—THE—
Acton Free Press
is published
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
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The Free Press
Power Printing & Publishing
OFFICE
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Mill Street, Acton, Ont

TERMS.—Single copies 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. Equals, 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 rule of solid Nonpareil.

CONTRACT RATES.

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
One column three months	20 00
Half column three months	12 00
Quarter column three months	7 00

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till ordered out and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Mondays, otherwise they will be left over till the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

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.

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

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO, Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office—in Kerr & Son's livery and sale stables; residence in the village. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms—Cash.

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

C. H. BIGGS, L.D.S., (the successor of Dr. Bergin) Georgetown, will be at Acton the last Monday in each month, and will stay one week. His prices are the lowest consistent with first-class work. All the latest and best improvements in the art. N. B.—Chloroform administered when desired.

FULLERTON, CHARLES STOREY, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Commissioner in Queen's Bench, Court of Chancery, Land Surveyor, Land Valuator, Acton, Ontario. Office—Town Hall, Acton. Money to Loan.

WM. HUNSTEDT, Licensed Auctioneer, Farm Sales a specialty. Orders left at this office will receive prompt attention. Terms reasonable. Residence, Acton.

LIME FOR SALE.—The undersigned has for sale a quantity of Lime of the best quality, burned by Messrs. Smith & Co., at their Kilns, Acton, which he offers at the lowest cash price. Apply at the Kilns, near Acton Flour Mills, or to C. P. SMITH. May, 1st, 1882. Box 172, Acton.

TIMBER WANTED.—The undersigned is prepared to purchase any quantity of elm, black and white birch, rock maple, rim ash, red oak, basswood, white ash, poplar, white pine, red pine, tamarack, hemlock, or any other kind of logs, or standing timber, delivered at Georgetown. WILLIAM C. MOODIE. Acton, Ont.

HANLAN
BARBER SHOP.

J. P. WORDEN
Has opened a Barber Shop in the premises lately occupied by Dr. Fisher as a medical office, and solicits a share of the patronage of the village. Every department of the business will be conducted in first-class style. Give us a call. J. P. WORDEN.
Jan. 23rd, 1883.

FRANCIS NUNAN,
Successor to T. H. Dingman,
BOOKBINDER,
St. George Square, Guelph.
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Rulingneatly and promptly done.

JAMES MATTHEWS,
Agent for Fire Insurance Co's,
" " Life " "
" " Accident " "
" " Insurance Tickets.
($3000 for 25c. per day.)
Agent for the Dominion Steamship Co., return tickets issued or tickets to bring out your friends, cheaper than almost any other line.
Money to Loan. Gold jubilee or endowed short date assignments.
Agent for the Canadian Loan & Savings Co., Toronto.
Deeds, Mortgages, Discharges, Chattle Mortgages, Farm and House Leases, Agreements, &c.
CASH FOR GRAIN AND PORK.

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 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.

Volume. VIII. No. 32 ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1883. Whole No. 407

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.

BIG BARGAINS
IN
WATCHES
and
JEWELRY,
FOR THIS MONTH
I intend giving the best bargains ever offered in
GUELPH.
Don't fail to examine my stock.
Shop open every evening during the Holidays.
WM. S. SMITH,
The Watchmaker Clock House of Guelph.

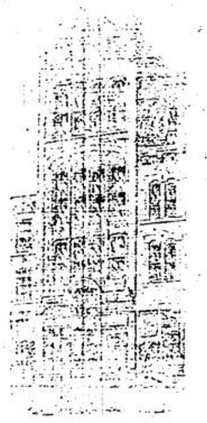
Card of Thanks
[illegible]
10 CENT STORE,
and Cheap Cash Bazaar,
JAS. F. KIDNER,
Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.
Our Goods and Prices Drive the Crowd.

GUELPH
CLOTH
HALL.
FUR
CAPS.
In South Sea Seal, Persian Lamb, Beaver.
Our Caps have been carefully selected, and we are showing very choice Furs very low prices.
SHAW & GRUNDY,
Merchant Tailors
GUELPH.

