

Ontario's Greatest Sale

Allen Shoe Co. to Quit Business

Entire Stock Goes At Public Sale To Close Out

Look! Read and Wait!

The announcement that the Allen Shoe Company's entire stock of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes, Hosiery, etc., is to go on public sale and be closed out completely, means that one of the largest, highest grade, best-selected stock of Shoes in this vicinity is to be sacrificed at the most sensational prices ever known in the history of Ontario. Many people will be surprised at the startling announcement that Mr. Allen has decided to quit business for good, but other interests demand attention which compels the closing out of this entire stock at once. It means a smashing blow to Old High Cost of Living and an opportunity no person or family can afford to miss. STOP AND THINK WHAT THIS SALE MEANS TO YOU, coming as it does, right in the face of the news spread broadcast that shoes are going higher and higher in price every day, and it is common talk that shoes will be from \$2 to \$8 higher in the next few months, so you should appreciate the great importance of this sale and buy shoes for the whole family, not only for present use, but for months or even years to come. It will be the best investment you ever made. If ever in your life you were given an opportunity to economize and save on the very things you need every day in the year, THAT TIME IS NOW. When we tell you we will actually sell the kind of shoes superior in quality to anything on the market today at prices less than present wholesale cost, you should appreciate the marvelous savings and buy as you never did before. THINK IT OVER! Will you buy now while prices are comparatively low, or wait until you have to pay one hundred per cent more for shoes? OUR ADVICE IS TO BUY NOW, and buy all you can, not only for present but future use. REMEMBER! This sale continues daily until every article is sold, and no reasonable offer will be refused for any part or all of this stock or fixtures at any time.

CLOSING OUT

SALE

Store Closed

Arranging stock and marking down prices for Rapid Selling.

Extra

Sales people wanted. Apply at once to the Manager.

Opens Saturday, 9 a. m., August 30th

Never Before Such Bargains in Shoes.

<p>Womens \$7.50 Two-Tone Shoes, Black Vici Vamps and White Silk Cravenette tops, to go on sale at 4.69</p> <p>Womens \$9.50 Pat. Shoes, famous J. & K. make, with gray cloth tops, 6.95</p> <p>Mens \$9.00 Dress Shoes, worth today \$12.50, to go on sale at 6.45</p> <p>Boys \$3.75 Elkskin Shoes, sizes to 5½, to close out at 2.95</p> <p>One lot Childrens Shoes, lace and button, values to \$2.00, to go on sale at 1.19</p> <p>One lot Womens Dress Shoes, values up to \$7.50, to close out at 2.95</p> <p>Boys \$4.50 Heavy Shoes, to go on sale at 3.39</p>	<p>\$25.00 in Cash to be Given Away FREE:</p> <p>To the first 100 people (children under 14 not included) that enter our store Saturday morning, opening day of sale, we will give 100 envelopes and each one of these envelopes will contain silver or currency from 5c to \$5.00. NO BLANKS! Every envelope contains money to be given away absolutely free.</p> <p>Mens Oxfords, black and tan, lace and button, values to \$7.50, to close out at 3.69</p> <p>Boys \$5.00 heavy School Shoes, sizes up to 6, to close out at 3.95</p> <p>Womens \$9.00 White Nubuck Shoes, French Heels; to go at 5.95</p> <p>One lot Childrens Slippers, black and tan, values up to \$3.00, to go on sale at 98c</p> <p>Boys \$3.00 Tan ventilated Oxfords, to close out at 1.95</p> <p>Womens \$1.50 Blue Silk Hose to go on sale at 1.19</p>	<p>One lot Mens Dress Shoes, glazed Kangaroo and Russian Calf, values to \$12.50, at 7.95</p> <p>Womens \$11.00 White Kid Shoes, French Heels, to go on sale at 7.85</p> <p>Womens White Canvas Shoes Pumps, Oxfords; values to \$4.00, to go on sale at 1.98</p> <p>Mens \$12.50 Hitop Shoes, wing tips, to go on sale at 9.35</p> <p>One lot Womens Oxfords, Pumps and Slippers, values to \$4.00, to close out at 1.00</p> <p>Womens \$7.50 Dress Shoes, brown Vici, Cravenette tops, to go on sale at 4.45</p> <p>Womens \$1.50 Fancy Silk Hose, to go on sale at 98c</p>
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Shoes For Less Than Wholesale Cost Today---Come.

