The Acton Free Press.

LUME XII .-- NO. 27.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1886.

POETRY.

GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

6 he Acton aree Press IS PUBLISHED

ANTERY THURSDAY MORNING. FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE, CTON. ONTARIO

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feel satisfied that by transacting business upon business principles we will win public | eyes and a lightsomeness to her voice. confidence and support, Rutledge & Crosson.

NEW BLACKSMITE IN ACTON.

Acton, Feb. 9th, 1886.

ANDREW TESKEY Having purchased the General Blacksmithing Business of Ms. P. J. SMITH, solicits the patronage of all the customers of the shop

and the public generally. HORSESHOEING Will be made a special feature of the busiinterfering norses careinly shod and

oured. Having had large experience in the manufacture and repairing of agricultural given. Razors honed and put in first-class implements and machinery of all kinds, as preparatory to making her purchase of the condition. Ladies and children's hair well as of general work, I feel that I can black satin; and as she went down the it for the best. But I was terrified at the the best day in the year, No man has parantcesatisfaction in every case.

ANDREW TESKEY.

Nothing fails of its end. Out of sight sinks in the deep sea of time, but the circle Till the low-rippled murmurs along the and her invalid sister lived quite comfort. And the dark and dead waters leap glad ably, all of the necessities, and some of the

THE NEW YEAR. A New Year's greeting : Happiness to all How sweet the words that fall upon the Like birds' notes when among the blooms they call Each other in the spring-time of th

Fall on the heart this morn as summer' And, freshening it, new blossoms appear Within affection's bower, we never knew Until this loving greeting brought them

other new year comes to all this day And every bosom with emotion swells, And on the face the smile that like a ray Of sunlight beams, or quiet gladness, tells Of that rare peace which in the pure heart

And crowns its being with a bliss Oh, joy! how full thy yet unfathomed How sweet-the draught! how bright thy. water's gleam ! How like heaven's living springs they to life's vision seem!

Another new year! While its moments fly. Be it our aim to live each passing day pright and pure, thrusting all evil by, And walking firmly in the holy way. For strength from God let us unceasin

That so, in all we're called to do, no fear lay rise to turn our trusting hearts astray From that bright clime, whose splendors shall appear When we have entered life's unending glad new year!

OUR STORY.

A NEW YEARS STORY

" If you would only let me give a party, Aunt Abigail, and have a supper set by Kingsley's, with flowers from the conservatory, and a couple of waiters! Oh, Aunt Abigail, do, please-please do! It wouldn't cost much.'

Hortensia Frost did not often condescend to such positive coaxing, but there was so very much at stake at the present moment that she felt really justified, and not at all disconcerted when Miss Freemayn, whimsical "Aunt Abigail," rich, eccentric, goodhearted when you knew how tomanage her, and who had taken a fancy to have her niece, Hortensia Abigail Frost, up from the country to spend the winter with her in her big, handsome, lonesome house-when Aunt Abigail looked sharply over her gold-rim-

med spectacles at her. "Well, upon my word! To hear you, talk -- it 'wouldn't cost much!' Really

Hortensia, your audacity is refreshing." " But you will let me give a party, won't you? Everybody will come, and it would be splendid! I can wear my pink silk and the Spanish lace, so my dress wouldn't cost anything; and-auutie-I'd so like Gerald Duane to see me in the role of hostess.

think, perhaps--She blushed a little and looked away Aunt Abigail's bright little eyes following

"Exactly. I see. You think you've brought Mr. Duane pretty close to the popping point, and that to receive him, with several others, in your pink silk and Spanish lace, will finish him up! Well, he's a fine fellow, and one of the best catches out, Hortensia, and I'd be proud to send you back engaged to a young millionaire. I'll let you you'll do something for me."

Hortensia's eyes sparkled. " I'll do anything -- anything in the world

you ask, dear auntie." "You've been fooling over your painting lessons ever sinco last September, when you first came, and you've improved wonderfully, you say. If you'll paint me screen, on black satin. I'll give you your

New Year's party. "A screen? Oh, auntie, you've no idea how awfully difficult screens are to paint. and on---

I get the screen or you don't get the New Year's party." And Miss Freemayn brought her thin lips together in a way Hortensia had seen The members of the firm are practical before. And her heart sunk like lead, for

"All right-just as you please, my dear.

she knew she could about as easily jump over the moon as paint a screen. "I'm afraid it wouldn't suit you, butbut I can try," she said, dismally, and then there rushed a sudden little sparkle to her

"I know you are so very particular, auntic, but-I think I might please you. I've just thought of a lovely design-a background of bulrushes, and a red and orange suuset, and a stork standing among --- "

