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OFFICE HOURS:
10 to 12 a.m., 2 to 4 p.m.
7 to 9 p.m.

JARVIS, ONTARIO.

SOCIETIES

I. O. O. F.

JARVIS LODGE NO. 191

Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

N. G., J. Dellar; F. S., N. R. Pond.
R.S., J. S. Burwash, Treas., I. W. Holmes

Visiting Brethren Welcome.

HOTELS

AMERICAN HOTEL

R. A. NELLES, PROP.

Best Accommodation for the Travelling
Public

Near G. T. R. Station,
JARVIS, ONTARIO

GEORGE L. MILLER

CONVEYANCER AND
REAL ESTATE DEALER

AGENT CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

JARVIS, ONTARIO

Shop in Simcoe
At OUR Expense

We Refund Car Fare from Jarvis on a
purchase of \$8.00 and over, Hagersville
\$10.00 and over, and from Nelles Corners
on \$12.00 and over.

Murdoch's
Simcoe's Favorite Shopping Place

ESTABLISHED 1872

WE WISH YOU
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

BANK OF HAMILTON

JARVIS BRANCH—J. H. Brown, Manager
Naticoke—Tuesday and Friday

Real Friends



TO YOUR FEET—A pair like these would prove for daily wear. Graceful in outline and distinctively finished, yet sturdily made for practical service, in Brown calf with military heel, and Vici Kid, for \$7.00 and \$8.25.

Our assortment of SCHOOL SHOES is at your disposal. Our shoes are of the best, but at the same time reasonable in price, from \$3.00 to \$5.00.

A. H. LANGRAF, Harness and Shoe Store

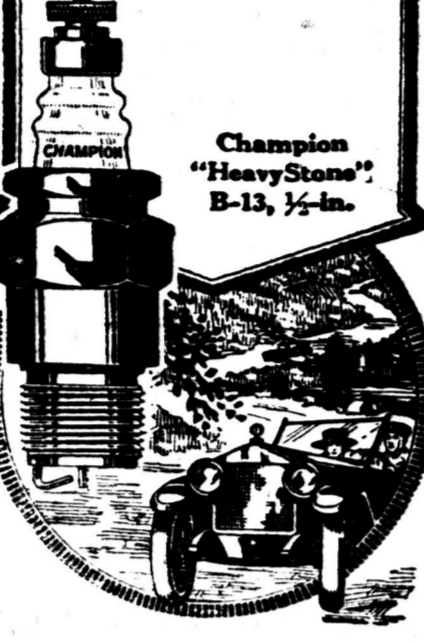
Champion
Dependable Spark Plugs

Jarvis Repair and Supply Garage

After the season's running your motor needs its bearings tightened up. Bring in your car and we will do your job right.

Our Prices Are Reasonable.

E. W. Anderson ON THE CORNER



Champion "HeavyStone" B-13, 1/2-in.

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.

YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED
GIVE US A CALL.

EDGAR MACHELL
The Old Veteran, JARVIS

THE DREAMERS
By VINCENT G. FERRY.

(© 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The dreamers sat side by side on a log, looking away out over the waters of the lake. The scene was strangely peaceful—tiny, rippling waves gently kissing the wet line of the beach, made the only sound. Then from out of the horizon rose a thin, black line, a line that widened as the minutes passed, widened and swelled into smoke clouds. Fascinated, the pair watched until the great lake freighter, with its belching smokestack, was clearly outlined and gained monopoly of the scene. Nearer and nearer came the freighter—a steady, onward force that rode the mighty waters with the air of a conqueror.

"Someday I am going to be like that," The girl broke the silence. "I am going to spring up out of the background and swiftly take a place of prominence in the world. Like that steamer, I will travel on and on, nothing will stop me, nothing can, until I have achieved greatness."

The boy smiled. He, too, had dreams.

"I will be like these waves," he said. "I will travel slowly, gently, surely. I will go around the things in my way, pass over or carry with me the small things. I may be pushed back, like the waves, but like them I will come back again. Always I will be reaching out, out, out."

It was many years later. Jack Temple, millionaire broker, left his office, his head heavy and aching. Big business had meant always a headache for Jack. Despite his remarkable achievements and his world-wide fame as the cleverest and coolest financier on Wall Street, he still faced every battle nervously, still battled at a tension; but none save Jack knew that—to Wall Street he was a man without nerves, a man with an iron constitution.

It was for men like Jack "the tired business man" form of entertainment was invented, but the "girlie-girl" shows had no attraction for him that night.

"Anything but a musical show," he told his chauffeur, after he had given up the thought of eating. "I don't care where. Even melodrama would be welcome tonight."

So it was that the car drew up at a small theater playing "The Bubble Breakers." The name could apply to any show, but the glaring lithographs displayed in front of the theater proclaimed it melodrama without a doubt. Jack went in without flinching. He smiled when his chauffeur declined an invitation to accompany him—that in itself was sufficient guarantee that the show was a poor one, but Jack was there at his own bidding, and he never went back on himself.

