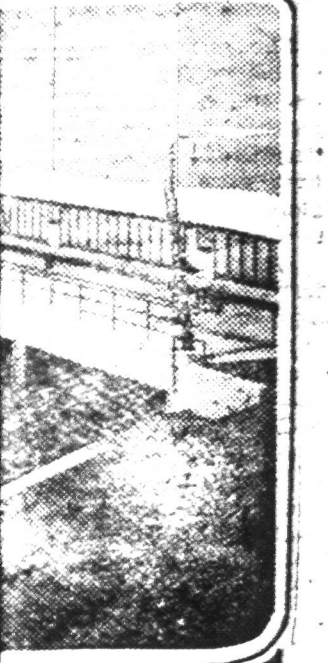


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1905 and 1914 about people settled in Canada, proportion in the four provinces. They left Great United States and other for their new home, and she believes that 500,000 may follow them until they have a total population of 2,000,000. Canada, he fur- is destined to be "the arch of the British

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Pain is an Indication

of interference with the normal functions of the body. It is a sign of trouble, and if allowed to continue, causes itself still further disorders.

Common Sense and humanity agree that relief from pain should be the first step in the treatment of any disease which is present. Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatic, Backache, Sciatic and Ovarian Pains, ONE or TWO



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The Red Hat

By FREDERICK HART

(6.)

The hat was red—a particularly distressful shade of red. Nellie Bates shuddered as she contemplated herself in the mirror. And the dress—she didn't like it at all. Why, oh, why, if there must be girls on magazine covers, she thought, must they wear such awful clothes? And yet they didn't look so awful when they were transferred to the artist's canvas or printed and smiling from thousands of newspapers.

But while she didn't at all mind posing for these saccharine misses, she did object to wearing clothes which did not harmonize with her appearance.

Nellie knew particularly well just what did harmonize. She was pretty—there was no denying that—and she had studied herself in the light of the examples she saw around her every day on Fifth Avenue and other avenues. She knew—oh, she knew!

But money was money, and she had not gained her far-famed glory as the model for all the pretty girls on the magazine covers without making artistic sacrifices that cut her to the core. She loathed the hats and the gowns.

They were good-looking enough, in their place, but their place was distinctly not on Nellie. So she thought, and her unusually smiling face reflected her thought as she stepped from the dressing room into the big, airy studio.

Arthur Warren was mixing colors on his palette when she appeared, and he merely looked up with a brief "Good morning, Miss Bates," as she entered.

As impersonal as that! Heavens, thought Nellie, how could he be anything else with that hat in the foreground? Anybody would be impersonal to a hat like that.

Of course, she didn't want him not to be impersonal—certainly not! He was her employer, and she was to pose for him so that he could make thousands and thousands of dollars by selling her counterfeit presentation to editors for the covers of their midsummer numbers.

And he was a gentleman, even if he did have nice eyes. No, that wasn't what she meant; she meant that he did have nice eyes, even if he was a gentleman. What an awful hat! She swept to the model's stand defiantly. It was set with a tea-wagon on which was an entrancing outlay of glittering china and silver. Tea! It was the fifth time that week she had posed at a tea-wagon. "If all the tea I'm supposed to have drunk," thought Nellie, "were laid end to end it would fill the Atlantic ocean and stop over on the Rocky mountains!" From which it may be deducted that Nellie's ideas were a trifle mixed.

"Ah—Miss Bates—" Arthur Warren's even voice broke in on her tangled thoughts, "will you please make that tea-wagon over toward you a little. There—that's it. Now sit in that big willow chair and offer me a cup of tea. I want to get the position worked out—there! that's good! Can you hold that for a minute?"

Miss Bates could and would. She held the tea out, smiling mechanically; but her grin was a grin of rage.

Just across the room was an antique pier-glass, which had been acquired by Arthur Warren at an auction. Nellie, free to let her eyes wander where she would, happened to glance across the studio, and for an instant saw herself reflected in the depths of the clear mirror. She stared at what she saw for a full minute. Then suddenly she drew back her arm and with a full sweep sent the cup hurtling through the air full at the image.

