The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1928

THE DAY'S SUCCESS

When sunset falls upon your day
And fades from out the West,
When business cares are put away
And you lie down to rest,
The measure of the day's success
Or failure, will be told
In terms of human happiness
And not in terms of gold.

Is there beside some hearth to-night
More joy because you wrought?
Does someone face the bitter strife
With courage you have taught?
Is something added to the store
Of human happiness?
If so, the day that now is o'er
Has been a real success.

—Clarence E. Flynn.

PLANTING PERENNIAL VEGETABLE CROPS

The planting of perennial vegetable crops, represents to the grower an investment that will return profits for a number of years, and one that will yield as a rule, crops at a season when other vegetables are scarce, thus serving as a source of revenue at a time when ready cash is an important factor.

The two chief perennial crops that should be considered, are asparagus and rhubarb. Since both of these crops thrive best in soils that are relatively rich in plant food it is very important that thorough preparation should be given the land previous to planting and since earliness is very important it is necessary that a quick responding soil should be chosen. For this purpose a sandy loam will be found most satisfactory.

One year old asparagus plants that have been selected for size and number of buds per plant should be used. Plants that have a large number of small buds should be discarded, for if these are planted they will have a tendency to produce small shoots, whereas those with a fair number of large sized buds will give the best results.

The plantation may be set out either in the autumn or very early spring. Where field culture is to be practised, the usual method is to open trenches every four feet apart and sufficiently deep to allow the crowns of the plants to be set about six inches below the level of the ground and spacing the plants eighteen inches apart in the row. Cover at first with two or three inches of soil, and as the plants develop, more covering should be given until finally the rows are completely filled to the level of the ground. Too deep planting will tend to produce a late crop, while too shallow planting does not give enough support to the top growth during the growing season. When early spring cultivation is given or soil [illegible] the crowns are therefore fairly deep planting is necessary.

There are two good varieties that are considered superior: Mary Washington, which is, without doubt, the best; and Palmetoo, which has been found very satisfactory for many years.

In setting out a rhubarb plantation, one should obtain the best variety procurable, taking into the consideration the market to be catered to. Victoria has been a popular sort that has enjoyed a leading place in the market, but of late years new sorts have been introduced that have taken the place of the Victoria. Ruby, which is a red type carrying the red coloration throughout the leaf stalk and quite mild, is becoming quite popular. Several of the nursery firms are now handling the variety. MacDonald is also very promising, and, although it does not develop the red color in the flesh of the leaf-stalk, it is, nevertheless, valuable on account of the size of the leaf-stalk, and the very attractive red skin.

When planting, the rows should be spaced four feet apart with the plants three to four feet apart in the row. Care should be exercized when planting not to cover the crowns too deep. Where fall planting is done, the crowns may be covered with an inch and a half of earth which will allow for heaving by frost, but where the planting is done in the spring, the tips of the buds should be only slightly covered.

The tendency is, when planting rhubarb roots, to place manure in the bottom of the trenches or holes, the roots being set on top. This is a detriment since it allows the plants to settle down producing conditions similar to deep planting.

One- or two-eyed pieces of roots from desirable plants will be found to give the most satisfactory results, as this method of propagation will give greater uniformity in the stand of plants and result in a much more uniform product for market.

Seedings that are one or two years old may be set out, care being taken to select only the desirable plants, taking into account the size, color and quality of the leaf stalks.

Apply a liberal dressing of well-rotted manure each autumn as a mulch and in the spring dig this in. In this way, the land will be maintained in a high state of fertility.—T. F. Ritchie, Horticultural Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

A SERMON ON THE VILLAGE SIMPLETON

Good stories never die, and rarely rest. One which made a voyage to this country fifteen years ago or more is again on its travels.

We reproduce it here for the sake of telling what a great preacher found in it when the earlier version was told to him.

