BACK TO SCHOOL Fell in the creek twice yesterday! Hipped and slid from a load of hay: Stepped on a stone and bruised my toe. Hardly watk 'cause I'm blistered so; Hit my knee till it's blue and black, But in the sun and burned my back When I went to swim, but my, I'm

Best varation I ever .had. Hild off the old red barn last wook. Wind all gone so I couldn't speak When they laid me in upon the bed And put cold water on my head. (lot polson-lyy on my logs When I went in the weeds to look for

But I've had more fun since I don't Hate to go back to school again.

When the calf ran out of the bly barn And I tried to hold the rope and fell Most twenty feet down the old dry

Lost my hat that was atmost new. And my pants are torn from many a ligt I never had such a summer-time.

Ate poison berries by the creek Till they thought I'd die, I felt so sick; But they gave me ipecae to take, And it cured up all my stomach-achel Got stung by been, but I got stung best When I started home with a hornets' And I all swelled up; but I'm go down now.

Nose all peeled till it's red and rough, Hands all brown, but I'm awful tough From the exercise, and I'm big and Cause I hood in a corn-field all day glanced dreamly across the street at a And my uncle said that I might stay For harvest-time, and he'd give me

Any it's all in boy's life anyhow!

THE W. C. T. U. COLUMN

is the Ontario Temperance Act

Success? Bay it with Curtains A number of earnest workers from endeavor to evert the calamity of hav- look quick! Ain't that Will goin' by in next few days that she was continually wash the dishes; that was something

ixed again in this community. Temperance Act, a press committee eusly. has been appointed, which will collate or to introduce the legalized sale of

Passs on this great moral question, we bending over the sewing machine, and gladly open our columns for the in- made no reply.

Says a certain Social Service work- through the quiet of the village.

Naturally, we didn't get that. Bo she took us down to let us see the went into the kitchen. house as it used to be.

paint. Hardly a whole pane of glass; driver and came into the house. rage stuffed in; and not a curtain you | Mrs. Basset and Mrs. Cooper put could call a curtain on the whole place. down their work. Myra laid her pack-Inside it was worse. There wasn't a ages on the table and began to take off piece of furniture that was all there, her hat and gloves.

ing. And then cometimes the didn't arrived. was her best friend. She didn't want Mrs. Cooper asked. nobody could take a thing like that what I got. Catherine, come and see for granted. Mary could have posed what I bought." think she quite realised herself.

will you give up this drinking?" "Till never forget the sombre hope- and exclaiming, "My! My!" his answer:

minute sooner." look up Mary."

At this point, the story of the last going to have it said that Catherine's changed into a demonstration of the grandmother didn't look every bit as present, for the Social worker took me good.". They flaunted thamselves. They didn't well over their starched edges. If the lifted eyebrows argued ill. for the morning stars sang together once upon coveted approval. a time, Mary's curtains undoubtedly shouted with joy, as far as any one a nice piece of satin, but seems to me could see them.

What did they say? said. 'Praise God for blessings day by

she only went out occasionally now, you say, mother?" She' didn't have to work hard. Her man did that. "And brings home

Boojal worker asked. All. but two dollars," Mary said if he brought bome anything, it would have been the two dollars. He'd have you know the time's past when old spent the rest himself."

The shadow of the old years seemed I think what I've lived through . . . If I thought thy'd ever bring that awful isn't right is pretty hard!"

A sensitive-looking delicate child, her youngest boy, came over to her, sensing the need of him. "My daddy

be kept? If you have a vote it's up to you.

BHE WANTED THE SCALES

The same of the sa The Bree Press' Short Story

LAVENDER SATIN

BERTHA HELEN CHABBE

HE Basset house fronted directly Mrs. Basset hung back reluctabily. upon the sidowalk, and the living-room windows were on sharply. intimacles of the Basset home life. comfortable in it."

their bows and greatings. She had boldly drawn unide the curtains to-day. Myra had gone to the city to shop. Bitting at her post of advantage, Mrs. Basset happily stitched away on a table cloth she was semming for the trousseau of her grand-daughter, Catherine Cooper.

