told her the scholars had bought The phrases were long, but Theophilus knew them, And backward, he boasted, was sure could go through them. He'd learned, when to bow, and platform to leave: It came after saying, "This.

Then handing the box, he would gracefully go To resume his own seat "Some day I shall tio thought to himself proud' Theobhllus Beech.

But when it was time for the elegant Ho loud thumped the heart of Theohis knees. ills cheeks burning up and feet ready to freeze. Ho'd certainly die

And met with a sweet smile. He snatched up the box as if brook It. And shouted as though in the school yard, "Here, take It!" Then throwing it down far out of He ran'to his

terious of all,

it, all and sundry, as the sayin' goes forth. come on me with a little jar to hear impartially.

a passel of things out of our attlon couple of skirts and a roll of flannel and some other odds and ends any use of and she figgered Mis' Shedd now impressively noticeably. It was

"It wa'n't the heft of the bundle," thing that's out of the everyday run, ped rubbing his bands together. especially when it ain't going to gain to have the truck fast enough, but I [] s'pose deep down in my mind I had

"But," continued Caleb, turning a a little foreseeingly. shamed eye upon the descon, "do you calliate that old lady was whinin' and house lastfull, luggin' the sawdust in

the country, figgerin' that even fools residence went. know enough to make a livin' farmin' but hobble down there every day to much as the questions. do the housework and chore round to give the woman a chance to git al

me real sahamed.

redden up in my face; I reckon I must serious thought. have blushed in my soul, if so he, I've got one. Thinkin' how I'd held back cident robbed it of importance, and me less than fifteen minutes." not a word to say,

my wife'll help me keep; but, the with persistent regularity. second one l've got to rely on myself

UNDER A NEW TITLE

The Washington Post credits ing, in company with a young man door, and it's too small-the closet, music of a planist. . of Mondelssohn began,

young man till the "Wedding March" that I came near deciding on till I "No, sir; he was out, and the office "Thut's familiar," said He. "I'm not ch, I don't know what street, but it "Well, why didn't you wait for him, you. What do you mean by that, sir?" strong on music, bift I know I've heard would have done very well except for as I told you?" The practical boy had "The matron's syes twinkled with table cloths. I wasn't going to fold There was a notice on the door say- live in a flay," said the witness, calmiy;

The Bree Press Short Storu

The Fifteen-Minute Way

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELI

between bedreems. ."We must go to housekeeping." Mr Torrey said. "George, we will!" "Mary, you're a lewel--shake hands!" was Mr. Torrey's reply. He had been waiting for this a weary

while. Across the table two studybooks were stammed down. "Mamma, honest 7 Oh, that's good! rom · Maurice. "O goody!" from nine-your-old Alan The entire family, then, had

"Yes, we've boarded long bnough. think we've been protty patient. He thought with such ferrible symp. Now we'll rent a house and I'll make you three boys some popovers! And you can bring home your friends, George, and the boys can entertain And what seemed to him most mystheirs sometimbs. Why, it's nearly The very first sentence ha couldn't four years since we came East, and here we are in a boarding-house still!" "Well, it sha'n't be so any longer," said Mr. Torrey. "We'll go to house

keeping to-morrow!" Mrs. Torrey amiled leniently. 'That is like a man," she said. "If we find a house in three weeks we shall do well She was a small woman; an air of

a ond of the long boarding-house ton undld him. decent kind of citizen." Caleb Peaslee table. There was subdued jubilation "I guess It'll still be there in beerved to Deacon Hyne. "That is in George Torrey's face, but he ute his morning all right," he reassured her: to say, I tried to live square and pay supper without disclosing the cause but she did not need reassurance. my bills and lend, a hand to'rds the of it. It was not until he got into the "I think I shall take to-morrow to -welfure of the town and the folks lo sitting-room up-stairs that he broke rest and think it over," she said calm-

But my wife claims diffrent; she says "Well," he said, rubbing his hands lossly. And then day after to-morrow I have to be thorned into good works, together genially, "I've . engaged a [7] go and look it all over again, to such fow as I do, and even then I house. Didn't take me long either." show a grodgin' spirit. I didn't realise | "George!" But his wife's tone ca-It at all, not a mite," he added un- caped him in his solf-gratulatory mood, ent man who required but fifteen comfortably, "and I've got to bwn it He beamed at his wife and the boys minutes. "Perhaps so! . Perhaps so!

