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THE ACTON

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DR. R. MORROW, Physician, Surgeon, Accoucheur, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, late of New York, and of the Province of Victoria College, Canada. Consultation in office, Tuesdays and Fridays, from 10 a.m. till 2 p.m. Residence—West Bower Street, Acton.

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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence, in Rockwood, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

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If you want a good AUCTIONEER try
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He understands his business. Null said. Address Hillsburg P.O.

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The undersigned begs leave to announce to Farmers, and others engaged in butter making who purpose getting a new Churn that they would consult their own interests by ordering one of A. Holmes' Improved Tubular Dash Churns. I am now taking orders for them, having purchased the patent right to manufacture and sell. They are without doubt the best in the market. Your patronage is respectfully solicited. Circulars and testimonials free on application. Territory for sale. Manufactured and sold by D. L. McDONALD, Acton, Ont.
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Containing the elements of music, with easy and progressive exercises to perfect the player in the art of music (either piano or organ) to which is added over sixty Waltzes, Polkas, Marches, Gallops, Operatic Melodies, Dances, etc., by Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey, one of the best works of its kind ever introduced, and should be in the hands of every piano and organ player. Sent postpaid to any part of the United States or Canada for only fifty cents. Use price having been reduced to introduce it everywhere. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

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I beg leave to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and the public generally that I have the largest and best assorted stock of baker's goods in the Village.

Fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes,

Rolls, Pastry and Fruit Cakes in great variety. Cakes from 5 to 10c. per dozen.

Wedding and Fancy Cakes

made on the shortest possible notice at reasonable rates, and satisfaction guaranteed. Grain Bread a specialty.

N B—All goods are warranted pure, as nothing but the best of material is used. Also a large stock of first-class family flour always on hand, cheap for cash only. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. Terms cash.

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Seaside Libraries,
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Orders sent by Mail promptly attended to.
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SADDLERY,
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Buy your Harness at the Ontario Saddlery, where you get the worth of your money.
A splendid lot of NEW COLLARS on hand.
☞ All parties intending to purchase Harness should do so at once before the rush commences in order to secure a good set.
R. CREECH
Acton, Jan. 7, 1878.

MR. CHARLES CARTER,
Teacher of the Pianoforte and Organ—Pupils attend at their own residence if preferred—Terms moderate.

Men in any place to work for us, at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. Single persons can do the work and live at home. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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UNDERTAKING.

The undersigned begs leave to inform the people of Acton and surrounding neighborhood that he has procured a magnificent HEARSE. And is prepared to attend and conduct Funerals on the shortest notice and most moderate terms.

Caskets, Coffins, Burial Robes;

And all kinds of Funeral Furnishings kept in stock, and supplied on the shortest notice.

Hat Bands and Gloves supplied when required.

JOHN SPEIGHT.
Acton, Feb. 10, 1877.

$66 a week in your own town. Costly outfit free. Noriss. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

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## LAVENDER.

How prone we are to hide and hoard
Each little token love has stored,
To tell of happy hours;
We lay aside with tender care
A tattered book, a curl of hair,
A bunch of faded flowers.

When death has led with pulseless hand
Our darlings to the silent land,
Awhile we sit bereft;
But time goes on, and anon we rise,
Our dead being buried from our eyes,
We gather what is left.

The books they loved, the song they sung,
The little flute whose music rung
So cheerfully of old;
The pictures we have seen them paint,
The last plucked flower, with odor faint,
That fell from fingers cold.

We smootho and fold with reverent care,
The robes they, living, used to wear;
And painful pulses stir,
As o'er the pulses of our dead
With bitter pain of tears we spread
Pale, purple lavender.

And when we came in after years,
With only tender April tears
On cheeks once white with care
To look on treasures put away
Despairing on that far-off day,
A subtle scent is there.

Dew-wet and fresh we gather them,
These fragrant flowers; now every stem
Is bare of all its bloom.
Tear-wet and sweet we strewed them here,
To lend our relics sacred, dear,
Their beautiful perfume.

