Acton Free Press.

TERMS...$1.00 in Advance. *The Newspaper—"A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns."* $1.50 if not so paid.

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—THE—

Acton Free Press,

is published

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

BY

H. P. MOORE,

Editor & Proprietor.

AT THE FREE PRESS

PRINTING & PUBLISHING HOUSE,

Next Door to Methodist Church,

Mill Street, ... Acton, Ont.

TERMS:—The FREE PRESS will be sent to subscribers, postage paid, for $1.00 per annum in advance; $1.50 if not so paid. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion cash. Professional Cards, 10 lines or less, $4.00 per annum. 1 square, 12 lines, $5.00 per annum, payable in 6 months from date of insertion. Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale 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
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Half column three months	12.00
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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.

N. McGARVIN, M. D., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Victoria College. Residence, corner of Mill and Frederick streets. Consultation daily from 8 to 10 a. m., and 2 to 6 p. m.

SURVEYOR. JOHN DAVIS, PROVINCIAL Land Surveyor, Civil Engineer and Draughtsman, of Guelph, is prepared to attend to all surveys in Acton and vicinity. Orders left at J. E. McGarvin's Drug Store, Acton, will be promptly attended to.

CARDS, Billheads and Circulars of every description executed neatly at the Acton FREE PRESS office, the best local paper of Halton Co.

J. D. MATHESON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Office, next door to Wallace's Hotel, Milton.

ALISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER, Quebec Street Guelph.

BRANCH OFFICE:—In Matthews Building, Mill Street, Acton.

☞ OFFICE OPEN EVERY FRIDAY. ☜

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 McGarvin's Drug Store will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.

T. J. FISHER.

WM. HEMSTREET,

Licensed Auctioneer.

For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence in Rockwood, will be promptly attended to.

Terms reasonable.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY and properly secured in Canada, the United States, and Europe. Patent guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.

HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada.
Mechanical engineering, Solicitors of Patents, and draughtsmen.

DOMINION HOTEL, ACTON, ROBT. Agnew, proprietor. The new Hotel is fitted up in first-class style with new furniture. Commercial Travellers will find good accommodation and commodious Sample Rooms. Special attention paid to the wants of the travelling public. Bar supplied with the best of Liquors and Cigars. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL, ACTON, Jas. Campbell, Proprietor. Mr. Campbell, late of the Bossin House, near G. T. R. Station, takes pleasure in announcing to his many old friends and patrons that he has recently purchased and refitted the Royal Exchange in the neatest and most comfortable style, and is prepared to accommodate all who may favor him, in the most comfortable manner. Choice Wines, Liquors, Cigars and cool summer drinks always in stock. Stable in charge of an attentive hostler. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be spared to give the very best attention.

CASH FOR SKINS.

I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for Hides, Calfskins, Deacons, Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Lace Leather constantly on hand.

JAMES MOORE, Acton.

PUMPS! PUMPS! PUMPS.

W. E. Adams, manufacturer of superior Well and Cistern Pumps, which will be put in on short notice. Repairing promptly done. Furniture made and repaired. Charges moderate. Also saws filed and set. Give him a call. Shop on Frederick street, opposite Dr. Lowry's residence.

W. E. ADAMS.

MONEY TO LOAN.

$1,500 to loan on first-class farm security, at a reasonable rate of interest. Apply to

H. P. MOORE,
at FREE PRESS Office, Acton.

ARCHIBALD RIDDELL, GEORGETOWN

For Sewing Machine, and general repairs, try the Georgetown Novelty Works.

ARCH. RIDDELL,
22-tf. Main St., Georgetown.

CHARLES CAMERON,

Main St., Acton.

Agent for the Bell Organ, manufactured by Messrs. W. Bell & Co., Guelph. Orders left at his residence will receive prompt attention. For particulars see adv. on other side. Give him a trial.

CHAS. CAMERON.

Dec. 10, '79.-24-3m.

"We must have Bread,"

So say Ireland's poor, and so say we.

B. & E. NICKLIN

BAKERS & CONFECTIONERS,

CORNER MAIN & MILL STREETS, ACTON,

Beg to intimate that they are prepared to supply the village and surrounding country with

Very Best Of Bread,

BUNS, CAKES, PASTRY AND

CONFECTIONERY,

BREAD DELIVERED.

While thanking those who have favored us with their patronage in the past, we solicit a continuance of the same, and will welcome new customers.

ICE CREAM PARLOR.

