

ARRELL  
Etc.  
CALEDONIA  
Roper's Block  
Lowest Rates.  
Cameron Arrell  
Money.

R & KELLY  
Notaries, Etc.  
J. PORTER  
County Treasurer  
KELLY  
County Council  
HAMILTON  
Lowest Rates.

DALE, M. D.  
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to 4 p.m.  
ONTARIO.

HOTEL  
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the Travelling  
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S. N. R. Pond.  
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ESTABLISHED 1872



PURE-BRED CATTLE

WHEN starting a pure-bred herd, secure the best animals only. No others will do.

We are willing and ready to assist in the promotion of any legitimate development in your farming operations. Consult our Local Manager.

**BANK OF HAMILTON**

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

**Long Distance Tolls**

**THE NEW BELL RATES**

**Are as Follows :**

From Station to Station, approximately the present rates, which are the *base* price.

**Example**—Call from Selkirk, 39, to Guelph, 874, would be 40c for three minutes.

From 'Party to Party' add 25% to *base* price.

**Example**—Selkirk, 39, M. A. Gee calling to Guelph, 874, for George Dennis, would be 50c.

Appointment calls, collect calls, and calls upon which messenger service is requested add 50% to the *base* rate, so rate will be 60c.

A charge of 25% of price of ticket will be made for a report upon a call.

All Long Distance business must be upon the above basis.

Call the Accountant, Selkirk, 19, for any information upon the new rates.

**ERIE TELEPHONE CO., Limited.**

**WM. HOSKIN**  
JARVIS, ONT.

—has been appointed the exclusive Sharples dealer for this territory. Because—we want you to get Sharples Service with Sharples machines. You can get repairs or supplies the same day. Furthermore, our local agent will demonstrate to you the superiority of any Sharples machine. The Sharples Separator saves cream thrown out by all other separators because it *skims clean at all speeds*, due to the wonderful Suction-feed.

**SHARPLES**  
Famous Suction-feed  
"Skims clean at any speed"  
**SEPARATOR**

—the only separator that will skim clean at widely-varying speeds  
—the only separator that gives cream of unchanging thickness—all speeds  
—the only separator that will skim your milk quicker when you turn faster  
—the only separator with just one piece in the bowl—no discs, easiest to clean  
—the only separator with knee-low supply tank and once-a-month oiling

Take a trip into our local agent's store today and see for yourself the above exclusive Sharples advantages and what they mean to you in cream saved and in convenience.

**SHARPLES MILKER** The world's fastest milker—and fast milking increases the milk yield. Produces 1.25 lbs. of milk per unit per minute—one man can easily operate four units. Used on over 300,000 cows daily.

The Sharples Separator Co., Toronto



**CREAM**

If your Creamery closes ship your Cream to Black Creek Creamery, or drop us a line and we will arrange to call for it.

**Black Creek Creamery**  
Phone 11-32, Port Dover. LEA MARSHALL, Manager.

**Nell's Golden Galleon**

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"When my ship comes in," sighed Maud Blont as she slipped another sheet of paper into the typewriter, "I shall throw this wretched machine out of the window!"

"With never a thought of the innocent passerby, who might be the target?" smiled Nell Woods, looking up from her work.

"Oh, well! No danger of my ship coming in—it has probably foundered somewhere off the coast of Nowhere—too heavily freighted with gold, perhaps. What's the use of wishing for money and love and everything—nothing ever happens to me!"

"Never mind, Maud, don't worry, and some day it will come sailing into port."

Maud lifted her shoulders expressively, found a package of chewing gum, and went back to her typing. Nell raised great, dark eyes, soft with much dreaming, and looked out of her window at the panorama of New York harbor on a sunny May morning. From her window on one of the upper floors of a tall office building she could see the ships come sailing home—she could see them set sail again for foreign shores. She loved them all, even the busy little tugs that bullied their way about the other craft; she built many strange fancies about the ships, and the most elusive one of all was her ship that some day would come sailing home through the narrows.

It was no ordinary ship, this one of Nell's dreams—it had grown to be a wonderful old Spanish galleon, freighted with gold and silver and jewels, and its steersman was a dashing lover who would bear her away from the tedious office forever—she would never see another hall bedroom again—never eat another meal in a cheap restaurant. She never said "When my ship comes in," but "When my golden galleon comes home."

Sometimes she wondered why she was so anxious to leave New York. She had been just as anxious to leave Sunport, where she had been born. When her parents died and her aunt offered her a home, Nell refused.

