

THE Acton Free Press

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Acton Free Press

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The Newspaper—'A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns.'

\$1.50 if not so paid.

ACTON, ONT THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1880.

Whole No. 284

H. H. KITTREDGE, BANKER, ACTON, ONTARIO.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES. Notes Discounted and Interest allowed on Deposits.

The Bank of Montreal. FLOUR & FEED STORE.

LAWSON BROS. Flour and Feed Store.

FLOUR AND FEED STORE. Flour of all kinds, including Family Flour, Buckwheat Flour, Graham Flour.

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

Mixed Chop, 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.

TO ADVERTISERS. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Select List of Local Newspapers.

PROVERBS. No one can be healthy and happy unless he is contented with his lot.

MANHOOD. HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED! We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Carter's Celebrated Essay on the Radical Cure of Gonorrhoea.

PUMPS! PUMPS! PUMPS! W. E. Adams, manufacturer of superior Well and Cistern Pumps.

CHARLES CAMERON. Main St., Acton. Agent for the Bell Organ, manufactured by Messrs. W. Bell & Co., Glasgow.

'We must have Bread,' THE FREE PRESS. So say Ireland's poor, and so say we.

B. & E. NICKLIN BAKERS & CONFECTIONERS, CORNER MAIN & MILL STREETS, ACTON.

Very Best Of Bread. BEAS, 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.

OYSTER PARLOR. In a few days we will have in a supply of the best brands of oysters, and will serve them in any style in connection with the Bakery.

New Butcher Shop. WM. FARR. Would intimate to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business lately carried on by Mr. Crow, and that he has always on hand a first-class stock of

POULTRY AND GAME IN SEASON, &c., and to be kept in the best style.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, OR A Keg of Spike Nails. BEING A STORY OF TEMPTATION, TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

CHAPTER II. TEMPTATION—A HARMONIOUS DISCORD. The regiment had been sent to Canada to recuperate after a year's campaign in Africa, where it had suffered severely from malarial fever.

Dear old Niagara! How hath thy former glories departed! To day no more is heard the rattle that called hosts of soldiers from their couch!

Not only was the old town the scene of military bustle and activity in these long gone days, but in civil pursuits the same energy and industry was perceptible.

Prominent among these was the Niagara Harbor and Dock Company, with its immense workshops and ship yards, at that day in the very zenith of their prosperity, but to-day, alas!

Specs received sir! ten kegs sir! All safely stored sir! Be pleased to personally examine them sir!

'Very well, Sergeant Forbes, give me the shipping and other papers. I am very, very busy just now, but I have every confidence in a good steady old soldier like you, making no mistakes. Rather heavy banding, Sergeant, were they not?'

'Rather, sir; but we had no trouble. Here are all the papers I received sir.'

'All right, Sergeant! You may consider yourself dismissed from further service in this matter. You put the specs in the vaults, I suppose?'

'Yes sir! and the clerk has the key,' with which the Sergeant turned on his heel with military precision, and bringing his hand again to the salute departed, humming the soldier's favorite camp song:

'We'll cross the seas and raging main, Tolanders, Portugal, or Spain. The Queen commands and we obey! Over the hills and far away.'

It was during the early days of summer, when with the advent of charming May, all nature had put on her holiday garb. A Canadian summer! How much of joy and beauty is expressed in the word, 'A Canadian summer!'

About Niagara was this especially the case. The magnificent plains where 20,000 men could manoeuvre with ease. The umbrageous forests, and well cultivated farms, forming the deep, dark background to the picture.

The pale residences, where the wealthy had traced homes lowly in all their natural associations and surroundings. On the north lies the broad expanse of the noble Ontario, waiting its life renewing breezes upon the verdant shores, and forming in itself a panoramic picture of beauty, dotted with the white sails of the busy merchantmen, or marked by the long columns of black smoke, showing the route of some steamer down the lake.

On the east the town is bailed by the magnificent Niagara, bearing the 'world of waters,' on its bosom as contributed from the upper inland seas! Truly if any spot in Canada be more beautiful than another it is Niagara! where the 'meeting of the waters' forms the north eastern point of this fair peninsula. How well would the quotation here apply, 'If you seek a beautiful peninsula look around you.'

CHAPTER III. ENTANGLEMENTS AND BLENDED. All was life and activity in the various military quarters in anticipation of the general review of the troops in garrison by the commissioner in chief, General R—, who, with his suite was to be present on the forthcoming anniversary of Her Majesty's birthday.

In every department the work of renovating the buildings and otherwise freshening up the general appearance of the dingy old barracks and officers' quarters was in full operation. Fatigue parties, with barrow, broom and brush were cleaning, sorting and removing the accumulated debris, while carpenters, painters and others, were making the old new. Squads of men were drilling; bugles and drummers practicing the field calls; the regimental band busy with the latest music; armorers clattering in their workshops; orderlies moving to and fro; mounted officers galloping rapidly from post to post; butchers, bakers, grocers, bringing rations and supplies, all constituting a busy scene of martial activity in the school of Mars.

With the rising of the sun every morning, the whole force were on the common drill in 'battalion, or brigades, while the notes of the bugle and sharp detonations of volley firing announced to the sleepy citizens that preparations for a 'great time' was being made among the soldiers in anticipation of the coming Queen's birthday!

THE FREE PRESS. THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 2, 1880.

POETRY. Taking Toll. In the door of the mill stood Richard Lee; White as an image of snow was he, From his heavy boots to his beautiful lips, From the crown of his hat to his finger tips.

