Flesherton Advance.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. III., NO. 136. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, JANUARY 24, 1884. SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS EACH.

THE ADVANCE.

One of the leading Local and Family Newspapers in Northern Ontario. Published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1.00 per annum in advance; $1.50 if not paid at the end of one year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up; and no subscriptions taken for less than one year, except when special arrangements for shorter periods are made with the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES, &c.

Casual advertisements, 8 cents per 1st insertion and 3 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Transient advertisements to be paid for when ordered. Advertisements without special directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

Liberal inducements to regular advertisers.

Notices among reading matter, 10 cents per line each insertion.

No advertisement discontinued until all arrearages are paid up.

Copy for advertisements should reach this office not later than noon on Tuesday to ensure insertion in current issue.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Publisher.

Book & Job Printing!

In every style of the art, at reasonable prices and on short notice Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Terms, strictly cash.

Money.

WM. LUCAS & Co.

BANKERS,

FLESHERTON.

A general Banking business transacted.

Draughts issued payable at any office of the

Merchants Bank.

Notes discounted and Money to Loan at reasonable rates.

Savings Bank Department.

Interest allowed on Deposits.

A. McPHERSON.
Manager Flesherton Branch.

A. O. U. W.

FLESHERTON Lodge No. 142, meet in their Lodge Room, Strain's block, Toronto street, on the 1st and 3rd Monday in each month, at 7:30 p.m. sharp. Visiting brethren welcome.

M. P. McMASTER, M.W. W. G. PICKELL, Rec'r

DUFFERIN LODGE NO. 186
I. O. O. F.
Flesherton.

MEETS every Tuesday Evening at 8 o'clock. Lodge Room, Strain's block, Toronto street. Degree Lodge, 1st Tuesday in each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

A. S. VANDUSEN, N.G. JOS. BLACKBURN, R.S.

Flesherton

MONTHLY CATTLE FAIR.

THE next Fair will take place on MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1884.

Business Cards.

Look Here.

Do you want a new House or Barn? If so I think you will find it to your advantage to call and see me. As I do a large business I can build on small profits. All contracts promptly attended to and work guaranteed. Thanking the public for past patronage, and by fair prices and good work, I hope to merit a continuance of the same. Yours respectfully,

JOHN WHITTEN.

STRAIN & RYDER,
Builders and Contractors,
FLESHERTON.

Are prepared to attend to Brick & Stone Work in all its branches. Orders left at the ADVANCE Office will receive prompt attention. Good work at Fair Prices.

J. M. Webster,
EUGENIA,

LICENSED Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Money to lend as usual, at reasonable rates. Fire and Life Insurance. Communications addressed to Eugenia P.O, promptly attended to.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Alexander Brown,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, General Agent &c. Licensed Auctioneer for County of Grey. PRICEVILLE P.O., Ont.

Hotels.

Allison Hotel,

MAXWELL, - - - - ONT.

Good accommodation; best brands Liquors & Cigars. Good Stabling and attentive Hostler. The only Hotel in the place.

JOS. ALLISON, - - PROPRIETOR.

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me.

HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,

MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
150 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."
Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. F. BRAGDON."
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will *always cure* when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL, L.D.S

DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry, will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

FROST & FROST.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c. Office Poulett Street, OWEN SOUND, and every Thursday at FLESHERTON.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.

ALFRED FROST, Crown County Attorney.

W. J. BELLAMY,

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

ESTATE & INSURANCE AGENT COLLECTOR, AUCTIONEER.

MONEY Loaned on good security on the most favorable terms and at moderate rates of interest. Mortgages bought. Office nearly opposite Town Hall, FLESHERTON.

Medical.

W. S. GRIFFIN, M. D.

M. C. P. S., ONT.

Will be in Flesherton every Tuesday and Friday from 12 to 4 p. m.

OFFICE,—in Wm. Strain's block.

Money to Loan.

At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.

WITH Interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER. — THORNBURY.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Stoves & Holloware in Stock.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine

POETRY.

