The Acton Free Press

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ACTON, ONTARIO, NEW YEAR'S MORNING JANUARY 1, 1019.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

And sound an of coming feet,

and eath has a varied legion

Of followers in his train-

Of hope in the year to be.

And nongs full of melody.

beauty

The one has a host of memories,

And the ghosts of joy and pain.

With pictures of wonderful gladness

And each bears fragrant flowers-

The first like those of our cond:

The others wear on their head. '

The Old and the New are parting;

The Old with his train has fled

And now, at dur three iold walting,

And we live in the glad New Year.

Little Mum's

Watch-Night

By Annie Hamilton Donnell

appeared worried and worn

he said at I ength to break the allence;

Kent got to his feet heavily and ro-

"Nine," be muttered, "ten, eleven

better sit down, my boy," he said

How the letter in his breast pocke

burned him. He had not opened it yet,

but there was no need. He know just

"Dear boy," that was the way the

lotter began. Always "Dear boy."

What letter of Little Mum's had ever

How it burned him! Kent contracted

Up and down-faster and faster.

tramps have got into my head. Bit

down, and let us go back to the pledge.

Look here: I've drawn it up while

you were tramping. You're going to

"Then go!" thundered that doctor

I've done my best for you. Do you

know what they are saying outside

sir? That I'm showing favouritism:

that's what, sir? And, by my head,

his three chances, and then what?"

they're right! What other boy has

He struck the crisp paper sharply.

havlour, drawn up tersely: "L the

undersigned, do promise, on my

The doctor, who had carried Littl

Mum's sinte to school, could trust that

pledge. If the boy would only sign

it! If he would, the pledge was to be

made public on the college bulletin

had sinned away his three days of

self-inflicted shame. He strode to the

door and swung it open. The unread

letter of Little Mum lay hot against

The dector's long strides caught up

pocket-there! You may come to

your menses yet. If you do, before

the winter term opens, let me know.

It was raining out of doors. The

slanting rifts buffeted Kent's check

sharply. Somebody shouted to him-

somebody else-but he did not heed.

He plunged down the dripping campus

"I will not read it! I will-not sign

it?" he cried, hoursely. The two bits

of crisp paper were in his thoughts, an

For an hour the boy raved to him-

self. Then he drew out the little

unopened letter. He could not do the

Little Mum this insult. He had al-

ways before read her letters twice-

"Dear boy, you can't guess what's

the matter with my face," he read.

"It's all in a wrinkle and muss with

amiles. I can't smooth it out, and

"It len't altogether selfish I am,

Rent uttered a cry that filled the

minerable wreck of things was the fact

kind to walt. Now, he would go home

with the other fellows; and what if he

didn't come back? He would fix it up

with Little Mum. She needn't know

rould save Little Mum-and he could

-he wasn't so budly off. A little col-

lege disgrace would rub off soon

enough. But as for taking that mis-

erable pledge and humiliating him-

The Welcott pride had descended

Kent'chose to think it was his now.

sulf to the ground like that-never!

Yes, some things were lucky. If he

and not open one! He tore it open.

There, there, who's crying?"

through slowly to the floor.

It was the boy.

grace. What better could he expect

ionour, so help me God."

It was a written pledge of good bo-

his lonesome brows into a scowl of

"It's all you've left for me to do."

"Yes. Doctor."

twelve.

Cent Wolcott

how it began.

begun any other way?

The doctor lost count.

ulgn, Wolcott?"

"Never!"

his breast.

"Walt, nir!"

Send It. Now go."

himself and grouned.

in his pocket, together.

but the eyes under the grey

TIXCDXCTIXCTXCTX

Let us lowly bow the head

".ike matinels, far and near, Each day has its order reckened.

Ved forever into memory

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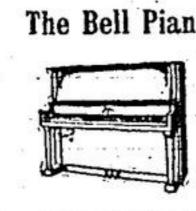
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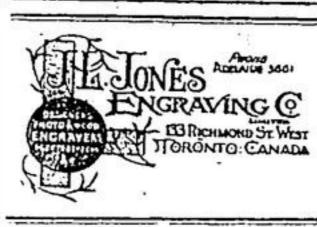
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the third day the boys went home in Jubilant droves. Little Mum was walting to hear : There's a nigh on the air at midnight. foot-step in the hall. When it came, she way conscious of a gentle disap-

As with faltering step and a lightsome solutiont. It did not come bounding The Old and the New Year meet; up the states-it tapped up slowly. Well, when boys were senlors --"Dear boy!" "Little Mum!" And one brings the brightness and

"Dear boy, dear boy! No, no-the idea!-- I'm only laughting! "Bit down here-no, stand up! How tall you are dear boy! How you loom!" Bhe was rony with excitement, and he thought how much better she fooked. The great fellow stooped and king-But wreaths that are gay and brilliant d her thin face again and again.

