—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 or less, $4.00 per annum. 1 square, 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 required by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

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One column one year	$60.00
Half column one year	35.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
One column six months	35.00
Half column six months	20.00
Quarter column six months	12.00
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Half column three months	12.00
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H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor.

THIS PAPER may be found at the office of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertisements and contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

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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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, Dr. Morrow's old stand, Mill St., Acton. RESIDENCE: Church street, formerly occupied by Mr. W. Hemstreet, auctioneer.

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

JOHN LAYSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, Toronto. Veterinary, Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office—in Kenney & Son's boot and shoe store. Residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

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 McIlwain's Drug Store will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate. T. J. FISHER.

FULLERTON, HALL & STOREY, Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Conveyancers, &c. Toronto Street, Toronto. Offices:—No. 58 Church street, Toronto, and McLeod's Block, Georgetown. Money to Loan. JAS. S. FULLERTON, WM. M. HALL, B. D. STOREY.

WM. HEMSTREET, Licensed Auctioneer. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable. Money to Loan. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

LIME FOR SALE. Lime can be had at the Canada Lime Works in small or large quantities at any time. Apply at the Kiln, near Tolton's mill, or to C. S. SMITH, Box 172, Acton. May, 1st, 1882.

TIMBER WANTED. The undersigned is prepared to purchase any quantity of elm, birch, red beech, soft maple, rim ash, red oak, basswood, white ash, poplar, white wood, balm of gilead, pine, cedar, or black ash, in either bolts, logs, or standing trees. Apply at once to THOS. C. MOORE, Acton, Ont.

FRANCIS NUNAN, Successor to T. F. Chapman, *BOOKBINDER*, St. George's Square, Guelph. Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

ACTON— HARNESS & TRUNK —*DEPOT*. —PARTIES REQUIRING ANYTHING IN— Harness or Trunks, To save money should go to R. CREECH, Acton.

East End Butcher Shop. ACTON, ONT. H. Marlatt & Bro. Desire to tender thanks to the people of Acton and vicinity for their kind patronage since opening business here, and would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same, and can assure them that they will always have on hand a full stock of ALL KINDS OF MEAT. Meat Delivered. We will purchase good meat of any kind from those who wish to sell. H. MARLATT & BRO.

ACTON BANKING CO'Y., STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO., BANKERS, Acton, Ontario. *A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.* MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES. Notes Discounted and Interest allowed on Deposits.

MEDICAL HALL, ACTON. Dr. M. FORSTER. Lubricating Oils CHEAP. Montserrat Lime Juice, Paris Green, Helebore, Coal Oil, Fly Powder.

Business Booming —AT THE— People's Flour & Feed Store. AS THE UNDERSIGNED HAS A large experience in the manufacture of FLOUR AND FEED There is no doubt he can secure a good article of Flour at reasonable prices. Also, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Granulated Oatmeal, Granulated Wheat, Patent Roller Flour, (Hungarian System) Graham Flour, Potatoes, Apples, Bran, Shorts. And all kinds of Feed usually kept in a First-Class Feed Store. All he asks is a fair trial and he will give you good satisfaction. Yours respectfully, R. ELLIOTT. Acton, Aug. 18th, 1882.

BUTCHER SHOP. R. HOLMES Would respectfully inform the people of Acton and vicinity that he has purchased the business and property of Mr. W. C. Robinson, and is prepared to supply all with FIRST-CLASS MEAT, of all kinds, and *Poultry and Game in Season.* Meat delivered to any part of town at any time. Having practical experience in the Butchering Business I feel confident that I can suit all. A call kindly solicited. *R. HOLMES.*

MANHOOD: 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, Nervous Prostration, Incapacity, Impediments of Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses. 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 the alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine 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 459.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 23 King St. West, Toronto, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper. W. W. BUTCHER, MANAGER.

Opening of Schools. A Full Line of Every Class of BOOKS used in public and private schools. Also Day's large 64 Page Monster Copy. See your children buy their BOOKS —AT— Day's Bookstore, GUELPH, DAY SELLS CHEAP.

ECONOMY THE SURE WAY. To get the best value for your money. To secure the choice of a large stock. To select what you require, at the Lowest Cash Prices. IS TO DEAL AT WM. S. SMITH, The Watch and Clock House of Guelph.

