

The Acton Free Press.

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ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1885.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press
—IS PUBLISHED—
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
—AT THE—
FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,
ACTON, ONTARIO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
ONE YEAR, \$1.00. SIX MONTHS, 50 CTS.
THREE MONTHS, 30 CTS.
Invariably in advance. If not paid in advance \$1.25 per year will be charged. No paper returned until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.
SPACES: 1 INCH (6 NO. 3 MO. 1 1/2) 100
One Column..... \$5.00 (\$3.00) \$7.50
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Quarter Column..... 1.50 (1.00) 2.25
One Inch..... 1.00 (3.00) 1.00

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Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted full term and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.

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

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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 Street, Acton.

H. E. WEBSTER, M. D., C. M., Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.—Physician, Surgeon, Accoucher.
OFFICE: Mill St. Residence—Campbell's Hotel, Acton.

L. BENNETT, DENTIST,
Georgetown, Ontario.

A. C. MCKINLAY, L. D. S., Surgeon-Dentist, Georgetown, Ont. Uses the new system of Nitrous Oxide Gas (commonly called Vitallized Air) for extracting teeth without pain. Having been Demonstrator and Practical Teacher in Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, patrons may depend upon receiving satisfaction in any operations performed. Will visit Acton the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Office—Agnew's Hotel.

PAINLESS DENTAL OPERATIONS.
Vitallized Air, or Nitrous Oxide Gas, for Painless Dental Operations, at the office of
C. B. HAYES, L. D. S.,
Tovell's Block, Guelph, Ont.
Upper Wyndham Street.

RIGGS & IVORY, DENTISTS, South East Corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, Ontario. Finest and best set teeth, \$5 to \$8. Gold Fillings one-third rates. Leave order for teeth in the morning, can have them the same day. We have been administering Hurd's Vitallized Air for the painless extracting of teeth during the past year, regardless of what others may say.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO Veterinary College, Toronto,—Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office in Kenyon Bros. Book 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.

MOWAT & McLEAN,
—Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c.—Money to Loan.
OFFICE:—Town Hall, Acton.
J. A. MOWAT. W. A. McLEAN.

G. S. GOODWILLIE,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c.
Georgetown & Acton.
#7 Acton Office.—In Mrs. Secord's Block.

J. SEVILL, ARCHITECT,
GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE:—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO.,
—BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS.—
OFFICES:—Over Imperial Bank, 24 Wellington Street East; Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.
JOHN BAIN, Q. C. C. A. MASTEN.
WILLIAM LAIDLAW. GEORGE KATFEL.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS.
HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA,
20 Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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

ACTON BANKING COY.,
STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,
—BANKERS—
Acton, Ontario.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.
Notes Discounted and Interest Allowed on Deposits.

J. E. MCGARVIN'S
SPECIAL AGENCY,
Acton - Ont.

Bell Telephone Company
Messages received and transmitted at lower rates than telegraphing.

ALLAN LINE STEAMSHIPS
Tickets issued to all points of Great Britain and the Continent at very lowest rates. By the tickets here if sending for friends.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R. R.
The Cheapest and Best route to all points, East and West.—See Time Table.

Money Saved by Dealing With
J. E. MCGARVIN,
ACTON, ONTARIO.

COX & CO.,
STOCK BROKERS,
TORONTO.

Members Toronto Stock Exchange.
Have independent direct wire, by which New York continuous Stock quotations are received more rapidly than by any other source.

Buy and sell on commission, for cash, or on margin, all securities dealt in on the Toronto, Montreal, & New York Stock Exchanges.

Also execute orders in Grain and Provisions on the Chicago Board of Trade. Daily cable quotations of Hudson's Bay and other Stock.

26 TORONTO STREET.
Wellington Marble Works,
QUEBEC ST. GUELPH.

John H. Hamilton,
PROPRIETOR,
(Formerly McQuillan & Hamilton)

Dealer in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work.

Received first prizes at Provincial Exhibition Guelph, the Western Fair and all local exhibitions for excellence of material and superiority of workmanship. Your orders are solicited.

Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH.
The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has now on hand and will keep in stock a full line of Pine and Hemlock as well as other kinds of Lumber, Lath, First and Second class Pine Shingles & Lath.

Coal & Wood.
Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of coal. I have also a good stock of Wood, Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.

—GUELPH—
BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
OFFERS YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN the best facilities for acquiring a complete training for business pursuits.

ACT
PAPER
HANGINGS
—WITH—
Borders to Match,
—FOR—
Parlors, Dining Rooms, Chambers and Halls.

The Newest and Best Stock is at
DAY'S BOOKSTORE,
GUELPH.

