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ACTON BAKERY.

CHAS. GALLOWAY, Proprietor.

GALLOWAY BROS. ARE STILL AHEAD.
And we intend to keep so with our Superior

Bread, Buns, and Cakes.
Delivered fresh around the village and vicinity every day. A good stock of

BREAD, BUNS AND CAKES
Always on hand at our bakery, good, fresh and cheap for cash.

No Credit Given.
Except to prompt-paying monthly consumers.

All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for goods.
Weights for weight given in bread in exchange for flour.

WEDDING & FANCY CAKES
Made to order in the shortest possible notice, and satisfaction guaranteed.

N. B.—All goods are warranted pure as nothing but the best material is used.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

GALLOWAY BROS.
Acton, Aug. 9, 1876.

CHEAP BREAD FOR THE MILLION

B. & E. NICKLIN
Beg to announce that they have secured the services of a

First-Class Baker,
and that their baking business is now in full operation, in the premises owned by Mrs. Hanna.

Bread will be delivered daily at the houses in the village and vicinity.

Wedding Cakes, Tea Cakes, Pastry, Buns, &c.,
made in the very best manner, and kept for sale in all good and fresh. Also all kinds of confectionery, biscuits, etc., etc.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

B. & E. NICKLIN.
Acton, Feb. 29, 1876.

DOHINY HARNESS SHOP.

E. K. COOK
Having purchased the stock and good will of the business lately carried on by Mr. J. F. Dempsey, begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he will continue the harness business in the same premises.

Old Post Office Building, Mill Street, Acton.

where he is prepared to turn out work second to none in the Dominion, being a practical workman of considerable experience. All work done promptly and as cheap as the cheapest. On hand a large and well selected stock of

Harness, Horse Blankets, Trunks, Whips, Brushes, Combs, &c.
Repairing promptly attended to.

E. K. COOK.
Acton, Sept. 26, 1876.

UNDERTAKING.

The undersigned begs leave to inform the people of Acton and vicinity that he will furnish all

Requisites in Undertaking
on short notice and reasonable terms as can be had.

Hearse Supplied when Desired.
Also that he will

Fit up Stores & Offices
in the best style.

Show Cases, Book Cases and Desks
made to order.

FURNITURE REPAIRED.
Shop on Willow street, near Main st.

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Acton, March 20, 1876. 39-6m

STEAM Carriage & Wagon WORKS.

MAIN STREET, ACTON.

MICHAEL SPEIGHT.
General Blacksmith, Carriage and Wagon-maker.

Best Horse-Shoers in the County.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or no price charged.

First-Class Plows and Collard's Patent Iron Harrows always on hand.
A good stock of Carriages and Wagons.

Repairing promptly and properly at

Acton, July 18, 1876.

From the Aberdeen Journal.

THE LAMPLIGHTER, OR, THE FOUNDING OF CHRISTMAS MORN.

(Continued from last week.)
CHAPTER III.

Seven years have almost passed away. Again it is Christmas Eve. Gallantly the good ship breathes the crested wave—the white sails bonding to the stiff, sharp breeze, and the rigging creaking at every bound, and the vessel groaning at every lurch. Silently the tiny particles of snow—the precursors of a feeding storm—drop down upon the deep, where they are lost forever among the restless, foaming billows. Driskily the night watch paces the deck to keep themselves warm, for the cold frosty blast pierces through their woollen pilot-jackets, and searches into their very bones.

The Ocean Queen is homeward bound; and she cleaves through the English Channel. With Christmas morn, the shores of merry England will appear in sight. Thoughts of home and happiness; of bright fires and the Christmas hearth; of smiling welcomes and friendly greetings, swell up in the bosom of each mariner, and cheer his lonely watch.

Down below, in his snug little cabin, the Captain tosses his legs before a blazing stove, while he sips from the reeking glass of punch by his side. For a sailor, Captain Snow was no drinker; but, being on deck during the previous watch, the punch did him a deal of good, besides, it was Christmas Eve, and a bitter cold one too. The weather heaten salt knows that he is about right well; his fresh colored, good humored face, although bleached with many a storm, and scoured with many a burning sun, does not look like that of a drunkard.

Captain Snow has a companion beside him—a handsome and well built, manly, open faced gentleman lounges on the sofa at the other side of the stove. His dress and appearance is decidedly that of a son of Neptune. In short, he is neither more nor less than our old friend Kenneth Seaton, on his passage home from India. Seven years ago he was a young man, but still, in spite of the hoary hair, the bushy beard, and the full grown figure, we can trace a faint resemblance to the fair haired rosy player, whose thrilling music disturbed the reveries and awakened the wrath of the great Grindstone.

