What Our Country Needs.

God give us men! a time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who posses opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty, and in private thinking;
For, while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps.
—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

In a thrilling Missionary Speech, Rev. A. Grant recently said:—"The power that now rolls, beats and throbs in every Christian community. What is it? The Spirit of Missions" which sentence suggested the following:

MISSION MARCH.

Roll, Roll, Roll!
Thou swelling mission sea,
Till all the Church
Shall gladly search
For full response to Thee.

Beat, Beat, Beat!
Thou throbbing heart of life;
Till every mind,
Some way shall find,
To join the glorious strife.

Wave, wave, wave!
The Gospel banner high,
Glad tidings tell
To those who dwell
Where souls in darkness lie.

Work, work, work!
Go at your Master's call,
Till Satin's strength
Shall yield at length,
And Christ be all in all.

Preach, preach, preach!
Proclaim the Gracious Word,
The world surround
The foe confound
Triumph in Christ the Lord.

Flesherton, July 16th, 1887. —T. W.

Bodily health and vigor may be maintained as easily in the heat of summer, as in the winter months, if the blood is purified and vitalized with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Every person who has used this remedy has been greatly benefited. Take it this month.

For The Advance.

SHADOWS.

BY DEACON SNUKES.

The Bells ring out their merry, merry peal. The sun shines brightly on the venerable pile, beneath whose roof, two human souls are joined as one. Ring out your happy peal, ye old, old bells, while the breeze bears on its bosom, to the distant hills and vales, the joyous tones. Ring out your gladening notes, that hearts grown cold and worn with old age, may beat again beneath thy magic spell; that scenes long buried, resurect once more from memories dear. Ring out your tones; yet mark the falling tear, that trickles down the wrinkled visage of the old, old man. Alone, he sits beneath the cottage porch, lifes duties done. His palsied frame is trembling in the scale, and quietly waits until the silver cord be broken. All quiet within, the measured stroke of solemn time, marks off the moments as they fly apace. Alone, yet as he hears the old familiar tone ring out the joyous peal, the musty shadows of the faded past, in silence mute, once more surround him. They are but shadows, yet to him how dear. Fond memory cloths them all again with life, yet ere he grasps the hand that lived to bless—tis gone, once more the shadows fly. Ring out your joyous peal, for while echo rings among the hills, another union, made with service strange, is passing twixt the earth and the unseen. The old man hears above the bells of earth, a far off sound of music sweeter far. He leans his weary head upon his breast, yet nearer, sweeter, stronger grows the tones, his eyelids close to earths vain fleeting show he bows in solemn worship as he feel a strange mysterious hand support him through the deepening shade. A moment's space. 'tis done. 'Twas but the valley of the shadow, now light, full bright and glorious, bursts upon his gaze. The Bells of Earth ring on; he heeds them not, forever here the shadows are unknown.

* * * * *

The sacred spot, where falls misterious light. The vaulted roof, dim with the dust of ages, adorned with banners, trophies from the wars. The organ, swelling with majestic tones, in melody unlike the sounds of fitful earth, seem to transport one to another sphere. "All hail the Power" from the surpliced choir, swells deep and glorious, earth and Heaven conjoined, reverberates through the vast expanse, the "Amen." The silent dust, the majesty of kings, fair woman's queenly grace, the mighty statesman's voice, the poet's mystic charm, the noble warrior's power, the hand that stooped to bless the starving poor, the voice that cheered the dying soldier's bed, the martyrs ashes, burned for sacred truth, the glorious Bard, that Avon's beauties sang, the sightless eyes of Paradise regained, the stalwart christian, who on burning sands, laid down his life, earth's tawny sons to bless, the busy brain, whose "Household Words," charm all humanity, the mitred Bishop, and the Stoless clerk, all shades, graduations, pomp and show, lie mingled in one common clay, disolved—as shadows pass away.

Breaths there a soul upon whose path, the shadows never fall?
Whose whole career, glides like a silvery stream without a ripple,
Upon whose placid bosom gleams perpetual light,
Undimmed by any cloud upon its fair horizon?
Where! Oh my soul, where is that blest relief
That shelter from the storm, the ills and woes of life?
Where is that shore, where tempest tossed and riven
The weary spirit, free from mortal care, rests in perpetual peace?
'Tis not of earth; this is but shadow land
As faded flowers, we fall and pass away.
Earths brightest vision, dashed by unseen hand
Then—vanish all that's mortal and decay.
There is a land where shadows never fall.
Eternal sunshine bathes it's broad expanse,
A land where pain and sorrow are unknown,
Where tears ne'er dim the eye, and parting never come.
A land where peace, like streams on parched ground
Flows everlasting, through the rapturous soul.
There the abiding home, God's Paradise of love,
His faithful children rests, when from the Earth removed.

July 11th, 1887. D. S.

TAMARAC.—Is an Elixir carefully prepared by an experienced chemist' with the well-known Tamarac as the fundamental principle, and all the other ingredients in its composition are of the purest, and best calculated to relieve all cases of Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles.

TERRIBLE COLLISION.

An Excursion Train Collides with a Freight Train at St. Thomas —Cars Laden with Oil Take Fire.

