

Our Own Bedtime Stories

Once upon a time there was a very ripping little dame who had the moniker of Cinderella wished upon her by a horrid but soft-hearted parents. Popper and mommer both stuffed off while Cinderella was still in the pig-tail age, however, and our little girl was left to the tender mercies of her two older sisters.

Now these two sisters both drew down heavy wages for chewing gum in front of typewriters, down-town in the busy marts of trade. They would part with enough jack to pay the butcher, the baker and bootlegger; spend the rest on zippy raiment—and would make poor Cinderella stay at home, clad only in a gingham house dress, to bathe the dishes, stew the hash and stall off the man who came to collect installments due

on the furniture.

Already some of Cinderella's boy friends were calling her "Cindy" for short, and Cindy was consumed with a great desire to dike herself out in glad rags, step out with synthetic sheiks and generally strut her stuff.

Not for Cindy, however, were the temptations of a sinful world. Her big sisters gave out the ultimatum that little sister must remain general maid-of-all-work around the flat until she reached the age where she could gargle a ginger ale highball without making a face.

And so, on this particular night, when we peep in on little Cinderella, we find that sisters are out motoring with two rapid Romeos, and Cindy is sitting in front of the steam radiator, with a bad case of the blues, sipping a bottle of sister's corn, and wishing she could go to the Rivet-Slingers' ball on tomorrow night.

How long Cindy looked on the corn when it was white, we know not. But just as she said: "Bust my brassiere, but I wish I could take in that hop!"

— just then, as we said before, an old Fairy appeared and said to Cindy: "Cut the weeps, kid; I'll get you a late for that dance."

"Poo-poo," replied Cindy. "no fish. How can I go when I have no Paris evening gown?"

"Presto!" said the fairy, and lo! also behold! Cindy's mother husband immediately changed to the latest creation by Paul Poiret.

"You're a darned fast worker," said Cindy, as she gazed at herself admiringly in a mirror. "But I have no flivver; and if I wear this dress on the street cars I'll be pinched for indecent exposure!"

"Calm yourself, kiddo," replied the fairy, "lookout the window." Cindy looked out the window and saw there nothing but an old beer truck, which had broken down in front of the house.

"Presto!" shouted the old dame, and immediately the truck changed into a Pierce-Arrow limousine, with liveried footmen and everything just as good as new, except for a back number scratched on the front fender. Cindy, for once, was speechless.

"Now," said the fairy, "you can go to the ball tomorrow night. But there is just one condition; I'm a member of Local No. 303, of the Fairy's Union; we quit work at 12 p.m.; so be darn sure you're back here by midnight!"

The next night Cindy was so excited that when she served supper to her sisters she spilt the liver and onions all over the table. Administering a gentle kick in the slats to Cindy, her two sisters dolled up and breezed off with their dates, on the way to the Rivet-Slingers ball. Then Cindy put on the Paris gown, stepped into her Pierce-Arrow, and rolled off to the same destination.

When Cindy burst in on the ball-room old men swallowed their cuds or tobacco, middle-aged married men began to feel like human beings; once more and the young quirts was still had fuzz where whippers ought to be all trampled each other under foot, in a mad rush to fill up Cindy's dance card.

To make a long story short, Cindy was the belle of the ball. Such a knockout was she, that even her sisters failed to recognize her. And there was one galoot who danced every other dance with her; and his hair was as slick as the finest Crisco, and his tuxedo fit him like a Hart, Schamer & Marx ad, and he danced like his first name was Pavlova and his last name was Valentino. "At Last," thought Cindy, "I have met

my Prince Charming."

But just as she was shaking her shimmy with Prince Charming, the clock struck midnight. And, remembering her promise to the fairy, Cindy broke away and beat a hasty retreat from the ballroom. But in her haste, she dropped her false teeth, and she didn't have enough time to have the house dick look for 'em. And just as she got outside the door her evening gown changed back to a mother hubbard, and instead of a limousine waiting for her, there was only an old beer truck under the port to cochere. So she hoofed it home and went to bed and mourning all night for Prince Charming and her false teeth.

