### The Acton Free Press Development of the Acton Free Press Developme

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1925

#### THE VALENTINE

I've just been buying a valentine, The dantiest, prottiest thing. All painted flowers and ribbons And birds of fluttering wing: And I'm sending it to Barbara Jane With a dozen roses or so Winter roses being a rarity In a litttle village I know). And who is Barbara Jane, you ask, And what does she mean to megrim, confined old bachelor Of forty or fifty three? Well, now-I'll make a confession, It's good for a soul they say,

The last time I saw Barbara Jane Is forty years away! We were but children and classmates In a queer little country school see by your smiling you think me A sentimental old fool); Barbara Jane was an odd little thing With wide gray wondering eyes, And a tiny freckle-spattered nose That made her look elfin-wise: But her two long Titlan "pigtafia

-Were every lad's chief joy-If it were joy we gained for the pains We took to tease and annoy. Well, to go on with my story, One sunny Valentine Day thought that I'd torment Barbara

In a very original way. So I placed two brilliant carrots In a box all daintily fine And left them for her labelled "To my flery Valentine!"

Then I watched her find them at And I thought she would cry. With her eyes and cheeks aflame with "I'll show that boy!" she said.

hurried away, but when school was It makes me ashamed to confess, The dear little spunky creature Had the carrots pinned to her dress! was only a boy, but it touched me s That I made a solemn vow That I'd make it up to Barbara Jane And I've kept-up till now.

mother) Red roses to Barbara Jane.

By sending-(although she's a grand

I renew my youth again

notable Indians well known to the all right!" But Mig worried.

an early spring, and he and mother minute! I wish John and Jessen the past session.

an early spring, and he and mother minute! I wish John and Jessen the past session.

The two households, separated only not there, for to father it did not be been been crying. Then when up its recent highly-successful 21st where his ancestors had lived for more by a matter of blocks of well-to-do cur that the spring would come, too, generations, than Indian genealogy city houses, were to share between in the city places. The sap would run could trace. As the country became them the two old people. John, the early, the snow patches under the settled, says the author of "Pioneer son, and Ellnor, the daughter, claimed fence would soon be gone,—the little Days of Oregon . History," several each a bix months share. And the green shoots would come out on the white families occupied the land near "baby," Margaret, hovered between the elms, and the children would be going him, and he was a great favorite with two homes. She was twenty-eight, by with pussy willows in their hands. thom. He lived for many years as a and earning her own living indepen- Spring would come to the old place; Christian, in precept and example, in dently, but to father and mother she and the old folks would not be there among difficulties that would have dis- was the baby still-and would always to welcome it. There had been no

emigrants received much aid from mountain ranges and warm rains melt too. They must not be left alone on Decision. the lingering enows into raging floods. Stickas was always ready; to enter the torrent on his well-known horse.

had become terrified at the surging on so many patient years. Let them baby had been out there reasonin' it about sharing her laciest, and angelest attendance officer at Chiswick is rewaters. It is characteristic of Indians get away from the lonely old place, all out with you again, an' Elin had valentines with the poor old people, tiring shortly. Before the Action well versed in that tongue, did his talk by pantomine and broken words very scarcely used. He signed for this woman to mount behind him, and she

screamed as if she were surely lost allence a while, but when thoroughly ! worn out by her needless exclamations, turned a scornful look upon her, and exclaimed in perfect English: :

Wicked woman, put your trust in supposed on untutored savage. She stopped screaming, and made the rest of the trip with entire confidence both in her God and the ferryman.

