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orney.

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County Council  
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HOTEL  
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for the Travelling  
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S. N. R. Pond.  
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**BANK OF HAMILTON**  
JARVIS BRANCH—J. H. Brown, Manager  
Nanticoke—Tuesday and Friday

**My Day**  
By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

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John Ingjis began it—very badly at that. Which is not at all like him—commonly he is a rock of refuge for anybody in the neighborhood who lets herself get overgilded. You see he can do anything, and has nearly everything—cars, gaited saddle horses, two canoes on the mill pond, a delightful big old house, with an adorable aunt to play propriety at need, money in both pockets, a sweet disposition, and the most engaging brand of ugliness, unique, even distinguished.

He claims to have helped raise me—and intimates that he is not proud of the job. I know how to take that—as guff for public consumption. Privately he looks another story—though he hadn't ever asked me outright, my mind was quite made up to marry him, when I was good and ready—say after I was rising twenty-five. Maybe I ought to have told him, but it takes so little to make a man give himself airs—even John. Then I really couldn't conceive him giving Lady Loring a thought, except as my friend.

Yet he called up at an ungodly hour—just after daybreak. "Wake up the Lady Bird and have her ready to ride with me," he said. "Your togs will fit her—she'll look fine in my Mexican saddle—and tell her to let her hair fly—it is a dead match to Trimbble Toe's mane and tail."

The impertinence of him! It took my breath a second. I flared out at him like a house afire, but he only laughed back. "Don't be foolish, Nancy. Green eyes don't become you—not one bit." Then as I gasped, "You shall have roses washed in dew if you're good. Otherwise—well, the Lady Bird won't be jealous of sister blossoms." Of course, I froze after that—bade him come in a hurry—routed up lady—she was horribly cross until she knew why—then she asked me as she went into the bathroom: "How rich is this scarecrow of yours, Nan? I mean in real money—belongings don't interest me—I must invest myself for hard cash, you know."

"I think he has as much as seven dollars," I flung after her, so angry I could barely keep my voice steady. I wanted to tell her she'd be lucky to get on a bargain counter, but didn't, being a hostess cramps your style sometimes.

When they rode off to breakfast at the Pines I had to laugh—John rode so easy and lady so hard. It was about her third time in saddle—I knew she wanted to hold on to Trimbble Toe's mane, but she didn't. I must say she was game.

Just then dad came down, wearing mostly a dressing gown and a worried look. Mother was ill—he had called the doctor—now it was up to me to call off the garden party dog that afternoon—mother wasn't able to endure noises of chatter, squealing, motors, and so forth, to say nothing of jazz, even on the lawn. A pretty big order, but luckily I waited till after breakfast to start carrying it out. The riders were back then—Lady with her nose burnt scarlet at the tip. John lifted her down just as though she had been me, and set her on the piazza, so I had to say: "Oh, do your boots pinch, dear? I'm so sorry! Get them off quick." John frowned a little, but forgot it when he heard the pickle I was in, and like an angel got me out of it. Went home and took the party bodily off my hands. I loved him for it until he called up to tell me everything was arranged, and wound up with: "Of course you won't like to leave your dear mother, so I'm coming to fetch the Lady Bird in time to help Aunt Jane receive."

That made me murderous, but I had no time even to see red, for here came the Lorton car, with Jessie Farrell and Elsie Duke inside, all packed around with bags, and suitcases, and things, and explaining that they had come this Thursday instead of waiting until Saturday, when they were expected, because they were coming anyway to the party, and Mrs. Lorton sighed so over the price of gasoline. But after all, it wasn't so bad. I called up John telling him to bring the big car—not the roadster—that is, unless he wanted to make three trips tete-a-tete.

When mother had fallen asleep I tiptoed into Lady's room—found her whimpering on the bed, her blistered nose dripping cold cream, her feet swollen two sizes, and red as beet. "But—they—a—are—not—the—worst," she spluttered. "—I—can't s—sit down—I'm so s—sore. But I—must go. Even though it s—seems I can't hardly s—stand."

"Of course, you must go—you shall, if I have to get a litter," I said crisply—determined John should see the wreck of his happiness while the wrecking was in the acute stage. Lady's eyes were in commission—the most dangerous things about her, but somehow they didn't seem formidable with a red nose in between.

Elsie Duke is my evil genius—she's taken that first aid thing—by time she got through with her lotions and salves and grease paints outright, she had Lady on foot, looking a bare shade the worse for the ride. "Keep your veil down, and walk Spanish," she giggled, "and sit out most of the dances," she admonished as they sat waiting for John. Instead came the big car, with the handsomest young

**"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

\$5.00, \$6.00 & \$7.25

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

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—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.

