

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.

Send your name and address to-day to Dr. Miles Medical Company, Toronto, for new Weather Calendar.



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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.

Harness A. H. LANGRAF Shoes

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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

BANK OF HAMILTON
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Full Line Always on Hand

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Used Cars Taken In Exchange.

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Wanted—A Husband

By KATE EDMONDS

(68, 1228, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Had some good fairy suddenly inter-rogated Janice concerning what she wanted more than anything else in the whole world, the instantaneous answer would have been "a husband," which perhaps, is not so very surprising after all; for while the response would come on the heels of the question, it would lack the saving grace of being absolutely true. It was not so much a husband for which Janice yearned, as that which a husband usually represents.

Janice wanted a husband because she could not find a man to serve in the role of friend, whose reassuring arm would chase away all fear when the dark bridge had to be crossed at night after work; one who would sympathetically listen to the little tale of woe about the domineering forelady in the "department." Somehow it seemed to Janice if she could find a husband, he would be the pal for which she longed.

But in monotonous friendliness Janice continued to hemstitch her days away, until one day above the dip of the machines electrically growling out the work, she had heard herself referred to as "the old maid."

In that moment an idea dawned and found expression; any plan seemed feasible to avoid the ridicule of her fellow-workers.

"I'll pretend there is some one. He lives far away, so I can't see him, but I must write him letters to inspire him in his work." She reassured herself, "Why shouldn't I?"

Then as the pretty pieces of orange came out from beneath her needle in long rows of even hemstitching, the imagined husband of Janice was quite complete as to details, even to a name. "I think I would like the sound of Mrs. John Carpenter," and in her mind's eye she saw visiting cards bearing the words.

The day's work completed, she retraced her steps to the tiny room called home and sauntered into the "parlor" as nonchalantly as she was able, that no attention might be directed to her perusal of the almanac which comprised the sole extent of the rooming house library. Opening the book at "List of Towns in the United States," and turning to a page of that section at random, she placed her eyes to the list, pointing to "Hay Ranch, Oklahoma."

In the safe seclusion of her room, the first letter was indited to the creation of a lonely girl's imagination. It was a sweet little letter, filed with the yearning for an understanding friendship.

When the missive, lacking other identification than "John Carpenter, Hay Ranch, Oklahoma" was deposited in the mail box, Janice felt happier. Though but the figment of her own mental creation, she had somebody to whom she "belonged." Nor was this the last letter composed, for whenever the ogre of loneliness pretended power, another would be dispatched telling "My darling husband John" all the details.

Some months had slipped by and early summer had merged into late fall. At the end of a trying day's work, Janice returned to the rooming house too despondent and depressed to care about the evening's meal. She walked slowly down the broad thoroughfare lined with its stores, restaurants and theaters, the loud billposters acclaiming the entertainment offered within. Amid the jostling of the unminding crowds, intent upon scurrying home, Janice was banded about, unnoticed in the motley assortment of humanity. In her hand she held, ready for posting, her letter to "John Carpenter, Hay Ranch, Oklahoma" in which she had written, "I long for a dear little cottage far away from the struggles of a big city. It does not seem that I can stand the strain much longer."

Janice turned the corner onto a more secluded street, where some construction work was being conducted. A scaffolding, its false foundation falling away with a rasping but too abrupt warning to permit Janice to escape the deluge of things the boards supported.

Then, save for the fact that she had been grabbed with precipitate speed, she was conscious of no more until the white walls of a hospital room became as apparent a reality as the pain in her body; and the smell common to medical institutions forced itself upon her consciousness.

A nurse, stiffly starched in white-apron cleanliness, greeted her. "Better, I see. Would you like to see a visitor?"

Janice closed her eyes. "A visitor?" This was a new world indeed. "Who would visit me?"—The question came in a faint, far-away whisper of utter hopelessness.

The nurse smiled in professional fashion. "It is the man who snatched you actually from death. It was at great risk to his own life." She paused a moment and went on: "He comes every day to learn of your progress," and she added: "He sent you these roses."

Janice thought surely she was dreaming. She shut her eyes tightly—and opened them upon six feet of man, literally towering above the low cot.

She looked up at the friendly

stranger as he held her hand lying so high above the coverlet and smiled a warm happy smile. "Thank you, Mr. Man, for the lovely roses."

Through long, tortuous months when fractured bones seemed difficult of mending, always he was there, radiating a protecting friendship which seemed to yield the strength her pain-racked body demanded.

But when the period of convalescence was nearly over and no doctor's time limit did end the delightful moments before the bay window overlooking the bend in the river where the water sluggishly drifted into the ocean beyond, intimate, hopeful words of future happiness hurried the ultimate day of complete recovery.

Each morning the bed-ridden, laden with savory breakfast dainties to tempt the returning appetite of the convalescent was abetted by a sprightly nosegay, charming, colorful, fragrant. And nestling in its heart, Janice would find a tiny note of good cheer; sometimes an original thought of the man's big heart; often a gem culled from the mighty work of an inspired poet or author.

It was a wonderful morning, the sun reflecting its rays within the room with many multi-colored beams. Janice fussed before the hand mirror, adjusting the turlowens on the pretty dressing sack the nurse had generously lent her. Reflected in the looking glass she held in her hand, she saw the door opened, and then two strong and gentle hands were laid upon her shoulders.