Yes, I had it all down fine inside ed. "What's Mis Peasles been peaterin' of fifteen minutes. Takes me to go The next morning but one an excited you about now?" the deacon saked in house-hunting! I hadn't been on the little woman appeared at George Torcar two minutes before I ran plump rey's place of business. "Not to say pesterin'," Caleb replied, on it in the advertising column in the week or so back to send old Mis Shedd nine rooms, sunny, convenient, good once by the palpable signs of trouble. neighborhood everything there in to follow. I gianced out of the car window, and there I was on the very street-yes, protty nearly opposite the very number! Took me about three suddenly weak, told all hunt up that house! It suited all right, and before abother ten minutes 1'd engaged it, and to-morrow we'llnow impressively noticeable. It was

distinctly calm and clear-but notice-Caleb explained; "I could lug it handy able. There was patient tolerance in enough with one hand; it was jest the that one word-there were pity, kindhabit a man gots into es puttin' off a ness, affection in it. Mr. Torrey stop-"George, you are exactly like a man woman said some one engaged him anything. I wanted the old lady but, there, I suppose I knew it whien house a while ago, and she forgot to married you. But I never looked tell the child. She was away and shead to your engaging a home for -O dear, the woman was away, and the feelin' that, if she was gittin' it your family in fifteen minutes! That the child showed me over the "This mornin' when I was making yards and exposures and pantry shel- we die-I never can begin again! nedy to come down here there come ves, of course. The tone was guthernn awful equallin' from the hens, and jing gentle sarcasm now. "Or whether we both run out, thinkin a hawk was the windows faced to the south, or- the lovellest set of drawers for table after 'em, mebbe;' but if there was, anything. My dear, engaging houses linen. And the back plazza—and the he'd got away before we got out there. is a woman's work. It never occurred perfectly splendid, great closet-bly However, there seemed to be most to me that it was necessary to say so. noise in the barn and round the door; I have cut out some advertisements whereso we both went in and give a look, in all the papers I can find, and toand right there on the grain chest was morrow I shall make a little beginning.

that bundle she's made up more'n a Of course it will take considerable time -more than fifteen minutes," she concluded, in a fine climax of irony. "But, Mary"-Mr. Torrey was recov- fortnight yet. I didn't let on to you mebbe I hinted it was the old lady's ering slowly. Jubilation , had given but I paid a month's rent down. Maypart to come after the things. Any- place in his honest countenance to be you'll think it's better than boardway she let out so about grudgin' to do surprise, chagrin, disappointment, meek ing, anyhow. Cheer up! We'll measa neighborly turn it kind of jarred acceptance. "But, Mary, I've engaged ure for carpets and things, and have a me; so I took the bundle with no more the house-" Only a rare presence of fine time buying them! You've got to mind tripped him up there on the let me run things now; you're all done verge of adding that he had paid down up."

lady was 'till' I got to her place and a month's rental to "bind the trade." saw the shape she's in." Caleb said. "I think I shall try the one on Lis-"It must have been two years or more comb Street first, and work gradually George—anything. The fight 'has all since I'd sot eyes on her before, and down-town," remarked Mrs. Torrey, gone out of me. I'm ready to board or who was in the neighborhood on bust. The next morning my friends said they upless you've seen her lately you musingly. She was sorting over some keep house anywhere." little newspaper cuttings as she mused. in her l'inta; it almost made me groan There, was in her face and attitude I tell you," he bustled cheerfully, getthe air of a general on the eve of a ting her under way for her car. "Don't pathetically. "Can't you rules your great campaign. There was herolam, you do any more worrying. Leave mortgage interest?" too, as of one who foresaw personal things to ma." hand on to stiddy herself for a step. sacrifice and discomfort. She signed They went together that afternoon.

