Acton Free Bress.

EVERT THURSDAY MORNING.

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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the space occupied, measured by a scal solid Nonpared. CONTRACT RATES. One column one rear 2 ittter e damn one reat! in chamala manths ite e ilamp three months Halfedama inre-months

Lirer isaments without werife directions will be incerted till firbid and charged accordingir. Transitory advertisements mustbe Changes for cintract advertisements mus be in the office or Da m.on Mindays, otherwise they will be left over till the following

week.

THIS PAPER may be found on the at Geo. P. THIS PAPER 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, Mem-Office and residence, at the head of Fred. stock is TOO RIG stocether, so we jurpose of erick St., Acton.

LIOTE, UEL

ed to. Terms easy.

TOHN LAWSON, GRADIATE OF ON-U TARIO VETERINARI COLLEGE, TORONTO Veterinary, Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Officein Kenney & Son's boot and shoe store, residence in the rear. Horses examined as t soundness, and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attend

J. FISHER, V.S., GEORGETOWN Le 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. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., of the firm of RIGOS & IVORT. TOBOXTO. Will be at Campbell's Hotel on the first Monday of every month, in the practice of

his profession. All work executed in the latest and most improved style of the dental art. No charge for consultation.

MOWAT & McLEAN! Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers. de. 13 Money to Lous. Officz :- Secord's Block, Mill St., Acton. J. A. MOWAT. W. A. McLEAN.

G. S. GOODWILLIE.

Barrister, Soliciter, Notary Public · GEORGETOWN & ACTON. MActin Office, in Mrs. Secord's Block.

TOHN DAY.

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PRACTICAL MILLWRIGHT. Ee-arranging of Flour Mills a Specialty.

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PRANCIS NUNAN, Successor to T. F. Chapman. BOOKBINDER.

St. George's Square, Guelph. Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully tonel Raling neatly and promptly done.

CITY HEMSTREET. Licensed Auctioneer. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton, Orlers left at the FREE PRESS Office. Acton. or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to.

Terms reasonable. Money to Lean. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of \$500 and upwards.

IME FOR SALE.

Lime can be had at the Canada Lime Works in small or large quantities at any time. Apply at the Kiln, near Tolton's

May, 1st, 1982. Box 172, ACTON. BEINGLES, STATES IND HEADING

FOR SALE.

The audersigned has now in stock firstclass Pine, Color and Ash Stringles, Staves and Turned Heading. Call and examine stock if you require anything in the line. THOS: C MOORE.

Those owing me are requested to call lit once and settle their accounts, otherwise the court will collect them.

1 LAWARE PARMS For Sale From \$10 to \$40 Per Lere,

J. D. MENDRICK . Real Estate Agent Houseon, Delaware, These farms are improved with buildings leades, fruit trees, and berries of all kinds good water, plenty of timber land, good rads, schools and churches, good markets, only 95 miles from Philadelphia; plenty of Deeds, ash oysters and game; very productive land, climate mild and pleasant, come and lee for yourself and be convinced. I am propered with team and carriage to take

to see the farms free of charge

Terms.-81.00 in Advance.

The Newspaper. - " A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns."

\$1.50 if not so paid

Volume IX. No. 28

ACTON, ONT, THURSDAY, JAN. 10, 1884.

The Great Dr. Dio Lewis.

His Outspoken Opinion.

The very marked testimonials from Col-

lege Professors, respectable Physicians,

and other gentlemen of intelligence and

aracter to the value of Warner's SAFF

Cure, published in the editorial columns of

our best newspapers, have greatly surprised

me. Many of these centlemen I know, and

reading their testimony I was impelled to

purchase some bottles of Warner's SAFE

Crar and analyze it. Besides, I took some.

wallowing three times the prescribed quan-

tity. I am satisfied the midicine is not

injurious, and will frankly add that if

found myself the victim of a serious kidner

trouble I should use this preparation. The

ruth is, the medical profession stands

dazed and helpless in the presence of more

han one kidney malady, while the testi-

mony of hundreds of intelligent and very

eputable centlemen hardly leaves room to

loubt that Mr. H. H. Wannen has fallen

you one of those happy discoveries which

Cards,

occasionally bring help to suffering hu-

- ALSO -

\$3,000 WORTH

WORTH OF DOLLS

BOOKSTORE

-OPENED -

GUELPH

Christmas

Whole No. 445.