Catherine was to be married a week from that day. The Basset living room was astir with the flurry of work upon her outfit. Her mother, Mrs. Lucy Cooper, was stitching furlously on the newing machine. . Catherine herself sat at one of the windows, embroidering. There was a serene happiness upon her face. Now and then she

completed. She was to live there after her marriage, Hack to school, 'cause my ma said so, smiled in loving understanding. Her -J. W. Foley. knotted fingers softly caressed the that pattern the last twenty years, I do life had she owned a piece of table it just about right?" linen so beautiful or so coatly us this.

The clatter of the sewing machine the various churches have banded filled the room. Now and then Mrs. themselves together and recognized Basset nodded cheerily to some one on Cooper decided, turning buck to her at her eyes with a damp hankerchief. the .Women's Christian Temperance the sidewalk, or squinted nearsightedly stitching. "I'll cut the dress to-morrow. Union, on a strong basis. They are at a passing wagon or automobile. Myra." determined to use every reasonable Suddenly she cried, "There, Catherine,

ing the sale of intexicating liquor legal. his auto? He's lookin' round!". As Catherine leaned eagerly towar With a view to supplying tenable the window, a soft glow spread over argument for retaining the Ontario her face. She waved her hand vigor-

interesting and reliable incidents and mother," she announced happily, as she arguments to show which all right - took up her work again. "He said they thinking people should use both their were going to ride this afternoon. He effort to destroy or weaken the O. T. A. I had better get this embroidery done." "You'd ought to have gone," Mrs. Basset said. "Twould have done you As the efforts of the W. C. T. U. good. You're working too steady." harmonise with the policy of the France Catherine glanced at her mother

The afternoon wore on. The long drawn whiatie of a train sounded er, whose white hairs haven't bleached | "There's the five-o'clock train," Mrs. her sense of humor, "Til say the O.T.A. Basset said. "Catherine, you'd better, is a spocess. In fact I'll say it with begin supper, dear. Aunt Myra will

be here soon now." Putting away her work, Catherine saying in process of demonstrating it- After a while the big yellow station self. But first she described Mary H's omnibus came lumbering down the hill. "There wasn't any need to label it a tall, thin woman, with her arms full 'drunkard's home," she said. No of packages, stepped out. She paid the

The family of seven slept in two beds: "Well?" she said by way of greeting. and what they spoke of as bedding, Then she went to the windows and would be despised by a well-bred dog. pulled the curtains together. Mrs. Bas-"Mary went out to work, so she was set looked guilty; she had meant to never home unless I called in the even- have drawn the curtains before Myra

particularly want to see mb, even if I "Did you have a good day, Myra?" to have to explain her black eye, and . "Yes, I did, real good. I'll show you

as a horrible example any day; though "There, here's the lace. Isn't that whether the horror was that she should a perfect match? And here's the ribhave married John-or that such a bon." Triumphantly Myra exhibited hor kind, when sober, man could turn into purchases of things to complete Cathsuch a fiend, when drunk-or that such crine's trousseau. Catherine-exclaimed a nice, God-fearing community as ours, repturously over everything. - Mrs. could permit the procedure. I. don't Cooper examined the fabrics judiclously. Mrs. Basset stood carerly "One day, worn out with life in gen- peering over Mrs. Cooper's broad eral, she said to John, "Oh John, when shoulders. She kept glancing from the

"And here," said Myra, as she took up the last package, "I found a special "When I can't get any more and not sale of satin, so I got some to make a dress for mother to wear at the wed-Well, I moved away from that com- ding. I know we decided we couldn't munity, and during my absence the afford one for her just now, but I saw O. T. A. was passed. Last month I this piece so cheap and I suid to mywent back, and it occurred to me to self, "Will's grandmother'll come to the wodding dressed fit to kill, and I'm not

to the atreet where Mary lived - poor Myra opened the - package and street but you should have seen the proudly displayed a piece of shining house? It couldn't ever be pretty any lavender satin. Catherine exclaimed more than grandmothers can be flap- over it enthusiastically. Mrs. Cooper pers. - But it didn't have, a cracked fingered it doubtfully. A look almost pane, or a rag, or a dirty window—the of horror transfixed Mrs. Basset's face. whole place had fairly broken out into She glanced at Myra us if she were curtains. They weren't merely white, thinking that it must be some joke. "Well, Lucy?" Myra usked sharply merely hang etraight. They frilled of Mrs. Cooper, whose pursed lips and

