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Ford Times is a magazine devoted to the automobile public in general—and to Ford owners in particular. But somewhere between its covers will be found something of interest to everyone. It is published monthly at Ford, Ontario, and—like the Ford car—has a worldwide distribution. It will be mailed free each month upon request.
Cheer Up

When your liver isn't working right and you come down to work in the morning feeling downhearted and blue and you think business is all going to pot in Canada on account of the war just take a glance at the following for facts.

Canada's exports in the year ending May, 1916 were $820,000,000, nearly double the record for either 1915 or 1914.

The United States, with a population of 100,000,000, (about twelve times the population of Canada) does less than five times as much foreign trade as Canada.

In the United States there was a yield of about 10 bushels of wheat per head of population while in Canada the yield was 44 bushels per head in 1915.

Canada's export trade in manufactured products was over four times as great in 1916 as it was in 1914.

Railway earnings for July 1916 were over seven and a half millions of dollars ahead of July 1915.

Bank deposits in Canada show an increase of $162,000,000 up to July 1st, 1916, over the same period of 1915, while Bank Clearings show an increase of 44.5% for the year up to July 1st, 1916.

Wheat shipped in July 1916 was 28,201,369 bushels while in July 1915 only 3,195,242 bushels were shipped.

Looks as though Canada was still in the ring.

There is a Reason

The whole secret of tire mileage, it is generally agreed, lies in the weight of the machine which the tires have to carry. Now the average tire concern will guarantee its product for about 5,000 to 6,000 miles, yet an Alberta Ford owner has just written in gleefully that one of his tires has covered successfully 50,000 miles, and has made an affidavit to that effect. He is so proud of the tire's mileage that he has placed it on exhibition in one of the store windows of his town, Warner, Alta.

A. P. Veale is another Warner Ford owner who is proud of his tire mileage. Three of his tires have run over 25,000 miles and he states that this total has been reached by a large number of Ford owners in that vicinity.

The Ford has approximately a quarter more in tire size per pound of car carried than any other make.
In Every Village

DID you ever stop to realize that an extensive tourist really has no choice in the matter of transportation except a Ford car and the railway train. No other make of motor car has a system of service stations that will compare with the Ford. F. A. Allen, a Phillipsburg East, Quebec, business man, tours each year between Montreal and Southern Alabama. He says that along the entire distance there are few towns or even villages in which Ford spare parts cannot be quickly secured. For this reason, in looking out for his own comfort, there is really no choice for him except the Ford car.

A Staple Article

IN the dry goods business they used to have a business expression: "Staple as good-cotton." It is something that every woman needed and which must therefore never be included in the "marked down" sales.

The other day we heard a merchant explaining to a clerk: "Do not include that in the sale—it is as staple as a Ford car."

Roads and Automobiles

WHEN the good roads campaign followed close upon the wider use of automobiles many farmers grumbled about the prospect of high taxation, which they ascribed to an endeavor to benefit city motor owners at the expense of the rural community.

When the farmer began to buy automobiles himself he experienced a change of heart. His conversion really began when he realized the value of good roads in lessening the cost of transportation to himself. Rural mail delivery helped, the roads had to be better so that the carrier could "get through."

The farmer should be even more fully reconciled to the good roads development when he learns, as he may, that a large percentage of the license fees paid by both city and rural automobile owners goes straight into the good roads fund.

In the United States, 90 per cent of the license money goes into the building and maintenance of state and county roads, and this sum defrays seven per cent of the total for road and bridge building. Steps in this direction have already been taken by most of the Canadian Provinces, and good roads expenditures are gradually on the increase with the increase in the number of automobiles.

Here's a Solution

THE Peterboro Gazette told recently of one motorist in that town who solved the family motor car problem by getting two Fords, one for himself and the other for his wife's exclusive use. "There is never a time when either of us has to give up to the other," he says. "If I had bought a big heavy car, I would get neither as much nor as good service as I get from my Fords. And I would probably have saddled myself, like Sinbad, with 'an old man of the sea' possessed of an insatiable appetite for gasoline and oil and tires. The only insatiable appetite I want in a motor car is an appetite for mileage, and my Fords have that."

Something New in Politics

A LEADING Canadian editor got something of a shock one night recently while consulting about that mysterious thing called "party policy" with the Man Higher Up or Wise Guy of the party to which he gives his allegiance. Of course, we have no political bosses in Canada but everyone who knows anything of the game of politics knows that in both parties there are men who make a special study of conditions and whose advice is highly valued by the recognized leaders. The editor was seeking light and leading and he put a question to the Wise Guy.

"Outside of the war, what do you think will be the chief influence in the next election?"

"Ford cars!"

"Wh-What?" gasped the Editor.

"I said Ford cars."

"How do you figure it out?"

"The Rural Free Delivery almost changed the farmers into hermits. They didn't have to go to the Post Office for their mail and they could order most of the goods they needed from the mail order houses. The result was that they stayed at home more than ever before, got out of touch with people and at election time were not interested enough to go out to vote. Now they are buying Ford cars by the thousand and are stirring around. They go to the meetings of the Apple Growers' Associations, the Farmers' Institutes, Garden parties, Political picnics and that sort of thing. They are getting in touch with the world and developing opinions of their own and the result is bound to be a big independent vote. And the cars will get out all the voters on election day. Just keep your eye on ridings where there are a lot of Ford cars."

Then the great man lapsed into silence and the editor has been thinking ever since.
Good-bye to the Horse

A proposal has been made in the City of New York that at the end of six years from date no horse-drawn vehicles shall be permitted on the streets of the city. Whether this drastic suggestion will be adopted or not is doubtful but traffic conditions in New York and in fact in every large city are becoming acute problems and the greater part of the delays which block traffic is due to the slow-moving, horse-drawn vehicles.

Motor traffic is here to stay and the horse must go. In a few years the horse will be as unusual a sight on city streets as a cow would be in the same place today.

A Thrilling Climax

For the purpose of a thrilling climax to a sensational "movie," a used Ford car was sent over a 30-foot precipice in California with the expectation that it would be completely wrecked.

Much to the astonishment of the film company, the old "boat," on examination, showed no damage of consequence. The company, which had paid $150 for the car, sold it to an admiring spectator for $300.

His Lucky Number

At a luncheon in the Windsor Club one day recently a number of business men were smoking and talking about things in general. Presently, one of them started an argument about lucky and unlucky numbers. Most of those present agreed that although they could give no sound reason for the fact, they regarded thirteen as an unlucky number. When it came to lucky numbers, three was a confessed favorite although no sound reason could be offered for the preference.

