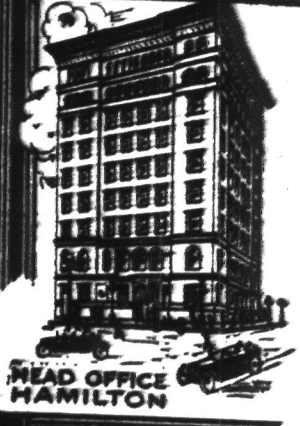


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The Pretenders
 By JESSIE DOUGLAS

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"Mornin'," said the girl pleasantly. The young man saluted and sat down on the other side of the berry bushes. His fingers, big and brown and clumsy, made slow work of the berry picking. He stopped a moment to watch his companion in labor as she stripped the bushes with the easy skill of experience. From her fingers his eyes traveled to her face and he noted the healthy glow of color in her cheeks and the thick mass of chestnut hair that was drawn back under her coarse, wide hat.

Dan Willard summed her up as the typical farmer's daughter—skilled in her tasks, healthy, unthinking, happy. Then he went back to his own laborious task.

"If you'd begin at the bottom of the bush—so," she illustrated, "and pluck them off—so—you'd get on faster!" Dan looked into her pretty liquid eyes and learned his lesson.

There was no further conversation while they worked at varying speeds, while the drowsy hot sound of the locusts came to them, and the breath of the hayfields, freshly cut, sweet with a thousand blended perfumes.

They both straightened up at the sound of the horn blowing across the fields.

"Dinner!"

They both stopped with relief and the man rose stiffly.

"I guess you're not used to this," the girl smiled. Her voice, huskily sweet, was as pretty as her eyes, he decided. Then he lifted his pail and hers and strode off beside her.

"Not berry picking," he explained, looking down on her pink sun-bonnet that she had tossed on to cross the fields. "I've been haying over to Farmer Dick's, and now he's set me to berrying."

"Oh!" said the girl. In a flash she knew he was the new hand at the Dick's, who tossed the hay on the ricks and rode past to the barns while she had been weeding in the kitchen garden of the farm below.

"Do you live around here?" it was his turn to question.

"Over to the Mayberrys," she answered.

He remembered now this was the same girl he had noticed hanging out the clothes and working around the place. Old Mayberry's daughter.

She was a pretty thing, he thought, as he watched her swing down the road to the next farm. The girl, almost as though she had read his thoughts, turned at the pasture to wave to him. He waved back awkwardly, knowing that he was not used to this easy give and take of farm life, as he should be.

But he was more disappointed than the occasion warranted when she did not rejoin him that afternoon at the berry bushes. They must have needed her at home, but still— He noticed how tedious the work was and how his fingers were stiff with thorn pricks and how hot the sun beat down on the fields.

When his day's work was over at last and he had washed out at the pump with the other two "hands," and had eaten his supper of hearty farm food, he found that he had no desire as usual to throw himself out under the stars on the cool grass and lie there until bedtime.

With his pipe between his teeth he walked off hazily down the road until he had come to the white farmhouse cuddling down under the trees—where she had said she lived.

"Clasy!" he heard a voice call, and as soon as he heard the name he knew that no other could have suited her so perfectly. He was very slow at going past the house, and when he came back he saw a figure out under the Rose-of-Sharon bushes, and he knew it was she.

He ought to go past. But he gave in and called, "Good evening!" and she answered him in that husky, sweet voice that blended in with the night sounds and came out to where he waited in the road. As she came to him her little gingham dress had taken on the glamour of moonshine and the fragrance of the roses; he knew he was going to be sorry later. But he found himself strolling up the road and sitting on the crumbling stone wall that shut in the Mayberry orchard.

"What do you do all the time?" he asked her.

And she told him about the kitchen, garden and the weeding, and how she made bread and churned the butter; she told him how she drove the cows home at night sometimes and the way she hunted for the eggs, and laughed at the funny tricks of the hens who hid them so smartly in new nooks and crannies.

He thought she was very sweet, this little farm girl, with her knowledge of the ways of all these animals and her natural way of looking on her duties as so many pleasures.

But she shook him out of his thoughts with the question, "And what do you do?"

"Oh, I'm just a farmhand, haying in season, and the chores, milking, feeding the animals—"

There was a pause and the girl wondered how such a strong, brown, steady-looking man could spend winter and summer in the work of the farm laborer. If it was his own farm, or even if he were learning! But he

seemed satisfied with his work, and she said nothing.

