

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths are inserted in this column without charge...

BOEN LAURET-In Acton, on Thursday, January 2nd, 1935, to Mr. and Mrs. Earl M. Lambert, the gift of a daughter.

DIED PRICE-At the Guelph General Hospital, on Saturday, December 29th, 1934, Mary Bertha Robson, beloved wife of Thomas Harding Price, in her 41st year.

PAPILLON-At St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, Ontario, on Friday, December 29th, 1934, Theophile Papillon, beloved husband of Helene Duval, in his 60th year.

This and that

-Can you write it 1935 yet? -The New Year Day was rather stormy.

-Rev. A. Bradley was given an acclamation in Elora.

-Robins were reported as seen in Acton on New Year's Day.

-School started again this morning after the Christmas vacation.

-348 Townships have accepted the new Hydro contracts out of 357.

-Acton Juveniles have entered a team in the Junior Western Hockey League.

-There were no cases in Police Court in the usual Thursday session today.

-The new cars for 1935 are now being announced, with all their new features.

-A city election is just as big an event as a rural affair to the city folk.

-The best wedding Mr. Bingham stepped slowly down the street toward the bank. He had to pass his new neighbor.

-Weston, by an overwhelming majority, decided against having beverage rooms.

-Now for the January sales and mid-winter offerings. Follow the advertisements.

-Quite a number from here attended the Firemen's dance at Georgetown on Tuesday.

-The blitzards of Saturday and Tuesday have kept the snowplows active in clearing the roads.

-Over 7,000 feet of flooring are required in the new Y. M. C. A. building. It was delivered yesterday.

-The carpenters and painters are putting on the finishing touches in the new Y. M. C. A. building now.

-A printer has been made Mayor of Toronto, but Jimmie Simpson has been around the City Hall for over twenty years.

-A number of subscribers have taken advantage of The Free Press subscription offer. It is an exceptional opportunity.

-The woodwork has been stained and the floor is being laid in the Public Utilities Office of the new Memorial building.

-The threat from Guelph failed to keep the local boys out of hockey last night. Wonder what the Royal City will try next?

-Guelph news by a mix-up with two O. H. A. games scheduled for the same night. More blame for the O. H. A., we suppose.

-The Toronto Star can claim a victory when all three of the other city newspapers were allied against it on the Mayoralty campaign.

HELP! HELP!

Mabel (studying geography): "Oh, nurse, I'm so glad Mummy's only got us three children."

Nurse: "Why, dear?"

Mabel: "Because it says that every fourth child born into the world is Chinese."

THE DEFINITION

"A party platform is a mighty important consideration," said one statesman.

"Yes," replied the other, "a party platform in politics is a good deal like a bunker in golf. The rules require it, but you show your skill in avoiding it."

WORKED UP

"What is your occupation?"

"Cocoa-nut seller."

"Have you always sold cocoa-nuts?"

"No. I started with monkey-nuts, and worked myself up."

WHEN YOU LOSE INTEREST

When you discover that you are losing interest in your friendships, in whatever makes you worth more to yourselves and others, it is time to find out the reason.

If you do your work just because you want your wages at the end of the week or attend the young people's meeting because if you stay away your friends will ask why, your service is formal, lifeless, practically worthless.

Sometimes you lose interest because you are tired. You need a change, a rest perhaps a tonic. Sometimes you lose interest because your will has wobbled because you have lost sight of your goal. Whenever the reason learn what it is and correct what is wrong.

Joshua Bingham's Neighbor

By CLARICE GRAY.

MR. JOSHUA BINGHAM walked around his small domain, regarding the neatly kept walks. It would have been an impudent guess among the Bingham grassees—and as for hop-toads! The sight of one almost drove Mr. Bingham frantic.

Yet he did not look like that kind of man. He was a quiet, peaceable banker, a bachelor who belonged to several clubs, a great reader, and he lived alone with his housekeeper, Mrs. Henrietta Flood.

After Mr. Bingham had regarded his own premises he went to the southern fence and looked over the white pallings—he retired in confusion blushing all over his rather nice face.

"Henrietta," he said to Mrs. Flood, "did you know that the cottage next door had been rented?"

"Sold, rather," said Mrs. Flood handing him a cupful of tea. "Have you seen the woman with bobbed hair and knickers on?"

"I believe I did catch a glimpse of somebody," he said hastily, and after that Mrs. Flood went out into the kitchen and he was left to worry about the new neighbor.

"Now I wonder what kind of a woman is living next door," he thought disconsolately. "I caught a glimpse of her, and Henrietta confirms it—a bobbed-haired, middle-aged woman. The terrible chicken houses—the rank grass—the gone-to-seed garden—the unpainted house—I was crazy not to buy the place myself, fix it all up and rent it to somebody I knew!"