The house was well filled. The cheaper seats were all occupied, but some of the more expensive ones were vacant. Jack's seat was near the front. The curtain went up on the first act before the millionaire had a chance to study the types around him.

The scene was a beach. The water in the background was a poor scenic effect, but the log and the pair seated upon it looked natural enough. Then appeared at the head of the canvas a black line. It was some time before the audience could grasp that it was intended for smoke, but when lights appeared and the form of a poorly painted lake freighter attached itself to the thin smoke line the riddle was solved.

Then the pair began to speak. The girl spoke first. Her voice was low and sweet; there was nothing of the forced melodrama in her tone. She was just a child, barely fourteen, Jack thought. His mind was tossed on the little actress than on the words she was saying, but when the boy spoke he realized that they were dreamers, dreaming of the future. Such a foolish, useless pastime it was.

But Jack could not become bored by the play. The plot was ragged, but the bright little actress portraying the child's part kept life enough in the play to hold his interest.

It was between the third and fourth acts that Jack came to his decision. His life had been such a lonely, barren sort of thing, why couldn't he do something worth while now? He asked himself. Here was his chance to spend some of his millions on another, here was his chance to give this child-dreamer the means of realizing some of her dreams.

Lenore Rosely sank to the chair before her dressing table and gave a sigh of relief. The play was over, and she was glad of it, for her part was a hard one and she had exerted her every effort to portray it. Her maid entered with a card. The actress gave the card but a fleeting glance. Cards meant only one thing in her life—stage johnnies, and experience had sickened her of that type long ago.

"He was prosperous, rich looking," her maid whispered. "And he was persistent."

Lenore glanced up. It took almost a minute before she connected the maid's comment with the card; then she picked the small shiny-bit of cardboard up once more.

"Jack Temple," she read aloud, and then as she turned the card over read the penciled note on the back. "An old middle-aged man who can perhaps help you. An admirer who does not want to make love to you."

The first of the...
Lenore glanced up...
"Well spoken, little girl," Jack said in his most authority tone. "I was sure I should find you a pleasant little girl like this. I have come to make a proposition to you. I would like you to leave this life—I would like you to educate you—give you the chance the modern girl craves for to social life."

"Mr. Temple," Lenore had risen to her full height, and her head was held high, "you must think, however, that I am inexperienced to be so taken in by such an impossible offer. The thing is preposterous!"

"There! I guess I have gone the wrong way about it. I am a Scotch old man, Jack muttered half to himself. "I am more at home on the stock market than in a young girl's dressing room."

There was a genuine note in his tone that Lenore recognized. "But why should you make me such an offer—you a stranger?" she asked to wonder.

Like a father to a child, Jack started in. It was an ordinary story of a broken romance—a girl with big ambitions and a man who wanted to stay at home. The broken engagement—the departure of the girl for the city—his search for her, which ended in bringing him to the whirl of the city's business and eventually to the success of his career.

"But in all these years I have never even heard of her. Her ambitions were great, her ability was of the best, but somehow she didn't realize her hopes: while I, the man with the small dreams, achieved unbounded success and stand today a man big in the affairs of the world, but, oh, so small in the joy of it! It was to try to steal some of these joys I wanted to help you—that is all," he finished.

"And you thought I was a child?" Lenore had risen and was quietly rolling her curls high upon her head. The baby stare had fled from her eyes, and Jack was facing a beautiful woman in her thirties.

"Why, I had no idea—I did not know—I," he stammered.

"You didn't know me, you don't know me now. Oh, Johnny Temple, can't you see it is I—Jack Betty Ross, the little girl with the big dreams but the small ability?" Oh, Johnny! Some day I hoped to find you again, and you the same old plunger with the same old-fashioned ideas, and I was going to tell you, you were all right, and I was all wrong. I was going to ask you to take me back, take me back into your love—those have been the dreams that have kept me up these last few years of failure, but now they are only dreams."

"But they are not dreams. I am still plugging, still the old-fashioned, hang-on, stick-to-it sort of cuss I was in those days, though I am hanging on and sticking to it in a new world. I may be a millionaire, I may be feared by all Wall Street, but inside I am just Johnny Temple, the kid with the big heart and an empty feeling I want some one to fill."

And as these two sat side by side in the little dressing room in that third-rate house they went back in fancy to a log on the beach. From over a lake they could see the rippling waves and then from out of the horizon rose the masts of two ships. Together they traveled the waters, onward, onward, ever onward, side by side. It was a pretty dream, and as the dreamers dreamed their hands went together and very closely the man drew the maid. Let's leave them there to dream.

Keep in the Game.

Just as soon as you take time to sit on the sideline you begin to worry about yourself and your possessions. So the only way to keep an open mind is to keep busy. Besides there's a satisfaction in it that grows with each achievement. However dark the morning, noon and evening are bright when you start things early enough. It's nature's way of bringing contentment. When you are kept busy enough you have no time to watch for slights and chills from cold shoulders. As long as you can make the days produce something that helps the world there is something that keeps adding joy to your life and years to your future. The best of all ways to keep ahead of the times is to start something—Exchange.

