

# The Acton Free Press.

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ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1897.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press  
—IS PUBLISHED—  
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.  
—AT THE—  
Free Press Printing Office,  
STREET,  
ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year  
in advance. All subscriptions discon-  
tinued when the time for which they have been  
paid has expired. The date to which every  
subscription is paid is denoted on the address  
label.  
ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertise-  
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of the first rate. The space for each ad-  
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rates for the insertion of advertisements for  
specified periods:

SPACE.	1 Wk.	1 Mo.	3 Mo.	1 Yr.
10 inches	\$10.00	\$30.00	\$80.00	\$7.00
8 inches	8.00	24.00	60.00	7.00
6 inches	6.00	18.00	45.00	7.00
4 inches	4.00	12.00	30.00	7.00

Advertisements without specific directions  
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ingly. Transient advertisements must be paid  
in advance. Advertisements will be changed  
only when the advertiser changes the ad-  
vertisement. Changes for contract advertisements must be  
made in the office by noon on Tuesday.  
H. P. MOORE  
Editor and Proprietor

### Business Directory.

- MEDICAL.**
- J. F. UREN, M. D., C. M.**  
Office and residence—Corner Mill and Frederick  
Streets, Acton.
- A. S. ELLIOTT, M. B., M. D.**  
GRADUATE TORONTO UNIVERSITY.  
OFFICE—Main Street, third floor south of  
Protestant Church, Acton.
- VETERINARY SURGEON.**
- ALFRED P. HUSBAND, V. S.**  
Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College.  
Honorary member of the Veterinary Medical  
Society.  
OFFICE—Wm. Husband's lot 24, con. A. Near-  
sawney. Calls day or night promptly attended to.
- DENTAL.**
- L. L. BENNETT, D.D.S., DENTIST,**  
DORCHESTER, ONTARIO.  
Dr. F. S. MERCER,  
GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY AND R.C.D.  
Office over Drug Store, Acton.  
Visiting Days—Thursday and Friday of each  
week.
- J. M. BELL, D.D.S., D.D.S., DENTIST,**  
BROOKVILLE.  
Honorary Graduate of Toronto University.  
Work made Satisfactorily. Prices Moderate.  
Visiting Days—Tuesday and Friday of each  
week.
- LEGAL.**
- M. LEAN & McLEAN**  
Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &  
Private Secretaries to the Hon. J. McLean.  
Office—Town Hall, Acton.  
Wm. A. McLEAN. Jno. A. McLEAN.
- DOUGLAS & MURRAY,**  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, PARTISANS, ETC.  
OFFICES—1255 Queen St., Parkdale, E.C.  
Victoria Chambers, 81 Victoria St.,  
Toronto.  
JOHN DOUGLAS. A. G. MURRAY.
- A. J. MCKINNON,**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.  
OFFICE—Corner Mill and Main Street  
above KUMBER'S STORE, ACTON.
- T. G. MATHESON & J. B. McLEOD,**  
ARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS,  
Georgetown and Millerton.  
Money to loan at lowest rates.
- R. J. McNABB,**  
Res. Fourth Division Court County of Hal-  
ton, Conveyancer. Agency—Life Insurance  
Real Estate Agents—Toronto, Ontario.  
ACTON.
- MISCELLANEOUS.**
- HENRY GRIST,**  
OTTAWA, CANADA.  
Collector of Patents, for Invention, etc.  
Canadian, American, English, and European  
Patent Office, and for the  
protection of designs, and for the  
protection of trademarks. Thirty-two years  
experience.
- FRANCOIS NUNAN**  
BOOKBINDER,  
Georgetown, Ontario.  
(Over Williams' Store).  
Accounts Books of all kinds made to order  
and bound in any style. Satisfaction  
guaranteed.
- MARRIAGE LICENSES.**
- H. T. MOORE,**  
Groups of Marriage Licenses.  
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued  
residence in the evening.  
Free Press Office, ACTON.
- ACTON**
- Machine and Repair Shops**
- HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor.**  
All well equipped with all the machinery  
necessary to maintain all repairs to machin-  
ery and agricultural implements and to do all  
kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and gener-  
ally all blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired and  
in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any  
machine or implement of any make. Saw  
guising and mill work.
- Wellington Mutual**
- Fire Insurance Company**  
ESTABLISHED 1810  
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any  
communications for policy or any address,  
day or night, will be promptly at-  
tended to.  
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,  
Georgetown.
- W. M. HEMSTREET,**  
LUMBER, ACTON, ONT.  
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton.  
Orders left at the Free Press office or at  
any residence in Acton, will be promptly at-  
tended to.  
\$500 FOR FARM SALES.  
Also money to loan on the most favorable  
terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in  
sums of \$500 and upwards.
- Acton Saw Mills,  
and Wood Yards.**
- JAMES BROWN**  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Wood, Etc.  
All kinds of Wood in stock and promptly  
delivered to any part of the town at  
reasonable prices.  
Hardwood and slab-cut stone length always  
on hand.  
Telephone communication.

