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All accounts collected monthly.

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The many customers will be served regularly with wholesome White and Brown Bread and Buns, and very shortly an attractive line of Cakes will be added.

The Statham record of past years will be maintained. Your orders will be appreciated.

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Go! At thy country's urgent call,
Whatever gentle bonds may hold thee here,
Whatever tender claims seem to you most dear,
Whatever horrors a war might make you fear,
Thy duty—first of all.

Go! And God guard thy way
Through all the hidden dangers of the night;
Through seas of blood, to battle for the right;
Through pain and peril, to the dawning light
Of yonder peaceful day.

Go! Thy young heart is brave
Struggle for right with all thy strength and will;
Oftimes encounter to you may bring a thrill,
Shouldst thou not triumph, thou at least canst fill
A loyal soldier's grave.

Go! If the cause be won,
On thy bright record free of stain or blot—
Obedient to your orders, not questioning ever what—
Thy name shall shine forever; but if not,
God's will alone be done.

Go! I can say adieu
Almost as gladly as a greeting home to thee;
Unselfishly I sacrifice my boy, you see,
And look my last through smiles, if thou wilt be
Firm and brave and true.

WHEN THE DEBERTER CHANGED HIS MIND

DENNIS H. STOVALL

HALFWAY down the gravel walk Matt Raber came to a reluctant halt and looked back toward the house. His sister was calling to him from the porch. An impatient scowl came into the youth's face; he did not want to waste any more time talking things over; he was fully decided; he was going to sell the place—and the sooner he got rid of it the better would it suit him. His horse, saddled and bridled, had been waiting at the gate for nearly an hour while his sister, by every manner of persuasion, tried to get him to change his mind.

Now she had something more to tell him—something she had forgotten—but which could serve no better purpose than to annoy and delay him. Why couldn't she leave him alone? Couldn't she see that he would not be changed? Why should she keep on worrying him? Anyhow, what did she know about the general affairs of the place—the endless routine, the thousand-and-one details, the never-ceasing labor, the working and waiting for crops, the disappointments and the failures? Couldn't she see that the money they could get for the place—the money they were already offered—if invested in town, in any sort of business, would bring them far more profit and pleasure? These questions, which ran riot through Matt's mind, said easily answered by him, deepened the scowl on his face.

Lena smiled as she came down toward him—smiled and then looked troubled when she noted her brother's close-drawn brows and firm-set lips. "Please don't go away angered at me, Matt!" she begged kindly. She came very near and looked up into his frowning face. There was a soft glow in her eyes—a sympathetic appeal in her voice—that touched his heart. "I haven't come out to bother you again about the deal," she assured. "I realize that your mind is made up—and you ought to know. You've worked very hard, keeping the old place going, and you are the one that can best say what ought to be done."

She had her hands on his shoulders now, and with her tender touch the scowl disappeared from Matt's face. He felt relieved in knowing that she had really given way to him—yet he wondered if she had something in reserve. After their heated talk of the morning it did not seem quite possible she would surrender so easily—and then come out to tell him about it.

"There is something else I wanted to tell you—or, rather, that I wanted to remind you of," she added after a moment's silence.

Matt almost scowled again. So she did have something more sure enough. "You needn't look perplexed," she told him smilingly. "For, really, it's nothing to worry you. This is the day you know, that I am to open that 'surprise box' from Uncle Mark. We have had so many other things on our minds this morning that I forgot, as strange as it may seem—"

"Why Lena!" Matt exclaimed, suddenly remembering. "This is your birthday! What a chump I've been not to think of it—and you my only sister. There has been nothing on my mind lately but acres and cattle and corn and sheep—yes, and my chance to dispose of the whole caboodle. But I'm going to town this afternoon—and I'm going to the store and get you—"

"No, you won't do anything of the sort!" she objected. "I didn't remind you of it for any such purpose. When you get back from your ride around the ranch I will have the 'surprise box' opened and we can enjoy its contents together. I didn't want you to go away feeling angry—that was all—for this is my birthday, and one's birthday, of all days, is no time for any sort of thoughts but happy ones."

