THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1925

Evening brings us home at last. From plough and hoe and harrow from the burden of the day, From the long and lonely furrow the stiff, reluctant clay, From the meads where streams are From the moors where mists are cur-

Evening brings us home at last. From the forests of thy wonder, where the mighty giants grow. Where we cleave Thy works asunder, and lay the mighty low, From the jungle and the prairie, From the realms of fact and fairle,

Evening brings us home at last. From our wrestling with the spectres of the dim and weary way. From the vast heroic chances of the From the Mount of High English, in the hope of Thy forever; Evening brings us home at last

From our tollings and our mollings from our quest of daily bread. From the worship of our idols, and tue burying of our dead, Like children, worn and weary With the way so long and dreary-Evening brings us home at last.

From our journeyings oft and many over strange and stormy seas, for the larger liberties, From our labors vast and various, From our harvestings precarious,-Evening brings us home at last, To safety, rest and Thee.

WORTH WHILE

The funeral was over and the friends walked away. The minister overtook a

man," said the old man to the minis- pupils who had pleased her: ter, "It is his partner. He sees both sides of him, sees him in his dealings with others when the interests of the ring the bell for ten minutes." two are the same, and sees him in the tell you he was a man, every inch of five minutes each to-morrow."

"Yes," said the old man, "and I bebeen worth while."

"Goodness is always worth while." said the pastor. pulpit there should come to you and was no doubt right when she said: to your congregation the absolute knowledge that all your hopes and tongue of that White Ash bell! It's said, a little sharply: beliefs about heaven were wrong; that the first time I ever heard of a bell his world is all that you have ever known and you are even to know? What would you say to your people?" "What would I say?" repeated the minister. "I might be too much disappointed to speak at all, for I believe always first to arrive at the schoolin immortality, and the faith grows more dear and more sure with each life such as this we have known. But I think I know what I should say if such sudden knowledge came to me and my congregation. I should says Brethren, there will be service here as usual on next Sunday morning at half past ten. And this will be my text, belfry and tie it on again." Godliness is profitable unto

- MOTHER'S DAY

the life that now is.""

"Awful sorry I can't stop to see you, old man," said Harold Massey. He was locking the office door on a Saturday afternoon. Tom Griggs, for whom it was also "carly closing," had perhaps a leisurely lunch at the club. along together. 'So I've promised to top, and said, "It's gone, sure enough!" put in appearance at lunch." "O telephone her, and say you're no! ticket, hasn't she?".

"Well, you're a duffer. Why didn't won't rest a minute, day or night, un- Tabb, coldly. "Spell 'tower,' please." meet you? My sister's going with me a piece of pure spite-work!" this afternoon, but she meets me in

table luncheon at the club and a half-His mother met him in the hall. She one of the most illiterate. was a little old lady with white hair and a happy face. She was openion bell's gone until I've clim' up into the

a big box of violets. "A gentleman's card," said she, her lips pursing like a girl's. "Who can

eyes sparkling. "I shall wear 'em."

ICE ECONOMY

Have an ollcloth covered stand, small ator. When preparing a meal or clearing away a meal use this table or surout of the ice chest of to be put in it. to be stored. The open cover or door a minute later, lets out a rush of cold air and lets in a rush of warm air. The ice is thereto the point where food is not kept at of the bell timbers. They've stuck

Watchfulness in keeping the refrigerator door latched will also save ice. To open the door or cover unnecessarily should be avoided. Cold storage which is actually low in temperature Tabb, in a tone of authority. and cold is necessary for safe food preservation in warm weather.

CANADA AND ITS GOLD

One of the most interesting and important facts revealed by a study of world gold mining statistics is that Canada now stands in third position as regards value of production. This was at the end of 1924. During that year the total gold out put in the world-is estimated at \$383,-600,000 of which figure Ontario was re-

sponsible for \$25,700,000. The only producers to exceed Canada one could recognize it when the dog- that bell tongue's been a little too were Transvall, South Africa, with gerei lines were passed around for the nimble and has wagged a good deal which was the record figure ever reached by the mines there; and the United States which produced gold to the value of \$51,900,000. This figure but maybe its better than nothing is down from the record total of \$101. It never rest until I find where that within a year or two, and when they

The Free Press' Short Story

THE WHITE ASH BELL

By J. L. HARBOUR

a single room, was of brick and stone, noon hour. and there was not another brick country schoolhouse in the county. belfry with green trimmings.

and in the Ground Ivy district on the neighbors became more unfriendly. left. As the breach widened between districts by reminding them that they school in our district would have been left that way? said-Ab. did not have new brick schoolhouses a tame affair without the presence of

with cupolas and bells. As 'a "White Asher," I know that down," if we could. From our search the wideworld over this charge was untrue, but I must The spelling-school-about a month like that? asked Henry. confess that there was a great deal of after the disappearance of the bell unnecessary ringing of that boll, even was the first held that winter, and the to it truthfully, had to say yes. So though we knew that it caused emo- attendance was very large. Young we've set 'em up there on the manteltions in the other sections.