### OUR New Wall Paper

For 1897  
Is the Finest and Best in the  
City.  
FROM 5c TO 65c A ROLL.  
Perfect Combinations.  
DAY has the Largest and newest  
stock in the city, and his prices  
are by far the lowest.

### DAY'S BOOKSTORE.

GUELPH.  
Day Selie, Chmn.  
Stewart's  
Cloudy  
Household  
AMMONIA  
FOR  
TOILET,  
BATH  
and  
LAUNDRY.  
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.  
Splendid Watering Preparation  
for the Hair.  
Makes Hard Water Soft.  
Removes Stains and Grease Spots  
from Clothing.  
Washes, Cleanses and other  
Woolen Goods.  
Restores the Color to Carpets.  
Cleanses Woodwork, Stairs and  
Jewellery.  
Price, 25c. a Pint Bottle.

### ALEX. STEWART, Manufacturing and Dispens- ing Chemist, Guelph Ont.

**ACTON  
ROLLER FLOUR MILLS.**  
**JAMES CLARK**  
PROPRIETOR.  
Having leased the above mills for a term  
of years I am in a position to supply the  
wants of the public with the best quality of  
Roller Flour, Cracked Wheat,  
Mill Feed.  
All our Flour will contain the proper  
percentage of No. 1 Manitoba Hard Wheat.  
My long experience in the milling busi-  
ness enables me to assure satisfaction to  
every patron.  
I will be pleased to meet all old customers  
of the mill and many new ones.  
I am prepared to pay the highest current  
price for Wheat, Oats and peas for use in  
mills.  
Telephone town orders from Brown's  
Drug Store.  
Exchanging Wheat and Chopping, a  
specialty.

### The Campaign ... Prepare for Winds.

We would call your attention to the fact  
that we have in stock a large quantity of  
lumber of suitable length for your Barn  
Doors, viz: 10, 12, 18 or 24 feet also  
**SASH  
DOORS  
FRAMES**  
... MOULDINGS.  
For building Storm Doors put up at  
as low a rate as possible.  
**PUMPS.**  
Repair our pumps or put in new ones  
before it is too good. We can cut,  
Shop at foot of River Street, ACTON.  
**THOS. EBBAGE  
Manager.**

### W. W. BUDLONG, Hills Grove, R.I.

Sells all kinds of Raw Fur, Skins, Bones,  
Gaming, and Wild Animals of all kinds.  
Price list for fur next to days for well dried  
stock. Orders for fur and skins, and  
made day goods received. All furs should be  
branded by receipt.

### Georgetown Electric Works T. J. SPEIGHT, Proprietor.

Manufacturers of  
DYNAMOS,  
ELECTRIC MOTORS,  
WATER MOTORS, and  
HYDRAULIC RAMS.  
Pumps and Steam Fitting and General Repa-  
ring. Being equipped with a gas testing machine  
I am prepared to do brazing on Bicycles, Frames,  
Wheels converted from Tangent  
Spokes. Handle Bars bent to any desired angle.  
All line work done in stock. Satisfaction  
guaranteed. Bicycles assembled in any color.