"I must see the world, auntie," she explained. "I cannot be buried alive here. Some day I will come home again—now I must go."

So they let her go, and two years had passed away. She had tired of New York with its fictitious air of friendliness to the stranger within its gates. "New York is Sunport grown up," declared Nell whimsically one day. This summer she was going to Sunport for her vacation. "Perhaps my golden galleon will come sailing through the inlet and find a harbor there," and so Nell took her dreams with her to Sunport.

Every day she went out on the beach beyond her aunt's house and read and sewed, and sometimes dreamed. Mrs. Lynn scolded her for her solitary habits. "Lem Barker was looking for your coming, Nell. If he had been home you would not have been alone, I'll warrant!" The good woman nodded wisely over this reminder of Nell's old admirer.

"Where is Lem?" asked Nell lazily. "Went to the fishing grounds with the fleet—he's making money hand over fist—he's bought your old place from Adam Marsh, and fixed it all up. Some folks say he's going to be married."

Nell shrugged. Lem Barker, still a fisherman—she thought of the smartly dressed men who had occupied the offices in New York; some of them were her co-workers. How they would laugh to see Lem—to hear his drawl! "Well, I must get in one last sunbath on the beach, auntie," she said; "I think it is going to storm."

Mrs. Lynn lifted a weatherwise eye to the sky. "A bad blow," she predicted, with a worried look on her motherly face. "I hope the boats will get in before it strikes."

"I hope so," returned Nell, running down to the beach and plunging into the churning gray waves. But the ships did not come home before the storm broke. It was a dreadful gale and not a soul in Sunport slept a wink while it lasted. Nearly every home had a man out among the fleet of fishing vessels, and hundreds of eyes were strained toward the inlet as the storm increased in fury.

At last telegrams came straggling in—messages that carried joy or woe to many homes. A few Sunport men had gone down with their little boats, the rest were coming home. There was one man missing—Lem Barker. No one had seen him or his gallant little boat Nellie since the storm struck the banks.

Nell Woods felt oddly anxious about the missing man. She had felt a tenderness for Lem in the days before she had felt the call of the city—he had been kind to her parents during days of illness, and if she had remained in Sunport it is very likely that she would have married Lem Barker and remained in her own home. But ambition had called, many months intervened—and she could not visualize Lem, save as a blushing, bashful country youth with big hands. Though she shuddered at the recollection of her passing fancy for him, she watched for his sail, as did many of her neighbors. Lem Barker's folk

were all dead, and some one must look for his homecoming. One by one the neighbors shook their heads and gave up the task.

"Poor Lemmie's gone for good," said the last one, shaking his old head sorrowfully. "He was a good lad, was Lemmie, and knowed his boat better'n most folks. Can't seem to see how he'd let the sea get the better of him—no, sirc! I shan't believe he's lost yet—" but he went home at last and Nell was alone, straining her eyes toward the mouth of the inlet. It was the last day of her vacation and she would have to return to the city on the morrow; and here was Lem—her aunt had promised to write and tell her whether he ever came home.

Nell forgot all about her golden galleon and the smartly dressed office men in the city as she remembered the touch of Lem's strong arm across her shoulders when her father died; once his lips had touched her bright hair, reverently. Lem would take no more than that, then. Her heart quickened at the thought of him.

The sun was setting. The water was turning to yellow liquid under its golden touch. What was that in the inlet? Nell rubbed her eyes. Something shining—something golden? Yes—it looked like a galleon, its stern heaped high with silver fish—tons of them. As it drew near to the old wharf Nell ran down to meet it. A fishing sloop, painted yellow from stem to stern, riding into port on a flowing tide! A sail was reefed quickly and she came to under bare poles. A chain rattled and there was a fresh "chunk" as the anchor struck the water. Nell's hands went to her throat—it ached so! Her golden galleon—so this was the way it came? Now, the dashing lover—how strong he was, this Lem Barker—like a young bronze god, his hair blowing back from his handsome face, breaking into a smile at sight of her slim loveliness.

"Oh, Nellie! Is it you?" he said hoarsely, as he leaped ashore.

"Yes—Lem—you are safe, my dear—"

"Well, darling?" he asked after a long silence.

She lifted her wonderful eyes to his sea-blue ones. "My ship has come in at last," she sighed contentedly, and forgot all about the golden galleon she had dreamed of.

**MYSTERIES OF HIDDEN HEAT**

Time Will Surely Come When the Earth Will Yield Up All of Her Riches.