Those whom we are pleased to look down upon as "underwitted," says Railway and Locomotive Engineering, are frequently very much better equipped with native shrewdness than we realize. In a Scottish village lived Jamie Pleeman, who was known as the "innocent," or fool, of the neighborhood. People used to offer him a sixpence or a penny, and the fool would always choose the big coin of small value. One day a stranger asked, "Do you not know the difference in value that you always take the penny?"

"Aye, frin, I ken the difference," replied the fool, "but if I took the sixpence they would never try me again."

It chanced that the late Dr. William C. Watkinson, the Lincoln-like prince of Wesleyan preachers, then on an American visit, was walking with two Chicago Methodists in the woods about Lake Geneva.

Dr Watkinson was giving the younger men some of the secrets of his sermonic method.

"Now, take stories," said he. "I like to use a good story. In fact, if I have a story, and a subject and a text, I've got a sermon.

"What's more, if I have a story and a subject, I can find a text, and I've still got a sermon. And, on a pinch, give me a story, and I'll find both subject and text so that even then I've got a sermon."

One of the two spoke up. "Dr. Watkinson," he began, "here's a story I've just read in The Methodist Recorder." "Aye," put in the doctor, "that'll be on 'Ezra's' page, I'll warrant."

"You're right. Well, it seems that in a certain village'—and so on, much as the story is given above.

"Well?" said Dr. Watkinson.

"Well, show us how you'd apply your method to that story."

"Nothing easier, my boy. Don't you see that the one subject for that story is 'The Profit of Moderation'? And of course there's just one text to go with it, that injunction in Philippians: 'Let your moderation be known unto all men.'"

Which is respectfully submitted, not to preachers only, but to those many laymen who find it necessary to speak in public.

OLD SIMON'S TAXES

To all who came to his wretched hut
Old miser Simon's door was shut.
The tax-collector, on his round,
Came there one summer's day, and found
It fast. He straight began to pound.
"Come, wake up,- there!" he cried.
"Hallo!"
And still he kept up his tattoo
Until a voice, irate, profane,
Growled through a broken window-pane:
"What's wanted out there? Who are you
That's raising all this hullabaloo?
I've naught to give, I've naught to sell.
It not my house my citadel?
I've nothing for you. Go away!
Leave me in peace. Begone, I say!"

Then lightly laughed the taxes man,
And on the door once more began
To beat his deafening rataplan,
Shouting aloud between the whacks,
"Open the door and pay your tax.
Eleven dollars, twenty cents,
Or take the lawful consequence!"

"Eleven dollars! Robbery!"
Cried Simon, "Cutthroat! who am I
To pay a tax like that? 'Twould buy
My house and all my house contains!
'Twould drain the last drop from my veins!
The twenty cents, upon my word,
Alone, is all I can afford,
And even that were robbery.
The country pays no tax to me.
The school, the library, the mail,
The public park—of what avail
Are these to me? The harbor, court,
Are not for poor men of my sort."

The taxes man, with cuddy whim
[illegible]
Drawn all your claims, both small and great
Upon the county, town, and state,"
Quoth he, "write out a full release.
I'll come no more. Your tax shall cease,
And henceforth you may live in peace."

With eager hand and trembling speed
Old Simon wrote the quitclaim deed.
Next day, with joyful heart, he went
To town to gather in his rent.
And, home returning with his load,
Met face to face upon the road
The tax-collector with a crowd.
"What do you here?" they cried aloud
"What right have you on this highway
For which you have refused to pay?"

"Where shall I go?"
"What's that to us?
See you to that. It's obvious
You can't stay here."

With nimble feet
He leaped into a field of wheat.
"Ha!" called the owner, "do you dare
To spoil my wheat? Get out of there!
Arrest him, constable! Yet stay,
That sack of his will amply pay
The damages."

He leaped the wall,
And seized it. Then did Simon bawl
Aloud for help.

"Stop thief! my all
Is in that sack. Stop thief, I say!
Shall I be robbed in open day?
Arrest him, constable, not me!"

