The Acton Free Press.

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--at the--

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton.

A. S. ELLIOTT, M. B.
Acton
GRADUATE TORONTO UNIVERSITY
OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

J. F. HALSTED, M. D., L. R. C. P., M. C. P. and S. ONT.
OFFICE Medical Hall, Main Street Acton
Patronage solicited
Rheumatism and Catarrh Specialties

ALFRED P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College
Honorary member of the Veterinary Medical Society
OFFICE Wm Husband's, lot 21, con 1, Nassagaweya.
Calls day or night promptly attended to

DENTAL.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST.
GEORGETOWN ONTARIO

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S., DENTIST.
HOOKSVILLE
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY
Work made satisfactory Prices Moderate
VISITING DAYS Tuesday and Friday of each week

DR. F. S. MERCER, DENTIST
Graduate of Toronto University, and L.C.D.S.
Office over Drug store, Acton
SPECIAL DATES, MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

LEGAL.

McLEAN & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors Notaries Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office.—Town Hall, Acton
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN

DOUGLAS & MURRAY,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES ETC
OFFICES 1256 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St
Telephone 297. TORONTO.
JOHN DOUGLAS A. G. MURRAY

A. J. McKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER
OFFICE Corner Mill and Main Street, above Kaufman's store, Acton

T. G. MATHESON, & J. B. McLEOD
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
Georgetown and Milton
Money to loan at lowest rates

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc
OFFICE Matthews Block,
ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS

HENRY GRIST
OTTAWA CANADA
Solicitor of Patents, for Inventions, etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty two years experience

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER
Wyndham St. Guelph, Ont.
(Over Williams Store)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Binding neatly and promptly done

MARRIAGE LICENSES
H. P. MOORE.
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Private Office. No witnesses required, residence in the evening
Free Press Office ACTON

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to enable us all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired, performed a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Plain turning and filing done

Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 839, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

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. Fees reduced to
$5.00 FOR FARM SALES
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $300 and upwards

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM BARBER & BROS

Christmas Cards,
Booklets,
Bibles,
Fine Books,
Purses,
Writing and Dressing Cases,
Fancy Goods,
Dolls, Toys,
Big Stock of Christmas Goods

PRICES VERY LOW
AT
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

If you want
MONEY
to buy
Christmas Presents

Fancy Goods in China, Glass, Leather or Wood, Picture Frames, etc., go direct to

WATERS BROS.
NEAR POST OFFICE, GUELPH.

You Want

A large assortment to choose from if you are looking for Sachet Powder. We have never had such an exquisite range of orders.

SACHET POWDERS

To be satisfactory must have a lasting and at the same time a delicate odor. This is the kind we sell. Here is a partial list of odors from which to make your selection

VIOLET (really true Violet)
PHIL. NAYA
HASU NOHANA
HELIOTROPE,
OFELIET (New)
LILAS BLANC
PEAU D'ESPAGNE
CAPRICE
WHITE ROSE
CASHMERE BOUQUET
WILD PLUM BLOSSOM

ALEX. STEWART,
Dispensing and Family Chemist
Guelph

Fall Campaign

. . . Prepare for Winter

We would call your attention to the fact that we are prepared to supply you with lumber of suitable length for your Barn Doors, viz 10, 12, 13 or 14 feet also

SASH
DOORS
FRAMES
MOULDINGS

etc for building. Storm Doors put up at as low a rate as possible.

PUMPS.

Repair your pumps or put in new ones before it is too cold. We can do it.

Shop at foot of River Street, ACTON

THOS. EBBACE
Manager.

Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.

John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldings in all styles
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING
to order on short notice.
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

Coal & Wood

John McQueen
Having purchased the Coal business lately carried on by Jamie Brown, I am prepared to supply all orders for

Furnace Coal
Stove Coal
Chestnut Coal
OF BEST QUALITY.

Orders given to me personally or left at RANKIN'S DRUG STORE will be promptly filled
JOHN McQUEEN

GUELPH
Business College
AND
Shorthand Institute,
GUELPH, ONT.
SUPERIOR FACILITIES for thorough and practical courses of Study. Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting courses a specialty. Graduates assisted to positions.
FALL SESSIONS commence Sept 1st. Write for circulars.
J. SHARP, Principal

THE
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Authorized Capital	$1,000,000
Paid up Capital and Surplus	$785,000
Assets over	$6,300,000

Guelph Branch

3½ Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit and 3½ per cent interest paid or compounded half yearly.

