—THE—

Acton Free Press.

is published

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

BY

H. P. MOORE,

Editor & Proprietor.

AT THE FREE PRESS

PRINTING & PUBLISHING HOUSE,

Next Door to Methodist Church,

Mill Street, Acton, Ont.

TERMS.—The FREE PRESS will be sent to subscribers, postage paid, for $1.00 per annum in advance; $1.50 if not so paid. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion cash. Professional Cards, 10 lines & less, $4.00 per annum. Insurance, 12 lines, $5.00 per annum, payable in 6 months from date of insertion. Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

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One column one year	$30.00
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Quarter column one year	8.00
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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Monday, otherwise they will be left over till the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor

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W. W. BUTCHER, Manager.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

W. H. LOWRY, M.B., M.C.P.S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence, at the head of Frederick St., Acton.

M. FORSTER, M.D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC. OFFICE:—Forster's Drug Store, Next door to Creech's Saddlery, Acton, Ont. RESIDENCE: Church street, formerly occupied by Mr. W. Hemstreet, auctioneer.

N. McGARVIN, M.D., M.C.P.S., Graduate of Victoria University, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO, Will visit Acton on Tuesday and Friday, from 2 to 4 p.m. If his services are required during any other days of the week, notice left at J. E. McGarvin's drug store will receive prompt attention.

J. D. MATHESON, ATTORNEY-AT LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Office next door to Wallace's Hotel, Milton.

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont.

T. J. FISHER, V.S., GEORGETOWN, Ont., will visit Acton every Wednesday, and will attend to all calls pertaining to his profession. Orders left at McGarvin's Drug Store will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.

T. J. FISHER.

R. W. KING, Engineer, Iron Founder & Machinist, GEORGETOWN. Machinery of every description made to order on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms. Repairing promptly attended to.

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Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY and properly secured in Canada, the United States, and Europe. Patent guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.

HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada. Mechanical engineering, Solicitors of Patents, and draughtsman.

G. REID, VETERINARY SURGEON, Georgetown, Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, will visit Acton every Tuesday, from 1 to 4 p.m. All calls received promptly attended to, by night or day. Horses bought and sold on commission. Residence, West Corner from Livery Stable, Georgetown, Ont.

G. REID.

CASH FOR SKINS. I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for Hides, Calfskins, Deacons, Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Lace Leather constantly on hand.

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THE BARBER

Where you can get an easy Shave, a stylish Hair-cut, a frothing Shampoon, or a cooling Sea Foam, I spare no pains, and give no pain in the accomplishment of a good shave. Razors and scissors set in perfect order, on shortest notice.

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MONEY.

The undersigned has money on hand for discounting good, endorsed notes, at reasonable rate of Discount.

JAMES MATTHEWS.

Acton, May 16th, 1881.

Acton Free Press.

TERMS.—$1.00 in Advance. *The Newspaper.—"A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns."* $1.50 if not so paid.

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ACTON BANKING CO'Y.,

STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO., BANKERS, Acton, Ontario.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.

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—EVERYTHING IN THE—

DRUG LINE

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

M. FORSTER.

Acton, Dec. 22, 1881.

EARLY CLOSING.

We the undersigned Merchants of Acton hereby agree to close our respective places of business every evening at

7.30 O'CLOCK,

Saturdays excepted, on and after Monday, the 7th inst., until further notice:

Christie Henderson & Co.	J. B. Pearson.
W. P. Brown.	A. W. Green.
J. Kenney & Son.	Hughes & Griffin.
Thomas Craine.	Chas. T. Hill.
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40 OCEAN SHELLS, &c., Cards, name on, 10c. Agent's outfit 25c. Geo. H. Hunt, Jersey City, N.Y., U.S.A.

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Prof. of the Organ and Vocal Music,

Will be at Bennett's Hotel, Acton, every Monday, Tuesday Thursday and Friday.

Few more pupils can be taken for instruction.

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Successor to T. Fo Chapman.

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St. George's Square, Guelph.

Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

WOOD AND COAL.

The undersigned is prepared to deliver wood and coal in any quantities, as required, to any part of the village.

W. E. ADAMS.

Acton, Sept. 19, '81.

YOUNG MEN who contemplate engaging in business permanently, should by correspondence with practically educated.

The advantage of this cannot be overestimated. It has been demonstrated, by long experience, that the young man who has attended (for six months or a year) in the BRITISH AMERICAN Business College, will have over six months, say at the end of three years, gained as much practical knowledge as could have had he been working all the time. Besides, he has had the thorough training which is indispensable to the successful business man. Students may enter at any time. For circulars, address

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A Splendid Assortment for Xmas.

