

Reeling Off the Greatest Values of the Year

Friday & Saturday 9c Sale

Reliable Clothiers' Season Clearance Sale

MEN'S UNDERWEAR

MEN'S FLEECE LINED UNDERWEAR, shirts or Drawers. Sale Price, each **59c**

MEN'S FLEECE LINED COMBINATIONS. Sale Price only **\$1.29**

MEN'S PURE WOOL HEAVY WEIGHT SHIRTS OR DRAWERS. Sale Price, each **99c**

MEN'S PURE WOOL HEAVY WEIGHT COMBINATIONS. Sale Price **\$1.99**

The People of Acton and Vicinity have shown Their Appreciation of Our Efforts to Give Outstanding Values in Clothing. They Realized the Values Offered and Were Quick to Take Advantage Last Week. We are Going to Show Our Appreciation of This Patronage by Slashing Further the Prices in This Stock of High-Grade Clothing. More and Bigger Values are Offered This Week. Read Every Item. They Tell the Story Best and When You See the Goods Your Appreciation of the Values will be even Greater.

SHIRTS, PYJAMAS, TIES, ETC.

MEN'S FORSYTH SHIRTS. All sizes and patterns. Sale Price, each **\$1.69**

MEN'S WORK SHIRTS. Kitchen's make. Sale Price 99c

MEN'S PYJAMAS. Sale Price, per Suit **\$1.19**

MEN'S TIES. Sale Price 39c, 49c, 69c

ALL OUR MEN'S SILK MUFFLERS MUST GO. Clearing at, each **\$1.69**

MEN'S LEATHER BELTS, with buckles. Sale Price 39c

BARGAINS FOR THE LADIES

LADIES' ALL WOOL STOCKINGS. Sale Price, per pair 59c

LADIES' SILK AND WOOL STOCKINGS. Sale Price 49c

LADIES' FULL FASHIONED STOCKINGS, silk to the top. All shades and sizes. Sale Price, per pair **89c**

LADIES' SILK BLOOMERS or VESTS. Sale Price 49c

LADIES' SILK BRASSIERS. Sale Price 49c

LADIES' PURE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS. Sale Price **3 for 49c**

LADIES' PURE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS. Sale Price **3 for 39c**

LADIES' COATS

We have only 4 Ladies' Coats left from our Stock and they must go this week at **\$11.99**

This is a real buy. Formerly sold at \$25.05. They are extra quality broadcloth, lined with silk, and have Fur Collars and Cuffs. Come and get your choice. They won't last long.

YOUR MUST SEE THESE TO APPRECIATE THE VALUES

For the Boy's Outfit

BOYS' WINDBREAKERS. All sizes, made of Mackinaw Cloth. Sale Price **\$1.59**

BOYS' TWEED BLOOMERS. Sale Price, per pair 99c

BOYS' LONG PANTS. Sale Price, per pair **\$1.49**

BOYS' LEATHER AVIATION CAPS, with goggles. Sale Price, each **99c**

BOYS' CLOTH AVIATION CAPS. Sale Price, each **59c**

Men's Furnishings

MEN'S TIPPERARY SUSPENDERS. Sale Price, per pair **39c**

MEN'S SILK GARTERS. Sale Price, per pair **19c**

All Our Men's Work Gloves and Mitts are Reduced from 25 to 35 per cent. of the regular price

MEN'S SOCKS

MEN'S WOOL SOCKS. Sale Price 19c

Men's Silk and Cotton Socks. Sale price. 29c

Men's English Botany Wool Socks. Sale Price, per pair **69c**

MEN'S WORSTED SOCKS. Sale Price, per pair **39c**

MEN'S CAPS

MEN'S TWEED CAPS. All shades and sizes. Sale Price, each **99c**

MEN'S LEATHER CAPS. Sale Price, each **\$1.19**

Men's Heavy Cloth Caps, with ear flaps. Sale Price **\$1.19**

OVERALLS & SMOCKS

Men's Overall. Kitchen's make. Black or Blue. Sale Price **\$1.19**

Men's Heavy Weight Overalls, Kitchen's make. Black or blue. For Sale Price **\$1.69**