Deposit Receipts issued for large sums deposited

Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names.

No charge made for collecting Sales Notes if payable in Guelph.

A General Banking Business transacted.

A. F. H. JONES,
Manager

Time's Up!

Perhaps you've forgotten somebody's present? We've still a very nice stock of Silverware, Cutlery, Carvers, Skates, etc from which no doubt, you will be able to select just what suits.

J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH

Boots & Shoes
For XMAS PRESENTS.

There's nothing more acceptable than a pair of Shoes, Slippers Rubbers or Overshoes

Never were the cheapest than at present. We will not quote prices but only say that we can give you better value than anyone else in the trade

W. McLAREN & CO.
The Leading Shoe Store, GUELPH

Ladies' Tailoring

From now until December 25th expect to do some fine tailoring.

Fall Dress Suits, Frock Morning or a Fine Overcoat are very much in Christmas Gifts for ladies or husband.

We have every measure that has been taken in our establishment in thirty years and are willing to assume all risks of our not making a satisfactory fit.

Prices reasonably high, but not too high just high enough. Make enquiries.

SHAW & TURNER
Merchant Tailors, Guelph

A New Merchant Tailor

H. W. Strasser has opened a general merchant tailoring business in Mrs. Secord's Block, next Mrs. Adams' and is prepared to meet the public wants in

High class English, Irish and Canadian Suitings
Beaver, Milton, Frieze Overcoatings in Latest Styles.

The public are cordially invited to call and inspect our Fall stock which we are sure will please the most fastidious taste

We have secured the services of Wm Lee who formerly conducted a business here. Perfect fit guaranteed

Prices to suit the times

H. W. Strasser
Mrs Secord's Block, Acton

Acton Flour Mill.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.

We have our roller mill now in complete and satisfactory running order and are in a position to supply the wants of the public with

FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS
and all kinds of Feed,
AT RIGHT PRICES.

Every order will receive prompt attention and will be delivered to any part of the town.

Our terms are cash and one price for all.

Don't forget to patronize home industry. Give us a fair trial and we will leave the matter for you to decide as to the quality of the goods we manufacture.

Orders taken at the Mill or at J. S. Kaufman's Drug Store

CHEYNE & CHEYNE

WANTED SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN OR women to travel for responsible established house in Ontario. Salary $18, payable $15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago.

Poetry.

THE CHRISTMAS NAME.

It enters into every thing,
Like music played in undertones
While choir or chorus voices sing
So this dear name of Jesus owns
And holds the listener's heart always,
Through all the festive Christmas days
And if we do not speak it out,
(So busy we with many friends)
It is his name that quiets doubt,
And moves the hearts to make amends
For words or acts of pain or wrong,
Until we lose the sigh in song
The merry bells with rhythmic chime
Tell out his name that all may hear,
The carollers of Christmas time
Sing Him whose coming brings good cheer
The name on which the people call
Is his, who makes the festival
For love of him, and for his sake,
Close to kind hearts on Christmas day
His servants little children take
And make them glad in love's bright ray
And every one in some joy shares,
Because we know that Jesus care
And gentle grows the strongest voice
And warmer grows the coldest heart,
And saddest, dreariest ones rejoice
When in his grace they have a part
For he so loves and comforts men
They can but love him back again.
O Jesus of the Christmas tide
Thy child the Saviour and the King,
To all our hearts and homes abide
And bid once more the angels sing
The old, glad anthem of thy birth
Glory to God, and peace on earth

MARIANNE FAIR.

Select Family Reading.

Santa Claus Camp.

"If you please, sir"

"Eh? What now?"

The crusty old gentleman started and sharply and glared from beneath his shaggy eyebrows at the little figure beside him. The figure was that of a girl 8 years old perhaps, but small and frail. She wore an enormous sunbonnet that might have been made for the wife of the giant Brandebure, so out of proportion was it to the diminutive wearer, and out of its depths peered a thin little face, with big, frightened brown eyes. Her clothing was so clean and neat that one scarcely noticed how very poor it was, and as she stared up into the terrible face above her one of the little feet wriggled uneasily in the depths of the costly rug.

"If you please, sir, mother told me to tell you that she couldn't come up to-day because she's sick."

The childish treble was a little shaken this time for the shaggy eyebrows were very close to her and they gave the old gentleman a look that was terrible beyond belief.

He was in a dreadful temper, the crusty old gentleman, and nothing made him angrier than for poor people to get into his house. He hated the sight of poverty, and all his servants had special orders to guard the doors and gates and to sup that no moans of woe or want ever reached his ears. And yet, after all, this little beggar had slipped past the bolts and bars into his very study, where his own servants scarcely dared to enter.