ACTON BANKING CO'Y., STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.

Ontario.

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NESS TRANSACTED. MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED

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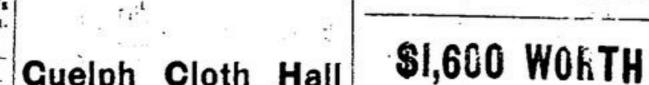
SPECIAL NOTICE.

Cent Store.

Upper Wyndham Stret, Guelph. Our purchases of German, French and British Toya, Vasca, Bella, Imas Carda China, and other Fancy Goods this season has been larger

fering our customers Special Inducements

T. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, George- to make large purchases. Our intention is sell out our Magnificent Stock by New Year. 10 Ceut Store and Cheap Cash



OUR SCOTCH TWEED FALL SUITINGS

Have now all arrived; and ordeos for Suits are respectfully solicited.

SHAW & GRUNDY,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

Railway Men!

-SEE OUR-

B. SAVACE,

Agent for Fire Insurance Co's.

Accident

Agent for the Dominion Steamship Co.,

return tickets issued, or tickets to bring out

your friends, CHEAPER THAN ALMOST ANT

Money to Loan. Good joint or endorsed

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House Leases. Agreements. &c. Clerk Div. Court. Com'r in Queen's Bench,

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CASH FOR GRAIN AND PORK.

Mortgages. Discharges,

Insurance Tickets.

TABLES HATTHEWS,

(\$3000 for 25c. per day.)

short date notes discounted.

Dust-Proof Case,

GUELPII

IN GUELPH.



Now is the time to buy your

ONLY 20c. a gallon.

COAL OIL.

HIGINBOTHAM'S Waltham Movement. Condition Powders

> have given artivered satisfaction, and all who have used them for horees and cattle testify to their excellence. Prepared only by

Winter I luid -An elegant prepara tion for Roughness of the Skin. Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, Prost Bites, &c. Pre-

pared only by LW. G. SMITH & CO. Thorley's Horse and Cattle Food.

Sold in any quantity to suit purchaser. Diamond Dyes, the best and chiapest

in the market. W. C. SMITH & CO.,

Dispensing Chemists. the work is done."

Acton Free Bress.

THURSDAY MORNING JAN. 10, 1884.

AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE. old man sat by a cottage door.

Bowel and silent, one summer's day; His blue eyes wandered the landscape o'er, Though plainly his thoughts were far away. The breeze toused his hair so white and thin A friendly cane stood his hands within, While on it rested his trembling chin.

Good day, kind sir," I said with a smile, Stepping aside from my usual way. You seem alone! May I rost a while? "Ay, dearie, rest," then I heard him say. A step near by I was glad to sec.

So on it I sauk quite willingly. My Penama sinng across my knee. fou seemed to be lost in thought, old man; May I sak you now where your thoughts had

ar back, my son, when my life began. To boyhood's home, and the friend's I loved Now I am grav, and beut, and old. But once I was young, and strong, and bold, Brim full of mischief, too, I am told.

With manhood came the one love of life. For Ada Campbell I early mot; We loved, and later, I called her wife. But soon she die !, and I mourn her yet! You distant church-yard plainir you see ! My love lies there, where I soon shall be .-

The swaying trees seem to becaon me! "My son! I thought, as you came this way, How fast the sun croeps over the sky. t soon will set, and I thought the day, When my life shall wane, is drawing nigh. Then my fancies, the stream of Death leaped o's

I saw my love on the other shore. And my hand clasted bers to part no more. Yes! soon my cot will be racant too. My form in the chur.h-yard low will be. But the birds will sing as now they do.