Their scent abides on books and flute,
On curl and flower; and with its mute,
But eloquent appeal,
It wins from us a deeper sob
For our lost dead—a sharper throb
Than we are wont to feel.

It whispers of the long ago,
Its love, its aching woe,
And buried sorrows stir;
And tears like those we shed of old
Roll down our cheeks as we behold
Our faded lavender.

## GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM.

"I told you, old fellow, I am cleaned out, broke, used up, spent my last penny, and owe no end. What would you advise me to do? Give me an idea and I will act upon it. I'm at that pitch of misfortune where I'd do anything.

The speaker paused, and looked drearily at the cigar which he held, and which was secured in an exquisitely carved mouth piece.

"Anything but work, I suppose that means," said his companion whose name was Marcus Ireton, and who was airily preeachably dressed as the first speaker, and at a first glance seemed as languid and objectless. But a second glance into Ireton's handsome blonde face gave one the idea that something might rouse him; but such hope concerning Merrivale was faint indeed.

"Yes, exactly — anything but work. I wasn't brought up to that, and I have no mind to try for the first time. These lily fingers must not be soiled," holding up a small white hand, "and as for working with my brain—"

"A fellow can't be expected to work with what he hasn't got," interrupted Ireton.

"Exactly," laughed Merrivale, "and stated concisely. And as I have no money and no credit, and won't work, I suppose I may make up my mind to go to the poor house, and on a sunny day sit on a wooden bench and smoke plug tobacco, Ugh!"

"Marry money," suggested Ireton.

"Exactly what I've been trying to do; but all the girls and all the mothers fight shy of me. They want to marry money, too."

Ireton remained silent a few minutes; then he said:

"I believe I can put you in the way of a good thing, if you are willing to go into the country as early as this, and do your best to win a girl, who has a fortune—a comfortable hundred thousand, if there's a penny."

Merrivale stopped puffing his cigar.

"Where is it?"

"Down at Myrick—a bit of a town in the mountains of Western Jersey. Take my word for it, there's a prize there, so far as greenbacks are concerned."

"Name and age?" said Merrivale.

"Name, Agnes Yale; age unknown."

"You are not hoaxing me?"

"Upon my word, no. The woman and the money are there."

Merrivale rose slowly to his feet and took up his hat.

"I am going down to Myrick. How long a time will it be necessary to woo and win this hundred thousand dollars?"

"Haven't an idea. With your face and figure, I should say a month would be ample time."

Was there any sarcasm in Ireton's words? If there was, it was not discernable, and the man had been sincere in his advice and with his information.

Merrivale was as good as his word. In an hour's time he was in the train going to Myrick. It was a lovely afternoon in the last of May when he left the little station of Myrick, and ordering his luggage to be sent on, set out to walk the mile between the station and the village.

The place was lovely and the season made it more so; but Merrivale only thought it was deucedly lonesome, and that he should be tormented with the blues.

He walked on, taking off the heads of flowers with his cane, and thinking he would woo with expedition.

Could he not win the girl in a fortnight? If he could engage himself to her in that time, he could go back to the city and court her by letter until the day came. The marriage must be before mid-summer, and then he would go to Europe. Yes, it would be pleasant to handle that money of hers. He did casually wonder what kind of a woman would go with the money.

Thus musing, he walked on, the soft spring air blowing on his face.

Was that a cry for help that he heard—a cry in a womans' voice? And it seemed to come from a curve in the road just ahead of him.

He quickened his step, and the next moment revealed to him the cause of the cry. He could not help laughing, even while he hastened to the relief of the woman who had uttered the cry.

He was now beside a stony pasture which was thickly interspersed with trees. A few rods from the road was a cedar tree, at the trunk of which was a heifer which ran about the tree making frequent dives at it with her horns, and altogether manifesting a disposition more belligerent than playful.

At the first glance this was all Merrivale saw, and he wondered from whence the scream came. Just then the young cow made another dive at the tree; and then there broke forth another shrill scream, and now the young man saw something like feminine drapery among the tree branches.

