

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

DIED

LEAVENS - At Parry Sound, Ontario, on Tuesday, January 16th, 1935, John Leavens, in his 78th year.

FARLOW - In Milton, on Sunday evening, January 15th, 1935, Thomas G. Farlow, husband of Augusta Gage, in his 78th year.

MILLEN - In Erin Township, on Sunday, January 13th, 1935, William H. Miller, beloved husband of Margaret Ann Gray, in his 64th year.

MCKENZIE - At the home of his son, Wilbert L. McKenzie, lot 3, concession 3, Eramosa Township, on Sunday, January 13th, 1935, Nathan McKenzie, husband of the late Charlotte Van-Norman, in his 62th year.

IN MEMORIAM - IN LOVING MEMORY of Gladys Scarrow, who passed away one year ago.

SALLY and Her Pearls - By ALICE DUANE.

Scarrow - In loving memory of Gladys Scarrow, who passed away one year ago.

Scarrow - In loving memory of our Aunt, Gladys, who died January 20th, 1934.

Scarrow - We cannot, Lord, Thy purpose see, But all is well that's done by Thee.

Scarrow - Sister, Brother-in-law and Brother, NORM, DORIS and BILL.

Scarrow - Nominating meeting for Deets to-morrow night, and election on Monday, January 21st.

Scarrow - Nominations for vacancies in Georgetown Council will be held on Monday next.

Scarrow - Acton's second municipal election this year appears to be as keenly contested as the annual event.

Scarrow - Mr. B. Mason has been engaged as Bandmaster of Acton Citizens' Band, and took over his duties this week.

Scarrow - Six o'clock in the morning seems a rather unpopular time for a fire, judging by the few who could get to it this morning.

Scarrow - In the report of the Millon elections last week, The Free Press gave incorrect figures of the Daylight Saving vote. This measure carried by a majority of 100.

MAKING USE OF CRITICISM

Many ways can be found of accepting criticism. Some young people lose their tempers when criticized. Any suggestion that they are wrong or mistaken, irritates them extremely.

Other young people who do not lose their tempers over criticism, take it terribly to heart. They are hurt, grieved, wounded. They cannot understand how people who pretend to care for them can be so cruel, so unfeeling as to find fault with anything they do.

There are people who go blithely on, making the most serious mistakes, because nobody is willing to hurt their feelings by pointing out times when they are wrong.

Luckily there is a minority who know how to use criticism. They realize that the critic may be a better friend than the one who is outspoken in praise.

Instead of becoming angry, or wounded by criticism, they study it, and if they find it well-founded, act upon it.

YOU MUST PAY THE BILL

Some one has said that the older and feebler a pedestrian is the less attention he pays to traffic signals. That will be thinking about it. It is true; it illustrates a common weakness of human nature.

The feebler pedestrian disregards the traffic signals because he assumes that motorists will be more considerate of him than they would be if he were young and strong.

Sometimes a girl will be more important than a boy of the same age would think of being, because she takes it for granted that being a girl, she will be dealt with leniently, while the boy would expect to pay for his rudeness.

A small girl who had been injured in an automobile accident and spent several months in the hospital, behaved outrageously for some time. At any suggestion of a reprimand, she would cry.

"I mustn't be scolded, I'm so awfully nervous after my accident." Some of you who are older are going on the supposition that your friends and acquaintances are going to look on your case as a special one, making allowances for you that they would not think of making for some one else.

That is always a dangerous attitude. Do not ask for allowances. Do not ask for special consideration. If you do that which you should not, take it for granted that you will pay the bill like anybody else.

R. J. KERR'S LIST OF SALES

Wednesday, January 23rd - C. O. Plank, Erin and Eramosa Towns' Linn, Farm Stock.

Thursday, January 24th - William Stale, Farm Stock, etc. - Clearing Cawthra, Mimosa.

Thursday, February 12th - J. D. Lowrie, Farm Stock, Clearing Sale, farm stock and implements.

A Selection of News Items

Letters to the Editor

Entered Into Rest

To the Electors of Acton!

SALLY would not have gone to the dance at all if she had her own way about it, but Jim talked her into it. "I have nothing to wear," said Sally. "Make something out of that soft pillow," advised Jim, "and you'll look a thousand times better than the average."

And as a matter of fact there was not a more beautiful girl at the great ball than Sally. In her slip of evening gown that she had fashioned, her gray slippers and stockings to match, and the whole topped as Jim put it by her rear of curls.

"That old string of beads could be a priceless lot of pearls for all anyone here might know," he told her as they danced. "And if they were real," retorted Sally, "I would not be here seeking patrons for my art shop - I could have glich - a gorgeous shop that people would come to see of themselves."

She toyed gracefully with the long string of beads in question. "Oh, dear! Isn't that the limit - right in the middle of the ballroom!" she exclaimed, and a brilliant blush sprang swiftly to her cheeks.

The string had broken and the beads were rolling everywhere at once. "Of course, she was the center of attention, and all the dancers stopped to help rescue what they supposed to be pearls. "Please don't bother," said Sally, "they are only beads."

Nevertheless they were nearly all referred to her and she put them carefully into her small vanity bag. A young man, however, sitting watching the affair had picked up a few of the beads and having overheard Sally's remark about their value, looked carefully at them.