Finally, Mr. Gordon McGregor, general manager of the Canadian Ford works, announced that seven is his present lucky number. What is more, he offered to furnish satisfactory proof that it is lucky and the others were asked to guess what his proof would be. After they had guessed vainly Mr. McGregor explained:

"I certainly have the best of reasons for calling seven my lucky number. Seven out of every ten automobiles sold in Canada last year were Fords and that was mighty lucky for me."

F O R D T I M E S F O R N O V E M B E R

A Day of Impressions

By Peter McArthur

Editor's Note:—Nearly everyone in Canada who reads at all knows Peter McArthur and has read with pleasure his books or his newspaper and magazine articles. He is one of the most genial and popular of Canada's literary men, and numbers his friends and readers by the thousands.

Retired from more strenuous publishing activities to his farm near London, Ontario, Mr. McArthur still continues to delight many with his gentle and sparkling humor. His visit to the Ford factory was a real pleasure to us and his story of that visit will, we feel sure, be keenly enjoyed by our readers.

There is a story about a cantankerous old Scotchman who was on his deathbed. His long-time friends were waiting for the end, when one of them whispered to the dying man:

"Donald, man. Would you like us to sing a psalm?"

"Na, na!" he exclaimed, rallying his strength for a last effort. "Dinna sing. I want to argy."

To use an expression you often hear among Scotch people, that old man was "on my mind," when I visited Ford. I wanted to argy with everybody. But my cantankerousness had one good effect. It made the men I met tell me a whole lot of things that I would not otherwise have found out. They started in to smother me with facts and figures and they did it. But in spite of the fact that I haven't a leg to stand on and know it, I am still in a rebellious frame of mind. I want to argy.

The cause of the trouble was a holiday visit to the works of the Ford Motor Co. of Canada, Ltd., Ford, Ont. Finding that a friend of my youth was the manager of one of the departments, I dropped off to spend a day with him. And just because I "argied" so much, he stumped me to put my impression of this big Canadian industry in to writing. I can frankly say that I impressed me more than any manufacturing plant I ever visited and have been through some of the largest in Canada, the United States and Great Britain. But at the same time it roused my pugnacity. It not only did not fit into my philosophy of life but flatly contradicted it. More than that, it positively squashed my philosophy. Though I wanted to "argy" the other fellow had me beaten at every turn.

Applying to the Ford Motor Co. of Canada Ltd., Ford, Ont., the test of the Pragmatists it was entirely satisfactory. You know the Pragmatists test every new idea that is presented to them by asking "Will it work?" If it works it is all right no matter if it upsetting all theories. And above all things, the Ford Motor Co. of Canada Ltd., Ford, Ont., works, the car works, the method of manufacturing it works, and even the method of handling the employees works. Everything about it works. Come to think of it
perhaps that was just what I represented—the work. It is only when I get back to the farm and analyse my emotions that I begin to see dimly just what was bothering me. You probably remember that when Adam and Eve were turned out of the Garden, the curse that was pronounced on them was that they would have to work. And the curse was certainly effective for their descendants have had to work from that day to this. But very few of them have liked it. I can't say that I am particularly fond of it myself. It was a positive shock to me to leave the farm, where leisure is valued more than work, and plunge into a place where work had been systematized, glorified and made almost uncanny by its perfection of plan and sureness of result.

The chief impression that I carried away with me is so strange that I hesitate to put it in words. And my hesitation is increased by the fear that if I try to put it in words it will not be intelligible. But I am going to try.

I feel as if I had met the Ford Motor Co. of Canada Ltd., Ford, Ont.

By that I mean that this Company gave me the impression of being so perfectly organized that it has an individuality of its own. It seemed to be alive with some strange kind of life that was new to me. It is an organism of cement and steel and human beings, that have been fused into a living form. I can almost visualize it in my imagination as a huge creature lying sprawled along the river bank, dreaming dreams of its own and thinking thoughts of its own. I could even imagine it taking a holiday sometime—heaving its huge bulk into a Super-Ford Car and starting off on a trip to see the world. It impressed me as being alive from the front steps to the rear entrance. Alive, sensitive, aware. As I was walking away I felt as if it were looking at me with a kindly smile. We had had a pleasant day together and the impression of its personality was so strong that I would not have been unduly shocked if it had waved a smokestack at me, just as a friend might wave his hand. I felt like shouting "Good bye" to it, and though I still wanted to "argy" I was in a subdued frame of mind. I had met something greater than any man—the perfected idea of many men working in harmony.

I know that will sound silly to many people, but I cannot help it. Although I met Mr. McGregor, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Rason and many others, I met them man to man, and they impressed me as men. I may meet them again, but as individuals they can never give me the impression I got from the organization as a whole. I know they say that a corporation has "neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned," but this experience makes me doubt it. This Company has something apart from the men who organized it and are part of it. And whatever that something is I spent a day with it and, in a sense, shook hands with it.

Now let us see if we can figure out the cause of this strange impression. I did not feel it when I first entered the building. The first part of my visit was much like other visits I have paid to business men. We talked about all sorts of things, joked, laughed and generally enjoyed ourselves. But when Mr. Rason invited me to go through the works with him, I had not journeyed far before I began to see something unusual. I think it was the way the men worked that first impressed me. No one was in a hurry—but no one ever stopped. I became conscious of some force—the dominating idea of the place—as something that

"No circumstance
Could hurry—or defer."

Everywhere I turned there was perfect order. No one ever seemed to get in anyone else's way, although men were moving about all the time. There was no friction anywhere—both the men and the multitude of machines worked without friction.

And because there was no friction there was no waste of time, energy or materials. It was all very fine from a business point of view, for it was bound to result in the highest possible point. And this order that the Company is a to put the cost of production to the lowest possible point, a raise the quality of the product the highest possible point. And men, instead of disliking it, breaking down under it, actually thrive on it. The amount of wc they are able to do, makes it possible to pay them the highest wages—1c dollars a day is the lowest wage paid—and as they work under the
possible conditions of sanitation, with an abundance of fresh air and light—they are healthy and happy. Many of them have bought homes of their own since entering the employ of the Company and it is doubtful if the employees of any other company in the country can show an equal amount of money in the banks and of life insurance in force. I was overwhelmed with statistics on this point and simply had to give up.

It was quite clear that the shop methods "work" to the advantage of the men, the Company and the public who get the cars. The cars have been constructed almost entirely of the best materials. Only such a system as this would make possible the production of a low priced, high quality car.

When the argument was over, we proceeded with our tour of the works, and at every step the spell of the place grew upon me. I saw the various parts being fashioned and then moving in a steady stream towards some point that we were yet to reach. And everywhere we found the same order—the same deliberate sureness of action. Everything was done with the perfect adjustment and ease one would find in a healthy living body.

