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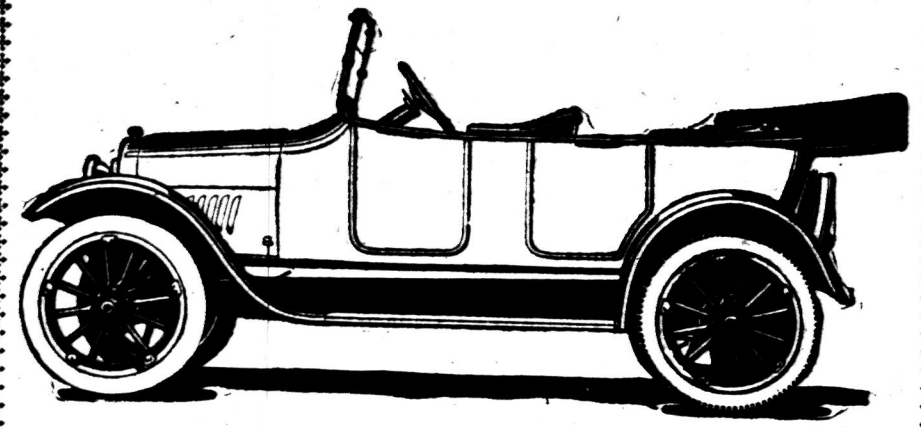


THE sensible size of the Chevrolet "Four-Ninety" Touring Car assures both riding comfort and low operating cost. It is a roomy car—three passengers being comfortably accommodated in the back seat.

It is heavy enough to hold to the road at all times—light enough to be easy to handle and economical of gasoline and tires.

Chevrolet dependability is so well established that you can buy this handsome touring car with entire confidence.

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JARVIS, ONTARIO.



ESTABLISHED 1872



THE great success of the Bank of Hamilton is largely owing to its courtesy and careful service extended continuously over a period of forty-six years. The same service which has made friends of many hundreds of our customers in the past is at your full disposal to-day.

BANK OF HAMILTON
JARVIS BRANCH—J. M. Brown, Manager
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Shop in Simcoe
At OUR Expense

We Refund Car Fare from Jarvis on a purchase of \$6.00 and over, Hagersville \$9.00 and over, and from Nelles Corners on \$10.00 and over.

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Simcoe's Favorite Shopping Place

For Sale—Alsike Seed and Lucerne Seed, home grown; also a three-year old heavy colt. Apply to John Walker, Nanticoke P.O.

Choice Line of
Fresh and Cured Meats
on hand at all times.

We also carry Fresh Sausage, Cooked Ham, Bologna and Weiners, Lard, Margarine and Mince Meat.

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Ice Cream Specials

Banana Split	Jarvis Special
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All lines of Fresh Groceries.

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Grocer and Butcher
JARVIS — — — ONTARIO

HIS DARK PAST

By MARY MORISON

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"And so," said Mrs. Trent, "we want your advice."

"Yes, Cousin Anne, we were sure you would know just how to handle it," chimed in Daisy.

Cousin Anne looked at them with a rather humorous expression in her beautiful gray eyes. "Let me see if I have it straight," she said, showing her concentration on the subject in hand by a most alluring frown. "There are two men—one named Tommy and one named James—both standing on their toes to marry Daisy here."

"Well, really, Cousin Anne," interrupted Daisy conscientiously, "James has never said anything as definite as that. It is just that he keeps coming here day after day and sends me all sorts of lovely things—"

Mrs. Trent broke in rather breathlessly: "Among them some French poems, which, of course, I wouldn't let her read!"

"Dear, dear, how dreadful of him!" asserted Anne Dunsany, a sternly repressed twinkle showing in her eyes. "What else does he do, Daisy?"

"It's more the way he looks at me than anything else," said Daisy. "His eyes are so, well, intent—they make me fairly squirm. And then the next minute I think he's laughing at me. Tommy says he knows there's something very queer about James, dropping down there in Glenbrook from nowhere that we know anything about and keeping a dead silence about his life before he came. It does look queer, doesn't it?"

"I can see how it would look queer to Glenbrook," replied Anne equivocally. "These silent, mysterious, fascinating men with intent looks in their eyes generally bear investigation."

"That's what Tommy says," smiled Daisy.

Anne looked at her young cousin in silence for a moment. Then she rose, picked up her very chic hat and placed it on her golden head with a most becoming tilt all her own.

"I'll be back before long," she said. "I'm going to have a look at the mysterious James house. An observant woman can learn almost anything about a man from his front door mat"—and waving her hand in farewell she disappeared down the garden path and out the big gates onto the road.