Viennese Landmark.

Legend, as well as quaint fact, adorns so many of the landmarks of Vienna. To the south of the city is a beautiful cross, the Spinnerin am Kreuz. The site was a rendezvous for tourists because of the panorama of the city it afforded. Though the present cross is more than five centuries old, it replaced a simpler crucifix, which is said to have been placed there by a woman whose husband went away on one of the crusades. While he was absent she went to this point every day to spin and to pray. When he returned she greeted the cross as a symbol of gratitude with the money she earned by spinning.

A 19th-Century.

The present cross, which while the city was going on, he was in an...
"I want to see to it that I...

Unusual Offerings for the Last Six Business Days of 1920

- Friday Before Christmas and the Days Before New Year— at Falls' Store, Simcoe, you can Buy**
- Women's Silk Gloves in Black, White, Tans and Mastic, in sizes 6 to 8, worth the pair \$2.00, for... \$1.44
 - Women's all wool Ringwood Gloves in Black, White, Beaver and Grey, sizes 6 to 8, worth the pair \$1.25, for... 96c
 - Women's Fine Black Cashmere Hosiery, full fashioned, seamless, size 9-12 to 10, worth the pair \$2.00, for... \$1.47
 - Women's full fashioned Seamless Hosiery, in Black, White, Brown, Navy, Mode and Fougue, worth the pair \$2.00, for... \$2.25
 - Heavy Corduroy Velvet, 26 inches wide, in Black and Green, regular the yard \$3.00, for... \$1.95
 - All Wool Coating Serge, 54 inches wide, in dark and medium Green, Fougue, Copenhagen, and two shades of Rose, a good \$3.00 cloth, for the yard... \$2.00
 - Women's Sweaters, in Pullover and Coat Style, season's newest shades and styles, Regular up to \$12.00, choice... \$7.95
 - Georgette and Crepe-de-Chêne Blouses, in a variety of shades and styles, worth \$10 to \$10.50—very special... \$6.75
 - Women's and Misses Poplin Dresses, made with over-shirt, others featuring the straight lines, colors are Copenhagen, Navy, Sand, Brown, Green, Burgundy and Black, in a clearance... \$9.95
 - Women's Bathrobes—very heavy quality Eiderdown, made with gulle collar and pocket, nicely trimmed with satin to match, all good colors, Regular \$6.50 and \$7.50, at... \$5.00 and \$6.00

The Last Six Business Days of 1920 in the Staple Department we will sell

- 4 Sheets Reg. \$5.00 pair, for... \$3.75 pair
- 4 Sheets Reg. \$6.50 pair, for... \$5.00 pair
- 4 Sheets Reg. \$10.50 and \$11.50 pair, for... \$7.95 pair
- 4 Sheets Reg. \$18.50 pair, for... \$10.50 pair
- A limited quantity of the 50c Cotton Bats will sell for 37c
- The 75c Cotton Bats will sell for... 55c
- The 1-2 lb. Cotton Bats will sell for... 15c
- A table of Galatan and Chambray, worth to 60c yd... 40c
- A Table of English Nurse Cloths and Shirtings, worth up to 90c the yard, selling for... 60c
- White Huck Towels, Reg. 39c each, selling... 4 for \$1.00

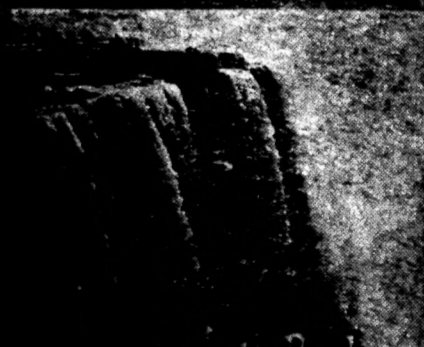
SMALL LOTS CLEARING IN THE FURNITURE DEPARTMENT

- 1 only Ivory Rattan Table, Prince of Walls Design, blue trimmed, very pretty, a \$21.00, for... \$17.00
- 1 Pair only Mahogany Chair and Rocker, Louis XVI Design, cane back, seat covered in Blue Slickley Velvet, a \$40.00 Chair or Rocker, for... \$32.00
- 1 only Ivory Rattan Lamp, Prince of Walls Design, shadow cloth shade, Electric rope and bulb—Worth \$24.00 for... \$19.00
- 1 only Plain Oak-fumed Library Table, 26 x 42, double desk for Books on each side—worth \$21.00, for... \$17.00

1 only Rattan Seat, Chinty cushions, high arms—worth \$19.50, for... \$16.00

1 only Large Dressing Table, 3 bevel mirrors, two drawers—a special value at \$35.00, will sell for... \$27.00

1 only large Chiffoniere, American Colonial design, real Mahogany, English brown finish, wood trimmed—worth \$100.00, for... \$87.00



Falls' Departmental Store, Simcoe
A City Store in a Town—But not City Prices