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ONTARIO HARNESS SHOP. To my many friends and customers, I wish to return thanks for past favors, and ask for a continuance of that confidence which I trust has been beneficial to us all during the last eight years. I have just secured the services of a first-class LIGHT HARNESS MAKER, For a short term. Any parties requiring a first class light Harness should leave their orders immediately. My Make of SCOTCH AND OTHER COLLARS, has a high repute on where known. WHIPS VERY CHEAP FOR CASH. Repairing Promptly attended to. R. CREECH. Acton, Nov. 7, 1878.



THE ACTON FREE PRESS Published every Thursday Morning $1 Per Annum in Advance

Acton Free Press T. ALBERT MOORE, Editor.

THURSDAY MORNING, Dec. 19, 1878.


## CHRISTMAS.

Ere another week passes round that glad day, Christmas, when everyone enjoys himself and herself; when separated families are brought together; when it is the custom for happy couples to be united in the bonds of holy matrimony; when the children are made glad by the many presents of old Santa Claus, &c., &c., will have passed. As a noted poet says;—

Glad Christmas comes, and every heart
Makes room to give him welcome now,
Then want will dry its tears in mirth,
And crown him with a holly bough.

When you hear the word "Christmas! what a host of delicious associations rush into memory at the very sound of the word. The innermost chords of the heart are touched and sweet music is awakened within us But there is a mixture of sadness amongst these our pleasant remembrances: there are faces absent this Christmas which we shall see no more; hands which we can no longer clasp; the place of some dear little children, or perhaps some loved brother or sister, or some loving husband and father are vacant. But do not let us be cast down, rather look up, as the season is bright with gladness. There is still many things for us to love and cherish — many true friends to welcome—many blessings, large and small, for us to treasure up. At Christmas time we take stock of all this, as it winds up the Old Year, and we enter on the coming New Year with cheerfulness and hope.

While the tables of the rich are groaning under the delicacies of the season, those of the poor are not not empty. It is one of the glories of Christmas time that we are reminded of the poor. We reserve our great charities for this festival season. It is an old and time-honored observance—the dispensing of food to the poor and aged at Christmas. Many dark homes are made glad by the Angel visits of charity, want forgets to pine, and grief to wail, while benevolence and bounty pour forth their stores of comfort and consolation.

Another glory of Christmas is in the extent to which it is enjoyed. In the largest and busiest cities; the county town; the humble village; in the struggling hamlets, and in the retired nook in the country, Christmas reigns supreme It brings a holiday to all. As the crowded train dashes past, the weary traveller gets an occasional glimpse of cheerful fires and happy faces through the windows of cottages as he is hurried onwards to be welcomed at his own dear home.

But it is not Christmas in Canada alone. It is the grand festival of all christendom, the glad sound of Christmas echoes from the remote east to the far west; from the prairies of America to the wilderness of Asia. It travels over mountain chains through unknown forests and across bounding seas; from land to land the glad sound is taken up, and the merry bells of Christmas, circle the earth, and their brazen welcome is the universal language of the nation.

Not the least glory of Christmas is that it keeps alive among us the memory of the Great Lover of mankind, for on that day was born the divinest heart that ever walked this earth. We are transported to the fields of Bethlehem, and the song which was sung by the angels to the shepherd keeping watch over their flocks by night. Dim centuries stretch between that epoch and this, yet the song of the angels still resounds among men, it continues to echo the "tidings of great joy to all mankind." The ages have rolled on, and carried the ark of christianity on their bosoms; weeping over temples of heathen gods, and freighted with an increasing store of life and love from age to age. With thankfulness and joy, therefore, we hail Christmas time, which reminds us of our privileges, and of our high destiny. Let us exhibit the influence of this faith in our innocent joy and cheerfulness, and charity, and heart-felt love.

In conclusion we would respectfully wish all our patrons a "Merry Christmas."

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It is rumoured that some over-zealous Conservatives are attempting to induce the Government to dismiss, not only the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec but those of Ontario and Manitoba.

Four counties are now taking steps for the submittal of the new Canada Temperance Act, viz.: Carlton, Russell, Leeds & Grenville and Huron. In Carlton, more than sufficient signatures have been obtained.

The East Toronto and Monck local nominations took place on Saturday. In the former constituency Mr. John Leys and Hon. Alexander Morris, and in the latter Mr R. Harcourt and Mr. John E. Heaslip, were the Reform and Conservative nominees respectively.