The Acton people can see samples of my Papers and Borders at
Mr. George Hynds' Fancy Goods Store, Acton.

Mr. Hynds will sell at my price.
T. J. DAY,
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.

New Goods.
BRACELETS
BRACELETS
BRACELETS
(New Stock, Beautiful Patterns.)

WATCHES
WATCHES
WATCHES
Waltham and Elgin, in Gold and Silver cases.

GOLD RINGS
& LOCKETS
ETC., ETC.
(Just Opened.)

B. SAVAGE,
Near Petrie's New Drug Store,
GUELPH.

HILL'S
Tin & Stove Depot.

GOOD ASSORTMENT OF STOVES
CHEAP FOR CASH.
TINWARE OF ALL KINDS AT
BOTTOM PRICES.

Evertroughing a Specialty,
AND PUT UP ON SHORTEST
NOTICE.
FIRST CLASS MATERIAL ONLY
USED.

A CALL SOLICITED.
J. O. HILL, MILL ST.

CARRIAGE
PAINTING.
G. C. SPEIGHT.

PARTIES DESIRING THEIR
BUGGIES,
WAGGONS,
CUTTERS,
ETC.,

Repaired or renovated and made equal to new, on shortest possible notice, and at lowest prices, should leave their orders at once with Mr. J. A. SPEIGHT Undertaker and Carriage Builder, of with
C. C. SPEIGHT.

SHINGLES AND WOOD.
THE undersigned has for sale a splendid stock of First-Class Shingles, No. 1 Cedar, \$1.15 per square. No. 2 Cedar, \$1.00 per square. Also a large quantity of wood of all kinds from \$1.25 a cord up to \$4.00 a cord, prime short. By order and heading to the trade at bottom prices.

THOS. C. MOORE,
Factory—Main St., west, Acton.

The Acton Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 6, 1885.

POETRY.
WHAT BECAME OF A LIE.
First somebody told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongue rolled it
Till they got it outside;
When the crowd came across it
Till it grew long and wide.

From a very small lie, sir,
It grew deep and high, sir,
Till it reached the sky, sir,
And frightened the moon;
For she hid her sweet face, sir,
At the dreaded disgrace, sir,
That had happened at noon.

This lie brought forth others,
Dark sisters and brothers,
And fathers and mothers—
A terrible train of woe,
And while heading they hurried,
The people they hurried,
And troubled and worried,
As lies always do.

And so it went on,
Till the monster lay dead,
Till it smokes and in shame;
While from mud and from mire
The pieces flew higher,
And hid the sad liar,
And killed his good name.

OUR STORY.
A USEFUL LESSON.

There they were, to be sure! sparkling like twin stars, as engaged in seal she tripped down the steps and turned her head a moment in passing. Mrs. Mayrell dropped the Holland window shade from behind which she had been reconnoitering, and turned away with a groan. To live in the basement "flat" was bad enough. To have tapestry Brussels carpets when Mrs. Kinsley had no more was worse; but to have only coral ear-rings now when the tenant of the floor above displayed diamonds was the latest and most cruel blow of fate.

A latch-key turned in the street-door. There was a step in the passage without. "Will's cheery voice" came out, "Dora dear! And then in a minute—"Why, what's up? Are you ill?"

For his wife of a year lifted her head from the sofa-cushion and turned towards him a pair of suspicious red eyes. "No!" gulping down the sob that would rise, "but—oh she's got them!"

Poor, big, good-natured, mystified Will just stood and stared.
"I saw them!"
"You did, eh?"
"Yes."
"And now," deliberately, "will you be good enough to tell me who is 'she,' and what has she got?"

Dora swallowed another invisible pill as she rose.
"I mean Mrs. Kinsley. She has got diamond ear-rings."
Will burst into a boyish laugh; then, seeing that it was a very serious matter with his wife, sympathetically sobered up. "Come now, Dora, be sensible like a good little girl! You don't mean to say you'd cry for a pair of ear-rings?"

Mrs. Mayrell's pretty olive face brightened not at all at the pleasant raillery. "Much good it will do me!" she declared, sullenly, and intently regarding the toe of her slipper. "Will edged over to the sofa, sat down beside her, stole an arm around her.

"Dora!"
"Well?"
"You don't look half so pretty when you're cross."
Silence.

Will began to ask himself if he hadn't made a tremendous mistake about two months ago. Then he banished the thought as disloyal. She was a little selfish, perhaps vain, at times discontented, but he loved her very dearly, and no other girl would have suited him half so well.

"Dora, pet," he said gravely, "you'd have diamonds if I could give them to you, indeed you pretty closely to make ends meet now that hard times are upon us. You know that?"