St. Thomas, Ont., July 15.—A terrible accident occurred at the crossing of the Grund Trunk and Michigan Central railways in this city about 7 o'clock this evening. An excursion train on the Grand Trunk railway from Port Stanley ran into a passing freight on the Michigan Central railway with a number of cars loaded with oil. The engine crashed into one of these cars, when the oil instantly took fire and burned with great fierceness, communicating to the cars on both trains and extending to Griffin's warehouse, coal and lime sheds adjoining the track on the west, and John Campbell's dwelling on the East, all of which were burned to the ground, with the contents. Engineer Donnelly, of the excursion train was burned in the wreck. The fireman jumped and escaped with slight injuries. The forward car of the excursion train was filled with passengers, who made frantic efforts to escape from the burning car, but notwithstanding that hundreds of brave and willing hands were immediately at work to assist in their rescue, it is feared a number have lost their lives and will be burned beyond recognition before their bodies can be got out of the wreck. At 8 o'clock, when thousands of people were crowding around the burning pile, one of the oil tanks on the cars suddenly exploded, throwing hundreds, to the ground with great force and scattering fire in all directions, and severely perhaps fatally, injuring many. At 8.30 p. m. nine bodies were burned to a crisp.

St. Thomas, July 16.—It is now ascertained that the victims of the railway accident of yesterday number twelve, as follows:

THE KILLED.

Mrs. K. Smithers and child.
Mrs. S. Frayne and child.
S. C. Zealand and child.
Mrs. J. Boyle and three children.
Engineer Donnelly and Herman Ponsford, who died this morning fron his injuries.

Mrs. S. C. Zealand is probably fatally injured.

CAUSE OF THE DISASTER.

The coroner's jury viewed the charred remains of the victims and adjourned till Monday evening when the evidence will be taken.

An investigation will be held in regard to the cause of the accident. It is reported that the engineer had been drinking, but it is claimed the main cause of the disaster was the failure of the air-brakes to work. The track is now clear, and the wires will be in working order in a few days.

THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

George Angles, the fireman of the wrecked train, is a resident of this city. In speaking of the disaster he said: "Just as we came in plain sight of the semaphone at the Michigan Central Railway crossing we saw that it was up and a Michigan Central Railway freight train was running slowly across the Port Stanley track. We were running smartly. Donnelly reversed his engine and put on the air brakes. He was calculating, I thought, stop just inside the semaphore. Apparently the brakes did not work, and the next minute we struck between a couple of cars, but not before I asked Donnelly to jump, which he refused to do. He told me to jump, which I did. As soon as our engine struck the oil tank a big blaze went up and the baggage car was immediately wrapped in flames. The end of the first passenger car tipped up and caught also, and was soon ablaze. Then the second oil tank caught and exploded with a terrific crash, the flames raised fully 100 hundred feet high, catching the freight sheds on the south side of the track. I saw Donnelly taken out. He was badly burned and disfigured. I also saw several childen taken and a couple of grown persons."

The Passing Summer.

To the Editor of The Advance

Sir.—At this season we are approaching a period when a very important operation in forestry is easily performed, that is the planting out of evergreens. It is now generally foreseen that, in a short time, this country will be, so far as the remains of the older forests are concerned, quite destitute of shelter, and people are getting well aware from observing what has happened in other countries, that the land will not produce nearly as well. In some townships I have lately visited I find all the more intelligent farmers either planting, or preparing to plant lines of cedar, norway spruce or pine along the exposed sides of their farms and in a few years they will obtain great benefit thereby. There is no more difficulty with these than with diciduous trees, if the roots are kept moist and covered from sun and air till planted, while the winter shelter they give renders them far superior to maple or elms. The first week in June is a good time to plant, but if that be missed, the first week in August will do. Yours etc.,

B. W. PHIPPS.

Toronto, July 15th, 1887.

STOP IT.—Continual hawking and spitting caused by Catarrh is permanently removed by Nasal Balm.

A Brave Man Shrinks.

"How's this, John? You said you intended to propose to Miss Gushington this evening, and here you are back before nine o'clock. She surely didn't refuse you?"

"No-o I didn't propose. I concluded to postpone the question."

"Now, see here, John, if you do'nt get that girl it's your own fault. The idea of being such a coward. You, who have bravely walked up to the cannon's mouth."

"Y-e-s, but the cannon hadn't been eating onions."

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

AYER'S PILLS. Sugar-Coated Cathartic

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia. —G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

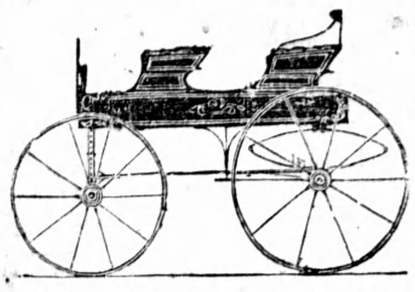
By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured. —Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored. —Theodore Esling, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.



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CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE, *Blacksmith,* THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

BOOTS & SHOES!

Having received large auditions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.

LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.

MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.

FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

WM. CLAYTON, , Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

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MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale.

JOS. McCORMICK,
Flesherton.

304-320.

FLAGS AND BANNERS

of superior quality, for Orange and other Societies. Order early.

W M. TEGART,
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J. W. BATES,

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