#### A PRACTICAL PUZZLE

There is still something for the hus- But in the old daysband and father to do aboard the fam-

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Glidingberry to the flower beds you was going to entreaty in the upward trent of his their old hands together in a light after the operation, if necessary. the newcomer in town, "I guess I've have? An' we looked over the seed voice. But mother shook her head clasp and tears of joy into their eyes. got-one-of the intellectualest familles catalogues together-" in these parts always taking up with

newcomer. newspaper puzzle-pictures. If she solves 'em, and writes a good serial facedly. "Den't say anything, mother; make you a batch of biscuits, you'll out the sweet peas and the pansiest" Stuart (Hanlon), 6 Gordon-terrace. story to go along with 'em, she gets I couldn't help it. I-I reckoned mayis covering the dinin'-room floor with comfort to us. The colored ones maybe south room door and little fists pomsheets o' paper that she's been figurin' that looked so life-like. I had 'em melled the panels. It was Step-Andtime-record on the pigs-in-clover pus- ily. She understood why he had them pa! Two come a-visitin. And the zle. And Jim-that's Jim over by the come to the post-office. They were two door opened to admit a dimutive work the fifteen pussie. He's worked

"But you," inquired the new citizen, "what problems are you devoted "Who me? My problem?" repeated

#### A GOOD BREAKFAST BUT A POOR SUPPER

School debaters have long upheld the comparative Joys of anticipation bright expectations are realized, the pleasure of anticipation dwindles. It

Hope is one of the joys of life, but dow and saw them over his shoulder. got a val-"Didn't you ever, Grampa?" I don't think I shall have anything to fined 40s: we must roll up our sleeves and work The room grew quieter. What she demanded. hardest to realize those same hopes; broke the stillness was a sob, and if we do not want them to collapse neither father or mother knew which It didn't seem possible but of course like a pricked balloon. The joy of one sobbed it. looking forward depends in part on "Amos, 'tain't any use trying to hide truth. A lump gathered in Step-Andthe joy of looking backward. The it any longer, we're homesick for the Fetch-It's tender little throat. realization of our dreams in the past old place," mother whispered. "You is the basis for believing that they thought I didn't know you was, an' I cried, "the laciest, angelest ones! will be realized in the future. Hope thought you didn't know I was. But They tuck them under the door, you is a good breakfast, but a poor sup- both of us knew all the time, Amos." It is a fine things to start Ufe with, but is as time goes on there is no success or satisfaction on which to base our expectations, hope ceases to satisfy us.

#### NOT IN ACCIDENT CLASS

The cowpuncher had applied for a mother." policy and the insurance agent was . "Amos Luce," mother's mild old face tears in her oyes. "I'd like a picture estechising him in the usual manner. But on severity; "Amos Luce, you of a farmhouse on mine," she was "Have you ever met with any acci- needn't stand there tellin me my smiling," with a row of sweet pens dents?" 'No." said the cowboy, but children are good children. If the under the kitchen window, an' pansy of my ribs in last summer and a ones in the world, they'd pick out John rather, Grampa?" persisted the child. A sanitary inspector fattlesnake bit me on the ankle a an' Elinor, an' the baby."

"Naw," said the knight of the brand- on away from the old place-mother, ed shirt an straw hat. Not a turrible "Well, I make it a 50-50 proposition the sap will be runnin' preity soon!" old fellow, but jest old enough to plow —one horse, and one rabbit."

### The Free Press' Short Story

### The Old Folks' Valentine

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

they were mober, for they cor--tainly smiled oftener than their determined old lips. It was Mig year. We have always been there that noticed it first, it was always when sap was runnin'. You recollect Mig that noticed thrings first. "They're both well," she mused two or three an went taggin us

troubling them, Elin ?" ly Elinor, softly; "I guess you didn't see father playing with the haby this morning!"

"And mother combing little Stepthe Tangle family,-dld you hear them things, father." both : laugh?"

"Yes, I heard." "Then what are you talking about you stily child!" Did they look or sound as if anything was troubling

"Yes-s, they looked and they soundloud as dear old mouths. I saw their |-make pink ones,' when I made her eyes. But I-can't make up my mind little dresses. The other children "Perhaps they need a change; and dress,—she's the image o' Elin; An'

next week is John's turn,-they'll have ft don't seem natural for a baby to mother?" So every year, upon Valentine's Day, a fine time over there. John and Jess wear white dresses for every day." are lovely to them." -

doorway to throw back cheerily over father who broke out first again.

couraged many a man with better op- be. It was she who had stayed longest spring like that for fifty years. orfunities. with them in the home nest, back in Last year they had stayed until During the fifties, when Istachus the hills, and whose flitting had May, and mother had planted her

to watch men and things in their de- guess we were kind of worn out that it did not matter so much, since father tended the West London Police Court

in summer, were delegated to father days I hanker to roll up my sleeves she announced at the door, and then and mother. Little conspiracies were an' make you a batch of cream-o'- retreated precipitately.