In spite of the difference of ten years in their ages and the difference of a world in their experiences of life, Anne Dunsany was very fond of her little cousin. By some freak of cousinship they looked almost enough alike to be sisters and Anne took a very deep and personal interest in everything that touched her.

"I could easily murder that James man in cold blood if he is playing with her," she mused as she approached a comfortable house set back from the street. She was just in time to see a motorcar dash through the gates and disappear in a cloud of dust up the road.

"That's James," mused Anne. "Now for his house!"

It was a nice house from the outside, Anne had to admit. The white pillars of its broad veranda gleamed in stately purity at all suspicious passersby as if denying their owner's possible blackness of reputation. The wicker chairs and tables, the magazines and books strewn around in pleasant disarray looked attractive.

"I wish I could see the inside," suddenly thought Anne. "He's out and I don't see any servants around—I'm going to explore!" and before she had time to reconsider she had hurried up the front walk, mounted the steps and entered the house.

She walked into a long, low room. The late afternoon sun came through the open windows and touched the rows of old books that reached up to the ceiling with a golden light. It was a most satisfactory room, and Anne sank down on a deep sofa to take it in. She picked up a little red bound volume from beside her—open, where its late reader had thrown it only a short while ago—and caught her breath. "Monsieur Beaucaire!" she murmured.

What memories the title brought back to her! It reminded her of a wonderful summer years ago, of long days spent in a small white sailboat on a bright, blue ocean and of evenings when a man with quizzical gray eyes had recited bits of "Monsieur Beaucaire" in the moonlight.

"It was one thousand years ago," said Anne Dunsany.

So absorbed was she in the sudden rush of memories that surged over her that she did not hear a motor drive up or a heavy footstep enter the room.

A man stood in the doorway, quite still as he caught sight of Anne. His face whitened a little and his mouth twisted into a quizzical little half smile, but his voice was quite steady as he said:

"Hello, Anne."

"Monsieur Beaucaire" dropped from Anne's grasp and lay unnoticed on the floor as she sprang from her seat. "Jimmy!" she exclaimed, "how on earth did you get here? Am I dreaming?" and then in a sudden realization: "Oh, you are James!"

"James to Daisy," answered the man, still looking at her from his place in the doorway, "but Jimmy to

passed that girl just a li... on a corner a few blocks from here." He went away, muttering.

"The real funny part of it is, though, that she struck my eye and I nearly ran over an ice wagon, because I was looking back at her."

Fred was unable to find Hilda among the guests assembled at the church. He asked the church ushers and they stated positively that Miss Caruthers had not arrived. So he got her address and went to her home.

Hilda had entered her room and was on the point of taking off the mud-ridden dress when her aunt called her. Hilda's parents had died within a year of each other shortly after Anne moved from the city, and she was living with her uncle and aunt.

"There's a young man here to see you on important business," said the aunt. "He wants you for bridesmaid at the wedding. He's the brother of the groom."

Hilda began to unfasten her dress. "I won't change," she decided suddenly. "I'll just show them that I did have a good dress, even if it is ruined now."

When she saw Fred her feeling of anger returned, but the smile with which he greeted her made it impossible for her to harbor her wrath. So she smiled in return and said:

"You're to blame for this mud. Your old car did it, and that's the reason I'm not at the church now."

"Never mind," he returned. "Come along in the car, and I'll apologize on the way. They'll fix you up at the hotel."

But Fred did not take the shortest way. Instead he drove several blocks in the wrong direction. The truth is he was captivated by Hilda—well, you can't get around it. There is such a thing as love at first sight, and mud can't alter it.

At the hotel the bridal party waited in vain for the bridesmaid and best man.

Mrs. Moorehouse was all aflutter and was for telephoning the police and the hospitals to ascertain whether there had been an accident. The mother of the prospective groom was little more composed, while the two fathers held an excited conference and the young man who was to become a husband smoked black cigars and dug his finger nails into the palms of his hands.

For half an hour the bridal party waited, and the assemblage at the church grew restless, and some of it left. The tension at the hotel ended when Anne was called to the phone.

"This is Fred," said the voice on the wire. "Say, I forgot all about your wedding. I was so interested in your friend Hilda. You'll pardon me, but I couldn't help taking her for a ride, and we had a mishap. Oh, we didn't get hurt, but we got pretty well acquainted. We'll be right up to the hotel. Better get those clothes ready for Hilda, because she's going to be your attendant, all right; but what's more interesting to me—there's going to be a double wedding."

HISTORIC RELICS IN BOSTON

Painters' Arms and the Boston Stone Have Been Preserved in Building Erected in 1652.

