Flesherton Advance.

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

VOL. IV., NO. 175. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, OCTOBER 23, 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.

Flesherton Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, - PROPRIETOR

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

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

FLESHERTON MONTHLY CATTLE FAIR.

THE next Fair will take place on MONDAY NOV. 10th, 1884

Canadian Pacific Railway.

ONTARIO DIVISION.

Change of Time.

Commencing Tuesday, Sep. 9, 1884.

Toronto, Grey & Bruce Division.

TORONTO, depart, 7.20 a.m. ..... 4.40 p.m.
do. arrive, 10.45 a.m. ..... 8.35 p.m.

*Connects with C.P.R. Steamships at Owen Sound. Runs only Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

NOTE.—Mixed train leaves Parkdale 7.30a.m.

CREDIT VALLEY DIVISION.

TORONTO, depart, 7.10 a.m. ..... 4.50 p.m.
" arrive, 9.20 " ..... 7.00 "

NOTE.—Mixed train leaves Parkdale 1 a.m.

ONTARIO & QUEBEC DIVISION.

4.50 p.m, Depart..... Toronto .....Arrive 10.45 a.m.
6.10 a.m. " .....Parkdale ..... " 7.50 p.m.
6.34 a.m. } " .....Norwood ..... " {12.08 "
2.00 p.m. } {8.57 "

W. WHYTE, Gen'l Sup't. D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

TRAINS LEAVE

FLESHERTON STATION:

Going North,...at 11:35 p.m, 8.55 p.m., & 4:35 p.m.
Going South,...at 6:45 a.m., 4:35 p.m., & 9:10 a.m.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Flour	$4 00	to 4 20
Fall Wheat	$0 68	to 0 70
Spring Wheat	0 70	0 72
Barley.....	0 45	0 62
Oats	0 25	0 00
Peas	0 50	0 54
Butter.....	0 16	0 18
Eggs, fresh.....	0 18	0 00
Potatoes	0 20	0 00
Pork	6 00	0 00
Hay, per ton.....	7 00	8 00
Hides	5 00	7 00
Wool.....	16	20
Sheepskins	0 35	0 55
Geese	00	00
Ducks, per brace.....	00	00
Chickens, per brace....	00	00

ADVERTISE IN THE ADVANCE, IT WILL PAY YOU.

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.

A. D. PERRY. J. BALDWIN HANDS.

HANDS & PERRY,

Successors to Lauder & Hands,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, CONVEYANCERS, &c. Money to Loan at Lowest Rates of interest. Offices, 16 King Street East, Toronto.

FROST & FROST.

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

J. W. FROST, LL.B.

ALFRED FROST, Crown County Attorney.

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.

Flesherton Station Hotel.

Alex. Hannah & Son, Proprietors.

THE above Hotel having been thoroughly refitted throughout, now affords excellent accommodation to the travelling public. The bar is well supplied with choice Liquors and Cigars. In fact, ample accommodation is afforded here to both man and beast. 150-1y

Medical.

Dr. Hixon.

Physician, Surgeon, and ACCOUCHER,

PRICEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

All calls promptly attended to.

Business Cards.

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.

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.

Alexander Brown,

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

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.

Societies.

Cards inserted under this heading at $2.00 per annum when paid in advance, or $3 when not so paid. Three-quarter inch.

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.

$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

UPSIDE DOWN!

THE ADVANCE MAN "ALL BROKE UP."—THE FIGHTING EDITOR "UNDER THE WEATHER."

The "Devil" Reigns Supreme.

Gentle reader! have you ever been blown up by a volcano, or buried under a mountain of brick and mortar, or closed up in a coal pit? If you have, you'll be able to understand the present state of our feelings: if not you'll have to stretch mighty hard on your imagination.

A couple of weeks ago we stated that in a short time we would be "reclining on our hair cloth sofa," and a lot of other poetical balderdash. The poetry has been knocked clean out of us since, and we don't talk any more about such things. All we want now is to find a quiet place where,—free from the clamor and racket of carpenters, masons and other infernal(!) modern innovations—we can calmly lie down and breathe our last—bitter anathema against the whole tribe. We are not in the habit of using cuss words, but really now, we believe we could say something *almost* "equally" as strong, and not make much of an effort either. Don't condemn us, until you have heard our tale of woe. Don't say we are a bold bad man and as crazy as Guiteau or some other crank, until you have heard our harrowing tale.

A week or so ago, one of Whitten's gang of carpenters walked into our sanctum and deliberately announced his intention of tearing the whole blamed front out of the building. We didn't remonstrate—we have a dim recollection of saying something, but forget just what. We believe we must have been paralyzed about that time. First our handsome windows—on one of which "ADVANCE OFFICE" was printed in bold black letters—were ruthlessly torn from their places and all the inner mysteries of our "den" exposed to the cold, unpitying gaze of the tide of humanity which hourly surges past our office.

"Dirty black old hole," said one bad little boy, who, espying our devil at that juncture, let fly some mortar and struck him on the nose. Our "devil" retaliated by chasing him hotly around some of the back streets for the next ten or fifteen minutes, and finally succeeded in cornering and licking him soundly for his presumption.

"Great improvement, great improvement," said a cheerful looking old gentleman gazing abstractedly at the carpenter as that worthy let fly at a chunk of lath and plaster. "Beats all how the—confound the plaster anyhow!" he suddenly exclaimed as a cloud of dust and concentrated "essence" of lime swooped down into his face.

