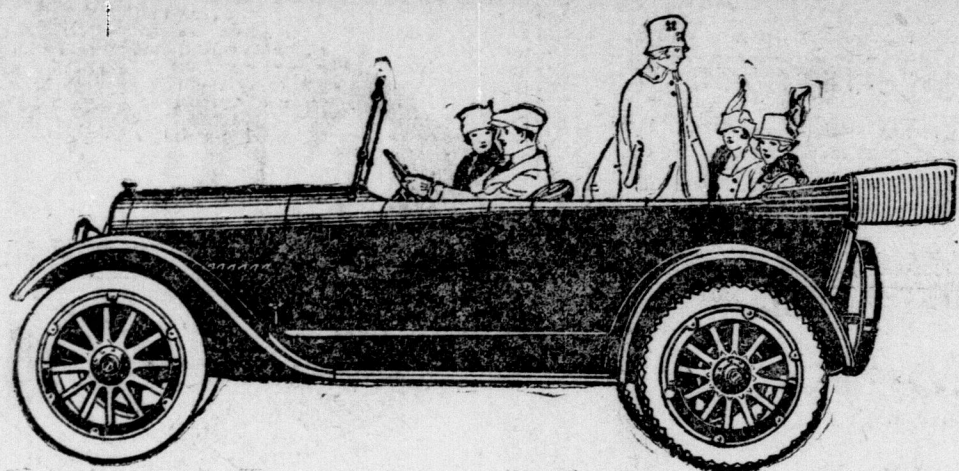


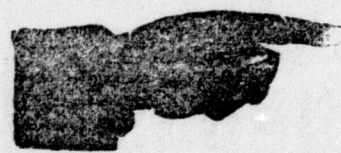


Chevrolet

"THE CHOICE OF THE MAN WHO KNOWS."



The Cleveland Tractor



ANNOUNCEMENT



OUR EXHIBIT this year will not be at the Western Fair, owing to our not being able to secure a large enough space, but there will be a larger and better showing of all models at our new and enlarged showrooms. Here we will have a better opportunity of explaining more fully the fine points of the finest car. It will be a pleasure for us to make a demonstration at any hour through the day or in the evening by appointment.

We Will Also Have On Exhibit

Cletrac (Cleveland) Tractor

The Famous Tank Type Tractor from which there is never a "plow pan" in your field, and we might also state that plowing is only one of the many duties which it performs. One of these sturdy little fellows will be in operation just in front of our showroom, and arrangements for further demonstrations will be made on application.

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SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

ROBIN'S LANE

BY IZOLA FORRESTER.
(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

Hardy had been home a week and still he felt like a stranger in Taftville. Not but what everybody welcomed him, but they did it in an easy-going sort of way that left his own enthusiasm cold after ten years of anticipation. He had been twenty-four when he had started west. There had been two incentives, his father's demand that he throw up engineering and go into the store, and Winifred's refusal to marry him. His yearning to make good and show them the sort of man he really was had

been the spur all the years he had worked and climbed. Winifred had told him she liked the boys who were "steady." That meant the hardware store, and "Irving & Son" on the long black and gold sign over the door. He had laughed bitterly, out in the lonely Arizona nights, before he had struck his right pace, and yet there had been the sting of homesickness in it too. With all the joy of adventure and experience the little mill town on the Yantic river back in Connecticut was home to him, and Winifred was the only girl who could bring a thrill to his heart, just little Winifred Blake with her big blue eyes that seemed to challenge a fellow to do the very best that was in him. He had seen her only at a distance since his return—once in church, twice down along Main street when she was waiting for the car. Then he met her on the old hill road coming from the reservoir Saturday afternoon, her hands filled with violets. "You know they always did grow longer and larger up there, it seemed," she said as he waited beside her in the road. "I was going up after some." Hardy told her awkwardly. "Take the short cut through Robin's lane, why don't you? Do you remember the way?" And Hardy deliberately prevaricated. No, he was sorry. He had absolutely forgotten the short cut. Wouldn't she just turn back and show it to him? Winifred hesitated, laughed a little and looked as if she didn't believe him. "We always went that way after violets," Hardy reminded him. "It's just the little lane below the big woodlot. You know it so well." But Hardy shook his head, looking down into her eyes until she ignored him, and watched the fringe of pines and red oaks ahead of them, with splendid white birches lifting tremulous new leaves in the sunlight. He had made up his mind all the way home that he would ask her again. Now she was 27 and it seemed as if the years had only made her sweeter and more desirable. There was something indefinable about her now, something that evaded him. She seemed sure of herself, poised and tranquil eyed, more tender, too, in her way. It must have been lonely for her there in the little mill town with no glimpse of the outside world of endeavor; none of the excitement that had made his own life colorful. He wondered whether she had ever hoped he might come back.

"See the island over yonder," Winifred said suddenly. They had come to the crest of the hill overlooking the reservoir. It had always looked like a miniature western mountain scene, the broad lake with its rocky pine-edged shores and rocky islands here and there. "What splendid times we used to have up here, Hardy." "I've never forgotten one of them," he said slowly. "When you're a thousand miles and more away from home only memories seem real." "I know," she rejoined quickly. "All the time I was in Japan I felt that way, and when we were sent down to the Philippines it was even worse, for here I would meet somebody from home once in awhile and everything they said made me want to take the next boat back." "You've been away?" he exclaimed. "With Aunt Dora and Uncle Phil," she nodded her head. "There were so many of us at home, and when he was sent to the east by his company, he wanted a secretary, so I coaxed him to take me. Then he died in Tokio, and because I understood the trade situation pretty well, they made me sales manager instead of trying to break in a new man. I've only been home about two months. They want me to try South America this time, but I'm tired of it. I suppose women are just tabby cats after all. You work and make believe you like it, and all the time you're thinking of some cozy corner to curl up in and rest. I'm going to buy the Prendergast place and fix up the garden beautifully, and have five cats." Hardy laughed, laughed until she turned to look at him almost resentfully. He was so tall and broad shouldered, so resolute and sure of himself, just as she remembered him. One reason why she had gone away was to show him that girls didn't have to stay at home. "You can't buy it," he told her teasingly, "because I knew you loved it, and the deed is waiting for me now. We could make it the homestead, Winifred. I'll have to go West now and then, and I want you to come along. I want to show you all the places where I've thought of you and told myself I've kept up my nerve and go back after you and make you say yes."

Winifred looked up at him over the violets held to her lips. "I always wondered why you stayed so long," she said. "I thought you were just a quitter, Hardy, when you didn't take me with you before."

Chicago, Sept. 5.—Butter—Steady, creamery, 49¢ 55c. Eggs—Steady; receipts, 8,150 cases; firsts, 42¢ 44c; ordinary firsts, 38¢ 39¢; at mark cases included, 38¢ 43c; storage packed, firsts, 45c.

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NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL



HON. L. A. TASCHEREAU, who has abandoned the portfolio of minister of public works and labor in the Quebec ministry, to become attorney-general, and who will succeed Sir Lomer Gouin in the responsible position of attorney-general.

Chew King George's Navy

And enjoy its lingering flavor



Sir Montague Browning, Admiral, Head of the Allied Commission, who inspected German naval bases, under the terms of the armistice.

Western Fair Visitors

Standard Drug Stores Bid You Welcome

We trust your visit will be both beneficial and profitable to yourselves. That we will do our part to make it profitable to you will be fully evidenced by the many attractive values we will have to offer. Make Standard Drug Stores your meeting place. Save up your wants in Drugs and Drug Sundries, and let us prove to you this very pronounced fact that we always

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