

Items of Social and Personal Interest

Various Little Gleanings Concerning Visitors and Folks Visiting of Personal Interest

Miss Sabra Nelson spent several days with friends in Toronto this week.

We are glad to report that Mr. Chan Conway is a little improved this week.

Mr. E. J. Moore, of Philadelphia, Pa., is visiting for a few days at his home here.

Mrs. William Johnstone is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. P. A. Maclean at Weston.

Mr. C. K. Browne left this morning for Midland, to attend the funeral of his brother.

Mr. C. W. Worrell Conway, of Huntsville, spent the week-end with his father, Mr. C. A. Conway.

Mr. and Mrs. James McIntyre, of Toronto, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Murray on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Dobbe and Jimmie, of Bluevale, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Dobbe, Brock Avenue.

Miss E. Gordon Waugh, M. A. Principal of St. Clement's School, Toronto, spent Saturday with Miss Alma Conway.

Mr. George Russell, of Toronto, spent the past week-end with his brother, Mr. Edward C. Russell, of Acton, Ontario.

Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Poole and Mr. George E. Poole were called to Norwich on Sunday, owing to the illness of Mr. Poole's sister.

Mrs. R. B. Johnstone, of Delaware, who has been spending several weeks with her father, Mr. C. A. Conway, has returned to Delaware.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Wallace and Master Ray, of Toronto, spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Swackhamer. Ray is remaining for a couple of weeks to visit his grandparents.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Westlake, Morriston, wish to announce the engagement of their daughter, Miriam, to Louis, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Herman, of Campbellville. The wedding to take place in March.

Messrs. A. McDonald, Crewson's Corners, and W. Cole and P. L. Wright attended the Re-union Dinner in Guelph last Saturday, commemorative of the landing in France twenty years ago of the First Contingent.

HER THANK OFFERING

The Congo Mission News tells the story of a widow whose husband left her neither any insurance policy nor stocks and bonds; there are none such in Congo-land. Her only means of support is a tiny field five miles distant, which she has to till with a hoe, as there are no ploughs in this country. She gets up with the first glint of light in the east, makes ready to go to that tiny field, her hoe in her basket and her basket on her head, but she does not cross the threshold until she has had a word with the Master; and then as she journeys on her way, she stops at the little church and joins in the morning prayer service, then away to work until well past midday. She cannot read, yet she is a faithful auxiliary member. Not content with giving her talent, she keeps up her weekly pledge to the church. Recently a little bundle of bills was found in the collection plate with a tiny scrap on a folded bit of paper, and no one would have known who made this gift had not someone else written for her, and he remembered it later.

NO NET REVENUE

Sir Ronald Wilmshurst-Alton, B. A., speaking recently at a luncheon, business and professional men in London, England, has this to say about liquor and revenue.

Sir Ronald first drew the attention of an audience to the generally overlooked fact that the revenue from the drink trade was really a gross revenue, and that what really interested business men was the net revenue which accrued to the country. And it was a gross revenue for this reason: "After thinking over and women realize that the legalized liquor traffic involves a definite moral and material damage to the national life. This has to be repaid, and the cost of this must in all fairness be written off against the gross revenue." Sir Ronald dealt with the loss of life involved through drinking, the amount of crime produced by drink, the paperism that resulted from the liquor habit, the lunacy which was caused by intoxicating drink, the fact that most of the domestic unhappiness was somehow connected with liquor and that much of the sickness and ill-mourishment was directly or indirectly attributed to the drink habit of millions in this country. In cogent terms Sir Ronald argued when the cost of all this damage was computed, there was certainly no net revenue from the drink trade. He closed this section of his speech by Mr. Gladstone's words to a deputation from the trade when he was Chancellor of the "Exchequer: "Gentlemen, you need not give yourselves any trouble about the revenue. With a sober population, not wasting their earnings, I shall know where to obtain the revenue."

Polly's Diamond

By THOMAS BALDWIN

POLLY DENTON, attractive sales girl at the silk lingerie section of the Ware department store, was spending a sleepless night. Her consciousness was a whirlpool of conflicting emotion; a fast revolving wheel of desire and doubt. Every hour or so she would rise from the narrow cot in her meagerly furnished room, switch on the small electric bulb that jutted out above the bureau, and feast her dark, startled eyes on a beautiful, blue-white diamond, simply set in a swete circle of old-fashioned yellow gold. Each time she rose she slipped the ring curiously on the third finger of her left hand; arched her brow and curved her finger upward to the light—and revealed in the tiny, starlike flames of fire that lurked and leaped to meet her excited gaze. She might have been measured for the ring. A flawless gem that fit perfectly. Polly visualized the nonchalant manner she would employ next morning as she flashed the treasure before Daisy Matton. Daisy would say it the moment they folded up their counter cover together. It was a matter of nip and tuck between Polly and Daisy to gain the permanent devotion of Ed Barrow, the handsome department store detective who amused the girls with his snappy conversation.