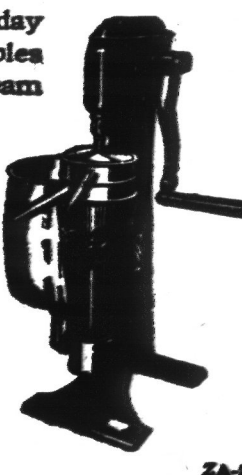
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Take a trip into our local agent's store today and see for yourself the above exclusive Sharples advantages and what they mean to you in cream saved and in convenience.

**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



creature I ever saw at the wheel. He hung out bareheaded. "I'm nobody but Tommy. Got to stow my load ship-shape. Old John ordered a call for one more passenger."

"She can have my room," I said primly. It was all I could manage, with the crowd leaving me behind. Tommy grinned. "If you were dressed I'd take you in my lap," he said. "See that you are dressed when I come back for you, unless you want to ruin my sweet disposition."

The impertinent! But he didn't have to wait. Mother fairly made me go and wear my pale-blue frock with the pink roses on it. Tommy was in the roadster. I knew him perfectly if I had never seen him. John's step-cousin and sworn friend, just home from the wars. John had told me how funny he was, likewise how audacious; still it took me all about to have him say, stopping dead and patting my shoulder: "Cousin Nan, I am taking time to tell you you're playing the fool with a prefix, if you understand."

"As how?" I asked him, trying to make a joke of it.

"Playing games with a full-grown man worth any hundred of the rest, as though he was a jumping-jack. Mind how you cut your notches, or you'll have him jumping into a red-hot hell."

"Name it, if you can," I said, chills crawling up and down my spine.

"No need," he said. "I'd never scandalize a lady"—slight emphasis here. "But, there are ladies and ladies. John may get too fond of the wrong sort. One who ran rigs over yonder, uniform to the contrary notwithstanding. I can't warn him, for reasons. I'd hate awfully to threaten her. Now, will you be good?"

"How?" I asked, more chills down my spine. Tommy laughed aloud. "You ask an infant to tutor you," he said. "I think it would be a good omen if you told old man John you'd do anything he said hereafter."

Will you believe it—I managed somehow to do just that before the party broke up?

**LEAVE TRESSES AT SHRINE**  
Women of Burma Glory in Physical Disfigurement in Gratitude for Granted Prayers.

The architectural and religious pride of Burma is the Shwe Dagon pagoda, which rises above every other building in Rangoon. Situated upon a hilltop sacred in Burmese life, the pagoda is reached by what seems to the weary climber to be an endless stairway.

At many of the shrines wander worshippers of both sexes and all ages. They set up candles before the serene-faced statues, or spread lotus blossoms at their feet. But nearly every one puffs contentedly and incessantly at long native cigars.

The strangest sight of all, however, is near the top of that stairway, up which men, women and children seem forever to come or to go. At this spot there is a small clothes reel—the kind on which American suburban housewives hang up their washing off the lawn.

But the reel holds what appears to be nothing more and nothing less than the loot of a tribe of American Indians returned from a scalping expedition or the stock-in-trade of a hair store.

If one waits long enough he will see a woman with close-cropped hair push her way through the throng and add to the display a switch of jet-black hair. Her prayer of some earlier visit has been granted and her cut hair testifies in her gratitude.

**Paler Eyes Result of City Life.**  
A French professor has just told the Academy of Sciences of Paris that after long residence in Paris a person's eyes grow paler in color and the hair undergoes a kind of bleaching. In time, he believed, dark-haired persons with brown eyes would be rare in Paris. A medical correspondent writes: It is well known that prolonged absence of direct sunlight produces lighter coloring of the skin, hair and eyes. Brown eyes are less sensitive to sunlight than gray eyes—a fact which explains why northern races have light and southern races dark eyes. Pigmentation (coloring) is in direct proportion to the intensity of the light in which people live. But the change is slow. One thousand three hundred years have not made the fair West Saxon of Somerset and Gloucester similar in complexion to the Welshman of Glamorgan and Carmarthen. It is found that short brunettes tend to die out in cold, sunless climates because they cannot eat enough food to keep them warm.

**When Mansfield "Got in Bag."**  
Richard Mansfield, the famous actor, was very fond of sweetbreads, and at a time when sweetbreads were not generally accepted as being fit food for human consumption. While playing in Canada he was forced to go to the slaughter houses in order to get the tid-bit, and this fact was soon heralded about the town. Small boys began to follow him, half in fear and half in curiosity, yelling to those who asked the reason of their parade that the man they were following "ate innards" of animals. As a result it became noised about that Mansfield, although a great actor, was "more than a little queer."

**The Extremes.**  
"I have little or nothing to wear to the party," said the woman who exaggerates.

"I don't know whether to sympathize or congratulate you," rejoined Miss Cayenne. Yours must be one of two cases—the depth of poverty or the height of fashion.—Exchange.