"Sure, Lena—you're just right about that," he told her sincerely. "I'm glad you called me back—and I truly hope this will prove one of the happiest birthdays you've ever known—and that Uncle Mark's 'surprise box' will be the best thing that ever came to the ranch." The brother was smiling, and his bronzed face beamed as he stooped and touched his lips to her cheek. She turned away quickly, her face radiant, and made her way up the walk to the house.

Happier thoughts were on the mind of Matt as he mounted his horse and struck out on a round of the ranch. He was glad, selfishly glad, that Lena had finally given way; would now be free to close the pending deal. It was a good offer, he told himself, that had been made for the place, and if accepted at once, in early March, the buyer would have all the spring plowing and seeding to do.

Without dismounting, the youth opened and closed the gate at the rear of the barn and rode out over the broad pasture that lifted in a gentle slope toward the evergreen hills. The early spring grass was just pushing its tender blades through the damp soil. Down below a spring, whose overflowing water had kept the earth warm through the winter, a clump of buttercups opened their bright yellow faces to the sun. The cattle, the sheep and the horses, well-fed through the cold season from an abundant supply of hay and grain, were in splendid condition. Matt was proud of them—and of the care he had given—but heartily glad that such care and labor would soon be at an end.

He swung round the pasture, opened and closed another gate, and crossed an unplowed field that brought him near the country road. Here he reined his horse to a halt. A poster, fastened to a broad trunk of a big black oak, with its flaming letters of red and blue caught his eye. There was a full-length picture of Uncle Sam on the ample sheet. He stood with outstretched hands, as if in appeal. On the top of the poster were the words:

"Young Man, Listen!
"Your Country Needs You!
"Do Your Part!"

Matt Raber had seen similar posters before—posters that urged and called young men to enlist in the army or navy. He had never given them serious notice. Somehow, the war had seemed so far away that he felt no interest in it. To him had come no desire to respond. He had other things to do—other things to worry about—and his country could get along without any voluntary help from him.

But here was a call that seemed different. With a curious interest, Matt spurred his mount closer to more plainly read the message of the poster.

"If You Can't be a Soldier, Do Your Part Where You Are!" it said. "Help Feed the Hungry Millions! Don't be a Deserter! Put the Idle Soil to Work! Save the Waste!"

Sitting erect in his saddle, and shading his eyes with his palm, Matt Raber read the message over and over. In spite of himself, it made an urgent appeal. It was as if the Spirit of the Country—of his country—were calling to him through the picture of that familiar old man who stood with outstretched hands. A strange, exultant thrill went through him. His heart pulsed with quicker beat. Then, with a sudden impulse, and to escape the subtle, silent influence of the poster, he touched spurs to his horse and galloped away. He tried to forget what he had read and seen—and felt—in a further inspection of the ranch. He must forget, he told himself—for, after all, that was only a poster, and in a few days he would be rid of the worries of the place that had thus far demanded nothing of him but worry and hard labor.

Climbing over the ridge, he rode down through the dark fir woods on the opposite side. Surmounting the one high point of the ranch, he reached an eminence whence he could look out over all the place. Just above the ragged comb of the ridge he could see the roof of the ranch house and of the barn and cattle shed. Higher than all, rose the tower of the windmill. Closer by, and in the opposite direction, lay a deep gulch, along whose crooked bottom wound the river and the railroad, the latter crossing the gulch by a high, steel trestle. Matt's keen gaze caught something at the bridge that made him raise a shading palm and look with closer scrutiny. Then the object which at first was but a brown, slow-moving spot, took the form of a soldier in uniform—a soldier who carried a rifle and paced regularly, patiently to and fro, guarding the bridge. In the far distance, where the gulch opened wider, was a cluster of brown tents. Matt knew this was the camp to which the soldier belonged, and where other soldiers like the one at the bridge were.

Again Matt felt that warm, exultant thrill course through his veins. Back into his mind came the words of the flaming poster: "Your Country Needs You! If You Can't be a Soldier, Do Your Part Where You Are"

That lonely guardsman down there, carrying his rifle, and pacing patiently back and forth, ever watchful and ever alert, was doing his part. He, and other men like him, the sons of the nation, were guarding the bridges that care-free travellers might pass in safety. He, and others like him, were guarding the warehouses, the fields and the forests of America, that the country's food supply and the country's resources might not be wantonly destroyed. Somehow, and for the first time, it made the great conflict seem closer. Matt had never believed it could be brought so near home. After all, he had a part in it. If he could not be a soldier—

His teeth clicked as he set his jaws firmly together. He must forget. His spurs touched the flank of his horse. The animal whirled about, but leaped only ten paces down the slope when it came to an abrupt halt, stopping with a suddenness that nearly unseated Matt. Out from behind a chaparral clump a man rose and lifted his hands.