"Hum!" Mrs. Cooper replied. a pale gray would be more suitable

Well! the Social worker said they . "Pule gray! Dear land, everybod! knows lavender's just the colur for old knows how stylish she is! What

Mrs. Basset looked distressed. Even pale grey would have been a decided innovation in her fugal, sombre-hund wardrobe, but invender-"Ain't it a mite, just a little mite too

gay?" she said timidly. 'Gayl Goodness sakes, mother, don' ladies thought they were to go around to fall across her as she spoke. Hhe fun'ral? Well, I must say, after a lady's leaned forward, and whispered: "When shopped as hard as I have all day, to come home and be told what they got fiquor traffic back, I'd lay down and Folding the satin ungrily. Myra marched off to the spare room with

Bleeping and waking, Mrs. Bas set was haunted by that lavender satin. It overshadowed her joy in Catherine's happiness. The thought of wearing it filled her with shrinking horror. To appear before the world dressed in anything but to her modest, When we went out, the curtains old-fashioned ideas seemed hideously looked whiter and lovelier and more inappropriate would somehow class her worth keeping than ever-but will they she felt, with those persons who rouged their cheeks and dyed their hair It would not be "nice." She saw herself decked in all the blatant mase of isvender, standing out among the wedding guests in glaring conspicuoutness; She Imagined them nudging She was new as a driver. She just one snother and whispering about missed the fire hydrant, ran over the "how, giddy Mrs. Basset was getting ourb'and brought her electric finally to in her old age." She found no joy in a stop in front of a sidewalk filling the thought that she would be as welt dressed as Will's grandmother. ways affectionate, but somehow her scales, please," she She had salways secretly considered affection had never touched Mrs. Bas-Will's grandmother as "dashy."

"Aren't you coming?" Myra asked

a level with the eyes of the "Myra," Mrs. Hasset murmered timmasers-by. Myru liamet was very idly, "I was just a thinkin', Lucy's so if folks do talk about me and I do look as she prepared my cup of cocos, and particular about keeping the curtains busy now makin' things for Catherino a bit flashy? I guess it men't kill me, also made (at my request) a tasty well over the windows, but her mother it seems too bad to trouble her to make I just guess it won't!" Burned my hands till they're awful sore liked to have them drawn unide. Mrs. my dress. Why couldn't I wear my Blasset gently refused to share Myra's black cashmere to the weddin'? It's plaion that people took advantage of just us good he 'twee the day 'twee unfamiliarity about the decorated pold weather I'm more or less shut in. he drawn curtains to apy into the bought, and I'd feel 'nough sight more rooms. Hurried, excited people came and I like company. Many people too.

She liked to sit by the window not! "O mother, go to the wedding in that -in the great hig lake, when the high only "to see folks pass" but to answer old thing that you've had five you're had five yo vour dress." Mrs Bussel sat down at the table

while?Myra turned the leaves of the linsant's bowildored eyes. "There," Myra said at last, point ing to a figure, "how's that, mother?" Mrs. Hanset gave a little gasp of dis-

giddy-lookin'." "Fancy! Why, that's as plain as can short as the picture shows, and you've guessed it would not, got to allow for it's being on a young girl, but otherwise it's just the thing." ittle bungalow that was just being

shining damask of the tablecloth that believe! Look, Lucy what do you It seemed so wonderful to her that Cooper, who sat at the sewing machine,

trying on the dospised lavender satin, she could do. She came to hate it intensely, She when she had it on. All the late warrs to stir a finger."

