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### The Product of Experience



**CHEVROLET**

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.

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

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All lines of Fresh Groceries.

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Grocer and Butcher

JARVIS — — — ONTARIO

### SUPPER FOR TWO

By WALTER BREWSTER  
(© 1926, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I tell you, Cecile," declared her husband, "by going down to that place you are taking chances—running risks which I don't care to have my wife incur, and which you yourself, if they materialized, would find mighty unpleasant."

"Nevertheless, Ned, my dearest, you are not going to forbid your usually obedient little wife her bit of excitement. By-by, I promised to meet Dot after the matinee."

She stepped down from her perch, kissed Ned swiftly on the tip of his nose, and before he could summon further argument, had slipped like a will-o'-the-wisp out of the office door.

Ned remained as she had left him for a moment, his substantial brow furrowed and his pleasant eyes a trifle worried. Cecile was the dearest person in the world, but would she never settle down?

There was this business of trotting down to the grill room of the Alden house for tea after the theater, a proper enough thing to do on ordinary occasions. But Cecile, led on by her friend Dot, in whose good sense he had less confidence than in his wife's, had fallen into the habit of going there on days when some big musical comedy was billed at the local theater.

New Alden was a college town, and among the many students attending the university there were, of course, some who felt called upon to mingle more or less with the minor stage celebrities. To that end it was customary after the first performance for the girls to congregate casually in the lobby of the Alden house and await those of the students, and incidentally of the younger men about town, who were desirous of making dates for dinners and the like.

As Cecile had reiterated times without number, her presence and Dot's was perfectly innocent. They were not "made up," their attire was "quiet," and they viewed proceedings from a secluded corner of the balcony.

Well, Cecile had not respected his wishes. Ned put his wife resolutely out of his mind, switched on the light, and settled down to work.

Then, for the second time that afternoon, he was interrupted. "Well—well—well," sang out a hearty voice. "It's a dog's age since I saw you."

"Jim, but that's lucky!" and Ned stretched out his hand.

His business forgotten, he settled down to a comfortable, reminiscing talk with this old friend he had not seen since his marriage.

"I wanted to meet your wife," said Jim, "but I have to leave town at eight."

Suddenly, like a man inspired, Ned leaned forward and put his hand on Jim's arm. "Say, old man, you're the best friend I've got. Help me teach my wife a lesson, will you?"

Ned ignored his friend's hesitation and outlined the circumstances, also his scheme. "Just enough to give her a hint what the real thing would be like—then bring her home with you and we'll make out some sort of a feed."

"Well," said Jim, "I suppose I can, under compulsion, walk up to a strange woman and ask her and her companion to have supper with me; but how the deuce will I know her, and how the devil, afterward, will I be able to persuade her that it was all a put-up job?"

"Oh, that's easy," said Ned. "I'll scribble a note explaining, which you can give her when you think the joke has gone far enough. As for knowing her—you won't have a bit of trouble. She'll be the prettiest woman there—and she carries a green parasol."

Meanwhile, Cecile wended her way slowly down to the place of meeting with Dot—the drug store near the Alden house. But after many minutes of waiting, no Dot arrived. At last she decided to go over to the hotel and see if Dot was there.

But in the lobby, filled with little groups of stars from "Linda, Look Out," there was no sign of her friend. Spying a telephone booth across the hall, Cecile concluded to telephone and find out if possible if Dot had left home or had mistaken the day.

As she approached the door her way was barred by a neat unprepossessing youth, a bit older than the average run of men about the room. "I beg your pardon," he said, politely, in a voice that was slightly unsteady, the cause for which Cecile, inexperienced as she was, did not fail to trace, "but I am looking for someone to eat supper with. May I have the pleasure?"

Cecile shrank back. "Oh, I—I don't belong to the crowd—I couldn't think of such a thing. Thank you, but—"

She made an effort to pass him, but he would have none of it.

"Come, now," he said coaxingly. "A nice little supper for two—chicken en casserole, glazed sweet potatoes—oh, you haven't the heart to refuse."

What could she do? Glancing about her, she thought quickly. She must temporize—and telephone Ned. Yes, it would be humiliating, but hang humiliation, if it got her out of this scrape.

She turned toward her persecutor. "I—I don't know. But first I must telephone—a friend about some—some arrangements." He looked at her without suspicion, as one might expect a man to do who had no idea that she was anything but a woman.

"All right," he said. "I'll wait, and see you don't run away."

