PAIN?

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...Selkirk ...n. Sun.

...p.m. ... ...3 ...when ...nights

"Those Two Houses were built at the Same Time"

ONE was owned by a man who thought he knew and the other was the home of one who listened to experience. One painted for effect, thinking that any paint that looked nice would do—the other knowing that surface protection was more important than decoration, painted regularly for protection.

One tried to save expense and failed—the other saved the surface, and in doing so also saved expense.

The former house is a derelict and the latter is a delight. The paint with the record for permanence is

B-H "ENGLISH" PAINT

70% Pure White Lead (Dominion Government Standard) 30% Pure White Zinc 100% Pure Paint

a really superior paint. Its guaranteed formula results in a paint with a brilliant finish that lasts for years—B-H "English" paint excells in "body," brilliance, covering capacity and permanence.

Protect your property so that it will last for generations. B-H "English" paint whether in white or in colors is the best choice in Canada as a surface saver.

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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

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Hagersville, Ont.

Medals and Things

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

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There was frost in the air; also in Mrs. Hubert's manner, as she went between gorgeous ragged ranks of late growth to meet the Trevors. Aunt Bab had halted them there to see the choice late roses and chrysanthemums she was busy hooding and shrouding against the strengthening cold. "I could cut them, to be sure," Aunt Bab explained. "But it is a shame not to let them die happy in the sun on their own stalks."

"How I wish humanity ran in families!" Archy Trevor laughed, taking Mrs. Hubert's hand. "If it did—but there! I won't speculate on the impossible. Instead, here are thanks for what I may or may not be about to receive."

"Vivian, dear—please snub him—hard," Anna Trevor entreated with a plaintive accent. "He has been insufferable now for three days over—he won't tell what. Say right off you won't listen, no matter what it may be. Then he will run away to sulk—and we can have a beautiful gossip—"

"About me, of course—I am—fixed—as the laws of Medes and Persians," Archy interrupted.

"Good boy!" Aunt Bab murmured, patting his arm.

He kissed her hand, saying with twinkling eyes: "Do your worst, ladies! I'm ready for anything—even to have you set the cats on me—"

"You'd like that, no doubt—now that you have grown a cat fancier," Mrs. Hubert said silkenly.

Archy smiled, not quite easily, answering: "There are cats—and cats. I am not fond of—everything that has claws."

"Stop fussing and be human," Aunt Bab commanded. "When you are as old as I am, you'll feel how wicked it is to waste life getting grouchy about nothing. Go on and tell us your great secret, Archy—whether it's about money, marbles, or matrimony."

"It might concern all three—only it doesn't," Archy answered, shrugging. "It's only—all these came in a bunch," pulling from a deep pocket a huddle of ribbons, crosses and medals. "Near-affidavit along with them, saying they're all due me. I can't quite believe it—"

"Archy! You darling!" Anna cried, hugging him close. Aunt Bab did the same as soon as he was free. Mrs. Hubert looked on with humid eyes, her whole being fluid. Archy had been so silent as to what had befallen in those months overseas—he had come back without a scratch, and had seemed to avoid comradely gatherings, though he had clung to his buddy—Joe-George Green by name—closer than to a real brother. They had had many laughs together about something they would not name. When Joe-George went on to California, his last shouted good-by had been: "Lordy, old son—they'll git you yet. Don't I wish I could stay and see the fun!" Even after that Archy had held his tongue. And Vivian Hubert, whom he had loved and lost as Vivian Dane, had been hurt and chilled—there must be something terrible behind this reticence—nothing could make her believe Archy had played the coward—but there were so many, many other ways wherein he might have tripped and fallen she had been far from happy.

Then he had begun dangling after the Francis woman—who affected the intense in everything. Just now she owned a humanitarian craze—went about doing good, according to her own notion, to animals that she might better have left alone. Cats were her latest specialty—hence Vivian's thrust at Archy—he had actually carried home for the Francis person a litter of blind kittens rescued from drowning, which she insisted were entitled to an easier death. Vivian had laughed easily over the story—thereby confounding the gossip who had told it. But she had cried stilly, half the night after—she had so hoped Archy would understand her marriage had been hardly of her own making, but a yielding to what her elders in their wisdom had decreed. By a cynical jest of fate, death had freed her six months after the wedding day. Now the freedom was Dead sea fruit, turning to ashes on her lips.

But she had rallied as women will, veiled her heart by playing with other suitors, telling herself the while she would never marry anybody. She was striving to hold fast to that mental attitude—even with Archy proven a rare hero they were friends only. He stood tossing the decorations lightly from hand to hand, his sister and Aunt Bab trying hard to snatch them away. Cupping the hands, he held them out to Vivian, saying with his most whimsical smile: "Hold fast what I give you. Remember, Viv, how many times we played that game?"

"Several million, I think," Vivian managed to answer, her fingers clutching hard what he had dropped within them. "I'm wild to look at them—may I?" she went on.

Archy shook his head. "No, I'll drive my bargain sight unseen. These tokens come to me from three fine fellows—Johnny Crapoud, John Bull, Esq., and our kind kinsman, Uncle Sam. You know, it is a privilege to pin any of 'em on an honest-to-goodness hero—how much will you offer for it? And which will you choose?"

