

AN from the OODS, RED! FITS I EG, act, Guelph. S, IS, &c. General SALE OYS G STORE, PH. AINS every article to ine stock, as we & CO. CARRIAGE RY. Proprietor, ghs. Cutters, &c. to order on the oice o paid to General Jobbing guaranteed.

NEW WINCEYS, NEW HATS, At CHRISTIE, HENDERSON & CO'S, Acton.

Acton, Aug. 24, 1875.

GOD BLESS THE FARM.
God bless the farm—the dear old farm;
God bless it every road,
Where willing hearts and sturdy arms
Can earn an honest livelihood!
From the coarse and fertile soil
Win back a recompence for toil!

GOD BLESS EACH MEADOW, FIELD AND HOOK,
Bless each meadow, field and hook,
And every leaf that's gently shook
By every breeze or morning shower;
God bless them all! each leaf's a gem
In nature's gorgeous diadem.

THE ORCHARDS THAT, IN EARLY SPRING,
Blossom rich in fragrant flowers,
And with each autumn surely bring
Their wealth of fruit in golden
showers;
Like pomegranates on Aaron's rod.
A miracle from nature's God.

AND MAY HE BLESS THE FARMER HOME,
Where peace and plenty reign;
No harder spot neath heaven's high dome!
Doth the broad, beantiful earth contain,
That where secure from care and strife,
The farmer leads his peaceful life.

UNERVED BY TOIL AND TRICKS FOR GAIN,
He turns the fertile mould;
Then scatters on the golden grain;
And reaps reward a hundred fold;
He lives where grace and beauty
Are charm.

FOR GOD HATH BOTH BLESSED HIS HOME AND FARM.

THE TWO OATHS.

Dick White bought a farm in the West, built a house on it, and where he had everything complete took his young wife there to live. The nearest house was that of old Ebenezer Morgan, his father-in-law.

It was against the wishes of Dick's friends that he went to this wild region, but he had laughed at their fears.

He was a hardy young borderman, and trusted to his wits to get along with the redskins. His wife was a young girl who had spent all her life on the frontier, and consequently did not mind moving back ten or twenty miles with the man she loved. They were soon settled in their new home, and both worked with a will, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a well-tilled and thriving farm.

Dick had chosen a beautiful spot for his home situated in the middle of a small grove of oaks. The sides of their house were covered with grape vines and a beautiful well of sparkling water nestled at the foot of a giant oak.

Two years passed away and a blithe boy was added to the family. During all this time Dick had got along in a friendly manner with the Indians. Sometimes they would come to trade with him, and he won their favor by his fair and honest way of dealing; but an event happened about this time which may not be out of place to record here.

One day Dick was at work a short distance from his house, when his wife called him in a loud, excited voice. When he reached the door he saw an Indian, who cowered and tried to slink out.

"What is the matter, Mary?" he asked standing in the doorway.

"That man has insulted me, Dick," she said, pointing to the savage.

"Is that what you have been up to?" he said turning fiercely to the half-breed, Walrus by name.

The man muttered something by way of an apology.

"It won't do mongrel. I'll teach you to come around here, insulting my wife," said Dick, reaching for his rifle, which hung over the door, and giving the savage a severe flogging; "now let and learn better manners," letting the half-breed rise to his feet.

"The pale face will pay for this with his heart's blood, and may the Great Spirit help me," said the savage, raising his hand to heaven.

"Go!" thundered Dick, taking a step toward him. "I fear you not!"

The next day Dick saw the chief, Red Fox, and told him the whole occurrence. The chief listened gravely.

"My pale brother did right," he said at last, although Dick thought his manner was a little cold.

The half-breed's threat did not make much impression on Dick or his wife, and at the end of three months was forgotten. It was Sunday night, and Mary's little brother, a lad of ten, had come over to stay a few days. That night, or morning, they were all startled by a chorus of terrible yells, followed by shouts and blows at the door.

Dick jumped up and looked out. "We're attacked, Mary," he said, as he jumped into his pants and seized his arms. Mary was soon up and dressed; little Tommy was soon also ready. Dick fired his rifle through a convenient loophole, but with what effect he could not tell.

"Dick," said Mary's brother, "I'll sweep out of the back window, as the reds seem to be all in front, and

go and get help." And without waiting for an answer he opened the window and let himself out.

Mary was standing at the bedside, keeping watch over her boy, a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other.

"Now, Heaven help us! Mary, here they come," said Dick, raising his rifle. The next instant the door fell in.

Dick's rifle and pistols echoed in quick succession, and three Indians, while another crawled towards the door with Mary's bullet in his leg.

"Ho! cut of mixed blood, I see you," said Dick, yielding his rifle furiously.

"Yes, Walrus keeps his oath. You and your pretty squaw need expect no mercy from me!" As he spoke he bounded towards Mary with outstretched arms. She raised her knife to defend herself, but he was too quick for her. In an instant he had her bound at his feet. At the same time Dick was struck down by a blow from a war club before he could regain his feet. He was overpowered.

It was with some difficulty that Walrus could restrain his young warriors from wreaking summary vengeance on the prisoner, for no less than seven savages were strangled on the floor, dead and wounded.

"Walrus has kept his word," said the half-breed, striding up to where Dick lay.

"Walrus is a coward," said Dick, "a dog of a mixed breed. Let him beware."

"You and your white squaw are helpless. The white squaw shall witness the death of her husband; then she will go with me to my lodge," said Walrus.

At this moment another savage approached with the babe in his arms. He spoke a few words to Walrus, who replied sharply:

"Dash its brains out against the wall; we have no time to bother with it."

"Spare him! spare my boy!" screamed the mother, frantically making an effort to free herself.