ALLEN SHOE CO. Ontario, Oregon.

A STRANGE STORY

By MADGE WEST.

Ruth, My Dear: I am going to spend this June afternoon in writing you of the strangest love story that I am sure you ever heard—and the love story is my own. Are you not very much surprised?

It is true that I answered recently your questioning as to any possible present love affair, assuring you that during my long time with Aunt Millicent in Cooperstown, no young, old or middle-aged man had paid me the slightest attention. And I believe I further went on to say that few men find their way to this quaint, isolated town. So, of course, you must have mentally resigned me to the fate of single blessedness, which I, myself, have long considered in a cheerful spirit.

But all this is past, and I am to be married tomorrow—a glorious tomorrow, Ruth, dear, with all the flowers of the garden sending forth perfume, like the emanating joy of my heart.

Coming to Cooperstown with a girl's yearning for a continuation of youthful pleasures, I looked about for young society. But from the first but one person claimed my interest. A man whose ability in his profession could not be hidden even here, and who remained in the old family home of the lonely town in order to care for a crippled elderly sister. This sister had sacrificed much for him, raising the orphaned brother from delicate childhood to educated manhood. Thus, he now repaid her sacrifices—and what it had cost him to renounce the wider field of opportunity in his chosen profession none knew, save I, as I first saw him.

"Who is that man?" I asked Aunt Millicent, after his bow to her and his flashing glance in my direction. Aunt Millicent closed her lips in a firm way that I later learned to dread.

"His name," she responded, "is Philip Dare, and the less you know of him the better."

"He looks," I defended, "like a man to be admired—respected."

"He is," Aunt Millicent answered dryly, "especially the former. And many an admiring heart has he broken. 'I shall never marry,' Philip tells the foolish girls, 'my life must be devoted to my sister.'"

Aunt Millicent turned upon me sharply: "I saw the way he looked at you just now, Nan," she said, "remember, he is not to come near our house while you live with me."

But aunt's admonition was unnecessary; Philip Dare came not to her house. His greeting was always pleasant as we met at some village gathering, or I would exchange a smile with him in passing as he wheeled his crippled sister about the quiet grounds of their old, stately home, and always Ruth, you may laugh if you will—recollecting my many girlish conquests—always, I would return to Aunt Millicent's content with my glimpse of the man who had never from that first meeting, been absent from my thought.

When they spoke of pretty, merry girls, who daintily spent their evenings upon the wide verandas of Philip Dare's home, or picked him up upon some errand to carry him home in their cars—I still smiled in confident satisfaction as I bent over my sewing. Philip, I knew, cared for not one of them.

So perhaps a year passed, learning nothing of his companionship, knowing him, it would seem, but in fancy. Then one evening he came abruptly to stand before me where I sat beneath a tree in the garden.

"I have to go out of town for a few days," he said gently, "to be in consultation with other lawyers."

Aunt came frowning toward us. I could not even offer a friendly hand.

"Good-by," I said. For a moment our eyes met, then he was gone. But it was as though we had talked, he and I, of the past that was gone, and had made promises to each other for the future to come.

In his continued aloofness and apparent indifference to myself aunt lost her forebodings.

"Now what," she mused, "do you suppose brought Philip Dare in here? A passing notion, likely," she immediately answered herself. "He was always that way."

When Philip returned from his trip he bowed, passing the house, and I waved my hand in response. My heart had been with him throughout his journey, and I strangely felt that he knew.

You remember, Ruth, dear, when I visited you how disappointed you were in my lack of interest for those things I used to enjoy—my thoughts were with Philip Dare; I was wondering anxiously all the time if the sick sister grew more exacting; if that new weariness still shadowed his dear patient eyes.

The sister died one month ago. Last night as I sat in the garden alone, Philip Dare came to me. As he sank down on the seat at my side, he clasped my hand.

"Nan," he asked quietly, "how soon will you marry me, dear?" So that is the end of my strange story, Ruth. Three sentences, perhaps, in as many years between my true love and me. Not one eventful episode to mark those days of perfect trust and silent understanding, and tomorrow our wedding day.