I don't know what dreadful thing might have happened if it had not been for that one little word "mother" in the child's fluttering speech. Women so seldom speak the word nowadays that it gave a little shock of surprise. Instantly he found himself looking beyond the child, at an old long forgotten scene, a little cabin, with a country road winding past it and an awkward boy going down the road, stopping at the last curve to wave his hand to his mother who stood in the door watching him go out into the world.

Then he remembered himself and asked sharply

"And what may your mother want?"

"Please sir," said the quaking little voice, "mother's the dust woman."

"The what?" ejaculated the old gentleman with another dreadful frown.

"She comes up once a week and does the bric-a-brac," explained the child. "The housekeeper hired her. She says she doesn't feel equal to it herself, and mother does it so nicely."

"Aha!" muttered the old gentleman with an angry gleam in the eyes under those fearful brows. "So Mrs Murray brings outsiders into the house when my back is turned, does she? They're all a pack of cheats and robbers. I'll teach her to violate my confidence and fill my house with irresponsible people! You may stay in this room till Mrs Murray comes. Do you hear? And then I shall have a message to send to your mother."

He rang the bell violently and ordered that Mrs Murray be sent to him as soon as she returned. Having made this satisfactory arrangement, he took up his paper again and ignored the little figure in the sunbonnet.

But before he had read a dozen lines there was a light touch on his arm and the brown eyes were looking up into his.

"Please, sir, may I look out of the window while we're waiting?"

He was so astonished that he could not reply for a moment, but he did finally give a scornful grunt of assent.

There was silence in the room for a long time. Not a clock ticked, for old Mr Roberts could not endure the ticking of clocks. Not a leaf stirred, not a cricket chirped. The stillness disturbed him at last, and he looked up. The child was out on the little balcony, leaning on the stone balustrade. Her bonnet had fallen off, and the sunlight falling on the mass of brown hair, wove it full of gleams of gold.

Another touch on his arm there she was again. Her hand, such a little morsel of a hand, trembled with some new emotion, and her eyes shone with a strange light.

"It must be nice to live on a hill!" was what she said.

The old gentleman in the arm chair had never been more astounded in his life. He stared at her and forgot to say anything.

"I have always wanted to live on a hill," she went on. "Our house is away down yonder, and you can't see anything but the houses across the street. But up here you can look so far, and the sky is so close to you. Don't you think people can do better when they live on a hill?"

The newspaper fell to the floor unheeded, and the crusty old gentleman and the little girl looked at one another. After awhile the old gentleman went to the balcony and looked down to the roofs of the crowded houses in the narrow streets below and then away to the far horizon. This beautiful home of his crowned the summit of this purple hill and was uplifted so far above the noise and wretchedness of the city that lay below. Truly, it was a pleasant thing to live on a hill. He had never thought of it before, but all at once he fancied himself down among those miserable tenements, looking up at this beautiful home and thinking how near heaven it seemed.

Here Mrs Murray found them when she came to do the bric-a-brac, and the child was comfortably nestled in Mr Roberts' big easy chair, with the great dress that she had worn to the street. Her round face was wonderfully mild, but she was obviously flurried, as she spoke to him.

"Did you [illegible] see me all?" she asked, when she had curtsied for the thirty-fifth time.

Mrs Murray [illegible] to her stiffest and most frigid manner. "Am I to understand that you have employed a woman to come here once a week and dust the bric-a-brac?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs Holmes her name is, and she's very careful, sir. I could not do better myself."

She glanced up anxiously at the wooden countenance before her. What terrible thing was he going to say next?

"Mrs Murray, the woman has sent this child to say that she is too ill to come. That will do. You will excuse her until she recovers."

Mrs Murray went to her own room and fell into a chair. If it had been consistent with the dignity of Mr Roberts' housekeeper to stagger, she certainly would have staggered. She kept repeating to herself, "Did you ever?" and "I can't believe it." She went afterward that you might have knocked her down with a straw, though that was figurative, of course.

This was the beginning of Marjorie's visits to the great house on the hill. Her mother did not come again, but every day the big sunbonnet went toiling up, and then the glint of the golden hair would be seen in the great rooms where no child had ever strayed before. Not that she was boisterous, or laughing, or childlike in any way. She would sit in Mrs. Murray's room for hours, with her hands folded on her lap, watching the lady at her work and sometimes talking coldly, or she would follow her from room to room, gazing with rapt delight at every beautiful object.