"Hold a minute!" he commanded. "I want to speak to you!"

Matt was startled, not only by the unexpected appearance of the man, but for the fact also, that he wore a uniform, the regulation khaki of the American army. The youth guessed that he must be a soldier from the distant camp, though he carried no rifle. When he drew nearer, Matt saw he was young—a youth but little older than himself, but in his eyes there was a look of uneasiness, almost of fear. He glanced around cautiously, and gazed at Matt keenly before speaking another word. "Say, friend," he said finally, "let me ask if you belong to this ranch."

Matt did not immediately reply. There was nothing impertinent in the question. It was the restless, uneasy manner of the soldier that caused the youth to wonder. "Yes," he responded, "I own it—that is—my sister and I, together. It was left us by our father. We are going to sell, though—that is—we are considering—"

"I don't care anything about that," the soldier interrupted. "I just wanted to know for sure who you are, that's all. I want to get some one to help me. I belong down at the river camp—been on guard duty, all winter—watching bridges, elevators, ranches—out in all sorts of weather—which wasn't so bad, for a soldier must be a soldier and take what comes. The thing that grills me is the everlasting discipline—this thing of having someone else telling you all the while what you must do. To make matters worse I can't jibe with the lieutenant who is in command of our platoon. We had another rumpus this morning—and I made up my mind that I have taken enough, so I—"

For some reason the soldier did not finish what was on his mind to speak. He looked into Matt's face in silence, as if he thought the youth would know and understand. Matt returned his gaze in dumb amazement. Into his mind there came a dark suspicion—a thing dreadful to contemplate but which alone accounted for that restless, uneasy look in the eyes of the young soldier.

Matt leaned far over in the saddle till his face was but a few inched from that of the man in uniform. He gripped the saddle horn with both his hands, the lines of his bronzed face twitched, and when he spoke his words were low and tense. "Do you mean to tell me—?" He could not complete the question. It seemed to be utterly impossible.

"I mean to tell you that I've about made up my mind to cut loose," the other replied. "I haven't actually done so, understand—for I'm off duty till four this afternoon. But if I could get you to help me—let me have a suit of clothes, say, so that I could get out—"

Matt Raber jerked himself erect. His eyes were blazing. His face turned pale. "Do you think I would help you desert?" he demanded hotly. "If I did that I would be no better than a deserter myself! And before I would do such a thing—"

Matt ceased speaking abruptly, not because of any interference or interruption from the soldier, but for the reason that there flashed before his mind the picture of a familiar old man standing with hands outstretched in broad appeal. Into his ears rang the words, as clear and distinct as if the old man, breathing the spirit of the nation was speaking them: "If You Can't be a Soldier, Do Your Part Where You Are! Don't be a Deserter"

A great change, bringing with it a new and firm decision, quickly developed and took form in the heart of Matt Raber. He leaned once again with his face close to that of the soldier.

"Say comrade," he said, not angrily, nor accusingly, but contritely, like one making a confession, "I too, have been thinking of deserting. I was going to sell and leave the ranch—because I didn't like the work and routine and the discipline. But I've changed my mind. Right now, I've changed my mind! I can't be a soldier—but I can do my part—where I am! My country needs me. Needs the stuff I can grow—to help feed the hungry millions, just as it needs others to guard bridges and warehouses, and to fight in the trenches!"

For a long half-minute the two looked into each other's eyes in silent questioning. Matt raised up finally and turned his gaze toward the distant ranch house—his home, the heart and centre of the old place. Pride of ownership thrilled him. And while he looked he saw rise, from the tall pole staff above the windmill, a big, new flag. As the red and white bars fluttered in the March wind, Matt quickly guessed the truth. Lena had opened the "surprise box," and this big, new flag was the gift she found!

"Look, comrade!" he cried jubilantly. "That's the home over there where Old Glory waves. My country needs the homes and their assets. I'm not going to be a deserter, and neither must you. Forget the unhappy things on your mind—just as I have forgotten the things that were on my own. Come home with me—you have till four—and I will see that you are back in camp on time! Come home—get rested and refreshed, and start out a new man—a man called to serve."

