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Acton Free Press

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Whole No. 283

FLOUR & FEED STORE

STORER 1

LAWSON BROS. BAKERS & CONFECTIONERS.

FLOUR AND FEED STORE.

FLOUR OF ALL KINDS, including Family Flour, Buckwheat Flour, Graham Flour.

MEALS:—Corn, Meal, Oat Meal, Cracked Wheat, Bran.

Mixed Claps, Oats and Beans.

ALL GOODS DELIVERED TO ANY PART OF THE VILLAGE AS SOON AS ORDERED.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY FOR 1880.

TO ADVERTISERS.

WEEKLY SPECTATOR.

PER YEAR (\$1) PER YEAR.

BALANCE OF 1880 FREE.

CLASH FOR BIKES.

WANTED.

ALEX. F. SMITH.

"We must have Bread,"

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

Very Best Of Bread, BUNS, CAKES, PASTRY AND CONFECTIONERY.

BREAD DELIVERED.

OYSTER PARLOR.

New Butcher Shop.

WM. FARR.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCENE OF THE ACTION.

PROVERBS.

WANTED.

ALEX. F. SMITH.

THE FREE PRESS.

THURSDAY MORNING NOV. 25, 1880.

POETRY.

Let Them Laugh and Play.

Once she told me that their noise.

Mothers, let your children frolic.

BEING A STORY OF TEMPTATION, TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCENE OF THE ACTION.

PROVERBS.

WANTED.

ALEX. F. SMITH.

remembrance by many of the old time residents of the grand old military post, Niagara.

helpless condition of his baby girl had doubtless had much effect in softening the heart of the Colonel toward the orphan, but six years the senior of his Era.

How this may be matters not, but the two children in childhood were inseparable playmates, Maurice acting as "Booster" to little Eva, till the stern demands of the service separated them.

At the time we introduced her to the reader she had developed into a beautiful English maiden, with nothing of the "Dorothy girl" style about her.

But not with the romantic associations grouped about classic old Niagara do we deal, but simply with a very momentous episode in the military career of Sergeant Major Dillon, of the 109th, and how nearly his life was forever dislocated on the parade ground at Butler's barracks in the year of grace 184—.

Maurice Dillon was, as his name implies, of Irish extraction, and might with every truth be termed a soldier of fortune.

Colonel Westerland was as a father to the men comprising the gallant 109th, and while a strict disciplinarian, was no martinet.

Such as these with Moore's melodies, or Motherwell's Scottish songs, were her favorites.

Thus educated and associated, it is no wonder that Era Westerland, as she laddered into womanhood, found her heart filled with the image of the playmate of her early years!

With Maurice Dillon the case was much the same. He had for years borne imprinted upon his soul's tablets, the image of Era Westerland. Still, she was not his Colonel's daughter!

No doubt all this will sound incoherent to the reader, who insists upon the necessity for uninteresting the social condition of life intact, but as in this version a compilation of facts, it is not the writer's intention to embody many love passages, nor give special reasons for their occurrence.

Among those who noted with interest the career of the young soldier, was Era Westerland, the only daughter of the Colonel of the regiment. She, from early childhood had watched, admired, and finally, in her mature girlhood, had learned in secret to love the gallant young protégé of the regiment. Her father, a soldier's child, had but faintly the thoughts and ideas associated with a life in field and camp.

England she had spent her life with the regiment, as the companion of her father. Her mother had died in India, of the same plague that had left Maurice Dillon an orphan, and the

love episode between a maid of high degree, and a humble soldier was not our purpose to know that the young soldier and his lady love understood each other thoroughly, and that each had acknowledged a responsive attachment for the other.

There are two ways to pay a church debt. One is for the congregation to subscribe the money, at the cost of some self sacrifice, and pay the debt as people pay any debt.

Then give it to the church. Then you buy it back again. Then eat it up, and then—your church debt is paid.

Why soldiers, why should we be melancholy boys?

When our business is to die!

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