"The best wedding Mr. Bingham stepped slowly down the street toward the bank. He had to pass his new neighbor. She was out in the front yard now, fresh and pretty looking in a pink frock, directing Mr. Bingham's special helper, Benjamin Brown. Benjamin was tearing down the wire that grew away to the roof of the little house. Also the honey-suckles that covered the front veranda were on the ground.

Mr. Bingham lifted his hat in a stately fashion and the woman said, "Good morning," in a pleasant cultivated voice. At the bank he called the cashier, "Mr. Morse," he said gravely, "who is the woman who has bought the cottage next door to me?"

"Why, that is Miss Lucy Sweet—she writes stories for girls. The minister and his wife used to know her in Amityville—they say she is a splendid woman."

It rather spoiled Mr. Bingham's luncheon to go home and witness Miss Lucy Sweet, dressed in khaki overalls, standing on a scaffold painting the front of her little house, but a woman of her size and profession revealed that painting a house was too much to be borne!

Within two days the little house was finished and the vines recalled to the trellis. Then Miss Lucy Sweet and Benjamin began to clear up the place, and at last the whole place was clean and sweet inside and out, with chicken wire eggshells just like Mr. Bingham's, in the neat white pen.

Then flowers sprang up as if by magic, until all the hardy shrubs were blooming and the seeds were pushing sturdy shoots through the rich soil.

About this time Henrietta had established a back-fence acquaintance with Miss Sweet.

Mr. Bingham approved of the little white house, which made a very dainty neighbor to his own small home, but still he could not reconcile himself to Miss Lucy Sweet's working clothes.

Because it was his duty as a neighbor and gentleman, Mr. Bingham came home from the bank one day at three o'clock, but on his best clothes, took his walking-stick and went to call upon Miss Sweet. Her little maid came to the door.

"Yes, sir, Miss Sweet is sitting in the front room," said the maid, and she opened the door, and sure enough there sat Miss Lucy Sweet, reading proof sheets and busy with a pencil. Her pale pink slip lay on the table with six small kittens whose mother blinked in a basket nearby.

"Do forgive me for not getting up," she said to the man who appeared to be so much older, and they shook hands warmly, and fell to talking about the kittens, and then about flowers, and about the two houses and about books.

"The maid brought tea and fresh coffee, and Joshua Bingham went home thinking that in spite of her short, softly-curling white hair, Lucy Sweet was a charming little woman.

He could never have told you how the weeks flew by as the days passed and there came to be scarcely a day that he failed to slip at Miss Lucy's for a cupful of tea and the latest news about what she was writing about.

Mrs. Henrietta Flood secretly looked for a new job. "My eyes don't deceive me," she averred to her friends, and "Joshua" was life long before Mr. Bingham awakened to the fact that he was, for the first time in his life, deeply in love. The 1st of November day in her small house he told her how it was with her, and pretty Miss Lucy shed her light tears and allowed him to kiss her cheek.

"And," said Mr. Bingham happily, "I will have our two cottages joined together and made one, just as we shall be, oh Lucy!"

"Of course, Joshua," she said.

News of Acton and the District

Mail Carrier Fights Thug - Loses \$10 After Struggle

Brutally attacked late Tuesday night as he was leaving his livery barn at Stone after making a final round, for the night, Albert Hammill, mail carrier, was badly hurt when he gave battle to a lone bandit, who escaped with \$10. Confronted by the thug, who was armed with an iron pipe, Hammill grappled with him, the battle lasting for several minutes. The mail carrier wrenched his back severely in the struggle and was finally forced to surrender his money. Half an hour later Constable Rankin and William H. Brown, passing near the barn, heard cries for help and came to Hammill's aid.

Canadian Fish Values Higher

Notwithstanding the fact that the catch was slightly smaller than in October, 1933, the landed value of Canada's sea fisheries in October was over one million dollars. In every month so far in 1934 the landed value of the sea fisheries catch has been greater than in the same month of 1933. Smaller landings in both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were responsible for the decrease in the October production. British Columbia, Quebec and Prince Edward Island all increased their catches. Total landed value for the month for the five sea fishery provinces was \$1,089,500 in round figures compared with \$840,000 in October of last year. The total catch was something over 714,700 cwt. Compared with nearly 733,500 cwt. in the same month of the preceding year.