my dear!" George Torrey laughed out take much notice of directions of c'mplainin' over her alls and aches? in the sudden relief of tenderness. He streets, but allowed herself to be led, Because she wa'n't! . Not a single had realized suddenly what a little lamb-like, by the cheerful George. She whimper did I hear out of her; she thing Mary was, and how determined kept remembering on the way more was as cheerful as a bluejay. She her chin was, and how she loved cam- and more charms of the lovely house hobbled round with me and showed paigns. Women were queer, but one she bad found and lost. me her woodpile and told me how she of them was dear. "Go shead, and had gethered the heft of it herself. find a place with all the windows to in that closet!" she lamented. She showed me how she banked her the south and all the closets right!". O George Horrey, the parlor mantel!" "That's what I am planning, dear," two water palle; and her yard's pick- the small woman smiled gently. "There George, with splendid courage. "Just ed up clean, a good sight cleanern is the right place for us somewhere, wait till you see my house! Here we tell?" yours or mine, Hyne, and we're hearty and I shall not spare time or pains to ure." And lamenting still, she suffered men with good hands and arms. And find it. It will very likely take a lot herself to be led in. then she told me somethin' that made of hunting, and training up and down stairs, but I shall do my best."

"Heems there's a family down below Thus quite as suddenly as the ne shiftless folks from the city that could it was snuffed out of existence, so far Torrey gazed about her listlessly. not make a livin' there and come to as the consideration of it as a Torrey-

-a man and his wife and a couple of Mr. Torrey asked, with unfailing pol- -wait right here! I'll be back in a and this morning I was bounced out of young ones seven or eight yours, bid. iteness, each day, when the little moment?" And in some way the man's took, sick family assembled for the evening. And She hurrled from room, to room of my coat and go to work?! Yes, and been that way for three weeks or it was becoming noticeable that the came hurrying back. She was laugh- sir, you are right. It's a calamity-a so; and what does old Mis' Shedd do answers lacked variety and originality lng radiantly, sheepishly. "George! calamity that landed me on the out-

"When she tole me that, Lysander," house which Mr. Torrey had engaged, recognize everything now. It's my Caleb asserted soberly. "Ladidn't only She had not given that an instant's durling little house!"

till I had to be fairly jawed by my wife made it a thing only to be laughed "And me two weeks! George, I give The witness seemed to be disposed to Into doin' a depent, ordinary errand at. Men were such funny creatures! up-house hunting is a man's work. dodge his questions. for a woman that was doin' what Mis' Here had she been systematically I might have been making popovers Should was doin' shamed me so I had searching for a house for almost a here this very minute." week, and a man took afteen minuteel "But on the way home, Hyne," Caleb It was presently a full week. Mrs. concluded, "I made a couple of prom- Torrey was very tired. She nodded in less to myself that I'm goin' to keep, her chair evenings, and her husband One was not to put off doin' errands repented of his tensing. He made against a wall, much damage is often my wife wants done, and the other frequent resolutions to touse no more, caused by the handle. An attractive was to manage to have a cheerful spirit but the bantering little query slipped little doorstop can be made from an in doin' for others. The fust promise between his lips before he knew it empty speed. Choose rather a large

"No. I haven't found any southern feit or cloth colored to match the exposure or northern exposure, or curpet. Allow enough of the material eastern or western!" she flushed back to make a soft pad and finally wind the eighth night with considerable suitably colored ourd to keep the cloth spirit. "And I've been to forty-three in place. Fix in position with a long, places! It's the work of a lifetime, I thin screw which will puns down the a do believet. Of course there are places centre of the spool into, the floor. white-haired matron of that city with enough, but just when you're trying a-clever musical joke. She was listen- to think one will do, you open & closet front the State Department, to the mean or else you can't find any closet door where there ought to be one. Mr. Mmith?' asked the merchant, who The salcottons were all hew to the There was a place on Cabot Street had sont his office boy on an errand. saw the chiha-closet, and a place on- was locked up."

tiny sitting-room 'up-stairs but"-here spoke the chin-"I shall Mrs. | begin again Monday morning." On the following Thursday show jubilation at the boarding house

> trailed off and were lost in the evident elation. It bospoke success. "three boys" scented popovers in it.

"Found a south-well, well, your sloeve-needn't tell me! "Yes, I have," she laughed. "And I house! O George, buys, I've found one can play a guest."

the degrost little place!" "Not-everything-exposure and and drawers and everything?" Mr. Torrey demanded, unbellevingly, "Exposures-drawers-closets -- back yurds-pantry shelves-dverything," recited the housefinder. "At last, after her houtesses were: all my work-well, I think I deserve

"Good!" cried Mr. Torrey, heartlly. you bound the trade?" "Did what?" "Engaged It."