CAUTION.
EACH PLUG OF THE
MYRTLE NAVY
IS MARKED
T. & B.
IN BRONZE LETTERS.
None Other Genuine

SCHOOL BOOKS!
All the School Books used
IN THE CITY
And City Schools.
Will be found Cheap
—AT—
Day's Bookstore,
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

IF YOU ARE IN WANT
—OF—
PURE DRUGS
—AND—
MEDICINES,
GO TO—
PETRIE'S



New Drug Store,
GUELPH.
You will there find the best quality at Moderate Prices.
Horse and Cattle Medicines carefully compounded.
DYE STUFFS.
My stock is selected with the greatest care. All my own colors guaranteed. Handy package dyes every color kept.
Trusses, Supporters, Bandages, Inhalers, Stockings, &c. A very full line of these goods kept. They are fitted on without extra charge.
IN PATENT MEDICINES
my stock is very large, and constantly adding all the new remedies.
MACHINERY OILS
All kinds: Castor Oil, Elephant Oil, Neatsfoot Oil, Seal Oil, Lubricating Oil, Sewing Machine Oil, &c., at bottom prices.
Paints, Oils, Colors, Turpentine, Harness Varnish, Hood Ointment, Store Varnish, Carriage Varnish, Turpentine Varnish, Furniture Polish.
COAL OIL, COAL OIL.
Wholesale and Retail.
The best quality always kept, and the lowest prices.
Come and see the New Store.
A. B. PETRIE.

The Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING, Feb. 8, 1883.

POETRY.

COOKERY.

LIST OF THE CURES.

With a stomach headed out of it,
With headache, toothache, earache,
A stomach stunned in passionate dread,
Burning sickly heart-sick,
Bake! bake! bake!
In Autumn, Winter, and Spring,
And still with a look of incurious quake,
Sits but of the cake doth sing.

Bake! bake! bake!
While the batter is foaming high,
And bake, bake, bake,
Till it seems our men must die!
It's chit-chat in the night,
Along with the question an I have,
That women may frolic and boast,
And universe cake to save!

Bake, bake, bake,
Till the brain doth to burn on fire;
Bake, bake, bake,
Till arm and nerve both tire!
Spread and turn and lift,
Lift and turn and spread,
Till over the whole as I turn so deft
I seem to be dreaming or dead!

Oh, fair as the lovely girls!
Oh, men with mothers and wives!
It is not the cakes that disappear
As honey—mine lives!
Bake, bake, bake!
In kitchen furnace roaring low,
And still, in a voice of trembling quake,
We sing while we stir and the dough.

WHY?

Why is the wrong so strong,
And the right so weak and poor?
Why does black prevail to the patient man,
And gold to the evil-doer?

Why do the ills of life
We pitiful [illegible]
Are [illegible] in passionate dread,
The [illegible] of an upward [illegible]
Of [illegible] and [illegible]?

Why [illegible] [illegible]
He [illegible] [illegible] to bless,
The children [illegible] [illegible] hearts,
And [illegible] [illegible]?

Which [illegible] the right?
And who can answer why
There should [illegible] our married life?
Not you, for we [illegible] not I.

Why [illegible] a throbbing pain
To [illegible] heart so firm and [illegible],
While the clown of wealth and of [illegible]
Seems less [illegible]?

Why went that young life out
On [illegible] pearl?
The carping tongue and the jealous mind
May live to [illegible] and [illegible].

A [illegible]
[illegible]
And the lowest creature was the highest one?
Perhaps that answers why.

To [illegible] the [illegible] and wreath
While the privilege of the [illegible]
But the boon to carry that heavy cross
Was reserved dear Lord, for you.

OUR STORY.

JUST FOR FUN.

When Alec Douglass bade good-by to his betrothed wife before leaving home for Europe, which he was called by business, he laughingly told her she might flirt *ad libitum* until he returned. Perhaps, if he had known how very willingly the young lady was to take advantage of the permission, he would have thought twice before granting it.

Irene Croftley had the reputation, among the ladies of her acquaintance, and those of her other sex who had suffered from her cruelty, of being a flirt of the first magnitude. Alec Douglas, however, having captured her heart, could afford to make light of any rumors that reached him to that effect, and not having a particle of jealousy in his composition, was rather proud of his sweetheart's conquests.

Miss Croftley was pleased to keep her engagement in some measure a secret during her lover's absence, and thus it was that when Gilbert Huntley met her in society, attracted by her beauty, her English sweetness of manner, and the host of charms that drew so many to her side, he knew of no reason why he should not show the admiration and love she had awakened in his heart, and win her for his bride, if that were possible.

Huntley was a handsome, talented young fellow, and Irene accepted his very marked attentions with an evident pleasure that made him very hopeful of the success of his suit. Occasionally she suffered a pang of remorse and alarm when his manner evinced a tenderness and love-like ardour inconsistent with mere friendship, and at such times she would determine to make him aware of the fact that she was engaged to be married to another; but the momentary impulse would pass, when she paused to consider that by doing so she would lose his pleasant society and his convenient escort. Besides, the temptation to see how far he would go, just for fun, proved too strong for her sense of right, and so the flirtation went on to its fatal end.