She was astonished to receive such at last," the children said enthusias over one eye! You said I always got seemed to come dancing triumphantly due to heart weakness. tically. And the "baby" declared it floury making cream-o'-tartar bis- down the white expanse. The incon-

It was February now and people sobbed sotfly.

"I've sent for some," he said, shame- not do, father. If you want me to father." mother trifled, "We'll pick day morning of Mr. Charles Philip two dollars. And my daughter Liszie be the pictures would be a kind of "Henry, he's trying to cut down the he hesitated, and mother nodded hastcome to the post-office so's-so's-" Fetch-It come calling.

old conspirators together. on it for three years now, and thinks peas," she murmured. "Maybe we can you have me being one? It's quite hard from the look of their furniture, I glass merchants, announce that they "There'll be colored roses and sweet ther out,-I don't suppose you remem- It's nice weather, isn't it?" Mr. Gildingberry. "Oh, I work out ber those great purple ones, do you. "Bless her little heart!" murmured

ing. He got up and paced the floor mother settled down to enjoy her call. restlessly. At the window, the third er. bout he gazed out at the broad avenue . "Let's 'talk about valentines,"- the and rows of city houses. His faded caller said cheerfully. "You know blue eyes gazed farther and farther what valentines are? - with angels and has been said that hope makes a good beyond the paved street, out into rut- hearts and lace on? I always get a and slides down the back stairway. breakfast, but a poor supper. No one ty country roads, winding between lot, don't you?" of us sees all his dreams come true, bare gray fields with the promise of "I never got a valentine," smiled and boxes the children's cars. And Saturday with ill-treating a horse by disappointment, everybody would give house with red-roofed barn. Mother The child's laughing face sebered left her knitting and came to the win- to bewilderment, then horror. Never say the way she gossips is just awful! horses at the same place.

"Yes, mother." "I be seein' it in your eyes an' you man'll bring you one of your truly life have failed to grasp this thought.

know that's one goody thing. I've sometimes pictures. laughed harder than ever so's they won't suspect. They're good children, thoughtfully. When she answered, she it up with eternity.

added in an effort to give some help- Lord was to send down a committee beds further out."

ATHER and Mother were acting | "Don't father!" When mother-was strangely. It was not that strongly moved she said "father" in

"Out in the maple grove," dreame. on the old voice, wistfully, "an' you an' me won't be there, mother. Not this the year the baby was a matter. thoughtfully,-"what is it that is there, an' nothin' would do but she must fill her little tiny dipper! "Troubling them!" laughed matron- the way she took to taste of it an was filled with instant mother-plarm. reached out her little hands for more

-Little tenny more, daddy!' she "An' got It!" laughed mother, softily. the tears trailing over her wrinkled and-Fetch-It's hair 'and 'telling about cheeks. "How you do remember

"Don't I!" delightedly. "She hallo a little blue striped dress-" "Pink, father," interrupted the other voice, gently .- Mother could remember things, too. "An' it was checked in little mites o' check .- The baby atways looked becomin' in pink. You d," 'persisted Mig. - 'Eyes speak us used to say, 'Make pink ones, mother what the trouble is: it is puzzling me looked best in blue. I wish Elin would

.The click of mother's knitting "No lovelier than you and Loren- peedles were the only sounds in the and I. We're good to them, Elin. It room. Father's newspaper did not crackle, and he turned no pages to us and smiled when they wanted to A soft, purry sound from baby's Somewhere downstairs a little voice crib sent Elinor away precipitately, was singing noisily, and Elin's whole-