Her awort, thin voice cluttered on, and he sat and listen. Homewhere in his heart a pain was gnawing. "Ive got in the habit of counting months now, instead of years, as I used to do. I say four, five, six months more. Only five to June! What's five months? A body can surely get well in five months!" Then'I go to work, as

Mr. Squeers says, 'an' do it'? I'm doing it all the time-getting well for June." Hhe laughed and the boy laughed with her. His voice was harsh to his own cars. Suddenly the pale little mother knatched up a paper near her

and rolled it unugly. Her oyen were milling up at him. "Take that, dear boy, walk over there in front of the bureau. Stop when you get on the rug and turn round and bow to me. I can make believe the cap and gown. I want to see how you're going to look-in June. The president is just handlag your diploma-bow again to him. Now straighten up. It's something to be proud of, I tell you. I'm proud of it myself!" She was up on her clbow, not mind ing the pain of it. She was looking acrous the room at the boy with the

rolf in his hand. 'A new light that he appeared worried and worn, hardly knew came over her face. "I wan so proud of your father," brows looked at the boy very she cried, softly. "He was tall and brown like you. You will look like him. You will be splendld and straight,

like him, and the people will cheer. You are his son, dear boy." A bit of silence, and then again: "Your father's mantle will fall on numed his uneasy pacing-up and you, in very truth, perhaps. Who down, up and down; to the bookease else will wear such a long gown as you, and turn about then back to the quiet you tall, great boy? And I shall be figure at the littered table. Mechani- there to see! I wan there to see your cally the doctor counted the times, father. We were just levers then, you

It was a trick of the doctor's to count know. I was so proud of him! can't think how proud I wan." No. no! how could he think? his brown face had slowly whitened under his torture. Would it never "Thirteen's an unlucky number- end" The holidays slipped away. It came o be the last day of the year. The doctor had given the boy up.

Toward night the boy grew restlent and escaped from the house to wrentle through the new mow drifts outside He was gone a long while. Little Mum heard him come in and called him. "How snowy you are, dear boy, and how tired you look. You must go right away and sloop Don't take your clothes off-you haven't forgotten what night it in?"

No, but he had been hoping that she had forgotten. "We must keep our watch-night togother. You can have a long nap and come back to me. I shall be waiting. Dear boy, did you know you and I had kept as many watch-nights as you are old? The first three we had your father with us-only that first three. Since then it's been you and L dear boy. "The first one, I held you in my arms all the time, and the second. The to his dreams.

third one, you were so ble your father held you. You were naleen always. noon. I'm going to make you take a the snow falling as he tramped the side long nap now, dear boy! Run away ... atrocts, grip in hand, looking for a dark and listened to the wild wreatly of carpet factory, but the gutes had open-

there was a storm to keep him com-At half-past cloves he went back to Little Mum. She was waiting for him. years ago, who inherited the house of The night lamp shed a dim tight over her father. Itefined by nature, he had her frall face. He hardly dared to look taken easily the outer impress of the at it. They sat together silently. refinement around him. His wife was this time will bring them. I din sorry Once she put out her hand for his. by no means a heartless devotes of the stime will bring them. I din sorry should the nover lost the touch fashion. He had got with her wealth vent." and, after that, he never lost the touch fashion. He had got with her wealth year." The clock ticked the last minutes off in

"You haven't forgotten the pledge, land behind it, a little stable, the dear boy?" Little Mum whilspered, smoke curling upward from the kitchen after a while. It startled him. He chimney, an old man, bent but cheery, was thinking of another pledge.

