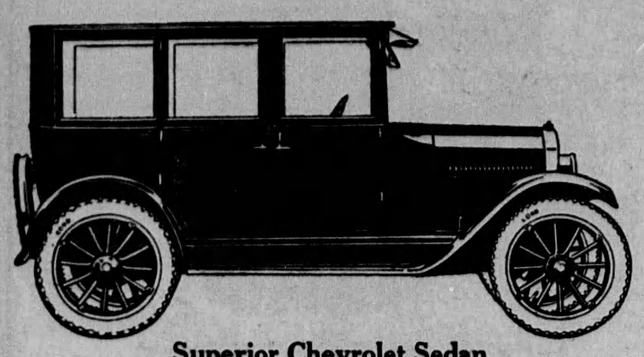
It's Easy to Pay For a

CHEVROLET



Superior Chevrolet Sedan
PRICE DELIVERED $1245.00

Superior Utility Coupe
PRICE DELIVERED $998.00

The World's Lowest-Priced Quality Car

Everybody wants an automobile.

Everybody can pay for a Chevrolet.

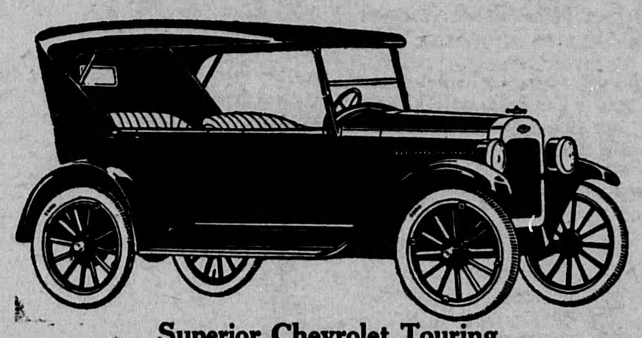
Everybody can afford to own a Chevrolet.

You can buy a Chevrolet just as you buy any other important necessity. Not one family in a thousand pays cash in full for a home. They make a substantial down payment, then pay off the mortgage with what they used to pay for rent, plus other savings, and in a few years obtain full title to a home of their own.

This most popular and most economical family car is just another home — but on wheels. It takes the whole family evenings and holidays to where they are eager to go, and daily transports one or more of the family's workers to and from their business, therefore all the family gladly helps to pay for it.

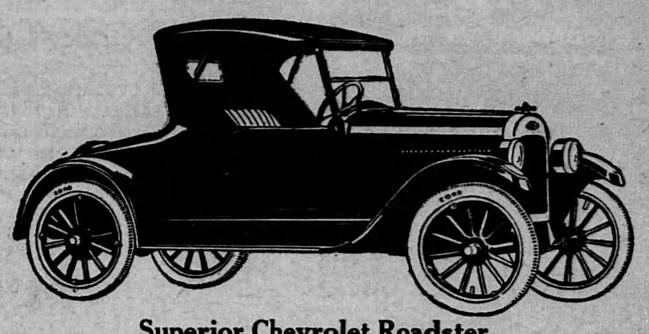
It can be bought just as you buy a stationary home. It earns its way and you ride while you pay.

It is the best paying investment any family can make because it provides transportation, saves time, and makes all outdoors your playground, bringing health and happiness to the whole family.



Superior Chevrolet Touring
PRICE DELIVERED $798.00

Superior 4-Passenger Coupe
PRICE DELIVERED $1135.00



Superior Chevrolet Roadster
PRICE DELIVERED $789.00

Chevrolet Dealers:
D. McTAVISH & SON
FLESHERTON, ONT.

We would be glad to show you the different models and explain how easy it is to get, use and pay for them.

THE
Flesherton Advance
W. H. THURSTON, - Editor

A REVELATION

A keen interest has been aroused in the "Home" articles which have been running in our columns for some months. We have decided to disclose the identity of the writer this week, although three or four more articles are yet to appear. Many readers have, owing to the nature of the articles, already surmised who the writer is and surmised correctly. It is Mr. A. S. Thurston of the Meaford Mirror.