It would take a volume rather than an article to tell all of what we saw on our trip, but I am attempting to give only an impression, so I will skip to the end. After following the streams of materials that were steadily converging towards one point, we finally reached the place where the cars are assembled and turned out as a finished product. As soon as the first part of the frame work is put together it is placed on a conveyor that carries it slowly past a long line of workmen. Each workman adds some part as the evolving car passes him, until at last it reaches the end of the conveyor, a perfect car. At the last point a wheel cranks up the engine and the car starts under its own power. Every three minutes a driver takes his seat at the wheel of a new car and whirs it out of the shop to give it a final test. As I stood and watched car after car going out, the effect was hypnotic. It reminded me of a lullaby that mothers sometimes sing to their children. I cannot remember the exact words but I think it is called "Counting the Sheep." It is a song of innumerable repetitions about "One little sheep and another little sheep and another little sheep"—until the younger falls asleep.

Some day mothers may be putting their babies to sleep by counting the Fords—one little Ford, and another little Ford, and another little Ford, right to the end of the chapter. Every three minutes a little Ford starts out from the Canadian shops, so there will always be enough to count.

After I had counted one little Ford and another little Ford, until the bewildering regularity of it all made me feel dazed, we went back to the office. By that time the impression that I was in contact with a work of man greater than any man had become an obsession with me. The Ford corporation may not have a soul in the strict meaning of the word, but it has a perfectly worked out idea—which is perhaps another form of soul. Anyway, I feel that I have met it, and shaken hands with it, and as I write I feel that it is smiling amiably at me from where it lies sprawled along the river bank in the October sunshine.

Post Script

There was at least one advantage in posing as a "Conscientious objector" while being conducted through the plant of the Ford Motor Co. of Canada, Ltd. I forced the officials to do a lot of talking and this brought out some interesting facts. Because I wanted to "argy" they told me some fundamental truths about their business in order to squelch me. Here are a few of the points I remember.

"First of all, please get it through your head that The Ford Motor Co. of Canada Ltd., Ford, Ont., is a strictly Canadian firm. It operates under a Canadian charter and manufactures under the protection of patents granted by the Government of Canada. The bulk of the Capital invested in the business is Canadian. The officers of the Company are native born, dyed-in-the-wool Canadians, and so are most of the employees. If there is anything else that would make us more Canadian, kindly mention it, and we will try to meet your requirements."

I had nothing to say.

"And listen. When war was declared and many Canadian business firms hesitated about the future, the Ford Motor Co. of Canada Ltd., Ford, Ont. showed its faith in the Empire, and in Canada, by going right on with its program of expansion. It invested more capital, built new buildings, bought more equipment, and employed more men. Don't you think that was the right way for Canadians to act when the country was passing through a crisis?"

Not being able to make any reply, I started to "argy" about something else.

"All right. You may call the Educational work we do among our employees Enlightened Selfishness if you want to. We freely admit that we find it more satisfactory to employ men who live healthy, decent lives, in pleasant surroundings than men who live in filthy hovels and waste their energy and wages in dissipation. So if our employees may live as decent Canadians should, we have given them a voluntary increase of wages, that they may spend their extra money to the best advantage. The result is that we are able to keep them from being fleeced, because they are strangers in no country. We help them to learn how to live like self-respecting Canadians, and they are educating the children so they will be able to start life as competent Canadian citizens. If you consider that 'Fuss and Philanthropy' you are hard to please.

What could I say?

"Go and ask the Police and the Boards of Health of the town of Ford, and the other towns when our employees live, what they think of the Educational work we are doing. You will find that our employees live in healthier surroundings, and are more law-abiding than any other class of men in the community. In trying to live up to our suggestions, they improve the sanitary conditions of their homes more than any other people who are acting under the orders of the authorities. We do not interfere with the personal liberty of our employees. All we ask them to do is not to waste the extra money we give them. Have you anything to say against that?"

I had nothing to say.
UP BEFORE SUNRISE

A bright and early adventure that I would not have missed—Betty B. Hall

What a weird time four o'clock in the morning is to a girl like myself who usually yawns and rubs her eyes after the day has had considerable of a head start. Everything is depressingly quiet. A dreamy white haze hovers low and everything seems cold and different. Oh, how lonesome!

It was an October morning at this phantom hour when I dressed in the dark and crept softly downstairs. Something creaked at every move and I am sure a pin drop would have sounded like a dish pan falling. Suddenly I found I was not alone as my grey cat appeared out of the darkness and rubbed against me, purring softly.

I went to the front door and peered out. Not a soul was in sight. How damp and cool the air was. Once I fancied I heard a motor, and snatching up my heavy coat, I made for the porch, to find it was only an early milkman. Shortly, however, someone dashed up the steps, and in a moment I was snugly tucked in the rear seat of a Ford touring car. The car belonged to Dr. J. Brown, a Woodstock dentist, and the Doctor, Mrs. Brown, a chum and myself were soon speeding off toward the lakes on a duck hunt and picnic.

A fog lay heavy on the open fields as we sped by, making them appear like softly glimmering lakes. Occasionally a waving lantern proclaimed that some farmer had already begun his day's work. The gray dawn turned to a pink fringe along the hill tops and soon the yellow rays of the morning sun peered forth.

We drew up alongside an uncultivated field and then bumped across a meadow to the edge of a marsh. The doctor found his hidden canoe and we paddled to the "hide" on a muskrat mound. We crouched in the midst of some yellow shrubbery and waited for game. The view from the "hide" was a beautiful one. Above the eastern rim of the lake the big red sun was pushing its way upward and soon a pathway of shining gold stretched across the water. We listened to the flute-like notes of the yellow plover and to the hoarse "caw-caw" of the crows passing overhead. We watched a busy kingfisher as he dived noisily after...
his breakfast. In the swale a farmer's boy expostulated wildly with his dog who was bringing home the cows.

An hour's stay netted us one good sized mallard duck. I carried it to the motor car, while the doctor and his wife made their way through the brush hoping to scare up a partridge. Later we scared up a few but they were all elusive.

An hour's stay netted us one good sized mallard duck. I carried it to the motor car, while the doctor and his wife made their way through the brush hoping to scare up a partridge. Later we scared up a few but they were all elusive.

Luncheon by the roadside at 11:30 proved delightful. We had cold chicken and partridge, hot boiled potatoes, freshly made coffee, celery, apple pie and fruit, and used the outfit of china and silver which our friends always keep packed in their motor lunch box; for outings of this sort are very frequent with them during the hunting season.

