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**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.**

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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.

**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 ciling

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.

**Hearts and Arts**  
By FREDERICK HART  
(© 1921 by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

The sight of a young man striding rapidly along the road toward her father's woodlot was not in itself enough to make pretty Elsie Dean raise her eyes to follow him; but when the particular young man is dressed in flannels instead of the "blue jeans" that were the accepted weekday attire of her immediate environment, and when he carries in one hand a spindly looking arrangement of rods and braces and in the other a black case that is too large to be a doctor's bag and too small to be a suitcase; and when he has on his back an oddly shaped bundle; and in particular when he is handsome and care-free looking, it is small wonder that Elsie looked after him.

Indeed, she went to the front gate to see him go down the road, which is why she saw him suddenly swing aside from the beaten path and climb over the fence that divided the woodlot from the outer world.

Now her father's woodlot was terra sanctissima, as she well knew. It bristled with "No Trespassing" signs and warnings hinting at the extremities of legal pains and punishments for the hardy soul who should set foot within its sacred glades; so Elsie's surprise soon turned to wrath.

Her father and his men were all in the far field, haying, and there was no immediate male to whom she could look for assistance; but she did not hesitate. Down the road she ran and over the fence on the stranger's trail.

She was up with him in almost a moment; he had evidently not heard her coming, and she was prepared to blast his soul with a scathing command to depart, when the oddity of his conduct struck her. He had unfolded the spindly arrangement, and lo! it was a tripod with a cross-piece; and on the tripod rested a square of snowy canvas; and out of the little black bag many brushes and a lot of little tubes and a heart-shaped piece of wood on which the young man proceeded to squeeze the contents of some of the tubes—the brightest reds and greens and yellows Elsie had ever seen. And then this startling young man began to make lines on the white canvas, humming to himself as he did so. Enthralled, and totally forgetting her previous vengeful ideas, Elsie drew nearer; he heard her, and turned sharply.

"Oh!" she gasped. And then, remembering his iniquity, she went sharply, "This is my father's woodlot!"

"Really?" The young man did not seem particularly impressed by the statement.

"Yes, it is—and you're trespassing."

"So I am! I did notice some signs, but I didn't pay much attention to them. I don't believe in signs."

"Oh!" Elsie was not quite sure she was not being made fun of; the stranger seemed so irritatingly calm, as though the right was on his side rather than hers. "You'll be arrested if you stay here much longer."

"I've never been arrested. I wonder what it's like. Is the local calaboose comfortable, do you think?" Then dropping his manner of badinage, he continued: "Really, I know quite well that I am trespassing; but I am working on a painting with which I hope to win a great prize, and these woods are exactly what I want for a background. It seemed a pity to miss the perfect opportunity just for the off chance of being arrested, so I came in. I intended to ask permission, but there seemed to be no one in sight, so I just broke and entered. Now, please don't turn me over to the police!"

His penitent manner mollified Elsie, and besides, her curiosity was aroused.

"Oh—you're an artist?"

"Yes—in a way. If my picture takes the prize I shall know that I am an artist. I live in hope. And you must not be so hard-hearted as to blast my ambition. There is no other stretch of forest which so exactly suits my purpose as this."

"Well—you can stay—but you must ask my father's permission after to-day."

"I will." But he seemed in no hurry to go on with the work. Instead, he looked at Elsie—looked so long that she became embarrassed and blushed.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "I had no right to stare so, but—"

"But what?" as he hesitated.

"Oh—nothing. If you will excuse me I will go ahead with my work."

Elsie lingered; but he did not seem to be doing much—but putting aimless-looking lines on the canvas, so she soon left. When she had gone the artist fell to work with a fury, painting like lightning. "I must hold it!" he muttered to himself. "I must hold it! Just what I have sought!" And he painted more furiously than ever.

That evening he came over to the farmhouse to gain official consent to paint his pictures in the woodlot, and Elsie's father, a good-natured man, allowed him to continue, "so long as ye don't light no fires nor cut no timber." Assured of the young man's intention to abstain from arson or larceny, all was well.

Day after day the young man worked, and he soon fell into the habit of coming over to the farmhouse in the evening, for the ostensible purpose of talking to some one. The hotel in town, he explained, was not ex-

actly luxurious in its appointments, and he welcomed the chance for human intercourse.

Thus matters proceeded throughout the summer. The artist worked indefatigably, and Elsie, with whom he was soon on terms of intimate friendship, often begged to see the picture; but he would never oblige her curiosity.

"When it's finished," he would say, "and not till then. It looks all muddled and messy now—and I want you to be the first critic to see it complete." So Elsie was forced to be satisfied.

