

**WHO DIED**

Has Memorial time.

Called "Tract of" henceforth the Spot in

ent town of piece of ground. For years it abandoned, and unnoticed. Nor early in 1918 a boy to fight. Other boys

the first Norfolk began of things from boys known to were found in "action." ere bright and ces were strong ver to return. the beds of

names to Nor- and blood that folk its inspira- triangle became more will it be te, no more will call it worth- thought of a way most cherished


year that the these lads from that place dedi- triangle to the ere next to come that time four lying in France wood, and on presses of wood France, with a ch, were driven be point of the will stay until ed by more en- marks of trib-

es of wood are ple of Norfolk triangle in mean- will not come will live and barren triangle each boy, and it or each hero a it will always by his name; at grandchild- in Norfolk are trees will still own through all of the ages by ed at the chris- to be tall and r branches over in on the battle simple cross of was when he country. That lit- will have more boys who died grow to an age of the oldest of the way of con- and the spirit with to the war ghts! A little present, a tower, and the name an age to come, soon.

success brought is shown in a United States tire from Gila the local home- county agri- their efforts in for conserving rpus products DO acres of irri- into one-eighth erative market- near the gar- on the main county earning ted under the demonstration made to the ce- who wished to plan also pre- for teaching the economical meth-

Position, ends while tel- able by a wire that holds the operating post- so constructed nes the received- letter a thumb- book is drawn- member moved- rion when con- be device is com- and other- male telephone

**The Product of Experience**



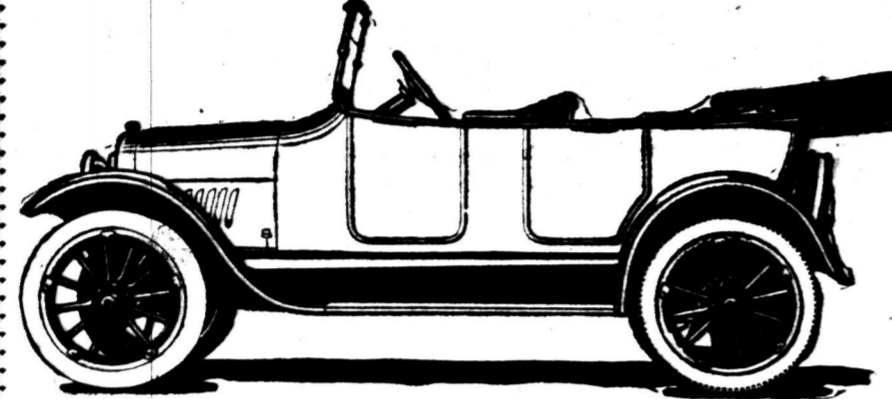
**CHEVROLET**

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.

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

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Sales Agents  
JARVIS, ONTARIO.



**ESTABLISHED 1872**



EVERY business should have a reserve account into which a certain portion of the profits go regularly to create a fund available for development or emergency. The farmer's herd of cattle is his reserve fund and should be continually growing. If you need a loan, see us.

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JARVIS BRANCH—J. E. Brown, Manager  
Nanticoke—Tuesday and Friday

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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.

**Murdoch's**  
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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Banana Split      Jarvis Special  
Teddy Bear      Walnut Sundae  
Cherry Sundae  
Chocolate Walnut Sundae  
Pine Apple Sundae.

All lines of Fresh Groceries.

**THOMAS HARRIS**  
Grocer and Butcher  
JARVIS — — — ONTARIO

**Uncluttering a Soul**

By FLORA A. MONTY

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Isobel Newton deliberately ruffled her smoothly coiffed hair with the petulance of weary womanhood.

"Oh, I'm tired—tired to death!" was her involuntary confession to herself.

The room was cluttered; her desk was cluttered; her mind was cluttered. For the working place of an efficient young woman, the office was in a sad state, and it seemed to make a mute appeal for the relief of broom and dustcloth.

The busy disorder of things seemed to cramp her soul, and she had a vague feeling that by waging war on the tangible disarray and eliminating as much as she could of things she would regain the mental freedom so necessary to the wise carrying on of her business affairs.

Isobel was a working girl of the kind that get paid for working. She contended that all girls worked—some at the job of earning a salary, some at the ungrateful task of housekeeping and some at the steady grind of society.

Isobel professed to loathe the latter two kinds, but today the impatient desire for physical action became dominant in her mind and insisted on expression.