"Aye, so I would, but then, you see
I serve the county and the town,
Not you."

Then broke poor Simon down,
And to the tax-collector said,
With faltering tongue and hanging head,
"Give back my paper that you hold,
Give back my sack of hard-won gold,
And take my tax." My tale is told.

—Edward Payson Jackson.

AMUSING EVENTS OF THE EARLIER DAYS

I think I'll occupy my space this week with recounting to you a few stories of old-time events. I find that stories please the older folks as well as the younger ones. I noticed this the other day when I paused for a moment at the bank corner, where such old cronies as George Roszell, Bill Sprowl, William Mullin, Billy Robertson, Bill Alexander, and one or two others were having their usual morning spiel and warming themselves up in the bright sunshine. One of them would tell an old-time story of some funny experience, and they'd have a good hearty laugh. Then another would relate another and they'd have another smile. Then George would say: "That reminds me," and he'd tell his funny story and a roar would follow.

So, I began to think, these stories were enjoyed by the half a dozen of us, who have nothing else to do; I'll tell some next week in my column which hundreds of readers will enjoy, so here goes.

THE QUEER PATIENT

Away back sixty-five years or so ago, when Dr. McOarvin had his residence and surgery where Wiles' confectionery shop and the Maple Leaf Economy Store now stand, the doctor drove up to the door of his residence one morning, after making his early rounds, little Roger, who had been watching for him, ran to meet him.

"O papa," he said, "we thought you'd never come! There's a patient in the dining-room who's been waiting ever so long, and he's so bad that he has tried three times to jump out of the window."

"Out of his head, I suppose," said the doctor, as he sprang out of the buggy.

"Mamma's holding him down on the sofa now," said Roger, leading the way into the house.

The doctor hurried into the dining-room, wishing his patients would come during office hours. His wife and little daughter were both standing before the sofa, bending down very low. They did not turn around or speak.

"Let me see what's the matter here," said the doctor, pushing them aside.

They answered him with a burst of laughter, and the doctor had to laugh too, for the "patient" on the sofa was only old Watch, covered to his neck with a shawl, and looking very much ashamed of himself, and as if he would like to get up if he could.

"This is Roger's joke," said mamma. "Don't you know what day it is?"

"The first of April, I do declare!" said the doctor. "Roger, you rogue, come here."

Roger ran laughingly to his father.

"You said no one could ever April fool you, papa," he cried.

"So I did," said the doctor, and he put his hand in his pocket and took out a big English penny. "Take this, it's worth a penny to be caught by a little fellow only eight years old!"

TOO SHORT NOTICE

In the early days Acton had a rather prominent resident, a son of one of the earliest settlers, who was familiarly known as "Old Ransom." This familiar cognomen was not used with any disrespect, but to differentiate him from young Ransom, of another family. Old Ransom was so fond of his coppers as to have acquired the reputation of being a "little close," though he did business in Acton and community on quite a large scale in buying cordwood for the Grand Trunk Railway engines, which were then wood burners, and handling horses and buying grain. Old Ransom was also quite fond of creature comforts, notwithstanding that he kept "batch" for years.

Sometimes he taxed his ingenuity to reconcile his "nearness" and his conflicting taste for good things to eat.

The citizens of Acton, through the churches, Sons of Temperance and singing school, were noted for soirees and entertainments of a social and edible character, and Old Ransom was frequently one of the participants. He satisfied his desire for economy, however, before the night of the soiree or other eating entertainment came off.

On one of these occasions, a soiree was for some reason or other gotten up hastily in honor of the return of a former resident, who had returned to the village for a brief visit after being in the West for a number of years. Old Ransom was informed of the affair on the forenoon of the very day on which the entertainment was to be given.

"No, no," said the old man, emphatically. "I should have been happy to go and pay my way, if you'd give me more notice. You generally charge about four times what it's worth, anyway, but if I have a chance to git ready, I can git about half my money's worth! As it is, I can't go this time. It's too short notice."

