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Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

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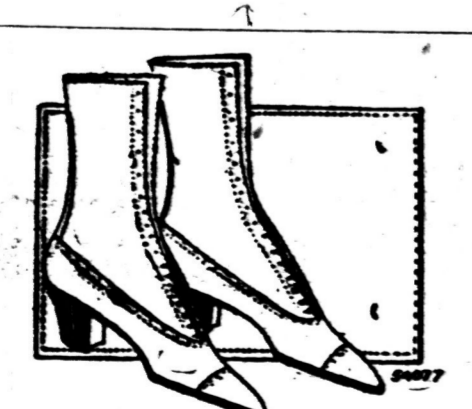
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After the season's running your motor needs its bearings tightened up. Bring in your car and we will do your job right.

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Champion "Heavy Stone" B-13, 1/2-in.

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

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GIVE US A CALL.

EDGAR MACHEL
The Old Veterans, JARVIS

BLUFFING UNCLE JAMES
By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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Phillip Merrill threw down the letter in disgust. "What the—! Why the—!" He refrained from completing his sentences in defiance to his secretary, Miss Cowles, who sat watching him in astonishment.

"My uncle absolutely refuses to lend us that money which would put us on our feet, unless—well, read for yourself his idiotic foolishness!" He thrust the letter under her nose, and, hands in his pockets, began a necessarily limited walk up and down his small office like the pacing of an angry lion in his cage.

Marjory Cowles read through the letter twice with businesslike precision:

"My Dear Nephew:
"I was interested in your statement of the assets and liabilities of your business at the moment. But I do not forget that you have been enthusiastic over various other enterprises. When you give any evidence of settling down, by getting married, for instance, I shall be more convinced of your seriousness, and be glad to help you. By the way, if you are married, let me know. It might alter the case. Your affectionate uncle, James B. Cowles."
"I'm sorry, Mr. Merrill," she said, then added with a sigh: "If only he could have seen his way to making the loan, it would have meant such a lot!"

"A lot!" echoed Phillip. "Why, it would mean all the difference between pulling through and going under."

Marjory Cowles had been associated with the Goodfitt Tire company since its inception, and had been through so many of its ups and downs that she had acquired some of the privileges of a partner without its responsibilities. Now she pondered the situation with half-closed eyes, her pencil tapping her firm red lips.

"There—there isn't anyone you would want to marry on short notice?" She hoped her employer didn't hear the beating of her treacherous heart as she waited for the answer she had been longing to know ever since her discovery that Phillip had the most attractive blue eyes of any man she had ever seen.

"Indeed there isn't!" declared Phillip so emphatically that her heart beat faster than ever.

Marjory was about to remark that his uncle was evidently eccentric, when Phillip gave a positive shout. "I hang it! And he deserves it for being so peculiar and tightstrid. Please take this letter." And he was dictating before she had picked up her pad and pencil.

"Dear Uncle James: You want to know if I am married. Well, am I? I wish you could see my wife (that's true enough, Miss Cowles. I wish he could, and tell me what she's like.) If you will reconsider the making of that loan, I assure you that you will never regret it. Yours, Phillip."
"P. S.—If the wife knew I was writing this I feel sure she would send her love."
"I am going out for lunch now. Get that letter off as soon as possible, please." And Phillip took down his coat and hat and went out.

Left alone, Marjorie sat for a moment idly wondering how the affair would turn out, and absent-mindedly testing one of her pencils with scribbling on a sheet of typewriter paper lying on the desk. Then she rose, straightened things out and took from her drawer the few sandwiches and an apple which made up her midday meal, after which she got down to the business of getting off that letter in time for the mail.

Three weeks later Phillip sat at his desk figuring the extent of his smash-up about to occur, and wondering why he had not heard from his uncle, when he was interrupted by the jangle of the telephone bell.

"You take it, Miss Cowles," he said morosely.

Marjory took down the receiver, then almost dropped it. "His Uncle James? I'll—I'll tell him."

But there was no need. Phillip had risen and stood as one petrified. His Uncle James came all these miles to investigate the business! That meant almost surely that he would loan the money. Joyfully he took the receiver from Marjory's hand, not observing the strange thoughtfulness of her expression.