MEN'S SMOCKS. Sale Price \$1.19 and \$1.69

BOYS' BLUE OVERALLS. Sale Price 89c

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY ARE THE BIG DAYS

RELIABLE CLOTHIERS

MILL STREET, ACTON

NEXT DOOR TO CARROLL'S

Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Money Cheerfully Refunded

The Free Press Short Story

THE FAMILY JAR

BY IRA RICH KENT

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Trefethen returned from their honeymoon journey to take up their residence in what is the prettiest as well as the smallest cottage in Par Vales, they brought with them a large lump of curiosity. One fifth of it was Lawrence's and the other four fifths Gertrude's; and it had all its origin in the letter from Lawrence's Aunt Marietta, which had reached them at Lake Placid.

It had been written at Frankfort on the Maine, where Aunt Marietta had, for some unknown reason, been spending a month, and whence she had dispatched her wedding gift to her nephew.

"And," read the letter, "as my forty years' experience with the transatlantic service makes me perfectly sure that the package won't reach America till at least ten days after the agent says it will, I have saved you a great deal of needless bother by having my gift sent straight from the Frankfort postery ('Oh, Lawrence, it's some of those beautiful thin cups, I'm perfectly sure,' sighed Gertrude, happily) to your new home at Par Vales, where you will probably find it when you arrive. I hope that it will fit into some corner of your happy lives there, and be each day a pleasant reminder of your old aunt's affection."

Gertrude's eyes glowed with the rapacity of the gift-hungry bride.

"Perhaps it's a tea-set; don't you think so, Lawrence? Your Aunt Marietta has a whole lot of money, hasn't she? She wouldn't stop at a set of cups, of course. Isn't that beautiful, Lawrence; a whole tea-set of Frankfort porcelain! Just think of it!"

Sure enough there "the package" stood, impressive with foreign marks and labels and the more impressive in that it filled the little kitchen of the little house very uncomfortably tall. Lawrence gazed at the bulk in some dismay; but his wife's imagination was wide enough to take it in without a gulp.

"Oh, Lawrence!" She clapped her hands ecstatically in the pantry; there was no room in the kitchen. "I knew it was doing Aunt Marietta an injustice. It's a dinner-set, of course it is, a Frankfort porcelain dinner-set. I should

"Two years later that impassioned inquiry was still unanswered. Even the note that the tiny Lawrence Junior could not thrust wholly into the background of the interest of the parental question. On the other hand the presence of that young man decidedly complicated the situation; for, although he was very small, he took up an astonishing amount of room. And Aunt Marietta's gift had not left so much as that in the otherwise happiest cottage in Par Vales!

The jar became a perpetually. It started in the front hall; then it abode for a month in the tiny parlor, till a "tea" came along and was held only by trundling the porcelain monster into the laundry. Somehow Lawrence forgot to fetch it out of its seclusion there for several weeks, until his wife's active conscience made it impossible for him to forget it any longer. So it came back to the parlor once more.

"Let's try it in the other corner this time," said Gertrude. Lawrence, with his coat off, laboriously took the jar off the pedestal, carried the pedestal across the little room and tugged the jar after it.

"Oh, that's too bad; I can't possibly get to the piano, if it stands there. I didn't think it was going to come out, but now I see it will go back where it was." And Lawrence, dubiously, but with little grace, undid his work.

"It's each day a pleasant reminder, isn't it," he quoted. "I'm going to publish a map of the travels of that thing!"

"What for? It would only be a solid black mess of lines," sighed his wife despairingly. "I certainly believe there isn't an inch of space in the house outside the pantry that it hasn't sometimes passed over."

"There's the coal cellar left," said Lawrence, hopefully.

"No, dear, we've got to stand it; perhaps we'll have a bigger house sometime, and then there'll be room for it."

But Lawrence's income was not large, and the "bigger house" was a remote prospect. Meanwhile, the Trefethen family, as Gertrude said, "lived in the corners round Aunt Marietta's jar."