Another delightful motor ride in the fine October sunshine and we reached a lovely beechwood where squirrels and chipmunks as tame as pets scampered along the fence-tops or sat up saucily. On our return trip we gathered an armful of Canadian holly and picked a sweaterful of delicious red snow apples, which grew invitingly close to the roadway and conveniently far from human habitation.

We reached home shortly after noon, in time for the doctor to keep an appointment with a patient, and for me to make a tardy appearance at my office desk.

I don't believe any family ever took more enjoyment with anything than do the Browns with their Ford car. They use it on every occasion when they can find spare time—early mornings, evenings and holidays, and they are very generous to their friends, including one or more in almost every outing. I have been on several delightful trips with them. Hunting, shooting, fishing, and picnicking are all made easy when one has a car as satisfactory as the Ford. I am looking forward to the day when I can own one myself—and I'm not the only Woodstock girl who is in love with the Ford.
taken that there are no sharp bends or creases in the top when it is folded. It is important that the top bows be strapped tightly together, so that there will be no motion or chance for wear between the parts of the top. After the top has been folded for some time, it will be found that the straps have stretched and they should be tightened.

When the top lining has become faded and discolored, it can be blackened by the use of a can of Johnson’s “Black-Lac.” If the celluloid windows are worn or scratched, they can be made more transparent by varnishing the rubber surfaces with a thin coating of transparent varnish. A good varnish for this purpose can be made by dissolving a quantity of transparent celluloid in acetone, making the solution very thin and applying more than one coat, if needed.

To patch a celluloid window, moisten the surfaces with acetone and press together, holding until dry. This will hold securely and be just as transparent as before.

Praying For It

“We are praying every day for our Ford car and we simply can’t live without it. If we don’t get delivery within a day or two, we are going to move to the city.”

That is the way T. M. Kirkwood, of Kirkwood & Sons, tea distributors, Toronto, feels about it.

Mr. Kirkwood, who lives in the country near Toronto, ordered a new Ford car this fall, and was promised delivery the first week in September. In view of this, he sold his older Ford car the last of August, and asked for delivery of the new car at once. It was impossible to give him a new car earlier than promised, for the demand for new Ford cars this fall has been tremendous. So Mr. Kirkwood was forced to walk two miles every morning and at night to reach the nearest inter­urban line. In desperation he wrote the following to the Toronto Ford office:

“There are four of us; myself, two sons and one small daughter. They are going to school, and we have to carry all our provisions out from Toronto. Now, you can see that we are up against it without a Ford, and simply can’t live without it. For heaven’s sake send us our Ford car, and we will think you are Santa Claus.”

Substitutes

Tourist (in village notion store)—

“What dya got in the shape of automobile tires?”

Saleslady—“Funeral wreaths, life preservers, invalid cushions and doughnuts.”—Judge.

Strange how fashion makes us change the things that we desire,
We used to sing the tireless steed—it’s now the steedless tire;
We like to spin on improved roads—Old Dobbin is antique
And a man to be in fashion ought to auto—so to speak.
The cars all performed remarkably well under the varied conditions. A picnic supper was served at dusk.

The Ford reunion recently held by Chatham owners will be long remembered. The gathering was opened by the grouping of 112 Ford cars in a public square and a parade over some of the principal streets of the city, ending at Tecumseh Park, where a program of entertainment had been prepared.

A. B. McCoig, M. P., was chairman, and paid a tribute to R. W. McIrvine, Ford Dealer at Chatham, as a business man and citizen, also to the product which he sells, adding that he was proud to be a Ford owner. G. W. Sulman, M. P. P., also paid tribute to the business which Mr. McIrvine has built up in that district. J. A. McIrvine, a brother of R. W. McIrvine, told of his trip from Galt on the previous day just to attend the picnic. He said that at first the automobile had been considered a rich man’s play-thing, but the advent of the Ford car had brought the use of the auto within the means of a majority of the people.

G. M. McGregor, general manager of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, was present and gave an interesting talk. He said he wanted to emphasize the fact that the Ford company is giving the best possible service to owners, using only the best materials, and selling as cheaply as possible.

Mr. McGregor closed by extending a hearty invitation to all present to visit the Ford plant.

Mr. A. N. Lawrence, general sales manager for the Ford, also gave a short interesting talk, on the great increase of Fords in use in Canada in the last few years. He said that the large number of cars in evidence at the gathering was a reason to expect a doubling of the Ford sales. The cars had been received in all other sections of the country.

These functions are merely instances of a custom which has grown up in many localities. Some of the Ford owners’ picnics are carried out on a grand scale and some are of a smaller nature but you will find them east and west, and even in many other countries. One large gathering held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, this summer was attended by 1,200 Ford owners from all parts of the state.

South Australian Ford owners evinced a similar enthusiasm, recently, when they gathered for a very successful outing to Angaston, a pretty town about fifty miles from Adelaide. Angaston is situated in the very heart of the fruit growing district and is one of the oldest settled portions of the state, where prosperity has resulted not in the destruction of beauty, but in the augmentation of the natural charms of the neighborhood.

The day was a glorious one, with the air clear and sweet—one of those days when the motorist exults in the sheer joy of living and the delight of spinning through the cool country. The long string of Fords stretched out like a black ribbon along the white strip of road well reminding the country dwellers, who stared with undisguised interest, of the universality of the Ford. It was a fine array of cars that drew up at the destination, where over 700 members of the party sat down to a sumptuous repast in the town hall.

During their stay the Fordites visited many spots of interest in the neighborhood. Later, afternoon tea was provided and then the return home was made by another route, through scenes of beauty that drew forth constant appreciative comments from the motorists. The
Union Sunday school picnic held near Port Hope, Ont.

One Ford car carried twenty children.

The picnic was voted by the party one of the most enjoyable outings they had ever enjoyed. The total distance covered by all the cars was 14,300 miles and was entirely free from any mishap much to the credit of the Ford car. The affair was arranged and carried out by Messrs. Duncan & Fraser, Ford distributors for South Australia.

There is something significant in the fact that the owners of Ford cars feel bound together on a common plane, and are proud to celebrate their ownership together. It means that the Ford is recognized as the standard car of the people universally, and better still, it is just as universally popular with those who know it best—the users themselves.

The Ford has the pull of twenty horses.

A Hand on Your Shoulder

When a man ain't got a cent,
And he's feeling kind of blue,
And the clouds hang dark and heavy
An' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren,
Fer a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

It makes a man feel curious,
It makes the tear drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter
In the region of the heart!
You can look up and meet his eyes;
You don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound,
With its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses—
But a good world after all.
An' a good God must have made it—
Leastways, that is what I say
When a hand is on my shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

—James Whitcomb Riley
The New Ford Car

A NEW Ford car and a new Ford price are the two important announcements we have been proud to make to the people of Canada this year—a new car that is smart in design, and a price that is considerably lower.