"By Jove! The animal has treed a woman!" exclaimed Merrivale to himself.

And then he was over in the field and running towards the tree.

It did not take him many minutes to drive the cow away with his cane, and then he looked up into the branches above him.

"I declare, I don't believe I could have climbed that tree!" he said, his words not very plain for laughing.

The woman in the tree parted the branches and looked down at him. He saw a plain face, with a squint eye—a face that must have looked on life forty years or more.

"How awfully ugly!" thought Merrivale.

"Your cane has done good service for once," said a thin treble voice, from the tree. "If you will go back to the road, I'll get out of this cedar and thank you."

Merrivale walked away, looking discretely on the ground, while the rescued damsel clambered down much slower than she had gone up.

As he walked, Merrivale saw a handkerchief on the ground. He picked it up, turned it over in his hands, and read, in a corner "Agnes Yale."

At that his heart gave a great bound, and his *sang froid* nearly deserted him.

"This is luck!" he thought. "I'll pitch in now in good earnest. But what a squint! No wonder that, with all her fortune, she isn't married yet."

In a moment the lady joined him, he helped her over the fence, and then he said extending the handkerchief:

"Is this yours?"

"Yes, thank you—and one of my best ones," looking at it critically. Merrivale winced a little. "I have only two of this kind and I should have hated to lose one."

She put it into her pocket and Merrivale asked:

"And you are Miss Agnes Yale?"

"Yes, I am, and I'm tremendously obliged to you, I knew that heifer was cross as blazes, but I thought I'd get across the field before she would see me. If it hadn't been for you, Mr.—Mr.—"

The young man took off his hat, and said, "Merrivale," and remained uncovered for several minutes as he walked by her side.

"If it hadn't been for you, Mr. Merrivale, I'm sure I reckon I might have stayed in that cedar all night."

"I'm sure I can't be thankful enough that I happened along," was the response.

Merrivale had had much practice in drawing-rooms, in playing the agreeable, and he rarely failed there.

Agnes Yale, though shrewd and quick witted enough about the usual affairs of life, was deceived by this man, and no wonder.

Before they had reached the farm house she had decided that never was man so graceful and winning as this man; and when he asked permission to call on her it was granted him directly.

He went to the hotel in high spirits.

"I'd take her if she squinted twice as bad," he said to himself.

Before he called the next day, he made casual inquires as to the property of the rich Miss Yale, and he received every confirmation of what Ireton had told him.

In a fortnight's time he had offered his hand and been accepted. By midsummer they would be married.

As the days went by, Merrivale received so many bills and such urgent ones that he became impatient. Why not be married at once? He urged. They loved each other—they knew their own minds—why wait.

Blinded as Miss Yale was, she hesitated at this, but he persisted and of course succeeded. One evening in June as they went to walk, they stopped at the house of the village minister, and came out man and wife.

"Now I can touch some of your money," thought Merrivale as they strolled back.

He was all devotion and attention, but as for his wife, she was a little frightened at what she had done.

As they walked by the road that led by the depot—the road where Merrivale had first met his bride—she paused and looked down the way with some sentimental remark.

"I'll wager a thousand dollars that is Ireton! Let us go to meet him."

In a moment the three had met. Ireton said he had run down for a breath of fresh air, and to see how Merrivale was getting on. Then Merrivale turned and presented Ireton to his wife, and added:

"I did not tell you I was engaged to Miss Yale. I thought I'd give you a little surprise you know."

Ireton's face told nothing of what he thought. While the three stood talking, a fourth person came along the road from the station—a young girl, dressed simply in a linen travelling suit. She was quite near the trio before any one noticed her, and then it was Mrs. Merrivale who cried:

"Well I declare if we ain't going to meet everybody here! There's my niece Agnes just came back from Philadelphia. Just like her to walk, though rich enough to buy all the teams in town."