Lawrence and Gertrude grew to hate the shabby bulk. The baby was frightened by it and cried at sight of it. "The horrid old thing," said Gertrude, bitterly. "I wish it would go to people who buy an awful example to people who buy wedding presents. I believe I'll try it in the dining-room for a while. I shall simply go crazy if I have to look at it any more in the hall."

Gertrude came from Massachusetts and had what Lawrence called an "ingrowing conscience." So the jar remained, and these hatreds of it waxed with every encounter.

By the third of November in the third year of their married life, the master-piece of the Chinese potteries and Aunt Marietta's generosity had travelled in its orbit to the little landing on the front stairs.

On the way to bed Gertrude, who was a slender little body, had squeezed past it. "I won't be shut out of my own front stairs by that thing!" she declared. The Lawrence family betook himself to the back staircase, and so evaded the issue might be taken as evidence of the humiliation to which he had sunk. But then Lawrence was not slender.

At twelve o'clock on the evening of that third of November the entire Trefethen family down to Lawrence Junior, Ellen, the maid, and Booby, the almost tortoise-shell kitten (so named because Lawrence said she was "mooch turtle"), were all sound asleep.

An hour later there was a furfure fumbling at the pantry window, unfastened, in the manner of pantry windows. The sash slid upward, to admit a tall, active figure that seemed to have an absolute knowledge of the whereabouts of the silver and a sure discrimination, in the light of his electric torch, between plate and salt.

"He was a business-like person. Quite contrary to the apparently established customs of burglars, he wasted no time hunting for food or drink. He did not go near the refrigerator, and his visit to the sideboard was a brief one.

With the silver stowed safely in a dark bag and placed by the front door, the burglar stepped into the hall, and in long swift steps with a pause after each advance.

He was in the middle of one of these long steps when he reached the landing. The pedestal which bore Aunt Marietta's wedding gift was poised on the edge, to allow room for the bulky jar. The prowler's foot struck it hard. He recoiled instinctively. The jar rocketed on its base. He slipped on the stair, it tumbled on the verge. He put out a helpless, clutching hand. It landed ruthlessly toward him.

"Then, he underneath, and it above, they went down. Triumpf! Bump! Thud! smash! Crash!

The Trefethen family, down to Lawrence Junior, Ellen, the maid, and Booby, the almost-tortoise-shell kitten, were, on the instant, much wider awake than they had previously been sound asleep.

hand and felt for the electric-light switch.

Perhaps his hand was not altogether steady; at any rate he did not find the switch immediately. As he fumbled, he heard a clatter below as of rattling crockery, a scrambling, then the slam of the closing front door.

"It's all right, Gertrude; he's gone, whoever he is!" And he turned on the light.

"Well, I guess that jarred him some," he chuckled.

His bad pun went unnoticed. Gertrude was too divided between conflicting emotions of alarm and hysterical relief to chide him.

They went down together. The bag of silver still reposed by the door; the burglar had forgotten it. And the floor of the tiny hall was covered "simply unaccountably," said Lawrence—with Chinese porcelain chips and fragments.

Lawrence laughed again. Gertrude: "There isn't a possible chance to mend it!"

"Oh, Lawrence, how can you speak like that!" Gertrude clasped her hands tragically. "What if we hadn't had the jar! We might all have been killed! Oh, the poor, poor jar—after we'd said such things about it, it saved our lives!"

Lawrence stopped chuckling and stared at her, open-mouthed. Then—by could not help it—he laughed, and fled to keep from doing it, and only laughed the more, until he finally checked and had to be pounded on the back.

Lawrence, like a man, was too much relieved by the flight of the burglar to grieve for one moment over the loss of the Chinese silver. Yet when he came out of his coughing fit he found Gertrude grieving bitterly; and, like a wise man, he arranged his features into an explication of compassionate sympathy.

"How could you laugh, when it's ruined—our beautiful jar! You know it was beautiful, Lawrence; and if it hadn't been so big, it couldn't have saved us. And it was your Aunt Marietta's wedding present, too! Oh! Oh!" And Gertrude sat down in the very midst of the fragments and wept!