The Editor's Wife.

No eloquent thought and no flowery word—
That the most of you, listening enraptured, have heard—
Could allure me from wands so temptingly spread
That I've missed the extempore speeches you've read.
But my heart beats responsive to one theme divine—
The woman we drink to in bumpers of wine;
So I throw down my napkin, my fork, and my knife,
To speak to the toast of "The Editor's Wife."

And, of course, you'll agree—since our wives are all here,
To brighten the scene and partake of our cheer—
That the best of all angels kind Heaven has sent
To bring a man sympathy, peace and content—
To add to his joys and to lessen his woes—
To sew on his buttons and darn up his hose—
And to smooth out the kinks and the wrinkles of life,
Is the idol we worship—the Editor's wife.

When the Editor comes from his office at night,
At a very late hour, in a dubious plight,
The impression prevails, and the story is told,
That an Editor's wife can be always cajoled
With a fib about "bride's" and "broken-down press."—
But we, who have been there, are free to confess
That when husbands are late and suspicions are rife,
It is best to own up to the Editor's wife.

All such fables are cruel, and men are unkind
To libel a sex of such generous mind—
A sex who economise all through the year
That we may afford to exhibit them here—
The women who scrimpingly, patiently wait
For the annual feast at three dollars per plate—
For of all the wild joys in the circus of life,
A banquet seems best to the Editor's wife.

But, all jesting aside—since I dimly surmise
That the ladies regard me with sinister eyes—
Who more than the wife of our bosom deserves
The sweet veneration her beauty preserves;
And the years may go by, and our heads may grow white—
Her beauty grows ever as pure and as bright
As when she faced poverty, sorrow, and strife,
And blessed our estate as an Editor's wife.

And some of us, glancing back over the years,
Can call up sweet visions, all hallow'd by tears—
A dress, or a toy, or a hood that is torn,
Or a quaint little shoe that a baby has worn—
Or a white little face lying under a pall,
And a moss-cover'd grave over yonder—that's all;
But we know the great grief that has clouded the life,
And broken the heart of an Editor's wife.

You may drink to your trade and your creatures of fame—
I raise not my glass till I hear her sweet name;
'Tis to her who alone uncomplainingly bears
The all of her sorrows and most of her cares—
Whose wealth of sweet influence subtly inspires
Our grandest achievements and noblest desires—
'Tis to her I would drink—our companion in life—
God's best inspiration, the Editor's wife!

—*Eugene Field.*

Presentation and Address.

On the evening of Wednesday, 16th inst., a large number of the young people and others of the Rev. A. Wilson's Flesherton congregation, took possession of the Manse, where preparations for a pleasant time immediately took place. About the middle of the entertainment, the following address was read by Mr. Jos. Blackburne:—

THE ADDRESS.

To Rev. A. Wilson:

Dear Pastor,—Our invasion of your home to-night was intended to be a surprise to yourself and family; and while our relations are such, that this temporary occupation of the manse may not require an apology on our part, yet it suggests the question, why?

As representing the young people of your Flesherton Congregation, we desired an occasion to express to you our heartfelt appreciation of your constant and faithful endeavors to direct and help us, and in every way to promote our highest interests for this life and the life hereafter. In our social gatherings, by your hearty sympathy and co-operation, you have shown us how the religion you preach may be practiced and enjoyed. In your personal intercourse with us, we have found you a true friend and wise counsellor. In your public ministration, your zeal and faithfulness have inspired in us some desire to find our place for usefulness in the Church.

Sometimes an apparent indifference may have caused you pain or disappointment, but we feel assured that your teaching, both in precept and example, will not be lost upon us. While we disclaim any attempt to flatter you, we deem it not unseemly to give you these few words of encouragement, feeling how much you have given us of your time, your thought, and your heart.

It is now my pleasing duty to present you this Overcoat and Whip, with heartfelt wishes, that you may live many years and that it may be a means of adding to your comfort in travel—preserving your health and prolonging your days.