"Good night," he said at last, and she never knew what a longing he had to kiss her there under the moonlight.

Clasy could not sleep well that night in her hot little room under the eaves; she saw him again, tall, brown of face, hardy, with big muscles—as the man who works out of doors—

She was to think of him a great many other nights, with an aching heart and a deep happiness and a burning fear that all this was to end with the summer. For as day followed day she saw Dan Willard and walked with him under the stars and talked with him on her own white piazza sweet with the climbing honeysuckle.

The summer was ending and Dan Willard knew that now he would have to tell the truth. He could never marry this little farmer's daughter— for skilled as she was in the ways of the farm country she could never fit in with the duties and essentials of his own life. So he decided. Then he went to say good-by.

"Clasy, I'm going home tomorrow," he said, and he saw her face whiten and grow strained. "I wonder if you'd kiss me for good-by?"

She did not answer, but she did not turn her face away. When he held her in his arms he said quickly, "I came to say good-by, dear, but I can't! In spite of everything I want you to marry me, if you will!"

He thought he heard her sob and he knew she trembled in his arms.

"Oh, Clasy, will you?"

She lifted her face to him mutely.

Then holding her hand tightly in his, he told her the truth. "It's going to be a different life, and a hard one to learn all over, but I'll try to help—I'm an instructor in a fresh water college and life in a college town will be pretty hard to get used to. I just came out here this summer, as I always do, to work on a farm—it's my fun and I'm not a farmhand, as you thought all along!"

"Oh, Dan," the girl whispered, "and you're willing to marry me, a little girl who only knows enough to bring the cows home from pasture—and—"

"If you'll have me."

"I'm afraid you'll be marrying me under false pretense then, for I'm a school teacher in the city," she whispered. "I wanted to come out and live on a farm—just to try it!"

Another large purchase of pretty \$1.00 and \$1.25 Dress Voiles will go on sale this week at the yard 75c. See them displayed in the Wash Goods Section.

The wedding bells of June are ringing and the gifts are ready at Falls' Store, Simcoe.

These Are Days of Opportunity
TAKE ADVANTAGE

Three Underskirt Bargains

Three specials in Moire Silk and Corded Silk Underskirts. Extra large sizes. Splendid value and excellent for hard wear:

The \$5.00 Underskirts will sell for..... **\$2.95**
 The \$6.00 Underskirts will sell for..... **\$3.95**
 The \$7.00 Underskirts will sell for..... **\$4.95**

Girls' Coats Marked for Quick Clearance

Girls' Shepherd Check Coats made with belt, pockets and colored silk collar; a few with black velvet collars; the smallest sizes are lined throughout with figured and plain satteen; sizes to fit ages to 9 years:

All the \$3.50 and \$3.75 Coats will sell for..... **\$2.50**
 All the \$5.00 Coats will sell for..... **\$3.50**

Women's Smart Silk Skirts

For sport or afternoon wear—in fancy and plain Taffetas, Duchesse Satin and Tricorette, to go on sale at HALF PRICE:

Skirts that sold up to \$20 will sell for..... **\$10.00**
 Skirts that sold up to \$30 will sell for..... **\$15.00**

Be careful to buy only good sound merchandise at honest prices. This page will tell you where you can get it.

\$7.00 Petticoats for \$4.45; \$8.50 Petticoats for \$6.00

Two special lines in Silk Underskirts; very newest shades and splendid choosing; some have Jersey Silk Top with satin frill; others have deep accordion pleated frill. Among them are a few Shot Silks. Very specially priced—~~\$4.50 and \$6.00~~—instead of \$7.00 and \$8.50.

Underskirts Now 95 Cents Each

Women's Colored and White Sateen Underskirts, deep pleated frill, elastic at waist; many colors to choose from; on sale each **95c.**

Children's Pretty Dresses Half Price

Children's Gingham Dresses in checks, plaids and plain colors; sizes to fit little girls 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Very dainty styles in a special sale at half price. Regular each \$1.35 to \$5.00. **Sale Price 62c to \$2.50.** (Second Floor.)

Three Racks of Women's and Misses' Dresses, in Taffeta, Paillettes, Crepe de Chenes and Habutai Silk. Very newest styles and excellent values. Grouped into three prices—\$15.00, \$19.50 and \$28.50. Were \$20, \$25 and \$35.