His blue eyes are bright and his beard as light as ever. He was happy at the prospect of being soon at Belbribe among the friends he had left so long ago, but for whom he cherished a warm affection, rendered all the more dear from his long absence. None but he that has been abroad for many years can fancy the fond gush of pleasure which the heart feels at the mention of home.

Home! home! Kenneth Seaton can think or speak of nothing else. How his eyes brighten as he talks of the young days—the heath clad hills, the mountain stream and fairy like glens of his native land; and the captain of the Ocean Queen listens with a thoughtful mien, for his heart is full of memories of the past.

Kenneth Seaton tells of that cold Christmas Eve, seventeen years ago, when a runaway he, wandered through the streets of London, playing on his flute for coppers to provide his supper and bed, of the happy evening he spent in Hack's Court, and the kind treatment he met with from Roland Gray and his grandmother, during the few days he spent there before he got a ship; how little Roland and Colin Crisp stood upon the pier and saw him depart on his first voyage; how in after years he always made Hack's Court his home when he returned from sea; and how on these occasions the lamplighter's pretty little founding used to sit upon his knee and amuse him with her innocent prattle; when far from sea the thoughts that would recur again and again of the kind father whom he had disobeyed and forsaken for a life of adventure; the dreams that would steal over him of Ella Bell, the playmate of his early days; and the gladness he experienced on receiving Roland Gray's letter containing tidings of those whom he longed to see here.

The seven years that had passed since then had been made bright with numerous letters from home. His father had never missed a mail in writing to him. Ella Bell did not forget him either. Many a neat, closely written epistle, redolent with perfume, had found its way across the deep sea to cheer the lonely sailor.

Kenneth Seaton is at last homeward bound. A hearty welcome awaits him at Belbribe, come when he may. Had he consulted the

fates of his heart he would have returned long ago, but his many independent spirit would not let him. He had run off to sea, and he would stay there until he had mastered the profession he had chosen; and he has done so, for he has commanded a large vessel for several years, and has gained the character of being one of the most skillful seamen in the Indian trade.

"Oh! there's no place like it, captain," he exclaimed in the exuberance of his spirits, as he winds up his yarn. "I hope to spend the New Year at Belbribe."

Snow draws his arm across his face to wipe away the tear which trickled down his weather-beaten cheek. "Aye, Mr. Seaton, as the old song says—

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

But God pity those who have no home. Many a poor person would be glad on such a night as this to rest his aching limbs in this cabin, far away from land, with nothing but the wide waters stretching around on every side, and think himself blest after all. You're a young man, Mr. Seaton, and have health, wealth, and happiness. Long may you enjoy them; but take the counsel of an old salt and never despair, whatever should happen. Allegorically speaking, however dark and stormy the night is, the dawn is sure to come. The wildest hurricane that ever blew came to an end. That's my creed, Mr. Seaton, and you'll find it not a bad one. In a life time there are many changes—ah! many changes indeed. I remember the day when I had a happy home, a wife to love and to welcome me back with gladness. Where are they now? My home is on the deep blue sea; my wife has long ago mouldered to dust in a pauper's grave. Aye, aye, there are many ups and downs in a life."

Who'd have thought that my young wife, blooming with health and surrounded with plenty, would have come to such an end? I was sailing in a vessel belonging to Grindstone, Turner & Co., at that time. It was bound for Peru, and a long voyage we had. Coming home, we were wrecked off Cape Horn; the crew were mostly all lost—I and a few more only escaping. We were thrown on a desolate island, where we lived among the natives for nearly three years, until we could make our way to the nearest port. I had been absent about five years when I got back to England. I came home to find an empty home; my wife, and the child which had been born about six months after I left were both dead. You see my vessel had been driven up for lost long before, and the sad news almost broke my heart.

"Still she lingered on, hoping that I might turn up, and comfort herself with the baby; but at last the funds gave way—for Grindstone, Turner, & Co., stopped the supply—and she got downhearted. She had no friends to help her, and she died of grief and cold. Winter came on, and she died and I see the little one suffer from want. As a last resource, she resolved to appeal to the owners of the vessel. But she never lived to make the appeal. The journey cost her her life. She and her baby were found dead on the street of London. They got a pauper's grave."

As he finished his narrative, the captain was obliged to wipe away the tears again. After a short silence, he looked up with a smile. "Yet, for all that, Mr. Seaton, I didn't despair. What was past couldn't be recalled; so I just put my hand to the helm again. The storm of Providence had saved me, and she would bear me against the affliction which had come upon me. I went to sea, and here I am."

The Ocean Queen bears on her way. Still the snow comes driving down, and the big waves roll on and on. God speed the Ocean Queen! A happy Christmas to all her crew, and their dear ones at home, who think upon them at this sitting cold night.

