



Church on Christmas.
Wake me again, my dear, dear,
The Christmas bells so soft and clear.

man who was dared to stand against him.
The Boer turned and spat on some of his superstitious notions, and at the same time caught hold of Jeremy by the arm.

succeeded in lifting him a few inches from the ground.
By George, he will throw him next time," said Mr. Alston to Ernest, who was shaking like a leaf with the excitement.

curiously out of place carrying cups of coffee, seeing that his master was awake, saluted him with the customary "Avoos, hie!"

Reminiscences of the Battle in 1812.
To the Editor of the Freeman:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your valuable paper for a few reminiscences of one of the veterans of the war of 1812 and 1813, who took an active part in the battle of Stony Creek.

were on low ground and the level fire of the enemy passed over them.
The British ordered two companies of the gallant 43rd Regiment to the right to attack, or rather to throw into confusion, the line and centre of the enemy.

DROWNING HIS CHILDREN.
Dreadful Story told by Mr. J. M. Heekin.
They tell me that on the 25th of August, 1812, a friend met him one day at the Little Miami Railroad, just as he was returning from his barn home in the evening.

THE BOER OF STONEY CREEK.

A NOVEL.

The row was this. Among the Boers assembled for the "nachtmaal" festival was a well-known giant named Van Zyl. This man's strength was a matter of public notoriety all over the country, and many were the feats which were told of him.

But Jeremy picked himself up little the worse. The stroke had struck the muscles of his chest, and had not hurt him greatly. As he advanced the gradually increasing crowd of Englishmen cheered him warmly.

But there was one man who did not laugh, and that man was Jeremy. On the contrary, his eyes were fixed on the brown cheek burned with indignation. Nor did he stop at that. Stepping forward he placed himself between the giant and the laughing Hottentots.

Footsack, ark! ikis Van Zyl! (Get out, fool, I am Van Zyl!) This was interpreted to the bystanders as "All right, and tell him that I am Jones, a name he may have heard before."

A great shout from the assembled Englishmen followed this blow, and a cheer-shout from the crowd of Dutchmen who pointed triumphantly to the hole in the stout yellow-wood panel made by their champion's fist, and asked who the

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Advertisement for Dunns Baking Powder, featuring the text 'DUNNS BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND' and 'THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND'.