Old Ransom died here about fifty years ago, in his house which stood on the lots where Johnstone's furniture store, and Symon's hardware store and warehouse now stand. That he was careful about finances is amply manifested, when it is known that he left between $60,000 and $70,000 to be distributed among his heirs, which he had scrupulously saved in those early days.

A DELICATE FLAVOR

Here's another old-time local story which you will enjoy: I mustn't use the real names of my neighborn this time, however, inasmuch as one or two of those who are referred to still reside in Acton and vicinity and a score or so of their descendants are still with us:

"I don't hold no kind of deceit bein' right nor proper," remarked Mrs. Gunn, as she sat with her neighbor, Mrs. Brown, on the front porch of Mrs. Brown's house.

"Why, land sakes, Mis' Gunn, I didn't s'pose you did! What started you off into sayin' so, if I may ask?" responded Mrs. Brown, looking over her steel-bowed spectacles in evident surprise.

"Well, I dunno, 'thout 'twas that I was sort of revolvin' over in my mind the time when Polly Bean was at work to our house. I declare to it, I didn't know as I should have a plate left, to say nothin' of cups and saucers and mugs and small plattera. She seemed possess't to break everything she laid hands on; but I was terrible miserable [illegible] and he's dead to speak of, and the things I could eat wa'n't to be had.

"Polly seemed to feel it was a sort of a reflection on her cookin' that I didn't eat more. I explained it all out to her just how I felt, and just how things didn't seem to taste like anything. And she says, 'Now, Mis' Gunn, you jest think up somethin' you could relish, and I'll do my best to give it a flavor,' says she. The Beans were always a master kind-hearted people.

"I thought fer a minute, and then says I, 'Well, Polly, if you could make a bread-puddin', with considerable many raisins and plenty of nutmeg, I think I could eat some of it. Be sure and put in nutmeg enough so's I can see it,' says I, fer I am partial to that kind of spice.

"Well, we had a nice a bread-puddin' fer dinner that day as you would wish to see. Plenty of nutmeg, I thought, and I relished it real well. My sister, Mrs. Perkins, was stayin' with us then, and when I spoke up 'bout the nice flavor nutmeg always give, she looked up, and says she, 'The' ain't no nutmeg in the house. This is cinnamon.'

"I looked at Polly and sort of smiled, but I didn't contradict, bein' as my sister was a-visitin' me. She waited a minute, and then says she, 'Polly, ain't this cinnamon?'

"'No'm,' says Polly, as polite as could be. 'No'm, 'tain't.'

"Then I spoke up, and says I, 'Polly put nutmeg in purpose fer me.'

"Sister Perkins tasted of her puddin', and then says she, 'Polly, when you was a-makin' this very puddin' didn't you say to me that there wasn't a speck of nutmeg in this house, and that you couldn't get any in time for dinner?'

"'Yes'm,' says Polly.

"'Well, then, this is cinnamon, just as I supposed,' says Sister Perkins.

"I was kind of vexed, and I spoke right out. Says I: 'What kind is the spice, Polly?'

"'It's nearer nutmeg than 'tis cinnamon, Mis' Gunn,' says she. 'I didn't have no nutmeg, and I didn't want to disappoint you, so I just grated a little off of the wooden handle to the nutmeg-grater,' says she.

"There now, Mis' Brown, what do you think of that?"

Mrs. Brown waited a moment before giving her answer. Then she spoke thoughtfully. "Did you relish the puddin'?"

"I did; I s'posed 'twas nutmeg, and I eat hearty."

"You wouldn't 'a' tasted it if she'd 'a' used cinnamon, maybe?' inquired Mrs. Brown.

"I shouldn't 'a' tasted it."

"Well, then," was Mrs. Brown's final remark, "I hold to it that Polly meant well, and come as near to nutmeg as she could, so's that I shouldn't quibble about her bein' in the right or wrong. Maybe 'twas deceit, and maybe 'twa'n't. I've heard of wooden nutmeg 'fore now, and p'raps this might be spoken of in the same way."