DANDELIONS AND ALFALFA

The dandelion is one of the earliest weeds the irrigation farmer must contend with, because of the importance of his hay fields and permanent pastures. Perhaps the most alarming aspect of the dandelion problem in recent years in Western Canada has been the rapidly with which the weed has spread in the alfalfa fields of the older irrigated districts. Many of these fields, says Mr. A. E. Palmer, of the Dominion Experimental Station, Lethbridge, Alberta, were so badly over-run that the alfalfa appeared to be almost entirely covered with it, and it seemed necessary to plough the fields and seed other crops.

At first the farmers thought that the old fields which had been in alfalfa continuously for ten years or more were the only ones being superseded by the dandelion and that it was merely a case of the alfalfa plants thinning out with age, the dandelions taking their place. However, investigations showed that the alfalfa plants were still present in most places, but were making a meagre growth.

It was also noted that the alfalfa was often unthrifty where no weeds occurred. Further observations revealed that while old alfalfa fields were usually overrun, many that had been seeded only three or four years before were badly contaminated. But in almost every instance such fields had been in alfalfa for a number of years in the past and had been broken up, used for other crops for a few years, and then re-seeded to alfalfa.

This indicated quite clearly that the growing of alfalfa for a number of years had rendered the soil unfit for the crop and that the presence of the dandelions was a secondary factor.

Top dressing with barnyard manure had helped alfalfa at the Lethbridge Station, but did not keep the dandelions in check. In the spring of 1931, a field where the alfalfa was very unthrifty and the dandelions had become well established, was treated with 100 pounds of triple superphosphate per acre, drilled into the soil about one-half inch deep, with a fertilizer drill, leaving a strip unfertilized as a check. The result, cutting of hay was not noticeably benefited by the fertilizer, but the effect on the second cutting was startling. The unthrifty growth gave place to a heavy crop of hay that completely overshadowed the dandelions.

For three years, the alfalfa has maintained its vigor and the dandelion plants, although still present, are but a scanty undergrowth. Other similar fields have responded to phosphate in the same way and it now seems evident that with proper fertilization alfalfa will keep dandelions in check as it does most weeds.

CHANCE FOR COLLEGIAN

A young man who had received his diploma had been looking around surreptitiously for a position, for employment and for a job. Entering an office he asked to see the manager, and while waiting he said to the office boy:

"Do you suppose there is any opening here for a college graduate?"

"Well, dere will be," was the reply, "if de boss don't raise me salary to free dollars a week by terrormer night."

SURE

Him—"I hope you'll dance with me tonight."

Her—"Oh, certainly. I hope you don't think I came down here merely for pleasure."

COMPULSORY

He (as his wife is packing): "I don't think you ought to wear that bathing suit, Helen."

She: "But, dear, I have to. You know how strict they are at the beaches."

When Dorothy Found True Love

By DUFORD JENNE

AS DOROTHY, hospitalized at the door of the boarding house, dreading to go out into the wild, wintry night; a sturdy figure stepped in, and she recognized Chester Irwin, one of the favored roomers.

"Where under the sun are you going on a night like this, Dorothy?" he asked quickly.

"From the moment she had met him, only a week before, his easy manner of comradeship had won her; and now his first use of "Dorothy" gave her a little thrill. But she covered it with a gasp.

"I am going to earn my bread and butter, kind sir."

"Well, you ought to be in here where it is safe and snug," he urged.

As she tramped down the avenue through the snow, facing the keen wind, the friendly tones of his rich, manly voice followed her as if by magic. Between her hard study at the Conservatory of Music, her limited funds, her night work to which she was going, and the chance that she might not win the scholarship for which she was trying, she had a chance to worry.

"Buck up, honey," she advised herself. "It's dogged as 'dogg' it."

She turned into the lobby of the cheap, avenue movie palace. There she was to play the tin-panny piano through the evening performance.

It was a tired girl who dragged her weary feet back through the heavy snow to the boarding house. And there Irwin met her.

"I have had Mrs. McCarty keep a hot lunch for you in the kitchen, little Miss Sweetheart, so hurry in the kitchen you go," he announced.

She stood silent, forcing back the tears. "Don't be too good to me, I—I don't deserve it!"

She knew in an instant that some keen sense of sympathy he possessed had warmed him while her mood was; so his words were bantering.

"The good are never rewarded according to their deserts, so I am told; but Mrs. McCarty will have my scalp and yours if you don't eat it!"

He did not follow her to the kitchen. Instead, he went with a joking good-night word.

The next day, her cup of bitterness was filled to the brim. When she woke, she knew she had caught a cold that promised to be a real one. The cause her fear of one disastrous result. The owner of the "movie palace," while fair enough, had his problems; and he told her that she must be on hand—if she missed one evening, she was done.

"I simply must go—I must!" she told herself in something of a panic.

