

ing Beauty

WHY SUFFER PAIN?

YOU can't do justice to yourself in business, social or home life if you suffer from headache, backache, neuralgia, monthly pain, or any of the thousand and one pains with which all of us are afflicted at one time or another.

These pains indicate a very real physical danger. But there are very few pains of any nature that are not promptly relieved by Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills.

Get them in handy boxes at our drug stores. A box is insurance against headache, neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, neuralgia and pain of almost any nature.



There are no disagreeable after effects. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

STOP THE PAIN

without upset digestion, drowsiness, humming in the head, or danger of forming a drug habit. Guaranteed Safe and Sure.

Send your name and address to-day to Dr. Miles' Medical Company, Toronto, for New Weather Calendar.



Dressy family

Footwear

That are so attractively smart in shaping, yet so easy and comfortable in fit, is what we offer with the **Gracia Shoe for Women.**

We have the **Classic Shoe for Misses and Boys for School.** Some of the very best lines for Men and Boys.

Harness A. H. LANGRAF Shoes

NOVA SCOTIA

L. M. P.

Sixty Dollars a Month and Board

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(2) by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
"My sister's a crank on the subject!" declared Kenneth Horton from the davenport piled with fraternity sofa pillows. "She's terribly advanced—thinks no man worth his salt unless he earns his living by the sweat of his manly brow. Take me," he illustrated ruefully. "I want to go muscloging fishing in the Muskoka this summer, but Kit says 'No—my piece is helping father on the farm. He's short of help—so that's where you can address me, care of the R. F. D.'"
"Maybe she's right, at that," grinned Jack, his roommate, whereupon he became the target for a rapid fire of cushions. "But, joking aside, Ken, I'll admit I'm—well, honestly gone over her picture. I'd like to meet the original."

"You! What chance would you stand, you bloated bondholder, you dyed-in-the-wool old plutocrat? Why, she'd give one look at your Cordovan shoes, silk shirts and exclusive neckwear—and get out her tracts on the sins of the wealthy. I was home all last summer, and I know!"
"But you don't know my scheme, old thing," retorted Jack earnestly. "I don't intend to let her see me in this offensive outfit. You say your father is short of help. Let me go down and apply for work. You tip him off to hire me, but keep mum as to my real status. Miss Katherine will see in me a 'man who toils' and—

who knows?"
A week or so later, Kenneth presented his father with a new "hand," whom he vaguely explained as "picked up on the way," and Kenneth's father, after one glance at the powerful frame, the strength of which was not concealed by extremely ill-fitting clothes, hired him on the spot for \$60 a month and board.

As the days went by, Jack alternately cursed and blessed his job. Viewed as a "stunt," it was proving rather a costly one in time and energy, but considered in the light of an opportunity to be near the most beautiful girl he had ever seen and to show her the stuff that was in him, it wasn't so bad. Mr. Horton did not hesitate to commend his reliability, willingness and efficiency, and Jack secretly cherished the hope that some report of it all reached Katherine through her brother.
Just one worry had Jack. He wished Katherine would not ride Sultan. The horse was a real devil, and Jack had heard Kenneth warn Katherine that he would cut up rough some day. Sultan's brother, the Shah, was being broken in by Mr. Horton, and Jack, watching the spirited creature rear and buck beneath his rider, shuddered at the power possessed and, luckily, so seldom appreciated, by that animal, the horse. But Jack was scarcely in a position to join his protests with those of the girl's father and brother.
His meetings with Katherine had been most casual and quite impersonal. Nor had he observed on her part any interest whatever in a man who toiled. Then one day she came down to the meadow where Kenneth and his father and Jack were piling the hayrack with sweet, sun-saturated hay. With her was a gay bevy of college girls, who clamored to help and then ride home on the load. Jack had the pleasure of giving Katherine a helping hand as she climbed to the top. Then he settled down close by the two men in front to make room for the girls.
He was meditating on the disadvantages of the position he was occupying for the sake of a mad whim when his thoughts were interrupted by scraps of conversation behind him.
"Well, your views have changed, Kit."
"To be sure," came the voice of the girl he loved. "That was just a passing phase of my education. Of course, I still think honest work hurts nobody, but I can see how wealth, and the leisure it brings, has its place in the world, too."
"Remember how you said you'd never marry a rich man?" teased somebody.
"Oh, forget the idiocies of my sophomore days," pleaded Katherine good-naturedly. "Just let him show himself now and you'd appreciate my change of heart."
The inconsequential chatter continued along other channels, but behind Mr. Horton's unsuspecting back Jack glared at Kenneth. Katherine was no longer looking for a "toiler," and if he chucked the bluff and 'fessed up, as Kenneth repeatedly urged him to do, he feared she would think him nothing less than an idiot.
The following day Jack, bridle on arm, his course of action still undecided, followed Mr. Horton as the latter went down to the south pasture to have another tussle with the Shah. Lifting down the bars, the two men entered the lot, replaced them carefully, and walked slowly over to where the Shah, sleek and magnificent, was feeding. Jack, bridle behind him, waited as Mr. Horton made his approach.
Suddenly, around the bend of the wood road that skirted the pasture, a horse's staccato hoof beats broke the slumberous silence of the midsummer morning. And to the startled eyes of the men appeared the Sultan, a run-