"Uncle Sam's—if it's no more than a shoestring," Vivian cried, flaming happily.

"Highest priced in the lot," Archy commented. "But now I think of it, you're fond of high prices—"

He caught himself up sharp. Vivian had grown white as death—she thought he was throwing her marriage in her teeth—could she ever forgive him? His heart turned leaden as she turned from him saying clearly: "Yes, but I have grown wiser with age. So I drop out. Anyway, I could never outbid Mrs. Francis—I'm not in her class."

"Right-o!" Archy flung back, as he took the glittering bundle and passed it to Aunt Bab. "Nan can take a week off for pawing 'em over," he went on. "Think I'll start to California soon."

"On a wedding trip?" Vivian asked, trying to speak lightly. Archy caught something in her voice that made him wheel, look hard at her, then take her hands, and say joyously: "Why, come to think of it, that would be nice—not to say economical. I'm due there, anyway, between this and Christmas. It was surely kind of you to think and speak of it. How long will it take you to pack?"

"Pack? What do you mean?" Vivian began primly, her cheeks, though, belying her austerity. Archy kissed her handsomely.

"You can't think I'd turn down an old friend cold," he said. "Indeed, I didn't hesitate the least bit—made up my mind to accept before you were half through proposing."

"Don't you dare tell Joe-George I had to do it," Vivian said from the depths of his shoulder, where her face was hidden. "Nor Mrs. Francis," Aunt Bab supplemented. Anna had pity; she dragged Vivian away from them, saying over her shoulder: "Of all the stupid courting I ever heard or read, or dreamed of, this is the very worst."

"Still and all—your 'ero brother was never more a 'ero," Archy half chanted, running after them. Imperatively he stopped the young woman, stuck out his chest and said in his deepest voice: "Adorn me, women! If I must go a lamb to the altar, let it be with all my blushing honors thick upon me."

"Now you behave," Aunt Bab said severely, coming to them sadly out of breath.

Archy giggled. "Yes, ma'am, I never will do so no more while I live."

FEARED FOR HIS OWN TRELLIS

Chinese Humorists Tell Good Story With Henpecked Magistrate as the Central Character.

Managing wives and henpecked husbands are not uncommon in China, in spite of the subordinate position that women are supposed to occupy in that country. A considerable part of the humor of the Chinese is concerned with households where the woman is master; one popular story, quoted by a writer in the Open Court, is as follows:

A district magistrate was sitting in his court, trying cases. When the chief clerk appeared and took his seat the magistrate saw that his face was full of scratches; so he asked him, "What have you done to your face?"

"Yesterday evening," replied the man, "I was sitting under my vine trellis, enjoying the cool breeze, when all at once a gust of wind overturned the trellis, which fell upon me and scratched my face."

But the magistrate did not believe the story. "Evidently these are scratches of finger nails," he said. "I am sure that you had a quarrel with your wife and were scratched by her. Is it not so?"

"Sir, you have guessed right," said the clerk blushing.

"Is your wife such a dangerous person?" inquired the magistrate. "I shall avenge you by summoning your wife before my tribunal and giving her a good thrashing."

Just as he uttered those words his own wife came rushing in from the next room and said: "Whom are you going to beat?"

The magistrate hurriedly said to his attendants, "The sitting is adjourned. Leave the hall quickly. My vine trellis may collapse at any moment!"

Consistency.

We hear so much of consistency. Carlyle said: "Wise men sometimes change their opinions, fools never." Emerson has written:

"With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now, and tomorrow again speak what tomorrow thinks, though it contradict everything you said today. 'Ah; so you shall be misunderstood.' Is it so bad to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood."

Charring Don't Stop Wood's Decay.

Charring is found by the United States forest products laboratory to have little effect in preventing the decay of the butts of telephone poles and fence posts. The coating of charred wood is not usually perfect, and the season checks that form before or after the charring open the way to fungus infection, with decay in the interior of the wood scarcely less rapid than in the untreated material.

Something to Cover Up.

"Joskins says he has no use for newspapers. That he does not take politics to bed with him."

"Then naturally, he has no use for political sheets."

Here's a Good List of Month End Specials

SATURDAY AND MONDAY WE WILL SELL

Flannel Jumpers, two styles, trimmed with White Pearl Buttons and Silk Braid, in many colors, **$5.75**

Men's fine Winter Half Hose at about half price. Heather Seamless Cashmere Half Hose, the pair **50c**

Men's very fine Grey Mixed Cashmere Half Hose, extra special heels, toes, ankles and soles, the pair **75c**

Women's Fancy Blouses in Crepe de Chene, Georgette and Silk; the season's new colors; regular up to $8.00; choice **$5.00**.

Women's White Flannelette Night Gowns, ea **$1.00**

Women's and Misses' Corset Covers, tucked and laced trimmed, each **29c**.