Motherly old Mrs. McCarty tried to "doctor her up," and urged her to give up the thought of going to the "palace." But Dorothy knew what the money she needed meant to her. Then the mail brought a long official envelope and a letter that told her the scholarship had been otherwise disposed of.

In the seclusion of her room, she fought the battle through, but it was a sick girl who bundled herself up and went to the door, to be caught by strong hands. She turned to look into Irwin's face.

"You're not going out tonight, little girl," he said, and his voice was firm. "But I—I have to play—Chester!"

"I'll play at the palace for you," he announced.

She went back to her room with a thrill running through her—she had held her just a moment in his arms as he removed her coat.

In her room she found one of the girls with a newspaper turned to the musical page. "Dora, is that isn't Chester Irwin—who is it? I'm sure of it!"

Dorothy stared at the face. "There is no doubt of it, Ruth. It is—I wonder—why he's a concert pianist—and see what they say of him!"

She drew back, her mind in a whirl. What was she doing here—or could it be a mistake—and what had his kindness to her meant?

She found out later. Her heart began to pound as he mounted the stairs, and she heard his pause.

"Well, you've lost your job, Dorothy. I've got it. Come out a moment," he suggested.

She stepped out, and seeing her, his eyes grew serious. "You look as if—what is it?" His eyes caught the newspaper still clutched in her hands, and she saw that his swift mind had sensed some connection between it and her mood.

CLEAR OUT THE CLUTTER

Some people carry around so much useless luggage that they have little strength left for the necessary burdens of life. Take a grudge, for instance. Years back in your grade-school days, some classmate got the better of you by a bit of sharp practice. Ever since when you look at him, you experience that same hot resentment that you felt the day the incident occurred. Just think of the energy you have wasted on that grudge, and what you might have accomplished with it if you had saved it for something worth while!

The same is true of a certain sort of regret. Young people will be awake at night, brooding over some ally act they have committed, which made them the butt of their schoolmates' ridicule for a time, but which everyone else forgot long ago.

Clear out all this clutter of things better forgotten. Save the space for something worth while.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

The greater proportion of the population of this country do not know what real sunlight is unless they leave their homes.—Lord Newton.

We profess to be Christians and then we use the talents God has given us to discover the worst methods of man-killing.—Sir Robert Baden Powell.

Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tables of eternity.—J. A. Proude.

The difficulty is not so great to die for a friend, as to find a friend worth dying for.—Home.

How much easier it is to be generous than just. Men are sometimes bountiful who are not honest.—Junius.

What thou wilt thou shall rather enforce with the smiles than how to it with thy sword.—Shakespeare.

When we obey because we love Him who speaks to us, then our obedience is glorious.—Floyd W. Tomkins.

Not broken wills, not crucified wills, but consecrated wills, does He seek to pour His will through.—Samuel Long-fellow.

If your cup is small fill it to the brim. Make the most of your opportunities of honest work and pure pleasure.—Dr. Van Dyke.



It's Here! The New 1935 Ford V-8. The New Models that everyone has been waiting to see have been shown to the public and met with splendid reception. The 1935 Ford will be shown in Acton at Norton Motors on or before January 15th. Watch for the exact date of display but be assured we will have one of these New Models ready for your inspection just as soon as possible. For prices and 1935 Features of the Ford V-8 see Page Three of this issue.

NORTON MOTORS ACTON, ONTARIO. PHONE 69. "Watch the Fords Go By"

For Best Values Consult the Ads. Choice MEATS. It doesn't matter what your appetite calls for — you'll always find Choice Cuts from Selected Stock at Patterson's Meat Cuts. WE HAVE ON HAND SEVERAL KINDS OF FIRST QUALITY FISH. Patterson's MEAT SHOP. PHONE 178. WE DELIVER PROMPTLY.

Look At It This Way! A retail store regards itself as being a public servant. Therefore, it is wholly fitting that it should try to be the best and most eager servant possible. A retail store which hides itself from those whom it wants to employ it becomes under-employed, and so its sales decline. The public inclines in largest numbers toward those stores which seek its attention and custom. It takes the advertising store at its own valuation. It likes to do business with those who manifest eagerness to serve it. It likes to buy at those stores which have to renew their stocks frequently. Advertising is just communicating news and information about one's store and service. It is just a form of talking. It is those who talk who are listened to. Silent stores lose out to stores which carry on conversations—in the form of newspaper advertisements—with those whose custom they want. Any retailer who wants to get more customers — for the replacement of customers who become lost to him and for the expansion of his business—can surely get them by making his store important in their eyes, and by putting in his advertisements the kind of information which will help buyers come to decisions. Our newspaper's advertising department is ever willing to help retailers prepare the right kind of advertisements—free assistance, of course.