One evening, however, he lingered instead of going to the hotel. Elsie had remained on the piazza to enjoy the moonlight for a few moments.

"Elsie," he said, "I want you to come to the woods tomorrow morning. The picture is almost finished—there is only one more day's work on it—and I want you to say what you think."

She joined him in the woodlot as the morning sunlight filtered through the branches. Before her was the easel, covered with a cloth. He led her close to the frame, then suddenly took the cloth away. Elsie looked, then gazed and looked again. Before her on the canvas was the familiar woodlot, with its tall aisles and green lights and shadows; but under the biggest tree there stood a figure dressed in white—a white dress like the one she had worn the first day she had met him. It looked like herself—and yet—was she this radiantly beautiful creature? With a catch in her throat, she turned to the artist.

"Is it—is it really I?"

"It is you, just as you were when I first saw you. I came a hundred miles to find my ideal, and I found it—in you."

"Oh!" Elsie closed her eyes. Strong arms were holding her close, and a voice that she knew she loved was whispering magic words to her. "Oh, I never guessed—but I know now that I wanted it all the time—dear."

The artist clasped her. "I came down here to work for a prize," he said; "but I never dreamed I should find the biggest prize in the world—you!"

**TURNED THE JOKE ON ANTONY**  
Cleopatra Softened Humiliation by Compliment That Should Have Warmed Soldier's Heart.

After Cleopatra had vamped the Roman general, Antony, and had won him from camp and battle to bask in the warm sun of Egypt by her perfumed side, she was often at a loss to devise new means of entertaining him. One day she hit upon the idea of a fishing party, and the two, accompanied by a great retinue, proceeded to the river's edge, where they fished to the tinkle of harp and the waving of peacock feather fans.

Antony had but ill luck, and the maids of honor pulled up more fish than he. This was held to be either a great joke or an indication of the displeasure of the gods, and it needed but a feather weight to throw the scales either way. Antony hated being laughed at, and to be thought disfavored by the gods was a serious business in those days. He therefore arranged with a personal slave to strip and dive beneath the boat and there fasten fish to his hook, the fish being taken from the strings of those caught by others. It was done. About the tenth fish was enough for the queen, who started a quiet investigation of this marvelous luck and, discovering the secret, sent a slave of her own to dive and fasten a salted herring to the hook. A great laugh went up when the board-stiff fish appeared, and the queen said: "Go, general, leave fishing to us petty princes of Pharos, and Canopus; your game is cities, kingdoms and nations."

The Cue is the Thing.

The billiard cue is equal in place to the table, and the manufacturers of cues select their woods with great care and circumspection. The weight must be neither too little nor too large, and since the size is regulated in custom, the requisite weight is secured by selecting the wood that possesses it, says the American Forestry Magazine. The cue must have elasticity. It must start the ball upon its journey with the proper speed. That cannot be done by the player alone, no matter how skillful he may be. The cue is called upon to do its part. Maple is regarded as the best wood for cues.

Saffron in History.

Saffron is the dried stigma of the crocus flower and is found mentioned by Homer; is written about in the Canticles as a sweet-smelling herb, and was in the materia medica of Hippocrates and of the early Chinese. It was long ago produced in Persia, and in Cilicia, where the town of Korghoz is a degeneration for the old name Corycus that itself came from the ancient name of crocus, that city having been the saffron market of the east. Others maintain that the derivation was the other way and that the crocus was named for the city Corycus.

Picking Up a Language.

It is said that Darwin mastered the Spanish language during his voyage from London out. It was a voyage of many weeks—not the fifteen to twenty-day trip of a modern steamer. Last year one of Argentina's foreign ministers found it necessary to come to New York en route to Buenos Aires from a Castilian-speaking country, and during the twenty-day voyage here he acquired sufficient English to converse with astonishing readiness.—From The Americas.

