

## 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



**Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills**  
and the pain is gone. Guaranteed Safe and Sure. Price 30c.

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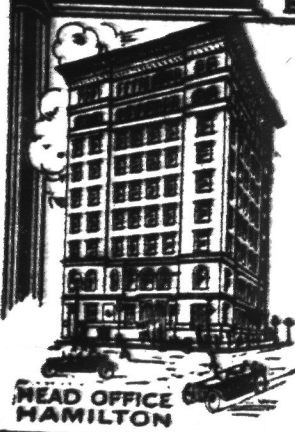
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### SALE NOTES

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## An Unsuccessful Bachelor

By CLARISSA HACKETT

(© 1929, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
When Roger King returned to Newton, Conn., after roughing it for two years on a sheep ranch in Colorado, he found himself the victim of a condition—and a theory. The condition, that of a quite satisfactory bachelorhood, was his. The theory, that until attractive and eligible bachelors were converted into model and happy husbands there was no place for them in the world, was Newton's.

Poor Roger! At the club, at the dinner table, even when he sought refuge in the blue, blue waters of Long Island sound, inexorable fate was always beside him in the form of some well-meaning young newlywed, saying:

"Jove, man! You don't know what you are missing. Just look at us!" And always the echo would follow, "But just wait until Peggy Jerome comes home from Honolulu!"

To say that Roger King became restive after a week of this is putting it mildly. After two weeks he began to show signs of positive ill humor. And when, on the first day of the third week, he stopped in at the Tom Stedmans' for a friendly chat and Mrs. Tom pulled out a letter with a Honolulu postmark, saying, "I just must read you this letter from Peggy to show you how awfully bright she is," he must be excused for saying under his breath, "D—n Peggy!"

That's what Newton did to Roger King, by nature a most polite and well-mannered young man.

"You tell me again what a bright, beautiful, bound-to-make-any-man-happy sort of girl Peggy Jerome is, and I'll be off for Colorado so fast that you can't see me for the dust. Is it a crime for a man to be single?" he raged when they protested.

"Yes!" answered Newton with one accord.

"Well, I won't be reformed by Honolulu Peg, anyway," he retorted rudely.

It was the night of the Jennings dance. Roger was looking forward to a splendid time. He adored dancing, and as he tied his tie with great care in front of the looking glass he hummed "Dardanella" gayly. He climbed into his car and started off, at perfect peace with the world, declaring that since he had stopped his friends' attempts at playing Cupid by one "d—n" and two rude remarks, Newton was the best town this side of heaven and he'd fight any man who said otherwise.

Mrs. Jennings met him, beaming. "I'm so glad you've come at last, Roger," she said sweetly. "I've been telling someone all about you, and I want you to meet her right away."

"If she can only dance, I'm her devoted slave for life," swore Roger; "I don't care whether she can talk or not."

"Dance! Talk!" exclaimed Mrs. Jennings rapturously; "why, young man, she is the most wonderful dancer, the brightest conversationalist, the—"

"Lead me to her!" cried Roger, interrupting. "What's her name?"

"Peggy Jerome!" announced his hostess. "She's the prettiest—"

But Roger's back had disappeared out of sight down the hall before she had time to finish.

"Plague take it!" he cried as he made for the door that led into the safety of the garden. He snuk onto a stone bench and gazed fiercely at the moon, which smiled back at him benignly, quite untouched by his ill humor. Here he was, enjoying life and thinking Newton an earthly paradise—when this Peggy creature had to loom onto the horizon again and spoil it all.

"Drat it all!" he raged; "they haven't even mentioned her for six weeks!"

A tempestuous, furious rush which ended in the sudden occupation of the other end of his bench made Roger jump up in surprise.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said a musical voice, which somehow reminded Roger of springtime in the woods when the call of the birds mingles with merry noise of overflowing brook. "I came out in such a hurry I did not notice anyone was here."

"You see," she continued, after a pause, leaning a little toward him, "there is a man in there that I would rather die than meet. I hate him!"

"Good!" exclaimed Roger, full of his grievance. "I rather think we're kindred souls. There's a girl inside that I just won't meet, even if it means that I've got to go to Colorado to escape her."

"What's the matter with her?" asked the girl. "I'll wager that for sheer unpleasantness she's not a patch on my man."