The fragile china struck the mirror full (fortunately the tea in it was purely imaginary) and smashed into a million pieces. Warren looked up in startled amazement to see pretty Nellie Bates collapsed in a bundle of green dress and red hat on the model-stand, sobbing as though her heart would break. His wrath at the smashing of one of his favorite tea cups quickly vanished at sight of her tears, and he hastened to give her comfort.

"Why, Miss Bates! What on earth's the matter? You mustn't break down like this. Here, here—pull yourself together. Don't cry—for heaven's sake! What is the matter with you?"

But Nellie would have none of his comfort. The matter with her really was that she was nervously exhausted; the strain of many trying days of hard work, coupled with the repression of a secret, had undermined her, and the red hat was just what was needed to touch off the mine. The secret?

Ah, Nellie herself could hardly have told you that; for she herself was at times scarcely aware of its existence. But it existed, as she was presently to find out.

For as Arthur Warren, greatly disturbed in his mind, bent over her, his hand for a moment rested on hers, and in that moment she knew her secret—that she loved him and would love him always. But the sudden knowledge only made her sob the harder. Suddenly she lifted a tea-stained face and threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh, Mr. Warren! Please hold me! Don't let me go—and don't let me wear that awful red hat again! Please!"

A man with less perceptibility than Arthur Warren might well have put down her words for the ravings of hysteria; but Arthur Warren was a

man of understanding. Also he was no more proof than any of us would have been against the girl's pleading. He held her in his arms, rocking her to and fro as though she were a tired child, and murmured words of comfort in her ear. Presently she fell asleep, and he laid her on the couch while he rang up a doctor.

"Nervous breakdown," commented the doctor crisply. "Nothing serious, but—must be careful. Lots of rest and outdoor exercise. No work for a while. Diet—" here he launched into a highly technical discussion, to which Warren paid no attention.

Four hours later little Nellie Bates woke to find herself in a wonderful pink room, pinker than any room she had ever imagined. A white-capped nurse was standing by the bed in which Nellie lay, and all around her were flowers. The nurse smiled at her as she opened her eyes, and tipped from murmur of low voices outside her door, and then Arthur Warren came into the room, shut the door softly behind him and came to the bedside.

"Where am I?" asked Nellie.

"You're at my country place, dear," replied Arthur, "and you're going to stay here till you get well."

Strange to say, neither of them seemed to notice that he had said "dear." Nellie asked another question.

"How did I get here?"

"You had a nervous breakdown this morning—something about a red hat," replied Warren, "and so I lugged you out here for a while. My aunt, a most estimable lady, is going to stay with you and act as combined head nurse and chaperon. You're all right—a good rest will put you on your feet again. And you shall stay here till you're well."

Nellie looked up at him. He surely had nice eyes, she thought. And he was looking at her and smiling in a queer sort of way—not at all the way he usually looked at her in the studio; and she was suddenly conscious of a desire to say a great many things to him; but all she managed was a feeble moan, as he turned away to leave the room.

At the sound he was back at the bedside like a flash. "Is anything the matter?" he asked anxiously.

"Nothing," said Nellie, in a faint voice. "That is—except—how long can I—" How ridiculous! The words wouldn't seem to get out.

"Yes?" encouraged Warren.

"How long can I—stay here?"

Arthur Warren hesitated. Then he suddenly sank to his knees beside the bed and caught her hands in his.

"Nellie, dear, you can stay just as long as you want. I didn't know until this morning that I loved you—but I know it now and I've got to tell you. You can stay here just as long as you want."

Nellie drew him down to her.

"Oh, Arthur, dear," she murmured, "I think I'd like to stay always."

Our Annual Inventory Begins Tuesday

For a couple of weeks Falls' Store will not be as spick and span as usual. Inventory (stock taking) means the counting, measuring and listing of every dollar's worth of merchandise in the store. It's a big job in a place the size of this. Every tub must stand on its own bottom—every department will be cleared of small lots, broken assortments, odds and ends and slow selling lines. It's house-cleaning time at Falls'. Every day until inventory is completed new lots from the various departments of the store will be brought forward and placed on tables for quick clearance. There will be many items of special interest very specially priced. Come often, something different every day.

A great many are taking advantage of the Sale of Fur Coats and other Furs.