(sd.) JOSEPH BLACKBURNE,

(In behalf of the young people of Flesherton Presbyterian Congregation.)

REV. MR. WILSON'S REPLY.

Mr. Blackburne and Friends:

It is always a source of pleasure, both to myself and Mrs. Wilson, to meet with any of our people, and particularly in the Manse, to which we now give you a hearty welcome. I am happy to say that those relations we sustain towards each other, are not, nor have been in any way impaired by the labors or trials of the past years of my ministry among you. Nay, I may truly say, that the bonds of esteem and Christian affection are becoming ever stronger. And while I am unable to reply suitably to this beautiful, well-worded and encouraging address, I can say, I thank you—not so much because the gift is a rich and valuable one, but for the sentiment with which it is accompanied; for the spirit of brotherly affection which breathes through it, and for the prompt expression of loyalty made me not many days ago.

I know, that as a Congregation, we may have had days of darkness, but thro' them we have been kindly led and greatly blessed. As often as I have had to meet discouraging circumstances, as frequently have I been borne up by the sympathy and prayerful support of my people.

Again thanking you, I trust that I shall be enabled in some measure at least, to show that I am truly of the people over whom I am placed as Pastor.

SURE SIGNS.—Distress] before or after eating, loss of appetite, belching of wind, heart-burn, irregular action of the bowels, and nervous irritability are sure signs of Dyspepsia. The sure cure is Burdock Blood Bitters. Procure and read the testimonials.

Hopeville.

From our own Correspondent.

"WIGGINS," of the Town of Hopeville, predicts:—

Since January commenced it has been——
Snow!.....Snow!.....Snow!
Blow!.....Blow!.....Blow!

and the roads are very nearly blocked up. The long-looked-for thaw has not yet come, but I predict it will—in April, if not sooner. Friday, 18th, came in quite calm, but after dark a "fresh" storm began to brew, a half a dozen lads gathered around a lad whom they considered rather soft. One of the young men—not far from Hopeville, deprived himself of his outward garments, and the village echoed with a new lot of oaths. He is of a very decent family, but such swearing should not be tolerated in any civilized place.

There is a large quantity of grain in this neighborhood to be marketed yet. The poor prices and bad roads are the cause.

D. Runceman has sold out his mill. He talks of going back to Goderich to live.

The McArdle family has the mail contract between Hopeville and Dundalk—three times each week.

WIGGINS.

[Let us hear from you as often as circumstances will permit, friend Wiggins. Your short, pointed items are very acceptable.—ED. ADVANCE.]

TIMELY AID—A little daughter of the Captain of the Steamer "Empress of India" was attacked with Croup while at a friend's house at Toronto. No medical aid being handy, recourse was had to Hagyard's Yellow Oil; this popular household remedy afforded prompt relief and the little girl was as lively as ever in a few hours.

Somewhat Excited.

To the Editor of the Advance.

SIR,—In looking over your last week's issue, I noticed the following insulting, impertinent, barefaced, contemptible, lying paragraph about the young ladies of Kimberley:—

"POETRY.—A lot of poetry about the "Kimberley girls" just received. We give two lines as a sample, and if a requisition is got up and signed by about 500 of our readers, we may publish the rest in a year or two. Here are the lines:—

All hail to Kimberley—land of the sweet!
Land of the beautiful—land of big feet!!"

Now, Sir, I insist that you either publish the whole poem COMPLETE or make an abject apology to the young ladies of this town. If you are a gentleman, you will make the would-be poet father his scribble, so that there may be no possibility of any sane man being suspected as its author.

By inserting this in this week's issue of your paper you will confer a favor on

KIMBERLEY GIRL.

Kimberley, Jan. 21st, 1884.