away at last, turning to his back was Katherine.

Both men, inspired by the same thought, started for the Shah who was standing nose-rail sensitively aware of the excitement. But Jack, being the younger man, was the quicker. Managing to slip the bridle on, he swung astride and, somehow asserting his control, drove the animal straight to the bars—and over.

The Sultan, suddenly confronted in a lane so narrow that the tree branches met overhead, by a plunging animal determined to throw his rider, slowed down, stopped, and stood shivering. At the same moment that Katherine, weak and shaken, slipped down from the saddle, Jack was hurled over the head of the Shah.

When Mr. Horton reached the scene, the Shah was down the lane, the Sultan standing quietly, and Katherine bending over her resister, who was lying with his eyes closed.

"Where the devil did you learn to ride like that, man?" murmured the farmer even as he stooped to feel Jack's heart.

"Playing polo," answered Jack absent-mindedly, and lost consciousness.

Mr. Horton, to whom polo-playing farmhands were a new experience, sent Katherine to the house to get the doctor for Jack and to get Kenneth to come after the horses.

Late that afternoon, Jack, propped up on the chaise longue in the cool guest chamber of the farmhouse, was berating himself with choice invectives.

The door opened softly and in stepped Katherine, bearing a tray. "Mother sent up your supper," she explained.

There was one thing Jack wanted more than his supper—he wanted to know if Katherine knew. Perhaps she read his wish in his face. At any rate she smiled a little and sat down by the window.

"Kenneth has told me the whole story," she said, "and while it was kind of crazy, I can't help feeling flattered that any man would be willing to work hard for sixty dollars a month and board, just to—"

"To try and make good in the eyes of the woman with whose picture he fell in love," said Jack quietly.

Katherine flushed. Then: "Please, oh, please wait," she said hastily, "until—until you're well again."
And Jack, knowing the doctor had predicted a speedy recovery, was content.

FEAR OF BREAKING MIRROR

Accident That is Associated With One of the Oldest Superstitions of the World.

When a lady, however cultured and intelligent, accidentally shatters her mirror, she is apt to turn pale. She may even faint, though she may not actually believe in the subsequent "seven years of bad luck" or the loss of the one she holds most dear.

Is this perhaps because all peoples have regarded mirrors as symbolic? That from the earliest time, it has been the instrument with which the seer communicated with fate? (Who has not gone secretly to consult the crystal gazer who in her back parlour used a wet mirror instead of a crystal ball?) There are Christian families today who will carefully drape the mirrors in a sick room because their ancestors believed the spirit of death gained entrance through them.