The values are unusual, the garments are richly lined and beautifully finished, at \$125, \$135, \$150, \$155, \$162, \$175, \$300, \$345 and \$400—worth 25 to 35 per cent more. The below values in Furs speak for themselves—they also speak for




Table One—Any Muff, \$12.50
On this table you will find fashionable Pillow and Bolster Muffs in Sable (skunk), Hudson Seal, Natural Wolf, Natural Raccoon, Black Wolf, etc., worth \$25.00.

Table Two—Any Muff, \$18.50
On this table you will find fashionable Fur Muffs in Natural Sable(skunk) Black Fox, fine Black and Taupe Wolf, etc., worth \$35.00.


Table Three—Any Muff \$22.50
On this table you will find handsome muffs of various shapes, in Black Fox, Sable (skunk), Hudson Seal, Beaver trimmed, Natural Beaver, etc., worth \$45.00.

Table Four—Any Neckpiece, \$12.50
On this table you will find Fur Neckpieces in a variety of furs worth \$25.00.

Table Five—Any Neckpiece, \$18.50
On this table you will find fine neckpieces in a variety of furs worth \$35.00.

Table Six—Any Neckpiece, \$22.50
On this table you will find a variety of fine Neckpieces in different furs worth \$45.00.

Other remarkable values will be found in large Scarfs of Hudson Seal and Opposum, also Mink Neckpieces and Chokers of Ermine, Mole, etc.



The Aftermath of Christmas
On special tables for quick selling are arranged small lots, broken assortments and odds and ends left from a heavy Christmas selling. Some unusual values may be expected.

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



Dressy Family Footwear

That are so attractively smart in shaping, yet so easy and comfortable in fit, is what we offer with the **Gracia Shoe for Women.**

We have the **Classic Shoe for Misses and Boys for School.** Some of the very best lines for Men and Boys.

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SALE NOTES

LEAVE your sale notes with us for collection, or if you wish to obtain advances against them, consult any of our Local Managers.

Notes supplied free of charge

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JARVIS BRANCH—J. H. Brown, Manager
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MADE IN CANADA

Full Line Always on Hand

Demonstrations at Any Time.

Used Cars Taken In Exchange.

Also a number of good Used Cars For Sale.

Call or Write for particulars.

W. E. TODD & E. A. TODD

Hagersville, Ont.

HIGH HONOR FOR REGIMENT

Third United States Infantry Claims to Be the Oldest in the United States Army.

A press dispatch from San Antonio, Tex., says the Third United States infantry, "known as the oldest regiment in the United States army, with a record of achievement dating back to 1774, celebrated its 146th anniversary of organization at its headquarters at Camp Eagle Pass on the Texas-Mexican border."

According to the official "Histories of Organization" the Third Infantry was organized September 4, 1792, as the "Infantry of the Third Sublegion." Its designation changed to "Third Regiment of Infantry" November 1, 1796. The records of early regiments are inextricably involved by the many consolidations and reorganizations and the same official record, that states that the Third regiment became a part of the First regiment in March, 1815, records under the history of the First regiment that it became a part of the Third regiment in March, 1815. "In view of the consolidation of the First and Third regiments and their various reorganizations either might lay claim to the honor of being the oldest regiment in the army."

In a review of the Third infantry's record some time ago the New York Times recalled that the regiment between 1794 and 1912 participated in a long list of battles and engagements, the first under Maj. Gen. "Mad Anthony" Wayne, the captor of Stony Point in the Revolution, and the last under Gen. John J. Pershing. The same year it was organized "Mad Anthony" issued an order giving the unit the distinctive insignia, "Yellow binding on their caps, yellow plumes and black hair."

How He Did It
The late W. K. Vanderbilt was noted for his quiet, kindly wit. He was once discussing with some friends the career of a man whose horse had just won the Grand Prix and a banker said: "Blank's brilliant success in the world is a great surprise to me and everybody else who knew him as a young man. Of all the dissipated, worldly, reckless chaps I ever saw he was the worst. It is beyond me how he has been able to climb to the top of the ladder as he has done." "Well," replied Mr. Vanderbilt, "you would understand Blank's climb better if you knew Mrs. Blank. She steadied the ladder for him, you see."

Will Tow Them In.
Special airplanes to carry fish from Holland to England are to run in the winter. The idea of keeping the fish long enough to enable them to cross under their own power has been abandoned.—London Punch.