And lives drift on to eternity, So, musing, I count the hours roll by, Watch shadows of age creep sidwly nigh. And smilingly wait my time to die?

DUR STURY.

THE ORPHAN BOY

Miss Abigail Borr was a little brown olmaid, who lived in a little brown old house New Fancy Goods. with her cat, Debby, and her woman-of-allwork, Prudence, sharp of tongue, and long of visage, herself. There was nothing of grace, nor sweetness about Miss Abigail's life; everything was dry and hard and busky. Indeed, some people were so uncharitable as to say that her heart was like a very much dried-up kernel in a nat-shell, and would rattle if she were to be shaken hard enough. But I never believed that. I always said there was a raft spot in Miss Abigail's heart, to be found when the time

came to find it. One spring twilight a boy opened Miss Abigail's garden gate and walked up the path between the rows of straggling lilacs. He was not a boy who lived about Caperstown, or he would not have dared venture, am sure, for Prudence's sake, besides having nothing to venture for. He was an unkempt, starved-looking specimen of humanity. His cost was a world too long and patched at the elbows, and his trousers a world too short and patched at the knees. His hat was guiltless of brim, and through a hole in the crown bobbed a little tuft hair, which had once been brown, but now woefully faded. He went straight up to Miss Abigail's porch steps. Miss Abigail was sitting in the porch in her high-backed rocking-chair, so intent on binding off her stocking-heel that she heard neither the click of the gate-latch nor the footsteps on the hard-trodden path, and she did not look up until the boy's figure interposed itself between her work and the fading sunset light.

He doffed his tattered hat crown. "If you please, ma'am, will you -may ! ave something to eat ?"

It was not at all a tramp's manner of asking; there was a manimess in his voice which M:ss Abigail could not help noticing erhaps that was the reason she looked at the boy sharply for a moment before she answered. In that moment, Prudence, tall and angular, stood in the door, with s shawl thrown over her head and her right hand swathed in soft cotton.

"I'll have to get Jones Barrows to do the milkin', Miss Abigail," said she. can't. I've burned my hand that bad." The boy looked ap quickly "Can't I-

ould I milk for you?" " As I have intimated, Prodence did not like boys, and that she sometimes expressed her dislike in a very forcible manner many of the village urching could testify Now, she surveyed this boy standing by the porch steps, from his bare head, not forgetting the faded little taft, in dumb W. G. SMITH & CO.

> "You might let him try, Prudence," said Miss Abigail, thinking dubiously of the nervous, mouse-colored Alderney in the

"I chored on a farm all last summer explained the boy, eagerly, glancing from mistress to maid. ,'I want some supper, and I'll be glad to do something to pay for it. Well, you kin try it." said Prudence, after a momentary deliberation. "It's better'n beggin' a favor, anyhow."

She led the way to the kitchen, and took a shining tin pail from the dresser

setting a lunch of bread and butter and cold meat. She felt morally pertain that the flighty Alderney beifer, used only to waman-kind, would be much more likely to spread a pair of bovine wings and fly away than to allow herself to be milked by

boy. "He can't do it," she said to Miss Abigail, who brought her knitting work into the kitchen. "The heifer will send him sky high !"

But he could, and he did. Soon he appeared in the door, his pail brimming with snowy foam. "Well, I never!" ejaculated Prudence.

"You didn't think I could?" asked the boy, smiling brightly. "No. I didn't," admitted Prudence; and straightway, in her astonishment, she add-

ed to his fare a segment of rhobarb pie. "Wasn't there a bit of cheese left over

from tea?" asked Miss Abigail." Prudence thought there was, and, while she was fetching it from the cellar, the boy gave himself a scrubbing at the pump, coming in from his ablations fresh and ruddy as a rose. He was very hudgry there was no doubt of that. He looked at Miss Abigail with a deprecating smile, as Prudence carried off the broad plate for a

third replenishing. "I'm pretty hungry," he said. This the first bite I've had since morning, and

it tastes good." To be sure it did. Miss Abigail thought of a little brother who died years and years before, ere his tender feet began to feel the pricks in life's path. How strange that the sight of this little vagrant, satisfying eyes. his hunger at the kitchen table, should bring to her remembrance the child who had so early put off the mortal for the immortal. Presently, when the boy had finished his repast, he laid his knife and fork across his plate with a methodical precision which pleased Miss Abigail to see ; and then he glanced from Prudence, standing near her with arms akimbo, to Miss

Abigail. "Thank you for my supper," said-be. "Maybe I'd best be getting along. You don't want a boy to work, do you?"