### ACTON STEAM LAUNDRY.

Geo Peavoy, Proprietor.  
First-class work guaranteed in  
Family Laundry Work  
Shirts,  
Collars,  
Cuffs, Etc.  
Work called for every Monday and  
Thursday and delivered every Thursday  
and Saturday.  
GEO. PEAVOY.

### TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Authorized Capital... \$1,000,000  
Paid up Capital and  
Surplus... \$785,000  
Assets over... \$8,300,000

### Guelph Branch

Deposits of \$1 and upwards received  
on deposit and 3 1/2 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.

### You're Figuring

Probable cost of new  
barn or perhaps a new  
house. We'd like you to  
write us about the  
Hardware required.  
We want your trade  
and can save you  
money. No doubt  
about that.

### J. M. BOND & Co. HARDWARE GUELPH.

Our stock of new  
Spring Goods is now  
complete.  
They are all choice  
goods, and we would  
respectfully suggest an  
early selection.  
Prices right; also  
styles.

### SHAW & TURNER, Merchant Tailors, Guelph

1897-98  
WALL PAPERS  
Styles and Prices  
to Surprise you.

### Frames, Pictures, Artists' Supplies, Headquarters for Presents, &c.

WATERS BROS.  
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE GUELPH

### J. N. Stinson Store ROCKWOOD

Men's Tweed Suits to order for \$7.50.  
Now is the time to buy. Special Bargains  
in HATS this week.

### Business College AND Shorthand Institute, GUELPH, ONT.

SUPERIOR FACILITIES for thorough and  
practical course of Study. Bookkeeping,  
penmanship, and Typewriting.  
Openness assisted to position.  
ART. BISHOP, Controller.  
J. SHARP, Principal

### A Change of Business

Having bought the Tailor-  
ing Establishment lately car-  
ried on by Mr. H. Strasser, I  
hope, by strict attention to  
business, to share a continu-  
ance of your support. I shall  
put into stock choice Suits-  
ings, Pantings and Over-  
coatings ready for the spring  
trade.

### E. H. Schlimme, Late of Waterloo, ACTON

### THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG. WALDO.

Tri-les let the blackbird sing,  
As he sings on the roughest spray,  
To stay with you,  
The summer through,  
I've come from far away;  
No sorry boy,  
And welcome now,  
The lovable April day,  
Tri-les let the day is fair,  
And soft the April sky,  
And 't is a mate,  
Though rather late,  
That comes to me,  
To meet you here;  
As with a song can fly,  
Tri-les let I know a spot,  
Where waving juniper grow,  
A hidden nook,  
Near a lagging stream,  
That only you know,  
Or wandering wild,  
Or where I find no foe,  
And where 't is fair to me,  
Tri-les let the day is fair,  
To meet you here;  
To meet you here;  
To meet you here;  
To meet you here;  
To meet you here;  
To meet you here;

### Select Family Reading.

Rose Pemberton's Test.

"Oh, dear! I wish I could be a heroine  
myself," pouted Rose Pemberton, tossing  
aside the novel she had just finished with  
a deep sigh of discontent. "I'm pretty  
gladly contented with an agreeable life,  
glance at the mirror opposite, in which her  
pale face and curling golden hair were  
pleasantly reflected—but nothing ever  
happens—nothing ever will happen,  
either, so far as I can see, as has the  
best bits of conversation in it. Just the same  
old humdrum life; I'm tired and sick of it.  
If something startling would only occur!  
If I could even fall desperately in love  
with some one—"

Here the loud, disconcerted murmur of  
Rose's voice ceased, and a faint blush crept  
into her pretty cheeks as her thoughts  
drifted away toward a certain "some one"  
who had never formed a part of that hum-  
drum life of which she had so often and so  
bitterly complained.  
Rose had numerous admirers, as the  
proudest girl in the village always will  
have, and she could recall an equal num-  
ber of flirtations which had served to  
brighten the monotony of her village life.  
But they were tame affairs; her heart  
had never been really interested for a  
moment in any of them.  
As for the grand passion Rose knew  
nothing of; it saved her day dreams and in  
the pages of her favorite novels.