There, I think that'll give you a few good smiles. I like these old recalled stories so well myself, that I may favor you with another column or two of them again sometime soon.

The Old Man

TOMSETT'S BOYS

Old Tomsett is a clear-headed old man, with four tall, laboring sons, and a bank-book—which is said to be no idol to him. He rose steadily in his younger days from eighteen-pence a week to the position of prosperous small farmer. Now, at seventy, and cut down with rheumatism, he hoes among the turnips or looks after the horses. His sons live in the house with him, and keep the land "like a garden." John Halsham, in "Idlehurst: A Journal Kept in the Country," reports old Tomsett as follows:

Good boys they are. I allas know they'll do just what I tell 'em. I does without any odd man so long as I can; you can't put no trust in 'em. That's half why farmin's as bad as it is; there's not what I call honesty!

There was a fella I turned off last year. He was tellin' them in the store down in the village how he'd been makin' a fool of me, and what he got out of the place. They ba'n't got their hearts in the work, not in no sense, like. They must be right here, in the heart.

When I was a boy they'd tell us we wasn't to knock off till we could see to count three stars a-shinin'; but, bless you! the chaps nowadays, they'd rather go by their watches. They're a shucklin' lot, that's what they are!

Now my boys, I reckon they sees a good many stars afore they've done some jobs, and it don't look as if it had done 'em much harm.

OR A STRONG MAN EITHER

"Pa."

"Yes, my son."

"What is a flapper?"

"A flapper, my son, is a woman who does what an old maid would like to do and has not the constitution to stand it.—Ex.

C. P. R. President Visits Wheat Champion

Herman Trelle is one of the men of foreign birth who is doing things for Canada. Born in Germany, he is now the owner of a fine farm in the Peace River country, near the town of Spirit River. At the Chicago Live Stock Exhibition of 1926 he won the prize for the world's best wheat, and he is working on the development of a new early-ripening wheat which, he says, will revolutionize farming throughout northern Canada. When E. W. Beatty, and his party of Canadian Pacific directors were in the Peace River country recently they visited Mr. Trelle's farm where the important work of threshing was interrupted long enough to have the above photograph taken. Mr. and Mrs. Trelle are in the centre, on the right is Mr. Beatty, and on the left is Sir Herbert Holt.

HIS FIRST CASE

Old Squire Mason, long a popular and efficient magistrate in a Kentucky county, is often reminded by his friends of the first case brought before him for trial. He had attended a country school, and in the debating society had acquired a rather forceful manner of speaking and a fair knowledge of parliamentary procedure, but he knew nothing of law.

He was nominated for the magistracy when quite a young man, and much to his surprise was elected. He immediately ordered a copy of the statutes of the state, but before it arrived he was called upon to exercise the duties of his office.

One of his neighbors had made information against another for assault and battery, and the case had to be tried before the new justice. He felt that some of his friends would want to be present to hear him in his first case, and to forestall as many as possible, appointed seven o'clock the next morning for the hearing.

To his great delight, only three persons were present—the accused, his counsel and the constable.

The squire took his seat and rapped for order, but did not know how to proceed. Finally, with reddened face, he said, "Will some one please state the object of this meeting."

The lawyer, knowing the man, immediately grasped the situation, and rising said, "Your honor, the object of this meeting is to try Jake Mumford, our neighbor and my client, for assault and battery, and as the parties for the prosecution are not present, I move that the prisoner be declared not guilty, and that he be discharged."

The debating society experience came back to the squire.

"Is there a second to the motion?"

The lawyer nudged his client, who promptly seconded the motion, which was put to the vote. The lawyer and his client voted "Aye," the constable "No."

Then said the squire, "The motion is carried. The prisoner is declared not guilty and is discharged. Is there any further business before the meeting?"

The lawyer promptly moved adjournment, and that, too, was carried.

