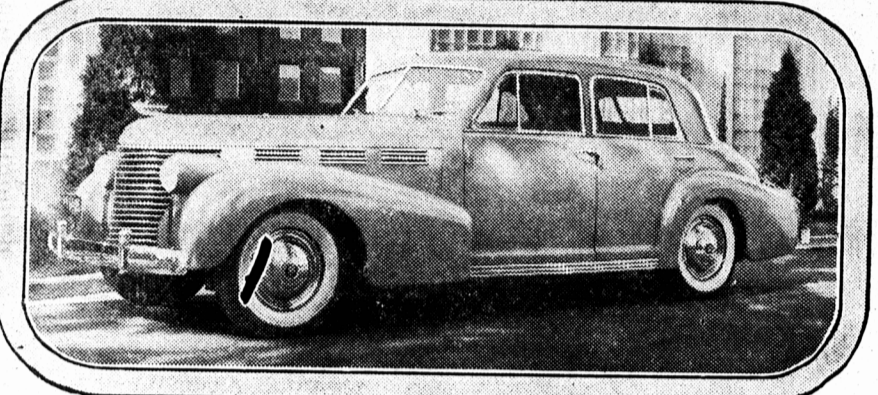
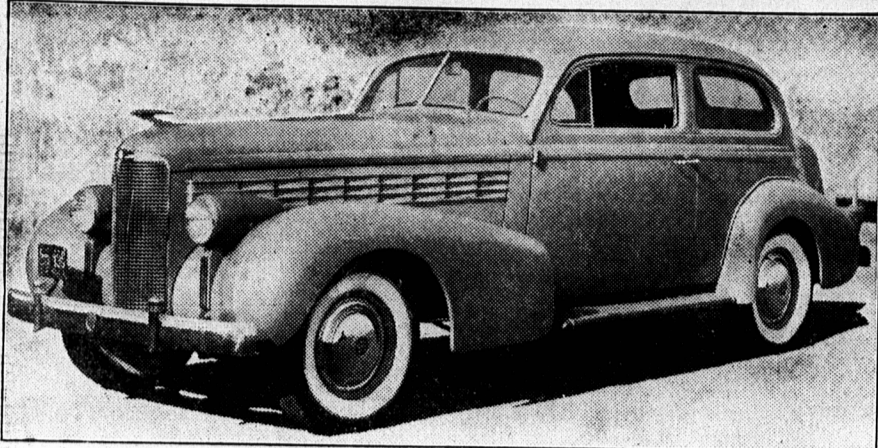


Cadillacs and LaSalles for 1938 Announced



NEW METHOD OF GEAR-SHIFTING FEATURES LATEST MODELS

A new 16-cylinder Cadillac, a re-designed Cadillac 4-8, and the luxurious Cadillac Fleetwood, comprise the Cadillac range for 1938, just announced. The LaSalle line bids fair to continue its gains of 1937 with a new series of V-8's introducing among other features the "synchronomatic shift". In this new design the lever has been mounted on the steering column instead of the floor. Cadillac has also a new method of gear-shift and another Cadillac feature is the flexible flywheel, which eliminates all apparent effort from the motor. Above, the LaSalle touring coupe, and below, the Cadillac 60 sedan.

Three revolutionary advances stand out in the lines of 1938 Cadillacs and LaSalle that went on display at dealer showrooms throughout the country today.

First is a new method of gear shifting that has all of the advantages of the fully automatic shift and none of the complicated mechanical design.

Second is a radically engineered sixteen-cylinder motor described as the most efficient automotive power plant yet produced.

Third is a new flywheel design that reduces the possibility of driving fatigue by the elimination of a previous source of vibration.

These three advances give unusual distinction to the 1938 Cadillacs and LaSalle but by no means complete the list of improvements and refinements with which Cadillac begins its thirty-sixth year in the quality car field.

New bodies, smarter lines, new comfort, convenience and safety make the models a worthy contribution to motoring.

Cars introduced by dealers include:

LASALLE—The 125 horsepower V-8 motor that accounted for a new stock car record was a major factor in the sensational sales gains of LaSalle in 1937 is continued with refinements. Five body styles, the two-passenger coupe, convertible coupe, five-passenger touring coupe, five-passenger sedan and convertible sedan, are mounted on a 124-inch wheelbase.

CADILLAC V-8—This car in the 1937 line was known as "Series 65" and built in only one body type. The exceptional amount of room in the car immediately caught public fancy and for 1938 an Imperial and a convertible sedan are added to the five-passenger sedan. The car is even larger this year, carrying a 132-inch wheel base. The V-8 motor develops 135 horsepower.

CADILLAC-FLEETWOOD—The luxury of appointments and comfort of the custom-built Fleetwoods are even more impressive this year in the largest body ever produced on a full line of American cars. Headroom, legroom and seat widths have all been increased, visibility and cushioning improved. The horsepower of the V-8 motor is 140 with chassis advancements designed primarily to fit the car for smoother performance.

