

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

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

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W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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OUR LITTLE REBELLION.

A PRIZE STORY.

For The Advance. During the winter of 1885, it was well known to the people of the Northwest territories that Louis Riel was making himself very busy among the 'breeds and Indians of Batoche and Battleford. He told them that by right the country belonged to them, and that the whites had wronged them out of it and if they would only take his advice and follow him he would give them their liberty and full possession of their country again. As he lectured from place to place, he told them that on a certain day the sun would be darkened if they were to conquer, he, of course, knowing of an eclipse of the sun which would be visible in that part on the day he had set. In this and many other ways he deceived the poor ignorant 'breeds and Indians, and made them believe that he was a prophet sent from God to deliver them. We considered that he belonged to the other side of the house, for what good could we expect from a man who had already been the cause of one rebellion in our country, and while a fugitive in Uncle Sam's domains, was only a source of annoyance there. Early in the spring of the same year things began to loom up rather unpleasantly. "What is this Riel business coming to?" was a very common question among us. We had not long to wait, however, for he soon began his work—driving of cattle, going into stores and taking everything that he thought would come useful to him and his men, and even taking some prisoners. Troops soon came pouring in from the east. A band of us started out to help them on their long march northward, a distance of two hundred miles from the C. P. R. Some of us drove teams while others of our company acted as scouts. Our first trip was from Swift Current with Colonel Williams who was making all speed possible to join General Middleton at Batoche. We made thirty-one miles the first day, over a very uneven prairie, with only enough teams to draw provisions and ammunition, consequently the troops had to walk. We were a dusty lot of boys when we reached Timse's crossing on the Saskatchewan, where we found the Northcoote steamer awaiting us. The boys had experienced a lively time as they came down the river. Several volleys had been fired into them from small bands of Indians, and on one occasion they were under a brisk fire for about an hour. At this point there was a short bend in the river, and they were running very slow. The 'breeds had managed to stretch a heavy rope across the stream which held the boat, and the wheelsman leaving his post let her swing towards the enemy. The captain ordered him back and by the help of the engineer the boat drifted to the opposite shore, about one hundred yards from the 'breeds, who were all on one side of the river. They all lay low, and as the Indians had no cannon the boys were perfectly safe. When the fire began to slacken one of the men volunteered to cut the rope and in doing so received a bullet in the elbow. On returning to Swift Current before the battle of Batoche a small company of us spent a few days between there and Timse's crossing. We were then ordered to cross and start for Battleford. We had not got far when we met a band of horsemen, as an Irishman would say "all on foot." Their appearance told us at once that something was wrong. "What's up boys?" were our first words. The reply was that "the Pence boys have been captured and one of our fellows with them going across the Red Pheasant reserve. The Indians came on to us all at once. The Pence outfit was all ox-teams and had no chance to escape. We have had a hard ride for it. Each of us cut a horse loose and rode for our lives." The poor fellows looked like it. They had ridden over one hundred miles without saddles or food, and were now taking a walk for a change. After they had shared a

hearty meal with us we all started back for the river and waited a few days for a large band that was getting in order to move out. At last we started with 250 teams, 20 scouts, 4 soldiers and 4 tons of ammunition. We were all armed to the teeth and felt very bold. Everything went along nicely until the 5th day about noon when we saw a few Indians at a distance. Orders were given to corral at once. The Indians soon disappeared and we got ourselves outside of our allowance of hard tack and beans and then held a council of war. About 2 o'clock everything looked right, so we again moved on. We pulled up a little early however, corraled very securely on a nice raise of ground, and made all preparations for an attack. We doubled our pickets and all slept with rifles by our sides; that is, those of us that did sleep, which were very few. I was one that did not, for it was my lot to go out on guard at midnight. It was a beautiful starlight night. How I watched for Indians, thought of home and friends so far away and also of old Indian stories which told how the redskins could crawl up in the grass unnoticed, and the first thing a fellow would know he would know nothing. But morning came at last. The sun arose bright and clear and found us all safe. Our sixth day's march was undisturbed, but we corralled in good order about 8 o'clock, within a mile of the bush where the boys were captured. After having a lunch we were making preparations for another watchful night. I was standing on a wagon putting on a cartridge belt which I had laid off for a few minutes, when some of the boys called on me for a speech. I gave the following:

'Tis midnight, yet no sound is heard
Along the lone still street.
No blast of postilions sweeps the ground,
No tramp of Bedlam's feet.

I had not finished my oration when the alarm was given, "Indians! Indians in the bush!" We all held our breath while our captain levelled his glass towards the north. He dispelled our fears, however, with the announcement that they were whites. We wondered what the matter was, for from the time we had left Timse's crossing we had not seen any one, white or black, to speak to, and there was no telegraph line near us. How eagerly we watched that little company crossing the valley that lay between us and the bush. As they approached us what a cheer arose! and what a hand shaking took place! It was the Pence boys, the boys we never expected to see again, for you know it is a rare occurrence for Indians to hold prisoners. They generally make short work of them. The boys told us that as soon as the Indians had taken care of their prize, and had a good "blow out" of government chuck, they turned their attention to them. They first searched them, taking their jack knives, tobacco and money, if they had any. The next thing was a preparation for torture, and the boys fully believe that they would have lost their scalps if it had not been for a few intelligent 'breeds who happened to be among the Indians. These pled for the poor fellows and told Poundmaker that Riel would be conquered, and that if he would only spare the boys, the whites would give him his liberty, but if he injured them they would put him and his whole band to death, so the old chief concluded to keep them for a while. As soon as he heard of Riel's defeat and capture at Batoche, he gave the boys their liberty, and also the remainder of their oxen which they had not killed and eaten. He also surrendered himself. You may imagine what pleasant dreams we had that night after receiving such good news. We were up in good time next morning and after breakfast bid the boys good by, gave them a hearty cheer and once more found ourselves in motion. We soon reached the scene of their capture. A few wagons, old broken boxes and barrels were all that was left to mark the spot. A short distance from this we found an opening in the bush where the battle of Cutknife was fought. The scatter-

ing trees and brush still bore fresh scars which they had received from the cannons and gaiting guns. As we neared Battleford we could trace destruction on every hand. The farms that once had been pleasant homes, and wherein stood good comfortable buildings, were now marked with heaps of ashes and ruins. We next reached the Battle river. From this river the town takes its name. Years ago when there was no bridge people used to ford the river at this point. The town on the south side was nearly all destroyed by fire, the remainder, lying between the Battle river and the north branch of the Saskatchewan, was not damaged. These two streams run within about a mile of each other at this point, and the land, rising to quite a height, makes it one of the most beautiful spots that I have seen in the country. Here we found the mounted police barracks nicely situated on the highest point, where Colonel Otter and his men were in good comfortable quarters. We had three days here to ourselves, waiting for orders. We were permitted to see the prisoners which were held at this place. Old Poundmaker looked

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THE MARKETS, FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week

Flour	94 75 to 5 00
Fall Wheat	15 00 to 1 00
Spring Wheat	85 00 to 1 00
Barley	0 40 to 0 40
Oats	0 35 to 0 35
Peas	0 34 to 0 34
Butter	0 12 to 0 12
Eggs, fresh	0 12 to 0 12
Potatoes bush	0 25 to 0 25
Pork	3 75 to 3 75
Hay per ton	6 00 to 6 00
Hides	3 50 to 3 50
Sheepskins	0 50 to 0 50
Geese	0 08 to 0 08
Turkeys	0 12 to 0 12
Chickens per pair	0 40 to 0 40
Ducks per pair	0 70 to 0 70
Wool	0 18 to 0 18

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