When Sourness, Pain and Bloating Follow Every Meal

Make This Simple Test for Swift and Sure Relief

To quickly prove 90 per cent of Stomach distress is absolutely unnecessary and that you can eat and enjoy most any food you really want—get from your druggist some Bisurated Magnesia (powder or tablets) and take a little after your next meal. This is a simple, inexpensive test that can be depended upon to prove its value in less than five minutes. In most instances, relief comes instantly!

Bisurated Magnesia is a pleasant, harmless, non-laxative form of old-fashioned Magnesia that, when taken after meals, cleanses, sweetens and neutralizes the dangerous acids that cause most stomach troubles. One day's trial will convince you—ask your druggist for Bisurated Magnesia to-day.

VILLAGE OF ACTON

NOTICE

The Municipal Council of the Village of Acton will, after the expiration of one month from the date of this notice, take into consideration and pass a by-law to stop up and close the street or highway, or allowance for same, between lots 10 and 12 on Young Street in the said Village and to sell the same to J. B. Mackenzie, under Section 493 of the Municipal Act, R. S. O. 1927, Chapter 233. The said Council will also, after the said By-law has been passed, apply to the Judge of the County Court of the County of Halton, for an order under Sections 85 and 86 of the Registration of Deeds Act, R. S. O. 1927, Chapter 155, for an order amending registered Plans Numbers 28 and 227 by adding the said street, when closed, to the said plans as Village Lot Number 11.

Dated this eighteenth day of October, A. D. 1928.

16-4 H. N. FARMER, Municipal Clerk.

Druggist Tells Easy Way To End Bladder Weakness

Pleasant, Inexpensive Home Treatment Quickly Relieves Daily Irritation and Getting-up-Nights

No matter what your age may be, how long you have been troubled or how many medicines you have tried without success—if you are a victim of Bladder Weakness and Urethral Irritation, causing days of troublesome annoyance and nights of broken rest—you should try the amazing value of Dr. Southworth's URATABS at once!

Made from a special formula, successfully used in the Doctors' private practice for nearly 50 years—URATABS are particularly designed to swiftly relieve the pain and misery of burning Urethral Irritations, Backaches, Bladder Weakness and Getting-up-Nights. Safe, Pleasant, Inexpensive and supplied by all good druggists on a guarantee of money back if not satisfied. If you need a medicine of this kind, try URATABS to-day!

A reputation of over thirty years is at stake every time a package of Red Rose Orange Pekoe Tea is sold. So highly is this reputation prized that the makers have authorized your grocer to replace any package free of charge that does not satisfy you in every particular. 6-tf

CLEARING

AUCTION SALE

TOWNSHIP OF ERAMOSA

FARM STOCK, IMPLEMENTS, ETC.

The undersigned has received instructions from

FRED ALEXANDER

to sell by Public Auction at Lot 2, Concession 6, Eramosa, 1 lot north of Highway No. 7, half way between Acton and Rockwood, half mile from Stop 91, Guelph Radial line, on

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1928

at one o'clock sharp, the following:

HORSES Grey Percheron Mare, 13 years, supposed to be in foal to Kinskon, Brown & McLaren's Horse, Caledon; Grey Percheron Mare, 11 years old, Grey Mare, supposed to be in foal to Fyvie Peer, Black Gelding, 3 years old, Steel Grey Mare Colt, 2 years old, sired by Leslies' Horse, Black Percheron Mare Colt, 6 months old, sired by Kinskon; Clyde Horse Colt, 6 months old.

COWS—1 Spotted Shorthorn Cow, milking 6 weeks; 1 Roan Cow, milking well, 1 Yearg Roan Cow, milking; 1 Spotted Cow, milking. These are well bred Shorthorn Cows, and supposed to be in calf.

YOUNG CATTLE 2 Roan Heifers, 3 years old, 1 Black Heifer 2 years, 1 Black Steer 2 year, 1 Roan Heifer, 1 year, 1 Spotted Heifer, 1 year, 4 Black Spring Calves.