The articles, when written just subsequent to the war, were never intended for publication, but were typewritten for his own pleasure and as a means by which to remember his boyish doings in the old home town during his growing years. This collection having been bound in book form, we got hold of and its literary merit appeared to justify us in asking permission to publish them, which was kindly granted.

We have received numerous letters from old Flesherton boys who have read the different articles with much pleasure stating how much they have enjoyed the articles and asking for the name of the writer. Among these we select one from Mr. Kendall Mitchell, now a successful lawyer in Chicago, which seems to convey a sentiment that all our correspondents entertain, namely that the articles were "exceptionally fine," both from a literary standpoint and from a point of interest in the literary pictures drawn therein of doin's in the old home town. Mr. Mitchell writes:

"I wish you to tell Stanley that his articles entitled, "Home" are exceptionally fine. He has a very splendid style. Having gone through practically the same period in the town with him, I the more fully appreciate the kindly and excellent maner in which he has handled the persons and subjects referred to. His fine gauge of the brilliancy and kindly character of our kinsman, M. K. Richardson; shows his high appreciation of the best in good citizenship. You may wonder why I know that Stanley wrote these. My answer is that he is the only one who could know and write of the particular persons and things so well. I should be very much surprised of this were not so."

WHY SHOULDN'T THEY?

The rural mail carriers are now asking the government to give them adequate remuneration for their services and place their business on a standard basis. the same as is other branches of the postal service. In the United States $75 per mile per annum is the standard. Here the couriers are onyl asking for $70.

This branch of the Department has in the past been run in a peculiarly niggardly way. It was immaterial to the government whether contractors lost money—and practically all of them do lose money; at least none of them under the competitive system in vogue for years have received anything like what other branches of the service have received, or what their services are worth.

It seems to the lay mind that there must be something prodigal in other branches of the P. O. Department when it is necessary to retain the three cent rate. The United States has never added to its letter rate of two cents since the war and it pays higher salaries and its costs are greater in every way for conducting business, while its postage rates are actually lower than ours. Our attitude in this regard is a detriment to business. We pay a dollar per hundred more for letters than they do across the border and this is a serious handicap to firms having large correspondence. Of course this is added to "overhead" where it can be done. and enhances the cost of goods.

There are two things which the Department should do—give the couriers a fair remuneration and give us a return to the 2c. rate.

EDITORIAL NOTES

An item has been going the rounds saying that several Flesherton and Dundalk motorists have been fined for using last year's markers. So far as Flesherton is concerned this is not true. One gentleman here was warned by P. C. Jones, but this was as far as it went. The markers had been ordered, although in law this would make no difference. Still, even our "minions of the law" are reasonable and are not likely to punish a man who establishes his bona fides with regard to his reasonable intentions or his desire to comply with the law.

* * * *

The Tara Leader has been 25 years under the present management. It was founded in 1881 by W. J. Whitlock, later was owned by Theo. Hall, who sold to J. E. Hammond, from whom H. A. VanDusen purchased it in 1892. The Leader is a decidedly clean, neatly printed paper, and an honor to the village to which it serves.

HOME

By A. S. Thurston

THE APOTHECARY

Until his passing, probably the oldest resident of the village was the Apothecary. One adds to all the cherished memories of this man the later ones of his philosophic cheerfulness in the sick room. It seems, on mature reflection, since his sunset came, and went, as though the period of illness that chained him to his room had lengthened out his evening of life until the sky was shot with beautiful vestments of the evening, and slanting beams came up the slone to one as he chatted from the vantage point of youth to the old man.

There was a shynes of expression, and boldness of thought, that left one feeling that the end of life was the fullest and happiest part for the soul of him, and yet, so timid is one of the sacred things that he dare not venture too ruthlessly, tear the veil aside, and see for himself!