Wm. S. SMITH, Jeweller, Etc., Guelph, Ont

Christmas Presents.

My stock is now complete in

GOLD AND SILVER Watches, Clocks, Electro Plate,

—AND— Gold and Silver Jewellery for Xmas.

B. SAVAGE, GUELPH.

NEW BUTCHER SHOP.

W. C. ROBINSON

Would intimate to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business lately carried on by Robert Storey, and that he has always on hand a first-class stock of Beef, Pork, Mutton, Poultry and Game in season, Etc.

and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a full share of the patronage of the public. MEAT delivered at any time to any part of the town.

Terms Cash - - A Call Solicited

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. W. C. Robinson.

4-4m.

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How Lost, How Restored.

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses, etc.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cts. or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co., 41 Ann St., New York. Post Office Box 456.

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the splendid stone dwelling on Main St. near Mr. C. S. Smith's residence—one fifth of an acre, with Stone House in splendid condition. Stable and shop on the premises. Hard and soft water wells. Title indisputable. Terms reasonable. Apply to

ARCH. McNAB, Rockwood, P.O.

$1000 FORFEIT

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CANCER CURED

without the use of the Knife.

[illegible] Cook County, Illinois, U.S.A. For [illegible] address Dr. J. C. SMITH, Cookbook, P.Q., Canada.

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LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

[illegible] Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cts. or two stamps. Address [illegible] St., N. Y.

THE FREE PRESS.

THURSDAY MORNING, Dec. 29, 1881.

POETRY.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Baby eyes are softly closing with this fading Christmas day;
Little dimpled hands are folded—little forms are tucked away!

Little feet all day so busy—now so exquisitely curled;
Mother thinks the group before her just the prettiest in the world!

Bertie, lying like a picture, in his dainty little bed,
With his "pretty Christmas playthings" close beside his curly head!

Books as pictures, toys and marbles, whistle, rocking-horse and drums—
Baby with her tiny stockings filled with choicest sugar-plums.

While sweet Minnie—precious darling! with her tumbled, sunny curls
Talking o'er her "pitty polly," robed in satin, lace and pearls!

Each is equally the sweetest, and we love them all so well,
Which of them we hold the dearest it would puzzle us to tell.

From our darling, fair-haired Bertie (the dear Benjamin of our flock),
To the precious, helpless baby, hardly old enough to talk.

Oft the mother-heart will question: "were we called upon to choose,
Which of all the precious number we could best afford to loose?"

Though I hold life's richest treasures, mother love can ne'er lose sight
Of the thousand sorrowing mothers who are left *alone* to-night.

Ah! how many hearts are bleeding! and what burning teardrops flow
For the loved that blest their fireside only one short year ago!

How my heart goes out in pity for the mother-hearts bereft—
Some have given one sweet darling—others have *no baby left!*

And my present joy is shaded with the sorrow that must be
When our first sweet lamb is taken—one from out our precious three!

And with all a tender mother's love and earnestness I pray:
"God in mercy spare our babies till another Christmas day."

OUR STORY.

A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

"I should like so much to spend New Year's Day in the city," said Myrtle Follett.

Grandma Follett looked wisely over the edge of her silver-bowed spectacles.

"Good land! what for?" said she. "New Year's Day is New Year's Day just the same on Cedar Mountain as it is in New York, ain't it? Sunrise, mid-day, and sunset. The Lord haint made no difference in one place or t'other, as I know of."

"Oh, but, grandma, my cousins receive company on New Year's Day," said Myrtle. "They light the gas, and decorate the house with flowers, and set a table with coffee, and oysters, and frosted cake, and lobster salad, and all sorts of nice things, and the girls are dressed their best, and—"

"Well," said Grandma Follett, "what's to prevent you from dressing up in your peach-colored merino, and having coffee and cold chicken? For Bruce Garland and his mother are comin' over from Garland Farm in the red sleigh. And I guess there won't be no city beau better lookin' than our Bruce."

"Your Bruce, Grandma, if you like," said Myrtle, with a toss of her pretty head, "but not mine."

"He *is* yours, too," said grandma. "Every inch of him! Bless your soul, my dear, haint you found out that he loves you better'n the whole world besides?"

"That's all nonsense," said Myrtle, dimpling all over. "As if I were going to marry a farmer's son, and settle down on this bleak mountain side, when there's a whole city full to choose from. No, indeed, grandma. No girl ought to make up her mind until she has seen a little of the world. And I'll tell you what," Myrtle added, "I've made up my mind to spend New Year's Day with Aunt Louise and the girls."