Mrs. Merrivale was very proud of her niece. In the next five minutes she had disclosed how rich the young girl was. And as she was talked on, a cold chill began to creep down Merrivale's back. Good heavens! had he made such an awful mistake?

He walked on in silence now by his wife's side, while Ireton and the young Miss Agnes Yale followed, chattering easily.

In half an hour more he learned that it was his wife's niece who was the "rich Agnes Yale," and that they were very much attached to each other, etc., etc., but he heard nothing more.

Later, he discovered that the sum of his wife's fortune was five hundred dollars in the village bank.

The next day he got possession of that five hundred dollars, and left on imperative and sudden business for New York. He left the city in a steamer which sailed for Liverpool that day.

Ireton had not known of the existence of more than one Agnes Yale. He reproached himself for Mrs. Merrivale's sake, for the half-jesting words he had uttered.

Perhaps it was acquaintance with Miss Yale that made him shake off his indolence. Any way, it is true that from that day he exerted himself in his profession, and was soon known as a "rising young lawyer," and when he married Miss Yale he did not marry for money.

The story of Merrivale's marriage got abroad, and his old acquaintance told each other over their wine and cigars, that it served him right—"it was good enough for him."

"I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone, absence will conquer love." "Do dear, never!" The longer you stay away the more I will like you."

The boy at Sunday school, when asked who made the beautiful surrounding hills, replied that he did not know, as his parents had only moved into town the day before.

When Mrs. Dom Dodro's popsywopsy begins to cry, the nurse remarks:—"Now does ze eetle Louis Maria Philippe Guiseppe Alcantara Gustav Miguel Raphael Gabriel Gonzaga want a taste of ze soothing syrup?"

## How to Learn to Swim

A writer in an American paper offers the following suggestions, by obedience to which the art of swimming may be readily acquired:

When I was a boy, I learned to swim by means of a swimming board. This is the safest method possible. If corks are used, they may slip from around the breast down beneath the body, throwing the head below the surface, and putting the wearer in danger of drowning. Some country boys get two bladders, and tie them together with a short string, and use them for supports. They are the most dangerous things possible for a boy to have. The board is perfectly safe, and one may learn to swim in a very short time by using it. It should be over four feet long, over a foot wide, and two inches thick, made of soft white pine or cedar. To use it, a boy wades into the water up to his shoulders, then, taking hold of the end of the board he pushes it before him—towards the bank, and not into deeper water—springs forward with his feet, and throws himself flat upon the water. This movement carries him along a few feet. He then draws up both his legs at the same time, keeping the knees as far apart as possible, and then strike out with both feet, not straight backward, but sideways, just as a frog does. The stroke is made slowly, and is repeated again, drawing up the leg slowly, and steadily. The board keeps the head above water. When the leg-stroke has been learned, one hand is taken from the board and the stroke learned, or the chin, may be rested on the board while the stroke is taken with both hands. This is a very good plan, as it compels the swimmer to keep his hands under the water which he should always do. By and by the board may be pushed ahead, and the young swimmer may swim after it, always keeping it within reach. When a number of boys go to swim, they should always have two or three of these boards with them for use in case of any accident.

## Scribblings and Clippings.

Typhus is raging at Sydney, Australia, attributed to bad water and bad drainage.

Mr. J. Treble, of Exeter, Ont., has a cow which has produced in seven days 17½ pounds of butter.

Melbourne was visited by a severe storm in the middle of June. The river overflowed, the streets of the city were flooded, and considerable damage to shipping was occasioned.

At Wishaw, in Scotland, the celebration of the Twelfth was attended with so much disorder that the military had to called out. Some fifty persons were injured in the *melee* that followed.

Dr. Dow, one of the defeated candidates for the local representation of York, N.B., has filed a protest against the election of the members returned on the ground of bribery and corruption.

"Never marry for wealth," says a contemporary, "remember that it is just as easy to love a girl who has a brick house with a mansard roof and silver-plated door-bell, as one who hasn't anything but an auburn head and amiable disposition."