To-day one of the chief ornaments of the Trefethen parlor is a figured and really quite handsome bit of porcelain, some four inches square, mounted like a tile in the chimney breast. It is all that is left of the Chinese jar.

broken when we found it couldn't be mended; weren't you, Lawrence? And we shall treasure this bit of it all our lives."

TREATING THE WITNESS TENDERLY

People who have suffered under cross-examination in court will read with pleasure of a witness who was so far from fearing lawyers that the lawyers were rather afraid of him. This was the late James Goodwin Hatterson, a prominent citizen of Connecticut. This in one of his appearances on the stand.

At a time when ex-Governor Waller was at the capital advocating a charter for a new corporation in Hartford, Mr. Hatterson was one of the witnesses summoned by the opposition. But Mr. Hatterson's combative qualities were so well known that even the lawyer whose side he favored ventured to ask but two questions:

"You have lived many years in Hartford, Mr. Hatterson?"

"I have."

"Do you favor the granting of this charter?"

"I do not."

"That will do, Mr. Hatterson. Gentlemen, you can question the witness."

Governor Waller then took the stand up, and the expectation of a battle royal was general. Everybody knew that the governor was quick as a flash, and also that Mr. Hatterson was able to keep up his end of a discussion with anybody. The ex-governor stately opened with:

"Mr. Hatterson, you say you have lived many years in Hartford?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Hatterson.

"Well, sir," said Governor Waller, "I trust you may live here many years more."

In that graceful fashion Mr. Hatterson was gently shoved off the stand and not heard at all.

Your Home Medicine Chest.—Among the standard household remedies that should always be on hand in your home medicine chest, none is more important than Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Its healing usefulness is known by many thousands throughout the land. Always use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for relieving rheumatic and sciatic pains, treating sore throats and chest, coughs, burns, scalds, cuts, bruises and sprains.

SOME DARKY STORIES (D. R.)

Preacher—"Dat's an' fine a goose as I ever see. Bruddah Williams. Whar did yo' git such a fine goose?"

Moss—"Well now, parson, when yo' preach a spell, nelson, I never axes you' whar yo' got it. I hopes yo' will show me de same consideration."

A colored parson called upon one of his flock and found the object of his visit out in the back yard working among his hen coops. He noticed with surprise that there were no chickens.

"Why, Brudder Johnson," he asked, "whar are your chickens?"

"Tuh," granted Johnson, without looking up, "some fool nighd left de do' open and dey all went home."

A new minister preached last month in a Toronto church. His sermon was eloquent and flowery, and in his prayer he seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

"Pine prayer, that," a deacon said afterwards to the colored janitor.

"Hill sholy was, boss," said the janitor. "Why, dat man asked de Lord to things our old preacher didn't even know he had."

"Mah broddren," shouted Parson Potluck, "yo' wats it be ready to jump when yo' heards Gabriel blow dat horn?"

"Yo' goodness' sake!" murmured Brother Simpson, "an he a-comin' in er auty-mobee?"

A negro preacher walked into the office of a newspaper in Rocky Mount, N. C., and said:

"Mista Edillo, they in forty-seven members of my congregation which subscribe to your paper. Do that entitle me to have a church notice in yo' Baddy Inno?"

"Sit down and write," said the editor. "I thank you."

And this is the notice the minister wrote:

"Mount Moriah Baptist Church, the Rev. John Obadiah, pastor. Preaching morning and evening. In the promulgation of the Gospel three books is necessary: The Bible, the hymn-book and the pocket-book. Come to-morrow and bring all three."

JUST CAUSE

Judge (sternly): "Well, what's your cause for speeding sixty miles an hour?"

"Victim." "I had just heard that the ladies of my wife's church were giving a rummage sale, and I was hurrying home to save my other pair of trousers."

Judge: "Case dismissed."

NO JOKE

After all, the Englishman must have his sense of humor, or is the following which appeared in the Bylander of London pathetic rather than humorous?

"The Man" (having surrendered his seat): "I beg your pardon!"

"The Girl": "I didn't speak."

"The Man": "Sorry, I'm sure. I thought you said, 'Thank you.'"