of her life she had worn which or Myra looked up quickly. Her eyes sombre grays or hrowns. Everything were attracted by a dangling thread on the front of her mother's skirt.

with a strict eye to practically the ward mean to say you've had that thread of the strict which is invender sath spemed mean to say you've had that thread of the strict which in the meading of the strict which in the meading of the strict which is the meading of the strict of the meading of the strict of the mean to say you've had that thread of the strict of the mean to say you've had that thread of the strict of the meading of the strict of the meading of the strict of the meading of the strict of the

hung over her hands. Mrs. Basset had right on the front of that beautiful she could not at least wash dishes. Was tragic.

At last the dress was done and spread out on the spare-room bed. It filled the lavender sutin for Catherine! So all Mrs. Bassets thoughts. She was klad? continually seeing herself dressed in t, the shamed, embarrassed focus, of he eyes of all the wedding guests. Two nights before the wedding she tossed and turned restlessly.

"Prape it ain't quite so bad as

'I don't know how I'm going to wear She held the candle nearer to get u better view. Somehow, her hand trembled, and a great drop of melted wax splashed down on the shining satin. She stood horrified. Right on the front of the skirt was a great dark spot of gresse. She moved to the door-she was very straight but strangely tremu- tration;

defiantly. "I'm glad I done it! " she declared flercely. "I'm glad I spolled the old dress, so there! I don't care it it did to." cost a fortune; I'm glad it's spolled!"

black cashmere, And I'm glad! To morrow I'll toll' them this dress ! spoilt. No, I won't tell them neither they might be able to get it cleaned it time. I won't may anything at all about it till just before the weddin'. don't care if it is wicked: I ain't agoin' to wear that fluff of giddiness

for anybody! I guess I've got some But Mrs. Busset's trlumph over buy the dress for her, and now it was rulned; that beautiful heavy satin was

guilty about it. "I s'pose if they couldn't get the grouse out of it, Lucy could put a dab of lace or something over it." she said too herself. "But I don't care, I'm not golds to wear that dress for hobody! On that busy, flurrled day before the wedding Mrs. Hasset's sense of guitt idded sest to her efforts to assist in the preparations. She was pveryone's helper; she was here, there and every-

where. She humbly, almost thunkfully, took to herself many a sharp rdbuke or brusque criticism. By aftericon she was woofully tired. "Come grandma," Catherine said You've look about done up. Don't you want to go over to the bungalow with me? . The painters have just left, and I want to see what they've done, ago." and lock up."

"Why, Cath'rine, I'd be glad tol" The new house was a wonderful place to Mrs. Basset. She hardly dared o step upon the glistening hardwood floors. On tiptoe she followed Cutiferine through the empty, echoing come. Hhe softly touched the shining woodwork. Show was breathless before the glory of the many closeus and the convenient kitchen. "My, myt", she kept saying in an awed undertone, "Ain't it complete.

though? Ain't it just complete?" -"I'm glad you like it, grundma," atherine said, as she locked the front "You're coming to see me every day, and sometimes you must stay for Mrs. Busnet's face gleamed lessure. ('Why, that'll

I'd like it!" Catherine drow her 'grandmother's arm through hers, and they walked "A day or two after the nurchase of before the wedding. " beer" beer before the wedding. tastilon books out on the living-room i'll hope it will be nice weather to-table. "Come, mother," she said, "we morrow," said Catherine, looking an-must decide how to make your dress " zieusly at the sky. "Just think, to- "That check is as good—as the

PLEASURE AND PROFIT morrow I'll be married, and all the

copie will be there-Will's people and nine; and I'll love to think, you're here, grandma, looking so sweet and highway one blustery winter day. Mrs. Hasset started. Hhe half withrow her arm from Catherine. There a large city or town. Chilled through was ellence for an instant. Then she as I was, a sign, hanging in front of looked up at Catherine, and her face a little home, was very welcome. It was beaming with sudden resolution