- John Oxenham. even more eagerly sought than the privilege of passing the water to the school, or going out with a dipper of t as assistant to some pupil who had

The first teacher in the new school- ence to the missing bell. Her indigna- the summer boarder. man who was getting old and walked house, Miss Jane Tabb, was a some- tion did not prevent her from saying "The rest of 'ern are faithful, but groans and moans repeated themand for fifty years the friend of the accorded her pupils the privilege of ringing the bell as a reward of merit. "If there is any man who knows all well remember hearing her say to

"You have had such a perfect day to- would not be courteous to say anything day, John that you may go out and about the bell before them." ligion lasted all the week through and feet in their lessons and in deport- against each other.

at any of their social gatherings, the school had been in session a week,

tongue starting a scandal, for it is scandalous for folks to act so!" One Monday morning when the White Ash-school had been in session about a month, Miss Tabb, who was house, tried to ring the bell, but the rope fell from the hole through which it passed in the ceiling above and lay in a coll at her feet. Jonas Pratt and I arrived at the schoolhouse a moment later, and Miss Tabb said:

"Boys, the rope has slipped from the bell. One of you climb up into the A ladder nailed to the wall made easy for Jonas to climb up into-the "It's a good text," said the older belfry. He had no sooner thrust his head into the whole in the ceiling through which entrance to the belfry was gained than he called out, "Why Miss Tabb, the bell's gone!" "What do you mean, Jonas Pratt?"

said Miss Tabb. "The bell isn't here! It's gone!" "You sure, Jonas Pratt?" "Sure? Why, Miss Tabb, I know it. come round to have a little chat and There isn't a sign of a bell up here!" Jonas came down, and Miss Tabb "I'm going to take mother to the herself climbed up the ladder. She matince," said Harold, as they walked thrust her head through the hole at the coming," said Tom. She's got her I'll warrant you that the Butternutters' not even smile.

you see she had the ticket and let her til that bell is back in this belfry: It's the lobby, and glad enough of the some of them who lived near became caused even the smiles to disappear chance. Work it better next time. See so much excited that they run back from the faces of those present. Leava good many of their parents over to standing, she marched stiffly down to the schoolhouse. Among them came where Anson stood. hour's chat with a man he knew, and Mr. Jethro Spratt, one of the most "I can't b'lleve," said he, "that there

belfry an' seen with my own eyes. And It bo?" She road the name, "'Mr. H. Now as Mr. Spratt weighed above in its place!" said Miss Tabb, holding Massey'" Then she laughed and then two hundred pounds, his ascent to the the bit of paper found in the belfry Harold laughed. It was an old drama belfry was a hazardous undertaking. A before Anson's face. round of the rudely-constructed ladder "I guess I do!" she responded, her beffry, and Mr. Spratt fell heavily to In it you spelled the words belfry

table or tall box next to the refriger- Ground Ivy or Butternut sections," said instant where that bell is!"

Miss Tabb, with conviction, Others present expressed the same very honest man, was present. face to assemble supplies being taken opinion, and now a young man named strode forward and grasped-Anson by Dan Tempy proposed climbing up into the collar, Plan to open the ice-chest only once the belfry and examining it for some or twice at most, swiftly taking what clue to the thieves. Being an agite or I'll give you a trouncing here before is needed out or putting in what is young man, he was in the belfry half

"Here's something!" he cried. "What?" called an eager chorus. "Why, it's a note they've left on one down with a pin." "What does it say?"

It's so dark I can't make it A bit of paper torn from a copybook came fluttering down from the give you a whipping right here! You beifry. Miss Tabb cassht it, read it had better learn to spell before you go to herself with an increased fush of to stealing anything else and writing indignation, and then read

Your boastful bell will be fleard Its klanging tung is still

to the gaping crowd.

It'll ring no more in the belfray towar.