It was six o'clock the next night her husband, but relented. The shad-

make sure. It pays to be prudent."

"Why, Mary-why, my dear!" that Times:. To be let-pleasant house, gentleman exclaimed, distressed at black and white, you see! 'Here's little house! Look out of the window luck!' I said to myself, but better was | -don't look at me-or I whall cry! It's all to do over again-all-all!" "There, there," he soothed her. "Tell

me all about it." And Mary, grown mixed, and there weren't any dutes,

househunting gone to her brain? "O dear, you, how stupid you are! Can't you understand? The newspaper slips I cut out! That one must proves your sex conclusively enough! and never know it was engaged al-You never thought of closets and back ready. And O George, wo'll board till

"Well, I'll-well, go ahead, go ahead, aged, even after her hours of rost, to

"We could almost have kept "Never mind! Never mind!" said awfully calamity.

The rooms were bare, but full The listiguaness suddenly took swift

George!" she uried. "It's my house" "Not yet," was the invariable reply. My lovely little house! Do you sup- spunk somebody'll be eating grass be-It had not occurred to the determin- pose I don't know the parlor mantel ed little house-hunter to look at the and the coul-bin and the closet!

"No such thing," he retorted. The very ridiculousness of the in- discovered this house myself-it took

one and then around it wind a strip of

AN OBEDIENT BOY

"Did you deliver my message to the drawers where I should keep my his reason ready." mischief. "That," she said, "is she them again. And the boys' room in ing, Return at once," so I came back "but I see I must inform you that be

GETTING ONE'S ELBOWS ON THE

"Where's Mary?" Aunt Helen quired, looking across at the vacant place opposito her own. "She went home to supper Lossie Bristow." Mary's mother answored. "It was a special treat care- story of a tall trust company building plumber and junitor of the town hall. ed by heroic faithfulness in dusting

the parlor all the week." "What does make the child to there so much?" Aunt Helen asked right, I s'pose, but I might's well find impatiently. "Of course the Bristows out." are nice enough, but they are as pour as they can be. I can't imagine what he fascination is." Mary's mother smiled

"I can tell you," she answered. says that she always has the loveliest time because Mrs. Bristow lets her holp Bessie wash the dishes. Of ludger. Mrs. course she could wash them at home words, but it had been browing in all Torroy's tired face was the one to any day-l'imagine Maggie would have be all right and correct, of course, but no objections—but as she says, "That's while I was looking over-" ton table. The lines of wourlnoss different." "It is the charm of being taken

> Into the home life, and not being 'made company of that she feels. And for It was hard work to wait for the family my part I am glad to have my little girl learn so early the secret of the finest hospitality, that which offers the keep us waiting, mother!" Mr. Torrey home itself to the friend it would began, as soon as the door glosed be- honor, making the hospitality a matsout me over to you. I ain't got any hind them. "You've something up ter of atmosphere rather than of core- account here. I was just wondering mony. Huch hospitality always seems to me the highest compliment that

> > When the famous Mrs. Grant, Laggan, for so many years one of the most noted figures in Edinburgh soclety, was a girl, she puld a visit some cousing at Porth. In a letter to in friend afterwards she declared theft

Of course there's the coalbin- ous of entertaining to hold their your old company that their-" but never mind that. It's a darling tongues a minute, too observant to let us look serious without asking why dow, rear!" growled the clerk. we were so dull, or out of the window congratulate you, Mary. Of course without taxing us with being wearled stayed."

fragility sat upon her becomingly. Her I didn't decide all in a minute like the friend whom one has welcomed the building. Instautly everything bewhich makes plans for his constant when the four Torreys and down at their lows under the small woman's eyes forgotten that the finest hospitality is hour ugo if they'd only listened to me-It is careful not to restrict his liberty one's sibow on the tuble" is sure to

AN HONEST MAN

An incident, which exhibits sterling lategrity of a man who coul withstand the temptations of wealth justice, is told in Mr. H. M. Chittenden's "History of Steamboat Navigution on the Missouri River." principal actor was one of the early settlers of St. Louis, a Mr. LaBarge. who had purchased a small tract land for which he paid twenty-five

Land was, then of very little value and transfers were often made withland on what is now Cedar Street, St. like men in the Kingdom. He is one Louis, to Chaurin Lebeau for a horse Long years afterward, when these transactions were almost forgotten, valuable, a lawyer presented himself Codar Street. Mr. Lallarge replied in meet George V., then Prince of Wales the affirmative, and described its lo- His Royal Highness rose at the conthat that was the way they got their ledge."