American Watches. The Finest Stock we ever had of Elgin & Waltham make, in Nickel, Silver, and Gold Cases. I claim my Nickel cases are whiter and purer than any other, being made especially for myself. B. SAVAGE, Watchmaker & Jeweller, GUELPH.

GUELPH CLOTH HALL. Just Opened Out. Very Latest English & American Hats. Tweed Rubber Coats, Silk Braces, Cashmere Half Hose for Fall Wear. Fellows & Curtis' Celebrated LINEN COLLARS. SHAW & GRUNDY, Merchant Tailors.

A CARD. To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

POETRY.

WHY?

Why do the poets always say October
Is sober?
Plumber or gipsy,
Residing in Japan,
Persia or Ispahan,
Hoboken or Poughkeepsie,
Accuse October of getting tipsy?
Who ever thunk,
October would get drunk?
Who ever saw it wave its dying flowers
And call for a round of sours
In morning's gallit hours?

Is October
A bit more sober
Than May,
Say?
Does it sing a more roisterous tune
Than June?
Does it cut up more high
Than July?
Or make a great noise
And go around with the boys?

That October
Is so sober
And temperate
Permit me to state
Is all nonsense and rot.
Edgar Allan Poe, you should not
Have hurled
Such a falsehood broadcast on the world.

October
Is not sober;
In fact, it hasn't a peer
Among the months for drunkenness in all the year;
For then come election times,
And the candidate
Filleth around elate
And on the counter rattleth down his dimes
For whisky,
And five-dollar notes
For votes,
And getteth tricky.
There are more drunk in October
Than sober!

October ought to sign
The pledge divine
And swear off for good on drinks of each variety
And become the happy President of a temperance society.
And then all men would raise
The welsh of honest praise
And say,
In a pleasant way,
"October—
Dear sir!
In this we all concur.
You're sober."
And that is all we know about the habits of October.
And we do not care a copper if it's drunk or if its sober.

OUR STORY.

The Lost Bonnet.

"Oh, I want to go! I want to go so much!" said Ella Haskell to herself. "And to think that I must stay at home just for want of a bonnet! It is too mean. I declare it is. I might just as well have bought one last week when I went to the city, but I thought the fashions were not settled yet. I can't wear black velvet with a blue muslin. And it's just the nicest picnic we've had. Oh, dear!"

"A letter, Ella! I've been to the station to get 'em. And rice and raisons for a pudding!" shouted little Jack Haskell, tossing a white envelope upon his sister's bureau as he rushed past her door.

"From Cousin Hester," said Ella, glancing at the envelop. "Full of brag as usual, I suppose. What airs she did give herself while she was here, to be sure. All because her father has made a little more money than pa has. I wonder she isn't ashamed to write."

However, she opened the letter at once, and sat down to read it. It opened thus:

"DEAR ELLA: I find I have left my bonnet box behind me. I put it on the upper shelf of the closet in my room; and as there was no occasion for anything but my hat, and the bonnet was really too handsome to wear out in the wilderness, I never looked at it again. Please send it at the first opportunity by express."

Ella read no more. The letter dropped out of her hand. She flew out of her room, and into the spare bedroom that had been given to her cousin during her visit, and there, upon the upper shelf, she found a box, which, being taken down and opened, revealed a dainty bonnet of palest blue shirred satin, with delicate feathers to match, and two pale pink crushed roses daintily perched up on the crown—a bonnet that bore upon its lining the signature of a Parisian milliner.

"The most beautiful bonnet I ever saw!" cried Ella.

As she spoke she perched it lightly on her head, saw that it became her, and on the instant was overcome by temptation.

"If I could only borrow it and wear it to the picnic!" she whispered.

She caught up the hand-glass and looked at her profile. It was the most charming view of her face.

"I will," she added. "Didn't she borrow my blue veil and wear it entirely out, and lose my silver thimble, and tuck up the curtains of her room so that they had to be done up over again as soon as she was gone? And it cannot do much harm to a bonnet to wear it once very carefully."

"Going?" said Mrs. Haskell, lifting her eyebrows in surprise. "Well, I hope you'll enjoy yourself; but will you feel comfortable in your old bonnet?"