The savage paid no heed to her, but catching the infant by the heels, he dashed its head against the wall again and again.

Mary gave vent to a piercing scream, and then became still, Walrus approached her, but he started back in horror. She was dead.

It was then that Dick took a terrible oath, with his wife lying dead before his eyes, and his baby lying torn and mangled at his feet. If by chance he ever escaped, his whole life would be devoted to one object—to encompass the death of every man in that room. He then prayed long and earnestly, and whilst he prayed the night's fatigue overcome him, and he slept.

When he awoke it was broad daylight. He raised himself up on his elbow, and looked around. He was at the edge of the little grove, but the house no longer stood there; instead was a heap of black and smoking rubbish. A group of savages were engaged in setting up and painting a post at a little distance.

"Does the pale face know what that post is for?" said the half-breed, coming and giving Dick a furious kick.

Dick made no reply.

"Let me give you an idea of the death you are to die," he said, without looking around.

Three months from this time a stranger came to old Ebenezer's.

A stranger came to old Ebenezer's.

His hair was white, and there were deep furrows on his brow; but, despite the old man's mark recognized him. It was Dick, changed into a wild looking, hard, stern man.

"See," he said, pulling seven fresh scalps from his belt; "I have kept my vow—Mary and my babe are avenged."

All old Ebenezer's efforts to make him remain proved futile. He went away no one knew where, and has never been heard from since.

... The tax which presses most heavily on school—Syn Tax.

Become peace-makers—Play at football in a crockery shop.

Something that will be on leaving the leaves.

It doesn't take long for a man with a small mind to make it up.

A rain of terror—the wide-spread storms among the Western grain crops.

"Kitch a lucky man into the Nile!" says an Arabian proverb, "and he will come up with a fish in his mouth."

The two most ineffectual things in the world are undoubtedly a blue-eyed woman's rage and a liquor law.

A gentleman saw an advertisement that a receipt for the cure of dyspepsia might be had by sending two postage stamps to the advertiser.

He sent his stamps and the answer was, "Dig in the garden, and let whistley alone."

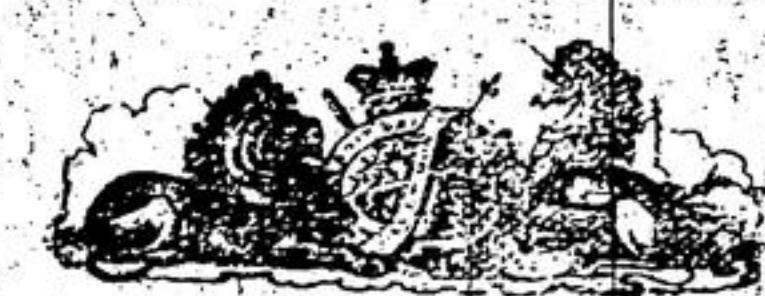
A spot-keeps thoughts from getting out of Irish woman's head; and found it light to say, "Shure, it's your own fault."

"The pale face may sing his death song," he said; "Walrus has

Another Lot of that famous 50c. Tea just to hand.

NEW PRINTS,**NEW BOOTS, SHOES, &c.,****NEW TWEEDS,**

CHRISTIE, HENDERSON & Co.

**DOMINION EMPORIUM****G. M. SCOTT**

Takes this opportunity of informing the inhabitants of Acton and surrounding country, that owing to the satisfactory turn which business has taken, and at the solicitation of a number of his best customers, he has been induced to

Still Continue Business in Acton.

He will endeavor in the future as in the past to do business on the

STRICTLY CASH AND ONE PRICE PRINCIPLE.

Believing that to have one price for goods is the only fair and honest way of doing business, besides buying or selling for cash, he will be enabled to

Sell at Least 10 Per Cent Cheaper

Than if he did business on the long winded credit system.

All parties visiting Acton are respectfully invited to call and inspect the goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

C. M. SCOTT.

Acton, August 23, 1875.

EAST END DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING STORE.

The undersigned beg leave to call the attention of the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity to the well assort'd stock of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods.

Our Prints, Dress Goods, and Dress Trimmings.

Are all of best materials and newest patterns.

OUR STOCK OF TWEEDS IS LARGER THAN EVER!

Comprising full lines of

Scotch, English, and Canadian MANUFACTURE

And, being practical workmen, feel satisfied in assuring our customers that for cheapness, neatness and durability our work cannot be surpassed.

DICKSON & McNAB.

Acton, July 1st, 1875.

ACTION**Steam Carriage & Wagon Works****MAIN STREET.****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 attended to.

Acton, July 1, 1875.

BONUS to Manufacturers.

W. H. STOREY & Co.

The greatest member of Pagina.

The most thorough perseverance than strength.

An affusion of the heart.—This circulation of the blood.

The cause of woman suffrage.—Society of husbands.

Young folks grow most when in love. It increases their sight.

Why is the greatest bore like a tree?—Both appear best when leaving.

A good name will wear out; a bad one may be turned; a nickname lasts forever.

A spot-keeps thoughts from getting out of Irish woman's head; and found it light to say, "Shure, it's your own fault."

"Go!" said Eddie, "for I weighed the lumps myself with a pound of soap I bought of ye."

JOE PRINTING, of all kinds neatly and promptly executed at the

FREE PRESS OFFICE,

WOOL SKINS. Market Price paid for

Over the Post Office, Main Street.

Acton, July 14, 1875.

ARTHUR MCBEAN, Hardware Merchant.

Alma Block, Guelph, Aug. 13, 1875.

ALL KINDS OF

JOB PRINTING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT

THE FREE PRESS OFFICE

THE FREE PRESS OFFICE