FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

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

VOL. VIII., NO 466. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1890. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

WATCHES,
WATCHES,
WATCHES.

—: IN :—

GOLD, SILVER AND SILVER ORE.

Some cute lines. Ladie's sizes in gold and silver. Just opened another case of FINE WALNUT CLOCKS, don't miss seeing them. Our specialty,

WATCH, CLOCK AND JEWELRY REPAIRING.

—SPEX OPTICALLY FITTED.—

ARMSTRONG **BROS.**

PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSESHOEING, WOOD WORK.

FIRST PRIZE WHEREVER SHOWN,

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES! JOB WORK.

FOR VEHICLES MANUFACTURED AT

Heard's Carriage Works,

FLESHERTON, ONT.

DICK'S LAND ROLLERS, MOWERS, BINDERS, PLOWS.

Our Buggies the Best.
Our Sleighs the Best.
Our Cutters the Best.
Our Improved Harrows the Best.
Our Patent Gate The Best.
Stevens Improved Spring Tooth Harrow the Best.

STRAW CUTTERS, SCUFFLERS, TURNIP DRILLS, GANG PLOWS

BOOTS.

BOOTS.

BOOTS.

Quality amounts to little unless prices are fair.
Low prices are not bargains unless quality is there.

WE COMBINE THEM.

Never, in the history of Flesherton, has such Bargains in Boots been offered, taking the Quality into consideration. We have the right goods at right prices. See those Men's Whole Leather Plow Shoes, Men's Split, Men's Fine Lace Boots, Men's Oxford. Ladies, let your good judgement in the shoe line carry you up the Wright hill to the Cash Store. You can get anything you want from the heavy Stoga to the finest Kid. Misses' and Children's in all styles.

ALL KINDS OF GROCERIES.

Fresh Teas, Sugars, Currants, Raisins, Spices, Canned Goods, Etc. Another lot of those fine Prunes just in.

If you want Milk Pans, Milk Crocks, Butter Crocks, Fruit Jars, Flower Pots or Woodenware, call on the Cash Store.

1000 dozen of Eggs wanted in exchange for goods.

McDONALD & EVANS.

For The Advance.

CHASED BY A WILDCAT.

A PRIZE STORY.

Not many years ago, the land which comprises Grey county was a vast wilderness. The ground which now teems with grain and vegetables, was once the scene of many daring adventures. In the heart of the forest, scores of miles from the nearest town or city, the settler hewed out a home for himself and family, daring with fortitude the dangers and privations incident to pioneer life. Stealthy Indians crept round him on every hand, watching with eager eyes a chance to plunder, but the sagacity of the backwoodsman was often more than a match for the cunning of an Indian, and the Red Men were little feared. The forest abounded with wild animals which made the woods resound with terrible cries. Night after night the howling of wolves and bears, the fearful screams of wildcats, and the fierce denizens of the forest, disturbed the slumbers of the early settler as the fierce brutes prowled around his lonely hut, or tried to force a way in through the door, window or roof. In some districts the nearest neighbors were miles apart, the only means of communication was through the dense forest, and the only conveyance an oxteam attached to a jumper. The settler was obliged to make his own roads, and the numerous windfalls made it necessary to be always provided with an axe, logging chain, etc., to clear the way for the team.

One of these early settlers was a man named James Holmes, who lived on the townline which now divides Euphrasia from Collingwood township. A range of mountains stretch across the country at this point, which is about two miles north-west of Duncan. A part of the mountain ran along one side of the farm dividing the farm into what was called "the rock" and "the flats." The young man had built a rude log shanty, the inside of which, without partition, served as parlor, dining room, bedroom, etc. The roof was the only ceiling, one window lighted the interior and the one door in the side of the building was the only egress. The flooring consisted entirely of mother earth, no boards of any kind being used. Holes bored into one of the logs, stakes driven firmly in and boards placed on top of the stakes served for a table, the bed being made the same way. These, with a few rude benches completed the stock of furniture. At one end of the room was a huge fireplace which did the duty of cook stove, heating stove, etc., and often served in lieu of lamps. Indeed, lamps were at that time unknown, and even tallow candles were considered a luxury—a pine knot, saturated with gum and oil, being the prevailing means of lighting. To this humble abode Mr. Holmes brought his wife and child, and there commenced a life of toil, privation and danger which can only be fully realized by those who have passed through it. With a strong constitution and cheered on by his loving wife, the young man managed to clear a few acres of land, sowed his seed and planted his vegetables. One evening in August as he returned from work, after turning his oxen loose, he said to his wife, "Mary, I think I had better go over to Goodfellow's, and try to get Sam to help me with the wheat to-worrow. It is ripe enough to cut, and if it is left out much longer the bears will have it all trampled down and destroyed."

"Well, I wish you had started sooner, for it will be dark directly, and the moon will not rise till late," answered his wife, "and I am always afraid of something happening to you when you are out late."

"Don't be afraid, I'll come right back if Sam is home, and as for anything happening me you needn't be alarmed, I'll take care of myself," saying this the young husband started out to his nearest neighbor's through the bush.