## The Marriage Question.

*To the Editor of the Free Press.*

DEAR SIR:—Having seen a communication in your last issue relating to the Marriage Question and Early Marriages, I beg leave to say a few words on this important question, which is being discussed through all the leading newspapers. Now, Mr. Editor, considering the style of lady that "Bank Clerk" and "Barrister" look to for wives it is not at all surprising that they do not wish to marry on less than $800 a year, as our own village has its quota of young women who consider that sum too small. Unless he has a house already furnished, they consider $1000 little enough to commence life with. Now, Mr. Editor, you may think that I have been proposing to some of those young ladies, since I know so much about it, but, as the saying is, "I fight shy of such women;" if I should propose to such it would only be for a joke. Thank fortune, they are not all alike, for

"There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wadna' gie her in her sark,
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark'—
Ye need na' look sae high!"

"Mr. Mackmarrow" has got peculiar ideas of a wife's duties. I would not care for the style of woman that "Mr. Mack." wants. I should prefer a real genuine woman, with womanly sympathies, and she would understand all the rest herself. She would be better of a little more spirit than "Michael" talks about—even though she did occasionally disturb the internal arrangement of the matrimonial wigwam. I concur with him in the opinion that early marriages are the best, for young ladies are willing to live in a cottage, but when they reach a certain age they are a little more fastidious in their tastes until they reach another uncertain age, when they will accept the first offer they receive, with pleasure. Mr. Editor, if you do not consider this worth inserting in the columns of your interesting journal, you may consign it to the waste basket.

Yours truly,
ACTONIAN.

Acton, Dec, 17th, 1878.

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The *New Dominion Monthly* has suspended publication, after an existence of eleven years.

A hotelkeeper named Roddy fatally shot a drunken man named Montgomery of Peterboro' on Saturday night last.

Few things are impracticable in themselves, and it is for want of application rather than means that men fail of success.

"There, there, Johnny," said a fond mother, put up that jam. Enough is as good as a feast." "Mebbe 't is," replied Johnny; but I'll take the feast in mine.

A lady remonstrated with her butcher for his cruel treatment in putting little lambs to death. "Why madame," said he, "you would not eat them alive, would you!"

Cyprian Costaflrose, the Italian, was hanged on Friday 13th inst., for the murder of a Frenchman named Mathevon, a silk importing merchant from Lyons, and a resident of Montreal. The murder was committed some months ago. The two men went out boating, and Costaflrolas returned alone. Mathevon's body was afterwards found, with his skull smashed.

## NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES.

*(For the Free Press.)*

TEACHER.
Hold up your head, hold up your head,
Come, there's a little man, sir,
Now tell me who Disraeli is,
Now tell me if you can, sir.

PUPIL.
Disraeli is the Minister
Who's won an honored name,
He's bound to keep the Russians down,
And save Old England's fame.
He says "We do not want to fight,
But England can't retreat;
We've got the men and money,
We've got the guns and fleet."

TEACHER.
Quite right my boy! hold up your head,
Now there's a learned man, sir,
Now tell me who Lord Dufferin is,
Now tell me if you can, sir.

PUPIL.
Lord Dufferin is a Irishman,
And wise in my opinion,
He came out here five years ago
To rule this broad Dominion.
But now he's crossed the Ocean,
Where he intends to stay,
We would have kept the Dufferin,
For Lorne he went away.

TEACHER.
Quite right, my boy, quite right,
Now, there's a loyal man, sir,
Now tell me who's the Lord of Lorne,
Come, tell me if you can, sir.

PUPIL.
The Lord of Lorne, is a Scotchman,
One of the Campbell clan,
He's married to a Princess,
And is a learned man.
He has been sent here by the Queen
To rule this "Rising Nation,"
And we sincerely hope he'll meet
Our greatest expectation.

TEACHER.
Quite right, my boy, quite right,
And now we have one more.
Now who is John Macdonald?
You've heard of him before.

PUPIL.
Sir John Macdonald is the man
Who won the last Election,
They say the reason of it was
He promised us Protection.
He was the man who brought about
That great confederation.
That union of the Provinces.
Who formed a friendly nation.

TEACHER.
Quite right, my boy, quite right,
Hold up your head, &c., &c., &c.