"It's almost time, dear boy." The clock began its slow strokes with penderous importance. The pale little mother's eyes were fixed on the spot in the dim room from which the solemn sounds tasued. She did not see the boy when he slipped a bit of paper from his breast pocket and wrote his name on it. nor how steadily his fingers moved. The clock struck the last note and I to his rooms. Once there, he faced the new year he put the doctor's paper the glory of the Lord.

"You, Little Mum. I'm roady." He dropped to his knees beside her and together, they repeated the little pledge she had made so short and simple for his baby lips to say: "This year, dear Lord, with help from

I'ure and good we two will be."

BE ENTHUSIANTIC

who's going to try? When my dear Envy them. Emulate them. They are boy's coming home, it's my bounden the only people who are really alive. privilege to laugh. When the holl- Those of us who are sauntering days are three days off one ought to through life, rather bered by most laugh. You ilded to say when you things, and occasionally condescending were knoe-high that Little Mum laugh- to be moderately interested, are losing ed the way grandmother's pullet did. the cream of existence. The boy who Knee-high! Were you ever knee is so excited ever the prospect of a high, dear, boy? Did you ever kneel picule next day that he hard work beside me and whisper 'Down to sleeping when he goes to bed, is any amount wiser than the philosopher who can prove by unanteverable arresments that nothing matters partieudear boy, either. I'm laughing for larly. He enthusiastic about your you, too Who deserves a holiday or pleasures, about your work, about your two if it isn't the boy who's been work- friendships. The young fellow who is ready to talk till morning about his business, showing you exactly why it is pretty little room. He crushed the the very best business in the country letter between his palms and let it slip is not only pretty sure to get to the top some day, but he is having no end The one saying thing in the whole of a good time as he goes along. The enthusiants Are the only ones of us who of holidays. The doctor had been are theroughly alive.

CHINA'S POSTAL SYSTEM

by the postal authorities of China for transporting the inall including steam and motor launches, dunks, hong boats and ferryboats on the inland water ways, and mounted and foot carriers. inules, carts, and wheelbarrows on the

rom father to son for generations and highways. ed hollow- and lonely in them. . On 17,000,000 parcels were handled. a year that

A STEP HIGHER was really his pleasure. The lights had not yet been turned on, but the darkness was gathering he thought of it. He was ashamed of fast. It was Now Year's Eve. Oscar Hamilton sat alone in the music-room ashamed! Suppose he had been sucof his mansion home. His boautiful cessful in the business world-what young daughter had just gilded from was he, after all, beside the old man measurement-by the revolution of the organ-stool, and the silence she sheveling snow? What were many of heavenly bodies-of the period of our left behind her seemed sweetened and his fashionable friends compared to existence here, and as we are now convibrant with the ochoes of her music. these two unselfish, unworthy hearts stituted, is simply a tribute of acknow-The shadows were thickening in the who in carlier days, had sacrificed so ledgment of our imperfect state. It corners of the room, and creeping up over the organ pipes, forming themselves in wolrd, fantastic, shapeless that cost him no sucrifice. And what

through the halls. It was an hour of preparation. For there was to be a beautiful house. They could talk party and much merry-making in the about him, but they had no part in his Hamilton mansion to-night But the life. Was it fair? There would be master of the house sat apart for awhile music and gulety in his beautiful house -he was thinking-thinking-think- | to-night, but they know nothing of it in. And it was New Year's Eve. The The girl who had just gilded away sounds of proparation below reached from the organ-stool-how like his the music room only in mufiled, soft. mother's was her face! Was it fair oned confusion, forming a background that "grandmother" should see so little

like a man, and how proud you were! fortune. That was twenty-three years last stars of the old year, in the dark You were only a alip of a thing, but I'd ago, but his vision of it to-night was winter sky. Another year was coming. made you take a long map in the after- clear and uncommed. He could see Tick! tick! It came on through third-rate boarding-houre. He had But he did not sleep. He sat in the started in a subordinate position in a the poor old year outside. The white od before him year by year. To-day James," he said to the man who anof snow and the tumult of the wind ac- he was chief partner in the firm, He swered. "And, my dear," he said, corded with his mood. He was glad had shown a marked aptitude for the turning to his wife, who entered at the business. His carpets were in all the moment, "do you think you could get up-to-date stores of America.

