

## The Acton Free Press

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS.  
THURSDAY JAN. 14, 1867.

### GONE ONCE DAY

There are wonderful things we are going to see some other day's.

And harbors we hope to drift into.

With folded hand - the ones that trail,

Some other day;

We watch and wait for a favoring wind,

To fill the folds of an idle sail,

Some other day.

We know we must till if ever we win,

Some other day;

But we turn to ourselves, there's time to begin.

Some other day;

And so, deferring, we loiter on,

Until at last we find withdrawn

The strength of the hope we leaned upon.

Some other day,

And when we are old and our race is run,

Some other day;

We feel for the things that might have been done.

Some other day;

We look back and wonder where the looks of yesterday lead us to where

The looks of today lead us to.

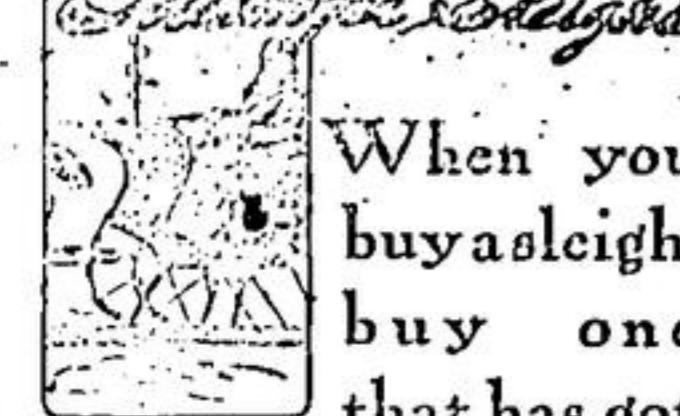
Some other day,

People talk of mending their ways,

and they are blithely for a moment

but have no will power man alone and in

two days he will have forgotten what he got angry about.



**TUDHOPE SLEIGH**

**ROBT. BENNETT, Acton**

**HE KEPT HIS DEAT**

During one of the most engagements of the Spanish-American war, a sailor by the name of John Davis performed an act of bravery that has rarely been equalled. While the battle was at its height a shell entered the Valley City, of which ship Davis was gunner's mate, and exploded on the deck, setting it on fire.

Captain Chaplin, the commander of the vessel, jumped down into the magazine, and while directing his men to extinguish the flames, passed up with his own hands the loose cylinders of powder. The fireworks on board became ignited. Rockets whizzed and blue lights blazed up in the very midst of the ammunition. The shell-room caught fire, and it seemed as if the Valley City must be blown to pieces.

John Davis, disregarding the danger, and desirous of doing his duty, however, leaped up an open hatch of gunpowder and sat down on the head, covering it with his person as well as he could to protect it from the showering sparks.

Captain Chaplin, seeing him quietly seated while everybody else was at work, ordered him in remembrance to "get down and help put out the fire."

"The young gunner's mate stayed where he was, and replied calmly:

"Don't you see, sir, I can't? For if I do, the sparks will fall into the powder. If I get down, captain, we shall all go up!"

Notwithstanding the terrible danger, Captain Chaplin could not repress a smile, and Davis' heroic action was rewarded after the battle by immediate promotion.

There is a wonderful blending of eastern and western Canada, not omitting the central portions, in the stories appearing in the January number of "Rail and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada," published by W. J. Taylor at Woodstock, Ontario. Nova Scotia and Quebec have some of their attractions told about in pleasant stories, while the wonderful charms of the Muskoka and Temagami districts of Ontario continue to be described in a manner that is ever fresh, owing to the fact that their multifarious attractions are seen from different standpoints by their various devotees. There are numerous other stories, including an account of Lord Grey's eastern tour, while the departments are all up to date, and such as to render the best of service to sportsmen consulting them.

**RESPECT FOR OLD AGE.**

It is often said that American people lack reverence for the aged; if this be true, it is indeed a lamentable fault. It is to the old we look first for wisdom, gained by years. Fortunate is the young person who has close personal relation with those who have had long life and varied experiences. The advice of the latter is worth more than gold. Old people do not rush into extravagances. They think before they act. They counsel reflection. They give stability.

**NOT A GOOD JUDGE.**

All sorts of novel and interesting things happen in Georgia, according to the Atlanta Constitution.

It quotes this sentence from a notice of a volume of verse by a local writer in a Georgia rural newspaper:

The poor may not have the right jingle at the proper time, but we are not a very good judge of this kind of work, having tried to make an honest living all our lives.

Selma, my liege, is not so vivil a sin as self-neglecting.

Forbear to judge, for we are shiners all.

The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance.

No man keeps up his reputation by talking about it.

### CANADIAN BOATMEN.

An English army officer who visited Canada some years ago, tells how he was ferried across the St. Lawrence at Quebec one January day when the river was full of moving ice. Under such circumstances the passage of a river is likely to turn out a pretty lively experience.

Large fields of ice were lumbering down the current and breaking at the distance between my side and the other.

"I never saw anything like it," he said. "With folded hand - the ones that trail,

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