CADILLAC SIXTEEN—The new Cadillac Sixteen holds unusual interest for the industry because of evident progress in motor design. Two banks of eight cylinders are mounted at a 135-degree angle, creating a natural cradle for motor accessories. Almost flat and with its center of gravity lower than conventional practice, the engine accomplishes much toward increasing roadability and safety. The horsepower rating is 165 and the ratio of horsepower to each 5.7 pounds of weight strengthens Cadillac's claims to efficiency and high performance. Twelve Fleetwood body styles are presented on wheelbases of 141 inches.

The new gear shifting method, termed by Cadillac the "synchronomatic," extends throughout the line of Cadillacs and LaSalle. Instead of a lever mounted on the floor, where it has been an unsightly obstruction, the shift is controlled by a large-knobbed lever that is placed in the steering wheel.

Simplicity of construction of the "synchronomatic" insures shifting ease as well as a freedom from service worries. No problem of "re-learning to shift" is involved. The driver merely throws out his clutch as formerly, lifts the lever and draws it toward him for first speed, then follows the range available in the customary practice.

The "synco-flex" flywheel on Cadillac eight introduces a principle new to motor science. Flywheels have heretofore been of solid construction and a prey to the all too imperceptible "bending" action of the crankshaft.

"Synco-flex" is in no sense a damper which many engines require to overcome torque vibration. A flexible disc has been injected near the hub of the flywheel so that the flywheel ring is rigid torsionally but flexible in bending. The disc absorbs the "bending" vibration normally transmitted to the body. In this manner all apparent strain has been eliminated from the motor.

Passengers are conscious only of an effortless flow of power.

Many of the body and chassis refinements are common to both the Cadillacs and LaSalle, although each line has a distinctive appearance. Grilles are generally more massive.

"Aligator hoods" have been adopted. The hood hinge is now parallel to the windshield, permitting easy access to the motor. As another aid to servicing, batteries are mounted under the hood at the right.

Two interior innovations on the Fisher Cadillacs improve the safety of the cars. The backs of the LaSalle front seats are now heavily padded as a cushion against quick, emergency stops. Instrument control knobs have been recessed under the panel.

Hypoid axles and self-lubricating rear spring inserts are standard throughout the line. Frames are more rigid, the gain with the sixteen running to 100 per cent.

Independent front wheel suspension, solid steel tops and aniseel body construction are among the major engineering features that have been continued from 1937.

National Temperance Study Course For Sunday Schools

October 24, 1937

Study IV, October 24th

HOW THE FREE MAN BECOMES A SLAVE

By REV. JOHN COBURN, D.D.

Many years ago in the schools of Canada, they used to hold spelling matches. Boys and girls in a room would choose up sides. The teacher would give them words to spell alternately, and if a boy or girl made a mistake in spelling a word, that one was out of the game and had to take his or her seat. The test was to see who could stand up the longest. In a little country school there was a boy who, for a long time, was able always to stand up last in the spelling matches. No one could beat him. In fact, after a while the others had gone down it was often quite difficult for the teacher to find a word that this boy could not spell. One of his companions, however, one day noticed that whenever this boy was asked to spell a word, he would play with a certain button on his coat. The companion thought of a plan by which the boy could be beaten. So on the day when the next spelling match was to be held, he took his mother's scissors to school and, in play, managed to snip off this button. When the spelling match began the boy was given his first word to spell. His hand went immediately to where the button used to be, but it was gone. He was so confused that he missed the word and had to go to his seat.

This story illustrates that we are all creatures of habit. To do a thing the first time may be difficult. It is a little easier the second time. Every time we attempt it, it becomes easier, until we do it without any difficulty, and finally we find difficulty in not doing it. The first time a boy rides a bicycle he is likely to fall off, but he keeps at it, and little by little he learns how to handle the wheel, until by and by it would be much harder for him to fall off a bicycle than to keep it going. Habits, good or bad, become almost second nature to us. One for a period of time goes to bed at a certain hour, when that hour arrives he will become quite sleepy—it is a matter of habit.

One day a minister was walking home late at night in the city of Toronto. He met a man who asked him for direction. The smell of liquor was on the man's breath. The minister and he got into conversation, the former taking him home with him. It turned out that this man was a graduate of one of the great universities of the Old Country, a Chartered Accountant, who had held positions with large salaries, and was an accomplished musician who had played the organ in some large churches. Here he was, down and out. He had no home. He was sleeping at night on the straw behind the horses in a stable, and got his food as best he could. He told the minister that it was all due to drink; that when a very young man he had been persuaded by friends to take a glass of liquor; that little by little he got into the habit of taking it. The liquor made him feel good. It seemed to banish his worries and his troubles, the more he took of it the better he liked it. Then there came a time when he found that he could not possibly be happy or comfortable unless he had liquor, so he kept taking more and more. A terrible craving or appetite for it developed. He lost his good position. His friends began to shun him. Step by step he went down. Soon he was a slave. He would have given anything to be back where he was as a boy without this awful desire for alcohol. So great was his desire for it that he would sell his clothing, or go without food to get drink.