Istachus, or Stickas, was one of the little sister, father and mother are spring!" he cried. It was going to be

made his home on the Umatilla, the brought about the great change in sweet peas. The early potatoes had their lives. After Mig came to the been in, and the garden peas. They city, it was decreed in the family were both remembering now how ripple when storms have drenched the council that the old folks must come things looked on that dreary day of the old farm—the idea, when two "You're here, in from your plow- people walked slowly from one pleashomes were waiting for them with in," mother said suddenly, but her ant home to the other, and settled The abiding interest to persons of open doors! They could be so much voice sounded monotonous, as if she quietly down in the new rooms. They almost all ages (say, from 7 to 70); of

more comfortable and happy, and had been talking a long time. Her said nothing about the longer journey "Peter Pan," should be sufficient for surely it was time for the busy old thoughts were continuing in spoken they longed to make. day, father. Then you came in from and mother got one, in spite of fickle to deal with school attendance cases. It had taken a deal of coaxing and your plowin' an' beckoned to me, and little memories. luxury had been theirs. The sunniest oh father, don't you wish you could and along the hall. rooms, the warmest in winter, coolest see that little kitchen again! Some "A valentine for father and mother," sided.

with threefold zeal-Mig did every-cult," mother's laugh broke in two sor- gruity between the dancing and the rily. "They were good, father," she bleeding was apparent only to the un-

were beginning to talk of spring, and "There warn't ever anything like notice it. to make spring plans. Father and 'em," grouned hungry father. "An' mother, up in Elin's beautiful south with some sap bolled down"-it was mother. farm,-"and some o' your sweet but- place was their's again. "This time last year, we were plan- ter,-wall, the Queen of Sheby would "Know all men by these presents" | noids at Acton Hospital, viz., £1 1s. ily ship. Mr. Glidingberry, who nin' the spring work, Mother," father not ask for anything tastier! I don't nothing lacey, no angels. The words figures in a dialogue in Judge, under- said wistfully. "You recollect, don't suppose Elin'd let you mix up a batch were stilted, long words, but what per session, provided each patient reyou, how you made a little drawin' of some time here, mother?" There was they said to father and mother sent mains in hospital one night or longer

"Oh, the seed catalogues!" grouned "Elin wouldn't refuse of course, but ence came father's voice: . "The seed with being concerned together in stealsomething that calls for the exercise mother, softly. "Amos, do you sup- they wouldn't taste o' home. Besides, catalogues, mother! They must be ing two water pistols, a pocket knife, "Is that so?" politely murmured the set porin' over them evenings? I kneadin' board,—they don't use over this evening! I'll go right down property of Mesars. Woolworth and Father's reply had the effect of a on marble topped tables. An' they use we want for the spring plantin'!" gentle explosion in the quiet room. new-fangled bakin' powders. It would

have to take me home first."

person of six with a smiling face. smell the sweet peas, Amos! .We al- work when you have to do all the sing. don't think they amount to much." ways had a double row under the kit- ing, so I've stopped, and now I'm a

the problem of keenin' the family to- Amos? Two or three of them used to mother under her breath. How much she looked like her baby long ago! "Yes, I can remember "em," an- Little Step-And-Fetch-It looked so they've tacked up papers to keep people a first-class ton. About 160 toys and swered the old man, but rather absent- much like Auntle Mig-and the times from looking in. ly. He was remembering his rows of she used to play "making calls!" For garden peas and early corn. His face, a minute the weight of homesickness I hear the man tell the driver of the place on Saturday at the Assembly like mother's, was intense with yearn- lifted from the gentle old heart, and

know, and run, or else the postman

brings them. Props-praps the post-Mother, thus appealed to, considered on significance because Easter links was smiling, but there were sudden

And father smiled, too, but his volce for an analysis. . . "My word!" faintly exposulated the heartily. "But they don't know," he "One of a mowin" field, an apple at insurance agent, "don't you call those added with a sigh. "They can't senke prchards," he seld, "an' maybe an old how it feels to have the spring comin' fellow plowin' in a corner, in a check-

traight!" And father laughed trem-

With a sudden toss of his white head he turned to mother. "He ain't turrible old, Mother, that old fellow plowin' there in the corner of the old mowin' field He can stand up straight England, Gazetto and Express of Janas any of them-and he can plow uary 23, gives an idea of some of the enough sight straighter! Ho's got a doings in the Old Country town which heap o' work left in him, if they'd gave our town its name:

"Yes, yes-oh, yes, it hurts," sobbed mother in sudden woe. Light steps turned away from the door and went back down the hall on tip-toe. Auntic Mig had come upstairs for little, Step-And-Fetch-It, but she went back without her. At the door she had heard mother's order for a "picture" on her valentine, and engaged in an inter-club contest with father's order for his. Not a word escaped her Hos-not a tremble in the Konsington A.C., in Gunnersbury Park, soft old voices. She knew now what Acton.

was the matter with father and mother. They were homesick. Under their brave, determined amiles were two old hearts breaking for home. It night was really killed by "compilhurt old folks to be transplanted. "Mig. what in the world? You're Town Council. crying!"-Elin exclaimed; as her sister reappeared in the sitting room. She

And-Fetch-It. "It's father and m-mother," she sobed, in muffled tones. "We've been treating them:awful, Elin!" "Margaret Luce! Sit up this min-

ute and let me feel your pulse! You're raving crazy!" "I have be-en-I's same enough now." Mig sat up and shook Elin feebly by the eleeve. "But I haven't been one whit crazier than you've been -and Loren, and John and Jess! We've all been crary as loone!" "I'm going to telephone for the doc-

"You're going to alk down on this couch beside me and let me have it out! Then there'll be two sane ones, let me make her baby a little blue anyway. Elin Cleveland, what are we thinking of to transplant father and

"You're face is burning red, and your eyes fairly snap-" ."It was cruel, Elin, cruell And here all this time we've been trying to be lovely to them, and they've been lovely School. cry. What do you suppose there upheard them—they're sitting there talk- gained by the students attending the her shoulder: "Don't you go worrying, "An' it's going to be an early shaklest voices, till it would make a ness Training Courses for girls during ing of the "old place" in the dearest, Acton and Chiswick Polythnic Busiwe'd all got through, we'd go to work and see what could be done to remedy the mischief we've done. It's got to of the Acton Baths. be remedied, Elin. Father and mother pusn't break their hearts longing for-

for sweet peas and kitchen windows and—and a chance to plough up the "Oh, no, no, no!" sobbed Elin, too. "If you had heart the-" "It's bad enough to hear you, Mig! We three will go over to John's to-

night. All of us together ought to "John's turn" for father and mother diesex County and other secondary came the next week, and the old schools and to the Acton Centra

hands to rest now. Father and mother words and there was no need to tell The absence of Gramma and Gram- Pavilion, Acton, where the wonderful One day a company of emigrants was had done their share of work. Let what had gone before. "You had been pa on Valentine's Day was the cause "Paramount" film is now being precrossing with his volunteered assist- them take their case now and be walt- breakin' up the corner of the old mow-doubtless, of little Step-And-Fetch- sented. ance. Among them was a woman who ed on by the children they had waited in lot that mornin, and John and the It's breach of promise. She forgot all Mr. E. S. Berrow, the senior school out into the world and have a chance been reasonin' it out with me. I who had never had a valentine. But Police Court was established he at-

> reasoning, and gentle insisting. But I read it in your face an' you read it . It came of course, on the 14th. The Acton Brotherhood meeting on Sunin the end the children had won. The in mine. We knew it was comin' then. postman brought it as far as the front day, when the male cheir presented old farm had been sold and the old The children was so tickled, father! door, and John's nimble little wife, a musical programme under the confolks had come to live in the city. The baby picked up her skirts and Jess, ran all the rest of the way with ductorship of Mr. W. Robinson. Mr. They had been here ten months. Every danced around in the kitchen-father. it. They heard her running upstairs W. T. Davenport (president of the