The sincerity, the cordiality, and the warm-hearted appeal of the ranch youth was irresistible. There was no longer any doubt or uncertainty in the mind of the soldier. He had caught the spirit that wrought the change in the heart of Matt Raber. The same change, the same decision came into his own.

"Jump up behind, comrade!" Matt urged. "Pluto can carry us both. It's but an hour till dinner time!"

The youth in the khaki uniform tossed doubts and fears from him, and laying hold of the saddle gentle with a sure, firm grip, leaped up and astride with the nimbleness and ease of an athlete. The black horse, carrying the ranch youth and the soldier, sped over the ridge toward the ranch house. The new flag waved to him, and the home queen, catching full the expression of the eye of her brother turned upon her, knew that the flag had won.

WORK WITH A SMILE

Cheerful industry is a great explanation of human happiness. This land is full of workers. Real idlers are so few that they could be deported, and make but a trifling difference in the population. If all these workers could learn to work with a smile, and to put hope and sunshine as well as brains and muscle into their toil, life would become very different from what it is now for thousands.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, January 15th, 1898

The January thaw spoiled all the sleighing.

The Acton Hockey Club went to Rockwood to play a game with the team there last night.

Messrs. Anson Smith and N. F. Moore are Acton's auditors for 1918.

At the annual meeting of Knox Church the managers and elders will serve luncheon to the congregation.

Mr. Jackson, teacher of the school near Rockwood has a number of private pupils in vocal and piano, in Acton.

At the Annual Meeting of Acton Fire Brigade the following officers were elected: Chief, John McQueen; Captain of Hooks and Ladders, J. A. Speight; Captain of Reels, Angus Lawson; Foreman of Hooks and Ladders, Thos. Gamble; Lieut. No. 1 Reel, George Roper; Lieut. No. 2 Reel, Duncan McIntosh; Secretary and Treasurer, Duncan McDonald; and Assistant Secretary, Thos. Lee.

Rev. J. K. Unsworth gave a lecture at Churchill, on Thursday night on "A Landlubber's First Sea Voyage." It bristled with fun and had much valuable information.

The members of the Crokinole Club and visitors, in all nearly a hundred, had their gathering in the Town Hall on Monday night. Miss Maggie Cobban and Mrs. Milton Henderson were the winners of the prizes competed for.

On Thursday evening, December 20, the Ladies' Aid and Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Knox Church met to say farewell to Mrs. Jas. McLennan. During the meeting an address was read and a presentation made. The family left on Tuesday for their new home in Winnipeg.

BORN

ERWIN—In Nassagaweya, on the 7th January, to Mr. and Mrs. James Erwin, a son.

LOCKER—In Knatchbull, on the 9th January, to Mr. and Mrs. George Locker, a son.

THOMPSON—In Nassagaweya, 10th January, to Mr. and Mrs. William Thompson, a son.

DIED

BURROWS—At her home, on Church Street, Acton, on 11th January, Margaret, widow of the late Richard Burrows, aged 72 years.

PLEASE STOP MY PAPER

The following editorial which appeared in last issue of the Christian Guardian will apply with equal appropriateness in the case of some local newspapers with which we are intimately acquainted:

"We will admit that some subscribers to this paper who did not like what we had to say in support of the Union Government during the recent election campaign, have sent us in the above request. Some felt so strongly about the matter that they even left the first word off, and accompanied their requests by certain fiery denunciations. And, though we had some knowledge before of our perverse and evil heart, the revelation of wrong-headedness and wrong-heartedness that these denunciations seek to uncover to us is simply appalling. The sad thing about it all, however, is that, up to the present, no spirit of repentance has come to us.

"Now it is one thing to call an editor names and to tell him that he doesn't know what he is talking about; but it is quite another thing to cut off your subscription to this paper and refuse to send your quota of the coin of the realm that helps to keep things running. That is carrying things just a little too far, and is quite an ungenerous and rude thing to do—that is, as the editor sees it. But then this is a free country, and we suppose we will have to let folks have their own way even in a matter like this.