Mr. Roberts knew that she was in the house, but he said nothing. He was conscious sometimes that the child stopped near him and stood with her hands behind her, regarding him with grave scrutiny, but he did not drive her away, as he might have been expected to do a few weeks before.

He was in his study one morning when he heard Mrs Murray come into the adjoining room. The door was ajar, and, softly as she spoke, her words came to him distinctly.

"That was a present from my son last Christmas," she said. "Dear boy! He never fails to send me something every Christmas and every birthday."

Then came a small voice, full of doubtful meaning.

"Mrs Murray, is Santa Claus in this Christmas?"

"Why, Marjorie!" was the shocked reply. "Why, of course, I do. Everybody likes Christmas!"

"I don't," said the small voice, such a desolate little voice it seemed. "I had rather leave Christmas out of the year."

"Marjorie! No words could express the horror and amazement in Mrs Murray's voice."

"Why, what is the use of a Christmas to people who have no friends? Mother was half blind, Peter Franks who lived in the room opposite to ours and she, we used to hang his stocking up every single year, and he always thought there would be something in it next morning, but there never was anything, not a single thing, and now Peter's dead, and he never had a Christmas in all his life."

"My dear! My dear!"

The old gentleman in the study heard one exclamation and he knew it was the voice that uttered it was full of tears. He rose hastily and slipped out of the study and then ordered his carriage and went driving.

The day following was Christmas eve. Carriages from town were busy all day bringing in the presents that he had bought for the servants, and there was great happiness in the servants' hall with much confusion and many awkward attempts to thank the master who waved off every such attempt with an air of lofty patronage. Outside of this family of servants he had never given any one a present in all his life. He had never contributed to charities public or private. He had never helped the poor, indeed he had never listened to their appeals.

He had important business in another city which would keep him away all through Christmas week, he explained to Mrs Murray, and he must leave that evening. In the afternoon he muffled himself in greatcoat and furs and drove away, and as soon as the carriage was half way down the hill the servants relaxed from their usual stiff propriety and began to enjoy themselves in their own way.

A telegram was handed to Mr. Roberts at the station as he was about to buy his ticket. What little things sometimes change the whole course of a life! The information thus received made the trip unnecessary, and after loitering about the city for awhile he returned home on foot and entered his house quietly by a side door.

Sounds of boisterous merriment came from the servants' quarters, and the owner of the house frowned ominously. So this was the way they took advantage of his absence?

He made his way to his study, unseen by any one, and shut himself in a lonely, selfish, disorderly old man. Even the fire, which still burned in the grate, annoyed him, and he withdrew behind a screen and threw himself into an easy chair. He heard Mrs Murray come in after awhile, but she only moved about softly and decorously setting things in order, and he did not speak. She was just passing into the sitting room when she gave a little cry of alarm, followed by the exclamation:

"Mercy me, child! How you frightened me!"

"Mrs Murray," said a thin little voice, a voice that Mr Roberts had heard before, "I've come up here to stay all night."

The listener behind the screen heard Mrs Murray fall into a chair and again she cried, "Mercy me!"

"I just had to come!" The other voice went on. "Mother's very, very sick—and she needs things, Mrs Murray, and may be Santa Claus might bring 'em if he knew, and how is he to know when he never comes there? But I knew if I went to some fine house he'd come and find me, and so I came here."

"Poor child! Poor child!"

Mrs Murray had gathered the little waif to her bosom and was rocking her softly to and fro. The old gentleman behind the screen could see that by the shadow on the floor. He could see, too, that the housekeeper was furtively wiping her eyes.

Presently she rallied and said cheerily:

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Marjorie. I'll go right down and see your mother, and you shall go with me and who knows, maybe Santa Claus will come there after all."

"Oh no, he won't," replied the child with sorrowful certainty. "You don't know that place. Santa Claus has never heard of it." He goes to rich people's houses and you live some here and I must see him to-night, oh I must! Mrs Murray! I don't care for any other Christmas after this but I must see him to-night, on mother's account, you know."

There was a dismayed silence on Mrs Murray's part, but presently she said:

"Well, come along into Mr Roberts' study, thank goodness he's away from home and sit here before the fire till I come back. I'll take John and go down and see your mother."

In another minute the sound of her retreating footsteps had died away and the old gentleman, peeping from behind the screen, saw a little figure sitting before the fire, gazing intently into the glowing coals.