Now, slowly jogging along the streets, Drove Father Beary with his grist of wheat, And with him Beary, as fresh as the Spring, And ripe as the fruit the fall months bring.

While the farmer drove about the town, Young Lee ground the wheat and bolted it. With many a glance at the maiden fair Who sat by the door in the oaken chair. At last he called her in shouting tones, And she stood by the whirling, rumbling stones.

And watched the grain as it ebbed so still Till the farmer came; but the noise of the mill Drowned the noise of his feet, and over the hopper Two heads were bent; and when Richard Lee Saw him standing there, he stammered, 'I see—'

'This is'—then he passed and shuffled his feet; 'I think these are weevil in your wheat!'

The former smiled and said, 'Well, Beas, Of the two evils always choose the least.' And the maiden looked down confused and meek, With a pat of flour on either cheek! Still the old man didn't take it ill, For he knew young Richard owned the mill.

But he mused as they slowly rode away, 'Well, I've been to the mill now many a day— Say forty odd years—but bless my soul! That chap beat all of them taking toll.'

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Over the hills and far away, The distant hills and far away, We'll fight for glory, not for pay; Over the hills and far away.

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What times these were; especially for the boys of the town, who would be out with the first morning roll of the drum, to follow the soldiers, gathering the surreptitiously dropped cartridges thrown away by the men to save the trouble of loading. And then later on in the day, these same boys, with the ammunition thus obtained, a handful of lead slugs got from bullets dug up on the old battle field, and a couple of old tin muskets, would make for the 'oak bush,' to blaze away at the poor little chip-wanks ground squirrels or gray birds, so the horror and disgust of some adjacent picnic party

'Seated on the ground, With bags in the butt and arts in the milk, And skippers buzzing round.'

'And these wretched boys to add to the consider yourself dismissed from further military and discontent.'

These boys are old gray, or bald headed, men now! what is left of them, however, though grave and revered seniors, will smile as they read these lines, and remember those bright May mornings on old Niagara commons 'a many years ago.'

In the paymaster's department the same activity was observed as elsewhere. The work of paying up all arrears had almost been completed, and Maurice Dillon with his efficient staff of assistants had so pushed the duty that but little remained to be done, save balancing the books, and he soon would be freed from this duty, as distasteful to him, and be permitted to resume his legitimate place in the ranks.

As may be presumed, Colonel Westerland was indefatigable in his efforts to make his command appear to the best advantage, and might be held on his gray charger every morning, out with the regiment at drill. He was becoming somewhat restive at the long continued absence of his favorite non-commissioned officer from his regular duties, and almost blamed the well-known ability of Maurice for figures, that had made him necessary in the ordnance department.

'How long is this money business to last, Maurice?' he would peevishly ask on his daily visit to the department.

'Only a few days more, Colonel Westerland,' Maurice would reply, with a smile. 'We have everything nearly completed, and I certainly shall be glad, sir, as I dislike the separation from the regiment as much as you can.'

'Well, well, my boy, hurry it up, and get out with us once more, for I want you to look your best on the 24th. That day may be to you, Maurice my son, the most eventful day of your life,' and with a nod in return to Maurice's salute, the Colonel rode away.

'The most eventful day of my life,' quoth Maurice. 'What can the Colonel mean! Ah! possibly some of his good natured surmises, I suppose. He has always something for me of good, God bless him! for he has been more than a father to me!'

'The most eventful day!' Words prophetic! and fraught with a far deeper meaning than Colonel Westerland had ever dreamed.

(To be continued.)

A Short Temperance Lecture. The great Dr. Guthrie long ago followed the custom of most Scotch ministers in his day, taking a glass of wine. But there was in Scotland a poor, ignorant driver, who was wise enough to prefer total abstinence.

One day the Doctor rode in his cab or wagon over a wild part of the country, in a pouring rain. When an inn was reached the Doctor took some whiskey in a glass to keep out the cold, and offered some to the cabman. 'No, I thank you sir, I'm a teetotaler.' A very simple answer; not a word of argument, only example. I don't suppose that he ever knew that his refusal ever did any good. But the learned, eloquent doctor remembered it. Soon after, when he was called to Edinburgh and went round among his poor parishioners, he found him was the cause of much poverty. He could not say anything to them while he took his glass, and he thought of the poor cabman. He became a teetotaler and did what a man in his position could do. The good done by his sermons, addresses, books, schools, and labors, will never be known until the judgment. A few months ago I went through the ragged schools he founded in Edinburgh for poor children—temperance homes. In four kingdoms I saw no such joyful sights as that of these ruddy-faced happy children. The cabman was not aware that by his modest refusal to drink, he had helped to tear away a habit in another that leads only to evil, and to start a great man in a course that was salvation to multitudes for whom he labored.

Rough on the Lawyer. A lawyer who was bidding a colored witness in a District of Columbia court by asking him if he had not been convicted of larceny, assault and arson, receiving a negative reply in every case, he finally exclaimed—

'Have you ever been in the penitentiary?'

'Yes, sah.'

Attorney smiled complacently, and resumed: 'How many times have you been in the penitentiary?'

'Twice, sah.'

'Where?'

'In Baltimore, sah.'

'How long were you there the first time?'

'About two hours, sah.'

'How long the second time?' asked the attorney, rather cross-fallen.

'An hour, sah. I went there to whitewash a cell for a lawyer who had robbed his client.'