Nor yet on White Ash Hill." matter over of late, and I'll own up There was no signature, and the that we ain't showed just the right writing was manifestly disguised. No spirit about our new schoolhouse, and

was the White Ash It was now past time for school !: schoolhouse completed than begin, and all but the pupils returned the residents of the White Ash to their homes. Miss Tabb rapped on section were thought to be a window with her lead-pencil and the giving themselves "airs" that were pupils went to their seats, but there adjoining sections. For the new White nothing but the missing bell was talk Ash schoolhouse, although it has but ed about at recess-time and during the family.

Three weeks passed, during which the "Ground Ivyltes" and the "Butter-It had, moreover, what old Ezra nutters" indignantly disclaimed any Cobb called a "cultitle a-top of it," knowledge of the whereabouts of the -he never could say cupola, -a white missing bell. Probably very few persons in oither section would have There was in this cupola a bell, stooped to anything so criminal as the whose brazen note could be heard over | theft of the bell; but the relations bein the Butternut section on the right tween the White Ash section and its

ers" had put up that bell for the ex- held every winter in the schoolhouses looked at 'em. press purpose of annoying the other in each section. Indeed, a spellingsome other school for us to "spell

people came in such numbers from the piece to kind of remind us. I think The privilege of ringing the bell was three sections that the house was pack- some time, maybe, we'll have regular ed full. It was feared that there might be would show our failings still better." trouble between the hot-headed young Mrs. Jenkins removed her own likemen of the different sections, and Miss ness from the mantel, held it at a dis-

school promise not to make any refer- eyes; then held it appealing toward and called out in fear. Those who come from the Ground in a certain sense, our guests, and we with much anxiety. will owe them courteous treatment. It

So when she called the spelling Miss Tabb knew just how exasperat- school to order there was at least outadjustments of matters within the firm ing the sound of the bell was over in ward harmony. We had chosen sides, where each is looking out for his own. the other districts and yet she would and there were pupils from the three of the Sca," was in a little bay in If any man knows whether that man sometimes say at the opening of the schools on both sides. Later in the Stewart Island, New Zealand. A small was an honest man, whether his re- school, "All the pupils who are per- evening the three schools would spell river flowed into this bay, notable

all the year round, I know it. And I ment to-day, may ring the bell for A few of the Butternut pupils were of the ship in which I was then a sailolder and larger than any of the other or soon discovered that the easiest way him. His religion was in the sixteen This sometimes stimulated as many two districts. Among these larger of catching them was to wade about ounces he put into every pound; it as ten of a dozen pupils to be perfect: pupils were two young fellows, each on the fine sandy bed with bare feet. measured thirty-six inches to every and the bell would clang accordingly. about twenty years of age, named Tony the water being only up to mid-thigh chivalry is obsolete, or effect, or what-Before the building of the new Hopper and Anson Lykes. They were and when they felt that flat body ever they call it," said a woman who "I am sure of it," said the minister, schoolhouse the "White Ashers," the coarse-grained; stupid fellows, who wriggling under their soles, to tread had just returned from the West. "and such a character is worth many "Ground Ivyites" and the "Butternut- made no end of trouble for their own firmly and stoop, groping in the sand ."I met a veritable knight just two sermons as a proof of what religion ters" had been most cordial in their teacher in the Butternut section. They until they had the flounder safe be- days ago on a dining-car," she conreally is. It is fitting that such a life social relations; but now certain resi- had no respect for anything but brute tween the finger and the thumb. Then tinued. When I went in to luncheon dents of the Ground Ivy section be- force, and unless the teacher could they would raise him and put him in the only seat left for me was one factor to give taffy-pulling parties to "lick" them, they carried things with the bag that was strapped across their ing the rear of the train. Now I canlieve it will. But even if I knew that it which no "White Ashers" were bid- a high hand. Fortunately their teacher shoulders. would not, I should say. "This life has den, and the "Butternutters" made no of that winter had demonstrated his secret that they did not desire the superior physical ability by giving both presence of any of the "White Ashers" Tony aand Anson a "licking" before "Tell me this," said the old man. Many of the older people declined to Anson and Tony stood side by side "What would you do, what would you have their social privileges curtailed at the spelling-school. Miss Tabb prosay, if next time you stand in the in this way, and old Aunt Becky Ladd nounced the words, and when we had "It's all because of the babbling pened to be Tony's turn, Miss Tabb

> Tony spelled the word correctly. There, were sly grins on some faces. and I saw several persons nudge their neighbors. "Belfry!" said Miss Tabb to Anson. "B-e-l-f-ra-y," spelled Anson, slowly "Did you spell it "f-r-a-y?" asked Mias Tabb.