The modern streamline trend of motor car design has never been given a more beautiful expression than in the new Ford car. Graceful lines that surpass anything so far offered in a light car have been developed by the Ford experts, and all who have seen the car are delighted with its appearance. No car on the market today appears to better advantage.

The new hood slopes in a graceful curve to the cowl dash. The radiator is of larger capacity. It is high and well rounded, and entirely of black enamel with a nicked cap. From the driver's seat, the nose of the car appears large and very substantial. Crown fenders enhance the beauty of the new car, and the cooling system has been enlarged with the addition of a new air fan. All trimmings are nicked and no brass appears on the new car at any point.

Commencing August 1, 1916, the Ford prices in Canada are: Runabout, only $475; Touring car, $495; Town car, $780; Coupelet, $675; Sedan, $890.

If you desire a motor car, there is but one car you can logically consider; that one is the Ford. It will give you more motor car mileage per dollar invested than you can get on any other car. This was true last year; it is even more true now.

Enclosed Cars

The Ford enclosed cars—Sedan, Coupelet, Town Car—represent the same attractive changes in design that have been made in the open models.

In the Sedan, we have also included several refinements in interior appointments. There is the new folded Platt upholstery, while both rear side windows, as well as the window in the rear of the body, are finished with attractive black and white silk shade curtains in harmony with the color scheme of the upholstery.

It is a joy to drive the Sedan every day in the year. A year-round car it is, with the most comfortable and inviting appointments. Cool and breezy in the summer time, it protects the occupants from the heat and sun. And for the demands of fall and winter driving, one cannot wish for a cozier, more attractive car, either for social purposes or general family use.

The Sedan is an ideal car for a woman to drive. Nothing to puzzle or confuse, but, instead, a simple distinctive Ford
Ford Runabout—Price $475 f. o. b. Ford, Ont.

Ford Tonneau—Price $495 f. o. b. Ford, Ont.

Ford Coupelet—Price $695 f. o. b. Ford, Ont.

Ford Sedan—Price $890 f. o. b. Ford, Ont.

Ford Town Car—Price $780 f. o. b. Ford, Ont.

Ford, Chainless—Price $450 f. o. b. Ford, Ont.
control that anyone can quickly understand. It is comfort, service, beauty, built upon Ford quality.

The Coupelet and Town Car have the streamline hood, crowned fenders and new radiator, but are without changes from last year's models in interior appointments.

In the Coupelet there is the same deep, comfortable upholstery, the broad seat with high restful back. And it has that feature which is coming into wider demand each day—the instant convertibility from an open to a closed car, and the reverse. You can make this change in two minutes. There is both ventilation and protection from the elements in the sliding plate glass windows, while the small windows in each side of the top give the driver a wide range of vision.

The top is lined with a fine quality of felt, fits neatly when up and folds snugly when lowered. In the rear deck of the body is ample space for luggage, parcels, extra tire, etc.

The Coupelet is equally popular with the professional men and with the women. Physicians, making their calls in all kinds of weather, find it ideal.

Quality Maintained

With the substantial reductions in the prices of Ford cars there has been no slitting of the materials entering into their construction; no compromise with the established Ford standard of quality. They represent "efficiency savings," the savings which come with production on the scale which Ford cars are built and marketed, refinements in construction, new methods of distribution. It is all contained in the policy of the Ford Motor Company—to build "a better car at a lower price."
When You Buy a New Car

Don't think because the Ford is so sturdy and strong, that you must give it the roughest treatment you can think of.

Give your car a little thought and study. Find out why you do this or that to the car.

The machine is good enough to give you the finest service. Be sure you yourself understand it.

Read the instruction book (Manual) carefully.

Study the lubrication system in detail; use good lubricants freely.

See that all moving parts are properly supplied with lubricant.

Do not exceed 25 miles per hour for first 500 miles.

Do not race the motor and do not allow it to labor.

Change motor oil after 200 miles and thereafter every 500 miles.

Turn up grease cups daily; refill when needed.

Watch lubrication of steering system, universals, etc., daily.

Apply brakes progressively and start and stop slowly.

Examine tires for cuts and misalignment every 150 miles.

Avoid strong soaps in cleaning the car.

Keep the mechanism clean; wash underneath.

Learn to remove tires, operate top, etc. Try these things.

Carrying the Wounded

Dangers and daring of the ambulance squads at Verdun under shell fire

At Verdun alone there are several thousand motor ambulances—not stored or awaiting call, but working, hurrying, climbing, saving lives every minute of the day and night. The Red Cross men get their rest—usually—but the motors never. They are turned over to new hands and continue their unceasing work of succor. One and all, the Red Cross sections admit that any work they ever did before was a vacation beside this.

Most of these machines are Fords, for they are best suited to the all around requirements, and in spite of their constant day and night grind, some have been in service since the war started in 1914, without a sign of trouble. A striking tale of his ambulance experience at Verdun is told by Howard A. Boyle, who recently returned on a furlough. He says:

"We had then 45 ambulances working in my section. They were of all makes—European and American, big and small. But I must tell you of the Fords, which are playing a wonderful part in this war. When I arrived I was put on a--- car but after driving that for three weeks I made application to drive a Ford. As you know the roads are in a terrible shape, being all cut up with the tremendous traffic and often full of shell holes, and often very, very slippery.

"The Ford cars stand up and we have had no trouble outside of punctures with them—no trouble whatsoever. The strain on the axle is
On to Verdun. French troops passing an ambulance section after a week's rest from the trenches.

FORD TIMES FOR NOVEMBER

picked up my two men and took them back safely to the Hospital in the town of Verdun.

“This only shows you one feat that my Ford car has done recently in this war, but the same car has been used every day and night ever since 1914. And the corps has another that has been used since September 1914 and it has run every day without a bit of trouble or any material repairs whatsoever. Isn't that a fine record, especially considering the hard work and fearful roads and heavy weights carried—the hardest possible usage any car could possibly be subjected to.

“I am glad to tell you this to show you how when we are working there night and day we appreciate a wonderful car with a wonderful motor like the Ford. It has been the means of saving the life of many a poor wounded man.”

Will Irwin, an American writer, told in the Saturday Evening Post recently some thrilling details of ambulance work at Verdun, based on his experience during a visit at the front, as follows:

“Nearing Verdun, we came upon a number of Ford ambulances parked on the edge of a rolling meadow. The first in line had a gaping hole blown through the body just back of the driver's seat. There was another hole in the side, and little splashey marks all over the tool chest and running gear. Within, along the runways which held the stretchers, was a dark brown stain; there was a pool of that stain on the floor.