But when half an hour later he went back to the office, he left behind him a still very dejected little lady. He was not quite so gay as usual that afternoon. He didn't joke so audaciously with the boys, nor break joy and then into a lifting whistle. The man who had the desk next his observed the change.

"What's the racket, Mayrell?"
"Oh, nothing," and he laughed and shrugged his shoulders.
"That's a lie," returned Andrews, with calm directness, and the familiarity born of long friendship. "Out with it!"
"Will turned on him."
"You've helped me out of a good many tight places, I admit, but you can't do it this time."
Andrews, a sandy-haired and chubby-faced little Scotchman, cocked his head on one side like an inquisitive parrot. "May be not, but try me."

"Don't joke, Dan. I'm a little sore on the subject of my poverty."
"I am not joking," replied Dan, snapping a spring with his finger; "what do you think of that?" and he handed him a little blue velvet case. Will's eyes widened.

"How! how did you manage that on seventy-five a month? It's a beauty!"
Andrews chuckled.
"You like it?"
"I should say so."
"How would stones like that do for ear-rings?"

"Oh, let up, Dan. Where's the use of talking about it? That's a car, isn't it?"
"Right you are. But you can get the same if you wish."
"Oh, some installment scheme, I suppose."
Andrews restored the ring to its case and the case to his pocket.

"Not exactly."
"And he forthwith proceeded to explain. The night Mayrell said to his wife: "I'll try and manage it, Dot."
"What? Not the ear-rings?"
"Yes."
"Oh, you darling!"
And the very next day he brought them up.

"Didn't they sparkle on their bed of snowy velvet, though! And weren't they beautiful! Actually larger than Mrs. Kinsley's, too."
"I'm glad you like them, Dora."
"Like them?"
And her eyes were brighter than the gems.

And for one whole month home was a paradise of serenity for Will Mayrell. But one day, going out in a hurry, Dora hastily put in her ear-rings. She could not have fastened them securely, for on her return she found herself minus one.

Of her grief, distraction, who could write? Straightway down town went she and advertised in all the dailies. But she did not give her real name and address. She must not let Will know until it had been recovered! He would feel so badly about it. No, she would conceal the fact of her loss from him till she could tell him of her repression in the same breath.

She offered fifteen dollars reward, and came home fagged and heart-sick. But day by day passing never a word came there of the missing jewel. She staid at the house altogether now. She had no heart for shopping and calls.

Her hope of ever recovering her precious ear-ring grew fainter daily. She could not bear to look at the poor lonely one laid so carefully away.

Going out to the theatre with Will one evening he said suddenly:
"Why, Dora, you haven't got your ear-rings in. Are you tired of them already?"
"Oh, no," she exclaimed, with a feverish laugh, "but I can't wait for them. Come, I do hate to be late."

And Will, having read the oft-repeated advertisements, and noticing the unadorned pink ears, had come to his own conclusion. But he only smiled and was silent—except for this one reference to divert suspicion—like the wife before him. And when two weeks had passed and doubt had begun to settle into despair, little Mrs. Mayrell began to wonder if she could by any economical strain replace the lost trinket unknown to Will. She might have managed it if he had not been such a very brilliant stones, and so large, too! They must be worth an enormous sum! How Will had managed to get them in the first place rather puzzled and frightened her when she said herself think of it, but then he always did things on a grand scale when he made gifts at all.

They must be worth three hundred at least. John had valued them at that—none less. She would take the one in her dressing-case down to Mackin, the chief jeweller, tell him of her loss, and learn from him the lowest sum at which it could be replaced.

And this the very next day she did. Mr. Mackin examined the ear-ring as she falteringly inquired what one exactly like it would be worth. "Twenty-five madam!"
"Ah, even more than she thought!"
"Two hundred and fifty! That is a great deal," she murmured.

"He looked at her blankly. "Two dollars and fifty cents, madam. We don't keep such stones, but we can have your missing ear-ring replaced for that sum."
And then observing her pallor and devious truth, he kindly and politely turned his back on her.

Over the scene which followed at home turn low the lights, ring down the curtain. But raise it again for a moment. It is two weeks since Mrs. Will Mayrell met her husband with a face which told him his schemes had found him out.

He comes in now and hands her a paper, pointing out a paragraph as he does so, and this is what she reads:
New York.—George Kinsley, of Chicago, who arrived in this city yesterday, was today arrested for embezzlement as he was about to board the steamship *Berwick*. His books show a deficit of \$9,000, taken, as is credibly asserted, to gratify his wife's extravagant demands. He managed to avoid suspicion up to the day of leaving. He swallowed strychnine and died within the hour.