# EDWIN RAWDON.

CHAPTER II. *Continued.*

EDWIN RAWDON THE BANKER.

"Impossible," Jacob answered coldly. "Mr. Rawdon is particularly engaged. If you will be good enough to state your business, I shall be very happy to—"

"Thank you. No; I won't trouble you. My time is very precious just now; but as my business is important, I'll wait till Mr. Rawdon is disengaged. When a man comes to place the savings of a lifetime with a banking firm in which he has confidence, he feels a sort of satisfaction in depositing his money in the hands of the principal."

Jacob Danielson's thin lips twitched nervously. The savings of a lifetime! A stranger eager to place his money in Edwin Rawdon's hands at a time when the banker expected only the frantic demands of panic-stricken depositors, eager to snatch their treasures from a falling house.

Jacob looked with keen, scrutinizing eyes at the honest sailor, half suspecting that there might be some trap hidden beneath his apparent simplicity. But no one looking at Harley Westford could possibly suspect him of cunning or treachery.

"The poor fool has walked straight into the lion's den," thought the clerk, "and he'll be tolerably close shaved before he walks out of it.

He sat at his desk for some minutes, scratching his head in a reflective manner, and looking furtively at handsome hazel-eyed Harley Westford, who was swinging his cane, and rocking himself backwards and forwards on his chair in a manner expressive of considerable impatience.

Presently the clerk dismounted from his high stool. "Coming, I see you're in a hurry, sir," he said, "so I'll go into the parlor and ascertain what Mr. Rawdon's engagements are. Shall I take your card?"

"Yes; you may as well do so. My father was a customer of the firm, and Mr. Rawdon may have heard my name before to-day."

He *may* have heard your name, Harley Westford! That name is written in letters of fire on the heart of Edwin Rawdon, never to be erased on this side of the grave.

Jacob Danielson carried the card into the banker's sitting room, and threw it on the table before his master, without once deigning to look at the name inscribed upon it.

"Some unfortunate fool has come to deposit a lump of money in your hands, sir," he said, coolly; "he's very particular about placing it in *your* hands, so that he may be sure it's safe. I suppose you'll see him!"

"Yes," answered the banker laughtily; "you can show him in."

The cool insolence of his clerk's manner galled him cruelly. He had borne the same insolence without wincing in the hour of his prosperity; but now that he felt himself upon the verge of ruin Jacob Danielson's familiarity stung him to the quick. A deposed sovereign is quick to feel insolence from his lackeys.

It was only when the clerk had left the room that Edwin Rawdon looked at the card lying on the table before him.

His glance was careless at first; but in this very moment when he recognized the name inscribed upon the slip of pasteboard, his face changed as few faces have power to change.

The sallow skin darkened to a dull leaden tint; a kind of electric flame seemed to kindle in the dark eyes.

"Harley Westford!" he muttered. "And it is to me, his bitterest enemy, that he brings his wealth; and at such a time as this! There is a Nemesis who plans these things."

The banker crushed the card in his sinewy hand, and after that one passionate gesture controlled his emotion by a strength of will which was like iron in its unyielding nature. His face, so suddenly distorted, became as suddenly calm and placid, and he looked up with a friendly smile as Harley entered the room.

No warning presentiment restrained the sailor at this last moment. He handed the pocket book to the banker, and said quietly "That, Mr. Rawdon, contains the hard won earnings of twenty years. Be so good as to count the notes. You'll find a thousand for every year—not so bad, take it all in all. I had the money invested in foreign loans, and it brought me very handsome interest, I can assure you. But some wise friends of mine have taken fright. There's to be war here, and war there—two or three thrones expected to topple over during the next six months, and three or four glorious republics on the point of intestine war. 'Sell out,' say my friends. 'What! and give up ten per cent!' say I. And then they remind me of the cautious old Duke's axiom: 'The better your interest the worse your security.' So I 'cave in' at once, as the Yankees say; and here I am, safe out of the lion's claws, and ready to accept the current rate of interest for my capital."

"I congratulate you on your escape," answered the banker. "There's more than one storm brewing on the continent, and foreign stocks are dropping every day."

"Well, I'm glad I've done right. You see, I'm going to risk my life upon one more journey before I settle down in the pleasant harbour of home.

I don't know anything about this house myself, but I know my father trusted your father to this dying day. I shall feel quite comfortable when my money is safely lodged in your hands. You find the amount correct, I suppose?"