" I don't care what it is, so it is a handsome screen. I've paid seventy dollars for seventy-five lessons from Madame Visconti for painting, and I think you might show something for it. You'll do it, then?" "Yes, I'll begin it this very day. II was.

afraid at first-"Never mind. Go buy the satin-thick black, and lustrous-this afternoon, and if it's done a week from to-day-you can work steady at it-I'll consider you've carned us | ing like the entrance of a burst of sunshine. handsome a New Year's table as can be spread."

graceful digite displayed to its best advant

wonder that Gerald Duane's dark eyes she learned the screen had gone. lighted with admiration, which Hortensia THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 30, 1886. with a smile and a bow.

> thought, exultantly A pleasant enough room, when you once reached it, at the top of a three-storey house in a quiet street, where poverty was at its most respectable, and where Violet Lyon

by Miss Lyon's elegant silk embroideries, and Violet's wages as an expert on the type-This bright December afternoon the sunfarewell until the morrow, and Miss. Lyon, Freemayn's laviel hospitality. bending over a dujuty garment of snow-The words of friends, and others still more

> "You are Miss Lyon, I believe?" Horensia began, in the haughtily disagreeable way she considered the thing towards working people. "Because if you are, ! auntie, and I'll join you between times. have come to enquire if you are not ready with your last mouth's rent-a fortnight overdue. I am Miss Freemayn's niecoshe's your landlady!

Miss Lyon gave a little nervous start. "I know that unfortunately we are be-

hind with the----"And Miss Freemayn doesn't propose to et it run over any longer-not another day. She sent me to collect it." Miss Lyon looked distressed and not

attle surprised. "Miss Freemayn does not usually have wait even a day -- " "And she won't wait a day now. I've

been sent to get it, or else order an execu tion on your goods on my way back." "An execution on our few little things! Oh, I beg of you not to do that. Miss Free-

mayn wouldn't-

" Well, she would." "But certainly you will be so kind as to wait until my younger sister, Miss Violet, comes in-it will only be an hour from now -and she will talk with you about it first." "No talk is necessary, Miss Lyon. But I'll tell you what I'll do-I'll take that

screen yonder, and I'll pay my auntie the rent out of my own pocket. It's beastly ugly, but I'll call it even-it'll save the expense of a suit, at least. It's a bargain, I "Oh, indeed, I couldn't -I couldn't possibly," Miss Lyon said, hastily, her voice through the medium of that screen. quivering, the tears coming into her eyes. "We have had it for years and years. Violet doesn't even remember when we did not

be now to sell it. Oh, no, I couldn't do it. Wait until Miss Violet comes." "All right; keep it, if you please," Horensia said, rising with a haughty toss o her feathers, an ominous gleam in her blue eyes. "I understand, then, from your refusal, that you and your sister are actual

windlers, and do not mean-" "I cannot permit such lauguage," Miss Lyon said, with sweet dignity. "My sis ter and I, though poor working-people, are

"Yet you decline to remove your indebt edness in a way which would prove your claim to the title. As you please, Miss Lyon. I will send a broker here this afternoon, according to Miss Freemayn's orders.' She flitted towards the door, while Miss Lyon, pale, dismayed, alarmed, clasped her thin hands in nervous dread, wishing with all her heart that Violet-bright, positive resolute Violet-were at home; Violet who knew so much more of the ways of the

world than she did. " It must be I am selfish to decline to let the screen go," she thought, petulantly. "The rent must come out of Violet's pocket when it is paid-it will save her the entire amount if Miss Freemayn's nicce takes it. And just as Hortensia was closing the

door, Miss Lyon called feebly out : " Perhaps you had better take it. -I'll-I'll send it around this evening, if you'll tell me where Miss Freemayn lives." Hortensia's blue eyes flashed triumphanty as she turned back.

" I think you have made a very sensible decision. I won't trouble you to send it. I'll just carry it myself, if you'll put a piece John B. Alden, Publisher, New York or of tissue-paper round it." And Miss Hortensia went exultantly home, leaving Miss Lyon crying bitterly

and already wondering what Violet would "I've got the ugly old thing, anyhow," Hortensia thought; "and I'll touch up the tide, on which we and all the uniferse frame, and I'll get Kate Green to put a couple of wild ducks in a sedge-bush on the | which are, and then are not; this is follower other side, and Aunt Abigail'll never know but that I did it. It'll suit her, and I think

I've fairly earned my New Year's party by about it .- Carlyle. way of diplomacy." went home, such a brave-hearted, brightfaced girl, with wonderful velvety-brown eyes, and rippling golden hair, and a complexion like a white rose-leaf; a slender, patrician girl, in cheap black cashinere and

snowy linen collar and cuffs. "Why, Anna-not crying! What in the world has happened?" she asked as sho entered the house, her very presence seem-

upstairs to don her blue velvet walking suit, satin screen as payment. street, her beautiful blue eyes shining, her | idea of a broker!"