" A-boy-to-work!,' echoed Prudence. Did you ever !" she could not help thinking again of that and set the echoes ringing from hillside to frail life which had blighted in the bud so | hillside.

long before. "How far are you going?" she asked. "I don't know, ma'am." And where have you come from?

proceeded Miss Abigail. "Trescott, ma'am. Mother died there three months ago." There was a pathetic quaver in his voice.

And then, with a little questioning, he | | When Barry, breathless with the haste Olmstead, and he was twelve years old. Abigail was on the porch. He had lived in Trescott a long time-he and his mother; they were very poor, but they had kept a little home together. His mother had taken in sewing,, and he had worked for the neighboring farmers summers, and gone to school winters. And he had been happy, for all they were so poor, until-mother died.

TAU AWAY."

He's that mean he'd skin a mouse for the fain to apothermatize the horn after this hide and taller !" "I've been trying along for a chance to work," continued the boy, smiling faintly. He was very near to tears, now, but he

held them back sturdily. " But there don't anybody seem to want me." Miss Abigail was moved more than she would have cared to own, by his recital. Even to her, who had lived for self so long, there was something indescribably pitiful in the thought of this little wanderer battling slone with the world, buffeted by fortune, drifting here or there, as chance might dictate. It had grown dark, nowthe lamps had long since been lighted; and there were mutterings of distant thunder

"It's going to rain," said Miss Abigail you needn't go to-night; you may sleep in the stable lott."

Barry thanked her. The storm broke with great violence, and while Miss Abigail listened to the sharp peals of thunder and the pouring of the rain against the windows, she thought of the lonely little way-farer in the stable loft, with a new, strange throb of pity. Morning came, merry with bird songs, and glistening with myriads of rain drops. Prudence was up, betimes, but, early as it was, she heard the sound of an axe in the woodshed; and when she opened the door Barry smiled at her from his post at the chopping block.

"I don't think I paid enough for my supper-I cat such a lot," he said, "so I've diminutive needle scenes in the life this morning, if you want me to." Prudence brought the milk pail without word. But when she had prepared Miss

"Go out the way you came in, " said rudence, "or else you'll bring bed look." but he went out to the porch. Miss Abigail freely?" This Abigail said to Prudence who had come to the door.

"I dunno," answered Pradence. Barry heard and turned. " I guess it's because you leave the old blossoms on," h said, hesitatingly. "Mother used to say must pick the blossoms off one year if

And then he went out of the gate, closing it carefully behind him, and along the What a Good Wife Accomplished. moist, brown highway. "That is a very uncommon boy," said

wanted any the next."

Miss Abigail, looking after him with serious eyes. "Yes," assented Prudence; "he's a

clever enough little chap-for a boy." " To think of his knowing about blacs! continued Miss Abigail, meditatively. must cut off the flowers this spring."

"An' he got as good a mess o' milk from the heifer as I could ha' done myself with a well hand," Prudence went on. "Yes, he would have been handy about milking and gotting the wood for you,"

said Miss Abigail. "An' bringin' the .ctters from the post office," continued l'rudence. It's a good piece over to the village in muddy walkin'. - So it is," said Miss Abigail. She gazed reflectively along the road which wound serpeutine to the little hamlet a mile away. Barry was climbing the hill, a mere, pitiful, lonely speck in the distance, as he was i mere, insignificent atom in the great body of humanity. Miss Abigail's eyes filled.