Seeing the ring Daisy would surely and surreptitiously point it out to Ed when he stopped, as he always did, for a moment's chatter at the lingerie counter. Of course, Ed would mask his curiosity, twinkle his eyes, and say something like: "Putting on the Ritz this morning, what, Polly?" "Who says so?" she would return calmly. "Some saltire, eh?" Surely he would take her hand and examine the ring if the floor manager was not looking.

"Oh, that?" She would tinge her reply with flippant provocation. "That's an heirloom, isn't seeing it's such a nice morning I thought I would give it an airing."

And no might banter proceed until she succeeded in nudging a dinner invitation from Ed. That accomplished, in view of her combination of charm, sympathy, saltire and one evening frock, how could Ed remain silent any longer? Polly was sincere about Ed. She loved him.

When finally dawn showed up through the narrow window, and time arrived for Polly to dress and breakfast for another day, she was still lashed to the horns of her first dilemma. But the sting of cold water, action, and two cupsful of black coffee freed her. A definite solution presented itself.

At the store that morning matters transpired precisely as Polly had faintly conceived. Daisy pointed on her before the counter covers were folded with a high-pitched "Where'd you get that?" Polly high-batted the query, leaving Daisy no course but to retire into envious silence.

Ed stopped at Polly's end of the counter about 9:15, before the door became crowded, and Daisy saw her thrust a pearl toward his ear; watched Ed grin and come strutting over. The dialogue took place almost as etched in her mind during those long sleepless hours. He did hold her hand; he did examine the ring, very closely, adding:

"A Crown Jewel all right, Polly. Used to work in Malton Lane when I was a kid. I got it. I could pick 'em. Say, Polly, you look awed this morning. How about a bite with me tonight?"

That was the first event of the day for Polly. The second was the reprint she received from the floor manager for being fifteen minutes late in from lunch. How the hours dragged until the great event of the day—dinner with Ed.

Over a dessert, after an entrancing hour at a little restaurant Ed liked, he said: "Let's glimpse that sparkler again, Polly. You know how it is. I like to hold your hand, but I can't. But, honest, kid, an infectious grin as he reached for her unresisting fingers. "It kinda gets me, your hand," that, Polly. It isn't our kind of ornament. Goes with silks and sweaters, eh?"

Say, his expression changed and a professional Ed spoke quietly, "where's the sparkler you wore this morn'g? That one was worth a thousand dollars in Midland Lane. This cost two-fifty or three on Nassau street. What's the game, little girl?"

"Some detective, Ed! I took the real one back to the lady that lost it. She lives on Park avenue and she gave me twenty-five dollars. That's how I got a call-down for being late this noon." Her eyes filled with longing.

"It was wonderful, wasn't it, Ed? I got this fake just to put twenty dollars in the bank, too."

"Ed just sat and thought and thought—still holding the capable little fingers. Finally Polly began to be a littlealarmed.

"Gee! Polly, you could have gotten away with that sparkler as easy as pie. Say, you're a pretty swell little dancer yourself. And square. That's what I like. And... Come on Polly, let's take in a movie. I got some thing to talk to you about—something to ask you, maybe."

Hockey Play-offs in 4-4 Deadlock

(Continued from Page One)

tainly outplaying Elora. Brown saved from Marzo scoring by inches. Anderson was just a little late on a nice pass and Norm missed the corner of the net. Rummels took a nice shot on Greer, but the big boy handled it. Gibbons went off for boarding a man, and the period ended 2-0 for Acton, and the round tied at 3 all. Bus Morton and Gibbons were the only penalties. Selling had been injured by a hit from the puck, and played very little in this period.

And so on to the bedtime story and overtime. Selling was unable to come on the ice in this part of the play. An examination showed a possible fracture of the skull and he was badly injured. None of the fans, however, seemed to see him receive the injury.

Terry gave a thrill in the first overtime when the red light flicked, but play had been called back for an off-side. Jack Kentner missed when right on Brown and Terry had no luck. Greer stopped three hot shots in a row and was going nice. First five minutes and no score. Fisher went right in but couldn't get past Greer. Gibbons, for Acton, had a nice rush. No score and the round still deadlocked. No penalties.

In the second overtime period Bus Morton had a close one on Brown, and likewise Jack Kentner. Terry, Brown and a few more pilled in the Elora goal, but not the puck. Marzo and Gibbons were right in but the burn-haired boy saved. Another five minutes and no score. Rummels tackled Terry pretty hard in the corner when he had him on the ice, but the referee didn't consider it seriously. Anderson blazed another one right on Brown. Another ten minutes and no score. Both teams were tired, but Elora was the most worn out.