Edwin Rawdon was counting the little packet of notes which he held in his hand as the Captain spoke. Harley Westford did not see that the banker's hand trembled slightly as it grasped the fluttering pieces of tissue paper.

Twenty thousand pounds! Such a trusted in his keeping at such a moment might be the salvation of his credit.

"I have one charge more to confide in your hands," said the Captain, "and then I can leave England in peace. This sealed packet contains the title-deeds of a small estate in Hampshire, on which my wife and children reside; with your permission I will lodge the packet in your hands."

As he spoke, Harley Westford laid a sealed packet on the table.

"I shall be happy to accept any charge you may confide in me," the banker answered with a courteous smile.

"And you'll allow me decent interest on my money?"

"On deposits placed with us for a year, certain, we allow five per cent."

"I think that settles everything," said the sailor; "and now I can face danger, or death, without fear. Come what may, my wife and children are provided for. Let my fate be what it will, they are beyond the power of evil fortune."

Edwin Rawdon, bending over the papers before him, smiled to himself as Harley Westford uttered these words—a strange, almost satanic smile.

"Stay!" exclaimed the captain, "you ought to give me some kind of receipt for that money, and those deeds, ought you not? I don't pretend to be a man of business; but you see in these affairs a family man is bound to be precise—even if he happens to be a sailor."

"Most decidedly; I was waiting the opportunity of giving you your receipt," replied the banker, coolly.

He touched a little hand bell on the table before him, and the next minute Jacob Danielson appeared in answer to the summons.

"Bring me some blank forms of receipt, Danielson."

The clerk obeyed; and Edwin Rawdon filled in the receipt for twenty thousand pounds.

To this he affixed his own signature, and then handed the paper to Jacob Danielson, who signed his name below that of his master, as witness. The banker also filled in and duly signed an acknowledgment of the sealed packet containing the title deeds of the Grange.

With these two documents in the breast-pocket of his light outer coat, Harley Westford departed, delighted with the idea that he had tendered the fortunes of his wife and children thoroughly secure.

The same hansom cab that had driven him from the railway station to the bank in Lombard street drove him to the Dock, where he alighted, and made his way on board his own vessel, the Lily Queen.

Her freight had been taken on board some days before, and all was ready for departure. A bright faced, good looking man of five and twenty was pacing up and down the deck as the Captain came alongside the vessel.

This young man was Gilbert Thorndleigh, first mate of the Lily Queen, and a great favourite of Hatley Westford's. He had been down to the Grange with his Captain, and had fallen desperately in love with Violet in the course of a three days' visit to that rustic paradise; but it is needless to say that the sailor kept the secret of his inflammable heart. The Captain's beautiful daughter seemed as high above him as some dudless crowned with a diadem and robed in ermine might appear to some young captain of household troops.

Captain Westford greeted Gilbert with a hearty grasped of the hand.

"True to my time, you see, my lad," he said.

"Yes, Captain; always true."

"And this time I can leave England with a light heart," said Harley; "for I have made all secure for my wife and children. No more foreign loans and Otahette railway debentures and Fiji Island first preference bonds, my lad, which bewilder a plain man's brains when he tries to understand them. I have placed the whole lump of money in the hands of an old established England banker, and in my pocket here I have Edwin Rawdons receipt for the cash."

Gilbert Thornleigh stared aghast at his Captain.

"Edwin Rawdon!" he exclaimed. "You can't mean that, Captain! You can't mean that you have placed your money with the firm of Rawdon and Selby!"

"Why not, lad! Why shouldn't I place it with them!"

"Because it is whispered that they are on the verge of ruin. I had a few hundreds in their hands myself until yesterday; but my uncle, an old city man, gave me a word of warning, and I drew every farthing of my money before the bank closed last night. But don't be uneasy, Captain, the rumor may be a false one. Besides, it's not too late; you can withdraw your money."

"Harley Westford's face grew suddenly white. He reeled like a drunken man, and clung to the bulwark for support.

"The villain!" he exclaimed; "the infernal scoundrel! He knew that the money belonged to my wife and children, and he smiled in my face while he took it from me!"

But there is time enough yet, Captain," said Gilbert Thornleigh, looking at his watch; "the bank will not close before four o'clock, and it's now only three. You can go ashore and get your money back.

