

ESTABLISHED 1872



THE great success of the Bank of Hamilton is largely owing to its courtesy and careful service extended continuously over a period of nearly fifty years. The same service which has made friends of many hundreds of our customers in the past is at your full disposal to-day.

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.

Black Creek Creamery
 OFFERS YOU
 17 Years of Experience,
 An Established Market,
 A Clear Statement Monthly.
 For Reference Ask Our Patrons.
 Phone 11-32, Port Dover. LEA MARSHALL, Manager.

W. M. HOSKIN
 JARVIS, ONT.

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 oiling

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

A Gasoline Romance
 By FREDERICK HART

(Copyright, 1929, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It had been bright sunlight when Elsie set out for town, but before she had gone a half-mile down the road heavy clouds had rolled up from the west and to the accompaniment of ominous rumblings and grumbings from the darkened heavens the rain had begun to fall. Not that Elsie minded a wetting; she had lived too long in the country to let damp shoes and wet clothes bother her; but under her arm, carefully wrapped in brown paper, was her new dress which she simply had to have for the party that Saturday; and while brown paper is an excellent protective against dust, it has never been famous for its water-turning qualities. So Elsie fled precipitately to the shelter of an overhanging bush by the fence at the side of the road and waited for the shower to pass.

But the shower showed no intentions of passing. The rain continued to come down, not with its first violence, but with a sullen, steady intensity that presaged a long-continued drip. Elsie was wondering what she could do. She could go home, but in that case the dress would probably get wet—and it was a good three-quarters of a mile farther to the village. She wished that she had hitched up Dobbin and taken the Concord buggy; but it was too late for wishing. There seemed nothing to do but to try and wait the rain out.

She had spent nearly half an hour in her damp retreat, and was feeling rather cramped and decidedly at odds with the weather man, when she heard a monstrous chugging from down the road, interspersed with the grinding of gears on gears. In a moment a lumber truck heaved into sight, its driver perched high in the air on the seat and evidently having a certain amount of trouble in steering his ungainly charge in the slippery mud. But what Elsie noticed first was that while the driver's seat was high it was also dry—a snug cab, confined by curtains and protected by glass. She raised herself to ask for a lift when the truck suddenly slowed, slid sidewise to the edge of the road, and stopped a scant yard from where she was sitting. The curtains parted and a curly shock of red hair was thrust out, while a cheery voice cried:

"Hello! Goin' anywhere? I'll give you a lift!"

Elsie waited not on ceremony. She handed up her precious parcel, which disappeared into the maw of the seat, and then, aided by a strong tug from the driver's stout arm, she found herself seated beside him. The little enclosure of the seat seemed cozy after the cheerless shelter of the bush. The panes of the windshield, steaming with rain, made the view of the road ahead blurred and indistinct; the gray light of day let in a sort of twilight in which she could make out queer levers and buttons and all sorts of funny clock-faces on the dashboard. The driver made mysterious gestures with a lever that projected from the floor, and in a moment they were rumbling down the road. Not until then did Elsie take the opportunity to look at him.

Her look bore out the favorable impression she had had when he rescued her. He had a nice face, she thought, with some very attractive freckles, a nose that tilted over so slightly, and a chin that bespoke firmness as well as unbounded good humor. He was muffled in a raincoat, and his hands were encased in gloves; and he handled the great truck as easily as Elsie herself handled Dobbin. She was moved to admiration.

"You're an awfully good driver, aren't you?" she said.

He grinned, but he did not take his eyes off the road ahead.

"Oh, I can drive a little," he said modestly. At that moment the truck skidded wildly to the right, and with a quick, skilled twist of the wheel and a judicious application of power he brought it back to the road again.

"Oh!" cried Elsie. The young man's grin widened. "That's nothing," he encouraged her. "Bound to skid a little on a day like this. I reckon I can handle her—you going to town?"

"Yes—to the dressmaker's."

"Well, you just tell me where to drop you and I'll do it. I'm new to these parts—just got this job yesterday—driving for Simpson & Co. I make regular trips between their branch store out at Bogg's Corners and the village. Go past here about the same time every day. Say—do you go up to town often?"

Elsie blushed at the direct question, but answered shyly, "Why, yes—almost every day."

"That's fine!" The young man said no more, and Elsie did not inquire why he should appear so pleased at her statement. She was silent, apparently absorbed in her thoughts. The young man also said nothing; but he might have been interested had he known that Elsie was wondering how she could square it with her conscience for saying she went to town almost every day when as a matter of fact twice a month was almost her limit. They drove on in dead silence. In a few moments the village appeared, dripping, before their eyes, and Elsie showed her Jehu the dressmaker's. As he stopped, but before raising the curtains, he held out his hand with a frank smile and said: "I'll probably see you again some-

time. My name's Edwards—Billy Edwards, they call me."

"Mine's Elsie—Elsie Goodhart—and thank you ever so much for giving me a lift. I'd have drowned if you hadn't come along."

"Oh—that's all right—I'm sure glad to have been some help, anyway." This with a smile. What nice teeth he had!

"You surely were a help—Ed never have got to town without you—good-by!" And she scurried into the dressmaker's.

As the nice young man had predicted, they did see each other again. It was amazing how many times Elsie found something to take her to town just about the time Billy Edwards came rumbling past in his truck. And Billy seemed to expect to meet her, though it is certain she never let him know that she was waiting. And so the summer passed.

One afternoon in late August, as they were returning from a trip to the village, Billy—she called him Billy by now—said to her: "How'd you like to go riding with me this evening?"

"In the truck?" Elsie laughed.

"Well, no, hardly in the truck. There's a car over at the store that I use sometimes. Do say you'll come!"

"Well—yes, Billy—I'll come."