Two mementoes of the colonial period, the Painters' arms and the Boston stone, are set in the wall of an old building in the north end of Boston, a historic quarter which has changed little with passing time. This building, erected in 1652 by Thomas Marshall, became, in 1692, the property of Thomas Child, the painter, who erected his arms over the doorway nine years later, testifying to a partnership in business between the painter and his wife, for the initials which embellish the carved board, "C. T. K., are interpreted as standing for "Child, Thomas and Katherine." The date, 1701, appears finely graven in wood, and showing the striking design which was conceived to advertise the talents of the "painter stainer," as Child was referred to. The Painters' arms has an artistic as well as a historic value. Thomas Child and his wife were also responsible for the Boston stone. The round grinding stone was found in 1737 by Joseph Howe, who bought the site of the colonial paint shop, while he was cleaning up the yard. The stone was covered with paint, and a little inquiry proved conclusively that it was the means Thomas Child has used to grind his colors.

James Davis, who bought the property in 1855, set both the Boston stone and the Painters' arms into the wall of his new building. His heirs have the same regard for these relics that he had, and have seen to it that both stone and sign are protected as symbols of the industry which flourished on the site 200 years ago.

Considerable Peiting.

While motoring with a party of friends in the far West our car crashed through a wooden railing on a high embankment along a drive near the Oregon river.

The car ran 50 feet down the bank and landed in the midst of a picnic party which was just beginning to have a feast. The big car dashed among the picnickers, made them scatter, and demolished the spread.

We congratulated ourselves that the car had not turned over and tried to explain matters, offering to pay for all damages, but the picnickers, none of whom understood English, assailed us with the mangled remains of their banquet.

We hurried away and found ourselves considerably disfigured by the pies, cakes, pickles, jelly, chicken and broken dishes with which we were

There are People From Far and Near Come to Falls' for Furniture

Because in doing so They Save Money

Having sold furniture to residents of the following places outside of Norfolk, it will give you some idea of the backing we get. Wherever there is a piece of Falls' furniture there you will find a friend of Falls' store.

Charlyle (Sask.)	London	Coppercliffe
Leamington	Gore Bay	Woodstock
Winnipeg	Chatham	Welland
Longwood	St. Catharines	Cedar Hurst
Hamilton	Brantford	Toronto
Port Arthur	Ottawa	Sarnia
North Bay	Hagersville	Strathroy
Caledonia	Kitchener	Ingersoll
Galt	Nanticoke	Guelph
Fort William	St. Thomas	La Salette
Otterville	Norwich	Paris
Erie, Pa.	Wallacburg	Nelles Corners
Owen Sound	Selkirk	Currie
Cayuga	Fisherville	Port Robinson
Port Royal	Dundas	Rainham Centre
Strathmore, Alta.	Merlin	Corunna
Erie View	St. Joseph de Beauce, Quebec.	

Final Closing Out of all Fine Voile and other Summer Dresses. Selling begins Saturday morning.

At \$5.00—Your choice of a rack of dresses that are worth up to \$10.00.

At \$10.00—Your choice of a rack of dresses that are worth up to \$20.00.

At \$15.00—Your choice of a rack of dresses that are worth up to \$30.00.

A Sale of Women's Hose that will Crowd the Hosiery Counter

At 57c Pr.—25 doz. pair of Women's black, spliced Lisle hose in all sizes, that are worth 75c pair.

At \$1.27 Pair—20 doz. Women's heavy Silk and Lisle top hose, in sizes 8 1-2, 9, 9 1-2 and 10, that are worth \$2.00 pair.


Linen Kit Bags Made into Towels

Our foreign buyer sent out to us a lot of heavy, natural pure linen pieces 25 x 36 in., used during the war as kit bags, now made into dish towels. They are wonderful value.

It is No Task to Shop in Falls' Down Stairs Store—Even in warm weather it is cool and pleasant always.

Here you will find dinner sets \$25.00 to \$140.00.
Tea Sets from \$17.50 to \$50.00.
A splendid showing of Cut Glass and Coalport China.

These Household Supplies Cost Less at Falls'



Sunlight, Surprise, Comfort, Gold and Falls-Naptha Soap 3 cakes for 32c.

Large packages of Ammonia 2 for 27c.

Bon Ami, 2 for 24c.

Sani Flush, 32c tin.

Life Buoy Soap, 3 for 29c.

Old Dutch, 2 for 23c.

Palm Olive Soap, 3 for 29c.

Large bars Castile Soap, 25c.

Useful size cakes of Castile Soap, 5 for 25c.

Large rolls Toilet Paper, 3 for 25c.

Clothes Pins, 5 doz. for 25c.

One of the Best Stores in Ontario.

Falls' Down Stairs Store is a most interesting place.

The Falls' Store