"But they haint invited you," cried Grandma Follett, with a puzzled look on her placid old face.

"Not specially for that day, I know," acknowledged Myrtle. "But Aunt Louise has been here every summer for ten years—and Eleanor has always said that I must look upon their house as my second home. Of course they'll be glad to see me!"

Grandma Follett, having seen rather more of city relations than innocent Myrtle, was not by any means so certain of this, but she held her peace.

"But what am I to tell Bruce?" said she.

"Tell him?" Myrtle repeated. "Why, tell him that I've gone to the city. Isn't that enough? I'm sure it's nothing very little to me what you tell him."

"Ah, Myrtle, takin' care!" said the old lady, shaking her head with a mild, regretful look. "Bruce Garland has a heart of gold!"

"As if his heart were anything to me," said Myrtle, scornfully.

So when the soft, white snow of New Year's Day wrapped all the world in a mantle of ermine which no royal robe could rival, Myrtle Follett stepped into the morning train and took her ticket to New York.

Myrtle to herself.

The Misses Eleanor and Louisette Emberson had attired themselves superbly for this festal day. Their dresses were of blue silk, so pale a color that they looked almost like dirty white; their hair was frizzed and curled and banged and crimped, and puffed up, and abandoned down until it reminded the beholder of nothing on earth but a barber's block. Their complexions were touched up with rouge and their eyelids shaded by belladonna, and their gloves reached nearly to the elbows, and really, standing well away from the gaslight, they looked *almost* pretty, even if the glow and bloom of fresh youth were lacking in some degree!

The trim servant-maid in the white cap and frilled apron, who opened the door, stared hard at the rosy-cheeked young lady who stood there, with the furs wrapped around her, and the tiny travelling-bag in her hand.

"A lady!" said Priscilla to herself. "And on New Year's Day! Oh my!"

"Are the Misses Emberson at home?" said Myrtle, a little timidly.

"Oh, yes, Miss," said Priscilla, feeling to see if the cap were settled straight on her head, "they're at home. But they're receiving."

"I will come in, please," said Myrtle, with dignity. "I am their cousin, from Cedar Mountain, in Connecticut."

Priscilla showed her into a little back room where the coffee was being made, and there was a reserve pile of sandwiches, and the smeared dish in which the lobster salad had been mixed. There was no fire there, except the sickly flame in the alcohol lamp, and everything looked forlorn and shabby as possible. As Myrtle sat shivering down on the one chair from which she was obliged to remove a heap of China towels before she could use it, she heard Priscilla's voice in the parlors beyond, whose door of communication was partially concealed by a modern drapery of crimson damask, hung on sliding gilt rings.

"It's your cousin, Miss Eleanor and Miss Louisette," said she. "A young lady from Cedar Mountain."

"Good gracious!" cried Eleanor; "*that* girl!"

"What on earth can possibly have brought her here just now of all times in the world?" exclaimed Louisette.

"What shall we do, mamma?" Eleanor said, pitcously.

"Do?" sharply retorted Mrs. Emberson, who was in black velvet and imitation diamonds, "Why, make the best of it, of course. If a girl *will*—"

But here Myrtle, who felt with a sort of pang that there was something dishonorable in listening to this conversation, which was so evidently not intended for her ears, drew aside the crimson damask folds and presented herself, with deep-dyed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Aunt Louise," said she, "it is I! And if I had supposed for a moment that my visit would be inconvenient—"

"Oh, my dear, don't think of such a thing," cried Mrs. Emberson, mantling her face in artificial smiles. "Girls, come here and kiss our dear Matilda—Marian—how very awkward of me to forget your name!"

"Myrtle, said the girl, coloring deeper than ever. Eleanor and Louisette kissed her effusely, but had scarcely time to lisp out their congratulations when a party of perfumed, white-kidded exquisites were ushered in by the smiling Priscilla. Mrs. Emberson looked embarrassed.

"Come up stairs, my dear," said she; "I will give you a cup of tea in your own room. Of course you won't care for the bustle and confusion of the parlor on such a day as this."

And poor Myrtle, who had come expressly to share the delights of her cousin's New Year's reception, was led off into the upper part of the house, scarcely able to repress her tears of mortification and embarrassment.