"What is an engaged girl to do?" she cried with a laugh to a friend who had undertaken the thankless task of remonstrating with her, "When one's own true knight is abroad, one must get a substitute of some kind! Mr. Huntley likes to take me out and do things for me, and I like to have it so, and you know Alec don't mind—so where's the harm?" And she smiled innocently, as though she had made a very good argument.

"Of course, you know perfectly well, Irene, that 'the harm' lies in the fact that Gilbert Huntley does not know that you are engaged; that he loves you, and that you are encouraging him while you are well aware that the final result will be one more broken heart for you to boast of." And as she spoke, there was a ring of indignation and bitterness in Florrie Howe's usually soft voice that made Irene look at her in some surprise.

Florence observed it, and coloring slightly, she continued in a lighter tone—

"In this case, Nable, I would advise you not to go too far, you may find the rôle of the 'arrant coquette' a dangerous one, for Gilbert Huntley is much too fine a man to allow himself to be trifled with."

"You seem to have a thorough appreciation of his good qualities, my cherry-cake!" said Irene.

"Oh, I haven't the remotest intention of entering the list against you, although I am not engaged to another!" said Florrie, coldly, though she blushed vividly under her companion's gazes, and then grew pale as she rose to leave her. Irene was much disturbed; thoughtless and vain, she was not utterly heartless, and when it occurred that her little bit of 'fun' with Gilbert Huntley was standing in the way of her friend's happiness, she was really distressed.

"I must bring this affair to an end!" she said to herself. "Poor little Flo! I fear I really have been selfish, but it's not too late to remedy it yet, thank goodness! I will introduce the subject of my approaching marriage this evening, and I hope he won't be very much disappointed. After all, it's time he should know poor Alec comes home next week or soon after, and Mr. Huntley's soft tender voice and lovely eyes make me uncomfortable!"

Thus resolved, Miss Croftley went to dress for the opera, and as she chose her prettiest costume, selecting, with a sade on her lips, the colors she knew that Huntley preferred, she mentally reiterated the careless words that would wound his loving manly heart like cold steel. Florence Howe was right when she said he loved her, and his love was the deep, strong passion of an intense, noble nature—a love that, once given, could never be recalled or turned aside from its object.

He met her in the drawing-room, and as her eyes fell before his and a blush of guilty consciousness mantled her cheek, he thought he had never before seen her look so lovely. He led her out to the carriage and handed her in almost without speaking, and seated himself beside her. He was contented to worship in silence. Not so Irene, however. She was nervous and unhappy, and, seeking to drown the feeling of dread that had taken possession of her, she laughed, talked, and gesticulated in a kind of feverish excitement.

"Heavens, I wish it were over!" she thought. "Whenever I imagined his taking it so seriously! I must tell him in the theatre, and then if he—if he is affected by it, I can watch the stage, and not seem to take notice."

Miss Croftley had to learn, though, that wrong done couldn't be made right at her pleasure. Circumstances were not propitious for the announcement which she was anxious to make. The opera was *Aida*, and in spite of herself she became absorbed in the unhappy love story and the picturesque costumes, besides the music which she enjoyed as only a musician can.

Suddenly a crash was heard, followed by cries—then a loud voice giving rapid and confused orders, and then an alarm of fire ran through the house. The densely-crowded audience rose en masse and the usual panic ensued. Screams, prayers, imprecations, and cries for assistance were heard on all sides. In vain the manager appeared before the curtain to tell them that the flames were extinguished, and all danger over. The odour of burning cloth and scorched wood, and the smoke arising from them still prevailed, and the multitude was incapable of giving him heed.

At the first word of alarm, Gilbert Huntley threw his arm around the girl beside him, who, with pale lips and dilated eyes, was tremblingly clinging to him in dire terror and consternation.

"Keep calm, Irene, if possible!" he cried, holding her close while looking around for the best mode of exit. "I do not think there is any real danger—listen, he says, it is past. The people are panic-stricken. Had we not better sit still?"

"No, no! take me out; oh, take me out," she cried, and then, overcome by the horror of the imagined danger, and realizing the difficulty of egress, she fainted away in his arms. Then, indeed, he saw the necessity of making the effort. The place was suffocatingly hot, and she must have air. Taking her firmly under one arm, he fought his way through the crowd, and seizing a favorable moment, he rushed through the nearest door, with a want of consideration for those around which it would have been impossible for him to have entertained, were it not for his helpless burden.

