Flesherton Advance.

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

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THE ADVANCE.

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

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

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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.

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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.

Flesherton
Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, - PROPRIETOR

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

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.

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

Flesherton
MONTHLY CATTLE FAIR.

THE next Fair will take place on MONDAY, APRIL 7th, 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 & LARGE,
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.

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

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

JOS. ALLISON, - - PROPRIETOR.

A FEW HINTS
FOR THE USE OF
AYER'S PILLS

DOSE.—*To move the bowels gently, 2 to 4 Pills; thoroughly, 4 to 6 Pills. Experience will decide the proper dose in each case.*

For **Constipation, or Costiveness,** no remedy is so effective as AYER'S PILLS. They insure regular daily action, and restore the bowels to a healthy condition.

For **Indigestion,** or **Dyspepsia,** AYER'S PILLS are invaluable, and a sure cure.

Heart-burn, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach, Flatulency, Dizziness, Headache, Numbness, Nausea, are all relieved and cured by AYER'S PILLS.

In **Liver Complaint, Bilious Disorders,** and **Jaundice,** AYER'S PILLS should be given in doses large enough to excite the liver and bowels, and remove constipation. As a cleansing medicine in the Spring, these PILLS are unequalled.

Worms, caused by a morbid condition of the bowels, are expelled by these PILLS.

Eruptions, Skin Diseases, and Piles, the result of Indigestion or Constipation, are cured by the use of AYER'S PILLS.

For **Colds,** take AYER'S PILLS to open the pores, remove inflammatory secretions, and allay the fever.

For **Diarrhœa and Dysentery,** caused by sudden colds, indigestible food, etc., AYER'S PILLS are the true remedy.

Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and Sciatica, often result from digestive derangement, or colds, and disappear on removing the cause by the use of AYER'S PILLS.

Tumors, Dropsy, Kidney Complaints, and other disorders caused by debility or obstruction, are cured by AYER'S PILLS.

Suppression, and Painful Menstruation, have a safe and ready remedy in

AYER'S PILLS.

Full directions, in various languages, accompany each package.

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.

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

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W. S. GRIFFIN, M. D.
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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 & Hollowware 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

ENGLAND.

From the Grey Review.

O land beyond the setting sun!
O queen enthroned in glory?
O mother of a mighty race,
Renowned in song and story!
Rich in memorials of the past,
In promise of the future,
Linked by the great acts of to-day—
Is not unworthy future—
Rich in all deeds of deathless fame,
That shows divine in human—
Rich in the life of noble man,
And of heroic woman—
Rich in that love by Jesus taught
Which maketh all men brothers
Rich in each gift that God bestows,
But passing rich in mothers.
From Canterbury's old renown,
From Windsor's quiet meadows,
From "Silver Avon's" holy ground,
From Cheviot's purple shadows,
Thy children pass to every land
On which the sun is shining,
The sturdy strength of English hand
With Western nerve combining;
But still, wherever English hand
To English hand gives greeting—
Wherever in the English breast
An English heart is beating—
Sweet memories of the mother-land
Will come like guests unbidden,
Beneath the gathering moss of Time,
Revealing fountains hidden—
Sweet memories, not of moated tower,
Or ivied castle hoary,
Of princely Hampton's pictured halls,
Or Hasting's doubtful glory,—
But of the primrose by the brook,
The daisy in the meadow,
The buttercups, on dimpled chins
That cast a golden shadow;
Of emerald turf, with violets flecked,
By young feet crushed unheeding,
As pattered they along the way,
A mother's hand was leading.
Brown locks may whiten on the brow,
Bright eyes be dim with weeping—
The child grown old—the mother cold
Beneath the daisy sleeping;
But still when He who holds the key
Of Memory's mystic portal,
Shall for a space unbar the gates
To show the soul immortal,
Though Artic snows or Afric sands
Stretch drearily before him,
The fragrant gales of English vales
Will breathe their sweetness o'er him
O mother-land! O mother-land!
Ye work a wondrous mission!
Ye bring again a scene perchance
Long hidden from the vision;
Ye touch a harp whose trembling cords
Will cease vibrating never,
But stretching through the mist of time
Go quivering on forever.

For The Advance.]

Our Parish Clerk.

BY DEACON SNUKES.