"Well, I'll manage *somehow*, ma," said Ella, not daring to meet her mother's eyes; for she knew what her opinion would have been about borrowing a handsome bonnet in that fashion; and the problem she was now solving was how to conceal the fact that she wore it from the members of her family. The only plan that occurred to her was to cover it with grandma's big brown berage veil, which she borrowed, for the purpose, receiving many injunctions not to tear it or lose it.

Silas Perkins came in his buggy to the door at the proper hour, and Ella ran out of the house and entered the buggy rather hastily, with her head apparently enveloped in a snuff-colored turban.

Out of sight of the porch, Ella unpinned the snuff-colored veil, and sat beside Silas Perkins in a blue and rose-tinted bonnet that took his breath away with admiration.

In fact, it was the sight of that bonnet, and the pretty face under it, and the tints of gold it brought out in the waving hair, that made Silas forget that his horse Napoleon would not bear the whip, and gave him a graceful flick upon his neck, whereupon he at once asserted his independence by running away. The road was smooth, and in the course of a quarter of an hour, as Silas declared, he brought that horse to his senses. The actual fact was that Napoleon grew tired of running and moderated his pace. But meanwhile a dreadful thing had happened. The branch of a tree which grazed the buggy in passing had whipped away that dainty Paris bonnet, which weighed next to nothing, and Ella, as she clutched the back of her seat in terror for her life, was utterly unaware of the fact. In fact, the scene of the picnic was reached before either of the occupants of the buggy were aware of what had occurred.

Meantime, Aunty Wheeler, whose house faced the road, had seen the runaway and noticed the accident to the bonnet; and had sent her grandson, Peter, to take it from the oak bough. After waiting at her door for an hour and a half she concluded that Ella was either killed or had not known where she lost her bonnet, and returned to her kitchen.

"And you jest carry the bonnet home to Mrs. Haskell's, Peter," said she. "Say that Ella lost it off, but don't tell that she was run away with, for there's no need of scarin' her ma without cause. Ella is just hity-tity enough not to know whether her bonnet is on her head or off it."

Peter, a shy, white-headed child, obeyed with sulky reluctance. He carried the bonnet to the house, and greatly disliking explanations and questionings, performed his errand by poking it in at an open window under which a table happened to stand. It was the spare bedroom window, and five minutes after, Nancy, the new "help," came into the room to wash that very window. She found the bonnet on the chair, and being a tidy soul, opened the closet and put it into the bonnet box which stood there, shutting down the cover. Half an hour from that time the spare bedroom had resumed its usual condition of shadowed order.

As for poor Ella, what she suffered no one knew. The picnic was one long misery to her. She thought of nothing but the lost bonnet. If she could forget it, Silas would not have permitted the oblivion, for he talked about it constantly, and the fact that Ella Haskell was run away with and had lost her bonnet was the topic of the day. Nobody found the lost treasure, of course. And it so happened that during the afternoon Aunty Wheeler was sent for, in her capacity of nurse, by a certain Mrs. Jorkins, who lived twenty miles away, and that she did not return to her own home for three good months. Therefore there was no comfort for Ella on her home-coming, and nothing remained for her but full confession. Scenes ensued. Correspondence commenced between the two matrons. Ella had the mortification of knowing that her cousin knew she had borrowed her bonnet because she had no nice one of her own. And horror fell upon the Haskell family when, having insisted on paying for the bonnet, they heard that it cost twenty five dollars.

Ella "did" with her last winter's dress that year, and very shabby it grew before spring came, and with spring a visit from Cousin Hester, who, much against her will, was sent to her uncle's by her father every year. More airs, more graces than ever. A large trunk, or rather larger trunks, and more extensive boasting. Ella conducted her relative to the spare bedroom, fresh with its new curtains and pillow-shams, and the girl began at once, as Ella had declared she knew she would.

"There's my hat box. Dear me, how *did* you lose the hat off without knowing it? You never thought of the long pin. Here it is in the corer. That cost a dollar; it has an enameled head. I wonder who picked it up. Why, Ella, where did you find it?"

"I never found it," replied Ella, snappingly, "and as ma paid for it, I think we might as well drop the subject."

"But here it is," said Hester.

"Here *what* is?" asked Ella.

"The bonnet" said Hester.