Women's Handkerchiefs, Swiss make, hemstitched, very daintily embroidered in white and colors, regular 35c each; Month end special, **2 for 43c.**

Men's Heavy Ribbed Wool Underwear, Shirts and Drawers; shirts are double breasted, all sizes; the garment, **95c.**

Men's and Young Men's fine Navy Serge Suits, a remarkable value at **$25.00.**

Children's All-Wool Mittens, with long cuffs, in colors Black, White, Brown, Grey, Cardinal and Scarlet, special **89c pr.**

Boys' Heavy All-Wool Black Hose, 2/1 Ribb, sizes 8, 9, 10, 11, **$1 pr.**

Women's Winter weight Black Cotton Hose, fleece lined, seamless, sizes 8½, 9, 9 1-2, 10, only **29c pr.**

Women's c/c a la Grace Corsets for medium and slight figures, made of fine White Coutil, medium and low bust, 4 hose supporters; special selling, **$1.29.**

Women's Handkerchiefs made of fine White Irish Lawn, hemstitched, hand embroidered in white and colors; regular 25c each, Month end special **2** for **25c**

72 in. Bleached Sheeting—this is a strong evenly woven sheeting, a good special at **44c yd.**

12 only 70 x 80 in. Honeycomb Bed Spreads, special **$2.90 each.**

Linen Hand Towelling, plain or with border, Week end special, the yard **30c.**

20 inch Cotton Table Napkins (a few dozen only), good pattern Cotton Damask Table Napkins, special **25c each.**

Sock Yarn Special for the two days—4 ply Worsted in grey, black, white navy, red and brown, lb., **$1.17**

Boudoir Slippers, Misses' and Children's, sizes 6 to 10 1-2 and 11 to 2, in many shades, a $1.25 value, on sale the pair, **69c.**

Hair Ribbon, good quality Taffetta in red, navy, pink, blue, copen, rose and green, the yard **17c.**

Rush Sale of Women's Sweaters

In a great variety of colors and styles, scarcely two of them alike.

Table 1--Choice $4.00. On this table are Sweaters that sold up to $8.50. Choice **$4.00**

Table 2--Choice $6.00. On this table are Sweaters that sold up to $12.00. Choice $6.00

New Plaid and Stripped Skirtings in Scotch Tweeds and Worsteds, 54 inches wide, the $3.50 cloth for **$2.90**, the $4.00 cloth for **$3.25.**

Two extra specials in Navy Serge, 54 and 48 inches wide; they are pure wool, the yard **37c** and **$1.55.**

Women's All-Wool Vests, no sleeves and short sleeves, fine white rib bed, regular $3.00 for **$2.00.**

Women's Combinations, fine white ribbed, winter weight, with long and short sleeves, regular up to $3.50, for **$2.50.**

Women's Winter Weight Vests, long sleeves, each **63c.**

Men's Blue and White Stripped Bib Overalls, heavy cloth, well made, all complete with braces, the pair **$1.15.**

Month End Specials in the Furniture and Home Furnishings Department

Divanettes in Oak or Golden finish, made with a bed complete, springs and mattress, 4 ft. size, regular $65.00, for.....**$55.00**

Chesterfield Suite, full size, Marshall cushions, Blue Damask covering, the $142.00 Chesterfield for **$115.00**; the $48.00 chairs to match, each **$35.00.**

Rag Rugs, 36 x 63, will sell for **$7.50**; the size 27 x 54 will sell for **$3.50** and **$2.65.**

8 ft. Extension Table, fumed oak, value $50.00 for **$43.00.**

6 ft. Fumed Oak Extension Table $37.50 for **$34.00.**

Oak Diners, Fumed or Golden, leather seats, set of six, value $45 for **$35.00.**

Twenty patterns in imported Cretonnes for coverings, draperies, etc., regular up to $75c a yard, clearing **55c.**

Three Specials in Curtain Scrims and Marquisettes, at the yard **15c, 20c and 27c.**

Rich Madras in combinations of Brown, Green and Blue, 50 inches wide, only **$1.27 yd.**

Two Specials in good Mattresses, single and dooble bed size—"The Restwell" a $11.00 value for **$9.00**
A fine $20.00 Kapok Mattress will sell for **$17.00.**

Attractive Brass Beds will sell for each **$12.40.**

3 only Wicker Floor Lamps, in Ivory and Fumed, all complete with bulbs. These are special $25 values for only **$19.00.**

Things for Every Day Use at Special Prices Saturday and Monday

Sponges, half price, each 15c, 25c and 50c.
Bull Dog Ammonia, pkg... 2 for 24c
Lux, pkg.....11c
Old Dutch Cleanser..... 2 for 21c
Castile Cakes..... 8 for 24c
Castile Bars, full size.....2 for 43c
Special Toilet Soap.....3 for 10c
Pearline.....3 for 27c
Red Cross French Furniture Polish.....42c
Gillett's Lye.....2 for 27c
Gold, P. & G. Naptha, Sunlight, Surprise, Comfort, Beehive and Ivory.....6 Cakes for 44c
Special in Toilet Soaps.
Colgate's all-round Toilet Soap 3 for 37c.
Palm Olive Soap.....2 for 17c
Glycerine Toilet Soap, large cakes, 2 for 22c.
Colgate's Shaving Soap, 3 cakes 29c

The H. S. Falls Co. Ltd.

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