Old Eynsford was a snug, sleepy little hamlet in West Kent; as you drove into it, you could catch glimpses of the curly wreathes of blue smoke, that rose lazily through the trees skyward, while the air was fragrant with the sweet odor of the wall-flower and honeysuckle, whose lovely clusters graced the cotter's porch. Small diamond-shaped panes of glass, set in lead, did duty for the windows; while on each side of the bright brick walk leading to the door, a neat trimmed border of evergreen box, gave a cheery look to the house.

The village store was reached by a flight of three steps, with a shop bell of ancient memory attached to the door to signal the arrival of customers. The display in the window was not attractive, consisting of a box of fragrant red herrings, a bundle of clothes lines, a box of bath brick, and, placed at regular intervals—as guardians of the public health—a row of castor oil bottles. The atmosphere was a co-mingling of candles, fish, blacking, bacon and dry goods, with a seasoning of paints, oils and putty from the rear.

On the opposite side of the road stood the Parish Church, an unpretentious building of some three centuries. The renovating mania, had not laid its hand on the church at the period I write, its high backed oaken pews were black with age. I still vividly remember the feeling of awe which I experienced on looking towards the large, curtained family pew of the Dykes, with almost as much reverence as the ancient priest would gaze toward the holy of holies. The congregation were composed principally of the farming community, many of them bent with age, leaning upon their ashen staff, while their long, flowing white locks gave them quite a patriarchal appearance. The last of the race of old psalm singers, sat in the gallery, while the solemn notes of the trombone, sax-horn, clarionet, double-bass, and other instruments, accompanied the singing in a measured time, which gave one full opportunity to take breath between the lines. I well remember the man blowing the trombone; he appeared to be fully impressed with the awful majesty of his instrument. I once, under a special blast, ventured to look up and met the fearful vision, of a pair of distended eye-balls and inflated red cheeks, accompanied by a vigorous thrust of the slide earthward, as the closing strain of the doxology pealed through the building. A vision of spontaneous combustion comes before me every time I think of him.

The old Parson was a great stickler for the ceremonial observances of the Church. Holy days were faithfully observed, doctrinal points were duly discussed, while example was made of the wisdom of the Fathers and all the duly canonized Saints in the calendar. All his sermons had stood the test of time, were carefully written, well read, and known, almost by heart, alike by the pastor and some of the more intelligent of his congregation.

George Weller, the fifth of his race, sat in the desk below. He was a fine figure, somewhat inclined to corpulency, with a grand, full voice. He sat on the same seat, read the same responses, from the same book, in the same tone, that the same four generations of Weller's had, who had passed into the unseen. 'Twas he who stood by the font at baptism; his hand helped ring the merry wedding peal; he tolled the funeral knell; he dug the grave, which drew to its embrace our frail mortality; his hand endorsed the "Earth to earth," which fell in awful tones upon the mourner's ear. Yet, away from the solemnities of his office, George was somewhat of a jovial temperament, and inclined to convivial habits. His induction into the sacred office was attended by a circumstance, which, though trivial in itself, like many of our life's mistakes, stuck to him with remarkable tenacity.

It was a bright June Sabbath morning when young George first took his seat beside his venerable pa in the clerk's desk. His fine, manly figure showed to advantage, encased in a new black suit, exhibiting a small acreage of shirt front and white choker. He had a lily of the valley in his button hole, while on his countenance sat an invisible smile of supreme satisfaction, not unmixed with quiet dignity, so befitting to the occasion. His voice somewhat tremulous at first, soon gained confidence, until its full, manly ring gave tone to the responses, which were taken up by the congregation in good hearty style, much to the discomfort of the trombone player in the gallery, who regarded George somewhat in the light of an enemy. The old Parson entered fully into the spirit of the occasion by interspersing with his printed sermon, some practical remarks on the new appointee to clerical honors, greatly to the glorification of the Clerk, who, under the heat of the day, or strong emotional feelings, fell fast asleep. Dreams, doubtless, of future blessedness, in the shape of marriage fees and funeral perquisites, lulled him to the sound sleep of the just—so sound, that, the at first gentle nasal murmurings gradually expanded into a deep, sonorous snore, growing longer and louder, until it bid fair to eclipse the utterances of the toothless Parson in the pulpit above. The patience and insulted dignity of George's pa could stand it no longer. Leaning forward, he proceeded to poke him vigorously in the ribs, calling him by name in a loud whisper. The result was quite unexpected, as George arose in an half-a-sleep condition, shouting "Amen" at the top of his voice. It is needless to describe the confusion which followed. While the day faded into the past, not so the remembrance of the error, which, like a burr, stuck to him through life; while declining years told their tale, and his less elastic step would thread the village walks, the boys of the rising generation would pop their heads round the corner and waggishly call after the retreating figure—"Amen!"

