of raw material. The manufacturers are worrying as to whether or not there's enough cotton to go around—at greatly increased prices. Our worry is that we bought so much at the old prices that we can't find room for it. We want you to help us put it away. Remember we have large quantities of all classes of cotton goods—at old prices.

Bleached and Factory Cottons, Gingham and Prints, Flannelettes and Wrapperettes, Sheetting and Pillow Cottons, Shirtings, Cottonades, Moleskins, Lawns and Muslins.

All at the old prices, and in many cases less than the old prices

New Fall Dress Goods.

Always interesting—this year more than ever. We have already received many pieces of our New Fall Goods, and we are highly delighted with the reception our customers have accorded

Friezes, Homespun, Fancy Tweeds, Heather Mixtures, Flecks, Hop Sacking, Libelines, Broadcloths, Venetians, Amazons, Marl Effects, Snow Flakes, Fancy Cream and Colored Waistings.

All our Fall goods were bought before the heavy advances and our prices today Challenge Competition.

JAS. IRELAND

REMEMBER THE PLACE LAIDLAW'S OLD STAND.