That evening a low, powerful-looking roadster drew up at Elsie's door, and in a few minutes the two were skimming over the hills.

"This beats the truck, doesn't it?" said Billy.

"Oh!" Elsie could only sigh with joy. "It's perfectly lovely! Whose car is it?"

"Oh, it belongs to—a man I know." But Elsie was not satisfied. She leaned over the door and saw painted on the dark gray body the letters "W. E." in gold. She turned to Billy.

Billy blushed and stammered, but he was fairly caught, and at last he admitted that he was indeed the owner of the splendid car.

"But—how—why—I don't understand!" said Elsie.

Billy was suddenly very busy making an adjustment of the spark lever. "She isn't pulling well," he muttered. But Elsie was not to be put off.

"Billy Edwards, you just have to tell me about this car!" And finally Billy told.

"Elsie," he said, "I'm general manager of the company; I've been driving the truck all summer partly because I couldn't get a mechanic I could trust and partly because I wanted the figures on gasoline consumption, tire mileage and general running ability at first hand. But I didn't tell you because—well, because—you see I—care a whole lot for you, Elsie, and I thought you liked me because I was just a truck driver—and I was going to tell you anyway; but I thought I'd take a chance tonight because it's such a lovely night for a ride, and I—well, I wanted to tell you something else before I told you about my being the manager—and now I've gone and spoiled things. Just my luck, for, Elsie, I do—I love you."

Elsie said nothing for a moment as the car sped on; but she stole a look at the face beside her. The eyes were set grimly ahead and the mouth was tight. Softly, gently, she reached a timid hand and touched his arm. He started as though he had received an electric shock. The car slowed down. As it slid into the shadow of a great tree by the side of the road Billy released the gear lever and shut off the power. Elsie's hand traveled up till it rested on his shoulder. And then Billy Edwards turned to her and held out his arms.

May Sales Throughout Falls' Store At Intensified Values

Think of Men's Suits selling at \$19.00 that quite recently sold for \$35.00. That's just what is going on in Falls' Men's Store. "We do not bear the loss." They are from good serviceable tweed and colored worsteds. Light, medium and dark colors. Nothing freakish about the cut of these wonderful suits at \$19. All are in conservative styles.

If you are interested in a bang-up Navy Serge or a medium or dark grey cley worsted suit, we stand ready to save you \$5.00 to \$10.00 on one of these.

Another Fine Furniture Opportunity

The best and largest new purchase of Chesterfields, Upholstered Chairs and Upholstered Living Room Furniture in many a day at savings of 30 per cent.

One remarkable opportunity seems to follow another in Falls' Furniture Store. The savings are genuine and the furniture is of sound quality, despite its popular price. It is in the best styles and is made of clean, dependable materials and is wholly free from the trasy stuffs so often put into furniture of this kind to make a low price possible. There has not been such a collection of goods at as low prices for years. You can buy as many single pieces as you wish.

Another large consignment of Dining-room and Bedroom Suites, Brass and Enamel Beds, Mattresses and Springs, will go on sale this week at savings of at least 30 per cent. Furniture Display, Third Floor. Elevator service.

Hundreds of New Bed Spreads

At the new lowered prices—\$2.90, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.50, \$7.75 and \$9.50 each.

You Should See the People Buying Rag Rugs

The summer rug season has opened in earnest and Rag Rugs are among the most popular. A fresh and attractive shipment has just come in at the new lowered prices—\$1.70, \$3.50, \$5.50, \$6.60, \$8.50, \$10.75, \$15.00, \$17.00 and \$25.50.

New Dinner Sets from France and England
 Displayed This Week in the Downstairs Store.

- 97-piece sets in White and Gold Limoges, at the set..... \$115.00
- 2 only 97-piece sets in Floral Designs in Limoges China, the set..... \$125.00
- 1 only complete set of Limoges, very dainty pattern; special value at..... \$100.00
- Johnson Bros.' Dinner Sets, specially priced at the set.... \$38.50
- Meakins Dinner Sets at..... \$37.50, \$40.00, \$42.00 and \$48.50 set.

Great Selling in New Silks
 at the New Low Prices

- Paillette Silk, satin finish, black and colors, specially priced the yard \$2.00
- Taffetta, imported Swiss, black and colors, at the yard \$2.50 and \$2.75
- Satin Duchesse, extra bright finish, black and all popular shades, at the yard..... \$2.75
- Satin Charmeuse, black and colors, 40 in. wide, at the yard..... \$3.50
- Fancy Striped and Plaid Silks for separate skirts, in Taffeta, Paillette, Surah, at the yard..... \$2.00 to \$3.50
- Tricolette, all shades, at the yard..... \$3.00 and \$3.50

In Buying a Suit for a Boy

The safest rule is to choose the better kind and make your mind easy. Reliability pays, especially in Boys' Clothing. The reliability of Falls' Boys' Suits is nothing new. They meet the test of all good merchandise; they prove in the wear that it pays to buy them. Sizes 24 to 35.

- See the Table of Boys' Suits, choice \$7.00
- See the Table of Boys' Suits, choice \$10.00
- See the Table of Boys' Suits, choice \$15.00

On Sale This Week

200 Mill-ends of Printed Dress Muslins. There is a wonderfully good assortment. Lengths run 2 to 5 yards, at a saving of one-third.

Prices on Rugs, Linoleums, Floor Oils and Linoleum Rugs are down—very much down at Falls'. We have been told there is not another collection so good as ours within many a mile of Simcoe.

Wednesday Half Holiday

A change in the Half Holiday in Simcoe from Thursday to Wednesday has been decided upon. We will close Wednesdays at 12 o'clock noon during June, July, August and September. Kindly note.

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