Dark was settling down over the city. He had not been conscious of it until the electric burner above his table flashed into sudden radiance. The flash startled the child, and he heard her moving softly about. "What was she doing?" Preparing to steal something probably. These children from the tenement districts were all thieves.

But no. When he ventured to look again she was at the study table, his table, mind. Sh. but his sacred pen, which no other mortal had ever dared to touch, and she was sitting slowly and laboriously. Could presumption go further than that? What would those people be trying to do next?

If took her a long time, he was in the letter, but at last it was finished, and she laid the pen down with a weary sigh. Then she unrolled a little bundle that had been lying beside her and shook out—could the watcher believe his eyes?—a small, a poor, forlorn, ragged little stocking! Now what could she want with that?

She stood on tiptoe and peered around the corners of the mantel for a place to hang it. Finally something struck her fancy as suitable, and she began pushing a heavy chair toward the mantel. When it was near enough, she climbed upon it and hung the stocking upon the "brave vasty genius" of the bronze Mercury that he had bought last year in Rome and for which he had paid such a price!

Presently she had jumped down and was surveying the stocking with the greatest pride. Then the note was carefully folded, and she climbed upon the chair again and pinned the folded paper to the toe so conspicuously that the winged Mercury seemed to stand there for another purpose than to hold up a ragged stocking for all the world to see.

And then, why, then she was lying down upon the rug with her thin cheek on her thin little hand, and the listener heard a tired sigh.

After a long while the old gentleman behind the screen ventured to move slightly. After a little longer he moved again and so gradually came out of his hiding place.

Was that old Mr Roberts tiptoeing across the room to keep from startling the poor little waif sleeping on his hearth rug? Was that the cordial old man whom even his friends had come to call a mere money machine, that even whose hands trembled as he unpinned his son's note and spread it out before him?

"Dear Santa Claus. When you come to night please look at me. I'll be down on the rug. You never seen me before. You needent give me anything but please fill the stocking with things for mother she's sick. I need 'em so she wouldent drop out. The doctor says wine and things and honest."

MARJORIE HOLMES.

For a long time the old man sat in the chair before the fire. Something within him was breaking the cold and selfish crust that years had helped to form. He sat there looking from the sleeping child to the forlorn little stocking and from the stocking to the child. It was the first time a stocking had ever been hung up in his house the first time.

Suddenly the old gentleman rose. He lifted the child gently and laid her on a couch which had always been sacred to his own use and covered her with rugs. Then he went softly out and astonished the unsuspecting servants by appearing among them and ordering the carriage.

Could this be old Theodore Roberts, the money machine, the selfish, brusque, irritable old man this man who went from store to store, selling and buying and spending money as he had never spent it before? Could this be the Mr Roberts that Mrs Murray knew, this man who went into that sickroom lighted by a great hamper filled with wine and claret and house rent? Was this the man that all the charitable organizations shunned, this man who drove about half the night, leaving behind him a trail of Christmas rejoicing, mingled with such blessings as he had never heard before?

And who was it that drove up the street at least under the silent stars, with a carriage full of bundles and with a strange, soft feeling tugging at his heartstrings? He smiled as he went, and yet he had to keep wiping his eyes. He was glad it was dark so that no one could see.

And what strange figure was creeping to the study afterward? It is figure that moved so stealthily and that was so busy stuffing the stocking until it was ready to burst, and pinning things all over the outside of it until the bronze Mercury seemed almost to stagger under his burden? What had come over the old gentleman whom so many people moved and whom nobody loved?

Just before day Mr Murray, coming softly in, found him crouching by the fire watching the sleeping child.

"It is a sad time for her," he said. "Her mother's gone and what will become of the little thing I don't know."

"I don't see why the child shouldn't stay here," Mrs Murray said the old gentleman with his face turned the other way. "It would be some extra trouble for you, but I dare say you would not mind it."

"Sir?" Mrs Murray managed to articulate.

"The child may stay," the old gentleman repeated, and she saw that tears were in his eyes.

"Why, sir," Mrs Murray ventured, "I shall be glad, I'm sure, I'm sure I shall be glad. I've always thought it was lonesome for you, sir, living all by yourself in this great house, sir, and I shall be glad, I'm sure I shall be glad, sir, if the child stays."

"The child may stay," the old gentleman repeated, and he turned his face toward the fire. "Her mother is very ill, I fear. I must go to her. Take care of the child while I am gone."

"Yes, sir, I will, sir, I will, sir, I will take care of the child, sir, I will take care of the child, sir, I will take care of the child