Violet smiled through the storm of tears that every day is dobmeday.

tage by her imported costume, it was little | that had come, in spite of herself when "Indeed, you meant it for the could not fail to see, as he drove past her, Anna, and was I ever angry with you We are richer by fifteen dollars, only only, "I will win him-I will win him," she somehow, I shall miss it so.

Miss Lyon drew the proud bright head to her shoulder with tender caressin "But it is time you accepted the fact that Mr. Duane could never have really cared, dear," she said with infinite fentleness. "It is a year now, Violet-not to a man-but, oh !- to a woman !"

luxuries of life at their command, earned New Year's Day -- a halcyon New Year's Day, cold, crisp, sparkling; and Horsensia Frost, radiant as a vision in her delicate pink silk costume, was at the very heighty of human happiness as she received the rays peeped in at the front windows for a throngs who were not slow to accept Miss

And Miss Freemayn herself, in black white velvet, on which her deft fingers were | velvet and diamonds, her new screen, the laying a silken vine of amber, and scarlet, New Year's gift from her niece, between and kingly purple, and tender green; was her wrinkled, good-humored, shrowd face disturbed by an imperious knock at the and the glowing grate fire, sat in state in door, followed by the entrance of a radiant | the back-parlor, and enjoyed Hortensia's vision in azure velvet, with eyes of the same triumph-a triumph that deepened into rare shade, and lovely hair like imprisoned absolute rapture when Gerald Duane Bowed low over her fair hands, and expressed his Stored up for us, who listen now to your admiration by looks not to be mistaken. " You will not let yours be a formal pall," Hortensia said, shyly. "Go sit with

> And, paying his respects to Miss Freemayn, Mr. Duaue instantly observed screen before her, with a sudden little paling of his handsome face. "Isn't it handsome?" Miss Freemayn asked; following his glance. "Horjensia

painted it for me last week." He left his seat and examined it cheely, a look on his face he had never had since Hortensia Frost had known him, and then he went up to her in a quiet compilling way, that frightened her in spite of herself.

"You will pardon me, Miss Frost if

beg to know where you came across She paled, then flushed piteously. "I have strong particular reasons for asking--my name is written on the bandle very finely-it belonged to dear old-friends of mine, whom I am unable to find the

". Lyons-Lyons !" Miss Freeman repeated, catching the last words. " Perhaps you mean two sisters who live in one of my tenements, in No. 80, Aldine Square. Duane's face was strangely excited yet restrained. "It may be the same. If it be-

He bent his handsome head near Hortensia's, and spoke beneath Miss Freemayn's hearing. "You have made me the happiest man on God's earth to-day, if I find my friends

Miss Frost, I regret you should have de-

ceived your aunt.' He said adieu, and in half an hour good have it. It is almost the only relic left of | rapping at Miss Lyon's door, which Wielet better days-a gift of a dear friend of the herself opened to him-brown-eyed Violet family. It is worth more than money-value with a cry of amazement and joy upcon to us, fashionable and lucrative as it would trollable on her sweet lips at sight of him. Explanations and troth-plighting followed, and Mr. Duane learned the story of the satin screen, which did not remain for long in Miss Freemayn's possession, who; when explanations were made to her, promptly made amends, and sent Hortensia Frost home in disgrace—the most crushed, disappointed girl in all the world-and all for a

An "Ideal " Edition of Longfellow's | For look! how the light of the new year is

New Year's party.

The expiration of copyright is at last oringing into really popular circulation the works of some of the most celebrated American authors, whose writings the high ost of monopoly has kept within the lands of a few. Alben, the Literary Revolution publisher, has recently brought out a bumber of the best books by Hawthorne, Prescott, Emerson, Poe, Cooper, and others. He has now just published a very pretty edition of Longfellow's Poems so for as copyright has expired. It is in the form which he is making famous as the deal, Edition-beautiful enough to be worthy of the name-the type being large long drimer, the printing and binding (cloth) in excellent taste. People who have been used to buying Longfellow might suppose the price of the handsome volume to be a dollar or more-instead of which ALDEN askeronly 25 cents for it! Postage, 5 cents extin. by mail. Aften's last catalogue, 64 mall quarto pages, which he sends free to any one (his publications are not sold by looksellers, buy direct only), is a veritable aterary wonder in its attractions. Address

