



## What This Star On The Heel Stands For

The well-known "Star" on the heel means that it is a pure shoe—a better shoe for the price you pay. It means just as much as does the word "Sterling" on silverware.

You have probably bought shoes that looked good, but found that they had "paper" insoles, heels and counters. These adulterations are cleverly hidden by the outer finish.

But the makers of "Star Brand" shoes have made a consistent fight against adulterated shoes. They are fighting for state and national laws compelling makers of adulterated shoes to stamp them as containing substitutes for leather.

Nothing yet known can take the place of leather for making shoes that wear long and protect the feet. "Star Brand" shoes are made of good, honest leather. No substitutes for leather are ever used.

This policy of producing only "pure shoes" has made "Star Brand" the largest selling shoes in existence. The sales of "Star Brand" shoes last year amounted to

**\$13,671,186.19**

No other concern ever made or shipped as many shoes in one year.

You should be just as careful to buy pure shoes as you are to buy pure foods. Ask for shoes with the "Star" on the heel. You can get them for every age, station and occasion of life.

**"Star Brand Shoes Are Better"**

For Sale by

**CLOVERDALE MERCANTILE CO.**

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THE STORE OF QUALITY

## A Mistaken Identity

By F. A. MITCHEL

Arnold Tucker, aged nineteen, met and wooed Alice Brainard, aged sixteen. Both being too young to marry—so their parents thought—consent was given to the match only on condition that they part, not to see each other for two years. If they were then of the same mind no objection would be raised to their union. They were not to correspond, except during the last week of the two years' separation, at which time they would need to make arrangements for their meeting.

One morning Albert Tucker (not a relative nor even an acquaintance of the said Arnold Tucker) was handed a letter by a postman addressed in a feminine hand and asked if it belonged to him. The writing was so indistinct that Tucker could not be sure, but replied by taking it in with other letters handed him at the same time. On opening it he read the simple announcement:

I will be at the Grand hotel on Tuesday and shall be pleased to see you that evening. You will find me in Parlor B, second floor, at 8 o'clock.  
ALICE

Albert Tucker knew a great many girls, a number of whom he had made love to for the purpose, as he expressed it, of passing the time, and was not conscious of any of them accepting his attentions through any more serious

motive. He did not remember any particular Alice, nor did he recognize the cigraphy. He simply made a mental note of the appointment and when the evening came around reached the Grand hotel at 8 o'clock and went to Parlor B.

A young lady whom he had never seen before rose from her seat with a happy smile to meet him, but the smile faded into a look of perplexity.

"I never believed," she said, "that two short years could have so changed you."

If Albert Tucker was anything he was gallant.

"Two long years, you mean."

"Have they been long to you?" something of the smile returning with a faint blush.

"Each has been an eternity."

The lady looked up tenderly out of a pair of heaven's blue eyes. Bert did not mistake; it would have been brutal for him to mistake—at least so he considered it. He bent forward and kissed her lips.

Meanwhile he was racking his brain to place the girl among those to whom he had on some previously forgotten occasion made love. He could remember a Betty, a Louise, an Ethel, but no Alice. As for the last patronymic he could remember only two of them. Miss Brainard resembled a girl he had met at a house party at the home of his friend Charles Beale a couple of years before and had become "spoons" with. He suspected that she was this girl, but was not sure. He determined to take some risk to find out.

"I would not suppose," he said, "that so much would happen since that delightful period we spent at Charlie's."

"Charlie! What Charlie?"

It pays to advertise in the Cloverdale Courier

"True, you were not with us at Charlie Beale's. Two years is a long while, especially when parted from one we love. Events become confused."

"I hope persons have not become confused in your case. Was there some girl with whom you remember to have had a 'delightful period'?"

"Not at all. Now I remember; it was a stag party."

"A stag party! Do men have delightful remembrances of stag parties? But this is not pertinent to our meeting. The question with us is, Having been parted for two years, having grown older, do we wish to accept the promise made us when we separated?"

Bert would have given worlds to know what that promise was; indeed, he must know what it was or give up this struggle at pretense.

"I have forgotten," he stammered, "just what that promise was."

Had an ice bolt been shot between the two it could not have effected a greater change. The girl started, then recoiled from him.

"What have I done?" he gasped.

"What have you done? You have stabbed me to the heart. While I have counted the months, the weeks, the days till we might take advantage of that promise, you have forgotten what

it was. Oh, heavens! What shall I do?"

She threw herself on a sofa and buried her face in the cushions.

"There is something wrong here," said Bert in desperation. "Are you sure I am?"

She started up. "You are Arnold?"

"I am not. I am Tucker."

"Arnold Tucker, and you have forgotten?"

"I'm Albert Tucker."

"Albert?"

"Commonly called Bert. And now, for heaven's sake, do tell me who you are! I must admit I can't place you."

Tucker never forgot that withering look.

It was some time before Miss Brainard deigned to inform him who she was, and there was an explanation. Tucker was a cool chap. He apologized for his share of the mistake, adding:

"I can only offer to return the one thing you have given me."

"What is that?" asked Miss Brainard.

"The kiss."

A smile broke into a laugh. The real Tucker never appeared, and the spurious Tucker eventually married the girl.