

# GREAT CLEAN UP SHOE SALE

BEGINNING SATURDAY, JULY 20th

In order to make room for our new fall stock we are offering what we have on hand at cost. This is a genuine bargain sale. Shoes of good standard make.

Men's High Grade \$4.50 and \$5.00 Shoes for \$3.10

Men's High Grade 3.50 and 4.00 Shoes for 2.60

Broken lots and odd sizes, all good, reliable stock,

3.50 to 5.00 grade at 2.50

Women's 3.50 to 5.00 grades at greatly reduced prices

Sporting Shoes and Men's and Women's Oxfords at prices you can't afford to miss. Come early while you can get a fit.

## CLOVERDALE MERCANTILE CO.

### The Temper of a Thunderstorm.

A tall, well-gowned young woman entered one of the department stores, accompanied by an angelic appearing little girl of three years. "What a beautiful child!" the shoppers murmured as she passed. From one counter to another the two went, purchasing gloves, a white lace veil, some rose pink ribbon, that the mother held under her daughter's chin and then at her child to see the effect, which the saleswoman declared perfect. All the time the child was sweetly acquiescent in all her mother's plans. Once or twice she spoke quietly to her mother, who answered her by saying, "Perhaps, later," and smiled. Suddenly a change came over the angelic face. It was like a great black thundercloud passing over the face of the sick.

"I won't stop teasing," shrieked the angelic one; "I won't! I want chocolate ice cream! I will have it! I will! I will!" The voice rose in a shriek of rage and determination. Then she threw her dainty self to the floor and rolled over and over.—New York Mail.

### Napoleon's Last Doctor.

M. Frederic Masson has traced the remarkable career of Signor Antomarchi, whom Cardinal Fesch sent to St. Helena to act as Napoleon's medical adviser. He was not even qualified, but was only a student holding an appointment in the dissecting room of the Florence hospital, and he diagnosed cancer of the stomach as a simple indigestion and counseled the emperor to cure it by digging in the garden. After Napoleon's death he tried to obtain a pension from his heirs on the strength of an unsupported statement that there was a codicil in the will bequeathing one to him. Marie Louise and Neipperg refused to do anything for him, but the matter ultimately went to arbitration, and he was awarded an annuity of 3,000 francs.

He raised a little ready money by selling Napoleon's death mask, and then, after setting up in medical practice in Paris and failing to obtain patients, he crossed the ocean to New Orleans. He died in Santiago in 1838.—Westminster Gazette.

### A Punning Match.

Father ruefully gazed on his last shilling.

"Money has wings, and house rents make it fly," he said.

"Yes," said his fifteen-year-old son, "and some houses have wings, for I've seen many a house fly."

"You're smarter than your old dad, maybe, my son, but I always thought that no part of a house except the chimney flue!"—London Tit-Bits.

### Curious Beehives.

In the village of Hoefel, Silesia, there are a number of beehives in the shape of life size figures cleverly carved in wood and painted in colors. The figures were carved more than a century ago by monks of the Naumburg monastery, who were at that time in possession of a large farm in the district. The beehives represent different characters, ranging from Moses to a military officer, a country girl and a night watchman with a spear.

### The Fastidious.

"Catch any fish on your trip?"  
"No, and I can't understand why. Had a \$200 outfit. Had the right kind of hooks and the latest thing in flies."  
"Maybe you weren't wearing the right kind of hat."—Washington Herald.

### She Did.

"Jack proposed to me while turning the music for me at the piano."  
"Ah, I see! You played right into his hands."—London Answers.

### The Magic Glasses.

The first fieldglass brought to the New Hebrides sorely puzzled the simple minded natives, who, of course, thought them the product of wizardry. In "Islands of Enchantment" Florence Coombs tells how one of the mission clergy was walking along the shore, when a native at his side pointed out a tiny figure in the distance.

"There goes one of my enemies," said he.

The white man, drawing out his field-glasses and adjusting the focus, handed them to his companion, who, gazing through them in excited amazement, beheld his foe apparently close at hand. Dropping the glasses, he seized his arrows and looked again. The enemy was as far away as at first. Once more he snatched the magic glasses, once more exchanged them for his arrows and once more was baffled. To lose such an opportunity was hard indeed. A bright thought suddenly occurred to him.

"You hold the glasses to my eyes," said he to the missionary, "and I can shoot him."

### Not Pure Parisian.

The landlord of the best hotel in the small western town was solicitous about the impression that his accommodations had made upon the distinguished visitor.

"I think we set a good table," he confided to the departing guest. "You easterners are awful finicky about your meals, and for a long time we had difficulty in getting a cook who could do anything more than slam ham and eggs and fried potatoes together. We have one of the best cooks in the country now—yes, sir, a regular Parisian chef. He worked in a lot of the best restaurants in Paris—told me so himself."

"Do you know this chef?" inquired the visitor.

"Certainly!"

"Have you any influence with him?"

"Naturally."

"Do you talk to him often?"

"Of course."

"Then tell him for me that he cooks with a Canadian accent."—Chicago Post.

### He Guessed Right.

This story was told at a prominent club the other day by a man who had met Lord Decies in one of his visits to London. Although Lord Decies is an experienced and traveled man of the world, he does not believe in throwing away money in those extravagant tips that characterize Americans and that are very often mistaken generosity. The Englishman also is quite able to take his own part if his reasonable tips are taken unreasonably, as was evidenced one day when he had taken a cab to the club.

When he alighted and paid the driver the cabby seemed to think his tip was too small.

"Wot's this 'ere for, my lord?" said the cabby, regarding with some contempt the coin he held in his hand.

"Drink, I should be inclined to think, judging by your nose," was the polite and effective reply of Lord Decies as he vanished into the club.—New York Herald.

### The Test of Society.

"Pa, how can you tell whether a man is in society or not?"

"The man who is not in society, my son, is trying to get known, and the man who is in is trying not to."—Satire.

### Politeness With a Purpose.

"The doctor is such a polite man. He always sees his patients out right to the door." "Yes; he once had a magnificent fur coat stolen!"—London Opinion.