The rooms up stairs were chill and uncomfortable, for it was a cold day, and all the registers had been turned off, to establish a more summer like atmosphere in the parlors. Mrs. Emberson, after entreating Myrtle to make herself perfectly at home, and promising to send her a cup of tea in a few minutes, slipped away—and there the poor girl sat, shivering, faint, and unrefreshed.

"I wonder where Aunt Louise can have gone," she said to herself, at last, in very desperation. She went out and looked over the head of the stairway. There, in the hall below, was a stream of chattering, bowing, gesticulating young men—to Myrtle's unaccustomed eyes they looked more like over dressed monkeys than anything else—and Louisette and Eleanor were in the parting doorway.

"You don't say!" cried one, evidently in response to some word of the girls' words. "A genuine country cousin? eh?"

"Talks through her nose?" said another. "Wears a poke bonnet and a pink calico gown? Do let us have a look at the curiosity."

"Not to-day, you wicked thing," giggled Miss Louisette. "Some day she shall be brought in to amuse you all, I promise."

"The idea of her coming here on New Year's Day, of all days in the world," said Eleanor, contemptuously.

But Myrtle failed to hear no more. Hurrying back to the room she had just quitted, she tied on her hat, folded the little fur-lined sacque in which she had taken so luncheon a pride, and catching up her travelling-bag, quitted the house. Priscilla alone saw her go out, but Priscilla did not interfere.

"Country folks has queer fashions," said Priscilla to herself. "And perhaps she is going to take a walk."

On the way she met the express waggon with her trunk. It was but a moment's work to countermand her directions, and in half an hour she was speeding through the glittering expanse of the winter landscape on her way home.

Grandma Follett was knitting, as usual, by the fire of blazing logs, just at twilight. Beside her, with his back to the door, stood Bruce Garland, tall, manly, superbly formed, as a young Adonis.

"And you think she does not care for me?" was what Bruce was saying to Grandma Follett, in the ruddy, half-light.

But Myrtle hurried in just as the words were trembling on his lips.

"She *does* care for you, Bruce! Oh, Bruce, she loves and honors you more than she can tell!" cried Myrtle, flinging herself upon his breast. "Keep me here, Bruce, Oh, never let me go from you again! For I've had enough of city people and city ways."

And then she told her day's adventures.

"Louise Emberson never had any heart," said Grandma Follett, indignantly. "And those two gals of hers are just painted wax dolls."

So Myrtle Follett was cured of her mania for city life. And that New Year's call was the means of settling her snugly in Garland Farm for good and all.

Mrs. Emberson wrote a long letter of six-syllabled apologies, which was not answered. And the family of New York cousins was never invited to Cedar Mountain again.

About Love

Mr. Factandfancy has noticed:

That the boy who is the most afraid of the girls is the first to be corralled into matrimony.

That the little boys prefer boys to girls.

That they soon change, never to go back to their early love.

That the little girls love the girls best.

That they don't get over their preference so soon as the boys do—some of them never.

That the women love the men because they love everything they have to take care of.

That men love women because they can't help it.

That the wife loves her husband so much that she has no thought for other men.

That the husband so loves his wife that he loves all other women for her sake.

That the married man is apt to think himself all-fired killing among the fair sex simply because he has found one woman fool enough to marry him.

That homely husbands are the best. They never forget the compliment paid them by their wives in accepting them.

That homely wives are the truest. They know how to make the most of what they have.

That the man who marries late in life does well.

That the man who marries young does better.

That the woman who marries does well.

That the woman who does not marry does better nine times out of ten.

A Business Engagement with a Lace Collar

Last week a merchant up town told his wife that he was compelled, from considerations of expediency, to take a customer from the country to the theatre. When his wife made comments on the elaborate nature of his toilet for a rural person of the male sex, he replied:

"Oh, you see, everything depends upon impressing that sort of people favorably."

At this moment the merchant's office-boy made his appearance.

"Well," said the somewhat agitated husband, did you see the gentleman I sent you to?"

"Yes, sir, replied the messenger.

"And you told him I had seats for the theatre."

"Yes, sir; and he said he was much obliged, and he would wait for you."

"Was he all ready?" asked the unsuspecting wife.

"Yes, all rigged except putting on his lace collar and fastening his earrings."

"What's that? Lace collar and earrings?"

"Yes, my dear; my friend is troubled with weak eyes, and the doctor makes him wear earrings."

"And I suppose he has to wear a lace collar to prevent him from taking cold. Well, sonny, you can go back and tell the gentleman he needn't put on his lace collar and things, because Mr. S. has some little business to attend to at home."

And Mr. S. wilted on the spot.

Where Did He Live?