**May Sales--Low Prices Prevail Throughout Our Many Departments**

**Who Would Have Thought a Year Ago that Goods could be had at the Below Low Prices**

**Mattresses**—All felt mattresses, welt-edge, special quality of covering; all sizes, reduced to..... **\$10.50**

**Mattresses**—32-pound Kapok Mattresses, roll edge; a \$25.00 value; reduced to..... **\$19.00**

**Springs**—Substantial Colteran rope edge Springs, reduced to..... **\$6.00, 5.50 and 5.00**

**Beds**—Many kinds, all reduced in price at **\$7, 9, 12, 15 and 19**

**Vests**—Women's fine Knitted Summer Vests, reduced to **3 for \$1**

**Silk Undies**—Women's washable Silk Undies in flesh and white, reduced to the suit..... **\$5**

**Voiles**—Beautiful Voiles in a wonderful collection of dark and light grounds, 36-inch and 40-inch. Reduced to..... **50c, 75c and 85c yd.**

**Ginghams**—15 pieces fine Scotch Ginghams, newest plaids; reduced to the yard..... **55c**

**Ginghams**—27-inch fine Gingham in a splendid choice, reduced to **35c**

**Silks**—Palette Silk in black and all the fashionable colors; satin finish; guaranteed; 36 inches wide; reduced to the yard..... **\$2**

**D.M.C.**—At last from France, the old reliable "D.M.C." Crochet Cotton, in white and ecru. Reduced to the ball..... **25c, 28c and 30c**

**Ribbon**—Special quality in fancy for sashes and hair bows. Reduced to the yard..... **\$5**

**Dress Goods**—54-inch Tricotine, pure Botany wool; French dye; in navy blue; reduced to the yard..... **\$5**

**Dresses**—Smart Styles in dresses for women and juniors in Haberdash and Crepe de Chine; regular up to \$25.00 each. All reduced to the yard..... **\$15**

**Shirts**—Men's Work Shirts, big roomy kind; extra length; sizes 14 to 17. Reduced to each..... **\$1.25**

**Ties**—See the window of Men's new Knitted; great choice; \$1.50 value; reduced to..... **87c**

**Jerseys**—Boys' navy, long sleeves, Cotton Jerseys; sizes to 32. Reduced to each..... **50c**

**Satin Duchesse**—Pure silk, heavy quality, 36 inches wide; reduced to the yard..... **\$2.75**

**Hose**—Women's Silk and Lisle Hose, black only; 8 1/2 to 10; reduced to the pair..... **85c**

**Hose**—Silk Thread Hose in black, white, brown, navy, tan and mode; reduced to the pair..... **\$2.25**

**Skirts**—Women's Fashionable Skirts in navy and black; reduced to each..... **\$5**

**Quilts**—300 Bed Spreads from the makers to Falls Store at 35 to 50 per cent under the market price. Reduced to..... **\$2.90, 3.50, 4.00 and 4.50**

**Towelling**—Heavy Crash Towelling, red border, nearly all pure linen reduced to the yard..... **35c**

**35 Good \$10.00 Plaid Skirts for \$7.50**

These Skirts were never made to sell for \$7.50. They are in Velour, Checks and Plaids. Soft finished; attractive patterns, well tailored, box pleated and with pocket; nearly every size.

**No Reason in the World To Let Anyone Hold You Up on Furniture as to Price, or Hold You Down as to Choice**

A few days ago a man and his wife came in here looking for something "nice" in a Dining Room Suite. They said a furniture department in a city store had just what they wanted, but the customer couldn't see the money asked for it. We matched it and saved him \$27.

We have on our Furniture Floor a wonderful variety, and we are willing to stand back of everything in it. The savings are as "good as gold" on:

Dining Room Furniture	Bedroom Furniture
Drawing Room Furniture	Den Furniture
Library Furniture	Chesterfields
Chesterfield Suites	Davenport
Divanettes	Easy Chairs
Rattan Furniture	Chesterfield Tables
Beds, Springs, Mattresses	Tea Waggon
Refrigerators	Kitchen Cabinets
Kitchen Tables	Kitchen Chairs
Electric Reading Lamps	Floor Lamps
Music Cabinets	Secretary Desks
Bathroom Mirrors	Rugs of all Kinds
Linoleums and Oilcloths	Etc.

**Refrigerator and Kitchen Cabinet Week Begins Saturday--See Window Display--Note the Savings.**

**The New Couch and Other Hammocks Have Arrived**

All at the new lowered prices. Pay anything from **\$3.75 to 28.50**, and be sure of getting the best Hammock made at the price.

**It Pays to Buy a Good Rug--In Other Words a Falls' Rug**

It is a pity when somebody buys a rug that it is not and was never intended to be the best for the money. Scores of people are taking advantage of our special sale of Good rugs at a saving of 15 to 40 per cent. It takes in every Rug in our large collection.

**Falls' Store is Best in Service and First in Value-Giving**

**Gardening and Work Gloves 19c. a Pair**

A manufacturer has sent us a big lot of heavy, brown fleecy lined work gloves, with knitted tops to dispel of at 19 cents a pair. They have slight imperfections. The hurts don't hurt. Get your share of them while they last.

**THE FALLS STORE**

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