With a very white face Dora laid down the paper. "Will took her in his arms." "Darling," he said, quietly, "that was the only other course left open to me."
"O Will!"
"You forgive me now, dear?"
"She was shaking from head to foot. She began to cry softly."
"Not that! Will! You forgive me. I didn't know I didn't think—"
"He kissed her tenderly."
"Of course not, sweetheart. But we can do without diamonds better than without honor or each other, can't we?"
"Yes, yes," she cried, and clung to him. But the tears had washed away the old selfishness and envy, and with their smile of love began a grander, fairer womanhood.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Who Cares.
Who cares? Is the oft-made expression of the thoughtless, careless young man or maiden. Who cares? is often said without thought or consideration yet the very one who utters the "who cares" is often the subject who really cares the most. Care comes to all, and especially to those who have reached years of discretion. "Who cares?" says the young man just entering a place of business, either as a junior clerk in some mercantile establishment or as a messenger boy in some bank. He has a position and says at once, "who cares."

Little does he think that somebody who has a greater interest in his welfare than he has himself, "does care," and has such a care as he can only appreciate when he has the same care thrust upon himself, after he becomes the father of another such as himself. "Who cares?" says the girl of the present as she converses with those of her circle just as thoughtless and heedless as herself. Little does she think that a mother cares; nor does she ever think of the cares until she herself becomes a mother. Then with what regret she looks back and thinks how many, many times she has said to her good old mother in times of thoughtlessness, "Who cares?"

We have all made use of the same expression; yet we all care. We care for ourselves; we care for the opinion others may have of us; we care for the result of our ambition in some certain direction; we care for the result of some certain enterprise we may have embarked in. In fact, we care for everything connected with our existence. Then why should we use the term "Who cares?" Everybody cares—not only for themselves but their friends and neighbors. They care for their present and their future also. In short, why should any one use the expression "Who cares?"

How to Take off a Hide.
The hides of farm-slaughtered animals have a poor reputation, because of the careless way in which they are stripped. Calf-skins and sheep-pelts are reduced one-half in value by being cut and gashed, and improperly stretched. When a hide is stripped off, it should be stretched at once, and pegged out to dry, with the flesh side upward. If it is rolled up or thrown in a heap and left to dry in that shape, it is so mean-looking that a buyer will offer only half its real value. A few hints in regard to taking off a hide may be useful. The throat should never be slit cross-wise, either in killing or in taking off a hide. The skin is slit from the chin down the brisket, in a straight line to the tail; it is then cut around each hoof; the hind legs are slit behind over the gambrel, but the front legs are slit up in front, over the knee. This leaves the skin in good shape for finishing the leather. The head and legs are first carefully skinned, and all cutting the skin is avoided. The skin is then easily drawn off by taking hold of it firmly, and pulling it steadily. It is then spread out evenly on a floor, and salted with fine salt. If there is but one, it is best to take it out as soon as the salt has taken, and dry at once in a cool, shaded place. If there are more than one, they are laid upon each other and salted quite freely, and afterwards they are thoroughly dried. If the skins are to be kept on hand, they should be closely watched for moths or grubs.—*American Agriculturist for August.*

Bed Clothes Made of Paper.
A paper-making firm in New Jersey has for several weeks been turning out counterpanes and pillow-cases of paper. No. 1 manilla paper is used, two large sheets being held together by a slender twine at intervals of three or four inches. The slender twine is gummed so as to hold the sheets firmly together where they lie. A hem is placed on the counterpane to keep it from tearing; the safety edge is composed of twine. Ornamental designs are stamped in the outer surfaces of the covers and cases, giving them a neat, attractive appearance. When these counterpanes and pillow-cases become wrinkled from use, they can easily be smoothed out with a hot flat-iron. The counterpanes can be left on the bed when it is occupied, and in cold weather will be found a warm covering, paper presenting the escape of heat. The new paper bed-clothing is seventy-five cents per set, and will probably become very popular.

The Maid-Servant of the Future.
The servant of the future will have everything her own way, unless something is done to check her mad career. In the year A. D. 2000 the family will probably esteem it a favor if the cook allows them to eat with her. The hours of the cook will be from eight o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon, in families where they have dinner at one o'clock, and from eleven in the morning until six in the afternoon, in families where the dinner-hour is at six. The cook will be allowed to set the hours for the meals. No cooking will be done on Sundays, and there will be three Sundays in every week. On Tuesday cold meat will be furnished the family for dinner. When the cook leaves she will be allowed to write out her own credentials, the employer being only required to sign them.