He had married a wealthy woman But to-night he was not thinking of that importunate voice that clocks as- the life around him here. He saw sume at night. It jarred on the the ail- momething in the darkness-an old weather-worn house, a few acres of

shoveling a road through the snow to "No, Little Mum," he whispered the stable, where the little Jersey cow was lowing at her hay. Oscar Hamilton oaw it all in the ahadows, it was the home of his father sleighing very indifferent. and mother. He could see the winter cun setting clear and red across the white Muskoka world. And yonder reduced more than half. was the white-tower of the little coun-

try church. They would be holding a watch-night corvice there to-night an peas, 65c.; white outs, 28c.; barley, they used to years ago. His old father | 48c.; rye, 50c. would be praying for the incoming of he thought of it all. It was not that fields of labor. W. T. Smyth to tween them and the poor-house. He wick and J. A. Murray to Prince

as he had grown richer and fallen in effect on New Years day. with more fashionable people, it had trip up in Muskoka." And he had decked himself out as a huntauka, and had come back with a brace of ducks It might have been the sermon or Bunday night that set him thinking. The preacher had not so much as looked toward him, but the words lingered with him. Their plorcing utterance

half-startled him in his pow. "Young man, young woman," the speaker had said, "if you have come up to this city and are filling a high position, and if you are ashamed to own your poor old father and mother and there is not in you the unterial out of which God makes a great soul," Oscar Hamilton was no longer young. His hair was showing the first lines of gray. Hut the words went home Why was it his father and mother had never been within this doors? Why did he never take his wife to see them.

or his children? Why did he nov it

wend a railway ticket, and have father

and mother down for Christmas or

New Year's, or Thankagiving, and show

them his house, and introduce them

He was ashamed of them. There spoke quaint English; their manners were quaint and old-fashioned; they were not like the people he moved among. He had baked them in a canual way now and again. But they had excused themselves. They were "not In two days the recitation rooms ed by-couriers was 126,000, an decrease getting old." Dear unselfish hearts! other?" were empty. The lantter's voice sound- of 35,000 over the previous year. Over They understood too well how it was. They would never embarians him by and he has the hay fover."

ts wise in

its plans, persistent in

its efforts, fortunate

in its opportunities,

and prolific in good

results

And to-night his head sank lower himself-ashamed-ashamed-oh, so True, he provided their living. But

after all, was the son they had raised more than this to them? They know he dwelt semewhere far away in a

It was on New Year's Evo that he had first come to the city, a mere last and went over to one of the deep-set "You were six before I let you alt up in course clothing, seeking a way to windows. The stars were abining, the electric light was turned on in the tenderly, scaled it and touched a bell. "You will please post this letter. the best room ready for father and mother this week?" "Why, are they really coming,

Oscar? You have asked them often enough, and they never came."

noticed how truly manly her husband looked before,-Maude Petitt, B. A. TWENTY YEARS AGO

> From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, January 5, 1899 The January thaw has residered the Owing to the privalence of measies the attendance at The public school is The grain market this week: Full wheat, 68c.; goose wheat, 67c.; white

The energetic commercial travellers on the staff of the Canada Glove Works left during the week for their he had been a heartless son, he told British Columbia; J. C. Broddy and himself. He had written home always. Anson A. Smith to Manitoba and the He sent them money every few months. North West: A. E. Nicklin to Nova In fact, that was all that atded be- Scotla; T. E. M. Second to New Brunseven went to see them every few years Edward Island: Orders are clready when business permitted. In olden being received in entisfactory volume. days it used to be "going home." But The two cent letter rate came into

come to be "going on a little hunting SUTTON-MUHRAY-At Johnstown. N. Y. on Wednesday, December 28, daughter of Henry Murray. CORINSON-BRYERS-At the realdence of the bride's parents, Acton. My joys shall pemp and power out-Charles Austin Hobinson, to Francis Holen, daughter of Hev. Wm. Bryers LANGFORD-HAW-At the home of Mr. H. Taylor, Acton, on December

26, Thomas Edward Langford to Miss Mary Ann Haw. HARP-At the home of her mother. Quelph Street, Acton, on January 1 Annie, daughter of the late Alex-

NEW YEAR'S AD ASTRA

To coux a Smile. To lighten a Load, To brighten a Day, To lift a Pallen One. To strongthon a Patth To oheourage a Doubter. To be true to God and Man.