It is rather natural, then, that breaking the means of communication with the Beyond should be regarded as a calamity. Hence the "seven years of bad luck." Napoleon was so intensely superstitious on this point that once he happened to break the glass that covered the picture of Josephine, fearful that this might spell the same calamity as breaking a mirror he sent a courier to make sure that she was safe, and slept neither day nor night till the courier's return. A famous English writer died just one month after he openly boasted that he would defy this mirror superstition.

Pleasures of Solitude.
Give me the flowing river that runs between the pine-clad shores! Give me the babbling brook with its rippling music! And you may have the crowd-streams of commerce that rush and toss between the high piles of granite, writes L. J. Mully in the Utah Chronicle.

Give me the twinkling stars—the glow of the silver moon! And a million electric torches that illuminate the great cities are yours.

Give me the music of the wind swept trees! And keep your symphonies. Give me the howling herd, the cawing cock, and your Carusos and McCornacks will not be missed.

Give me the joyous vision of the budding rose that fills the untilled fields the bluebells by the brook, the cowslip in the marshy bed! And you may have all the forced blooms, the result of man's effort to improve on the works of God.

Drink Water With Meals.
Contrary to a long standing theory, water taken with meals is now recommended. For years it has been taught such a procedure weakens the secretions of gastric juice, also that digestion would be delayed or inhibited. But now it has been proved that drinking water with meals stimulates the secretion of gastric juice, that it produces an improved liver function and that it enables the food to be utilized more economically; further, the saliva acts more efficiently when diluted with water. Thus we are encouraged to drink plenty of pure water while eating.—*Thrifty Magazine.*

ESTABLISHED 1872

SALE NOTES

LEAVE your sale notes with us for collection, or if you wish to obtain advances against them, consult any of our Local Managers.

Notes supplied free of charge



BANK OF HAMILTON.

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

McLaughlin

Motor Cars

MADE IN CANADA

Full Line Always on Hand

Demonstrations at Any Time.

Used Cars Taken In Exchange.

Also a number of good Used Cars For Sale.

Call or Write for particulars.

W. E. TODD & E. A. TODD

Hagersville, Ont.



OLD SANTA

His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how merry. His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry. His dull little mouth was drawn up like a bow, and the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

The Whole Big Store is Saying Christmas Christmas Christmas

With the largest staff in the store's history we are at your service until the bugle sounds the closing hour at 10 o'clock Christmas Eve.

Do not miss the Christmas Bargain Tables, 2nd Floor

29 cents 47 cents 67 cents

On these tables you will find many useful items from nearly every department of this big place—all are suitable for Christmas Gifts.

SOME OF THEM AS LISTED BELOW:

- Toys, Dolls, Hair Ribbons,
- Graniteware, Books, Handkerchiefs,
- Towels, Ties, China, Picture Books,
- Half Hose, Braces, Arm Bands,
- Hosiery, Mitts, Gloves,

And scores of other items.

The Bargain Tables will be in readiness Friday morning. Come as early as you can.

A Last Thought Handkerchief

Thousands of them in a special Christmas Sale. Ready Friday morning.

Welcome Christmas Gifts Selling at Half Price.

Bronzes, Electrical pieces and Statuary—an opportunity that comes once in a while.

See display near main entrance.

Closing Out all Framed Pictures at One-Quarter Price.

It doesn't represent the value of the frames. A few very desirable subjects remaining—

- \$10 Framed Pictures for \$2.50
- \$4 Framed Pictures for \$1.00, and so on.

A Sale of Men's and Boys' Sweaters

Just when you want them—"Button Up," Button on Shoulder" and "Pull Over" styles. See the display and note the prices. Selling begins Friday morning.

The Last Days of 1921 Will Bring Wonderful Values in

- Overcoats for Men Overcoats for Young Men
- Overcoats for Boys
- Suits for Men Suits for Young Men Suits for Boys

Falls' store is the store for the man or the youth who knows he is entitled to the best Overcoat or Suit that can be bought for his money and who means to have it. Selling begins Friday morning.



The Falls Store

A City Store in a Town --- But not City Prices