Vast stores of heat and power lie hidden in the bowels of the earth, waiting to be tapped.

We could do without coal and oil could we but develop the heat resources of the earth.

And in so doing we should probably find new chemicals and minerals of the greatest value to the world's commerce.

That is the conclusion scientists have come to, and they are urging expeditions to solve the mysteries of the crust of the earth. Already some use is being made of the internal heat of the earth in the volcanic regions of Italy, where the steam issuing from the ground is trapped and put to various uses.

It is suggested that bores should be sunk to admit water, which would be converted into steam and could then be utilized for mechanical purposes.

Excavation methods and machinery have been improved so much of recent years that it may be possible to sink such bores and shafts to a depth of thirty miles.

At present the deepest well ever bored is a hole six inches in diameter on a farm in the United States. It has been driven to a depth of 7,579 feet, or nearly a mile and a half.

The deepest mine shaft is at Morro Velho, Brazil, which goes down about a mile and a fifth.

As one expert points out, we have only succeeded in scratching the earth's crust. The real wonders have yet to be revealed to us.

**Riches From the Mind.**

In the last analysis a man's mind is his best source of riches. To him who works it, no Klondike ever yielded richer ores. There is no limit to the variety of jewels stored there; the supply gives out only when men cease to dig. Columbus got a new continent out of his mind and the marvels of that new world are not yet fully known. Newton got the laws of gravity from his mind and science has been revolutionized to stay ever since. Faraday mined the science of chemistry from his mind. Edison, Marconi, Holland, the Wright brothers and others have chiseled from their minds the facts that have left blessings to the race. They did not get them bodily from their minds. They found there the ideas and the incentives, and as they worked the material world was made to yield returns that blessed the race.—Grit.

**Why Success Succeeds.**

It is surprising how quickly one can gain the reputation of being a brisk, lively worker—and it is wonderful how valuable such a reputation becomes to a man.

It is said of such a fellow: "He is a hustler"—and knowing that hustling is one of the fundamentals of progress, we look for him to get along well—even putting ourselves out to shove him up the ladder.

That is why nothing succeeds like success.

People are always willing to believe that intense activity is founded on true ability and a good purpose, and will play that vitalizing force in their efforts.—Louisiana Grocery.

Every week finds Falls', Simcoe, sending out Thousands of Dollars worth of NEW Furniture at the NEW Lowered Prices.

Every week finds Falls', Simcoe, receiving Thousands of Dollars worth of NEW Furniture at the NEW Lowered Prices.

WE INVITE YOU without any obligation to visit one of the largest and finest Furniture shows within one hundred (100) miles of Simcoe.

The more people know about Furniture and furniture values the surer we are of their business.

This is proven by the steady increase of business. Falls' Furniture Department isn't a merchantile meteor, a thing of flash and fireworks that spends itself out as quickly as it flared into being, leaving everybody little or none the better of its appearance.

It has been pretty well proven that there is not, and never has been, a stock of Furniture within many a mile of Simcoe comparable to this stock in *Extent*, in *fineness*, in *vital improvements*, and in *souped-for economies*.

**Hundreds of Beautiful Rugs**  
**In a Sale**

Would you make your home a much better place to live in if you could do so at a decided advantage to yourself in the outlay?

Not in years have such Beautiful Rugs been sold at such reasonable prices—all the wanted sizes:

\$200 and \$160 Sarouk Rugs for	\$150 and \$136.00
\$135 and \$115 Wilton Rugs for	\$115 and \$ 97.50
\$100 and \$ 90 Wilton Rugs for	\$ 85 and \$ 76.50
\$ 90 and \$ 75 Axminster Rugs for	\$ 75 and \$ 65.00
\$ 70 and \$ 50 Brussels Rugs for	\$ 57 and \$ 42.50
\$ 45 and \$ 40 Brussels Rugs for	\$ 38.25 and \$ 34
\$ 70 and \$ 65 Velvet Rugs for	\$ 59.50 and \$ 50
\$ 40 and \$ 37 Tapestry Rugs for	\$ 34.00 and \$ 30
\$30, \$25 & \$20 Tapestry Rugs for	\$25.50, \$21.25 & \$17
\$ 20 and \$ 15 Grass Rugs for	\$ 17 and \$ 12.75
\$8, \$6 & \$4.50 Japanese Rugs for	\$6.80, \$5.10 & \$3.85

**The Falls' Store**

**Falls' Departmental Store, Simcoe**