It looked like Acton's game when Gibbons scored from a scramble in the first minute of the third overtime period, and fans went wild, with hats, caps and what-not on the ice. Elora sent all hands down for a goal. Marzo and Kentner nearly registered when Elora was left flat-footed with all hands forward. Acton went on the defensive, and Elora was pressing, but Greer was going nicely. Then Babe Rummels scored on a nice rebound to tie up the round again. Bus Morton went off for boarding a man, and Acton went right in to score even when short-handed. Period ended at 3-1 for Acton, and a tie on the round.

The officials signalled the crowd that the game was over, and a rush for the exits was on. Then a right-about-face for the seats again as it was reported that the game was to go to a finish. A consultation with team managements, players, referee and O. H. A. officials followed, and it was finally decided to quit. The boys were all mighty weary, and arrangements were made to convey Selling direct to the hospital at Guelph for X-ray examination and attention.

The line-up was: Elora—Brown, goal; Wabser, and Dreyer, defence; B. Rummels, centre; Fisher and Quinn, wings; Ridley, J. Rummels, Selling, D. Rummels, alternates. Anderson, sub goalie.

Acton—Greer, goal; Jack Kentner and Gibbons, defence; N. Morton, centre; Terry and B. Morton, wings; Walters, Marzo, Joe Kentner and Anderson, alternates. Reference—Eric Wortley, Toronto.

FROM THE SIDE LINES

There was no demand on the box office for money back for lack of entertainment secured.

Play was clean, considering that a group title was at stake on the outcome.

Acton boys certainly showed their superiority in the game last night.

Brown was the star on the Elora team.

GREGORY THEATRE

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22nd "BROADWAY BILL"

Romantic comedy, made by the producers of "It Happened One Night" starring Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. Silly Symphony, "Punny Little Bunnies." Chapter 9 of "Jill Carson."

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd "BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK"

Thrilling mystery story, starring Ronald Colman, Warner Oland and Loretta Young. Merry Melody, "Beauty and the Beast." Silly Song, "House Where I Was Born." Fox News.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25th "WHOM THE GODS DESTROY"

Powerful drama of a man's great love for his son starring Walter Connolly, Robert Young and Doug Kenyon. Comedy, "Cavaler's Daughter." Novellette, "Glad, Rags or Riches." Wax Museum.

COMING "PAINTED VEIL" With Greta Garbo.

and but for his outstanding work Acton would have won the group honors.

After all it would have been a tough break for either team to lose that game. Perhaps it is better to give all an opportunity for a third game.

Gate records show 1212 paid admissions and receipts of \$307.50 last night.

Pergus Arena officials made a bid for the play-off game for that Arena before leaving last night.

Those fights among spectators after the game and the rowdism in the corridors between periods aren't any embellishment to Acton's record.

All fans are satisfied that Acton came from behind and evened the score with Elora. A third game is certainly needed between these two teams to decide a winner.

Everybody's agreed. A great game!

And in the Acton dressing rooms the old theme song resounded, "Pack Up Your Troubles."

Whatever arena is decided upon, we advise reinforcement of the sides.

Preston trimmed Guelph by 8-0 in the first game of the round. Guelph goes better in the Committee Room, decisions than on the ice.

A GREAT DESTROYER

What is "more powerful than the combined armies of the world"? What has "destroyed more men than all the wars of the nations?"

The answer is given in a striking style of personification: "I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns."

"I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike, the young and old, the strong and weak. Widows and orphans know me."

"I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor, from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railway-train."

"I mazzere thousands upon thousands of wage-earners a year."

"I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not."

"I am everywhere—in the house, on the streets, in the factory, and on the sea."

"I bring sickness, degradation, and death, and yet few seek to avoid me."

"I destroy, crush, or maim. I give nothing, but take all."

"I am your worst enemy."

"I am carelessness."—Great Thoughts

FIND YOURSELF

How can I make my life yield its fullest and best? How can I get the most out of life? These and similar questions you are asking yourself frequently as you carry on your social and business relations with those about you. Have you yet found the satisfactory answer? No? Then note this: You out of life just what you put into it.

One great, yet simple principle, tried, proved and set down upon the annals as a never-failing truth, will bring you results far beyond all your expectations. It is this: "Find yourself by using yourself in the service for others." It is not a lengthy nor a complicated array of words, but just a plain statement which needs no interpreting because it simply says that the more of your life you give to the service of others the fuller, richer and more beautiful your own life will become. If that one thought is made the central principle of your life, work, you will have found the secret of living, you will have found the secret of success.