We have now opened our ICE CREAM PARLOR, and will always be prepared to supply pure Ice Cream, Fruit Drinks, Fruit, &c. Ice Cream supplied by the quart if desired. A Call Solicited.

B. & E. NICKLIN.

Acton, May 6th, 1880.

THE TRAVELLERS

LIFE and ACCIDENT

Ins. Co., of Hartford, Conn.,

Write everything desirable in the way of Life and Accident Insurance.

Rates Low. Security Unquestioned.

Ample deposit made with the Dominion Government for the security of Canadian Policy Holders.

Paid up Cash Capital	$ 600,000 00
Gross Assets,	4,798,677.74
Total Liabilities,	3,511,734.37
Surplus to Policy Holders,	1,286,943.37

JAMES MATTHEWS, Agent,
Acton, Ont.

CANADA

LOAN & BANKING COMPANY

SAVINGS BANK.

CORNER OF JAMES AND VINE STS.,

HAMILTON.

Six Per Cent Interest paid on Deposits of $1 and upwards.

SAFEST AND BEST SECURITY.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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C. B. SNOW, Esq., (Manager Cotton Mills,) Dundas.

Money to loan on Real Estate in sums to suit borrowers, and on easy terms.

☞ Will be open every week-day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

D. DEXTER, Manager.

Aug. 11, 1878. 7-6m

ROBT. CREECH,

HARNESS MAKER,

Acton, Ont.

5000 CUSTOMERS

WANTED THIS WEEK,

—AT THE CENTRAL—

BOOT & SHOE STORE.

YOU CAN BUY BETTER

BOOTS AND SHOES

AND GET BETTER BARGAINS

In Acton, than to go away from home to make your purchases. Call at

CRAINE & SON'S

WHITEWASHING AND COLOURING.

WM. NELSON,

(CREWSON'S CORNERS,)

is prepared to do all kinds of

WHITEWASHING & COLORING

on the shortest notice, and at reasonable rates.

☞ Leave your ORDERS at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton.

P. S.—Clothing Cleaned & Renovated.

WM. NELSON. 33-tf.

FLOUR & FEED

STORE!

LAWSON BROS.

would respectfully inform the people of Acton and vicinity that they have opened in the premises opposite Dr. McGarvin's residence a

FLOUR AND FEED STORE,

and will keep constantly on hand a full stock of

FLOUR OF ALL LINDS, including

Family Flour,
Buckwheat Flour,
Graham Flour.

MEALS.

Corn, Meal, Oat Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Bran.
Coarse Shorts,
Fine Shorts,
Chopped Peas,
Chopped Oats,
Mixed Chops,
Oats and Peas,

And all kinds of feed usually kept in a first-class store.

☞ *All Goods delivered to any part of the village as soon as ordered.*

☞ *A call is respectfully solicited.*

LAWSON BROS.

Acton, Jan. 15, 1880-tf.

DOMINION

Boot & Shoe Store.

KENNEY & SON

MAIN STREET, ACTON.

Would intimate to the people of Acton and surrounding country that they are now receiving their Spring Stock of

Boots and Shoes,

which will be found to consist of an assortment

Superior in Material, Quality and Style of Manufacture

to any stock heretofore received in Acton.

Everything Sold Cheap FOR CASH

Custom Work & Repairing

In our Custom and Repairing Department, we are prepared to execute all orders entrusted to us in a most satisfactory manner.

Nothing but the best material used in the shop.

A call solicited.

Kenney & Son.

Acton, March 4th, 1880.

STOVES! STOVES!

CHEAP,

AT J. C. HILL'S.

A Large Stock of all kinds of STOVES just received—manufactured of the best quality of Iron—The finest finish and the most handsome Stove in the market.

COOK STOVES

of all sizes at the very lowest prices.

A well selected stock of

TINWARE,

ALWAYS ON HAND.

EAVETROUGHING & ORDERED WORK, ARE SPECIALTIES,

and will be executed on the shortest notice.

COAL OIL,

a good stock of superior quality, cheap.

COME AND SEE for YOURSELVES.

J. C. HILL.

September 16th, 1879.

New Butcher Shop.

ADAM COOK

Would intimate to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business lately carried on by Mr. R. Story, and that he has always on hand a first-class stock of

BEEF, PORK,
MUTTON, SAUSAGE,
FISH, &c., &c.,

and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a fair share of the patronage of the public. MEAT delivered at any time to any part of the town.

TERMS CASH.

A CALL SOLICITED.

ADAM COOK.