> "Next!" The next boy spelled it correctly, out Anson did not take his seat, because we were not "spelling down" at that time. but were simply keeping a tally-list of he number of words each side missed, When it came Angon's turn to spell again, Miss Tabb said: "Clanging!" "K-1-a-n-g, clang-ing, clanging," he spelled.

Several person tittered outright at this gross blunder, and Anson looked sullen and uneasy. "Next!" said Miss Tabb.

triumphant note in it as she said, 1.1 ing. an unusually high-pitched tone: "Tongue!" "T-u-n-g," spelled Anson. Several persons from his own school held their hands over their mouths to While coming down she added, "I've keep from laughing outright at this

my suspicions where that bell's gone. ridiculous mistake; but Miss Tabb did or the 'Ground Ivyites' could explain "I'll give you a simpler word, so that it. They've stolen it out of pure spite, you can have it said that you spelled and I hope that the White Ashers' at least one word right," said Miss of reflection-it works by consure, and shouts of the supporters of the girls'

"T-o-w-a-r," said Anson, Then Miss Tabb did something that Other pupils were now arriving, and created dead silence in the room, and home to tell the news, which brought ing the platform on which she had been wards. "Anson Lykes," she said, "where is

He turned pale and looked frightened. His lips trembled when he said, "The bell you stole from the beffry beautiful piece of poetical impudence

"You wrote that, Anson Lykes," sine broke before he was half-way up to the went on, "and you know that you did; the floor. While he still sat there ne 'clanging' 'tongue' and 'tower' exactly offered a reward of twenty-five dol- as you've spelled them here to-night. lars to any one who would discover the And I've another reason I needn't tell bell and the persons who had taken it here for feeling sure that you took that bell. I'll have an officer after you be-"It will be found somewhere in the fore morning if you don't tell me this

Anson's father, hn ignorant but "Tell where that bell is if you know

everybody!" he said. "It's under the schoolhouse porch said Anson, promptly. A small porch, or platform, was front of the door. Several persons seated near the door ran out and turned this platform over. There lay the bell, partly concealed in a hole dug under the platform.

"Tony helped me to take it," said Anson. "We did it for-for-fun." "Fun!" said Mr. Lykes. "There's no fun in steading anything. I ought to poetry about it. Now you've got to make an apology for the whole thing! He compelled Anson to make a very humble apology, and when he repeated the words, Mr. Jethro Spratt got up and amazed all present by saying: "I do' know but what we owe you 'Butternutters' and 'Ground Ivyites' an apology, too. I've been thinking the

This simple shampoo is excellent for hair and scalp and costs very

of them with a bell just like ours; and hope the three bells will never ring out anything but good-will and harmony that ought to exist, and has exist,

ed, between us as friehds and neigh-Cheer upon cheer greeted this speech. Some of the men put the bell back into attributed to a supernatural power, and the little tower, and the people of the even to-day there are many who rethree sections went home through the long, snowy lanes and over the white fields in the moonlight with the White Ash bell, its rope in the hands of one "Butternutter" and one "Ground Ivyite," ringing out cheerily and joyously had not worked on that principle, the on the frosty air.

summer boarder arrived that year at three-story building, well lighted and most exasperating to the people of the was little interest in the lessons, and lor mantel was adorned with staring, neighborhood, the last house one would large-sized tintypes of all the Jenkins have connected with the idea of ghosts.

are fearful plain, aren't they?" said proceeding from the closed rooms; Mrs. Jenkins to her guest. "But they grobns and sighs and wails. Some on: have done us a sight of good." vaguely, "I suppose they might-" "Lawzee, dear child, there's no reason you should know what I mean," "Strange secrets lie within those be interrupted Mrs. Jenkins. "But . you walls." take a family of folks living on a farm | - I had been the last one to occupy and growing old together, same as Ab the house, and just before I had left and Jane and Henry and I are, and we it I lost a little boy. Of course the These relations did not, however. don't notice little ways we've got into. good people did not suspect me of illthe White Ash and the other sections, keep the pupils from meeting on com- But the night after we had those doing, but in some way they connected it was charged that the "White Ash- mon ground at the spelling-schools taken we stood 'em up in a row and the noises with the death of my son. "Do I chew my mouth down to the up the mystery.