Some years ago there lived in a certain city a merry set of Scotchmen whose mirth was not always regulated on the cold water principle. John B—— was a prominent member. One particularly jolly night "John malt had got above the mast," and toward the small hours two of his friends found him sitting disconsolately on the curb stone not far from his residence in Hyde Park. As they were passing, he asked, "Do ye ken whaur John B—— Hyde Park?" "You are Johnny B——, yourself," was the reply. "I ken that, man," said Johnny B——. "But where

THE OLD YEAR'S DEATH.

"Toll bells, within your airy heights!
Wail wind, o'er moor and mere!
On this, the saddest of all nights,
The last sad night of the year—
The last long night when lamps are lit,
Like tapers round a bier;
When quiet folks at still hearths sit,
And God seems very near."

"The old clock strikes upon the stair,
Time's tide is at its turn;
And here, and there, and everywhere
The New Year tapers burn.
Strange, dreamy anthems fill the street,
The mists hang o'er the river,
The organ groans, the drums are beat,
The Old Year's gone forever!"

"Swing, bells, a hundred happy ways!
Laugh, wind, o'er moor and mere;
On this the gladdest of all days,
The first day of the year!
The first sweet day when all content
We gather round the hearth,
O God, we thank Thee who has sent
This New Year to our earth!"

Don't Waste Vital Energy.

The most vigorous persons do not have too much vitality. People generally inherit a lack or at least find that much vital energy has been permantly lost in their childhood and youth through the ignorance or carelessness of their parents. Often it is impaired by wrong indulgences in early manhood. The endeavor with all persons should be to husband what is left, be it much or little. Therefore—

1. Don't do anything in a hurry.

2. Don't work too many hours a day, whether it be farm work, shop-work, study-work, or house-work.

3. Don't abridge sleep. Get the full eight hours of it, and that, too, in a well-ventilated and sun-purified room.

4. Don't eat what is indigestible, nor too much of anything, and let good cheer rule the hour.

5. Don't fret at yourself, or anybody else; nor indulge in the blues, nor burst into fits of passion.

6. Don't be too much elated with good luck, nor disheartened by bad.

Positively—be self-controlled, calm and brave. Let your brain have all the rest it needs. Treat your stomach right. Keep a good conscience, and have cheerful trust in God for all things, and for both worlds.

What An Old Man Noticed.

I have noticed that all the most are honest when well watched.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that silks, broadcloths and jewels are often bought with other people's money.

I have noticed that whatever is, is right with a few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg, and the left side of a plum pudding.

I have noticed that the prayer of a selfish man is, "Forgive us our debts," while he makes everbody that owes him, pay to the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbors, to surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition and the idol of all.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead, and that the tombstones are marked with the epitaphs of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetery where the bad are buried?

A Curious Custom

Monsieur X.—"I discovered one curious custom in your countrees, Madame!"

Madame—"What is that, monsieur?"

X.—"It ees dis. Vun a young ladee she got—vat you call it—married, she beg her game, I tink I hear you say?"

M.—"We sometimes so remark, monsieur."

X.—"And den a young ladee she tell a young man she no haf heem, you say she eef heem de sack?"

M.—"quite true, monsieur."

X.—"Now, madame, when I read in zu dio—in ze dictaun—ze vat you call eet?—I find ze sack and ze bag are ze same ting. So, madame, I find me dat it is so custom in zis countree ven a young ladee she will marry she put ze young man in ze bag; and ven ze young ladee she will not marry she make of ze beg a present to ze young man. Zis is one curious custom I find in your countree, madame, and it is much interests me."

Sleeping Apart.

More quarrels arise between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between clerks in stores, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes through their systems by lodging together night after night, than by any other cause. There is nothing that will so derange the nervous force, as to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorber will sleep all night, while the other will be restless and nervous, and get up in the morning fretful, fault-finding and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose. "This is the law."

A Tricksterss Tricked

Holcroft, the well-known dramatist, supped one evening at Opie's. After the cloth had been removed, numerous stories were told, among which was one of a gentleman, who, having put out his candle on going to bed, read in phosphorescent characters on the wall, "Confess thy sins." The gentleman fell on his knees, and, as expected, began to confess aloud—not from terror however—for, aware it was a trick to terrify him devised by evildoers to expose young ladies in the house, and hearing a little bustle on the stairhead, guessed rightly that the fast fair participators were there to enjoy the discomfiture. He continued, in the manner of the day, to [illegible] on his knees with a countenance [illegible] upon his face, [illegible] and [illegible]