"But editors are very human—that is, we have never known any that were particularly angelic. And this editor has a feeling, probably a somewhat wicked one, that he would not like to have those people who have been cutting off their names from the paper's subscription list during the past few weeks succeed in their expressed purpose of making a horrible example of him and making that list a shorter one this year than it was last. That simply cannot be allowed.

"And this is how we are going to work it out: For every man, who in a huff has cut off his subscription during the past few days, or for every one who will do that in the next few days, we are going to get two new names to take his place. Of course in that way the more who do this sort of thing the better off we will be. And we have arranged all about this being done—that is, we have arranged it at this end. We will take the names as they come in, and we have a stock of paper in hand for all the extra copies that will be needed. All that we need now is to arrange with some of our subscribers who believe that the paper has faithfully tried to do its duty in a great crisis to send us in some new names from among their friends and neighbors who ought to be readers of their Church paper. And we do not think this will be very difficult to arrange. If any reader of these lines feels that he can help a little in this matter we hope that he will go to work at once. And then, when he is sending in his new names, will he please tell us that they are intended to take the place of those very unkind people who have tried to give the editor a slam. In this way we will be able to keep track of things and see how we are getting on.

"In the meantime, however, who is going to help us to make up for those lost names? There will not be so very many of them needed, we believe, but then we may as well have a good, generous number, so that there will be no danger at all as to how we are to come out at the end of the year. For quite a number of years now this paper has shown an increase in its subscription list every year. It has not been large in any one year, but large enough to show that the circulation of the paper was in a fairly healthy condition. We cannot allow that this year should be an exception to such a long good record."

INTERESTING ITEM

To the Editor:—

In Macon Georgia a dealer was fined $200.00 for selling an imitation beer, although it contained no alcohol. In Georgia temperance beer was tried, but the results were unsatisfactory and now they will not allow even any imitation of beer.

Judge Michael Dolan, in sentencing a man convicted of manslaughter said, "Ninety per cent. of the murders committed in Silver Bow county are directly traceable to the saloons."

Mayor Gill of Seattle, Wash., who was opposed to prohibition, now says, "The law is a Godsend to everyone but those who live on the miseries of all others."

According to the United States Internal revenue receipts for September, there has been another big decline in the consumption of beer.

Mr. J. M. Hanson, Secretary of the Charity Organization Society, Youngstown, Ohio, tells of a man who applied to have three of his children put in an institution as incurable idiots. Investigation showed that he had four normal children which were born while he was working in the Carnegie Steel Company. The three idiots were born after he began keeping saloon and he and his wife drank to excess. The tax-payer must pay for the keep of the three idiots as long as they live.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby, F. R. C. P., one of the most prominent physicians of Great Britain, has issued a statement declaring that during every year of peace alcohol takes three-fourths as many lives as the first year of the great war. It makes 45,445 widows and orphans every year in England and Wales. Why is it allowed?

A Portland speaker touched everybody's heart by reporting that within two months after their city went dry the shoe dealers of the city ran out of baby's shoes.

A Professor of Physiology in a Chicago University has estimated the value of food in a quart of beer at ¼ a cent, and even this is spoiled by the Lupulin and alcohol which is always present in beer.

The production of unfermented grape juice in a Chatauqua-Erie belt during the last five year period was nearly four times as great as the output of fermented juice or wine.

A petition over 11 miles in length and weighing over a ton was presented to Premier Asquith on August 16th, praying for the abolition of the sale of strong drink during the war. Let us hope they will be successful.—H. R. Arnott, M. D., M. C. P. S., Social Service Board.

"I CAN'T—I PROMISED MOTHER"

The school was out, and down the street
A noisy crowd came thronging;
The hue of health, a gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.
Among them strode a little lad,
Who listened to another,
And mildly said, half grave, half sad:
"I can't—I promised Mother."

A shout went up—a ringing shout,
Of boisterous derision;
But not one moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.
"Go where you please, do what you will,"
He calmly told the others;
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still
"I can't—I promised Mother."

Ah, who can doubt the future course
Of one who thus had spoken?
Through manhood's struggle, gain and loss,
Could faith like this be broken?
God's blessing on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another;
That bears all jeers and laughter still
Because he promised mother.

—Selected.