The woman watched him till he disappeared among the trees, and then she entered the house. Uneasily she paced the floor, after going to the door to watch for her husband, although he had not yet even time to be half way on his errand. While standing in the doorway, she heard a mournful cry like that of a lost child, and which proceed from the side of the mountain about 80 rods distant.

"Surely that is not some poor child that has lost its way," she said, and her heart went out in pitying tenderness to it. She listened again, and the cry seemed more agonizing, as if almost exhausted and appealing for aid.

"I'll go and hunt for it, I can't bear to leave it there, dear knowns what might happen to it," and hastily throwing on a shawl, she took her baby, a fat little girl of two years, in her arms, and pluckily sallied forth on her errand of mercy. She walked on, guided by the cries, until she was some distance from the house. To make matters worse, the baby began to cry, which was heard by the wildcat (for such it was), and with a fearful scream it bounded after them. And now began a race for life. The nimble animal leaped fences and brushwood, over fallen trees and wood piles, and bounded with lightning rapidity towards the half-fainting woman and her child. She could hear its almost triumphant cries and hurried on, but her child was very heavy, which impeded her progress. Thoughts of the animal's strength and ferocity gave her strength, and she redoubled her efforts to save herself and child. The light she had left in the window shone forth as if to welcome her, while her baby's fearful screams almost drove her crazy. The wildcat was close upon her, but with a quick bound she cleared the remaining space between herself and safety, and stumbling into the house she quickly closed the door. The enraged animal instantly sprang upon the roof, and for two mortal hours tore at the shingles in a vain endeavor to force a way into the house. Mrs. Holmes barred the door and window and tried to sooth her child, which never for an instant ceased its's creams. But it refused to be comforted, and sobbed and fretted all night. Meanwhile Mr. Holmes had not made his appearance, and his wife was in fearful agony for his safety. But time wore on and the baffled animal ceasing its attacks, betook itself again to the fastness of the forest. About midnight Mr. Holmes returned, having been unavoidably kept later than he expected, and heard of his family's escape. The shock to the woman's system was serious, and many days passed before she fully recovered.

Many years have passed since that night. Wild animals may yet be found in some parts of the country but are rapidly becoming extinct. The characters who figure in this narrative are still alive. Mr. Holmes disposed of his farm and moved farther up the line where he still lives. The daughter has grown to womanhood, and not long ago was led to the bridal altar by the man of her choice, a young and prosperous farmer of Collingwood township.

G. W. L.

Toronto, March 27th, 1890.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR,—Understanding that one P. McCullough read a letter at the Town Hall, Flesherton, signed by J. W. Benson, Markdale, on Thursday, the 29th ult., denying a statement I made at the Meaford Road respecting the influence that License Commissioners exert in many cases, I take the liberty of asking space in your widely extended journal to substantiate the statement I then made. Whether P. McCullough tried to influence Benson against voting for Mr. Rorke I have nothing to do with; 'tis not my concern; but that the said Benson informed me he did, the following affidavit attests.

County of Grey } I, John Lyons, of the
To Wit. } village of Markdale, in the county of Grey, yeoman, make oath and say:

1st. That in conversation with J. W. Benson (the supposed writer of the letter above referred to) about election matters referring to the present contest, he said he did not know how to act, as P. McCullough told him to be careful how he voted at the coming election as they could tell how every man voted, the ballot not being secret. From that I naturally inferred he (Benson) was influenced by the said P. McCullough, License Commissioner, in the exercise of his franchise.

JOHN LYONS.

Sworn before me at Markdale in the County of Grey this 31st day of May, A. D. 1890.

W. J. McFARLAND,
A Com. in H. C. Justice, Co. Grey.

Honor Rolls.

FLESHERTON STATION.

Sr. 4th—Mary McPhatter 268, Archie McPhatter 274.

Jr. 4th—James Ashdown 365, George Willson 241.

Sr. 3rd—Janie Hemphill 421, Millie Cook 361.

Jr. 3rd—Mary A. Cook 534, Willie Willson 220.

Sr. 2nd—Sadie McKnight 277, James Melia 212.

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth. If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggests throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind.

THE MARKETS,

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week

Flour	$4 75 to 5 00
Fall Wheat	90 to 1 00
Spring Wheat	90 1 00
Barley	0 40 0 40
Oats	0 37 0 37
Peas	2 57 0 57
Butter	0 12 0 13
Eggs, fresh	0 11 0 13
Potatos bush	0 25 25
Pork	5 75 5 75
Hay per ton	6 00 6 00
Hides	3 50 3 50
Sheepskins	0 50 1 00
Geese	0 08 0 08
Turkeys	0 12 0 12
Chickens per pair	0 40 0 40
Ducks per pr.	0 70 0 70
Wool	0 18 0 28

COME!

INSPECT
SELECT

Stock Large

WELL ASSORTED.

Marked in Plain Figures

PRICES LOW.

Quality Considered.

ESTBALISHED
NEARLY SEVEN YEARS.

Warrants Personally Signed and kept good.

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OPTICALLY FITTED.

18 Years at the Trade.

FINE WORK
On all Grades of Watches,
PERSONALLY DONE.

Charges Moderate

W. A. BROWN,
Jeweller, etc.
SIGN OF THE "BIG SPEX"
MARKDALE.