> "'Is my forehead any such a bed o wrinkles as that?' asked Jane. "'Do I commonly squint my eyes up "And every time the rest of us, pu: photographs taken in Nashuy that

mine-I haven't got any such a cant to my eyebrows as that, one up and Ivy and the Butternut sections will be, one down, now have I?" she asked,

ATTACKED BY AN OCTOPUS

My first experience of the octopus, writes Frank T. Bullon in "Creatures

By and by we discovered that the without suffering all sorts of disnearer the sea the finer the flounders, agreeable things, so I asked the train and so one sunny afternoon I was wad- steward to find me a seat facing the ding in the bay near the mouth of the other way. Immediately a middle-aged rivulet and picking up some fine spec!- man rose and offered to let me have mens. Suddenly I tred upon something his seat. I thanked him, and be took like a blob of jelly. Fearing a sting, the seat opposite me. He scanned the spelled around a few times, and it hap- I made to step off, only to feel both bill of fare, and then he looked at me my legs gripped in several places by hesitatingly. something that clung as if it would cat into the flesh.

I stooped, and felt a long, whip-like tentacle twisted round my right leg. tore it off and felt a nausea which made me quite giddy. But no sooner had I removed one snaky thing than another held me, and another and another. The water was shallow, but I began to feel as if I must be dragged down, drowned and devoured by this horrible thing. Fortunately I retained some presence

of mind, and drawing my sheath-knife. reached down cautiously to where I felt the main body of the thing, and avoiding my bare feet, I stabbed steadily into the central part of the beast. was successful, for presently I felt the clutch of the tenacles round my legs relax, I saw the water stained with sepia, and I smelled the odor of stale musk, which the fish omit when they are disturbed. I felt quite certain that had I been

laid hold of in water out of my depth Again it came Anson's turn to spell, by one of these creatures, only a mirand Miss Tabb's voice had a certain acle could have saved me from drown-

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Those who honestly mean to be contradict themselves more rarely than

censure, implies a standard .- R. G. baseban teams; down street the Salva-

conduct may be a mark of increasing were offering the "4 Square Gospel." knowledge and wisdom.-Tryon Ed- All these things are in addition to the There is no dispute managed without passion, and yet there is scarce a dis-

oute worth a passion,-Sherlock. Walk as your Master walked, and esire no more. Give me solid and

substantial religion.-Wesley. Criticism, as it was instituted, by Aristotle, was meant as a standard of udging well,-Johnson.

Man yields to custom, as he bows to ate-in all things ruled, body, mind, and estate.-Crabbe.

Courage from hearts and not from

FUNERAL CAKES

A curate went one day to visit an aged parishioner, a small farmer, whose and was dally expected. Finding him rather better on this occasion and propped up in bed, he proposed to read a chapter of the Bible to him. The sick man gratefully agreed, but paid scant attention to the discourse because he constantly fumbled under his pillow for some form of edible which he mumbled with evident satisfaction between his toothless gums. At last the curate slopped reading and asked the old man what he was doing. The old man smiled slyly. .. "Why," he said, in a triumphant whisper, "they bak't some spoonge

biscults agean moy vuneral, and bid 'em in the Coopboard, but, they don't know as how I yound 'em, and-" with a senile chuckle of delight-"when I be gone, an' they come to luke for 'em they wun't vaind none of 'em left!"

A Simple Shampoo-

A simple and inexpensive sham-poo, and one which leaves the hair soft, glossy and with a delicate aroma, is to take a basin of warm water and make a free lather using Baby's Own Soap. Rub well into the scalp, rinse with warm and then cool water. Dry in sun and wind if possible.

little as Raby's Own Soap is sold at 10c. a cake by most dealers.

LAYING A GHOST

Now and then a circumstance or combination of circumstances, strange and apparently inexplicable comes to the world's notice. In olden times such phenomena were almost always tain the fear of ghosts. Experience and investigation have demonstrated. however, that there is always some reasonable and natural solution to such mysteries. If the Rev. John Todd residents of his town might have lived out their lives in terror of a haunting spirit. Mr. Todd tells the story in his

'Autobiography." In the village stood a house which munerative field in Ashton. When the was said to be haunted. It was a large, Willow Farm, she noticed that the par- | ventilated, and in a thickly settled The neighbors, however, were much "He charged us overprice, and thay excited. They heard strange sounds who had ventured to listen at the doors "Yes," said the young woman, very told of the patter of little feet on the bare floors. "All is not right there," they said

This made me more anxious to clear

One day I got the keys of the house and made known my determination to investigate. The neighbors gathered about the gate, but would not enter. A few moments satisfied me that the little feet which pattered about from room to room were those of the numerous rats. But how to account for those groans?

