

NEW WINCEYS, NEW PRINTS, NEW TWEEDS, NEW HATS, NEW BOOTS, SHOES, &C., At CHRISTIE, HENDERSON & CO'S, Acton.

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

CHRISTIE, HENDERSON & Co.

Acton, Aug. 24, 1875.

GOD BLESS THE FARM. God bless the farm—the dear old farm...

THE TWO OATHS.

Dick White bought a farm in the West, built a house on it, and when he had everything complete...

Dick had chosen a beautiful spot for his home situated in the middle of a small grove of oaks.

One day Dick was at work a short distance from his house, when his wife called him in a loud, excited voice.

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

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

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.

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

The latter succeeded in getting in one volley and then had to depend on their knives and pistols.

Eighteen Indians and eight white men were stretched dead and dying on the ground.

"Where are ye going, boy?" called out old Eben.

"To fulfil my oath," he answered, without looking around.

kept his vow," and, without any further ceremony, he proceeded slowly and deliberately to scalp Dick.

But the knife had hardly pierced the skin when a dozen rifles rang out on the morning air, followed by short, sharp cries of hatred.

Waloro looked around only to see his men flying in all directions; then, with a baleful glitter in his eyes, he raised his knife to drive it through Dick's heart.

"They did not. The sight of her murdered babe was too much for her, I expect. I alone am left to avenge her. But look, they are going to attack us."

As a matter of course, he kept his eye on the main chance, the apparently leading object of his life.

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

The Rev. "Rascal" Warren in Tennessee.

Our readers will remember the accounts given in the newspapers a year ago or more of the flight from Elora of a reverend impostor who had imposed so far on some of our Methodist friends...

They now numbered twenty-five, and resolved to march by the winding words of their chief, rushed like fends, with terrible cries and yells, on the whites.

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