> entered into for their entertainment tartar biscuits on the old kneadin'- It was a very long envelope, and did the death of Mr. William Robert Swan, board! Over by the sunny window, not suggest valentines, except for a aged 59, of 101 Avenue Road, Acton, They shall forget all their hum- with you leanin' in on the sill and hasty pencil sketch in the corner. Five who collapsed suddenly on Thursday durm old life and take a little comfort laughin' because I'd got a dat of flour bleeding hearts joined hands and in last week, after a painful illness

> "Open it, father, open it!" quavered chamber, had none to make. Other odd how the homely farm speech came. It was a deed to the old place, made people made theirs for them now. back to them talking of the good old out in their joint names. The old prepared to accept terms for the op-

Suddenly out of the pregnant sil- ed at Acton Police Court on Monday

"An' the sweet peas an' pansies,

Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Adams were exchanging confidences over the line fence that separated their back yards. Library. "Who are those people who have moved Messra. R. Ralph and Co., of 83 into the house on the other side of Church-road, Acton, who have recently "Their name is Munroe," answered which they can sell at about 25 per chen windows, don't you know? An' visitor. I hope you both are well and Mrs. Harrison, "I don't know them, pansles in the little square beds fur- enjoying yourselves,-I am, thank you, but I'd heard them. The man works in a photograph gallery. They've got

"Their window-shades don't fit, and

"I guess they haven't much money. moving van that he'd pay him next Hall, Acton Hill, was, without doubt, "The oldest boy is cross-eyed and has ever had. Over 300 were present,

has red hair. The youngest one is and, judging from the noise, everya regular little Imp. Goes ground with body seemed to have a good time. one of her stockings hanging loose, that ish't the worst of it" added Mrs. working it whilst lame at High-street, Harrison, lowering her voice. "They Acton, and with overloading two

#### THE EASTER MESSAGE

The message of Easter is more than ant, but it is not all. The other part own this Valentine Day! You-never Our life in this world is short to be "Seein' it in yours, mother. We're can tell what's a coming. What kind sure, but it is a part of life unending. pretty well acquainted with each of a picture would you rather have on Its achievement is meager, but it is other's eyes. Well, the children don't yours? They have hearts mostly, but just a beginning of great things,

wankee built a reputation A sanitary inspector called one "Don't you use some horse in this sausage?" asked the inspector. "Yes, I use some," was the reply.

NEWS FROM THE OTHER ACTON A Glimpse Into the Everyday Life of Acton Over the Sea.

The following Items from the Acton, The Christmus dinner collection on

behalf of Acton Hospital realized £114 A number of London United Tramaymen of all grades attended the funeral which took place in. Acton Cemetery on Tuesday afternoon. On Saturday last, the Acton Harriers Ealing and Hanwell Harriers and

The long-cherished scheme of the Acton Chamber of Commerce to have the Parish Church clock illuminated at cations" at the last minute by the

Nows has reached Acton of the death in Felixstowe, at the age of 87, of Mr. David Wright, formerly of 18 Maldon Something had happened to little Step-Road, Acton. Mr. Sayell, bandmaster of the Acton

corps of the Salvation Army, is recovering from a sharp attack of in-Next Friday night at the Priory. Schools, a discussion will take place under the auspices of the Acton Women Citizens' Association on "Raising the school age to fifteen."

extending their provision for crippled children at Stanmore, the area of which includes Acton. The Acton Fire Brigade had a some what trying experience at the bakerles of Messrs. H. W. Nevill, Ltd., wholesale bread manufacturers, Acton-lane,

The Royal National Orthogaedic

Hospital, Great Portland Street, are

Acton, of Friday afternoon, Loss Miss J. M. Goxo, 35 Goldsmith Ave. who has been upwards of 18 years in the employment of the Acton Education Committee, has resigned her post as headmistress of the South Acton Girls

On Saturday week, Cir. Mrs. G. stairs doing now? I know because I Committee) presented the certificates up its recent highly-successful 21st anniversary dinner by holding a "ma-

jority" celebration in the grand hall Two Acton schoolboys, aged 12 and 13 years respectively, were charged in the Juvenile Court at Ealing on Monday with being concerned together in stealing a packet of raisins, value