And there it was, indeed, as Ella saw on looking in. Fresh in tint and dainty in shape as ever. How it came there was a mystery doomed never to be unravelled.

The new "help" had long before "given sass" and been dismissed; and Aunty Wheeler had never found time to "slip over to Mrs. Haskell's" in her brief sojourns at home.

Mrs. Haskell declared that Ella had never put it on at all; but Silas Perkins, now her accepted lover, remembered the blue satin and crushed roses too well to admit of that explanation. No spiritualists were on hand, and Ella felt the situation beyond her. But she had suffered too much for that bonnet.

"Ma," she said, eagerly, "you paid for that bonnet. I went without my winter dress for it. It is mine."

"Well, yes, so it seems to me," said Mrs. Haskell.

"I'm sure I don't want a last year's bonnet," said Hester, scornfully.

"Very well; let nobody reproach me," said Ella, seizing the tongs which stood near a small fire in the open fireplace.

She left the sitting-room in which this conversation occurred and returned, bearing the bonnet before her between the tongs.

"There," she said, depositing it in the midst of the flames. "It is mine, and that is what I chose to do with it."

Nobody stirred. The satin blazed, the flowers crisped to tender, the feathers smelled as burning feathers will.

"I never knew you had such a temper, Ella," said her mother; but Ella was happy for the first time since she had lost her cousin's bonnet.

Not "Good for Nothing."

It was Mike's third appearance in court within thirty days, and in reply to his usual appeal for clemency the Magistrate impatiently observed: "It's no use, Mike; you're good for nothing." "It's not me shtyle to be braggin'," retorted Mike, "but if yer honner will borry a pair of shillalahs an' stip outside wid me I'll make it inconvenient for ye to howld that opinion."

The School Question.

"Papa, please give me a dollar to buy a tracing book and a writing book and a pencil and an eraser and a third reader, and I've lost my geography and Johnny broke my ruler, and my old pen is perfectly horrid, and mamma says my boots are not fit to wear to school. I'll bring back the change, but please can I have a cent to buy some gum? All the other girls have gum."

Autumn Thoughts.

Another glorious summer with its wealth of pleasant memories is stored away among the archives of our history. Another gloomy winter is fast approaching. Those wonderful colors that flame across the softened sky of Indian summer, like the gory banner of a royal conqueror, come but to warn us that in a few weeks the water pipe will be bursted in the kitchen and the decorated wash bowl will be broken, and so on *ad libitum*.

A Bit of Mother's Dress.

A pretty and pathetic incident is related of a little fellow from one of our charitable institutions who was being taken to a New Jersey farm by an agent, the owners of the farm having had the boy "bound" to them for a term of years. The agent noticed that the boy kept placing his right hand inside of his jacket on the left side, and occasionally would peep within with a tender look. At last he said, "What have you got in there, my little friend?" "Oh, nothing, sir," he replied, "only a bit of my mother's dress, which I've sewed on my coat; it was the dress she had on when she died, and now it kind of comforts me to touch it.

Origin of Tinted Paper.

The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. The wife of Wm. East an English papermaker, accidently let a blue-bag fall into one of the vats of pulp. The workmen were astonished when they saw the peculiar color of the paper while Mr. East was highly incensed over what he considered a grave pecuniary loss. His wife was so much frightened she would not confess her agency in the matter. After storing the damaged paper for years, Mr. East sent it to his agent in London with instructions to sell it for what it would bring. The paper was accepted as a "proposed novelty," and was disposed of at quite an advance over market price. Mr. East was astonished at receiving an order from his agent for another large invoice of the paper. He was without the secret and found himself in a dilemma. Upon mentioning it to his wife, she told him about the accident. He kept the secret, and the demand for the novel tint far exceeded his ability to supply it.

Humor.

An earthquake doesn't dispose men to sleep, but it makes the earth yawn.

A plumber's bride at Saratoga wears a terra cotta head dress in "pipings."

It was an apple that made Adam tell, and the same fruit made William Tell.

Here in Our Own Territory.