She had laughed at her would-be lovers,  
and declared her conviction that there is  
no such thing as true love life.  
But of late pretty Rose had begun to  
entertain a somewhat different opinion on  
that subject.  
A handsome, intellectual face and a pair  
of laughing brown eyes were the direct  
cause of her change of opinion.  
Yet their owner seemed in no haste to  
enroll himself on the list of her admirers.  
Indeed Rose knew him only by sight, for  
Wilbur Severance was a stranger in the  
village; she had seen him in church two  
or three times and occasionally on the street;  
but he had never sought an introduction to  
the belle of the place, and beyond a passing  
glance of admiration, had not evinced any  
special notice or her attractions.

Perhaps that was the very thing which  
had attracted Rose's attention. As a  
rule, she had never been attracted by a  
beauty of the sort, and had never been  
wondering what she should do if her  
which she had often heard from other  
lips.  
"But there was little danger of that,  
apparently. Rose bit her lip in chagrin as  
that thought flashed upon her, even  
while she was contemplating her graceful  
image in the mirror; and, catching up  
her wide-brimmed garden hat, she suddenly  
quit the room and was hurrying down the  
path with a kind of desperate determina-  
tion in her heart to go away from the  
dullness of everyday existence and ring in  
adventure of some sort from the unwilling  
hands of Fate.  
"I'll go down to the river," she said,  
after a moment of indecision at the gate,  
and if I can find a boat, I'll row across to  
the most dangerous place I can find.  
And I hope something will happen; but it  
won't," she added sarcastically, "unless I  
spot the boat on purpose."  
Turning to go down the road that led  
out of the village, she soon came to the  
Fiver and found a fragile shell of a boat  
darning at anchor on the waves, as if left  
there by fate for her special use.  
"I can't understand the boat and was  
soon about to give up in despair, when  
looking up she saw a young man, kneeling  
with his face to the water, as if in  
prayer."  
"All at once a sound, breaking the still-  
ness of the scene drew her attention toward  
the shore; and with that glance Rose's  
heart gave a mad bound, and then seemed  
to come beating, for there on the bank, only  
a few feet distant, busily arranging a pile  
of fishing tackle, sat the hero of her  
present thoughts—the handsome stranger  
with the laughing brown eyes.  
And they were quickly laughing at her  
new, Rose thought, as a blush of confusion  
died on her cheeks.  
The sudden start she gave startled one of  
the oars out of her grasp, and, reaching to  
recover it, the "something" which she had  
so recklessly wished for happened; for the  
next instant, to her disgust she found her-  
self overboard, and floundering about in  
the water, looking as little like her ideal  
heroine as could be imagined.  
"Mr. Severance," gasped she, as once  
she recovered herself, and when he had brought  
her up and exhausted, to the shore, Rose  
glancing slyly upward, saw that she  
brow was no longer laughing at her, but  
fall of grave anxiety that filled her heart.  
"I am not at all injured," she said, try-  
ing to look cool, "and I hope my boat isn't  
gone for I must try my luck again with  
it by starting home in a jiffy."  
"But your strength is quite exhausted,"  
he said, decidedly, as she rose slowly to her  
feet. "I shall row you back to the point  
from which you started, and then, if you  
will permit me, I shall accompany you to  
your home. I really think it unsafe for  
you to go alone;—"

of criticism that swept back suddenly to  
her white cheeks.  
Rose offered but faint objections; and  
thus began the acquaintance which was  
destined to prove so eventful to both.

