

28, 1876.

From the Aberdeen Journal.
THE LAMPLIGHTER,
 or,
Foundling of Christmas Morn.

It is now Christmas Eve. Mother Gray has gone out to make her Christmas purchases. Roland Gray is alone. From the small, thinly clad boy of ten years ago he has grown into the tall, handsome well-dressed young man of twenty-one. His home looks comfortable, and everything around him has a well-to-do appearance. What a lucky event for him was the taking home of that leg of mutton to Cavendish Square. Mrs. Chevey did not forget him; and on boxing-day presented him with a situation in his husband's office as messenger boy.

Mr. Chevey, the stock broker, is a kind good hearted man, soon discovered the many good qualities of his office boy, and in due time raised him to the position of a clerk. Step after step Roland rose, until he is now the most valuable clerk in the office; and Mr. Chevey would no more think of parting with him than of buying up the National Debt. Roland Gray has a good salary, and his old grandmother needs not to dress a shirt now, only she persists in doing those up of her grandson to keep her hand in, as she says. They have removed from the third floor in Hack's Court long ago, and have now a neat airy cottage to themselves in a neat airy street.

But Roland Gray is not a stranger in Hack's Court, for many an evening he spends in the garret room of his old friend, Colin Crisp, and many an hour he has spent there in teaching Nelly her lessons. Nelly is a great favorite with him, and a constant visitor at his neat airy cottage. That very night he is going to spend his Christmas eve with Crisp, Carroll & Co., in Hack's Court. He would not miss the lamplighter's great annual treat for anything.

A loud knocking was heard at the door. To the surprise of Roland, it was a rough sun-tanned sailor, who had newly arrived from Calcutta, and who brought a parcel from Kenneth Seaton to him.

The parcel contained presents for him and his grandmother, and a pair of ear-rings rolled up in a £5 note, for little Nelly as a Christmas present. There was a letter too, the contents of which Roland eagerly devoured. Kenneth, after detailing his good fortune and success at sea, and how he had become second in command of a large vessel in the Indian and Australian trades, told of his having learned of the return of his father to Scotland, and begged of Roland to visit Bellrose, and give the father tidings of his runaway and now repentant son. He will make you kindly welcome, I can assure you, Roland, the letter went on, and after bringing Ella Bell under his friend's notice, added: Tell Ella Bell I have not forgot her. She used to be very fond of me, you know. I am anxious to know all about my old playmate.

Although the lamplighter's humble garret was but a humble place, notwithstanding the bunches of holly and sprigs of mistletoe, berries which bedecked its walls, not to speak of the customary rushlights which burnt in the midst of ivy leaves in the window, and not to be at all compared with the grand drawing-room in the West End, yet it contained a happier party than Christmas Eve than the fashionable assembly in Mr. Seaton's on the night before. Mr. Carroll was in excellent voice, and made speeches of which the House of Commons never heard the like. Colin Crisp was in raptures, and sang comic songs without end; he went so far as to declare he was the happiest man in all London, and offered to bat upon it. Little Nelly enjoyed herself too. So did Roland Gray. Every one did.

Christmas morning, Nelly Crisp is up early, her cheerful song awakening the drowsy lamplighter from his deep sleep. She was going to sing at Mother Gray's that day, and she was in happy spirits. Putting on her stockings she felt something hard in the toe of them. What if the fairies had been here throughout the night? she said to herself. Let me see. A piece of paper—why it is a bank note! and oh, such a ringing?

How proud she was to show them to the lamplighter. Colin Crisp was amazed, to all appearance, and declared the good fairies had certainly gone and done it. But for all that he knew better; he had been the fairy himself, instructed by Roland Gray on the previous evening.

The secret was, however, fully divulged at the Christmas dinner of Mother Gray, when Roland read the letter of Kenneth Seaton.

"Oh, father! that must have been Kenneth's fairy where we got the half sovereign. The kind lady is Ella Bell. I am sure of it," exclaimed Nelly, on hearing the latter read.

"Bless me! I shouldn't wonder if it is after all. I wish so at the time."

It is now late in the afternoon. The London residence of Mr. Seaton is alive with busy servants preparing for the Christmas dinner.

Roland Gray is shown into the library, where Mr. Seaton sits alone, to explain his business. Mr. Seaton starts from his chair; the joy

which enters his heart is almost too much for him to bear.

"My son! Kenneth is alive, did you say?" broke from the old gentleman's lips, as he grasped the hand of his young visitor. "Bless you for the tidings—bless! This is indeed a joyful Christmas to me!" Tears of joy rolled down the cheeks of the gladdened father.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Sad Case.—The sequel to a ruined life, says the *Examiner*, was enacted at the Police Court, Brantford, the other morning. In the dock appeared Andrew Perrin, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, in and for the County of Brant, to answer a charge of "drunk and disorderly," and Mr. Weyman inflicted the apparently severe sentence of \$50 fine, or six months in gaol. Prisoner was committed. A few years since Perrin was one of the most active of our business men, a member of a firm doing a large and lucrative trade, but for the past few years he has become so debased by spirituous liquors as to become a nuisance to society. His wife and children have been driven from home, and the property he once possessed is either dissipated or deeply embarrassed. Such is life.

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A Good Assortment of

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Watchmaker,
Post Office Store, Acton.

December 19, 1876.

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The merchant who provides the best goods at the cheapest value for his customers.

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For both old and young, but their greatest beauty is their cheapness.

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This line my customers may rely on getting their goods fresh and good, as I have purchased them all within the past two weeks, and am selling them at prices that would have to be paid for goods that have been in stock for several months.

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Fresh Oysters, Finnan Haddie, Pork and Bologna Sausage, Yarmouth Blotters, &c., always on hand.

Call and examine the goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

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Post Office Store, Acton.

December 19, 1876.

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CATALOGUE.—Fifty pages—300 illustrations, with descriptions of the best flowers and vegetables. The first number is now ready, and will be followed by monthly numbers. Price, 25 cents for the first number, and 25 cents for each subsequent number. Order from Mr. VICK, Rochester, N.Y.

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