That is one of the sad things about drink business; it takes some of the finest and most brilliant young people, robs them of their will power and their freedom, and makes them slaves. Many will say, "Oh, well! There is no danger of that happening to me. I can take it or let it alone—I know when to stop. I know when I have had enough. I will never be anything but a moderate drinker." I will never be a drunkard!

This is just what every drunkard in the world said when he began. No man or woman ever set out to become a drunkard. The trouble is that one of the first things alcohol does to a person is to impair his judgment, so that when one has a drink or two, one is not in a position to judge as to how much it is wise or safe to take. The more one drinks the more reason and judgment are weakened. Then, as the habit gets a firm grip, will power is gradually lost, and the strongest men have become like mere babies in the hands of a great giant. One thing is certain—all the drunkards in the world were moderate drinkers to begin with. Every one of them started by taking one glass of liquor, possibly a glass of light wine or beer. They were told there was only a little alcohol in it—it could not possibly do them any harm. That was the beginning; the end is when a man or woman becomes a slave. What a fine thing it is to be young and free! Some of these unfortunate slaves to drink would give their eyes to possess to have back the freedom they had in their youth. How foolish it is for one who enjoys this freedom to throw it away, or run the slightest risk of losing it!

QUESTIONS

- 1. How do men become drunkards—the slaves of the liquor habit? (Value 10.)
2. How does total abstinence preserve moral freedom? (Value 10.)

(Junior) THE VENTILATOR

By MISS MARGARET BAKER

"Is it far to the lungs?" asked Dick. "As a matter of fact we've been talking so much we're nearly there already," said the Phagocyte. "Notice we're getting into capillary blood-vessels once more?"

"I should think I do," said Dick, who was beginning to find himself a tight fit in the tube again.

"Know anything about your lungs?" asked the Phagocyte. "Not much," admitted Dick, "except that you breathe with them."

"That's the principal thing about them," said the Phagocyte, "but you ought to know more than that. Have you ever noticed a tree in winter—a tree with lots of small twigs, like an elm, for instance?"

"There's one in the park at the end of our road."

"Well, just think of that tree for a minute. It begins with a single trunk; at a little distance from the ground that trunk begins to divide into big branches, these branches divide into smaller ones, and the smaller branches divide into masses of little twigs. You know the breathing apparatus is on the same plan as that tree, only it is made of tubes instead of solid wood; your throat and wind-pipe are like the trunk, your bronchial tubes are like the big branches, and the thousands of tiny, bulb-ended air-tubes which make up your lungs and fill your chest are like the twigs."

"I see," said Dick. "I hope you do," said the Phagocyte; "but these air-tubes of one size and another do not make up the breathing apparatus."

"Of course they don't," interrupted Dick. "There's my mouth and nose! The air goes in and out through them!"

"Smart boy!" said the Phagocyte, approvingly; "but now can you tell me this: What makes the air go in and out?"

Dick could only shake his head. "Then I'll tell you," said the Phagocyte. "It's done by the muscles which work your ribs, and by the big muscle, called the diaphragm, which makes a sort of floor to your chest, and divides the top part of your body from the lower part."

"I never heard of the diaphragm before," said Dick. "Phragm, phragm!" said the Phagocyte, "diaphragm! And even if you've never heard of it before, you've heard its effects when it is a bit out of order. Ever had hiccough?"

"Lots of times!" said Dick. "Hiccough is caused by a kind of twitch of the diaphragm—it gets a little bit 'jumpy' for a minute or so. Now put your hands on your ribs and take a deep breath. What do you feel?"

"That's it! The diaphragm has made itself tight and flatter, and the muscles have pulled up your ribs; all this makes your chest larger, and so the little air-tubes have room to swell out and more air is drawn in."

"Oh, and I know!" cried Dick, excitedly. "When I breathe out my ribs feel as though they moved down."

"And at the same time your diaphragm curves up," added the Phagocyte. "And so my chest gets smaller and a lot of the air is squeezed out!" finished Dick triumphantly.

"Exactly!" said the Phagocyte. "You are getting quite observant! You let me see if you have noticed any difference in the blood here."

Dick looked carefully round. "The little red corpuscles look a bit blue don't they?" he ventured. "That's it!" cried the Phagocyte. "When we first noticed the red corpuscles they were red; that was because they were loaded with oxygen. Then, as they passed through the capillaries of the liver part of the body, they gave up the oxygen to the cells and took in exchange a particular gas which the cells make but do not want—it is one of the 'left-overs' from their working and living."