Will you, deary?" she wald. "Will That night, when the house was illent, old Mrs. Basset stole down the dark hall to the spare room. Betting her candle carefully in the bureau. she took up the lavender dress and "Come in and get warm," was the with hurried stitches sowed a pleat in greeting from the woman of the house. the full skirt to concoul the spot of Then I was, shown into a sunny dining-

"I guess I can wear this dress for lopen fireplace-a real one, such as city Cath'rine," she declared vigorously, folks do not often see. "I just guess I can. What's it matter

lovely in that layender satin."

to Mrs. Bassect. There was a strange from near points and distant ones. In and went before her bowildered eyes, like to stap into a real farmhouse. The deerbell kept ringing incommunity. Once a group of young people from It's a day? I guess not! Do you want powrapped and exclutmed over, now it and have a little party in my diningus to be ashumed of you? Come, now, was a friend with offerings of assist- room. I planned old country games

wedding. Mrs. Basset put on the lav- siderably?" I usked. fashion books. Page after page of ender satin and were resolutely down The farmer's wife laughed. "No." stry beauties fluttered before Mrs. the stairs. Once decided upon her she said, "because the sign isn't tied self, ashamed and Umid, upon the turbed, or when I am going way, Just outskirts of the wedding party, Bhe unhook the sign. Much of the trade, stood in the very midst of the wedding you see, is translent. I do not adverguests, straight and sure and fine. Her tise mouls, although ut noontime, now may. "O Myra, that's so fancy and be! Of course Lucy won't make it as guessed it would not kill her! She just during severe weather-and I make

But after a time she forgot the lavender satin. She thought only of Cath- left the house. "You, are a public Mrs. Basset looked at the plate in crine, standing there, looking so sweet benefactor," I said as I drove away. distress. "No, no, Myra, I don't like and happy. Then there came the clat- "I wish others would think bf this." that. Why can't Lucy use the pattern |ter of congratulations, the confusion of "If they did they would make a fair the refreshment serving, the flurry of income, and enjoy it too. Good-bye, Catherine's departure. After a time drop in again."-E. P. L.

The rooms looked strangely empty she was hemming. Never in all her think of this for mother's dress? Isn't and large after everyone had gone There were wilted flowers and sticky Myra took the book over to Mrs. plates and crumpled papkins everywhere. Myra and Mrs. Cooper sank Catherine should have these beautiful and for a few minutes the sisters dis- wearily upon the nearest resting place, "Well, everything went off all right,

anyway," said Myra gloomily. "Yes, so it did." Mrs. Cooper dabbed thetically. She longed to help her in It seemed to Mrs. Basset during the some way, to comfort her. She would

"Now, you two girls just set and rest shrank from the touch of it. She felt yourselves," she said, "I'll wash the ashamed and hideously self-conscious dishes and clear up. You don't need ering crowd across the way.

fairly wicked in its gorgeous extraga- dangling all through the wedding!" The style of its making did not prove thread a jerk. The hurriedly sewed quite so outrageous as Mrs. Basset had pleat opened and revealed the grease feared, but it was bad enough with spot.

never before owned a dress in which satin! Why, mother!" Myra's voice Mrs. Bassot almost laughed, It seemthey could be unfastened at the wrist ed such a small matter, after all; a and turned up out of reach of dish- spot of grease on a piece of satin. water. The ruffles in the sleeves of What was it in comparison with love the lavender satin were shamefully and weddings and the sweet exhileration of sacrifice that she held to her

