

The Quality Goes Clear Through For Reliable and Economical Service

We know that a certain proportion of Gray-Dort owners buy this car for reasons of comfort and appearance.

But we know also that the majority of them buy it for strictly practical reasons.

The primary virtue of a car in their view is a capacity for reliable, economical, motoring pleasure—no excessive cost, little trouble, long service. And because the Gray-Dort embodies this virtue in a surpassing degree, it is fast becoming the preferred car in Canada.

Not by accident or luck was Planché, perfecter of the Peugeot Motor, selected to design the Gray-Dort motor. His ideal was the same as ours—a motor of simplicity, strength and power, that would yet be quiet, smooth, lasting and inexpensive.

Not by chance was the Westinghouse Starting and Lighting System selected for the Gray-Dort. We knew too much of the trouble owners of other cars had with starter and lights.

Knowingly we made the frame extra sturdy for safety and service—made the transmission as finely as a watch, so that it would be silent and lasting. Every feature of the Gray-Dort is the result of our constant endeavour to make this a good car at a low price.

The new Gray-Dort embodies all the good features that won instant success for former models. The 4-cylinder motor is a triumph of smooth, economical speed and power. The chassis is sturdy and quiet. The springs are long. The upholstery is deep. The equipment is absolutely complete from electric starting and lighting to the tools. New lines of beauty have been given this model.

The five-passenger touring car is \$1,125; the three-passenger fleur-de-lys roadster is \$995; the Gray-Dort special, beautifully finished and with extra details of equipment, is \$125 above the list. All prices are f.o.b. Chatham.

DEALERS IN EVERY LOCALITY

Gray-Dort Motors, Limited

CHATHAM - ONTARIO

In the United States:

THE DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Flint, Mich.

GRAY-DORT



rush him off to the doctor while trying to suppress his wild gesticulations and frantic cries:

"Burnt in her bed! She hadn't a chance. And I ran away!" Then he would turn on his escort and hurl the awful language of the shops at them, demanding a knife, a gun, a rope, anything murderous that came to his tongue.

He remained in Oskoka a month, in hospital, while the best physicians the country afforded attended him. The time came when they told him news of his wife and what brother employees had done. It came to him vaguely at first, as his mind tried to come back to normal. It did come back eventually and they sent him back to Bury.

He found the house intact, the ravages of the fire had been carefully removed and though a newness appeared in the east and north rooms it was the same snug bungalow. Jim Desson, the dispatcher, showed him how they had caught it before it could have spread far.

like a baby's face preparatory to a burst of tears.

The sound of wheels outside reassured him. Tom, at once, brightened.

The brown eyes of his wife were never brighter as she entered and beheld Tom. "It was all my fault, Tom, dear," murmured his wife, softly, nestling into her favorite position, while Jim Desson and his wife glided noiselessly away.

"This is more than I deserve," Tom acknowledged, pinching "this" to see if it were real.

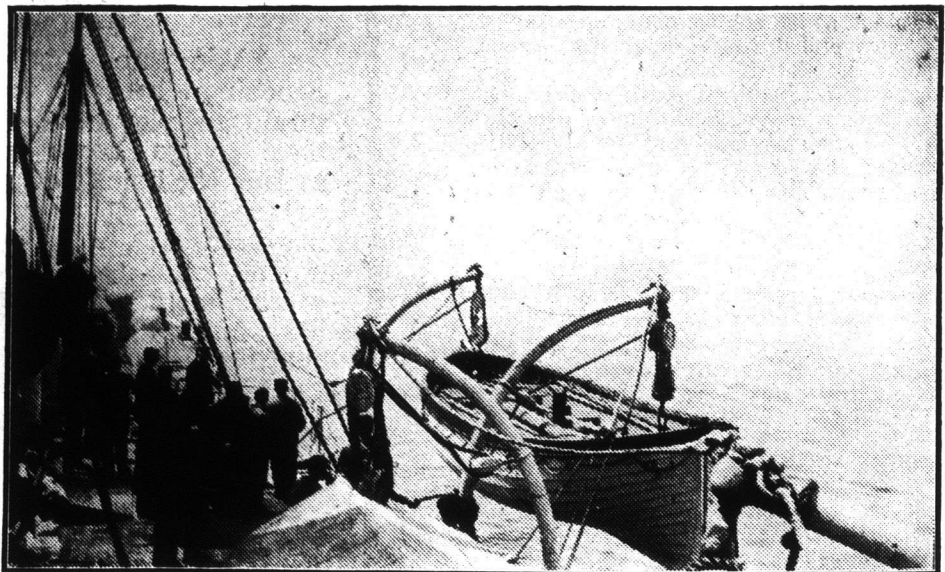
Western Canada and the Merchant Service

Written for The Western Home Monthly by S. H. Fenton

Canada and the British mercantile marine are working to feed Britain and her Allies. The farmer produces food and the men of the Merchant Service take it overseas. How hazardous their part of the work is can be estimated by the following facts:



"Sagamore," torpedoed off the coast of Ireland in February, 1917



Lifeboat drill taken a voyage or two before her last

"It was the yard engine did it," he explained.

"It was sure quick work, Jim. You must have ordered it out when you were sending in the first alarm," Tom remarked.

"It was here first," said Jim. "They were working in the east yard and Bully Tully heard your distress signal. He thought something had happened to number eight and chased right down this way, and saw just what was wrong. But that wasn't all. He saw a man hustling down the track eastbound as if he had just left your place and he risked a couple of precious minutes by running the engine a hundred yards in pursuit. He had the full yard crew with him and they rounded up the beggar in short order. He's doing six months now for arson and burglary, had some of your good spoons on him."

"But Jessie—where was she? How did she escape?" Tom asked, excitedly.

"Jessie, my dear fellow, was a mile away from here an hour after you began to snore on that morning you chose to be grumpy. She went to my wife first. Where she went then she will tell you. She should be here in a minute."

Jim hoped she would hurry. He did not like the look in Tom's eyes. It was not a dangerous look, it was, disparagingly

In the first seven months of 1917, 900 British merchant ships were sunk. Since then the loss has varied from 14 to 18 ships per week. It is impossible to give the exact figures of the loss to the Allied powers of foodstuffs, but it may be reckoned in millions of tons.

No wonder is it that we Canadians are urged to produce and to conserve!

The ship's crew were safely packed into three life boats. The fate of two of the boats is unknown. The third was picked up after ten days by a merchant ship en route for South Africa. Ten of the seventeen occupants of the boat were dead from cold and exhaustion. Five of the seven had both feet amputated for gangrene and died under the operation. The remaining two were sent home to England, but only one of them survived the voyage.

N. B.

An advertisement in the Abilene, Kansas, Reflector is worthy of the notice it asks:

"Notice: I have put a bullsnake in my attic, north of town to catch the gophers. Please do not bother him or shoot him, as he is a good, well-behaved snake, harmless except to gophers.—H.

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