"Hmph! I think I'll show these to Barney - I like the real thing to me. Perhaps I can do the young lady a good turn. - Rather fancy her any way," he muttered, by much inquiry, to find out who Sally was and that she had a little shop where she sold lamp shades, cushions and other such trifles.

And as Sally and Jim strolled up Park avenue to the tiny place that was Sally's home, Jim wished with all his heart that he was anything but an independent artist who dared not tell the only girl how much he loved her. He had been quite ashamed to give her the old string of beads, on the occasion of her birthday some few years back, but it was all he had in his scant possessions.

When Sally said good night she apologized softly for having caused such a scene at the dance. "I didn't want to let that crowd know how much I valued all of those beads, Jim, but I think we found most of them." She gave him an extra wave of goodnight and slipped up the stairs. "Come early Sunday afternoon," she called back to him.

Sunday was the happiest day of their week, for Sally, tired of her own cooking, let Jim get her tea and supper Sunday nights. And on this Sunday evening while Sally was idly running through some of the books in the window, something delicious in the kitchen, some one knocked at the front door. Sally hastened to see who it might be and whether her nice evening with Jim was to be shared with a third person.

That third person happened to be the young man who had picked up three of the beads from Sally's string. After telling her his mission he was promptly invited in. And when Sally told him that she had a string of them that would go three times around her neck the young man gasped.

"My dear young lady," he excitedly told her, "if all those beads are of the value of the three I picked up you have a set of pearls worth at least fifty thousand dollars."

"Jim," she shouted, "come quickly - I'm going to faint!" And when Jim rushed to the kitchen with a pan of steaming plates-blankets in his hand, she stood up, brushed her shoulders and declared not to faint. "No, I won't," she said, and turned to the strange young man. "You Mr. Barnes what you have just said."

Jim had all he could do to keep the steaming Sunday night supper from gracing the studio floor. "They've been in the Barnes family for ages - I don't think their value was ever suspected," he said calmly. "My pal says that it is only a rough estimate they may be worth double that amount."

"In that case I shall most certainly faint," laughed Sally, and invited the strange young man to stay for supper. But something in the eyes of these two artists prevented him from accepting. The fire and hope and love lying there were not to be intended upon. He left them to their happiness.

U. F. Y. P. O. Meeting

The U. F. Y. P. O. meeting was held in the Parish Hall on Friday. The meeting opened with a short dance. The program opened with the National Anthem and the reading of the minutes. It was in charge of the Oberlin Club, and Mrs. Storey presided.

Trafalgar Council Increases Salaries

Contending that government intervention in Township relief matters was not required, Trafalgar Township Council re-appointed Anson Patterson as Relief Officer, and graduated him from part to full time work at their inaugural meeting on Monday.

TRACKS OF THE ANTIQUE TRADE

Not only books, but even paintings and furniture can be given a very material appearance of great age by the clever use of tea and coffee. The business of turning out antiquities in this way has become quite a profitable industry overseas.

QUITE TRUE

"We never realize the full value of anything until we lose it," said the vicar, consolingly. "No, sir," replied the widow. "It weren't insured."

EASILY TAUGHT

"How did they teach MacPherson to swim?" "They plinned a five-dollar bill on his bathing suit and threw him into the water."

THE EXAMPLE

Johnny, aged five, was sent by his mother to the chicken coop to bring her some eggs. In a short time he returned and made the report: "There ain't no eggs there except the ones the hens copy from."

ALMOST ANYWAY

"So you think he's an advocate of free thought?" "Well, he offered a penny for mine."

WILLIAM N. LESLIE, Eramosa

William N. Leslie, a life-long resident of Eramosa Township, passed away at his home, lot 30, sixth line, following a lingering illness, which ended in a severe paralytic stroke.

A MONTREAL LETTER

The death of Rev. Dr. J. E. Farmer, in Los Angeles, reported last week, recalls to the writer the great home-coming of the old-time pupils of Robert Little of the Acton Public School.

TO THE ELECTORS

Mr. Wallace A. Lasby is a candidate for the Reeveship of Acton for 1935.

VEVY

"Is your wife economical, old boy?" "Oh, very. We do without practically everything I need."

EARLY

"Has Mr Charles asked for your hand yet?" "Not yet, mother, but the knight is still young."

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Advertisement for Hartley Harrison, To the Electors of Acton! Since I have decided to contest the election for Reeve of Acton for 1935, it seems only reasonable that I should give a few of my reasons for seeking your franchise.

Advertisement for Acton Stores can Fulfill Your Needs - Give Them First Chance

Large advertisement for Elliott Bros. featuring a JANUARY Clearance Sale! MANY LINES OF WINTER GOODS ON DISPLAY AT SALE PRICES - COME IN EARLY WHILE THERE IS A LARGE ASSORTMENT. Includes sections for Underwear, SWEATERS, WORK SOCKS, SEVERAL WEIGHTS, WARM WOOL TOQUES, SUPER SUDS, FLUSHO, COLGATE'S TOILET SOAP, PURE HONEY, ORANGE Marmalade, and American Blend Coffee.