And Rose was happy.  
It was just in the flush of her happiness  
that Rose met at a village hotel, whose  
landlady's daughter was one of her friends,  
a lady who had come there hoping to  
find her lost health.  
"Pale and delicate, but still very lovely,"  
was Caryl Stewart, and very soon she and  
the village belle were fast friends.  
"My physician says that my ailment is  
a simple one," said Caryl Stewart once,  
"giving a sip, and smile that went straight  
to Rose's heart; "but I know better than  
they, Rose. I know that I am dying of a  
broken heart. Some day I will tell you  
you will come in again to-morrow?" she  
questioned, lifting her dark eyes with a  
wistful look.  
"Oh, yes," returned Rose, with a bright  
smile. "I will come in any day—every  
day, Miss Stewart."  
"You are a capital," returned Caryl Stewart  
to Rose's heart, "and I know that I am dying of a  
broken heart. Some day I will tell you  
you will come in again to-morrow?" she  
questioned, lifting her dark eyes with a  
wistful look.  
But she could not remain melancholy  
long in his presence now, particularly as  
he had come for the express purpose of asking  
for her hand.

Rose had never pictured this moment to  
herself, and she had resolved to be all  
sweetness and sincerity to this man, whom  
she loved with all her soul.  
"How it was that she could never tell—  
somehow she did not will of her heart,  
somebody to take possession of her all in a  
moment, and she laughed, teased and  
evaded her lover's questioning with a per-  
sistent willfulness that amazed herself.  
"I will answer you to-morrow even-  
ing," she replied, finally, and Rose's  
eyes were turned away from Caryl Stewart  
to the picture on the wall opposite her.  
"I must have a little time to reflect upon  
so dreadfully serious a matter," she  
said.  
But there was that in the happy blue  
eyes that behind the wifely lips, and Wilbur  
Stewart went away with a cheerful heart  
in spite of all.  
"The following day Rose paid her promised  
visit to Miss Stewart, and it was then  
that the invalid made her confession.  
"Caryl Stewart had been betrothed when  
she was a child to a young man  
of the name of Wilbur Severance.  
The arrangements had been made entirely  
by the parents of the two.  
But as they grew older, with a better  
understanding of the situation, Caryl  
realized that her will was engaged in  
the matter, while her fiancé proved  
indifferent, and finally returned against  
the bonds which he had no part in  
creating.  
In her pride Caryl had granted him his  
freedom, though she broke her own heart  
by doing so.  
Other suitors she had had, but she would  
never love again to her dying day.  
"And that will not be far off," she  
said, pathetically, unable to win his love.  
And I don't quite despair of doing that yet,  
Rose. Away from all evils and the  
biggest dog in Vienna. The dog rushed at  
the fatigued girl, and he snatched the  
limb more than all, when he realized, at  
last, that his love, and only that, was  
my life—do you think, dear little Rose,  
that my hope of ever winning him is such  
a wild one as that?"  
"No, indeed, I do not, Miss Stewart,"  
she exclaimed, "I do not think, dear little  
Rose, that my hope of ever winning him is  
such a wild one as that."  
"You are a capital," returned Caryl Stewart  
to Rose's heart, "and I know that I am dying of a  
broken heart. Some day I will tell you  
you will come in again to-morrow?" she  
questioned, lifting her dark eyes with a  
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broken heart. Some day I will tell you  
you will come in again to-morrow?" she  
questioned, lifting her dark eyes with a  
wistful look.

of course that swept back suddenly to her  
white cheeks.  
"I have given my heart to you, and surely  
you can find some way to win him back again,"  
she moaned as she thought of the desola-  
tion she had brought upon her own hap-  
piness.  
"How long she sat there weeping Rose  
never knew. But when she awoke, a  
step sounded beside her, and Wilbur's  
own voice was tenderly calling her name.  
"Look up, my Rose, and tell me, you  
what has happened; he was saying sadly,  
you had a deep undertone of joy in his  
very voice. "I excused your errand, and  
before I could leave, Caryl in some way  
made me understand the state of her  
feelings toward me. You know the  
whole story, Rose; so I need not repeat  
it. Then, in my pity for her and  
my better anger toward you, I was  
weak enough to offer to renew that old  
engagement. I need not tell you that she  
eagerly accepted, and then, in her joy  
of the occasion of the moment, she fell  
into temptation, and repudiated a blood-  
brotherhood. I was in answer to Rose's  
reply, "I have given my heart to you, and  
surely you can find some way to win him  
back again." "I have given my heart to  
you, and surely you can find some way to  
win him back again." "I have given my  
heart to you, and surely you can find some  
way to win him back again."