POETRY.

The Dressed Turkey.

One of the parish sent one morn—
A farmer kind and able—
A nice fat turkey, raised on corn,
To grace the pastor's table.

The farmer's lad went with the fowl,
And thus addressed the pastor;
"Blame me if I ain't tired! Here is
A gobbler from my master."

The pastor said: "Thou should'st not thus
Present the fowl to me;
Come! take my chair, and for me act,
And I will act for thee."

The preacher's chair received the boy,
The fowl the pastor took—
Went out with it, and then came in,
With a pleasant smile and look:

And to this young man, *prodem*, he said:
"Dear sir, my honored master
Presents this turkey, and his best
Respects to you, his pastor."

"Good," said the boy; "your master is
A gentleman and scholar!
My thanks to him, and, for yourself
Here is half a dollar."

The pastor felt around his mouth
A most peculiar twitching;
And to the gobler holding fast,
He "bolted" for the kitchen.

He gave the turkey to the cook,
And came back in a minute,
Then took the youngster's hand and left
Half a dollar in it.

A SLICE OF BREAD AND BUTTER.

'Dorothy—Dorothy Waldo!' screamed Miss Lorinda Cross, (Cross by name and cross by nature,' the children—yes, and many of the grown-ups—of the neighborhood declared her), as she pounced the huge loaf of bread which she had taken from the oven and put into the big stone crock only half an hour ago, just before she turned her straight-up-and down back on the kitchen, to stalk to the garret after 'that idle hussy, Molly'—the maid of all-work—'who had been twice as long as she ought to have been making the beds there.'

I said the huge loaf. I should have said half the huge loaf, for only that proportion of the newly baked bread remained.

'Dor-o-thy Wal-do oo!' again screamed Miss Cross, in an ascending scale, with an ominous tremolo on the last note.

'Yes, aunt,' replied a sweet fresh young voice; and a pretty young girl came in from the garden, with a basket of cherry-red currants in her hand.

A tiny thing she was, with round, dimpled, rosy face, innocent child-like blue grey eyes and fair hair, some short tresses of which had escaped from the braid into which they had been bound, and were making a delightful use of their freedom by curling in the most charming manner about the low, frank brow and little pink tipped ears.

About 'sweet sixteen,' a stranger would have pronounced her; but Dolly, as her youthful companions, much to the disgust of her aunt Lorinda, called her, was older than that by a year and a half.

An orphan at the age of 12, she had been left to the care of the only relative she knew, her mother's eldest sister—a woman hard in speech and manners, and anything but soft in heart. This maiden lady soured irrevocably on her twenty-fourth birthday, which should have also been her wedding day; but at the very moment she was fastening the orange in her hair, had come the news that her betrothed had eloped with the girl friend she had chosen for her bridesmaid. Lorinda tore the bridal wreath into fragments, and scattered it to winds; never mentioned the false pair from that hour, banished for ever all the womanly grace and tenderness she had ever possessed, (truth to tell she had never possessed much), and became the hardest worker of her sex that ever worked on a farm. In a man's boots, coat, and hat, early and late, hot or cold, wet or dry, with set mouth, lowering brow, and silent lips, she toiled side by side with her sturdy old father, until the day he was struck down by the pitiless sun, and died a few hours after—died just in time to be saved the pang of hearing that his youngest and favorite daughter was lying at the point of death, widowed and friendless, in a far away city. Lorinda buried her father—if she wept for him none saw her—promoted a man who had been long in his employment to the position she used herself to occupy, and started for her sister's bedside. When she returned to Fernville again, she brought dear little fair-haired, soft eyed Dorothy with her, and some of her neighbors fancied that since that time the had been a shade less stern; but if she had been, it was so slight a shade that it was almost impossible to perceive it. True, she did less out-door work, and devoted part of the time thus saved to teaching her niece to sew and cook and churn, and other like accomplishments; but never were the lessons accompanied by an approving smile or kindly word, much less a loving kiss. Even to the gentle, winning child, Lorinda Cross remained a cold, stern woman. But Dorothy, God bless her! was so sunny in disposition that the stern ways and dark face of her aunt could not cloud her young life. And though shut out from that inflexible woman's heart, she found the doors of all other hearts wide open to her. The dogs, the cats, the hens, the chickens, the horses, the cows, the calves, the very geese, regarded her with adoration. The farm laborers blessed her pretty face when ever she came among them; and as for Molly, poor, hard-worked Molly!—she would have kissed the ground the little feet trod upon.