And so we miss the best things, sometimes, because we are AFRAID.

For many, many years the path to school has led past his store door, and the books and papers of the schooling course came fluttering out from its spicy scented shelves, while the pennies tinkled into the money drawer.

To the youngest children The Apothecary (the First Citizen's brother) was always a pleasant elderly person who stared fiercely and then smiled over his glasses so merirly that they liked him almost as well as the sweets in his glass showcases. To the older ones he was not always so placid, and had a habit of almost testily expressing strong opinions on occasion. He had first come to Home, direct from the heart of English London—a Cockney learning how to pioneer—and thrown himself upon the tender mercies of Home at a time when it was all roughnes on the exterior, when elections lasted a week or so and people drove for miles to register their open vote and down whiskey in the customary manner.

Since then time has spun out. The Apothecary married, raised a family, educated his son, and finally gave up the store to him. Then crippled by sickness resigned himself to a world bordered only by the limits of his eyesight and the windows of his home.

Fond memories will ever linger around the quaint old apothecary's shop of many years ago, where the even then seemingly old man peered over his well-rimmed glasses and paternally engaged the youngsters in a jovial bashful conversation.

Oh, he was real! With a tongue that could speak his mind to the grown-ups, and with a heart big enough for all the children in the community, he ministered in his way to them in a manner far above the ordinary things of drug store and school-book barter. And at Christmas time drew near his accumulated additional charm with wonderful possibilities for Santa Claus; in fishing time bamboo rods and even silk fish lines, and sinkers, an' hooks were there; with snowfall came a crop of sleds;—he was a Bountiful Provider and a fulfiller of dreams.

Behind his back we called him "Billie" this old man, this dignified man; this Bountiful Provider. We called him "Billie" behind his back.

I went back Home one day, and so long it seemed since last we met that I called on him. And there I found him, not testily chafing against imprisonment as I had feared, but quietly accepting his lot with an abounding grace, — surprsingly alive to the events of every day at Home; with his finger tips on the political situataion, and keenly interested in the war from the standpoint of Home's contribution to it; for he had seen every one of the lads through the schoolbook and all-day sucker stage of life

Here was no chair and bed-ridden hermit. And I marvelled; and still marvel.

As the hour wore on we had a wonderful trip back to the days agone when Home was a raw backwoods hamlet, when lawlessness was rampant in the very machinery that was created to establish law and order.

He had come, a young lad, to the bush and became a deputy returning officer for the election which was then in full swing, and during the days of election moved among what were strange and unnerving scenes as the bearded pioneers indulged in the intoxication of the occasion.

He recalled how neighborhood jealousies sprang up fresh in the midst of the polling, and how men were kidnapped to prevent their vote from being polled; and how one side had stolen the liquor belonging to the other side, winning the day with the stolen whiskey.

It was all "Greek" to the newcomer from the world's greatest centre, and was sufficient to keep him in daily terror for his life until he learned that it was but that ideal of ideallists, the people of a democracy expressing their sovereign will; and soon he learned to fit into the village life and settle down as one of Home's earliest citizens.

And as he talked of these things there was a hint of resignation, as though he were prepared to follow again his brother, the First Citizen, as he had followed him into the "unknown" of the new Canada, long, long ago in his youth.

. . . . and, one day the words of the preacher were recalled, ". . . . and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low

. . . . then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

TOWN HALL, MONDAY, MAY 12th

"Pioneer Trails"

A DAVID SMITH Production Played by AN ALL-STAR CAST INCLUDING
Alice Calhoun and Otis Harlan

Special Comedy and Mews Reel

ADMISSION 50 and 25 cts. including tax
F. H. STEPHENSON, - - MANAGER

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Radiator, only	$17.50	Front Fender	$4.70
Hood	$7.00	Steerng Gear	$1.60
Cylinder Block	$32.50	Fan & Pulley	$1.50

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