QUIRKS OF MIND AND TONGUE

II

Last spring The Youth's Companion printed two paragraphs about that curious trick of the mind which causes a person to ask for "pig faced" when he means fig paste, and to say the "winks and measles" are killing his chickens when he means the minks and weasles. Such slips of mind and tongue are often referred to as "Spoonerisms," because so many of them are traced, or attributed, to the Rev. William A. Spooner, warden of New College, Oxford. But the failing itself is probably as old as speech, for the Greeks were familiar with it and gave it the somewhat formidable name of metathesis, which means, merely, the turning of things around.

In one of the paragraphs The Companion invited its readers to send in any especially amusing examples of metathesis that had come within their experience or knowledge. The result has been more than a hundred friendly letters, representing every part of the country and offering, in all, such a collection of amusing divagations as would fill several pages.

Even a superficial study shows that they fall naturally into groups, or classes; those that are caused by embarrassment, those that are owing to excitement and those that result merely from absent-mindedness. The pulpit, the Sunday School and the prayer-meeting are naturally among the most prolific fields, for the minister is subject to all three of the most fruitful causes. Youth and inexperience may make him embarrassed, the earnestness and fervor of his message may stir him unwittingly, or age and long familiarity with a routine task may make him absent-minded. In consequence, there are dozens of stories of verbal slips by ministers, some of which are very funny. No one but the very conservative will regret them, for an honest laugh never harmed a sermon or hindered the outpouring of the spirit.

It was a very young and much embarrassed minister who, when he rose to preach his first sermon, announced that his text would be found in Matthew v. 18: "For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one iot or one little shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Seeing a smile steal over the faces of his parishioners, he made the fatal mistake of trying to correct himself: "Till heaven and earth pass, no, one jit or one tittle—" The smiles broke into a ripple of laughter, and the minister, now as red as a crabapple, and feeling almost as small, tried once more. This time he got as far as "one tit or one jottle." The congregation could stand it no longer, and in the laugh that burst full-voiced, from the whole of the meetinghouse, the preacher, too, joined, and thereby regained his sense of values.

It was an older minister, and one not at all embarrassed who, being carried away with the majesty of Isaiah, quoted very inappropriately, "They shall mount up with figs, as wenglas," and never knew his mistake till the meeting was over and his wife told him.

THE VOWEL GAME

"Now," said Charlie, when everybody was gathered around the table, "Let's play the vowel game father told us he used to play when he was a boy."

"How do you play it?" asked everyone at once.

"It's very easy," replied Charlie, distributing pencils and paper among the family group. "You take the five regular vowels, a, e, i, o, u, and beginning with the first letter, each player writes as long a sentence as he can, using no vowel except a in any word, but repeating that letter as often as he wishes."

"I don't quite understand," said his Cousin Lucy. "Please give us an example."

"You'll have to give me a few minutes grace then," laughed Charlie taking his pencil and paper. "Suppose I take a." He wrote industriously for a few minutes, and then read the result aloud:

"Ah, madam, Frank Farns, a tall, tasty black man at Panama, has a cat that can catch at bad ants, rats and bats at Nathan's pantry and barn."

"Bravo!" cried uncles and aunts, as Charlie finished reading the queer sentence.

"You see," continued Charlie, "you may give the players five minutes, or any time you agree on beforehand, to make up the sentence. When the time is up, the sentences are read, and the one having the longest sentence of good, plain commonplace English has gained the first point. You may go on this way for each of the five vowels, the person who has gained the most points wins the game."—Selected.

AUTO COMPETITORS AFTER THE WAR

"British manufacturers of automobiles are all engaged on war-work and can at present make only a few cars to special license of the Ministry of Munitions," says Charles G. Harper in the January issue of McTolt, in the course of a very significant discussion of post bellum conditions in the automobile industries of England and of France. "But there is nothing to prevent designers thinking out and planning new cars and most of the reputable British firms are in fact advertising that they have long 'waiting lists' for their post bellum automobiles. They are not, however, so keen to divulge exactly where those cars of the future will differ from the old. That is understandable. But received opinions almost with one accord agree that British manufacturers are to make a bid for the custom of the small man, I indicate the man of moderate means. They think the after-war period will be one in which the luxury-car will be an article in comparatively little demand; and thus they are going to concentrate on the light car."

A pretty girl is indignant if she attracts attention and mad if she does not.