What wonder, then, that Dan Howell the young surveyor, who lived half a mile away, in the old stone cottage, and whom she had known from the very first day of her arrival in Fernville, (when he, a tall, bright-faced boy of 15, passing her aunt's gate, and seeing the sad looking little girl, in her black dress, standing by it, silently offered her the prettiest white rabbit she ever saw—a rabbit he had been coaxing Abner Brown for a month past to sell him, and which now he parted with, without another thought, at sight of those lovely tearful eyes and that sweet wistful face)—what wonder, I say, that he 'thought of her by day, and dreamed of her by night!'

But go back. Dorothy came smiling into the kitchen, her lips and cheeks as red as the currants she carried; but the smile faded away when she met her aunt's irate gaze.

'Did you cut this loaf, and then leave it here in this hot room to dry to a chip!' demanded Miss Cross; and then she added, emphatically, without waiting for an answer: 'But of course you did. No one else would have dared to do it. And how dare you, knowing that I never allow bread to be cut in my house until it is at least a day old!'

'I am very sorry, aunt,' began Dolly; 'but he looked so hungry!'

'He!' screamed her aunt, regarding her with a look of horror. 'You gave it away, then! And to a he! A tramp, I've no doubt, who will come back some night, rob the house and murder us all.'

'Please, aunt,' entreated the young girl, 'don't be so angry. He wasn't a tramp; no, indeed he wasn't; but a handsome young fellow with long golden hair—'

'A wig,' snarled Miss Cross.

'—and the most beautiful blue eyes,' Dolly went on, I ever saw in all my life. And he wasn't near the house. And he didn't ask for anything. Oh, do listen, aunt, while I tell you about it. I was on my knees in the path, picking up some currants I had let fall, when I saw him through the hole in the hedge Brownie's calf made the other day, coming slowly up the lane.'

'If you had been looking at what you were doing you wouldn't have seen him,' said her grim listener.

'He didn't see me, of course,' said Dolly, 'or I shouldn't have looked at him so intently. And, oh, Aunt Lorinda, it was just like looking at a picture!'

'Stuff!' said Miss Cross.

'He was so handsome, and so dusty, and so shabby, poor fellow! And he sat down under the old tree, took a crust of bread out of his pocket and began to eat as though he was very, very hungry. *That* went to my heart.'

'Rubbish!' said her aunt.

'And I got up softly, and ran into the house, and cut a slice—'

'A slice! Great grief!' interrupted Aunt Lorinda. 'A piece big enough for the breakfast of a whole family.'

'And I buttered it.'

'You buttered it!'

'Yes, aunt; I only took the butter that was left in the dish.'

'Half a pound! You go without butter for a week.'

'And I ran out again, and into the lane, as fast as I could,' continued Dorothy, apparently undaunted by this threat, 'for fear I might lose courage; and stopping suddenly before him, I put the bread in his hand, and said, 'I am so sorry for you!' and turned to run away, when he seized my hand, and kissed it.' (Miss Lorinda Cross became rigid as marble), and said, 'These are the first kind words I've heard since I came to this beastly country. Tell me your name, little one.' 'Dorothy Waldo,' said I. 'Dorothy Waldo,' he repeated; 'I shall never forget it;' and he raised his hat and went away. Dear aunt, had you been in my place, would you not have done as I did?'

'I!' cried Aunt Lorinda—'I carry meals to strange men on the public highway! I let a foreigner, who called my country 'a beastly country,' kiss my hand! No, indeed; he never would have kissed *my* hand.'

'Perhaps not,' said Dolly, with a momentary twinkle in her eyes, and then she added, pleadingly, 'But don't be angry any longer, aunt, I'll make another loaf of bread right away.'

'But that won't bring back what you've wasted,' said her inflexible relative. 'A pretty wife you'd be for a man who hasn't a dollar to call his own, giving away bread by the loaf and butter by the pound' (Miss Cross had retained at least one womanly trait—a slight tendency to exaggeration) 'to all the thieves and tramps who happen to come along.'

'Oh, aunt!' exclaimed her niece, 'he looked like a prince.'

'A prince!'—with a snort of scorn, 'your head is turned by that trashy poetry you read. A prince! A likely story—in shabby clothes and nibbling a crust! A disguised burglar, in my opinion. But burglar or no burglar,' she continued, 'it must be confessed with some irrelevancy, 'you shall never marry a man who hasn't a dollar to call his own, with my consent, and if ever you marry without my consent, you make a liar of your mother in her grave.'

