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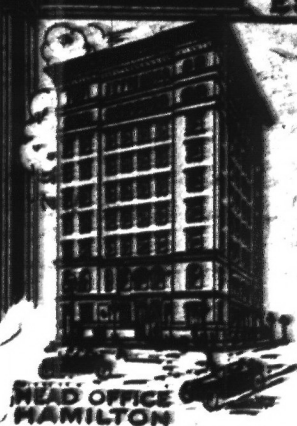
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ESTABLISHED 1872



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.

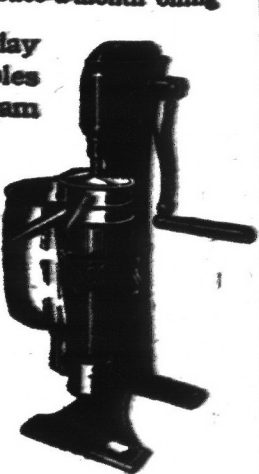
SHARPLES
Famous Suction-feed
"Skims clean at any speed"
SEPARATOR

—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



Pansy Farm
By KATE EDMONDS
(© 1928 by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

The auctioneer turned to Ann's father. "Sold every dum thing 'ceptin' those boxes of flower seeds; guess you better keep 'em, Ann, and start a pony garden next summer."

Mr. Archer figured on a slip of paper. When he had finished he smiled slyly at his daughter. "When the bills are all paid, dear, there will be just enough money to keep us until spring, then—what?"

Ann smiled bravely. "Don't worry, father, I will take care of that—it will be my turn to do something. I am glad the store is sold out. You can spend a little time at home now—just think of the kitchen garden we shall have next year!"

"We'll see, Ann," he said, and his look was not very hopeful. The Archer store had been driven out of business by one of a series of chain stores, and as the Archers were elderly people with one daughter, they were inclined to worry, because, after the winter months were over, there was nothing to live on. Ann had never been trained for any particular work, and now there was no money to take up anything new.

"What can I do?" Ann asked the question dozens of times as she went over her scanty stock of accomplishments. She could find no answer until one day a travelling salesman who had been wont to call at the store came out to see her father. Ann talked with him a while.

"I wish I could do something to earn money, Mr. Stone," she said earnestly. "Do you think I could travel on the road—sell something?"

"Sell seeds. I can get you a position with my house to sell flower and vegetable seeds," said Mr. Stone, briskly. "Better still, stay at home, raise the seeds yourself and sell 'em to my house!"

"I should love to do that," cried Ann. "We have the land, but I am not sure how to do it."

"You say you had some flower seeds left from the store. Get some books from the library here, and I'll send you some more from town. Your father can knock together shallow boxes for the seedlings, and when it is time they can be set out of doors. Next year you will make enough to live on for a year—and two years from now you will be driving your own car!"

Mr. Stone was young and enthusiastic and Ann was younger and plucky; the study of flowers was most interesting. The Archers worked from February, when they planted the seeds in the house until June, when they began to reap the reward of their efforts by the sale of young plants to their neighbors and a nearby florist.

"This is the right profession for you, Miss Ann," said young Stone as he advised the flower farm girl about next year's needs. "Look over your books now—see how many seeds of annuals you have gathered and sold, saving some for planting next year. You wouldn't think that pretty posies like mignonette, sweet alyseum, candytuft, pansies and such could make money for you, eh?"

"It's such a beautiful business," said Ann softly. "I am so happy about it, Mr. Stone."

"Good enough," returned the brisk Mr. Stone, turning pink and struggling hard not to say something else. "You've got a brother in the city, haven't you?"

Ann paled and then flushed. All their friends knew about Frank, who was young and pretty wild, and no help to his family. "Just give me his address," went on Mr. Stone. "I know a dandy place for him to board and a good job for him—straighten him out in no time."

Ann gave the desired address and tried to forget about Frank's waywardness. They had hoped so much to win him back to his home again, but all efforts had failed. If any one could reach him, John Stone could.

Another winter passed and then spring, early this year, and soon after Easter the Archer family stood in speechless delight watching the gorgeous pansy beds—seeing the dainty flower heads ruffling in the light breeze.

"It's the most wonderful sight in the world," breathed Mrs. Archer, thankfully.

"Heaps better than the old store," agreed Mr. Archer, who was hale and ruddy with outdoor life.