He bore her into the cool night air; it was reviving slightly, and as the cold drops of water fell upon her up-turned face, Irene recovered consciousness almost directly. She stood up and looked at the young man who was watching her with pale face and lips tightly set together. He smiled to reassure her.

"Are you better now?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I'm all right now," she answered; "but, oh Mr. Huntley, I am quite ashamed of myself for fainting, and making it so much more difficult for you. How did you manage it? Thank you a thousand times. Do you think any one is hurt?

"There was no cause for the panic. The alarm of fire was a false one, but I fear that in such a terrific crash there will necessarily be many injured." His face contracted as if with pain while he spoke, and he added, hastily, "Come, let me put you in the carriage; I see the man has come early."

She took his arm and he gave an involuntary groan of agony.

"Not that one," he said, "I beg your pardon—I fear it is hurt rather badly—broken, indeed, for the hand is quite lifeless. Will you take the other? When I have seen you home I will go at once to a surgeon."

Irene Croftley uttered a sharp cry—a cry of remorse, grief, and despair combined—and grew so ghastly white that Gilbert feared she would faint again, and called the coachman to his assistance. She shook off the momentary weakness, and, turning sharply to the man, "Thomas," she said, "drive with all the speed you can to the nearest physician: Mr. Huntley's arm is badly injured."

Then she entered the carriage, made room for him beside her, and then, looking at his pale face with a strange happy light shining upon it, she burst into a torrent of tears—such tears of bitter woe as Irene Croftley had never shed in all her life before.

"Miss Croftley—Irene—do not weep; why should you weep; and yet—Irene, my love, my love, do you care enough for me to weep for my sake? Speak to me, Irene—I love you, darling." And he drew down the little cold, white hand with which she had covered her pale face.

"Oh, what shall I do; this is terrible! Ah, heaven, what *shall* I do?" she moaned.

"What is it?" he asked.

She clasped her hands together imploringly. "Oh, forgive me; pray, forgive me," she cried.

"For what? Is it because this miserable arm is hurt, or because you fainted?" And he laughed in her lovely tearful face. "Sweet, silly girl, it was no fault of yours. Rather should I thank you for letting me hold me so close to my heart, Irene—the heart that beats for you alone, love."

She wrung her hands with a gesture of despair.

"Oh, do not talk like that," she said, with a fresh burst of tears.

"Why not?" he asked, so sharply, that she was startled. "*Do* you love me, Irene? Tell me, quick."

She had ceased crying now. She looked at him appealingly.

"Do not talk any more just now," she said, gently. "You will exhaust your strength, dear Mr. Huntley, pray keep quiet. I, too, am unstrung and anxious."

"Say dear *Gilbert*," he said, once more taking her hand.

She hesitated a moment, then quietly said the words, and leaned back with closed eyes. He was satisfied and silent, but he held her hand in his, and she did not attempt to withdraw it.

Having arrived at Dr. Clark's, Huntley insisted that Miss Croftley should leave him there, and allow herself to be driven home at once. He bade her good night, tenderly, dropped one light kiss upon her pale cheek, and then left her.

Upon finding herself alone, Irene gave way to an uncontrollable burst of passion and grief.

"Oh, I have been cruel, heartless, wicked," she sobbed. "I see it all now," and then, grown somewhat calm under her own self-condemnation, she resolved to write to Gilbert that very night, and tell him all. She would confess her deception, and implore him to forgive it and forget her idle words! She knew they were so, but it was the only course open to her; for Irene Croftley was perfectly faithful to her betrothed husband, and if at present the man she had deceived was more in her thoughts than her absent lover, it arose from the painful circumstances into which her deception had thrown her. She regarded Gilbert Huntley only with the affection of a friend or a sister.

Dr. Clark set the injured arm with the skill and ability for which he was celebrated, and the patient laughed and chatted at intervals during the operation, and altogether conducted himself in a manner so cheerful that the surgeon looked at him in some amazement. He poured some drops into a wine glass of water and handed it to him.

"Here, my dear fellow, drink this," he said, "you will not feel so well after a while when the reaction comes. Let me throw this plaid around you, for you will have to cast aside your coat for some time. I will drive home with you, for I expect no more patients to-night."

Huntley laughingly thanked him for his solicitude, and accepted his companionship. The carriage had returned for him, and together the young men drove towards Gilbert's rooms.

"You had a lady with you, you said?" asked Dr. Clark.

"Yes, Miss Croftley. Do you know her?"