I went from room to room. All was still. Then I opened the door of tha room in which my little child died, Instantly I-heard a deep, sharp groan Tabb had made the entire White Ash tance, then brought it close to her The people about the door heard it The room was perfectly bare, but the

> I went to the chimney and tore away the fire board. Looking up the flue, I discovered a shingle which had been lodged half-way down and which had swang back and forward, now almost closing the chimney, now presenting

its edge to the draft. Here was the With difficulty I persuaded t neighbors to come in. I displayed the "haunt. v and then I pulled it down, and the groans ceased forever.

A MODERN KNIGHT

"'Madam,' sald he, 'would it be obnoxious to you if I were to order some spring onions?" "Now, could consideration for the feelings of a woman go farther than

HOW HE MADE THEM STRONG

Two builders, of a type too familia: America, were talking about some buildings that had collapsed before they were finished. "Well, Jones, said one, "you always have better luck than I do."

"Better luck? How so?" "Why, my row of houses blow down All were built the same-same woodwork, same motar, same everything." "Yes," said the other builder, "but you forget that mine had been paper-

BUSY TIMES AT FERGUS

Sometimes Fergus people find it im-Bossible to take in all the attractions offered for their amusement and edification. One night last week, for instance, there was lacrosse in the park in proparation for this week's games; the tennis courts were crowded, the players getting ready, for the tournament in Guelph on Saturday; the bow!-Criticism is the child and handmaid the direction of the school came the tion Army band was playing and a sorvice was being held, and down the or river, in a tent, a group of preachers daily amusement of watching a pair of steam shovels digging up our streets and a group of road rollers and other machines doing their stunts.-News-



The Right Way to Boil Potatoes

Pat the potatoes in an SMP Enameled Potato Pot. Cover with water. Add salt to taste. Boll until soft. When finished, drain off all the boiling water through the strainer spout. No danger of steam scalding the hands because the handle securely locks the cover on. If your family uses potatoes, you require one of these.



All Lines of 8. M. P. Carried by **James Symon**

50,000 Harvesters Wanted

\$15 To WINNIPEG
Plus 14 cent per mile to points beyond, but not west
of Edmonton, MacLeod and Calgary

From Stations in Ontario, Smith's Falls to and including Toronto on Lake Ontario Marine and Havelocks Peterboro Line.

From all Stations Kingston to Renfrey Junction, inclusive.

From all Stations Dranoel to Port McNicell and Burketon to Beheavyeen, inclusive.

From all Stations on Toronto-Sudbury direct Line. Aug. 18th Sept. 1st Aug. 21st

From all Stations in Ontario, South, and West of Teronto to and including Reinly Welland, Niagara Falls and Windsor.

From all Stations on Owen Sound, Walkerton, Orangeville, Teaswater, Eleca, Lieu Goderich, St. Marys; Port Burwell, and St. Thomas Branches.

From all Stations Toronto and North to Bolton, Inclusive.

From all Stations in Ontario on the Michigan Central, Pere Marquette, Windsor, Leas Shore, Chatham Wallaceburg & Lake Erie, Grand River, Lake Erie & Northern Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo Railways.

From WINNIPEO

SPECIAL TRAIN SERVICE FROM TORONTO and Children-Special Care will be reserved for the exclusive use of ladies, children Full information from any Canadian Pacific Agent. CANADIAN PACIFIC

CANADA'S STANDARD

Sept. 4th

uestion: Why do you find better workmanship in McLaughlin-Buick motor cars?

mswer: McLaughlin-Buick's precision methods are possible because of McLaughlin-Buick's great volume. It would be impossible to put such fine workmanship into McLaughlin-Buick cars for their price, if McLaughlin-Buick built but a few thousand cars a year.

S. V. KING

REPRESENTATIVE FOR THIS SECTION

Georgetown

Ontario

"I've Never Advertised In Twenty Years"

"Yes, I'll admit times are a bit slow with me but I'm hoping for the turn of

Waiting for their ships to come in has spelled disaster for all too many Cana-dian merchants. Don't think along the lines of the man above. Advertise!

Advertising in THE ACTON FREE PRESS will keep your name and storeconstantly before the people in this town. Advertising is a wonderful business-building force---and profitable to use. Talk it over with us.

PROGRESSIVE MERCHANTS ADVERTISE

plasued by Canadian Wookly Newspapers Association