"We might have kept him," she said. " 'Tain't too late yet," put in Prudence. The two women looked into each other's

"If you can make him hear," began Miss Abigail. and sent a long, quivering cry after Barry.

" B-o-o-o-y!" But the little figure they were watching plodded steadily on. "Gimme the old tin horn out 'er the under a sense of diminishing prowess.

kitchen. Miss Abigail!" called Prudence, Only a man's wife can do this for him. excitedly. "Quick!" Miss Abigail, staid spinster that she was without a thought of the ludicrousness of the proceeding, ran to the kitchen, snatched the horn from its nail and ran out with it to Prudence. And Prudence put it to "No, we don't!" said Miss Abigail, her lips and blew a blast so long and so shortly. And then-it was enough that | loud that it startled the birds into silence

> "He c'n hear that if he c'n hear any. thing," she muttered.

He did. He stopped. Prudence flourished the horn in frantic excite nent There was a moment of suspence, and then in pride. Prudence turned to Miss Abigail, who was standing by the gate. "He's comin' back," she said.

told his simple story. His name was Barry he had made, reached the cottage, Miss "We made up our minds to keep you, she said, "so long as you don't give too

much trouble." "Oh, thank you, ma'am!" cried Barry. "Indeed, I'll try to please you!"

I am sure he has succeeded, for the angel of life winds them up once for all, lilacs have been in bloom three times since | then closes the case and gives the key into "Then I stopped with Descon Staples a that morning, and he is with Miss Abigail the hand of the angel of the resurrection spell; he said he wanted to try me. But yet, growing tall and strong and manly as they wanted to bind me out to him, so I the years go by. He tills the bit of a farm which had so long lain unimproved, and in "None to blame, nuther," interposed winter attends school at the village, where Prudence, with a great deal of emphasis. he is in excellent repute. He is so faithful I've seen old Staples down to Trescott. and helpful and kind, that Prudence i

> fashion: "Harnsome is as harnsome does; an' you are deservin' of a bed o' black velvet, ole horn, for the deed you done that day!"

Two Curious Needles.

The King of Prussis recently visited needle manufactory in his kingdom, order to see what machinery, combined with the haman hand, could produce. II was shown a number of superfine nee il thousands of which, together, did not wes! half an ounce, and marvelled how such minute object could be p.erced with an eye But he was to see that in this respect something even still finer and more perfect could be created. The borer-that is the workingman whose business it is to hore the eyes in these needles, asked for a hair from the manarch's head. It was readily given and with a smile. He placed it at once under the boring machine, made hole in it with the greatest case, furnished it with a thread, and then handed the

singular needle to the astonished king. The second curious needle is in the pos session of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory Redditch, and represents the column of Trojan in ministore. This well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalize Trojan's heroic action in war. On thi split some kindlings, and I'll milk for you | Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely out and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Viotoria needle can, moreover, he opened Abigail's morning meal, she made ready a it contains a number of needles of small good, substantial breakfast for Barry, also. | size, which are equally adorned with scenes When he had eaten it he took up his hat in relief.

> When a man finds a dog collar in a piece of minoe pie he feels a little sorry for the dog, but his sympathies are mostly sonoen-

"Here's the milk-pail," said she so the was there, taking deep breaths of the fresh boy, who stood waiting; "an' the cow's in the yard yonder. Pay-day comes when path again between the like cambers and the cambers and the cambre in trated on himself.

List the combre the "new moon "when the work is done."

And Prudence smiled as she went a combre to the poton. The poton was there taking deep breaths of the fresh trated on himself.

Cambre talk about the "new moon "when the work is done."

And Prudence smiled as she went a country that the country is the country to the country that has been obtained as she went a country that the country the country that has been obtained as a country to the country that has been obtained as a country to the country that has been obtained as a country to the country the country that has been obtained as a country to the country the country that has been obtained as a country to the country that has been obtained as a country to the country that has been obtained as a country to the country that has been obtained as a country to the country the country that has been obtained as a country that has been obtained as a country that has been obtained as a country that the country the country that has been obtained as a country that the country that has been obtained as a country that the country that the country the country that the country that the country that the country that the country the country that the countr

DISCONTENT. Two boats rocked on the river, In the shadow of leaf and tree; One was in love with the harbor, One was in love with the see.