"Irene Croftley? I should think so! Why, every one knows the Belle of Belleforde—besides, I was very sweet on Miss Croftley once."

Gilbert laughed. "She is a beautiful girl," he said, softly.

"She is, indeed, but a dreadful little flirt," continued Dr. Clark. "I was her 10th, poor moth whose wings were scorched at that flame, so don't take it amiss, Mr. Huntley, if I quote the song and say, "Beware! beware!"

Gilbert Huntley only smiled and shook his head.

"However," went on the doctor, as the carriage stopped; and they waited for the man to open the door, "now that her own little wings are clipped, and she has been taken captive herself, may-be she is not so dangerous. She is engaged to be married to Alec Douglass, a very dear friend of mine, now in Europe. He is expected home in a couple of weeks, or sooner, and the marriage is to take place almost immediately, I believe. Here we are. Gently—I will go in and give my directions to your people. You will obey my instructions, like a good fellow. Remember, you will feel rather worse in the morning.

Gilbert opened the door with his latch key, and walked into the hall, followed by the young surgeon, who turned up the gas, and then looked over his shoulder to speak to his patient. Gilbert was leaning against the wall gazing straight before him with wide-open expressionless eyes, and as Dr. Clark, with a sharp exclamation, suppressed as soon as uttered, hurried to his side, he fell to the floor like a log, without uttering a sound.

For weeks the young man raged in brain-fever. He called incessantly on the name of the girl who had wronged him so deeply, but when at last she came and knelt by his side, his shrieks echoes through the house, and he turned from her in horror.

Intervals of quiet exhaustion followed paroxysms of wild excitement and insane delirium, and then the locked-for crisis came, but when it passed, all hope had fled. Gilbert Huntley died, and Miss Croftley felt in her heart that his death lay at her door.

Her lover found her a changed woman. She told him the whole story, keeping back nothing, and almost hoping he would cast her off in scorn, that she might take it as the penalty of her wrong-doing. But Alec Douglass looked at her pallid face and hollow eyes, and spoke no word of blame. He comforted her as best he could, and begged her to marry him at once, that he might take her away from the scene of her trouble, but she entreated for a postponement of the wedding, and he yielded.

His tenderness and sympathy only increased her self-reproach, and Florence Howe's sad, pensive face, with its story of "what might have been," wounded her heart afresh. Irene Croftley's punishment was greater than she could bear, and in the fall of the year she faded, drooped, and died like a broken lily, leaving her lover a lonely grief-stricken man, to pass a life of wretchedness and bitter regret, one more victim to that pastime in which so many women indulge, usually without much thought of cruelty, but like Irene Croftley, "Just for Fun."

Humor of the Day.

Invariably shown up—Banners.

Always open to conviction—The penitentiary.

The cheapest way to purchase coal—By the yard.

Whenever a dentist takes the stump he draws well.

Men should keep their tempers like their shirts—Unruffled.

Even a wagon wheel can't go on forever without getting tired.

There is this difference between money and tannin: Money is stringent and tannin is astringent.

"As we charged," says a war correspondent, "the bugle blew." It must have been a trumped-up charge.

A Pointed Fable.

A Peasant took great pains to sharpen up his Knife in anticipation of an opportunity to strike down a Doe which came every day to drink at a certain spring. As he crept through the Forest the Knife was accidently thrust into his leg. Dancing around with the pain, and angered at the sight of blood, the Peasant cried out:

"Base ingrate! You have stabbed me!"

"It is true that you have been stabbed," replied the Knife, "but had you not sharpened me for the purpose of drawing blood this would not have happened."

Moral: Lies and scandals sent out of the kitchen may come back home through the front door.

Wise Words.

If we had no faults we should not take so much pleasure in noticing them in others.

Vanity keeps persons in favor with themselves when out of favor with all others.

Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes.

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.

The great secret how to write well is to know thoroughly what one writes about, and not be affected.

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living.

Dangers of Questioning.

If the man who is addressing a Sunday-school is tempted to ask the children a question, our advice to him is "Don't." If, however, he will, he is likely to be "a sadder and a wiser man."

In a mission school in the city of Providence, a clergyman across the river was making a short address to the scholars. He was talk finely formed and faultlessly dressed, and the children seemed to be much interested in his remarks.

"Now, scholars," said the unfortunate minister, being tempted to ask a question, "look at me; where do you suppose I came from?"

The hand of the smallest boy in the room went up.

"Well, sir?"

"Guess yer come from t'ier country, didn't yer?"

The minister did not ask any more questions, but he did give a lesson on the dangers of reflecting upon his auditors in a personal way.