That great mystery of Time, where here no other, the illimitable, silent, resting thing called Time, rolling, ruining on, swift, silent like an all embracing dean swim like exhalations, like apparitions very literally a miracle-a thing to wrike us dumb-for we have no word to speak

What is time? The shadow on the lial. While, an hour or so later, Violet Lyon | the striking of the clock, the running of the sand, day and night, summer and winter, months, years, centuries; these are but arbitrary and outward signs, the meesure of time, not time itself. Time is the lie of the soul .- Longfellow's Hyperion. A man of ability, for the chief of

reading, should select such works feels are beyond his own power to have produced; what can other books do forthim but waste his time or augment his varity? And then Miss Lyon told her the story I love to lose myself in other men's of Miss Freemayn's niece's visit, and how minds. When I am not walking I am And Hortensia, flushed and excited, went she had allowed her to take the dear old reading. I cannot sit and think; books think for me. I have no repugnances

THE OLD AND THE NEW. December's sun is low; the year is old; Through fallen leaves and flying flakes of

The aged pilgrim climbs the mountain But, look! the summits in the afterglow! The fierce winds hold their breath; the rocks give way; The stars look down to guide her up the And all around her lonely footsteps play

Auroral waves of spiritual light. Nothing before her but the peak, the sky! Nothing? Ah, look! beyond is every-Over these mountains greener valleys lie; A happier New Year, an eternal Spring! ----

ON THE THRESHOLD.

Ring out, O bells, ring silver-sweet o'er hill and moor and fell ! In mellow echoes let your chimes their hopeful story tell. Ring out, ring out, all jubilant, this joyous glad refrain ;

I bright new year, a glad new year hath come to us again !" Ah, who can say how much of joy within sweet melody? Good-by, old year! Tried, trusty friend,

O New Year, write thou thine for us lines of brightest gold; The flowers of spring must bloom at last, when gone the winter's snow, God grant that after sorrow past we all

thy tale at last is told.

some joy may know, Though tempest-tossed our bark a while on life's rough waves may be. There comes a day of calm at last when we the haven see. Then ring, ring on, O pealing belts! there's Ring on, ring on, and still ring on, and

The while we wish, both for ourselves and all whom we hold dear, That God may gracious be to us in this the bright new year!

wake the echoes round

NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE. As the dead year is clasped by a dead So let your dead sins with your dead A new life is yours, and a new hope! Re-

We build our own ladders to climb to the Stand out in the sunlight of promise, for-Whatever your past held of sorrow or

We waste half our strength in a useless We sit by old tombs in the dark too long. Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining Did you faint in the race? well, take

Did the clouds drive you back? but see

yonder their lining Were you tempted and fell? let it serve As each year fiurries by let it join that Of skeleton shapes that march down to

breath for the next;

With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the blast. tell you the future can hold no terrors For any sad soul while the stars resolve. If he will but stand firm on the grave of

his errors.

While you take your place in the line of

And instead of regretting, resolve, re-It is never too late to begin rebuilding, Though all into ruins your life seems

The worn, wan face of the bruised old THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING

I am fading from you, But one draweth near, Called the angel guardian Of the coming year.

If my gifts and graces

Coldly you forget,

I brought good desires;

Lct the New Year's angel

Bless and crown them yet. For we work together; He and I are one, Let him end and perfect All I leave undone.

Though as yet but seeds;

Let the New Year make them

Blossoms into deeds. l brought joy to brighten Many happy days ; Let the New Year's angel Turn it into praise.

If I gave you sickness;

It may rise triumphant

Into future strength

If I brought you care, Let him make one patience And the other prayer. Where I brought you sorrow, Through his care at length,

If I brought you plenty.
All wealth's bounteous charms Shall not the new angel Turn them into alms? I gave health and leisure.

Skill to dream and plan Let him make them nobler Work for God and man If I broke your idols, Showed you they were dust,

Let him turn the knowledge Into heavenly trust. If I brought temptation, Let sin die away, Into boundless pity

For all hearts that stray.

If your list of errors Dark and long appears, Let this new born monarc Melt them into tears May you hold this angel Dearer than the last— So I bless his future

while he crowns my bast. OLD WEATHER PREDICTIONS.

If New Year's eve night wind blow south If betokeneth warmth and growth; If west, much milk, and fish in the sea; If north, much cold and storms there will be; learned anything rightly until he knows If east, the trees will bear much fruit; It northeast, flet it, man and brute.