'Aunt, I have told you again and again,' said Dorothy, firmly, but gently, 'that I never would. I have not forgotten my mother's last commands.'

'Then don't be encouraging that Daniel Howell to meet you every tack and turn; and if you must have some one to walk home from church with you—I can go and come by myself, thank heaven!—there's Abner Brown, and *he* has a thousand dollars in the bank.'

'But, aunt, I've known Dan so long, and he is away so much, that when he is at home I feel as though—I mean, I wouldn't like to hurt his feelings.'

'Bah!' retorted the grim maiden. 'Men have no feelings. And as for knowing him a long time, I think you have known him long enough.'

'But if he had the thousand dollars, instead of Abner Brown!' questioned Dolly, with more spirit than she had yet shown.

'That would be in his favor, certainly. But he hasn't, and never will have, with that old father and mother depending upon him. A thousand dollars, indeed! Where would he get it! The sooner you forget Daniel Howell, and the sooner Daniel Howell puts you out of his head, the better.'

'There's no need for you to talk so loud, aunt,' said the little girl, indignantly; and then, startled by the look of malicious triumph on her aunt's face, Dorothy looked around, just in time to receive a farewell bow from Daniel Howell as he turned from the door.

'He heard me,' said Miss Cross. 'I'm glad he did; 'twill save trouble.'

'Oh, Aunt Lorinda, how can you be so cruel!' said poor Dolly, bursting into tears.

A year and a half passed away, during which, owing to his frequent absences and Lorinda's watchful care, Dolly and her lover had met but three or four times. 'It's hard,' said the young man, on the last of these occasions, to know that I cannot ask your aunt for your hand because I have not a thousand dollars of my own, when I know that there is plenty of room and love and everything for you at the old stone cottage. Oh, Dolly, if you would but brave her anger, how gladly I'd make you my wife this moment!'

'Dan,' interrupted the girl, with dewy eyes, 'it isn't her anger—though I feel that it would be most ungrateful in me to provoke it—but the promise my mother made for me on her death bed. And if it had not been for that promise, Dan, you must remember, I should have been the inmate of an orphan asylum, and we would never have met.' Adding, the sunshine coming back again. 'Don't you see how much worse things could have been?'

'You are right, my darling, as you always are,' said Dan; 'but think—it may be years before I have 'the bond.'

'I can wait, Dan. Yes'—with a mischievous little laugh—'I can wait until I am as old as Aunt Lorinda.'

'God forbid, love!' he said, catching her in his arms and kissing her sweet lips. 'And now good-bye; I am going away again to-morrow, to be gone I cannot tell you how long. Oh, Dolly, heaven speed the time when a little wife shall be waiting with the old father and mother at the stone cottage to welcome me home.'

She raised herself on tiptoe, clasped his face between her two tiny hands, gazed into his eyes with a wealth of tenderness in her own, and said, 'Who knows? Good fortune may at this very moment be on its way to us.'

And the very next day, January 3rd, 1880, as Dorothy, with a crimson shawl thrown over her head, was out in the garden scattering crumbs on the snow for the sparrows, she heard the jingle of sleigh-bells, and Farmer Beers came down the lane with a sled load of wood. 'Mornin' Miss Dorothy,' he called, as he reined up at the back gate. 'Here's a letter for you. They thought it might be important, at the office, and so, knowin' how keerful I be, and that I was comin' this way, they asked me to fetch it to you.' And the old man tossed the letter over the hedge, into the girl's outstretched hands, and drove off.

'A letter for me!' said Dolly, in tones of the greatest amazement. 'Why, I never received a letter before in all my life!' Then she turned it about, and inspected it curiously. The envelope was common large yellow one, and bore the printed address of a law firm in an adjoining city, as well as her own address, written in a plain legal hand. 'Who can it be from!' wondered Dolly; and then opened it, to find her question but partially answered. A sheet of blue paper and a smaller envelope were enclosed. The paper contained, in the same hand which had addressed the letter, these lines:

'MISS DOROTHY WALDO:

'DEAR MADAM,—We send you the accompanying check in compliance with orders received to that effect from a client in Europe whose interests in this country we represent. Please acknowledge receipt.—Your obedient servants,

'FIND & PROVE.

'January 1, 1880.'