"I was changing tires when it came," said the driver of the car. "Lucky I wasn't in the seat there. I heard it whistling, and spread-eagled under the car. Look!" He pointed to a dent in the steel of the tool box. "I was standing right there before I ducked! I had the tire nearly on. I finished pumping and started. Then we got that!"

He pointed to the hole in the side of the body. "My blesse—wounded

A flying shell tore the gaping hole in this Ford ambulance, just back of the driver's seat, while it was carrying wounded from the front lines.
man—on the top shelf wasn't badly hurt when we started. This peppered him all over and nearly took off his foot. I drove to the Poste de Secours and we patched him up. Whew!' he concluded, 'though none of the three other cars was so badly damaged as this, they were all battered and spattered with shell fragments and shrapnel. And there's one out there', concluded my guide, 'that will stay until the end of the war. It's lying beside the road. It was Barber's. He heard the shell coming and crouched down. It got him in the back.'

'I joined one of the ambulance drivers and we set out toward the lines that evening. They approach the lines with an ambulance only by night when the aeroplanes and artillery cannot spot them.

'Suddenly someone called sharply behind French sentry on duty at Verdun

"What's that—a signal—no, an aeroplane's down!"

"From the sky above the horizon a long black inverted cone of smoke was reaching toward the earth. At this point fell a whirling dark-red flame. It passed out of sight behind the hill—all was over. Close by the base of the cone was a speck shooting rapidly and at an acute angle toward the earth. We—recognized the sharp volplane of a little fighting monoplane. We got the glasses on it; it was a French machine, and the story of this daily tragedy was complete. The Frenchman had brought down his opponent with a machine gun.

"It was a black, moonless night. To our rear the Verdun positions were like the edge of a hill bowl. All along that bowl, illuminating now this glen or hill, now that, something like heat lightning was playing flash on flash. At times it lit the whole horizon—a flickering, dancing line of flame. Everywhere, in the nearer distance, lights exactly like the impermanent flashings of nearby fireflies were coming—going—coming—going. The heat lightning was the guns; the fireflies were the bursting shells. Along the horizon line balls of clear white flame would break out and linger for a minute, revealing whole hill crests before they died. In the farther distance these flashes seemed to last longer, I thought; and they would float in air a full minute. 'The German parachute starlights,' explained Andrew. Now and then a colored rocket, red or blue or clear white, would streak the darkness, and always this was followed by a change in the intensity of the guns, or would seem to bring them into action in another quarter. As for the sound, it varied from intermittent booms and whips to a continuous
roar. Also, as we crept along, feeling our way on a flat tire and without lights, the big guns would suddenly go off from concealed positions on the roadside, making us, in spite of anything we could do to control ourselves, jump almost out of our seats. Yet, as we learned later, this was a rather quiet evening for Verdun.

"A sentry stepped out just then from a sentry-box of solid concrete and held his gun horizontally over his head to stop us. He only wanted the password. 'The driver whispered it. We shot on, his neck craned forward, his right hand carefully on the brake. As a matter of fact, I do not know whether we "got" any shrapnel or not. When the departures are making a lot of noise the sound of the dangerous arrivals is nearly drowned. You never know unless you have a very narrow shave.

"Next we took the rise of a hill; and dawn had really begun to break. Everything came out in quarter-light. Above the hills, quite dimming that edge of dawn on the horizon, a colored rocket had risen and burst. 'I think,' said the driver, 'that it's the signal for tir de barrage.' He stopped, jammed his brakes down hard. 'There's the battery—where the man stands.' It was no farther than the width of a city street."

The Deadly Curtain Fire at Close Range

"There must have been a further signal of some kind, for suddenly—it burst. A thousand guns, from every hill and glen and meadow about us, went off all together in one great salvo, and continued to go off in one great roar. It was the deadly curtain fire, by which the French draw a line of death between the enemy and one of their own charges.

"We arrived at a cross roads; and the wounded, with brown army blankets tucked about them, lay waiting in the poor cover of the gutters beside the road. Then when we had our load aboard we timed the shells. We'd crank up the engine and shoot out fast just after the explosion came, figuring to cross the danger zone before the next one arrived. It worked, but if we had become stalled with a heavy machine in a shell hole, it would have been all off.

"The ambulance, driven carefully, weaving in and out to avoid shell holes, started back over the road over which we had come. We were running, of course, without lights. No vehicle ever dares use a light, in the zone of operations. Our Ford had been dropping into shell holes and drawing delicately out again most of the way. Gentle carriage to the hospital may mean a life saved. A violent bump will sometimes tear open a new wound. So we were going at a snail's pace and winding the agile car in and out till we reached our destination, the hospital."

"With experiences like these for a steady diet, it is easy to understand why such a large portion of the ambulances are Fords. On account of their light weight and strength combined, together with low cost of upkeep, they have proved a God-send."

(Photographed by courtesy of the Saturday Evening Post)

WHAT DO THE OWNERS SAY?

Ready to Boost

Any time I can boost Ford cars, I am ready to do so, as I think there is no better car for the money.

CHAS. H. KELLY,
Halloway, Ontario.

Most Economical

I believe the Ford is the most economical car to operate. I have averaged twenty-six miles per gallon of gasoline.

WILLIAM G. SHEARER,
R. R. No. 2, Hastings, Ont.

Quick Delivery

The car is a valuable adjunct to our business, not only in quick delivery but in saving money, which is to be considered by every business man.

W. R. JAMES,
Broken Hill, Australia.

1910 Model

Am still driving a 1910 model, which I use as a light truck in my business. It went 7,000 miles last season without mechanical trouble of any kind. I have a new Ford which I purchased for pleasure driving.

J. B. MACKENZIE,
Contractor,
Georgetown, Ont.

The Greatest

We take great pleasure in the car, and know it's the greatest car in the world. We wish you every success.

L. B. SUMMERS,
Erskine, Alta.

Two Years—25 Cents

Have driven over 8,000 miles without a single delay on the road, and my total repair expense has been twenty-five cents since 1914.

A. TIERs, Fenelon Falls, Ont.
Autos vs. Railroads

COMPETITION IS KEEN, ESPECIALLY ON SHORT RUNS. MORE GOOD ROADS WILL FAVOR MOTOR CAR

The old-time joys of the open road and jolly coaching parties that Charles Dickens recorded so delightfully in the Pickwick Papers are finding their modern regeneration in the country-wide systems of improved highways, which are fast making motoring the preferred method of travel everywhere.

The steam cars robbed Tony Weller's worthy coach-and-four of its position as a common carrier; and now the automobile is going the railways one better.