The last day of the year is drawing to a close. The old year is well high spent; but a few hours, and it will be numbered among the many of the past. The New Year is at hand—the voices of millions, scattered over every quarter of the world, are ready to hail the advent of its birth with a hearty cheer, and to congratulate one another at the auspicious event. In no country does the New Year receive a brighter welcome than in Scotland. Let us, therefore, bid to the Land of cakes, and we couldn't go there at a more reasonable time than the present.

The fine old fashioned house of Belbribe, with its numerous chimneys and odd looking chimneys, from which the smoke curls gaily upwards, peeps out from the snow clad trees, with their countless crystal drops sparkling in the

moonbeams like diamonds. The frost is keen, and the snow which covers the ground is crisp and hard. Not a breath of wind disturbs the quietness of the night—the very air seems to be frozen up. All is silent; and the full moon casts down its silvery light over all. It appeared a fairy scene.

Approaching the house, we discovered that the windows were all lighted up, sending forth many a glorious ray among the crystalline shrubbery in front, and the sweet noise of merriment and music burst upon the ear.

Mr. Seaton and his friends; are keeping Hogmanay, and we cannot do better than join them.

Step back into the grand old hall, we enter at once without the least ceremony. What a gay and happy scene! Rich and poor, young and old, master and servant, mingle together in social intercourse with all the freedom of long intimacy; and why not? They have just come to enjoy themselves—need pride and fashion stand in the way to mar their enjoyment? No. On such an occasion as this the rich should open their hearts to think of the poor and to relieve their wants, while the poor should be taught to have better feelings towards the rich.

But let us look around the grand old hall, with its paneled walls and its shining in the bright light, which emanates from the rich massive chandelier depending from the central portion of the ceiling, and its carved cornice, showing many a grotesque face looking out from among the overgrown which hang around it. The familiar faces of old friends greet us on every side.

Preiding over the grinning board at one end of the hall, Mr. Seaton keeps the company alive with his humor and good natured remarks, his kindly old face radiant with smiles, and his eye sparkling with pleasure.

The worthy host is a grand specimen of the fine old country gentleman, so rarely to be met with which blazes merrily up the yearning chimney, immediately behind this jovial company, the country patriots are gathered together, warming their aged limbs and chatting of olden times. The reeking toddy "cheers their blind and pits a nat'ral" in a jovial mood, stirring up many a frozen memory, and awakening many a slumbering feeling.

Round the cheerful hearth at the other end of the hall the children are assembled together at play, their gleeful voices and merry laughter echoing along the corridors, and ringing out upon the still night like music bells. What a happy group, as hand-in-hand they go dancing round and round! In the midst of this fairy circle, who is he—the master of their revels? Colin Crisp, the lamplighter. To be sure it is. But he lights the lamps of the aristocrats of London no more; his rounds at the West End are troubled over by another; and he has lived in the neat little lodge with its porch and its roses and honeysuckles at the end of the avenue of Belbribe for three years back.

Colin is quite a gentleman now—thanks to the founding he picked up on that cold Christmas morn long before.

To explain, Roland Gray's visit to the London residence of Mr. Seaton, with glad tidings of the lost one, led to Ella Bell making the acquaintance of the poor Waiter, and the result was that when she returned to Belbribe with her guardian, Nelly Crisp accompanied her, and their founding remained. Little Nelly soon grew to be a great favorite with all at Belbribe, and Ella Bell could not part with her companion on any account. Yet surprised as she was with every comfort, she longed to see her foster father. Her happiness could only be complete by having him near her. So at last, on the persuasion of Mr. Seaton, the lamplighter left his garret room in Hack's Court and came to Scotland. Now he is happy as the day is long, and the lamp above the avenue gate is now under a professional eye, and attended to as lamp never was before, or ever can be.

She saw him there in his rough tweeds and Rob Roy cravat, his countenance beaming with joviality and fun—not a happier being in the innocents' group, gambolling around him. (Colin Crisp is in his glory. The little one adores him; they laugh at his Cockney tongue, which none of them understand, and no more does he know what they say.)

A pleased onlooker at this merry party is Ella Bell, who is seated by the fire-side with two of the youngest ones on her lap. She is lovelier than ever, the seven years which have passed away since we last saw her being only ripened and refined her beauty the more. Alas for Horatius Theodore Gosling had he

been here! But he isn't. Likely the big lumbering dog is snoring and smiling and dealing out his wit and chatter to some fashionable belle in some London ball-room on this New Year's Eve. At all events Ella Bell does not care. Her thoughts are upon the scene before her, and with it the remembrance of her own early days and her old playmate. What would Kenneth Seaton think were he to gaze on the joyful band? Would he remember her? Ella Bell thinks so. The hope and love which gleams in her soft eye, although she doesn't know of it, tells as much. The absent one is dear to her, though she cannot tell how, and the knowledge that he is on his way home gives her unaccountable feelings of pleasure.