We calmly gazed on the spectacle, and grimly smiled at the old gentleman's discomfiture, while the devil serenely yelled for copy at the top of his voice,—varying the pleasant recreation by chinning the small boys, who were grinning in at the open door and windows, and chucking chunks of brick, mortar, and lath at them The fighting editor looked savage enough to lick a dozen John L. Sullivan's but, alas! a sudden and unexpected shower of debris choked his utterance and laid him "badly under the weather." The pugilism was knocked out of him higher'n a kite. We wept bitterly, but it was no use. Our only consolation lay in the thought, that between the carpenter and plasterer and falling timbers we might possibly be able to stem the tide of irate humanity which might be thirsting for gore on account of our late red-hot news items or editorials, and our confidence was not misplaced.

Finally the dust cleared away, and Johnny Large commenced nailing on the laths. Whitten was also busily engaged.

"Thank goodness the worst is over," we whispered softly to our fighting editor who was rapidly becoming restored to his wonted equanimity.

"About time," growled the f. e. in a thundering base—partly caused by the dust, and partly by certain currents of cold air—"there's only about three inches of dirt in the cases, and about a thousand pounds of type spilled, and about three or four columns of editorial and local matter pied all to thunder, and—and—"

"Hold on, old fellow, hold on; let up on that; we'll pull through somehow and we'll just—"

It *just* then occured to us, that we had to move our power press, several fonts of type, a small hand press, two or three tables, two or three score bundles of stationery, a clock, and various other articles too numerous to mention. Our emotions were of a mixed nature. We were first at a loss whether we should kick the "devil" out of the office, bounce the f. e., sack ourself, close up the whole concern and go off for a peaceful holiday trip among the cannibals, or "hold the fort" and keep a close watch on the aforementioned carpenter and plasterer. We adopted the latter course and still live in the bright and glorious hope that we shall at some date in the dim future survive the wreck of "matter" now going on around THE ADVANCE office.

After chipping three or four of our knuckles, jamming our head several times against the wall, and letting our number sixteen feet rest lovingly for about ten seconds on the "devil's" tenderest corn—to the consternation of that worthy lad,—we managed to get the presses out of the way. Next, taking up a hugh bundle of stationery (removal, even if it did break our back, was now the order of the day) we cautiously wended our way past a bundle of laths, and made for the place where we intended to deposit it. Threading our way carefully past the red hot stove, then by the imposing stone, we were moving along as gracefully as a fawn, when—when—our left foot struck the hard side of a scantling lying directly in our path—and which we had not previously noticed—and the next instant there was a sound of falling stationery. Only it might seem superfluous, we would add that we accompanied the bundle in its rapid descent—escorted it to the flour, as it were, so to speak. Then from the depths there arose one terrific and long prolonged:

Meow-w-w-w! pur-r-reow!—sitz-z-z, meow-o-reow!

The f. e. rescued pussie from her perlious position, while we managed to crawl out under the large hand press and reach a place of safety—as we thought. In assuming an upright position, however, our head came in contact with a large pail, brimful of dirty water. We got wet. We also got mad, and retaliated by kicking the pail out into the street. The p. d. mounted the highest shelf, where, secure from molestation, he hugged and kicked himself and laughed immoderately. Finally he laughed himself off the shelf—so to speak—and fell head foremost into the ink keg. Served him right. It was our turn *now* to laugh; it was a sickly laugh, though, for we were wet, and mad, and mighty cold. But when the p. d. was extricated from his rather delicate position and his face exposed to view, we executed a wild war-dance of triumph with our f. e. Our triumph was brief. Somehow we hurt the f. e. He rapidly drew back his left hand and then a "new" universe of * * * * and † † † † and ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ danced before our disordered vision. Draw the curtain—gently—to slow music.

Now, if we have exaggerated somewhat in detailing the trials and vicissitudes of THE ADVANCE staff during the time the carpenters and plasterer were at work "renovating" our office, we are sure our readers will excuse us. However, our troubles in this connection are now nearly over, and we are in a position to, testify as to the abilities of Messrs. John Large, Bob Whitten and Geo. Keefer for the rapid and neat execution of work in their various lines of business; also to the commendable efforts of our worthy citizen, Dr. Christoe, who has spared neither time nor expense in making his tenants as comfortable as possible. The handsome new three-story block adjoining this office is a standing monument to his enterprise and patriotism.

Our Joshua Competition.

The persons sending the first correct answer to the following problem before Nov. 1st, will receive a FINE OIL PAINTING size 22 x 36 in heavy 5 inch gilt frame: the two persons sending the next correct answers prizes of fine OIL PAINTINGS 18 x 24, heavily framed, and 10 prizes of $1 five to those who send in the five last correct or nearest correct answers. In all 13 rewards which will *positively* be given. No fraud about *this*. Each competitor must enclose with their answer twenty-five cents for which they will receive a copy of "OUR JOSHUA AS A REPORTER," the latest humor's work published and which, aside from the prize, is full value for the money. Remember every one receives the book who sends an answer.

QUESTION.—Multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number fo barley which Boaz gave Ruth, divide this by the number of Haman's sons, substract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ark, multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven, subtract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharaoh, add the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliah, substract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem, divide by the number of anchors cast out when Paul was shipwrecked, and subtract the number of persons saved in the ark.

The names of those sending correct answers as well as the successful competitors will be published in the N. B. Reporter, copies of which will also be sent to competitors. Address—

HERMAN H PITTS,
Manager "N. B. Reporter."
P. O. Box 209. Fredericton, N. B.

Those requiring extra good Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Shuttles, Needles, Oil, &c., are invited to apply for them to C. TREADGOLD, Flesherton.

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."

159 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.