It is a natural and recognized law that whatever serves no purpose in life, degenerates of its own self and finally "shrivels up and dies," but that which is used develops, expands and grows into larger and more magnificent estate. This is not only true of the things of nature alone, but is also true of human life. It is true of the qualities in your life, in my life, in the lives of all other people, and is expressly true, and made manifest, in the selfish and the unselfish heart. Enlargement of the heart qualities comes only in giving the affections a chance.

What was it that made Mrs. Ballington Booth "The Little Mother" in the prison world, beloved and eagerly welcomed by even the most hardened criminal hound within the prison walls? It was her great spirit of unselfish service. It was her tender loving sympathy and pity for even the most vile of human wrecks, her whole-hearted service and her unselfish devotion to the cause.

What was it that made Robert Louis Stevenson, who had neither wealth nor health, the possessor of more real friends than any one man in his age? It was simply that he gave of himself, his unselfish love and service, freely and without thought of recompense, to all mankind.

WHY SCHUBERT NEVER MARRIED

There has been much speculation as to why Schubert, intensely susceptible to feminine charm, never married. The truth is that he lost the one woman in his life with whom he was really in love. Theresa Brob was a fascinating girl; she was not a beauty, but had enormous personal charm and vitality. In 1821 she was married against her father's wishes to a man chosen for her by her own will. She never told Schubert how much she was in love with him and he felt that she had turned him down because he was poor.

At the time of her marriage Schubert was the local choir master and conductor of the church music. During the wedding ceremony he was called upon, in his professional capacity, to sing and play. He did it, but afterwards expressed himself very bitterly, saying: "Women cannot love; they can only play with men."

LOOK PLEASANT PLEASE

"Look pleasant, please," is the photographer's familiar request, and it is rather significant that you have such a hard time to comply with it. When your profits come home, most of you are astonished to find yourselves looking so glum, perhaps surly. You did not look pleasant even though you were told to, even though you tried. Is it possible that your failure is due to lack of practice?

A good plan is to remember that you are not likely to look pleasant unless you feel pleasant. Many people go around feeling worried and anxious, or perhaps resentful, and their expression takes on the characteristics of their mood. No one looks pleasant who is wondering if he is going to lose his job the first of the year. No one looks pleasant who is resenting a slight; to the worried or resentful lines are etched into the face, and you find it impossible to look pleasant even when you try.

Look pleasant, not only when you are posing before a camera, for in that case you might, even if successful, look unnatural. Look pleasant when you come down to the breakfast table, when you start for work, when you are the busiest, and when you have finished work for the day. The worker who always looks pleasant, is the worker who wins.

E. M. STARK, R. O. OPTOMETRIST Will be at Rachlin's Store, Acton, on Friday, February 22nd PHONE 145 FOR APPOINTMENT Toronto Address—Suite 285 Medical Dental Building, 455 Spadina Avenue—Rt. 2232

Wood's Grocery THE FAMILY GROCER "Our Aim"—Good Merchandise—Low Prices—Good Service Telephones—Store 37; Residence 130 Specials for Thursday, Friday and Saturday 2 lbs. Icing Sugar for 15c 1 Tin Mammoth Peas for 17c 2 lbs. Rolled Oats for 9c 1 lb. Thisle Brand Powder for 21c 1 Pkt. CORN FLAKES for 9c 1 lb. Large Seed Raisins 12c 1 lb. Fresh Salted Peanuts 12c HEINZ QUALITY GOODS 1 Large Tomato Ketchup 19c SOUPS 1 Family Size 10 Kinds 13c 3 10 oz. Tins for 27c 12 lb. L. W. Pastry Flour 37c 1 lb. FIG BARS for 15c 1 lb. Peppermint Patties 19c 6 DeLuxe Jelly Powders 25c 1 lb. COOKING PIGS 8c 1 lb. Seedless Raisins for 13c 1 lb. PURE LARD for 14c LIPTON'S TEA 1/2 lb. packet 30c Valuable Silverware Coupons in Every Packet

MR. MICAWBER and the beautiful budget "My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, "you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds, aught and six, result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and ---and in short you are forever flooded: As I am!" Take it from Mr. Micawber, or from any one of thousands who know it for the truth, there's no friend like cash! And there's no way to be so certain of cash as to spend within your budget. Begin to-day! Say to yourself--so much will go for food, so much for rent, so much for fuel, so much for charity. Stick within your budget and you'll find it bountiful enough to leave you something over! One of the very best ways to budget as you go is to read the advertisements in this newspaper. Often, as in a parade the good values of the good stores march before you. Roast beef or chops for Sunday dinners, a special style in men's shirts, new drapes for the living-room, the advertisements will help you choose them all, and often at a saving!