"In the Midst of Life." Etc.

Great preparations were being made at Uxbridge by Mr. and Mrs. Bell, an old and respected couple, to celebrate the anniversary of their golden wedding, when an event occured which has turned gladness into deep sadness. Mrs. Bell, while doing some household duty in the absence of the family, dropped dead, and was found lying on the floor when her husband returned. Seven sons, with their wives and children were to have been present at the wedding, which was to have taken place on Wednesday. They were in time for her funeral. Deceased was mother to Rev. Joseph Bell, of the C. M. Church, whose wife's relatives live in this city.—*Hamilton Times.*

Eggs For Hatching.

Extremely cold weather is very injurious to eggs for hatching purposes. When the hens are to be set, or the incubators started, be careful to collect them every time a hen cackles, in order to prevent them from being exposed to the cold. The inattention given the frequent collection of eggs for hatching has been the cause of many bad hatches, and the hens and incubators have been condemned, often unjustly, because eggs that have been exposed to low degrees temperature did not hatch.—*Rural Canadian.*

The Grange and Its Works.

The granger's parliament was held this year in Toronto. It made no noise; it opened and closed without the firing of cannon, or any other tomfoolery of a kindred sort; and its deliberations were carried on with as much decorum as though a speaker with a cocked hat had occupied the chair, or a golden mace had been displayed to exercise authority over them. The parliament was in session for a week, and during that time members applied themselves diligently to the work before them. There was no bunkum talk, no short sittings, no obstructions of business, no needless motions for information; but a sensible, practical, earnest consideration of subjects that interest the whole community, and especially the farmer. The members worked hard, as well as late and early, and possibly the results might have been more satisfactory had the session been prolonged to a fortnight. But any one who has taken care to inform himself of the proceedings of the body cannot fail to have observed that they were marked by good sense, and that the aim of members was to make the occupation of the farmer more important and more valuable than it now is, and to lift it to a higher place in relation to all other affairs of the people. There are a great many questions of a public nature that concern farmers only, and the solution of which can only be arrived at by patient study and discussion. The local granges gather up the local wisdom, and the representatives of these lodges in the Provincial Grange meet together well qualified to weigh the pros and cons of a subject, to eliminate error and to crystallize principles. As an educating body the grange has certainly done excellent work in this Province, and we hope it will go on and prosper. There are vast fields of usefulness before it.—*Rural Canadian.*

The Midget Sheep.

The very smallest of all kinds of sheep, says *St. Nicholas*, is the tiny Breton sheep. It is to small to be very profitable to raise; for of course, it cannot have much wool, and as for eating, why, a hungry man would almost eat one at a meal. It is so small when full grown that it can hide behind a good sized bucket. It takes its name from the particular part of France where it is most raised.

But if not a profitable sheep it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very gentle and loving, and because it is so small, it is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a girl named Mary. It would need to be a very large little girl—a giant little girl, indeed—who could take an ordinary sheep in her lap and cuddle it there; but any little girl could find room in her lay for a Breton sheep quite as easily as for one of those very ugly little dogs called by the ugly name of pug.

One of the little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feelings of its human friends, when it has been brought up as a pet in the house, and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness. If any person whom it likes a great deal is very much pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but if, on the contrary, the person sheds tears, the sympathetic friend will evince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way. A kind word and a loving caress will also fill it with happiness while a cross word or harsh gesture will cause it evident distress.

Some Things not to do.

Hanover Post.

Never give advice. If a man is wise, he don't need it; and if he is a fool he won't take it.

Don't sit down on the business end of a tack. The shock might cause you to use some very unparliamentary language.

Dont try to be eccentric. Remember that eccentric people are scarcely ever trusted with ten cents any further than they can be seen.

Dont jaw back to a man bigger than yourself, unless you have a desire to get your head damaged and wear false teeth.

Don't lend THE POST to your neighbor who is too mean to subscribe for one of his own.

Don't come in to THE POST Printing House when you are mad and talk fight. Our foreman it the heavy-weight champion of the west.

Don't try to persuade us to send you THE POST unless you pay for it in advance. You would only be wasting away golden hours which might be employed in doing something that would perhaps reward you with a certain measure of success.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—Sufferers from either acute or chronic rheumatism will find no more ready relief or better cure than Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the popular household remedy for external and internal use in all painful affections.