. The lawyer then assured Mr. La Burge that the title to this property was still yested in him, and that he could hold it against all comers, fo there was absolutely no record of the The old gentleman, with a look

ndignation, asked the lawyer if took him for a thief. "I traded that land," said he Chaurin Lobeau for a horse, which was. I shall stand by the bargain now. If Chaurin Lebenu's helrs have no title, tell them to come to me and I

OVERTAKEN BY CALAMITY

During a period of agricultural defarms in a northern county of Michigan were under mortgage. At one evening I treated the donkey for his farm, says the Chicago Journal, a man complaint. He was silent all night. ness found the owner looking particu- wanted to see the donkey, then they

"What's the matter?" he asked, sym- and him dead. They found him alive "It's worse than that, mister," repiled the other wearily.

*Crops a failure?" "Worse than that.". "Then it must be a calamity.

eed. You didn't lose family and home "Nope; but you are right about its being a calamity. I've bben trying to think of the word for two hours past.

of one of my friends and taking things cosy possibilities. In the one they easy, when my wife got a legucy of chtered first lay bars of red-gold sun- six hundred dollars. Stranger, can her place a quarter of a mile-some teen-minute house had been engaged light from the illuminated west. Mrs. you guess what she did with that

"She didn't lose it?" "No, sir. She jest paid that mort-"Found a southern exposure yet?" wings. "George! Oh, wait a minute gage, bought two houses and a plow. side, and between my pride and her

GUESS AGAIN

An old lawyer tells, in the Brooklyn

"Bir." said the lawyer, sternly, "you need not state your impressions. We want the facts. We are competent to form our own impressions. Now, sir. answer me cutegorically."

witness. Presently the lawyer said: efendunt ?" "To the north of him?"

"To the south?" "Well, to the west, then?" liwe are likely at last to get down to

the one real fact. You live to the east

of him, do you?" "How is that, sirt" the astonished attorney asked. "You bay you live next door to him. Yet he lives neither to the north, south, east pur west of "I thought perhaps you were com-

HE DID HIS BEST

What may happen willo red tupo being unwound is the phylous point on the sidewalk, gaping up at the top neross the affect. Then he seratched his head and Kroked his chin. "Wa-al," he muttered, "It may be all

He crossed the attent, pushed way into the trust company offices and apploached the nearest window. The pass plate over it was institled, "New not propose to strew her puth with Accounts. "Woll?" asked the mun behind th window without looking up from his

"The bookkeeper'll fix that for you Third window to the left." After slight hesitation the man from the country made bld way over to the bookkeeper's window, "Well, sir, what can we do for you" demanded the bookkeeper. "Nothing. I do' know why the

"Wa-al," drawled the other, "It

If you happenut to know-" "Information department," said the mokkeeper, brusquely. "Sixth window to the right." The countryman, started something, but the bookkeeper bud re sumed his writing, so the farmer walked over to the "information" window. "Say " he opened up, without wait ing for un-invitation. "You folks need not be so flossy. . I just wanted to tell "Complaint department. Last wir

"Ain't none!" snapped the country man. "I just wanted to say to your of them. In short, we did not get our old company that it appears to me as "Of course I did nothing of the kind. There are many ways of honoring fire!" came the cry from all parts of countryman, us he followed the crowd but. "They'd 'n' known it half an

BRITAIN'S ABLEST KING

most literary men of Britain, entertains a very high opinion of the mental superiority of King George, Following are Sir Conan's words of hearty appreciation of his ability: "George V., in my opinion, is the biggest and strongest man, montally,

who ever ascended the throne of Eng-"I believe he has a greater familiar ty with the needs and resources of the British Empire than-any man in England. He has all the gracious qualities that endeared his father to the people, and on the human side he is quite as much interested in the things that interest the average man as his father, except that they are of different