10%d., the property of Mr. Henry C Miles, grocer. The Acton Education Committee is recommended to grant Mr. J. E. Smart £63, to include remuneration for assistance, to arrange and conduct an examination for entrance to the Mid-

Acton Chamber of Commerce) pro-The Acton Catholic community has lost one of its oldest members through

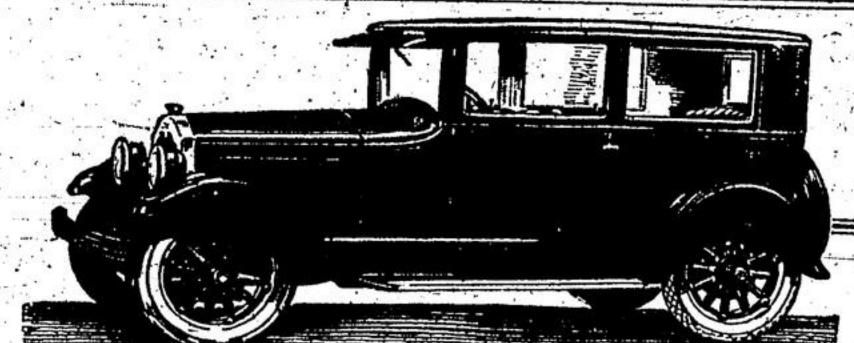
Much sympathy is felt with the Avenue (who was for 51 years at the excited. Father and mother did not Acton G.W. R. station) in the second bereavement which has befallen her through the death of her married daughter, Mrs. May Maud Carter. The Acton Education Committee is erative treatment of tonsils and ade-

funeral, at Hammersmith, on Satur-Argyll-place, Hammersmith, who had een for several years bagpipe in-

structor of the 1st Acton (St. Mary's) Troop of Boy Scouts. Two hundred and fifty new books have been added to the Acton Public

are specialising in cheap wallpapers The winter treat for the children at St. Gabriel's Sunday School was held four children, a dog and a canary- on Thursday evening in last week. A large number of donors made it pos-The annual Scout party which took Alfred Hill (49), a carman, who gave





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chassis 23—Torque tube drive 24-McLaughlin-Buick casy steering gear 25—Cantilever rear springs 26-Floating rear axle

27-Automatic carburetor; heat 28-Delco slogle-unit starting. lighting and ignition 20-McLaughlin-Buick multiple diso clutch

31-Low pressure tires

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all these improvements

to Coach design

2-Body panels die stamped to

3-Wider doors, cary entrance

of room for three in rear

6-Fine body lines; no box-like

7—Fisher V.V. one-place ven-tilating windshield

10-Attractive interior hardware

12-Silk roll shade on rear win-

14-Automatic windshield wiper.

15-Handsome Instrument panel

8-Sun visor with side wings

20-McLaughlin-Bulck valvo-in-

hoad engine
21—Pressure engine lubrication;
high pressure chassis lubrication; automatic lubri-

cation of driving parts
22-McLaughlin-Buick sealed

1-Pinher-built body

to rear seats

4-Deeper upholstery

9-Rear seat foot rest

13-Rear vision mirror

--- Tool Docket in throu

19-Nickelled radiator

8-Duco finish

11-Dome light

17-Cowl lights

# Did You Ever Stop to Think?

THAT home business institutions that are helping to pay for the maintenance and improvements of the town are entitled to the trade of the people of the home town.

THAT outside business concerns do nothing towards the improvement of the

THAT buying away from home when you can get better service and as good values at home, should be universally discouraged. Every dollar and every activity should be united to make the business of the home town better. Now is the time for us to get busy and make local business better.

THAT everyone of us should take an active and positive stand on all things that go to make local business better.

THAT we all should take a mental inventory and find out how we stand in. ability and honesty of purpose and willingness to make Acton better and bigger.

THAT no man is a success who only enriches himself. The man is a success who enriches the community.

THAT there is only one town in the world in which to live and prosper and that is the town in which you live.

THAT a good way to boost the home town is to buy from the local business concerns who advertise in local papers.

THAT local advertisers are the people who usually lead in the things that keep a town moving forward in the march of progress.