"Like the shavings and sawdust want?" suggested Dick. "Something like that," agreed the Phagocyte, "but the making of this gas—carbon dioxide, by the way—is not so simple as the making of shavings—it is a complicated chemical process that is always going on in your body. Well, carbon dioxide is in the way, and so the red corpuscles pick it up, and it turns them blue and dull. They are hurried back to the heart, which pumps them to the lungs—you know all about that journey, we've just done it—and when they get into these capillaries we are in now, which are all wrapped round the tiny air-tubes, the carbon dioxide passes from the blood into the air-tubes and gets breathed out of you. At the same time some of the oxygen in the fresh air you are always breathing into yourself passes out of the air-tubes into the blood-tubes and the red corpuscles absorb it; the oxygen changes them to a bright sparkly red colour."

"I say!"

"Of course I do," said Dick. "Well, people who take intoxicants lose the fitness of their lungs. They are much more likely to get all sorts of lung illnesses than are teetotalers—congestion of the lungs, for instance, and pneumonia and tuberculosis; and when they do get them they have much less chance than a teetotaler of getting better again."

"I say!"

"And then, specially about tuberculosis, tuberculosis, or consumption, is a very serious and very common disease of the lungs,



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again, and now they are ready to set off round the body once more.

"It that why you call the lungs the ventilator?" asked Dick, "because they let the good air in and the bad air out?"

"Precisely! Now, Dick, let me warn you! This ventilator is a very important part of your body, and if it isn't kept in good order, you can't possibly be healthy. Take care of the ventilator!"

"How?" asked Dick. "By not working or sleeping in stuffy rooms, and by getting out into the fresh air whenever you can; by taking care when you get a cold or a cough to cure it as fast as you can; and when they've got that grip it helps them to kill the invalid far quicker than they could do it alone. And talking about germs," said the Phagocyte, "I could tell you stories about fights with them that would make all those adventure books of your seem quite tame and uninteresting!"

"I say! I wish you would!" said Dick, eagerly. "Right you are!" said the Phagocyte.

"Tobacco contains a very dangerous poison called nicotine, which in many ways is as harmful to your body as alcohol. Last of all, take care of your ventilator by never drinking intoxicants."

"I can understand tobacco hurting my lungs, because some of the smoke must get breathed into them," said Dick; "but except when you swallow the wrong way, I don't see how intoxicants are to get there and do any damage."

"Have you forgotten what I explained so carefully a little while ago?" said the Phagocyte impatiently. "When you drink intoxicants the alcohol they contain gets into the blood and so is carried all over the body. Don't say you've forgotten—that!"

"Only for a minute, please," stammered Dick. "Well, don't forget it again. Alcohol causes a slow spoiling of the lungs—does away with their fitness; and you know what 'fitness' means, don't you, and you so keen on games?"

"Of course I do," said Dick. "Well, people who take intoxicants lose the fitness of their lungs. They are much more likely to get all sorts of lung illnesses than are teetotalers—congestion of the lungs, for instance, and pneumonia and tuberculosis; and when they do get them they have much less chance than a teetotaler of getting better again."

"I say!"

"And then, specially about tuberculosis, tuberculosis, or consumption, is a very serious and very common disease of the lungs,

and when any one has it they can't get enough oxygen to their cells."

"Then I know why drinkers are bothered with tuberculosis more than teetotalers are," cried Dick. "Alcohol stops the cells getting enough oxygen, too; you told me that a little while ago."

"When you take the trouble to think, Dick, you are really quite a sensible sort of fellow," said the Phagocyte, admiringly; "you can put two and two together, which is more than some people can do. Alcohol and tuberculosis work hand in hand, as one might say; alcohol prepares the way for the nasty tubercular germs to get a good grip of the body, and when they've got that grip it helps them to kill the invalid far quicker than they could do it alone. And talking about germs," said the Phagocyte, "I could tell you stories about fights with them that would make all those adventure books of your seem quite tame and uninteresting!"

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cyte. "We're just on our way back to the heart again—we go through the rooms on the left side this time so that this freshened blood won't get mixed up with the stale blood being pumped through the right side of the lungs—and as soon as we're through we'll find a quiet corner somewhere, and you shall have a real adventure story."

QUESTIONS

- 1. Why are the called the ventilator of the body? (Value 10.)
2. How does alcohol interfere with the duty of the lungs? (Value 10.)

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Signed PETER CARTER, 48 Road.

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The estate of the late Walter McEntee, consisting of (20) twenty acres of land in excellent condition. A new Blacksmith Shop, a comfortable dwelling house, barn, stables and coach house.

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QUESTIONS

- 1. How do men become drunkards—the slaves of the liquor habit? (Value 10.)
2. How does total abstinence preserve moral freedom? (Value 10.)

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