"She's awful!" groaned Roger, the tortures of his first few weeks in Newton sweeping over him. "Point by point, I know she can outdo your friend any day."

"Well, let's match them up, then, point by point," laughed the girl. "You start!"

"To begin with, she's very bright. I do hate very bright people," began Roger.

"My man is very eligible! If there's one crime worse than being bright it is being eligible," retorted the girl.

"She is bound to make any man happy," exclaimed Roger in disgust.

"He is so handsome and strong. Ugh!" cried his companion.

"She plays beautifully on the ukulele!" continued Roger.

"What!" demanded the girl abruptly.

"Been in Honolulu, you know, and—"

"Who are you?" she interrupted.

"Excuse me, I should have introduced myself," Roger said. My name is Roger King—why, what on earth is the matter?"

"The girl was looking at him in horrified amazement. "I thought you were in there," she gasped, jumping to her feet, poised for flight.

"Stop!" commanded Roger; "do you mean that you were running away from me—that I am the unpleasant creature who is so eligible and handsome and strong?"

"Yes," faltered the girl. "You see, they kept writing me about you. Every letter I received was full of your doings and sayings, and I became rather fed up, I'm afraid. In fact, I wrote them about two months ago that if they couldn't write to me without hauling you in they need not expect any answer from me. I didn't mean to tell you this so brazenly—but you see, they did ram you down my throat so!"

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Roger, "you're Peggy Jerome!"

"Yes," breathed the girl.

From the house came the strains of a waltz, faint and sweet. The moon was bathing the garden with a magic enchantment. Roger King and Peggy Jerome faced each other, a rather shy light in her eyes, a very determined one in his.

"I'm afraid you win in that point by point game we were playing a minute ago," she said finally.

"I do not win," replied Roger with decision. "She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen and after I have persuaded her that I am neither very eligible nor at all handsome, I am going to—"

Peggy interrupted him quickly. "Let's go and dance," she said.

Newton won, hands down.

## CITY EXPECTS GREAT FUTURE

Murmansk, Not Long Founded, May Be in Future the Greatest Naval Port of Russia.

Quite new on the map is the little city of Murmansk, founded after the beginning of the war, and now, in the general taking account of stock, the world over, subject to examination as probably the greatest naval port of Russia, when that nation becomes normal and the capital of a vast district containing about 60,000 or 70,000 inhabitants, a considerable number of whom are refugees who are likely to return to other parts of Russia. Meantime it is difficult to imagine another city like Murmansk, with its population of perhaps 10,000, its sunless winter, and its long summer days when the sun is on visible duty through the whole 24 hours. Situated north of the arctic circle, its importance as a naval station comes from a harbor where the ice never freezes solidly enough to prevent navigation, hastily connected with Petrograd by rail as a means of bringing war supplies and ammunition into the country. But although there have been said to be valuable deposits of gold, platinum, silver and other minerals in the district, no investigation has yet discovered them; nor do the investigators see any very promising sign of agricultural or commercial development. Lapps and Finns are the normal inhabitants of the region; the reindeer herds serve to provide most of their wants, and they barter furs with the occasional traders whose vessels bring the few things they need from the outside world. Among the cities of the world, however, Murmansk is an infant, and one naturally hopes it will grow up to be a good and successful city.

## What Became of the Bison.

George Catlin, an authority on Indian life in the middle of the last century, stated that in the 1830's from 150,000 to 200,000 buffalo robes were marketed annually, which meant a slaughter of 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 bison annually.

The death-knell of the bison was sounded when the Union Pacific railroad was under construction. The road made marketing of the robes easier and divided the northern and southern herds.

By 1875 the southern herd, consisting of at least 3,000,000 animals, had been exterminated. By 1880 the northern herd, too, was practically extinct. Its actual numbers being placed by Doctor Hornady at 635 animals.

Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt of the American museum, calls this "the most striking and appalling example of the fate of an animal existing in apparently inexhaustible numbers, when left exposed to unrestricted slaughter."—Exchange.

## Tall Trees of America.

Where on the globe can there be found an area equal in extent with that occupied by the bulk of our states, so fertile and so rich and varied in its productions, and at the same time so habitable by the European, as this is? Michaux, who knew but part of them, says that "the species of large trees are much more numerous in North America than in Europe; in the United States there are more than 140 species that exceed 30 feet in height; in France there are but 30 that attain this size." Later botanists more than confirm his observations. Humboldt came to America to realize his youthful dreams of a tropical vegetation, and he beheld it in its greatest perfection in the primitive forests of the Amazon, the most gigantic wilderness on the earth, which he has so eloquently described.—Henry David Thoreau.