And the next morning the Daily Blatter ran an eight-column streamer which read: "Mystery of the Missing Molars." And Prince Charming ran an ad in the paper saying that he had found them, and would the young lady who owned them please call and identify her property by having them fitted in her oral cavity. But Cindy didn't see the papers, and P. C. looked all week in vain for the beautiful dame who owned the pearly food-grinders.

But at last he found her, and her heart went pitter-patter when he asked her to open her jaw and see if they fitted. And he placed the long-lost teeth in her mouth and lo! they fitted perfectly.

"I thought you were the right party," smiled Prince Charming, "now I just want to tell you that the jaw-bone surgeon who fixed you up with this set of grinders was a dumb Isaac. I've got special reduced rates on false teeth, all this week, and if you'll come down to my office I'll fix up a new set for you, for only \$2.98.

"Ye Gods," screamed Cinderella, as she took a header onto the chaise longue, "My Prince Charming is a dentist!"

LINDSAY SLAYING

Police Are Still Baffled By Mountain Murder Mystery

Concentrating on several clues that have arisen in connection with the Homer Lindsay murder of last Wednesday, the investigating authorities had nothing new to offer. Officials in charge of the case are trying their utmost to ascertain the identity of the occupants of the Ford car that was seen in close proximity to the Lindsay car, shortly before the murder took place.

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Hepplewhite Style Walnut Finish

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RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. Persons financially interested in or employees of the Jarvis Record or their immediate families can not be candidates.

2. Votes will be given as follows:

RENEWALS

Subscription for 1 year..... 100 votes
Subscription for 2 years..... 250 votes
Subscription for 3 years..... 500 votes
Subscription for 5 years..... 1000 votes

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Subscription for 1 year..... 200 votes
Subscription for 2 years..... 500 votes
Subscription for 3 years..... 1000 votes
Subscription for 5 years..... 2000 votes

3. Ten per cent. commission will be given on all amounts collected by candidates who do not win a prize.

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AND GIVE THEM AN OPPORTUNITY TO BE AMONG THE FIRST IN THE FIELD

The Great Autumn and Winter Stocks Have Opened Up All Over the Store

WINTER IS JUST "ROUND THE CORNER,"
ARE YOU PREPARED?

Falls' Store is, as never before, with a wonderful showing of Blankets, Comforts and Couch Covers.

—Blankets, pair \$2.25 to \$18.00
—Comforters, each \$3.25 to \$38.75
—Couch Covers, each \$6.50 to \$14.00

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Large Stocks of "Harvey's," Turnbull's" and "Penman's," from the garment..... 57c to \$7.50
Specials in Pantalettes, in two styles, colors are Blue, Emerald, Corn, Rose and Black. All sizes, pair..... \$1.50 and \$3.00

A BECOMING HAT IS A GOOD DAY'S FIND

A hat may be smart and may have good lines and may be of fine materials. But, if it fails to be becoming to the one who wears it, all its virtues count for naught.

In Falls' Millinery Department are dozens of new hats fashioned primarily for wearableness at \$4.00 to \$12.00

(Falls' Department Store, Simcoe)

"THE BEST MEN'S UNDERWEAR THE WORLD PRODUCES"

In two-piece and combinations, from the popular grades up to the deluxe qualities.

"You pay less for Wolsey Underwear at Falls'"

WOMEN'S AUTUMN COATS

Noteworthy at \$25, \$30 and \$35

The sort that can be worn all winter long, since they are lined and interlined, besides being made of soft heavy coatings, which have such a cozy, wintry look. Most of them with large Fur collars and cuffs. In Taupe, Navy, Brown and Black \$25, \$30 and \$35

GIRLS' WINTER COATS

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Rich, glowing, handsome Rugs to cheer up homes everywhere. For winter after winter never were the Wilton patterns more graceful and never were the Wilton colorings more magnificent — Some of the finest Wilton's of all have just gotten in—Every wanted size

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(Falls' Department Store, Simcoe)

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Deep-dyed Velvets, wonderfully light and "Slinky" and lustrous—for gowns and wraps, in Black, Brown, Navy, Green and Whirlpool.

Yard \$4.75

LET QUALITY BE YOUR WATCHWORD IN CHOOSING BOYS' CLOTHING

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