From the only little used drawer of her desk she abstracted an apron of the overall variety and a cap that was rakishly prim. They covered her business attire with a completeness that seemed to invest her with a new aura, and she began to be pleased with herself for indulging in the very temporary experiment of "housework."

Her efforts successfully dislodged the dust that the recent wind had brought, and piece by piece she was looking over the papers and letters on her desk, grimly determined to destroy every one that her for once elastic prudence would allow.

With an almost reckless disregard of consequence, she tore paper after paper, the crisp rasp soothing her nerves like magic; and she worked faster and faster, tossing the torn bits high, for the pleasure of watching them float softly to the wastebasket. Isobel laughed softly, then began humming as she worked.

An important contract, some receipts, a bill or two, and several orders were placed on top of the desk, as they required the first attention of her clear thinking mind when she should settle back once more to her ordinary routine.

So busy was she that Austin Stafford, whose office was across the narrow hall, gazed at her in unobserved amazement as he paused by her door a moment. The busy, efficient Miss Newton, the unsentimental, independent wage-earner, who ignored any gallantries a man might offer as coolly as one looked through space, seemed vastly remote from the dusty maid who was flushed and smiling and singing.

With a wisdom rare in a man, where the worshiped woman is concerned, he refrained from speaking to her, and went quietly on with his errand before she could detect him watching her. Out from the depths of his big heart crept a tiny seedling of hope. The sight of Isobel in "human garb," as he mentally classified her apron and cap, was like the mellow warmth of the sun on the desire he had buried deep. Not that he would require her to be a drudge if he married her, but he wanted the assurance that his wife would have the instincts of real womanhood. The Miss Newton with whom he had had business associations was practical and shrewd in a well-bred but "manly" way.

Stafford always reproached himself when he thought of Isobel as "manly," for her manner, under every circumstance, was quiet decorum; but he resented hugely the spirit of equality she always managed to put into their relations. He wanted to look up to her. He believed that a man should always have to rise to a woman, but in spite of his dissatisfaction with her career, he felt his heart gradually going to her, due, though he did not understand it, to his subconscious recognition of her hidden qualities.

A sudden gust of wind from the open window lifted the pile of documents that Isobel had placed ready for inspection, and gleefully flung them about the room for a moment, then out the door, and scuttling across the hall into the office directly opposite.

With an impatient exclamation Isobel pursued them, madly waving her dustcloth in wasted effort. Giving hurried thanks that Mr. Stoddard was temporarily out of his office, she gathered up her papers, which were now quite scattered and lay like tired children at various places about the room. They were all there but the important contract. That she must have, as her signature was required before the day was over.

In some perturbation she looked around again, even venturing to Mr. Stafford's desk. And there it lay, thrust by the force of its fall, part way into an open drawer. As she drew it out a picture, clipped from a newspaper, came with it, and fluttered to the floor. Stooping to recover it, her breath shortened, for the picture was one of herself which had appeared a short time since in a local paper that was featuring the suffrage cause.

Woman's Efficiency in Business" was the caption under which the cut was run.

Underneath, in a masculine hand, was written, "Isobel Newton, Business Woman." Her cheeks scorched suddenly at the scorn she felt it implied. Then the hot blood receded till it left her cold and stiff. So that was the way he thought of her! "Isobel Newton, Business Woman!" Again came the flush of shame, succeeded by bitter anger at herself. Why should she be ashamed of what she was? She had always been proud of her success. And now, merely because Austin Stafford had scribbled that silly bit below her picture, she felt as guilty as though she were a criminal.

A hitherto unknown weariness assailed her. She turned and walked uncertainly out of the room, across the hall, and into her now orderly office.

The rows of technical books, the filing cabinets, every evidence of her modern methods seemed to press upon and choke her as she looked at them. She opened a drawer after drawer of her desk. Everything was a mute testimony to the success with which she had met the events which came into her affairs, yet to her it now seemed a hopeless jumble of things that did not compensate. After all, a well-kept office and a smart boarding place were inadequate when it came to satisfy the soul need of a woman.

With the realization came tears—the tears which Isobel had denied herself through all the years of her struggle, and they washed away all the barriers she had rigidly erected around her heart. She knew that she had failed in the big thing of life, and failure was not sweet.

After some moments she raised her head and grimly wiped away the last tear, and saw before her Austin Stafford.

His poise deserted him as he addressed her.

"Isobel—I—I—tell me, dear, what is the matter?"

"Nothing!" The answer was intended to be haughty, but haughtiness and red eyes are not well teamed, so to the eager man it sounded merely pitiful.