Black Silk Stockings, the Pair, 77c. Only 5 Dozen at this Price.

The tops are of fine Lisle with here and there a slight imperfection otherwise they are perfect in every respect, and pure silk; double heels and toes; sizes 8 1/2 to 10. Think of it—**77c a pair.**

This week will see the last of these \$2.00 and \$2.50 Shirts for \$1.37.

Men's Suits \$15.00

Another lot of Men's Suits will go on sale this week. Where did they get them? It's too low to be safe to buy, are some of the remarks overheard regarding these Suits at \$15. **You know the store.**

People tell us they can shop here for any length of time with no sense of fatigue. Whereas a very short time in most stores exhausts them. Nothing uses up one's vitality more quickly than impure air. The air in Fall's store is next thing to outdoors. The store was built that way. You never breathe yesterday's air to-day in this store.

Now is a Time of Very Unusual Opportunity For People Who Want Fine Furniture

Bedroom Furniture and Dining Room Furniture includes many suites of the highest class as well as some moderate price suites at 15 to 20 per cent. below the latest low market quotations.—Furniture Department, Third Floor.

Aerolux Porch Shades

Old Sol may settle down to business at any moment now; and it's a wise householder who has the Aerolux Shades up on his porch, ready for business. A full line of Porch Shades will be found in the Furniture and Home Furnishing Department. We also make awnings to order.

T-R-O-P-I-C-A-L
Spells Suit Comfort for Many a Man.

Falls' is the place a man can come to in Simcoe for a Tropical Suit or for sports wearables that belong in the same category. Just see if it isn't:

Palm Beach Suits..... **\$20.00, \$22.50, \$25.00**
 Light Grey Tweed, 2-piece Suits..... **\$25.00**
 White Duck Trousers, pair..... **\$2.25**
 Light Grey Separate Trousers, pair..... **\$5.00**
 Stripped Flannel and Worsted Trousers..... **\$9.50**

Save Your Better Linens

and save your money at the same time, by buying these Napkins and Table Cloths:

Cotton Damask Table Cloths that sold for \$7.50, are on sale at **\$3.95**
 Cotton Damask Table Napkins that sold for \$7.75 are on sale at the dozen..... **\$4.25**

Delightful Summer Frocks are Flacking in by the Hundred—Prices as low as \$8.00, \$10, \$12.50, \$18.50, \$20.00, \$22.50 and \$25.00.

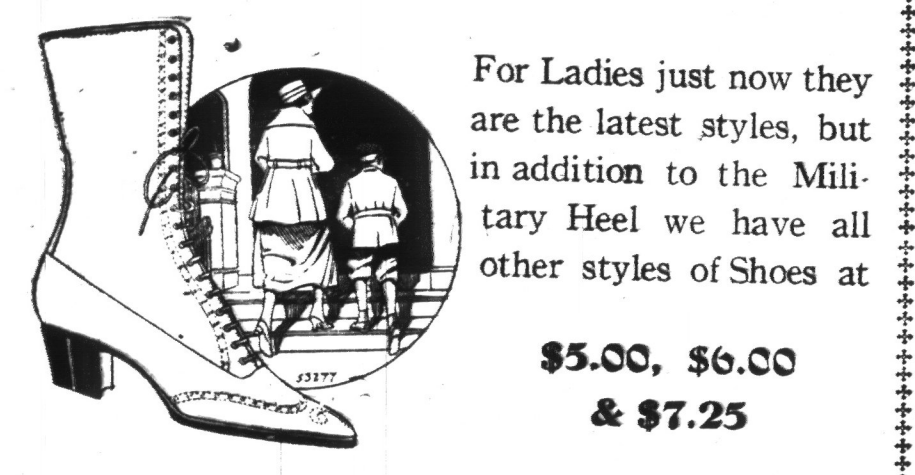
Light, airy, comfortable frocks that might well have been blown in on the gentle breezes of June, are designed for special becomingness. Women of every type will find choosing a-plenty, even among the very inexpensive things.

Railroad Fares Refunded.

The Falls Store

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

"The Latest in Shoes"
 is what we term the shoes with the Military Heel.



For Ladies just now they are the latest styles, but in addition to the Military Heel we have all other styles of Shoes at

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Oxfords, Oxford Ties, Pumps
 at \$4.15, \$4.50, \$4.85 & \$6.00

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