"He is not as fond of the turf as the than in exchanging cattle or horses, late King, but in the manly lines of In this way Mr. LaBarge traded his sport ha is one of the most sportsmanof two or three best shots in England

for one thing. "A month before the death of King and the property had become very Edward Lord Foseberry gave a dinner at which about forty men, representato the old gentleman and asked him tive of the highest departments of polif he had ever owned any land an tical and artistic life, were invited to cality. The lawyer then asked him cluston of his dinner and spoke from when and how he disposed of it. He ten to fifteen minutes, in which brief could not at first recall, but Mrs. La- time he showed a deep and detailed Bargo remembered the circumstances knowledge of cuch guest's particular and related them to the lawyer, at the line of work. It was a marvelous ex-

AN EFFECTIVE GAG,

owing story would care to dany that here is something to be said on the side of the elective system. The story was a favorite reminiscence of a formor morchant of New York, now dead. I was once on a guining trip with some of my friends, he used to say and, in a field close to the house where we slept a donkey was pastured. The animal kept'us awake with his braying. My friends, do what they would, could not put a stop to his noise. I happened to know a great deal about donkeys. They abound in my native province of Posen. Bo I said to my friends, 'I can stop the animal's

noise, so that to-night be won't bray They did not believe me, but that

They could not understand how he had been kept from braying, and they asked the to explain. "It is perfectly simple," said I "to any one who has studied the donkey. An animal never brays without raising his tail to the level of his body. So long as it hangs down he will not make a sound. My heavy stone, therefore, served the purpose of a gag."

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Martin Hobbs was a man of uncer taln temper, but of such importance of this story from Judge: It was clear in his native town that the lash of that the olderly man was from the his tengue was borne with patiench with country. For several minutes he stood by those to whom he gradgingly ministored in his capacities of icomun. In the .course of his dutien as fanifor he reduced almost to the verge of tears a young woman who naked for the key of a room in the town hall where certain records were kept." Martin know that she was writing the history of the fown, but he did

> "Lockin' and unlockin'," he grumbled as he began fumbling in his pockets. "potterin' and putterin', fusain' and fidgetin', and what does it amount to when all's said an' dono? Anybody ant ye to write a hist'ry? Who's agoing to read it? Here's your key, and mind you fetch it back, unit lay it on that table if I'm not here.' The town paseesor was at

> here he heard tille ungracious adfress, and when the young woman returned the key he said, indiffmently: "Martin outdid himself in rudeness this morning, I should say." "O well," said the young historian. he felt a little cross, and had to grumble, that's all." "Never you mind," said the ussessor theerfully. "I'm going to make out his tax bill to-day, and I shall useess

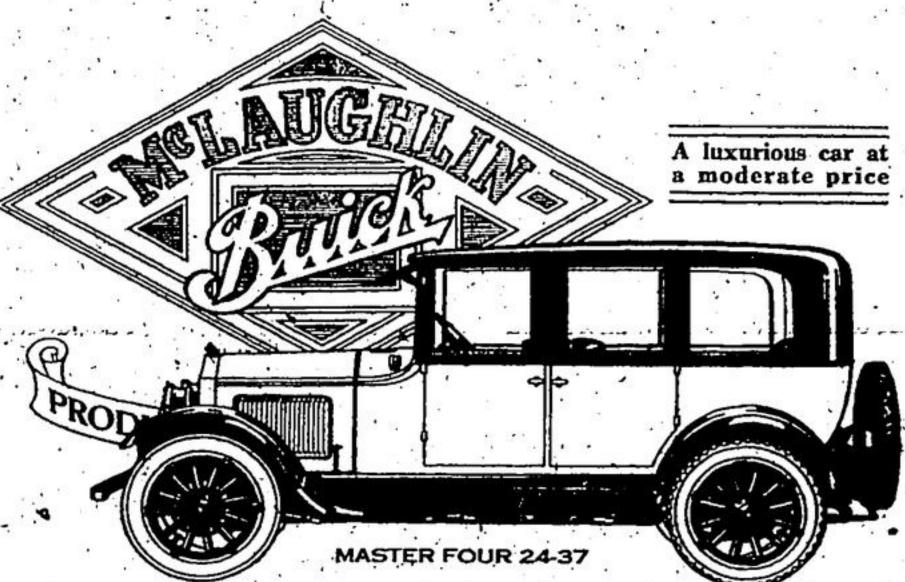
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