All it is waiting for is roads—good roads to make both freight and passenger transportation easier, quicker and cheaper than by rail. The railways are feeling the automobile competition already in sections where improved highways happen to parallel their lines. An American writer who makes a business of analyzing traffic conditions from country-wide observation has revealed some significant facts as the result of a special inquiry.

He finds that railway traffic to church conventions, lodge assemblies and gatherings of various kinds in towns drawing visitors from a one-hundred-and-fifty mile radius has been cut almost to nothing. Wherever road conditions are even ordinarily good, the people use their motor cars and a meeting in an adjoining county is a welcome excuse for a little trip. They don't want to go by rail.

The president of a certain road reasoned out the problem in this fashion—there are four thousand three hundred and thirty-nine motor cars licensed to certain cities and their intermediate towns alone. If each of these cars carried three passengers twenty-five miles a day for a year, their "passenger miles" would equal those of his entire system for the same time.

It was ascertained, too, that in New England where there are several long and well-travelled automobile routes, there has been a big increase in the number of trunks handled by the express companies, which could be attributed to only one cause—their owners were travelling by motor car.

Two travelling men furnish a typical instance of the economy of motor travel, according to the investigator. They purchased an inexpensive car for their joint use and now they can "make" six towns a day on an average. Travelling by train, from 20 to 30 per cent of their time was spent waiting for trains and they were not able to cover more than four towns a day at the outside.
In another instance, it was found that automobiles competed successfully with a railway for passengers over a forty-six mile route from a large town to a city. The fares were practically the same, only the cars made the distance in twenty minutes less time than the train because they made no stops en route. A seven-passenger car on this route earned $24 a day.

It will be remembered, too, that when the big railway strike threatened to paralyze the prosperity of the United States a few weeks ago, manufacturers and wholesalers made quick preparations to move their goods by motor car and motor trucks to even far distant points.

With good roads movements well established in practically all the freely populated areas of the United States and Canada, it is only a matter of time until they converge into a national organization which will sweep both countries.

In the United States, they point already with pride to the Lincoln Highway, a coast-to-coast road, now three years old and three thousand three hundred and thirty-three miles of it improved at an expenditure of five to ten millions of dollars.

In Canada, the sentiment is no less active. It has been a matter of constant agitation, and present indications point to united action within the next twelve months.

According to reliable information, Hon. Robert Rogers, Dominion Minister of Public Works, is planning the construction of a national trans-continental highway of first class roads from Halifax to Vancouver as soon as the war is over.

He wants to unite the good roads associations of all the provinces in a great inter-provincial scheme and build a road that will extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific for automobiles and other vehicular traffic. The idea is that employment will be thereby provided for returned soldiers before they are ready to go on the land. A large number of soldiers will desire outside work when the war is over and as they might not be in a financial position to take up land, they will have this opportunity of making money.

The proposal is not a new one. It has been broached before, but this time it promises to take definite shape. Just now, the provincial sentiments in favor of good roads is stronger than at any time in the past. One of the most recent signs of activity is the announcement by the Department of Public Works of Ontario that a plan to link up every county in a province-wide good roads movement has been formulated, and that organization will proceed this winter.

Its purpose is to provide Ontario with good roads from one end of the province to the other, construction to be undertaken jointly by the counties and the Government, with employment for labor of every class after the war, including returned soldiers.

One hundred thousand pieces of literature have been printed and will be distributed in every farmhouse in the counties not already committed to the good roads movement.

A fine harvest—of pleasures and profits—is reaped by the farmer who drives a Ford. For the trip to town—for a run to the neighbors—for a hurry-up drive anywhere business or pleasure demands—there’s no other car which will go so well at any place near the cost.

OVER VERMILLION PASS

A Ford completes climb over Canadian Rockies that was never before attempted by a motor car

Unexplored roads always beckon to the adventurous and obstacles that bar the timid are merely stimuli to increased endeavor. With some such sentiments as these, W. J. Duckworth of Stettler, set forth one bright May day to cross the Vermillion Pass, one of the most beautiful mountain districts of the famous Canadian northwest, on the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia.

The route taken was not a direct one, Red Deer being the first stopping place. From this point Didsbury, Calgary, Cochrane and finally Banff were visited. The latter town has a quaint custom of fishing all automobilists who pass its borders, besides prohibiting driving within its limits. Whether or not this custom is intended to stimulate the local livery business does not much matter. The result is quite the same. So after spending the night within its hospitable borders, Mr. Duckworth and his party fared forth to view the sights on the following day in the village hack, the toll for which was ten times that of the cost of gasoline for his trusty Ford, while the means of locomotion only half as fast.

The beauties of Banff having been thoroughly inspected and the Ford redeemed from its ignominious prison, the party set forth for unex-
explored fields beyond. At first the roads showed the impress of civilization. Hewn out of the solid mountain-side they exhibited a solid wall rising straight up on one side, while on the other was a sheer drop of hundreds of feet.

The parting word at Banff had been that Mount Castle was the furthest point it was possible to reach, since there was no road beyond. Undaunted when the prescribed limit was reached, the party forded the Bow river, which crosses the valley at this point and the journey was resumed on a trail that zigzagged back and forth mile after mile until it took almost ten miles of travel to gain one.

From a point near the summit a glorious view was obtained. The valley stretching away a thousand feet below—straight down—disclosed three emerald-hued lakes of varying size which lay motionless in the sunlight, while giant pine trees fully fifty feet in height but looking like mere brooms at this distance, were reflected in their bosoms. It seemed as though the summit of the pass must have been reached, for after passing this point the trail took a sharp dip downward, but nature was only playing one of her favorite tricks on the travellers and, after crossing a ravine, the trail became even steeper than before. The Ford was equal to the task however, and though here the passenger had to walk, while the driver had the sensation of almost tipping over backwards as he guided the car over sharp rocks that were thickly strewn on the trail, the summit was safely made "on low."

The top of this trail is called "The Great Divide of the Vermilion Pass," and six miles further on the boundary line between Alberta and British Columbia was passed, the spot being indicated by a concrete post. The drop from this point is very abrupt, the trail soon following the bed of the Vermillion River, which is a tributary of the Kootenay. The only sign of habitation for twenty-five miles is a ranger's cottage, while the roads are unspeakably bad. An axe and spade, providentially included in the equipment provided for the trip did valiant service in clearing away fallen trees that strewed the road, and in filling up washouts, and clearing away rock slides that abound at this point. Bad as the going was here, the worst was yet to come as the travellers soon learned. The gravel beds that were encountered in the higher country had now disappeared, and almost before the knew it the travellers were up to their hubs in the soft mud. "A little foresight in putting on traction treads at the beginning of the trip saved the day, and with the aid of poles the valiant Ford crawled out.