# January Stock-Taking Brings Values Real Values

Here are some of them—Plenty of others just as good scattered throughout the many departments of this Big Place.

### Skirts

See the table of them marked—Choice \$4.00. They are up to \$8.50 values.

### Knitted Sport Scarfs

Most of them are imported and reached us too late for the Christmas trade. Some of them are very beautiful and they are all marked for a quick clearance.

\$7.50 and \$8.50 Scarfs for.....	\$1.00
\$5.50 Scarfs for.....	4.50
\$5.00 Scarfs for.....	3.50
\$4.00 Scarfs for.....	2.50
\$3.00 Scarfs for.....	1.50

### 2 Tables of Knitted Things at Interesting Values

Knitted Tams and Scarfs to match, value \$3 for ...	\$2
Wool Spencers that sold for \$2.25 selling for ...	\$1.50
Children's Wool Leggings—a \$2.50 value for ...	\$2.00
Children's Fine Wool Sweaters that sold for \$3.75 now.....	\$2.00
Women's Knitted Blouse Sweaters, the \$6.00 ones for.....	\$4.00
Children's fine \$5.00 Sweaters for.....	\$3.00
Knitted Shetland Wool Shawls in white and colors were \$5.50, selling for.....	\$2.50
Knitted Wool Comfyets to wear under a coat, \$5.50 ones now.....	\$3.00
Two other \$4.00 & \$3.75 values clearing at.....	\$2.75

### Men's Linen Handkerchiefs 3 for \$1.00

50 Dozen Men's Hemstitched Linen Handkerchiefs, a good 50c value—stock-taking clearance 3 for \$1.00.

### A Table of Pretty House Dresses

In going through our House Dress stock we have reached up as high as \$7.50 and marked them all one price—choice \$3.97.

### White Flannelette Night Gowns

15 Dozen Only to offer at the special price. They are from good cloth and nicely made; full size—Each 97 cents.

### Children's and Misses' Fine Heavy Wool Mitts

These are in the regular and long lengths and come in Scarlet, White, Brown, Grey, Navy & Black. This \$1.00 value for the pair 75c.

### Winter Hose

Women's fine All-Wool Heather Hose—full fashioned 5 and 1 ribb. The fashionable light and dark colors, in sizes 9 1/2 to 10—Regular \$2.75 for \$1.95 pair. Heavy Ribbed Heather Hose in sizes 9, 9 1/2 and 10, a special at \$1.25—selling for the pair 90c.

### 3 Interesting Tables

- 1 A Table of Dress Trimmings to clear, the yard 5c.
- 2 Another Table of Dress Trimmings, clearing, the yard 10c.
- 3 A Table of Flouncing and All Over Lace, etc. Every item on this table marked for a quick clearance at Half Price.

### Women's Skirts In a Clearaway

They are in Black and a variety of colors, and sold up to \$4.00 each. Choice \$1.75.

### Boys' Flannelette Pajamas

They are neatly finished and come in all white and fancy striped—the suit \$1.75.

### Men's Ties

The aftermath after a big Christmas selling—48c each.

### That Broken Window

Has been temporarily patched up. Every week until we are able to procure a glass large enough to replace the "mashed" one you will find displayed in this window items in Furniture at prices that will surprise you. As we write there's a Bedroom Suite displayed at \$129. You ought to see it. It may be sold before this is in print. If it is another Furniture item will be displayed at a fraction of its value.

### New Fine Wool Blankets From Scotland

Many of them are richly bound in heavy P.E.C. Sky and White Satin. It's a treat to see them—the pair—

\$22.50	\$12.50
\$17.50	\$10.00
\$15.00	\$ 9.00

### Fancy Japan Baskets

New Priced at \$1.00

They are in a great variety of pretty shapes and regular up to \$2.75—they will not last long at \$1.00.

### Splendid Cloth and Satin Fine Finish Coats at About Half Price.

See the rack of splendid Cloth Coats that sold up to \$35.00—Choice \$19.00.

See the heavy Salts Plush Coats, richly lined, that are a regular \$45 and \$50.00 value—priced at \$29.

**The H.S. Falls Co.**

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