["Kimberley Girl" is evidently laboring under a misapprehension, or she would not make us the subject of such a scurrilous attack. We do not deserve it as any one will see who reads the innocent paragraph that seems to have raised such a storm. There is nothing insulting in the paragraph that we can see—unless the Kimberley Girl refers to the couplet appended, which does refer rather disparagingly to somebody's big feet. But "Kimberley Girl" must remember that the poet and not us is to blame for that. Anyhow there is nothing to shock one's modesty in the fact that some people have big feet. They might prefer smaller feet, but then it can't be helped—a No 10 foot can't be shoved into a No 8 shoe, and there's no use making a fuss over it. Big feet are quite common—commoner even than little feet—as we are aware. So, taking all things into consideration, we hope these few remarks will satisfy our young lady friends in Kimberley and vicinity, and trust they will let the matter drop where it is.—ED. ADVANCE.]

OUR JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

BY VALENTINE MUGGINS.

PART I

REMARKS BY LITTLE GEORGIE.

Tommy Todds ses he ken whop eny yung coger at our skoole, at raslin i meen. He ses he cood fite a rinoseros or a kangaroo or a buffler or anythin' what woks on 4 leggs. Mebbe he ken but I no my unkel Gorge shot a grate big tagger an i bet you Tommy Todds his father or unkel never shot a tagger. Tommy ses wen he grows up to bee a man he'll go huntin ders awl by hisself an hev hownds an horses an a grate big noofounlan dogg to bite bugglers my pa ses our dogg aint wuth his salt. He bites the cows on thare heds an he barks at ant pollys ole blak kat an maks it spit an kurl up its bak like everythin Tomy Todds struk him with a stone an pa wished he'd kild him rite ded but he dident i tosld Tomy he'd beter leve towser alone cos hed bite him offul Tomy sed he wassint afeard ov doggs but wen towser opend his mouth an growld like he wos mad i gess Tomy wassint long gettin to were his pa wuz tokin to anuther Man. Wen I gro up to Be a Man i no wot i'll be; i'll be a soger an ware a Redd Kote with Brass Butins, an' i'll go fitein Othr sogers an i'll ware a grate big Kap, an' hev a gun an sord an' banit, an i'll shoot the Other sogers but Tomy Tods he ses he woodint be a soger fur nothink fur a soger olwas gits his hed cut of an gits stabd an kild rite ded. i told Tomy mebbe a rinoseros mite bite his hed of an kil him ded but Tomy sed the rinoseros coodint shute an he wasint skared ov him enaway. i gess i'll be a storkeper an then i'll hev lots ov sweets an kandis an nuts an shoogar an everythink an then noboddy ken shoot mi hed of.

Notice.

All parties are cautioned against negotiating for a note drawn by me in favor of Wilmot G. Pickell for the sum of $50.00, payable March 8th, 1885, as I have not received value for the same.

JUSTUS P. SHERWOOD.

Artemesia, Jan. 12th, 1884.

TORONTO, GREY & BRUCE R'Y

Change of Time.

On and after Monday, 30th of Nov, 1882, Trains will run as follows:—

GOING NORTH.

Toronto, Union Station, dep.	7.30 a.m., and 4.25 p.m.
Cardwell Junct,	9:05 a. m., 6:00 p. m.
Orangeville	9.55 a.m. 6.45 p.m.
Flesherton & Priceville	11.50 a m 8.30 p m.
Owen Sound, arrive	1.30 p.m. 9.55 p.m.

GOING SOUTH.

Owen Sound, depart,	5.15 a.m. 3.10 p.m
Flesherton & Priceville,	6.43 a.m. 4.47 p m.
Orangeville	8.27 a.m. 6.00 p m.
Cardwell Junct,	9:05 a. m., 7:31 p m.
Toronto, Union st. arr.,	10.45 a.m. 9.10 p.m.

TEASWATER BRANCH.

GOING NORTH.

Mount Forest,	12:20 a. m., 8:44 p. m.
Harriston,	12:55 a. m., 9:12 p. m.
Teeswater,	2:25 a. m., 10:15 p. m.

GOING SOUTH.

Teeswater,	5:00 a. m., 2:45 p. m.
Harriston,	6:05 a. m., 4:00 p. m
Mount Forest,	6:30 a. m., 4:30 p. m