As the road kept getting steadily worse a turn-about was ordered, but how it was done the driver cannot tell to this day. Suffice it to say that the car upheld its name and the turn was made despite the fact that the road was softer than ever and dusk was coming on. As M. Duckworth expresses it, the engine was working like a charm, but the road was worse than any encountered during the day. Porcupines by the dozen rushed across the path of the oncoming Ford, while the car reached the summit of the ridge. Rain began to fall in torrents. The power was shut off in making the descent and the motor allowed it to coast, thus saving wear on the brakes.

The Bow river was crossed again and Mount Castle was passed where it seemed for a while as though trouble had developed for the first time. The car with a few fee
A halt by the wayside for lunch. This shows some of the precious cargo put-puts expired with a tired sigh. No amount of coaxing would revive it, and finally an inspection revealed that the gasoline tank was dry. Again the foresightedness of Mr. Duckworth came into play, however, and a gallon can of the precious fluid was produced from under the seat, the tank replenished, and the journey resumed, with more than enough fuel, as it turned out, to cover the remaining miles.

Soon a point was reached where the road skirts the C. P. R. tracks at a slight elevation from them. It is against the law to travel through the park by automobile after dark, but with the alternative of making camp in the pouring rain the party decided to risk it, the headlights were turned on, and the trip continued. With the story fresh in their minds of the last man who had violated this rule and had subsequently paid fifty dollars fine for so doing, a Forest Ranger was picked up ten miles from Banff, but it was discovered that he was on his way to town and not on duty, so he was taken in and the journey resumed. Five miles out of Banff the Imperial Limited was seen approaching on the C. P. R. track and as it drew near it came to a full stop. As was learned later, the engineer had stopped his train in the belief that another train was approaching, and had finally gone on, firmly convinced that he had seen a ghost.

Such is the story of the crossing of the Vermillion Pass by the first car that ever attempted the trip—A Ford.

The Canadian people demand a whole train load of Ford cars each day.

FREIGHT RATES

The amounts given after the names of the following cities, towns and villages in Canada show the freight charges to be added to the list price of Ford cars for delivery in the places specified.

Rates to cities, towns or villages not mentioned in this list may be approximately arrived at by referring to the rate quoted to the nearest point.

The Canadian people demand a whole train load of Ford cars each day.
Ford Times for November

Ford Runabout
Price $475 f. o. b. Ford, Ont.

Ford Touring Car
Price $495 f. o. b. Ford, Ont.

Ford Coupelet (Top Down)
Price $695 f. o. b. Ford, Ont.

Ford Coupelet (Top Up)
Price $695 f. o. b. Ford, Ont.
THE interior arrangement of the Sedan is designed to give the utmost riding comfort to five passengers—the back seat is most restful and amply accommodates three passengers, while the right-hand front seat has a hinged back and folds some of the way when not in use.

BODIES: 2-passenger runabout; 2-passenger coupé; 5-passenger touring; 5-passenger town car; 5-passenger sedan.

CYLINDERS: Four, cast en bloc, 3 1/2 x 4 inches, L-head.

COOLING: Water, with thermo-syphon circulation and vertical tube radiator.

CARBURETOR: Special float feed.

IGNITION: Single system, Ford special make magneto.

LIGHTING: All cars equipped with electric headlights.

TIRES: 30 x 3 1/2 inches.

WHEEL BASE: 100 inches.

TYPE OF SPRINGS: Semi-elliptic, transverse.

BRAKES: On transmission and rear wheels.

CLUTCH: Steel disc.

CHANGE GEAR: Planetary type.

SPEEDS: Two forward and one reverse with direct drive on high speeds.

FINAL DRIVE: Shaft.

CONTROL ARRANGEMENT: For all domestic shipments excepting British Columbia and Maritime Provinces steering wheel and hand lever for neutral and emergency brake on left side of car.

For shipments to British Columbia, Maritime Provinces and overseas ports, steering wheel and hand lever for neutral and emergency brake on right side of car.
Ford Factories and Branches

Ford Factory, Ford, Ont., Canada—Capacity 50,000 cars annually.
Ford Factory, Detroit—Parent Plant. Capacity 600,000 cars annually.
Ford Factory, Manchester, England—Capacity 25,000 cars annually.

Canadian Branches and Service Stations

Toronto, Ont.—672-882 Dupont St.
Winnipeg, Man.—Portage Avenue, corner of Wall Street.
Montreal, Que.—119-139 Laurier Ave. E.
Hamilton, Ont.—74-78 John St.

Canadian Assembly Plants

Montreal, Que.—139-135 Laurier Ave. E.
Winnipeg, Man.—Portage Ave. corner of Wall Street

American Branches and Service Stations

Akron, Ohio
Albany, N. Y.
Atlanta, Georgia
Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham, Ala.
Boston, Mass.
The Bronx (New York City)
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Cambridge, Mass.
Charlotte, N. C.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio
Council Bluffs, Ia.
Dallas, Texas
Davenport, Ia.
Denver, Colorado
Des Moines, Ia.
Detroit, Mich.
Duluth, Minn.
Fargo, N. Dak.
Ft. Worth, Tex.
Fresno, Cal.

Grand Rapids, Mich.
Houston, Texas
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Kansas City, Kan.
Kansas City, Mo.
Long Island City, N. Y.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Louisville, Kentucky
Memphis, Tenn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Nashville, Tenn.
Newark, N. J.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N. Y.
Norfolk, Va.
Oakland—Sub.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Neb.
 Pasadena, Cal.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
Reading, Pa.
Richmond, Va.
Rochester, N. Y.
Sacramento, Cal.
St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Paul, Minn.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Tex.
San Diego, Cal.
San Francisco, Cal.
Scranton, Pa.
Seattle, Wash.
St. Louis, Ia., Iowa
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Mass.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Tacoma, Wash.
Toledo, Ohio
Trenton, N. J.
Troy—Sub.
Utica, N. Y.
Washington, D. C.
Wichita, Kan.
Youngstown, Ohio

Ford Assembling Plants are Located in the Following Cities

Atlanta, Buffalo, Cambridge, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Fargo, Hamilton, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Long Island City, L. Angeles, Louisville, Memphis, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Montreal, Que., Oklahoma City, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Toronto, Ont., Winnipeg, Man.

Foreign Branches and Service Stations

Bordeaux, France—48 Rue de la Fondaudeg
Buenos Aires, Argentina—Calle Lavalle, 1702
London, Eng.—23 Shaftesbury Ave.

Manueler, Eng.—Trinity Park

Havana, Cuba.

EXPORT DEPARTMENT—1136 Whitehall Bldg., New York
There are Ford Dealers in all other Principal Cities