Sound Sense.
Who is that new man who opened a wood yard or something on Second street, and bought a bill of goods of us last Saturday?" asked old Hyson; "I've lost his card and forgotten his name."
"I don't know," replied the office boy.
"Well," said the old man, "I hate to ask him. Run down to the corner and see what is on his sign; that'll give it."
Presently the boy came back.
"Lime and coal," he said.
And old Hyson calmly charged the bill up to Lyman Cole.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Steealing Dimples.
I was going to kiss the dimples from out the little cheeks.
Where they ripple and they dance every time she laughs or speaks;
She said I shouldn't do it, but I held her fast and tight,
And kissed and kissed the rosy little face with all my might.

And then a pair of eyes twinkled very gravely out,
And a pair of little lips gathered up a doleful pout,
With little drooping corners—no wonder, you will say,
To see such honey, beaming dimples stolen away.

I thought I should have kept them for just a little while;
But little teeth were soon peeping through a little smile,
And then a laugh like sunshine was over all her face,
And every dimple I had stolen was back again in place.

A Fifty-Dollar Kiss.
Edwin Booth was travelling on the Boston and Albany road one day, having just closed an engagement in the New England metropolis. He heard an expensively dressed, handsome, middle-aged woman talk of him and say to her companion: "I would give \$50 to kiss that man." Booth turned suddenly and looked at the speaker. "Do you mean that?" he demanded, fixing his fine dark eyes upon her and causing the blood to mount up to the very roots of her hair.

"Why, yes, of course I do," replied the woman confused, looking in a helpless sort of a way at the great tragedian and at the smiling passengers.

"Well, I accept the terms, madam," exclaimed Booth solemnly.
"And I stand by my proposition," said the woman, recovering her self-possession, and rising, she impressed a sound kiss upon the actor's lips. Booth's face did not betray the slightest emotion. He received the kiss coolly and did not return it, but waited until the impetuous woman found her purse and handed him the fifty-dollar bill. He took the money, thanked her, and turning to a feeble, shabbily-dressed woman on the other side of the aisle, who was travelling with two children, placed the money in her hands, and with a courteous bow, said: "This is for the children, madame. Take it please," and without another word he left the car.—*Exchange.*

He Asked a Blessing.
A clerk and his country father entered a restaurant Saturday evening and took seats at a table where sat a telegraph operator and a reporter. The old man bowed his head and was about to say grace, when a waiter sang out, "I have beefsteak, cod fish balls and bullheads." Father and son gave their orders and the former again bowed his head. The young man turned the color of a blooded best, and touching his arm, he exclaimed in a low nervous tone:

"Father, it isn't customary to do that in a restaurant!"
"It's customary with me to return thanks to God wherever I am," said the old man.
For the third time he bowed his head, and the telegraph operator passed in the act of carving his beefsteak and bowed his head, and the journalist pushed back the football and bowed his head, and there wasn't a man who heard the short and simple prayer that didn't feel a profound respect for the old farmer that if he had been the President of the United States.—*Syracuse Standard.*

Considerate Workmen.
It will doubtless surprise many people to find that workmen, when treated with proper consideration and liberality, are capable both of gratitude and generosity toward their employers. In the Lovership yard some time ago a ship was put down on speculation merely to keep the men together. Last week the riveters and caulkers, sensible of their employers' kindness, held a meeting, and resolved to ask the firm to reduce their wages 10 per cent. and to intimate that they were willing to do a fortnight's work on the steamer without any wages at all. This is an unprecedented instance of good feeling between masters and men, and shows that after all artisans are much more easily led than driven.—*London Truth.*

How Dumas Paid His Shoemaker.
Alexander Dumas was frequently visited by a shoemaker, to whom he owed a sum of twenty louis. He invariably gave the man his breakfast, and a louis to pay his expenses and buy cakes for his children, but never paid the bill. This went on for two years, during which time the shoemaker became more and more importunate, and his many beseechings, without the original account being in any way diminished. One day it occurred to Dumas to pay him. The man rejected the money with scorn. "I am very poor, sick wife, large family to bring up. I implore you, M. Dumas, not to alter our present agreeable way of doing business."
Pat's Wit.
Four friends—Sandy, Bill, Pat and Taff—after travelling a considerable distance, came to an eating house. The question arose who was to pay expenses. After some arguing, they decided upon this course—viz., if either of them could not make a line to rhyme, he was to pay. Sandy said—"On the first of September the Queen crossed the water." Bill said—"On the second of September there was a great slaughter." Taff said—"On the third of September the Queen had a daughter." Pat, but he instantly broke forth—"The fourth of September was the day after." So they shared the expenses between them.