Dolly's lovely eyes opened to their widest extent. 'A check!' she exclaimed, and with trembling fingers tore open the second envelope, which was also addressed to her, but in a different, more elegant hand; and sure enough, there was a check—*a check for a thousand dollars*, payable to the order of Miss Dorothy Waldo. And on a slip of paper which had kept it company were these words: 'In payment for a slice—a very large slice—of bread and butter.' And that's all the young girl ever knew about it.

For one moment she stood dazed with joy and astonishment. The next she thought of Dan. Perhaps he had not started yet. How could she get to him through the deep snow! Sleigh bells again. Farmer Beers coming back without the wood. She ran out into the lane. 'Oh, do take me with you!' she cried, to the great surprise of the honest old fellow. 'I must see Dan—Mr. Howell, I mean. I *must* see him as soon as possible.'

'Jump right in, my dear,' said the old man, 'and I'll have you at the stone cottage in a jiffy.'

Away they went, the gray mare making excellent time—for her; and as they neared the house, Dolly caught sight of Dan just leaving it.

'Dan! Dan!' she called, her clear young voice ringing on the cold air, and madly waved her crimson shawl.

Dan turned, saw the bright flag and her sweet face below it, and came bounding over the snow in time to receive her in his arms as she jumped from the sled.

'You couldn't—no, not if you guessed forever,' she said, half crying and half laughing—'you couldn't guess what brought me here this morning.'

'Whatever it was, heaven bless it a thousand times!' said her lover.

'It is leap-year, you know, Dan.'

'Yes, now I think of it, it is. But it can't be possible you have come here to propose to me!'

'Very possible indeed,' answered Dolly, slowly and deliberately. 'Mr. Daniel Howell, will you marry me!'

Mr. Daniel Howell's only reply was to fold her in so close an embrace that, being the tiniest of maidens, she almost disappeared from view.

'And has Miss Cross—' he began, when the pretty flushing face, all dimpled with smiles, was again raised to his own.

'No, she has not,' interrupted Dolly. 'She knows nothing about it. But it's all right, Dan,' carefully tucking something with her dainty left hand—Dan held the right—into the breast pocket of his overcoat. 'You may come and see Aunt Lorinda as soon as you choose. You didn't know it, Dan dear, but you've got a thousand dollars.

About Tooth Pulling.

An Oil City man was standing in front of a dentist's office with an anxious, unhappy look in his eyes, and two yards of flannel round his lower jaw. He cast sorrowful glances upward to the dentist's sign, and in a hesitating sort of way placed his foot on the lower stair; then came out to the street again as if he had forgotten something. Col. Solon came along at this moment, and with a thoughtful interest in the man's welfare, said;

"Toothache, eh! Going to have it pulled! Ever had a tooth pulled! No! Well, you'd better go right up afore your courage fails you. Worst thing in the world is pullin' a tooth. I've been through the war, had both lungs shot away, fifteen bullets in my head, and doctors run a probe through a hole in my shoulder, right down through my body to my toe—thought 'twould kill me. But, man alive, I never knew what pain was till I had a tooth pulled. Maybe you think the toothache is horrible. It is. It's awful! But wait till the dentist runs them air iron tongs in your mouth, pulls the tooth right down through your jaw-bone, and then yanks away as if he was pulling on an old engine, and yer'll think the toothache ain't no more to be compared to it than a flea-bite is to a railroad accident. Yer had better go right up, though, and have it out. Don't let anything I said cause yer to back out. I merely wanted to prepare your mind for it. An' don't yer take ether. Knew a man once, about your complexion an' build, who took ether an' he died. It's dangerous. Jest go right up an' have it out. I'll go up with yer, an' see how yer stand it when he begins twis'in' the bones round. Yer won't sleep a wink to-night if yer don't have it out; an' maybe yer won't anyhow, for sometimes the tooth breaks the jaw, inflammatory rheumatism strikes the what's its name nerve, and the what-they-call it sets in."

Just at this moment a young man practicing on a French horn in one of the upper rooms blew a long, ear-piercing blast, like the yell of a man in torment, as he last sound echoed through the hall, the colonel said, "That's it; there's some one gettin' a tooth pulled now, and the dentist hasn't any more than just given the first twist, either. Come right up an' have yours yanked. Whoop! there he goes again!" as another terrible blast from the horn came down the staircase. "Hold on, hold!" yelled the colonel—but he wasn't quick enough to stop the man with the aching tooth, who rushed out of the door-way and down the street so fast that his two yards of flannel became unwound and streamed behind him like signals of danger, while the villainous old colonel sat down on the lower step and laughed till his eyes ached.

An Ottawa man has been committed for trial on the charge of having three wives—all living.