It can almost be asserted that St. Jacobs Oil works wonders. Shortly before the New Year, when I visited my family in Mitchell, I found my son Edward, a lad little more than ten years old, very sick. He suffered with rheumatism, and so terribly, that he was perfectly stiff in his limbs, could not possibly walk and had to be carried from place to place. At once I sent for St. Jacobs Oil, used it according to directions, and in a few days could see evidence of considerable improvement. On the tenth of this month I again visited my family and was astonished to find him well and hearty. He once more has fresh color in his face, can go to school again. Whenever the old trouble threatens to return relief is immediately secured by the use of the celebrated St. Jacobs Oil. From about forty years' results I cannot withhold recommending St. Jacobs Oil for suffering humanity. [illegible]

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will sit by a bed with a marvellous fear,
And clasp a hand,
Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land—
One of us dear,—
But one—
Will stand by the other's coffin bier,
And look and weep.
While those marble lips strange silence keep—
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
By an open grave will drop a tear,
And homeward go,
The anguish of unshared grief to know—
Darling, which one?
One of us, darling, it must be,
It may be you will slip from me;
Or perhaps my life may first be done;
Which one?

Subjects For Thought.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

After the battle of arms comes the battle of history.

The trees that are not most in the sun bear the sweetest fruit.

Man cannot live exclusively by intelligence and self love.

The word "impossible" is the mother tongue of little souls.

True love is like a jack-o'-lantern it is hard to catch and rarely seen.

When honesty is sleeping let the alarm cloud of conscience wake up.

The granity hills are not so changeless and abiding as the restless sea.

One thing obtained with difficulty is far better than a hundred things procured with ease.

What renders the vanity of others unbearable to us is the wound it inflicts on ours.

Knowledge will always predominate over ignorance, as man governs the other animals.

Man cannot dream himself into a noble character; he must achieve it by diligent effort.

Professional Litigation.

"Lawyer—" Hurrah, let me congratulate you. You are the luckiest of mortals. Embrace me."

They embrace, and the client ventures to ask the cause of so much emotion.

"Thanks to my skill," replied the lawyer, "I have obtained a judgment in your favor in the Supreme Court."

"After nine long years."

"But, my dear fellow, better late than never."

"How much do I get?" asks the client, anxiously.

"The court decrees that you recieve $2,000. The costs and my fee will only amount to $3,500, so all you will have to pay me is $1,500."

"Merciful heaven, and I must lose my money beside!"

"Of course you lose your money, but console yourself; you have gained your case. You can't expect to gain everything."

Then I will go back to the plowing. The work is not near so hard, and pays better," said the man.

Holloway's Pills—The Great Need.—The blood is rife and on its purity depends our health, if not our existence. These Pills thoroughly cleanse this vital fluid from all contaminations, and by that power strengthen and invigorate the whole system, healthily stimulate sluggish organs, repress over-excited action, and establish order of circulation and secretion throughout every part of the body. The balsamic nature of Holloway's Pills commends them to the favor of debilitated and nervous constitutions, which they soon resuscitate. They dislodge all obstructions, both in the bowels and elsewere, and are on that account, much sought after for promoting regularity of action in young females and delicate persons who are naturally weak, or who from some cause have become so.

It is said that during the moonlight fight in Egypt the English bands played 'The man in the moon is looking.'

*** Evil dispositions are early shown. Evil tendencies in our systems are to be watched and guarded against. If you find yourself getting bilious, head heavy, mouth foul, eyes yellow, kidneys disordered, symptoms of piles tormenting you take at once a few doses of Kidney-Wort. It is nature's great assistant. Use it as an advance guard—don't wait to get down sick. Read adv't.

In an autobiographic humor Boileau wrote: 'A fool always finds some one more foolish than he is to admire him.'

R. H. McCaw, Custom House, Toronto, writes: "My wife was troubled with Dyspepsia and Rheumatism for a long time; she tried many different medicines but did not get any relief until she tried Northrop and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. She has taken two bottles of it, and now finds herself in better health than she has been for years."

Diamond Dyes will color any thing any color, and never fail. The safest and best way to economize. 10 cents, at all druggists.

Would you avoid the Biliary complaints incidental to spring and summer? Cleanse the system with Burdock Blood Bitters. It regulates the Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Blood, is the purest tonic in the world. Trial Bottles 10 cents.

A cross eyed woman often possesses a better temper than a twice squinted one.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and Positively cures Piles. [illegible] LOR. For sale at [illegible]