"Uncle James! I am pleased!—How long you here for?—Fine! Simply fine!—My wife! My wife!—Oh-er-yes, yes, yes, very well, very well—we'll put you up there—all right. Yes. Of course-er, we'd ask you to stay with us, but we've only two rooms. —Yes, two rooms, but there's an excellent little family hotel near. We'll put you up there—All right. Yes, come right up."

Phillip turned from the telephone with so woe-begone an expression that Marjorie's heart melted within her.

"My uncle is coming up, will be here any moment, and how the deuce can I produce a wife in that time?" Simply paused with the despair of one whose game is up. Then, "I say, Miss Cowles, you wouldn't—oh, it's a crazy scheme—but would you consider being my wife?"

Marjory couldn't resist. "This is—no sudden!" she said quite soberly, then

didn't know whether to be more disgraced or amused at the look of alarm on Phillip's face.

"Oh, I didn't mean really—that is, oh, just pretend you're—er—my wife, while Uncle James is here this morning. After that I'll undeceive him. But if he'd only go over the works first and see what a first-rate proposition it is, he'll forget this wife business and loan the wherewithal."

Marjory debated within herself. Playing the part of a make-believe wife to the man you're in love with might have its tragic moments. But, because she was in love with him—"All right," she said at last, "for the sake of the business I will."

"You're a brick, Miss Cowles!" he grasped her hands gratefully. "Then, as the color mounted slowly in his cheeks, "He'll think I'm a darned lucky dog!" he added. It was the first personal note that had ever crept into the conversation.

Half an hour later Uncle James arrived—a tall individual with keen, snapping eyes. He greeted his nephew affectionately, then turned to the girl as Phillip said, a little awkwardly: "My—er—wife. She is putting her shoulder to the wheel, too, for a while."

The difficult moment was past and Uncle James was launched in descriptions of his trip east. As he rose to go after steadily refusing to talk business, Uncle James uttered the fatal words that lengthened indefinitely the conspirators' plan of an hour.

"I'm glad you did so well, Phillip, because I'd rather made up my mind, if your wife was one of these extravagant creatures wearing her husband's earnings on her back, I'd have nothing to do with your business, no matter how promising. But before we discuss that I intend to see the whole of New York and the two of you must be my guests."

As he went out, the two young people looked at each other. Then "Stick by me a while longer," begged Phillip miserably, and Marjory consented.

Followed busy evenings at theaters, automobile rides up the Hudson, dinners. When they were riding Uncle James usually insisted on occupying the front seat with the chauffeur. "Even old married people like to sit by themselves and talk," he said indulgently.

And Marjory, sitting snugly wrapped up at Phillip's side, watching the river, felt sometimes that she had stepped into a dream. While Phillip—well, Phillip grew to long for the right to reach out and grasp the slim hand resting beneath the robes a few inches away.

For Marjory in the hours of companionship, had shown herself to be a wonderful comrade, eminently desirable. In wondering how he could afford marriage, if the business failed, he sometimes forgot his feeling of guilt at the deception he was practicing on his uncle and his anxiety as to the outcome.

Then one day, Uncle James wandered into the office when Phillip was out. Finding Marjory alone, he hesitated, then sat down in his nephew's chair.

"What's my nephew playing the fool for?" he demanded.

"What do you mean?" she asked, trying to speak calmly.

"Just this—he's no more married than you are! I'll tell you how I know. Reaching into his pocket, he extracted the envelope Marjory recognized as the one she had addressed. Out of it he took the letter and turned it over. On the back she saw her handiwork, and a delicate flush stole over her face. "Marjory Cowles—Marjory Cowles Merrill—Mrs. Phillip Merrill—" She had picked up that paper with its scribbles to typewrite the letter on!

"When I saw P. M. M. C. at the bottom of the letter, I put two and two together. The girl in my nephew's office was in love with him, even as she took down a letter indicating that he was married! It made me a mite suspicious of that letter, and gave me an excuse to come on."

"And now that I have come—well, he can have that money on one condition—that he makes good his bluff and marries you right away. You suit me down to the ground as my nephew's wife."

Rising, he went slowly out, leaving the girl speechless and indignant. Then the hot tears welled into her eyes and she buried her face in her arms on the desk. Nor did she hear the door open softly. Suddenly, two strong arms swept her to her feet and held her close.