It did not seem possible that the lonely Janice, unloved until this, her twenty-sixth birthday, could be listening to these wonder-words. "I have come to take you to a dear little cottage far away from the struggles of a big city."

Astonished, Janice heard this strange repetition of the wish confided to her "husband," and the man laughed delightedly at her consternation.

"I found this letter in your hand the day of the accident," he explained, "and opened it because it was addressed to me."

He paused a moment to withdraw a neatly tied packet from his pocket. "I came to the city from Hay Ranch, Oklahoma, to find my 'loving wife Janice' who wrote these wonderful letters."

Janice did the impossible. She laughed and cried at the same time. "And there really was a John Carpenter of Hay Ranch, Oklahoma?"

"Guilty. But won't you answer my question?"

"What question?" Janice naively asked.

"Will you come with me to a dear little cottage far away from the struggles of a big city?"

And with the kiss he took from her lips, she gave him the answer.

LOOKING TO COKE FOR FUEL

With the Inevitable End of the Gasoline Supply, That Material May Supply Substitute.

Gasoline will continue to go up in price. A few years from now we shall have to use something else as fuel for automobiles. The question is, what? The United States government bureau of mines thinks that we shall get the requisite substitute from coal. In every city there will be "by-product coke ovens," which will extract from the coal a light oil available for the purpose. The coke can then be used in our furnaces and for other ordinary fuel purposes. Germany during part of the war was practically shut off from every supply of mineral oil. She depended for her motor fuel entirely on coal, putting the latter through by-product coking plants. Before long we shall be obliged to do the same in the United States. Part of the light oil in coal is toluol, which in time of war is needed for the manufacture of TNT. Modern warfare requires enormous quantities of the substance for making high-explosive shells. During the first part of the war the allies came near defeat for lack of it. Another by-product from the coking of one ton of soft coal is 5,000 cubic feet of gas, available for cooking and other household uses. The coke itself makes an admirable smokeless fuel for furnaces, if people could only be persuaded to use it.

Art Collectors Fooled.

Wealthy collectors searching in Egypt for treasures and relics are often imposed upon by crafty Arabs, who manufacture mummies, using the bodies of their own dead, which they swathe in the mummy windings and encase in stolen or spurious mummy cases.

The duped collector, after secretly negotiating with a mysterious Arab, is led to an abandoned pyramid, where the fake mummy is discovered. Then the Arab aids the collector in smuggling the mummy out of Egypt that the Egyptian authorities, who examine all relics taken out of the country, may not reveal his swindle.

Best Jet Mined in England.

Jet is a bituminous mineral, and, it is said, the vegetable remains of coniferous trees or fossilized wood. The best jet comes from mines in Whitby, England. Spain and France have large jet mines. Queen Victoria is said to have been very fond of jet, and during the latter part of her reign it came in great favor as jewelry. It is capable of taking a high polish and is very easy to carve. The genuine jet is so valuable that many imitations are in the market. The best imitations come from Italy and are called "Italian Jet." The real jet is very light, while some of the imitations made from glass are heavy.

A Sale of Men's Overcoats

—You've Been Waiting For—

\$19.75

Overcoats that are worth up to \$35.00—only 35 coats in the offering. We must emphasize that so no one will be disappointed. The first thirty-five men that come in will go out considering themselves mighty lucky. Meltons with velvet collars in black and grey. Ulsters with convertible collars and half belts, etc. Feel the material in these coats, turn the coats inside out, look at the lining and the way the seams are finished—try the buttons, see how they are sewn on. Inspect the coats inside and out—they'll stand it. Warm Winter Coats for regular men—coats that will be good for this year and the next year and the next. When the sale of these overcoats begins Saturday morning we will have every size to 46. The actual money saving is so apparent to any observing man that it is foolish to remind him of it—\$19.75.

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

3 Interesting Tables

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

Fashionable Knitted Sport Scarfs

Most of them are imported and reached us too late for the Christmas trade. Some of them are very beautiful. All are marked for a quick clear-away:

\$7.50 and \$8.50 Scarfs for	-	\$5.00
\$5.50 Scarfs for	-	\$4.00
\$5.00 Scarfs for	-	\$3.50
\$4.00 Scarfs for	-	\$2.50
\$3.00 Scarfs for	-	\$1.50

2 Tables of Knitted Things of Interesting Values

- Knitted Tams and Scarfs to match, value \$3 for \$2.00
- Wool Spencers that sold \$2.25, now selling for \$1.50
- Children's Wool Leggings, a \$2.50 value for \$2.00
- Children's fine Wool Sweaters, sold for \$3.75 \$2.00
- Women's Knitted Blouse Sweaters, the \$6 ones \$4.00
- Children's fine \$5.50 Sweaters for \$3.00
- Knitted Shetland Wool Shawls in white and colors, were \$5.50, now selling for \$2.50
- Knitted Wool Comfys to wear under a coat, \$5.50 ones are now \$3.00. Two others, \$4.00 and \$3.75 values, clearing at \$2.75.

SALE OF FUR COATS

Coming as it does at the very beginning of the real winter, prices are at least 25 per cent under today's values.

The Furs are Hudson Seal, Electric Seal and Marmot. Many are trimmed with Beaver and Sable (Skunk), and are specially priced at \$400, \$345, \$325, \$300, \$175, \$162, \$155, \$150, \$135 and \$125.

The H.S. Falls Co.

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