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COAL OIL,

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It needs only the name for its recommendation. Any quantity sold from one-fourth of a pound to 20 pounds. Try it.

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Non Secret Medicines, Cheaper than the ordinary Proprietory Medicines and we know the drugs of which they are made. Look out for them in a week or so.

Books, Stationery and a Druggists General Make-up.

For The Advance.

In a Far Off Land.

The beauty, the grace of a summer's day
In pearly twilight was fading away,
And over the brightness of Egypt's sand
The darkness lay; and the joyous, grand
Triumphant strain on the night-air fell—
'Twas the victors marching the news to tell.

On the blood-red sand of the battle-plain
There were ghastly faces and cries of pain,—
Voices pleading in broken prayer
For the tender touch of the loved ones, there;
Plaintive longings, with hurried gasp,
For the dear home-faces—the mother's clasp.

There on the stained Egyptian sand,
Dying alone in that far-off Land,
A soldier lay; and he raised his head:
"Tell them at home," he faintly said
While the blood ebbed swift, "that it all seems right,
For, comrade, I'm going Home to-night."

"I had fondly thought to view once more
My dear old home on my native shore;
To march with the victors, you understand—
To kiss the loved ones—to press each hand...
But tell them I said that it all seems right,
For I go to a better Home to-night."

"Tell her," he whispered, "I kept her token...
Ah, God! must that loving heart be broken?
Comrade, you'll tell her when all is past,
On my dying lips her name was last.
But comrade, say that it all seems right—
Good-bye—I'm—going Home—to-night!"

In that soldier's home in another land
There are swelling hearts; now they understand
How there on that burning, sandy plain
He bravely fought for his country's gain,
And the aged mother bows low her head
As she vainly prays for the dear lost dead.

A brother comforts a sister there,
And weeping falls on the dreamy air.
What is the sunlight—what the grace
Of the summer day? For a dear one's face
Is missed at home by that loving band
Who mourn their dead in a far-off land.

—*Edith B. VanDusen.*

Flesherton, Aug. '87.

Jip's First Sermon.

WESSY (his real name is Charles Wesley Haynes) has a little dog Jip. He also has a "minister papa."

"Dippy," he often says, "we must be dood, we's min'ster's chil'ren."

One Sunday afternoon mamma said to papa, "Cant you take Wessy to Church with you to-day? I have a headache, and he has been so noisy all the morning that baby couldn't sleep. You can take him up into the pulpit; surely he can't do any mischief there;" for Wessy was very apt to get into mischief.

"All right, old fellow," said papa, "we'll have a fine time together."

Wessy was very glad, and ran off to find Jip.

"Dippy," he said, "we's doin' to church; we's doin' into the preach-place. Will oo be a dood boy?"

"Wow, wow," said Jip.

Now if papa or mamma had only heard this little talk! But they didn't; so Wessy tucked Jip under his overcoat, for Jip was so small he could easily go into papa's coat-pocket. They got into the sleigh and no one but Wessy and Jip knew that he was there. They were a little late in reaching the church, so papa hurried into the pulpit without taking off Wessy's wraps.

Wessy sat very quiet at first, and looked around. Then when papa began to preach, he grew tired. Jip too, was getting quite uneasy, so he unbuttoned his ulster and took the little fellow out. Papa saw that some of the people were smiling more and more. He began to be afraid Wessy was in mischief. Pretty soon he heard a sharp, quick bark. He turned around, and there, on the sofa, sitting up straight, and looking very sorrowful, was Jip. By his side sat Wessy, his hat on the back of his head, and a lead pencil stuck in his mouth for a cigar. He had fastened a string to papa's coat button, and he and Jip were driving to Boston."

Papa laughed, too, if he was in the pulpit, but he stopped the play very quickly. And Wessy told his mamma that night that the preach-place wasn't nice one bit; he never wanted to go there no more, and Dip didn't never."—*Baptist Weekly.*

A Great Smeller.

"Cotton burnin' 'round heah summers," said a negro employed at a Little Rock cotton shed; "cotton burnin' summers, fur I smell it."

"I don't smell anything," said the manager of the shed.

"I does, sah, I does. I reckon dat I'm er little de bes' smeller in dis heah country. W'y, sah, I ken smell o' de atmusfere an' tell w'en it's gwine ter rain."

"Then you must be an expert."

"Dat's whut I is, sah; dat's zactly whut I is. Yer know dat railroad accident de udder day? Wall, I knowed dat gwine happen."

"How did you know it?"

"Smelt it."

"You are foolish."

"No, sah, I aint. I wuz standin' talkin' ter Jim Taylor, an' all o' er suddent sez I, 'Jim, thar's suthin' gwine ter happen on dat railroad ober yander.' 'How yer know?' sez he. 'I smell it,' sez I. He flung up his head, hil it up er while and den sez, 'I smell er little trouble merse'f, but I kain't zackly make out whut it is.' Wall, sah, 'bout two hours arter dat dem trains run tugeder. Look heah, boss, I tell yer I smells cotton. Look out—whut's de matter heah? Good Lawd!"

Then he began to snatch off his shirt, which was about ready to blaze. He threw the burning garment on the ground, and as he stamped out the fire remarked: "Ain't no man ken beat me smellin,' lemme tell yer. Knowed dar wuz fire in dis heah neighborhood, an' I do belebe in my soul, sah, dat it has dun burnt er blister on my back."