PIGS—1 Year Sow, 1 young Sow, 12 Pigs, 10 weeks old, 2 Pigs, weight about one hundred lbs.

IMPLEMENTS—Deering Binder, 6 foot cut, in good shape, Massey-Harris Mower, 6 foot cut, Silvester Seed Drill, 10 hoe, Massey-Harris Cultivator, 13 teeth, Bissell Steel Roller, 8 feet, 4-section Harrow, 12 feet, Peter Hamilton Single Plow, Verity No. 7 Single Plow, Massey-Harris Hay Rake, Iron Scuffler, New Cockshut Manure Spreader, Farm Wagon with box, Lumber Wagon with box and spring seat, set Bobsleighs with flat rack, 2 open Steel-tired Buggies, Turnip Drill, Shorthorn, Stock Rack, Hay Rack, 2 Gravel Boxes, 1 Buggy Pole, Chatham Fanning Mill, with bagger, Massey-Harris Root Pulper, Wheelbarrow, Grindstone, Lowden Car for wooden track, with 4 pulleys; 150 feet of Rope, set of Slings and Hay Fork; Chains, Forks, Hoes, Shovels, etc.

HARNESS Set Double Harness with high top collars; set Plow Harness, set Single Harness, 3 Collars.

HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS, ETC.—Belle Oak Heater; Box Stove, Melotte Cream Separator, Dairy Churn, Butter Bowl and Pound Print.

Positively No Reserve as the Farm is Sold

TERMS All sums of $10.00 and under, cash; over that amount 12 months' credit will be given on approved joint notes. 5% off for cash.

R. J. KERR, Auctioneer,
Phone 36, Acton, Ont.
C. O. PLANK, Clerk.

In all the world - -

No Other Car Like This

A New and Larger Victory Six *by* Dodge Brothers

Until you have seen, experienced and passed upon Victory smartness and performance, you can't possibly realize what a great car the new Victory Six is—and why the world is so emphatically sold on its amazing value.

NEW AND EXCLUSIVE Victory Six construction sets the highest standard yet known for riding ease and roadability.

BODY AND CHASSIS are mutually designed for each other. The body is bolted directly to the chassis frame, replacing the usual body sills and eliminating body-overhang.

RECENT AND VITAL improvements have been announced, including still greater roominess and luxury, wider doors and windows, greater vision areas, more generous leg room and still richer interior appointments.

BRILLIANT Victory Six performance is unparalleled for quick pick-up, instant acceleration, speed and flexibility.

Your present car, and subsequent payments in convenient amounts, will put you in immediate possession of Victory Six luxury, speed, power and performance. A demonstration tells the story. When may we give you one?

PRICES—Coupe, $1,460; 4-Door Sedan, $1,525; DeLuxe Sedan, $1,595; DeLuxe 4-Passenger Coupe, $1,620; Sport Roadster, $1,680; Convertible Coupe, $1,695; Sedan, $1,750—Delivered, Spare Tire Included

C. B. SWACKHAMER
WILLOW STREET, ACTON, ONTARIO

Did You Ever Stop To Think

By EDSON R. WAITE, Shawnee Oklahoma

That people buy and what they buy depend upon the advertisements they read.

That a business concern that wishes to attract business must make itself attractive to those who have money to spend. No business exists in the minds of the public unless it is constantly telling them what they have for sale.

That quality, well advertised, is always in popular demand. This fact is proven because quality is selling in greater volume every year.

That persistent advertising maintains present business and assures future business.

That well advertised merchandise is better for use; therefore, better to sell or buy.

That business concerns are judged to a great extent by the merchandise they offer for sale.

That it is always best to carry well-advertised lines in stock and advertise that fact locally.

That successful business concerns are the greatest asset any community can have.

Advertising through the printed page is the best, cheapest and surest way for business concerns to tell who they are, where they are and what they have for sale.

Let the Free Press Help You to Success by Spreading Your Store News