An agricultural labourer named Watkins, his wife, and three children have been murdered with revolting accessories, at Llangibby, near Newport, Wales. A Spanish sailor on a tramp, arrested at Newport, is believed to be the murderer, and his object plunder.

The *Orange Sentinel* says if the Grand Lodges of the Order should decide to unfurl their banners in Montreal next 12th, the Orangmen will rally in sufficient numbers to demand full and complete protection at the hands of the properly constituted authorities.

In the Moncton murder case the Grand Jury at Dorchester, N.B., have returned "true bills" for the murder of Timothy McCarthy against Martha, Eliza, and Harry Osborne, and against John Osborne as an accessory after the fact. The trial of the prisoners opened Friday morning.

A very unsatisfactory state of affairs appears to prevail in Mexico. The Treasury is empty, a famine prevails in the States of Sonora and Sinaloa, the unpaid Government officials are becoming discontented, and fears of coming disturbances continue and have a depressing effect on trade. Much excitement prevails in consequence of the recent raid by General Mackenzie across the Rio Grande, and the belief obtains favour that Mackenzie acted on a wide construction of his orders with the object of raising a border war for annexation purposes.

The Paris *Siecle* has been fined $400, on the suit of the Prince Imperial, for the publication of a statement charging an appropriation of Crown property by the late Emperor.

Just one hundred years ago Methodism was first introduced into Canada. Twelve years previous a society had been formed in New York by Barbara and Heck Philip Embury. The Methodist Church of the United States duly celebrated their centenary in 1866, and now it is proposed to hold a similar meeting in Canada. We believe a project is on foot in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, to have a monster centennial gathering at Belleville some time in August or September. Action has already been taken by the several Conferences, and it is quite probable the idea will be carried into practical effect.

## Care of Milk.

A creamery company publish the following rules for the guidance of their patrons who furnish milk to the company:—

RULES.

1. Never, under any circumstances put a pail of milk into your can before straining. One pail of unstrained milk may spoil a whole can of milk or cream with which it comes in contact. In the name of decency, we beg of every patron to be particular about milking and properly straining his milk.

2. Cans containing milk should never be kept in a milking barn during the night. The scent of the stable (however well kept) will injure the milk and spoil the nice flavor fresh butter should have. An open shed a little distance from your barn, your wood-shed or your kitchen is the only proper place for keeping milk over night.

SUGGESTIONS.

1. Insist that your milking be done in a cleanly manner. Too much pains cannot be taken in this particular. Carelessness here will entail a great loss on the manufacturer, and insult the consumer.

2. Bed your cows with sawdust, if possible; it will keep your cows clean and the stable tidy.

3. Do not, under any circumstance leave your pails and strainer at the barn over night. Please carry them to the house and insist that they be properly washed both morning and evening. Much depends on this.

4. Use only tin pails for milking.

5. The tin strainer pails are the best for straining milk. Some dairymen use strainer pails and also a cloth stretched over the can—thus straining the milk twice. We advise this double straining of milk. It costs you but little trouble while it will greatly add to the value of the butter and cheese from your milk.

## Glove Flirtations.

The English girls have improved upon the language of the fan and the handkerchief by devising a very copious vocabulary of the gloves, which for the benefit of the American women we beg to 'pirate' from an English contemperary. It runs thus:

Drop a glove—Yes.

Crumple the gloves in the right hand—No.

Half unglove the left hand—Indifference.

Tap the left shoulder with the gloves—Follow me.

Tap the chin with the gloves—I love you no longer.

Turn the gloves inside out—I hate you.

Fold the gloves neatly—I should like to be with you.

Put on the left glove, leaving the thumb uncovered—Do you love me?

Drop both gloes—I love you.

Twirl the gloves round the fingers—Be careful; we are watched.

Slap the back of the hand with the gloves—I am vexed.

Take a glove in each hand and separate the hands—I am furious.

A Chinese newspaper has entered upon its two thousandth volume. It has lost all its original subscribers.

