

IF YOU LOOK

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

There's a little bit of blue beyond the top...

The Free Press Short Story

The Creeksville Band

ELIZABETH L. GOULD

It was a chilly November evening. The old storage barn on the Peavy place presented any thing but a brilliant scene.

The programme proceeded quite smoothly; the arrangement of familiar Scotch air was a marked success, and Henry Peavy's violin solo on "Home, Sweet Home" was greeted with cheers.

When the concert was over, and the boys, flushed with heat and excitement, came down the ladder, they were congratulated on every side.

A few days later came town-meeting. About ten o'clock Henry, escorted by the rest of the band, approached the town hall.

"Good luck to you!" "Speak up for the band, Henry!" were the parting injunctions of the excited musicians.

"They won't let us have it," said the boy, soberly. "I think they were all willing but Mr. Flanders—"

"I suppose we shall give up the whole business, then, shall we?" inquired Will Stone, dejectedly.

"Let's go over to Johnson's place," said abruptly, and the musicians glared, warned by a vague feeling of encouragement.

During the next month other sounds beside those of musical instruments issued from the Peavy barn.

"Noisy rooming in living!" When the merchant leaned back in his chair and looked at young Harding's newspaper, there were lines about his man's mouth, bitterness in his eye.

"You were only a boy when your father died; he never told you about my black and white coat, did he?" "No, sir," John Harding answered.

"It was a black year. First, I failed. It took ten years to climb back again; but I lost a whole year through my own weakness. Nervous breakdown. Trust me, it was really a very serious worry and lack of grit."

AN UNGALLANT LOVER

It has often occurred to me, says Mr. J. E. Patterson in his volume of reminiscences entitled "Hazy Days," that if Eastern women had dropped their custom of veiling, there would be fewer marriages among them.

In her allotted heart, Ibrahim meant to see her face—half, indeed that he was. In that glorious day, when we were passing through the Cyclades.

That man whom I call Ibrahim here so that she was facing the hatchway, the corner of it being between them.

That man whom I call Ibrahim here so that she was facing the hatchway, the corner of it being between them.

That man whom I call Ibrahim here so that she was facing the hatchway, the corner of it being between them.

That man whom I call Ibrahim here so that she was facing the hatchway, the corner of it being between them.

That man whom I call Ibrahim here so that she was facing the hatchway, the corner of it being between them.

That man whom I call Ibrahim here so that she was facing the hatchway, the corner of it being between them.

That man whom I call Ibrahim here so that she was facing the hatchway, the corner of it being between them.

That man whom I call Ibrahim here so that she was facing the hatchway, the corner of it being between them.

That man whom I call Ibrahim here so that she was facing the hatchway, the corner of it being between them.

That man whom I call Ibrahim here so that she was facing the hatchway, the corner of it being between them.

That man whom I call Ibrahim here so that she was facing the hatchway, the corner of it being between them.

That man whom I call Ibrahim here so that she was facing the hatchway, the corner of it being between them.

THE ONLY WAY

A man tells of a printer, who started poor twenty years ago, and has just retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000.

A man tells of a printer, who started poor twenty years ago, and has just retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000.

A man tells of a printer, who started poor twenty years ago, and has just retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000.

A man tells of a printer, who started poor twenty years ago, and has just retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000.

A man tells of a printer, who started poor twenty years ago, and has just retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000.

A man tells of a printer, who started poor twenty years ago, and has just retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000.

A man tells of a printer, who started poor twenty years ago, and has just retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000.

A man tells of a printer, who started poor twenty years ago, and has just retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000.

A man tells of a printer, who started poor twenty years ago, and has just retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000.

A man tells of a printer, who started poor twenty years ago, and has just retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000.

A man tells of a printer, who started poor twenty years ago, and has just retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000.

A man tells of a printer, who started poor twenty years ago, and has just retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000.

A man tells of a printer, who started poor twenty years ago, and has just retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000.

A man tells of a printer, who started poor twenty years ago, and has just retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000.

Internal and External Pains are promptly relieved by DR THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL

Get your Job-Printing at the Free Press

The Great International PLOWING MATCH Tractor & Farm Machinery Demonstration Will be Held on the Farm of B. H. Bull & Son BRAMPTON, ONT. OCTOBER 15-16-17-18 1924

Study The Ads In a recent number of the American Machinist half a page in the advertising section was devoted to this instructive little talk: Don't read the ads., study them. There was a time when the ads. were not worth study. There wasn't much of anything in them excepting the advertiser's good opinion of himself. They were about as informing as a surly car conductor. But advertising of machine shop equipment has put on seven-league boots. It's travelling toward betterment fast. It's so close to the ideal that no man can afford to pass it without study. Don't look upon them as ads.—they're multipliers. They contain the boiled-down, crystallized information that keeps a man posted on new developments in his line. They're multipliers of knowledge, advance agents of progress. In nearly all of them, somewhere, are pointers that will help any man interested in machinery making. There's something in them for you—and what that something is can be found when you study the ads. Don't read the ads.—study them.

PEARS — no more delightful dessert for a mid-winter treat. Now's the time to prepare the medicine as early as I instructed! the doctor insisted. "Well, doctor," said staidly, "I'm not a weak bit blind with the peas, but I'm about six weeks ahead of the peas."