**Mattresses**  
One of the best makers of Mattresses that we know of has sent us one hundred of them to dispose of—at greatly reduced prices.

French and English Dinner Sets of fine quality at genuine saving. They are direct from the best manufacturers in France and England, at \$38.50, \$46, \$42, \$48.50, \$60, \$110, \$115 and \$125.

**June is a Joyous Time Outside the Store Or In It**

**Prettiest Summertime Frocks**  
For Tiny Girls Go on Sale This Week at Extra Half Price.

They are in Plain Chambray and Plain Check and Plaid Gingham and will fit girls 2 to 6 years:—

\$1.25 Dresses will sell for.....	.62
\$1.50 Dresses will sell for.....	.75
\$2.00 Dresses will sell for.....	\$1.00
\$2.50 Dresses will sell for.....	\$1.25
\$3.00 Dresses will sell for.....	\$1.50
\$3.50 Dresses will sell for.....	\$1.75
\$4.00 Dresses will sell for.....	\$2.00
\$4.50 Dresses will sell for.....	\$2.25
\$5.00 Dresses will sell for.....	\$2.50

**Women's Silk Stockings, 77c a pair**  
They are full-fashioned black silk stockings with fine lisle widened tops. The tops only have slight imperfections or else they would have to sell for \$1.50 pair.

**OTHER SPECIALS IN HOSIERY**

- Women's seamless Silkinose Hose; sizes 8½ to 10..... 48c pair
- Women's Pure Silk Thread Seamless Ribbed Top, brown and black, special..... \$1.59 pair
- Women's Pure Silk Thread, reinforced with art silk, deep lisle garter top, seamless foot; white, black and cordovan. Special..... 98c

**Glove Silk is the Finest Summer Underwear**  
It looks so well, feels so cool and pleasant and can be laundered so easily that these fine undergarments will not last long at the below greatly lowered prices:

- Combinations in envelope and umbrella style; flesh and white, each \$5.00, instead of \$6.50.
- Bloomers—Flesh and white, \$3.50 and \$4.50 a pair instead of \$5.00 and \$6.00.

**Boys Must Have Cool Washable Suits**  
They should have the best kind—only the best kind are good enough for our Boys' Jetting Store, and they are in ample choice, in all desirable fabrics, at \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

**The Travel Season Is Here**  
And hundreds of people are looking for luggage and such accessories as will add to the comfort of their trip. In Falls' Luggage Department you will find new low prices on

- All kinds of Trunks.
- All kinds of Club Bags.
- All kinds of Suit Cases.
- All kinds of Motor and Steamer Rugs.

**The Downstairs Store**  
It's Always Cool and Pleasant and These Values Are Interesting

Palm Olive Soap, 3 Cakes for.....	24c
Laundry Soap, 12 Bars for.....	89c
Gillett's Lye, 2 Cans for.....	27c
Pearline, 3 Pkts. for.....	27c
Brooms, special at each.....	67c and 90c
O'Cedar Mops, small size.....	\$1.15
O'Cedar Mops, large size.....	\$1.65
Special assortment of Graniteware, including Stew Pans, Wash Basins, Colanders, etc.—Choice, each.....	39c
Good quality Etched Glass Vases, each.....	49c

**The Best Sale of Women's Voile and Pretty Gingham Dresses of the Season Begins Saturday.**  
\$4.97 for Dresses Worth up to \$9.00

"The maker of them takes the loss."

The Ginghams come in large plaids, checks and stripes, made with white voile and lace collars, very smart styles, some in the long-waisted effect, with short sleeves, sash and pockets.

The Voiles are in dark and light patterns, many pretty shades, with picot frills and fichues, on sale Saturday. Temptingly priced at..... \$4.97

**New White Tub Skirts Very Low in Price**  
Some of the prettiest new styles in White Gaberdine and Pique—all sports models with plain front, gathered back and button trimmed belt—many different kinds of pockets. Each \$2.47, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.50 and \$7.00.

**Women's Bathing Suits are Lower in Price and Decidedly Smart.**  
Made in fine all-wool Jersey, in one-piece style; plain and striped, many brilliant colors, very attractive in the water. Specialty priced \$5.75, instead of \$8.50.

**There's one store in Simcoe where a man can get a good suit of clothes for \$15.00.**

Whether a man wants a Tropical Suit or a Regular Suit—he will find Falls' Men's Store equally ready to serve him. Our Men's Summer Suits are a fine in their way as are our Men's Regular Suits. We could say nothing better of them—or nothing truer.

**Railroad Fares Refunded.**  
**The H.S. Falls Co. Inc.**  
A City Store in a Town --- But not City Prices