New Bakery.

The undersigned begs to inform the people of Flesherton and neighborhood generally, that he has leased the Flesherton Bakery for a term of years and respectfully solicits their patronage. *Bread, Buns, Cakes* and any other kind of Baking that may be required by any of my patrons will receive prompt and careful attention. Liberal estimates for large supplies. I intend shortly to add *Home made Confectionery* warranted pure and manufactured on the premises.

JACOB STEPHEN.

Flesherton, Aug. 17th 1887.

Why he was Polite.

Two men on a street car. A woman enters and one of the men hastily gives her his seat. The other one looks on in astonishment and when the woman gets off says.

"You are growing strangely polite."

"How so?"

"Why you gave that woman your seat just now. I never saw you do anything of the kind before. You must have been struck on her appearance."

"Oh, no. You see, I owe her husband and she knows who I am.

An Unfortunate Coincidence.

Blumenthal—"Did you hear vat pad luck hash happened to Levi Cohen?"

Rosenburg—"I have noddings heard."

Blumenthal—"Levi had choost completed all his arrangements to fail in pishness at terventy cents on ter tollar ven a rich oncle died in Shermany and left him terventy tousand tollars in his vill. Vat you call dot for pad luck, eh?"

"Too pad! too pad! Vy couldn't dot old oncle have vaited a leedle vile?"

No Gooseberries This Season.

"Waiter," said a gentleman in the dining-car, "have you any gooseberry pie?"

"No, sah; hain't carryin' any dis yeah, sah.

"Why is that?"

"Well, you see, sah, dey's scarce dis season. Las' winter was so cole and stormy dat it was mighty tough on de geese."

Young, old, and middle aged, all experience the wonderfully benificial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young children suffering from sore eyes, sore ears, scald head, or with any scrofulous taint, become healthy and strong by the use of this medicine. Six bottles, $5.

Under Protection of a Higher Power.

A darkie, being brought before the magistrate, was asked:

"Haven't you been in jail for stealing chickens, once before."

"No, sah; no indeed, I hain't. Praise de Lawd for his infernit mussy, nobody hain't cotched me yit. It seems as if I wuz pertected by de higher powers."

He Blew His Own Horn.

He was 4 years old, and had received his first trumpet He enjoyed it immensely. When he was put to bed his mother asked him to put the trumpet away and say his prayers. "I tell you what let's do, mamma," said the young man. "You pray, and I'll just keep on blowing."

PHYSICIANS.—Are usually averse to proprietary medicines. Nasal Balm is a specific for cold in the head and catarrh, and having faith and evidence that it will cure those troubles, we ask and court a fair trial of the discovery, and a full investigation at their hands.

Ruined By Success.

Some one asked a photographer the other day how he was doing.

"Not any too well," was the reply, "you see the trouble is, now that I've become well-known, people say to themselves, 'That fellow must be overrun with work,' and go somewhere else."

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

Farmers Attention.

If you want to save money buy your Meat from Petch & Mitchell. We are now selling Beef from 4c. up. Always a good stock on hand and the best Meat the country can produce. Special reductions for large quantities for thrashing. Eggs or salt pork taken same as cash. PETCH & MITCHELL, butchers, Flesherton. 2t.

By Dissembling.

"My dear old friend, how were you able to acquire such an immense fortune?"

"By a very simple method."

"What method is that?"

"When I was poor I made out I was rich; and when I got rich I made out that I was poor."

TAMARAC.—A cold will often cause an irritation, dryness and soreness inside the throat. The first dose of Tamarac Elixir will afford relief.

SCROFULA

Humors,

Erysipelas,

Canker, and

Catarrh,

Can be cured by purifying the blood with

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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

Price $1; six bottles, $5.

TIMBER AND LAND SALE.

CERTAIN lots and the timber thereon situate in the Townships of Allan, Assiginack, Bidwell, Billings, Carnarvon, Campbell, Howland, Shegwiandah, Tehkummah and Mills on the Manitoulin Island, in the District of Algoma, in the Province of Ontario, wil be offered for Sale at Public Auction in blocks of 200 acres, more or less, on the first day of September next, at 10 o'clock, A.M. at the Indian Land Office in the Village of Manitowaning.

Terms of Sale:—Bonus for timber payable in cash, price of land payable in cash, a license fee also payable in cash and dues to be paid accordingly to Tarriff upon the timber when cut.

The land on which the timber grows to be sold with the timber without conditions of settlement.

At the same time and place the Merchantable Timber of not less than nine inches in diameter at the butt, on the Spanish River Reserve and French River lower Reserve will be offered for sale for a cash bonus and annual ground rent of $1.00 per square mile, and dues to be paid on the timber as cut, according to Tariff of this Department.

For full particulars please apply to Jas. C. Phipps, Esq., Indian Supt. Manitowaning, or to the undersigned.

No other paper to insert this advertisement without authority through the Queen's Printer

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of the Supt. Gen'l. of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 2nd June, 1887.

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NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

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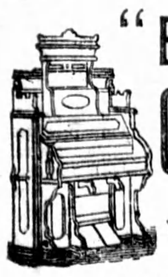

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