"What will you be helped to in the way of early vegetables?" said McDonald to a lady customer. "Lettuce, pray." McDonald looked sharply at the lady, and concluded she was a lay preacher, till she pointed to the lettuce basket.

Philosophers say that closing the eyes makes the hearing more acute. Clergymen, however, should speak louder. It looks rather suspicious to see half the congregation sitting with closed eyes, in order that they may the more distinctly hear the sermon—especially as many of them fail to open their eyes when the contribution plate is shoved under their nose.

## County Council.

MILTON, JULY 6th, 1878.

The Council met at 10 o'clock a. m., in accordance with notices for special meeting issued by order of the Warden.

The Warden in the chair.

Members present—Messrs Clay, Lyon, Foster, McKenzie McEnery, McGarvin, Ramsey and Young.

Mr. Ramsey moved, seconded by Mr. Lyon, that the corporation of the County of Halton have always adhered, and now adhere, to the terms of the contract between the corporation and G. Blain, for the building and completion of the new Jail, and making alterations and additions to the Court House at Milton, and the corporation have always refused, and now refuse, to submit the question of what is "extra work," in the performance of the said contract, to arbitration, and the corporation has not authorized the reference of this question to arbitration, but have always been ready and willing to join in all such acts as might be necessary to obtain the decision of the architect named in the said contract, on the question of what work is extra work, and to act upon his certificate thereof, and to refer the valuation of such extra work, or of work omitted, to arbitration, in pursuance of the terms of the contract and specifications; but the corporation have always disputed, and now dispute, any extra work claimed by the said G. Blain to be extra work, unless it is allowed and decided to be extra work by the architect, and they have always refused, and now refuse, to submit this question to arbitration.

And the corporation repudiate the notice from the said George Blain to them, appointing an arbitrator on the matter in dispute between them and the said G. Blain, and they refuse to act upon it, or to appoint an arbitrator thereon.

And the corporation repudiate and revoke any action (if any) which may have been taken by the Warden of the County of Halton in pursuance of the said notice, or any acts of proceedings thereon, or the appointment of any arbitrator or umpire.

And they require any arbitrator or umpire who may have been appointed, to stay and desist from any further acts or proceedings in the matter.

And it is resolved that the corporation seal shall be attached to three copies of this resolution, properly verified and that one copy shall be served on the said G. Blain, and one on each arbitrator who is professing to act in the matter of such reference.—Carried.

(Signed) MATHEW CLEMENTS, (L.S.) Warden.
WM. PANTON, Clerk.

On motion the Council adjourned till one o'clock p.m.

The Council resumed at one o'clock p.m.

The Warden in the chair.

Members present—Messrs. Clay, Lyon, Foster, McKenzie, McEnery, Ramsey, Robinson and Young.

Mr. Robinson moved, seconded by Mr. Young, that this Council, being desirous of proceeding to an early and equitable settlement with Mr. G. Blain, the contractor for the Jail and Court House, it is resolved that Messrs Lyon, Clay, McGarvin, McKenzie and Foster be appointed a committee, with power to facilitate the decision of the architect upon the questions to be decided by him, and that it be recommended that Mr. Blain and the architect do meet and consider the several items in Mr. Blain's account for extra work, and that the contractor shall be allowed full opportunity of making explanations and adducing evidence in proof of his account and argument of his claims, and that the architect, on hearing and considering such proofs and arguments, shall make his final report, two day's notice of the meeting to be given to the Warden—Carried.

By permission, Mr. Blain, contractor, spoke in support of his claim.

On motion the Council adjourned.

WM PANTON, Clerk.

The painter's overcoat—Varnish.

A sel-fish man—The fish peddler.

Cheated men have long memories.

A Mr. Cobb recently married a Miss Webb. He knew that they were meant to be joined as soon as he spid er.

A bashful young man applied to his village paper for information on the important subject, "How to win a woman's love." The reply was, "Kiss the baby, pet the cat, and pay strict attention to that old lady."