Your best wishes come to me, I know, my dear, but not all the good wishes in the world can add to the full happiness of your friend. NAN.

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HAPPY SOLUTION

By FREDERICK CLARK.

Ellen Martin trudged along the unfamiliar village street, her rusty leather bag in her hand, and her dim eyes peering anxiously beneath her bands of smooth white hair.

The conductor, as she left the train, had directed her up this same street. "The Old Folks' Home, at the top of the hill," he said, "maybe some one will give you a lift."

But Ellen did not care for the "lift"; she was glad to be able to see the place, walking slowly along, which was to be her home.

Her wrinkled cheeks grew softly pink with excitement; the trip and its outcome had been a plan of sacrificing years. In her loneliness and continual homelessness, she had saved resolutely, putting aside every penny that could be spared for the assurance of this haven at the last. One thousand dollars was the price exacted for residence in the Culpers' Old Folks' Home; and Ellen had, carefully folded in a tin box in her leather bag, the thousand dollars.

Culper's Home was a fine one, she thought gratefully of the pleasant room that would be hers, and the freedom forever from tomorrow's care. Yet her lip trembled in an old, wistful longing. Always, had she dreamed above all things, a home of her very own. Ellen from her youngest days, had never known a real home. There had been the orphanage at first, and then through the kindness of interested ones, a course of boarding school and college. Later, Ellen had taught in the schools until her health failed, and old age found her making herself useful as she could, from home to home. But through it all, the \$1,000 had been persistently hoarded.

This great "Home," would be a comfort, of course, she could see now its pillars gleaming afar, but—yearningly, the little old woman halted before a neat cottage door. It was the rose vine about the white porch which first attracted her admiration, then, the well-kept garden stretching back past the side of the cottage. Ellen's heart fluttered like the white muslin curtain in the window; such had been her own vision of home. And as she lingered, a second little old lady came through the open door and seated herself in a wide-armed chair on the porch.

"Were you looking for some one?" she asked of Ellen, and smiled.

Ellen shook her head.

"It was your roses that attracted me," she answered. Her tone was plaintive—"I was on my way to the Old Folks' Home."

"To live?" questioned the second old lady compassionately. "Better set down an' rest a bit," she advised. Gladly Ellen accepted a chair on the porch.

"Yes, to live," she replied, "though I haven't put in an application or anything like that. Thought I'd just come right along. The last place where I've been stopping wasn't very pleasant. Nothing like your own home, is there? You must be very comfortable here."

Sudden tears rolled down the other woman's face.

"We all have our troubles," she said gently, "an' mine is, that after all these years I've got to leave my home. I've done the best I could since my husband died, but I can't carry it on no longer. There's a mortgage, you see; we took it on when he was sick, an'—I can't make the payments—so the man who has it is goin' to foreclose. If 'twan't fer the payments I could get along real well. My garden a'most keeps me, an' now an' then there's people who comes through town an' who'd rather sleep in my chintz room than in the poor hotel. They pay me well, too, just for the privilege. Maybe," she suggested, "you'd like to see my chintz room. I fixed it up real tasty after Abner died."

"I would like to see it," Ellen answered eagerly.

"I should think they would like to stop here," she said. "Why—this room is just like what I dreamed a home room should be, the restfulness—even that rose peeping in through the window—"

"Take off your bonnet," the other woman impulsively invited; "I'm goin' to get you some tea."

When Ellen was alone she touched with caressing fingers the pink draperies, the sun shining down behind the hills flooded the room with golden light.

"If I could only stay here always with her," murmured Ellen.

And when she faced her hostess across a white spread table, the light of purpose shone in her faded eyes.

"I've been thinking—hard," she said, "and I've a proposition to make to you, Mrs.—why I don't even know your name. Mine is Ellen Martin."

"Mine is Sarah Holden," the other answered.

"Well, Sarah," Ellen went on calmly, "there's no reason why you and I can't both have the home we want, if you are agreeable. My thousand dollars would pay the interest on your place, an' the taxes, too, probably, as long as we both shall live; and there's lots of little extra things we could do to get along. Being about so much with folks, I've learned to keep agreeable, an' so—"

With tears streaming down her happy face, Sarah Holden clasped the other's hand.

"Oh, Ellen, dear!" she said, "you go right up to the chintz room now, an' make yourself to home."

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