"I met my uncle downstairs. He said my wife wanted me very badly. But it's nothing, Marjory darling, to the way I want my wife. When can I claim her, sweetheart?"

Marjory lifted her wet eyes, now shining with happiness. "Any time that suits Uncle James," she said, and Phillip forgot to be mystified in the wonder of the first kiss.

"Puck."

This merry imp is the portrait of a child which was painted without any particular aim as to character. When Alderman Boydell saw it, he said: "Sir Joshua, if you will make this pretty thing into a Puck, for my Shakespeare gallery, I will give you a hundred guineas for it." The president smiled and said little, as was his custom; a few hours' happy labor made the picture what we see it—Witfred Whitten (Quoted in "The Friendly Town," by E. V. Lucas).—Art and Artists.

Doesn't Need Reforming.
What does the old-fashioned girl who married him "just for a home" marry him for now!—Detroit News.

A Few Words for the First Week of the New Year 1921

The foundation principles of our business the first week of the year, the last week of the year, and every week of the year, is this—To bring reliable merchandise from its source of production to the doors of our customers through the straightest possible channel with the least possible expense, and with the least possible addition to the cost of production. That is the central thought, the chief purpose, and that we succeed in our endeavor is very generally conceded. The passing years have witnessed many improvements in the machinery of business—the systems and methods and rules of service. These have kept pace with growth and many accommodations and conveniences now enjoyed by shoppers and helpers were undreamed of a few years ago, and this better service costs you nothing. Its cost is more than absorbed in the multiplied volume of goods sold. Good service this year, better service next year. By this rule this business has grown year by year.

The Falls Co.

Another Busy Week in Fine Furs, Women's Coats and Other Things

We have been fortunate in securing a manufacturer's surplus stock of sample Winter Coats for women and young women at about half their true worth. The loss or any portion of it does not fall on the Falls Co. Every garment is of this season's make, smart serviceable garments. We have divided the purchase into two lots.

\$17 and \$23

The coats were made to sell for double the above prices. Even the \$17 coats are lined throughout and are highly desirable garments. A great portion of the Coats at \$23 have Fur Collars. These are coats that early in the season sold for \$45. See window display.

Never Have Been Such Reductions on Furs

Women who received a check at Christmas time instead of a coat will do well to compare values before investing. Every Fur Coat and every piece of Fur here are all of our usual worthy quality—regular merchandise at lower-than-usual prices, and they are all new and in the most approved styles.

\$137.50 for a Coat made to sell for \$275.00
\$150.00 for a Coat made to sell for \$300.00
\$162.50 for a Coat made to sell for \$325.00
\$225.00 for a Coat made to sell for \$450.00
\$250.00 for a Coat made to sell for \$500.00
\$300.00 for a Coat made to sell for \$600.00
\$325.00 for a Coat made to sell for \$650.00
\$350.00 for a Coat made to sell for \$700.00

Fur Sets, Separate Muffs and Neck Pieces at These Very Low Prices

\$95.00 Beaver Cape for	\$63.00
Muff to match, worth \$75.00 for	\$50.00
\$100.00 Sable (Skunk) Capes for	\$66.00
Muff to match, worth \$65.00 for	\$43.00
\$125.00 Sable (Skunk) Cape for	\$83.00
Muff to match, worth \$85.00 for	\$56.00
\$125.00 Hudson Seal Cape for	\$83.00
Muff to match, worth \$50.00 for	\$33.00
\$75.00 Hudson Seal Cape for	\$50.00
Muff to match, worth \$45.00 for	\$30.00
\$75.00 Black Fox Neckpiece for	\$50.00
Muff to match, worth \$75.00 for	\$50.00
\$60.00 Black Fox Neckpiece for	\$40.00
Muff to match, worth \$60.00 for	\$40.00
\$40.00 Taupe Wolfe Neckpiece for	\$26.00
Muff to match, worth \$40.00 for	\$26.00
\$40.00 Black Wolfe Neckpiece for	\$26.00
Muff to match, worth \$40 for	\$26.00
\$25 Black Wolfe Neckpiece for	\$16.00
Muff to match, worth \$25 for	\$16.00
\$25 Natural Raccoon Neckpiece	\$16.00
Muff to match, worth \$25 for	\$16.00

The Falls Co.

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