"Is it because—" he ventured, and then could find no words.

"Oh, it's because everything about me is crowded full of things that shouldn't be—crowded and jammed cluttered! I'm sick of it all!"

"Thank God, dear heart! Thank God, you are a real woman, after all! I've a place for you in my heart and in my home—if you'll come."

Radiant, Isobel listened, and then leaned toward him.

"Oh, I see why there wasn't room for these other things! My soul was crowded with love for you!"

**MOSQUITOES ALWAYS A PEST**

Complaints About "New Jersey Canary" by No Means Confined to Modern Times.

It is natural to assume that certain pests belong in their deadly perfection, to modern times only. But such is not the case with mosquitoes. According to an expert of the department of agriculture, who is held to be the foremost authority on what is sometimes called the "New Jersey canary," his researches indicate that the inhabitants of ancient Greece were sometimes forced to abandon their dwellings to avoid the attacks of mosquitoes. The citizens of Mionte, a rich city of Ionia, fled from the mosquitoes of Miletia, and Permo, a beautiful city in Asia Minor, was abandoned for the same reason.

Sapor, king of Persia, was compelled to raise the siege of Nisibis by a plague of gnats. Humboldt says that in certain regions of South America the inhabitants pass the night buried in sand, which covers them to the depth of three or four inches, leaving out only the head, which is protected by a cloth.

There is even a mosquito story which had the hardihood to attack the veracity of George Washington, or possibly that of a contemporary tourist. Isaac Weld, in his "Travels Through North America," says in reference to Skenesborough, N. Y., that mosquitoes were very ferocious and plentiful there.

"General Washington told me," he says, "that he was never so much annoyed by mosquitoes in any part of America as in Skenesborough. They used to bite through the thickest boot." Now the boots of those days were very thick and mosquitoes were probably, so far as structure goes, pretty much as they are today. Moreover, the Father of His Country could not lie; but perhaps Mr. Weld could, or more probably, one of the gentlemen may have indulged a sense of humor.

Territory Without Sabbath.

Bobby and Mildred went into the country to visit their cousin, Willie and May. At home they were in the habit of attending Sunday school, and their mother packed their best clothes in a separate suitcase. But as their time was mostly spent in fishing and picnics in the woods, the children did not know when Sunday came. On their return home mother found their Sunday clothes had not been worn and asked them why they had not dressed up on the Sabbath. "Why, mother," Bobby replied seriously, "there wasn't any Sabbath in the country."

Tungsten From Peru.

The United States has become by far the largest importer of tungsten from Peru, taking the place previously occupied by Germany. The mineral, used for making the hardest steel, is mined by natives, washed out by hand and transported across the Andes on the backs of llamas and burros.

**Falls' Store Directory**

**MAIN FLOOR**

Linens and Staples  
Blankets and Comforters  
Dress Goods and Silks  
Lining and Trimmings  
Corsets and Hosiery  
Gloves and Laces  
Embroideries  
Handkerchiefs  
Ladies' Purses and Beads  
Ladies' Umbrellas  
Books  
Ladies' Underwear  
Children's Underwear  
Fancy Work  
Fancy Goods  
Notions  
Novelties  
Toilet Articles  
Drug Sundries  
Fancy Soaps  
Stationery  
Rust Craft Gifts  
Men's and Boys' Hats and Caps  
Men's and Boys' Clothing  
Men's and Boys' Furnishings  
Private Office  
Public Office  
Telephone Booth

**SECOND FLOOR**

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear  
Children's Ready-to-Wear  
Millinery and Furs  
Whitewear and Blouses  
Trunks, Suit Cases and Club Bags  
Electric Fixtures  
Ladies' Rest Room  
Ladies' Toilet

**THIRD FLOOR**

Carpets and Rugs  
Home Furnishings  
Furniture  
Beds and Bedding  
Baby Carriages, Etc.  
Cabinets and Refrigerators  
Curtains and Draperies  
Upholstering

**BASEMENT**

China and Cut Glass  
Toys, Dolls and Games  
Linoleums and Oilcloths  
Pyrex Ware  
"Wear-Ever" Aluminum  
Granite Ware  
Kitchen Utensils  
Soaps—(Laundry)  
Men's Toilet

Pay a visit to this **Big Daylight Store**, with nearly 33,600 square feet of floor space, with not a dark corner in the entire building. Come and see the finest **Furniture and Home Furnishing Department** within fifty (50) miles of Simcoe.

**Railway Fares Refunded.**

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