"Our pansy farm," murmured Ann, and Stone, who was never far from her side when business permitted, applauded gently.

"Call it Pansy Farm, folks," he suggested.

"I'll have a sign painted tomorrow," said Mr. Archer promptly.

"There's only one thing lacking to make us perfectly happy," sighed Mrs. Archer, and they all knew she was thinking of Frank.

"Could you use another man?" asked Stone.

"Yes—we need some one to work in the field—some one dependable enough to grow up into a better position."

"I have a young man in mind—good fellow—country boy—been training all winter at our Southern plant farms. I'll send him down tomorrow. Believe me," he ended impressively, "you can trust him to the limit."

The next afternoon when Ann and

her parents were inspecting the pansy beds more than was a half hour from the path. "Looking for a man?" came one called cheerily.

"Thank!" cried his mother, and they all went to meet him. Tall and broad-shouldered, clear-eyed and sun-browned, he told a tale of meeting John Stone.

"He did it—made a man of me," declared Frank. "I'm ready to do my share, father and mother, and stay home, if I can have my little old room again."

When John Stone came they met him with tearful eyes, but he waved them aside. "Don't thank me," he grinned sheepishly. "I'm a selfish fellow—of course, you all know how I feel about Ann!"

Ann blushed under the loving glances of her family, and her father came over and took her hand. "Stone," he said kindly, "I believe we need you in our family. Eh, mother?"

"Of course," she said warmly, taking Ann's other hand. And somehow no one thought of asking Ann what she thought about it, but her face betrayed the secret of the girl who had made a success out of failure.

"You will live here with us?" suggested Mrs. Archer, and John Stone's big voice decided the question as usual.

"You bet your life we will," he boomed.

LIKE WISDOM OF SOLOMON
Ibrahim Pasha Had a Method Entirely His Own, for the Detection of a Thief.

The stories current of Ibrahim Pasha when he directed the affairs of Syria with Palestine, for his father, Mehemet Ali of Egypt, would alone fill a good-sized volume. The following may serve as a specimen:

A goldsmith of Jerusalem complained that his shop had been entered and rifled during the night. Since the plaintiff was unable to supply any clew to the thief's identity, Ibrahim Pasha sent the town crier round to notify the people that at such and such an hour he himself intended to go to the scene of the trespass and do justice.

When Ibrahim arrived, with the executioner, almost the whole population was assembled to see what would happen. They watched him advance to the door of the shop, unbraid it for neglect of duty in letting the thief pass and commanded it to reveal the culprit's name. There was of course no response, and so he ordered the executioner to administer twenty lashes to the contumacious piece of wood.

Then he went through the performance as if listening to a whispered answer, which seemed to enrage him, for again he directed the executioner to use the whip and strike hard. After putting the question a third time and again bending forward, his hand to his ear, he straightened up, exclaiming: "This foolish door wants to make me believe that it beholds the thief standing in the crowd with dust and cobwebs from the shop still sticking to his clothes."

No sooner had the words been said than one of the bystanders passed his hand over his vest and trousers. Ibrahim Pasha, on the alert for such a manifestation of guilt, cried immediately: "Arrest that fellow!" So unexpectedly caught, the thief confessed and received in double measure the flogging at first tentatively inflicted on the tell-tale door.—J. F. Sheitema, in Asia.

A Noisy Army.
The rank and file of the Chinese army can outbugle any army of the world. Mr. Nathaniel Peffer, in the Home Sector, says that there are always two buglers to every squad of soldiers in the Chinese army.

There is one thing that the Chinese soldier does do: he bugles. The one great, insatiable passion of the Chinese army is bugling. I am sure that one out of every three men has a bugle, that one out of every two hours he blows it, and that not one time in three thousand does he blow any recognized call or tune.

He begins at half-past three in the morning—"he" being now used collectively. He plays the same note—"he" now being used individually and each "he" playing a different note—until six o'clock in the morning. Then he switches to another. He stops for meals and for a few hours of sleep—that is all.

When a regiment moves into a town foreigners living in it resign themselves to insomnia. The Chinese do not. Noise to them is one of the normal and pleasurable phenomena of existence, the more deafening the more pleasurable.