Cecile escaped into the booth, and, trembling, took down the receiver. With relief, as she dropped in the nickel, she heard her husband's voice. She spoke low—her face turned from the door.

"Ned—come right down to the hotel. Dot didn't show up. A man is annoying me—asked me to take supper with him. He's waiting outside. Hurry up!"

"What?"

"There's no great hurry!"

"Great heavens—Ned!"

"You're not coming?"

"Ned, Ned!"

But central had shut her off.

Ned hung up the receiver with a sheepish grin. He hated playing jokes on such a darling as Cecile. But if it did her good he would forgive himself. Turning out the light, he locked up his desk and went home.

The first thing to greet him as he opened the front door and stepped into the darkened hall was the insistent ring of the telephone. Could it be Cecile again?

"Hello, hello!"

"Jim?"

"When are you two coming home?"

"You didn't find her?"

"Are you joking?"

"Good God!"

The receiver fell from his hand and mechanically he hooked it up. What had he done to his wife? He made a rush for the door. As he fumbled with trembling hands at the catch a car drew up outside. And as he opened the door a slender figure threw itself into his arms.

"You were right—you were right—and I'll never go there again. But, oh, I'll never, never forgive you for not coming!"

"Wait," said her husband, "how did you get away?"

Cecile was tight in his arms, so tight he could feel her heart beating. "When I came out of the booth he took my arm and started toward the dining room. I let him think I was coming, but as we came into the lobby opposite the entrance I jerked away, dodged through the crowd, rushed out and caught a taxi, and here I am! But why—"

"I'll tell you all about it before my old friend Jim gets here for supper. But first—give your idiotic husband one more kiss so that he'll know he's got you safe and sound!"

## Third Week of Falls' August Furniture Sale

### August Furniture Sale

You must have New Furniture  
Why not get it when prices are low?

IN EVERY HOME THERE IS NEED OF NEW FURNITURE of one piece or two pieces, of a Bedroom Suite or a Dining Room Suite, or a whole household. Now, whoever wants new furniture wants also to get it for prices that are as low as possible, that is reliable and good, furniture that can be depended upon. Whether it is only a rocker or whether it is the complete furnishing of a home the best opportunity is to get it in the

### Falls' August Sale of Furniture

With one of the largest and finest furniture stocks between Toronto and Detroit, with the most definite reliability, with the lowest prices, quality considered, and in return it renders the greatest service.

Now is the time and the height of opportunity.  
Come in this week and see the great displays.

## MONDAY BARGAINS

In the Down Stairs Store at Falls'  
GET YOUR SHARE!

Old Dutch Cleanser, 2 for 21c	Castile Soap, good size cake, 6 for 25c
Fairy Soap, 3 for 29c	Sunlight Soap, 3 for 28c
Bulldog Ammonia, large packages, 2 for 23c	Water Sets, lightly out, 6 glasses and jug, set \$2.47
Whisks, strongly made, each, 11c	

### "Pyrex" Ovenware Costs Less at Falls' than at City Stores.

The properties possessed in "Pyrex" glass ovenware are such that they increase the goodness of their contents to a marked degree. In fact, an ordinary, cheap out of meat casserole has all the tenderness, flavor and nutritiousness of the expensive cuts.

Round Casserole, 8 inch	\$2.45
Oval Casserole, Covered, 9 inch	\$1.95
Utility Dishes, 10 1-2 x 6 1-2, each	\$1.45
Individual Bakers, each	.35
Cake and Bread Dishes, 9 x 5	\$1.20
Layer Cake Dishes, 9 inch	\$1.25

### Monday Broom Bargains!

Monday next we will sell 5 doz. real good brooms at 57c each. They are worth 90c.

### Apron Muslins by the Pound

ON SALE THIS WEEK A BIG LOT OF "MILL ENDS" of Apron Muslins at about half the regular prices—all useful lengths.

### Great Selling in Women's Hosiery

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

At \$1.27.—Women's heavy black seamless Silk hose, Lisle top, all sizes, that are worth \$2.00.

### Piles of BATH TOWELS

The proprietor of a large city store, passing thru Simcoe, "dropped off" to have a run through Falls' store. They were unpacking the bath towels as he passed through the staple section. We have his word for it that our showing of bath towels is twice as large as his. It's a splendid showing in all white and fancy borders. All sizes, each—39c, 69c, 75c, 93c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.40 and \$1.50.



One of the Best Stores in Ontario

**THE FALLS STORE**