The middle of the hall is alive with busy feet of those engaged in the dance. Among those giddy forms is Roland Gray, who has come down to Belbribe to spend his Christmas holidays. His partner is Nelly Crisp. What a graceful, bright-eyed, winning little lady she has grown to. No one would know her to be the same as the lamplighter's founding who sang carols in the streets of London seven years before. Roland Gray is very proud of her, and well he might; and we suspect that it was more for the sake of seeing her than Belbribe that we find him "tripping the light fantastic toe" to the lively strains of a Scotch reel at present. And Nelly Crisp is as fond of him; her love life needs not to glance up into his frank open face, for his image is ever before her, lighting up her young life with smiles, and her heart with pure joy. A handsome young couple they are—none more so grace the ball.

The old year has almost gone; its last moments are fast fleeting away. The dance is given up—the music ceases. The low luzz of many whispering voices is heard, whilst watches are consulted and time compared. The host rises and calls for a general filling up of glasses, and the company forms into a ring right round the hall, each with a glass in his hand, filled full of wine, water or spirits, according to the taste of the party.

The old year is flicking out—but a few strokes of the pendulum and it will be numbered with the past. Every breath is hushed—not a stir, not a rustle, not even a sigh throughout the grand old hall.

Hark! the old clock in the corridor gives a long warning whirr, and then its hollow booming voice tolls out the knell; as the year that is no more. The old year is dead and gone.

Another year is born! A happy, happy New Year's birth throughout the old hall; the glasses are emptied, and hand joins hand in a warm brave shake, while every voice breaks out in the hearty strains of the grand old national air of "Auld Langsyne."

Hark again! the refrain is taken up outside. A company of guisards bursts into the hall.

The leader of the band, a tall strapping fellow, in the garb of a bandit chief, with slouched hat over his masked face, and a sword in his hand, looks towards Mr. Seaton, and takes him by the hand, "A good New Year, and a happy one to us all. To you, Mr. Seaton, the rebel chief tenders his best wishes. Many a New Year may you see, and may your guests never be less!"

"Whoever he is I cannot tell, but he's a brave, well made chief, and remarked the old housekeeper, who stood near her master. "Sirs, sirs! he's our first fit at Belbribe, an' a strappin' loon. But losh keep us! he shouldna come empty handit."

Neither he does, Mrs. Tamson, said the Guisard, turning round. He ken a trick worth twa o' that. You yerse, and laddy, shall be the first to drink from the stranger's cup." With this the Guisard produced a small flask, and handed a glass to the housekeeper.

"Eh, jesty me! Yer a bonny chief. Belbribe ne'er had a first-fit; but nae wonder, for the young laddie is comin' hame soon. Sirs, sirs! tak' aff that ungo-like false face, and let's see wha yer like!"

"Na, na, Mrs. Tamson. I cannae do that. 'Tis nae beauty, I assure you."

By this time the Guisards had been surrounded by the children, who were all anxious to see their entertainers. A song was called for. The leader placed himself in the midst of his followers, and taking a small flute from his pocket, struck up the air of "The Blue Bell of Scotland," while they joined in with their voices, making the old hall ring again and again—

"And shouts in the chorus for ever and ever.

The Blue Bells of Scotland, the Scotch folk sing, and the children, who were all so fond of their entertainers. A song was called for. The leader placed himself in the midst of his followers, and taking a small flute from his pocket, struck up the air of "The Blue Bell of Scotland," while they joined in with their voices, making the old hall ring again and again—

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dilemma. At last he edged himself towards Nelly Crisp, and whispered in her ear. "Bless me, Nelly, that's him! Aint you stupid not to know?"

"Know who?" whispered Nelly back again.

"Why it's Kenneth to be sure. I know'd somehow I'd heard the tune afore."

Nelly started, and whispered in the ears of Roland Gray.

"So it is," exclaimed Roland; darting towards the flute player, allowing me to be first to welcome you home to Belbribe."

"Sure enough it is Kenneth Seaton." The mask is thrown aside, and the long absent one rushes into the arms of his wondering but glad-hearted father. A loud, long and joyous cheer from the company bids the return of her friend; and when Kenneth gleams in her soft eye, although she doesn't know of it, tells as much. The absent one is dear to her, though she cannot tell how, and the knowledge that he is on his way home gives her unaccountable feelings of pleasure.

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