She faced Myra with a sweet, fine dignity. "Yes, Myra," she said gently. "that's candle grease I spilt on my dress. And I was so glad I done it, could not sleep for thinking of it. She and I wasn't going to wear, this draws to the weddin' for anybody; but I didn't have the heart to disappoint think for," she thought, trying to com- Catherine, and I'm so glad I didn't, fort, herself. "Prups it ain't quite But, Myra,"-Mrs. Basset's voice softsuch a bright color as I thought oned as if she were trying to spare the Her mother buy a hat for her. I am P'r'app I just think it's terr'ble bright." feelings of a mistaken child,-"I want She could not rest until she had sat. to 'tell you, dear, that I sin't never isfied herself about it. She rose and, goin' to wear this dress to anything girl sing "My Country." I don't sing. dighting a candle, tiptood carefully again in my life. I'll give you every my wife she don't sing. We work and down the mall-to the spare room, cent you paid for it out of that fifty-There on the bed lay the lavender dollars I got in the bank, and thenthen I'm going to wear it to wash dishias in and black the stove in, and quick he disappeared down a side street. as it's wore out and spotted I'm going to use it to dust with and wipe the

floors with! I'm sorry, Myra, but that's what I'm going to do. And I'm As Mrs. Besset turned and marched out into the kitchen, her little figure to do, and quotes this incident in lilus-

ouched Myra's arm lovingly. "Myra." she said softly, "now, don't feel bad about it, will you? It's all right. It'll a better boy, make a beautiful rug. I'll give it to Cuth'rine for a wedding resent."

IT CAME HARD proceedings. But the French women

ruined. Mrs. Basset felt iniserably and when the magistrate asked,"How old are you?" there was such a coughing and clearing of throats, as of people suffering from severs colds, that all that could be heard in the court-Through the amiability of the magisrate, this more than half-suppressed

> "What is your age, madam?" "Whatever-you choose, sir," answerd the lady. She was under oath. . "You may put down forty-five years, then." and the magistrate to the clerk. What is your occupation, madam ?" "Sir," said the witness, "you have mude a mistake of ten years in my

"Put down fifty-five years, then." said the magistrate. "Your resid-"Bir," exclaimed the lady, "my age s thirty-five years, not fifty-five!"

"At last we have your statement." said the magistrate; and he proceeded

Two newly-married couples lived ext door to each other, and strange to may both men were named "John." and both ladies named "Alice." One husband died soon after his marriage, and the other had to go to India on business. Shortly afterwards a cablegram came and was delivered by mistake to the widow, who, copening it, read: "Just

rrived; heat terrible!"

I was autoing along a provincial linving been on the road for hours, I wan tiret, and I was still far from

HOT TEA OR COCOA Herved at the Farm House Come in and Get Warm Driving in through the open gateway, I stopped to the door, It was opened before I could knock. A cheery room. A wood fire was burning in the

"Do you know," said the little woman jolly sandwich, "it's a real pleasure The next day passed like a dream to have people dropping in as they, do, sit down and we'll find a way to make anch, now it was a neighbor bringing and refreshments for them, and I had the time of my life with them."

Then somehow the time came for the But doesn't it the you, down concourse, it was not for her to hide her- down. When I don't wish to be discheeks were flushed, her eyes bright, and then, some one sits down with us. She was doing this for Catherine. She I am going to add coffee to my list

I was warm and emfortable when I

"This is a great country, oh?" said the reporter, with a wave of his hand "They are the children of them." h responded, pointing to the dirty, chaff-"I know, I know. That is why it is

"You think this country do much for the children? So, so," he nodded. country. They dig, they work, they atitch, they sacrifice. They are what

"That thought marched into the schoolhouse. It is not for themselves -that thought; it is for the children. Morning and night they work for the uplifting, for the education." We walked on, stumbling over babies, clutched at by clamorous buck-

rators, but the bearded man did not "You see my little girl?" he asked. "Yes." I replied, "she was pointing at her hat" heart? She was so glad she had worn "Ah, you, that hat! Her mother have no hat. My little girl always have a

> "Ah I see. The hat la a symbol?" lifting. The American girl wear a hat.

> hat. Every little girl you see has a

American," and with a pleasant nod

FAITH AND WORKE

must call Myra and Lucy and tell lous. After a while Myra came out. A little girl's brother set a trap to them. What would they say? She her system red. purchases to Catherine's glowing face, opened the door to call; but suddenly and exclaiming, "My! My!"

"And here" said Name as all Name a

"What also?"

"I prayed that, the trap would "What clast"

trap all to pieces."

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