John A. Bloicher in Leslie's. THE BOND

and Mr. Geron have in common that for all we are and all we do. I believe Last year the number of miles cover- much used to travelling, and wore should make them so fond of each in the present and its opportunities, in

Single Copies-Five Cents

NEW YEAR Now Year, new year now you are here, We look at you without fear. We look at you with eager eyes,

fut give you notther tears nor sighs, Though strange is the new face you Tis kindness we see written there.

But what in kipdness? Buried deep The answer, O Now Year, you keep. You're here with secrets all untold, Oh, what for us your heart must hold! We dure not dream, we dare not guess, How much of gladuess or distress, How much of joy, how much of pain, How much of loss, how much of gain, llow much of bloom, how much of What skips of blue, what skies o'er-

llow much will vailish, how much will

How much of work, how much of

But. O New Year, you know what's -Rosalio Vanderwater.

NINETEEN-NINETEEN There is something very suggestive in the old Roman idea of the God of

boundaries. For the lines that are drawn upon our life, as time passes away, and the future becomes the past, can scarcely be too closely scanned. This greatly wise to talk with our

past hours, And ask them what report they bore to Heaven: And how they might have borne more welcome news." And therefore, the passing away of one year, and the coming of the next, must challenge the very grave consideration of every thoughtful mind. For that has gone that can never be recalled; and has come that will never pass where we stood, nor be what we were when the year commenced. Something has occurred about us which is irroversible; and something has taken

place in us, which we cannot change. And when we speak of the flight of time, do we not use words expressive of an idea that is not strictly true?

"Tis wo; 'tis we are flying,

'Tis we, 'tis we are dying!

"It is not time that flies:

It is not time that dies;

Time and eternity are one-Time is eternity begun." For is not time that which is measurod by periods-because we are imperfeetly developed? And to not eternity that which has no measure, because we have attained our development? Does spirit ever grow old? Does thought ever docay? And is a spiritual nature subject to the measurement of the days and weeks and years? Therefore the will not be our experience when we are clothed upon with our spiritual bodies. Will it be said. Does not the Apostle

Of course he does. But not in the sense of short us opposed to long. The truth his teaching has no connection with that. Literally, his expression is "The time that remains is shortened." corpse, wrapped around with the grave-clothen of the ancient, was, It ls true of the that remains. It is shorten ried in, wound round with limitations both

is one of limited powers. There is no good that is not hemmed about with opposing ovil. that we are so much the nearer to the close of this state of things. The area powers, in drawing to its close. Its sands are fast running out. By and by we shall reach the land of the living. our perfected state, and that which is

in part shall be for ever done away.

Meanwhile, with strangely impressive eloquence, the passing year calls upon 1. To place a right estimate upon the events by which we are surrounded.

adversity or trial. 2. To be faithful in doing the work that yet remains to be done. The command is, "Occupy till I come!" And the declaration is, "Blessed is the sorvant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing!" It is just the mensage of the new year to every one of us. Shall we wisely and reverently heed 167's

NOBLE BAYINGS

ay the debte that you owe,-keep

profuse!-

Wars are to be undertaken in order that we may live in peace without auffering wrong .- Cicoro. He just, and be generous, don't be

your word to your friends, But-Don't sot your candles alight at A healthy body la good; but a soul in right health-it is the thing beyond

all others to pray for; the blossedest thing this earth receives of Heaven .-Carlyle. Be simple, be unaffected, be honest in your speaking and writing-Doan

Through wilds and forests let The voice of Nature canot change.

setteth the wheels of action on coing

Speech is indeed the rudder that

steeroth human affairs, the spring that

I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great to-morrow; that whatsonyer the boy soweth, the men will reap. I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the officacy of schools, in the dignity of teaching and in the joy of serving others. I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well us in the pages of a written book; in lessons taught, not so much by These are the guide-posts on the precept as by example, in ability to pathway of life that point us to the work with the hands as well as to abining stars and that should make the think with the head-in everything New Year the happiest of our lives .- that makes life large and levely. I believe in beauty in the school-room, in the home, in daily life and in out-ofdoors. I believe in laughter, in faith, in all ideals and distant hopes that lute us on. I believe that every hour "Can you tell me what Mrs. Crowley of every day we receive a just reward the future and its promises and in the "Why, aute! tihe to a grass widow divine joys of flying .- Edwin Oagood