The one that loved the harbor The winds of fate outbore. But held the other longing

Porever against the shore. The one that rests on the river, In the shadow of leaf and tree, With wistful eyes looks ever To the one far out at see.

The one that rides the billows,

Though sailing far and fleet, Looks back to the peaceful river, To the harbor safe and sweet.

One frets against the quiet Of the moss grown shaded shore;

One sighs that it may enter That harbor nevermore.

One wearies of the dangers

Of the tempests rage and wail One dreams amid the lilies Of a far-off snowy sail.

Of all that life can teach us There's naught so true as this The winds of fate blow over, But ever blow amiss

Disraeli married in 1839 a lady somewhat older than himself, who had a fair competence, thus lifting him from penury, The devoted lady who became his wife not only brought him a fortune, but the most valuable companionship. She made herself the minister of his ambition with an extraordinary singleness of purposerelieving him of all domestic cares, attending to his smallest coinforts, warning him against enemies, and striving to recruit friends for him. Those who know he remember how every morning, when she had settied her household affairs with a quiet domineerin; activity, she would sit down to glance through heaps of newspapers, reviews, and even blue-books, to spare her husband this fatigue, At his ten o'clock breakfast he heard from her all the news of the day, got the pith of the leaders from the Times, was told of everything printed in his favor, and often received a useful budget of facts, statistics, and snecdotes bearing upon speeches which he was going to deliver. From the time of his marriage a greet change came over Disraeli. The fervid self-assertedness of hisbachelor days was put off; the florid imperfections of his dress were corrected; he became less anxious to shine than to please, less careful to convince than amuse. His For answer Prudence strode to the road | sure helpmate scored for him, so to say; marking down all the points that he made, watching the effect of his conversational shots, and reporting everything faithfully to him, so that he could never feel depressed

Wise Words.

He is not likely to be a true man who is alse to God.

Falsehood always endeavors to copy the mien and attitude of truth.

He who can conceal his joy is greater than he who can conceal his griefs. Our happiness and misery are trusted to our conduct, and made to depend upon it. . Nothing is ever done beautifully which is

done in rivalship, nor nobly which is done Let us learn to appreciate and value at their true price the little blessings that

There are men who love only themselves; and these are men of hatred, for to love one's self alone is to hate others.

day; if you have had bad habits, they grow older too; and the older both grow together they are to separate. Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The

Remember that you grow older every

What is One Man's Meat in An-

other Man's Poison. Good beef, good bread, exercise, sunshine, pure air, temperance, cleanliness, abundant sleep, a cheerful temper, and a hundred other things, are every man's meat, no man's poison. It is true there are some things which one man can bear and another cunnot, but they are of doubtful utility. If you keep to the good and safe in food and drink, there is no truth in the old saw that "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." This old saw is made to cover a multitude of dietetic sins. Thousands of persons starve themselves into thinness, paleness and nervousness, by living on white bread and sweet things, and leeping too little. O tmest, crucked wheat, traham brend, and beet, with plenty of lee , would make them plump and ruddy. -Dio Lineia

Humor of the Day. One of the naturalists gives the comfort assurance, as he calls it, that a bee can sting only once. Once is enough.

A glass worker can make \$175 per month. and if he works a glass in another direction. he can lose all he makes and all he can

A muff is defined as "a thing which

holds a girl's hands and don't squeeze it." Correct; and any fellow's "a moff" who will hold a girl's hand without squeezing

It isn't a great ways to the sad of a cat's The "skeleton in the closet" was first discovered when the hoopskirt was invent

It is hard to tell when a lie, a mosquito. or a deliquent subscriber is going to settle. No Zincola. A man does not receive : back pension because he was shot in the

How a woman can keep on talking while she twists up her back hair and has her mouth full of hairping is a mystery act yet