"Yes," cried Harley Westford, with a terrible oath, "I will have my money—or the life of that villain! My children! My wife! The scoundrel could look me in the face and know that he was robbing two helpless women! No, no, my darlings, you shall not be cheated!"

"Captain, there is not a moment to lose."

"I know, lad;" answered Harley, passing his hand across his brow as if to collect his scattered senses. "This news upset me a bit at first, but I shall be all right presently. see here, my lad; you know how I have always trusted you, and now I must place a still greater trust in your hands. Come what may, the Lily Queen sails at daybreak to-morrow. If I am on board her by that time, well and good. If not, she must sail without me, and you, Gilbert Thornleigh, go as her captain. Remember that; I will have no delays; the men are all on board her, her cargo is expected and waited for out yonder. There has been too much delay as it is, and it's a point of honor with me not to lose another hour. I trust you, Gilbert as if you were my son. Heaven only knows when I may see England's water again. If this man Edwin Rawdon is indeed on the verge of ruin, he will scarcely relinquish twenty thousand pounds without a struggle. But, come what may, I will have the money from him, by fair means or foul. In the meantime, Gilbert, I trust the command of the vessel to you in case of the worst. Remember, she sails to-morrow morning."

*(To be continued.)*

## Death of Princess Alice.

### On the Anniversary of her Father's Death.

DARMSTADT, Dec. 14.—The Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, died at 7:30 o'clock this morning. She was unconscious from 2:30 o'clock until the time of her death.

The Grand Duchess was born on April 25th, 1843. Her father, the late Prince Albert, died on Saturday, December 14th, 1861. It is a remarkable coincidence that she died on the same day of the week and the same day of the same month as her father, the late Prince Consort, whom she nursed during his fatal illness.

Coming so soon after the festivities upon her arrival at her New World home, and with the strain of parting still oppressing her, the loss of her sister must be felt severely indeed by the Princess Louise, to make whose stay among them one for grateful remembrance Canadians have a new, if a sad, incentive.

Alice Maud Mary, Duchess of Saxony was born on the 25th of April, 1843, and at the time of her death, on Saturday morning last, was in her 36th year. She was the second daughter and third child of Her Majesty. She was the especial favorite of her father, the late Prince Consort, and was the idol of her brother and sisters. Her education was unusually thorough and complete, even for a lady of her exalted station in life, and she early displayed mental endowments of a high order. At the the time of her marriage she was one of the best amateur musicians in England, and could converse fluently in five different languages. On the 1st of July, 1862, she was married at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, to Prince Frederic William Louis, of Hesse, who succeeded to the throne upon the death of his uncle, the Grand Duke Ludwig III., on the 13th of June, 1877. Seven children have been born to this marriage, five of whom survive. The death by diptheria of the youngest child, the Princess Marie, took place quite recently, and it was while in attendance upon this daughter that her mother contracted the disease which caused her death, as reported in the preceding despatch.

## The Newspaper—A Fragment.

The great press slowly moves; its arms are reaching for their strong embrace.

"Stop the press!"

The giant rests again. There is an error of statement to be corrected, or an objectionable article to be withdrawn. The types are taken out and borne away—corpses of dead thought.

Look now again at the mass of type—dead! inert as the earth you tread on. But see! The white sheet has fallen on their upturned faces; the touch of the press has baptized them; the life that was in them has passed upon paper, and the new creation is pregnant with thought—a thing with a soul, for it can move the souls of men. That sheet so blank before is a living power now. A change has passed over it as marvellous as if in an instant the unwritten face of the boy should put on the furrows of age, the lines of care, the impress of manhood's experience, thought and toil.

Thus the paper is born, and goes out into the world. No messenger can overtake it. Its utterance is unalterable now. It may be explained but not erased. The printed word can no more be recalled than the departed spirit can be wooed back to the cold body which it has left.

Here now, we have it—the newspaper! Wonderful product of brain and toil! One would think it should be dearly bought and highly prized, and yet it is the cheapest thing in the world. Two or three cents will buy it. One or two dollars will bring it to your home every week in the year. And yet there are men too poor to take a newspaper! They can pay five cents for a glass of beer; they can pay twenty-five cents for a circus ticket, or fifty for the theatre, yet they are too poor to buy a newspaper—a newspaper, which is a ticket of admission into the great Globe Theatre, whose dramas are written by God himself.