OUTWITTING A CUSTOMS  
OFFICER.  
The famous Hungarian, Count Zichy,  
who lived on a princely income in Vienna,  
was in his younger days, well known all  
over Europe on account of the bets he  
made and generally won. Once, when  
there was a heavy duty imposed on every  
head of cattle entering the Austrian cap-  
ital, he made a bet that he would carry a  
lamb free of duty through the gate.  
Vienna and that the gate-keeper, who was  
acting as imperial officer, and adjusting  
and receiving the duty, would be glad to let  
him pass.  
The morning, the count, disguised as  
a butcher, knifed his hands, and he  
shirre sleeves rolled up, and carrying a  
heavy sack on his shoulder, made his way  
to one of the fashionable gates of Vienna.  
But the watchful officer soon espied him.  
"What have you in that sack, fellow?"  
"A dog, sir."  
"A dog? Dog yours!—In that sack?"  
"With that sack! I know fellows like you  
sometimes carry dogs in sacks through the  
gates, and sell them for money in town."  
"Down with your sack!"  
"But it's not a dog, but a dog, and a  
big dog, sir. I will—"

of course that swept back suddenly to her  
white cheeks.  
"I have given my heart to you, and surely  
you can find some way to win him back again,"  
she moaned as she thought of the desola-  
tion she had brought upon her own hap-  
piness.  
"How long she sat there weeping Rose  
never knew. But when she awoke, a  
step sounded beside her, and Wilbur's  
own voice was tenderly calling her name.  
"Look up, my Rose, and tell me, you  
what has happened; he was saying sadly,  
you had a deep undertone of joy in his  
very voice. "I excused your errand, and  
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"Look up, my Rose, and tell me, you  
what has happened; he was saying sadly,  
you had a deep undertone of joy in his  
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before I could leave, Caryl in some way  
made me understand the state of her  
feelings toward me. You know the  
whole story, Rose; so I need not repeat  
it. Then, in my pity for her and  
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weak enough to offer to renew that old  
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### THESE ARE WICKED TIMES.

A gentleman called in at the shop of Mr.  
Abraham Levi Isaac, with a violin-case  
under his arm. He purchased a necktie,  
for which he paid thirteen cents, and then  
asked permission to leave his box while he  
did a few errands in the neighborhood.  
Mr. Isaac had no objection.  
"It is a violin," said the gentleman,  
"which I prize very highly. It was given  
to me by an old Italian who died at my  
father's house. I beg you will be careful  
of it, sir."  
Mr. Isaac promised and the owner of the  
precious violin departed.  
Toward noon, while the old-cloth dealer  
was deeply engaged in the work of wait-  
ing an ancient and time-honoured  
branded-up orchestra, a stranger entered  
the shop—a remarkably well-dressed man,  
with a distinguished look. The violin-case  
was in sight upon a shelf, and as no one  
was near to prevent him, the new-comer  
slipped around and opened the case, and  
took out the instrument, very dark-  
wood and ancient-looking one.  
"Hullo!" cried Isaac, when he heard  
the sound of the violin; "what for you  
touch that, eh?"  
The stranger explained that he was a  
professional, and was the leader of an  
orchestra—and that he could never see a  
violin without trying it. And then he  
drew the bow across the strings, playing a  
few passages of a fine old German waltz.  
"By soul!" he cried, after he had run  
his fingers over the instrument, "I have  
not heard the best violin ever seen.