Too Much Pressure.
The pressures that shipwreck peace grow out of strained relations. If mortals could only sense the nerve strain back of the other fellow's high-keyed voice they would be charitable and kind. But often having the same wear and tear of the physical system we are fit candidates for trouble. Of course we never initiate it (I), but just the same we seem to be ready to wade into anything or any one that happens to cross wires with us. The mad rush for the dollar, for preferment, for comforts and pleasures has driven most mortals beyond self-control. They are the victims of circumstances. If the days are propitious they wouldn't trade the present for an abode in Elysium. If the fates are unkind they sink into the dumps and feel that life isn't worth the effort. It's a case of being keyed to the extremes and the result is often hard on home and business relations. They need a release of pressure.

What Wonderful Spring Days!
What Wonderful New Leaves On The Trees
What Delightful New Goods at Falls, and Every Dollars Worth of it at the New Lowered Prices.

Scores of new kinds of Curtain Nets and Colored Madras Curtain Materials will go on sale this week at 25 to 50 per cent. below usual prices.
—Third Floor.

On sale beginning Saturday at reductions of 20 to 40 per cent.—
150 Mattresses
95 Bed Springs
60 Bed Pillows
It's a good time to buy.

Here are Welcome Messages of Reliable Merchandise at Greatly Reduced Prices.

New Sweater Woools for Summer Weight Sweaters, full ounce balls, only 19c

Stamped Gowns, White Nainsook, special \$1.75

D.M.C. Crochet Cotton, the old reliable, all sizes, white or ecru. 25c, 28 and 30c

Women's Bloomers, Balbriggan, in flesh and white, regular \$2.50, for \$1.75

Brassieres—Designed for slight, average and full figures; sizes 32 to 40; very specially priced at \$1.25

Long Black Silk Gloves—16 button, sizes 5½ to 7½. Very special at \$1.25

Nemo Corsets—Self reducing for short, stout and tall stout figures; regular \$5.25, for \$4.75

Little Tootsie Sock Garters—In colors white blue and pink, only 15c pair

Navy Blue Serge—All wool, 43 inches wide, extra value, the yard \$1.50

Tricolette—In all the new shades at the yard \$3.00 and \$3.50

Grape de Ghene—In black and a range that includes all the wanted shades, at the yard \$1.50 to \$2.50

Georgette Crepes—An extra quality with a wide selection of beautiful shades and black, reduced to the yard \$2.00

New Voiles—Lovely color combinations showing some new and striking designs. See them at the new lowered prices.

A Table of Colored Voiles—They are sure to interest you.

Ginghams—Anderson's Scotch Zephyrs, an extra fine quality in a large assortment of patterns. Reduced to 55c

Awning Cloths—The kind that is guaranteed fast colors; browns, greens, tans, blues and reds. New lowered price 85c

Samples of the same cloth received from a Toronto store last week were marked \$1.00 yard.

Separate Skirts in Smart Checks, Full Box Pleated, at \$8.50.

These are well-cut models of fine wool Prunella Cloth. The pleats are stitched flat over the hips to give just the right lines. A year ago we could not offer a skirt to equal the above for less than \$15.00.

Men's Summer Pyjamas Greatly Reduced.
See Them in the Men's Store Saturday and Until Sold.

All are splendidly made and finished, excellent fancy weave materials in lavender, tan, white, pink and blue. Very comfortable for the warm nights to come.

The \$6.50 ones will sell for \$5.00
The \$5.50 ones will sell for \$4.00

Mens' Suits
\$19.00, \$25.00, \$35.00 and \$39.00

It is so satisfactory to us to sell the best Men's Suits obtainable at \$19, \$25, \$35 and \$39. But men should remember that some "bests" and some "finests" are better and finer than others and for a proof we rely on the wonderful values in these men's suits at \$19.00, \$25.00, \$35.00 and \$39.00.

THE BOYS' SUITS that are on sale at \$7.00, \$10.00 and \$15.00 are quite as good values as the men's at \$19, \$25, \$35 and \$39

Now is a Good Time to Buy Furniture

Recently we have taken in several thousand dollars worth at 20 to 40 per cent. below the market.

These goods are the finest consignment of the purchases of the factory stocks of four of the best furniture-makers that we know of. All the goods are really splendid quality—and there is a splendid collection to pick from, consisting of

Bedroom Suites
Dining Room Suites
Den Furniture
Chesterfield Suites
Rattan Furniture
Separate Buffets

Separate China Cabinets
Kitchen Cabinets
Refrigerators
Couch and Other Hammocks
Davenport and Couches
Verandah Furniture, Etc.

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