

Time Table.

GOING SOUTH.	
Markdale—6.40 a. m.	4.40 p. m.
Flesherton—6.53 a. m.	4.53 p. m.
GOING NORTH.	
Flesherton—11.48 a. m.	9.17 p. m.
Markdale—12.04 p. m.	9.30 p. m.

NORTHERN Business College

OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO,
Is The Very Best
PLACE IN CANADA TO GET A
Thorough Business Education.

Take a Round Trip and view all other Business Colleges and Commercial Departments in Canada, then visit the Northern Business College; examine everything thoroughly. If we fail to produce the most thorough, complete, practical and extensive course of study; the best college premises and the best and most complete and most suitable furniture and appliances, we will give you a full course FREE. For Annual Announcement, giving full particulars, free, address
C. A. FLEMING,*
Principal.

Eugenia Mills
—AND—
Carriage Works.

Carriages made and Repaired, also Planing and Matching, Band Sawing, Wood Turning of every description. Planing and Grain Chopping done while you wait, for the Beaver turns the wheel.

T. W. WILSON Manager

50,000 lbs.
WOOL WANTED

—AT THE—
Flesherton
Woollen
Mills

For which the highest possible price will be paid in cash or trade in all kinds of woollen or union goods such as tweeds, flannels, full cloth, blankets and all kinds of yarns, etc.

CUSTOM WORK

Will be promptly attended to in all its branches. Spinning, roll carding, weaving, fulling, dyeing, etc., etc.

GIVE US A CALL.
John Nuhn, Prop.

PHOTOS! PHOTOS!

If you want photos taken go to the
FLESHERTON
PHOTOGRAPH
GALLERY,

where nothing but first class work is turned out, and prices lower than charged for city work. Careful attention given to copying other pictures. Babies' photos a specialty.

Picture Framing
in all its branches promptly and neatly done.
Mrs. Bulmer - Sydenham St.

BOOTS
* * * * *
MUST BE SOLD

Selling off at reduced rates to make room for new stock.

Overshoes, Rubbers and Moccasins at marvelously low prices. This is
A Genuine Picnic
For purchasers, and will only last for a short time. Call in and let me convince you of its truth.

Notice: All rips in boots purchased from me after this notice appears will be sewed up free of charge. This is an extra.

JOS. SMITH
FLESHERTON.

DOT'S CORNER.

A Studio Tea.

When Vandyke Brown first conceived the idea of giving a tea in her studio to the dispersing class of '95, in honor of Linsie D'Oyle, who was going away, she thought she would call it a Trilby tea. And what, indeed, could have been more appropriate? For since the days when that delightful creature made the tea in the studio of the *trois Anglaise* her name has been tagged on to every conceivable novelty, but to none so aptly as to that which Vandyke Brown now proposed to apply it—not even shoes.

That Miss Brown ultimately refrained from tagging it on to her studio tea the whole class admitted was a singular instance of admirable self control, for in spite of its general appropriateness, and in spite of the beautiful alliteration of the title, which appealed strongly to her sense of euphony, she refused to rescue it from the limbo of neck-ties, hats, shoes, concerts, flowers and what-not, to which it had hitherto been so vilely consigned. For she felt that to use the pretty name, however aptly now, smacked of the faddist; and being, above all things, a serious minded young person—artist though she was—she detested a pose of any kind.

So the invitations were issued to Rose Madder, a dimpling, laughing, pinky creature; to Antwerp Blue, who it was shrewdly suspected by the class was not averse to daubing her cheek and ear with that color because of the lovely contrast it made with her abundant golden locks; then there was Ivory Black, Terra Verte, and Cobalt; Flake White, Raw Sienna and Emerald Green, Pale Yellow, Chrome Vermillion and Bitumen, who each received the following invitation:

Vandyke Brown presents her compliments and desires the light of your countenance in her studio at the new of the moon, where a trifling entertainment awaits you.

IN HONOR OF LINSIE D'OYLE.

Having thrown the discarded paint rags into the most obscure corner and set the jug containing her paint brushes where it could not be tipped over, Vandyke Brown considered she had got things in readiness for the arrival of the other Paints, who each came presently, bearing her most precious *chef d'art* to grace the feast.

No one was surprised that Rose Madder should have brought her Bowl of Roses, nor that Terra Verte's choice should have been her Notre Dame. Ivory Black was early on hand that she might find a good light in which to hang her Fifteenth Century Gentleman, and soon he looked down upon the company with the tender, reminiscent light in his eyes of one who barely tolerates the queer doings of these 19th century women and sighs for the good old times. Soon, however, his attention became fixed upon Vandyke Brown's water color Arab, who—haughty sheik as he was—had turned his back upon the company, taking good care, however, to look over his left shoulder to see from the tail of his eye what was going on. And much was going on, if one might judge from the sound of hammering, climbing of step ladders and adjusting of easels, good natured "scrapping" for desirable positions, and the laughing and constant chatter which the most orderly women will indulge in at times. Antwerp Blue and Cobalt had at last come to an understanding about where to hang their Fairy Tale and Afterglow respectively, when there was a crash followed by many screams, and there lay poor Pale Yellow Chrome amid the debris of broken step ladder and her gigantic canvas of the Campfire by Moonlight, mixed up with hammer and nails. Having discovered that there was nothing broken but the legs of the stepladder, and placed P. Y. C. in an easy chair with a cloth around her head and a bottle of smelling salts in her hand, the preparations went on with unabated vigor until all the pictures, from Flake White's crayons and sepias, Raw Sienna's Chrysanthemums and Emerald Green's Swance River had each been accorded a suitable place. Vermillion and Bitumen could not be present, having sent regrets to the effect that they had something more important on hand, but had each sent a picture—The Duer's Head and A Cozy Cup of Tea, respectively—which were forthwith accorded a place of honor on an easel.

The wind of the summer night blew softly in from the maple-shaded street through windows whose blinds Vandyke Brown had gracefully pinned up with a two-inch nail and a carpet tack. The time for the toasts had come.

It was Vandyke Brown's voice that broke the stillness. "Paints—ladies, it is now my pleasant duty to ask you to eat

in ice cream the toast to the health and prosperity of Linsie D'Oyle, who, for the last two years, has mingled with and entered into the composition of every picture we have produced, and has, indeed, proved herself such a 'happy medium' that it may well be doubted if it were possible for us as paints to do without her."

Linsie D'Oyle, after gulping down some natural emotion, modestly responded, referring to herself as having been exceedingly raw when first she started out as their instructress, but having been frequently "roasted" since then, particularly on hot summer days with the thermometer at 100° in the studio, she could hardly be called Raw Linseed Oil any longer. Then she branched off into a profound dissertation upon Art, warning the paints to beware of the tendency of the Philistine, who judges a picture by its outward and material attractions of color and form, having no eyes to discern the inner and spiritual beauty seeking expression through form and color. She closed by saying that though they might not see her, she must continue to mingle with them, as no better medium had yet been discovered for mixing paints than Raw Linseed Oil.

Time and space fail me to tell how they toasted "Ourselves," the "Philistines" and Mr and Mrs. Reid," referring to the last as "the old masters," until the Fifteenth Century Gentleman could stand it no longer but shook the plume in his hat at The Arab, as much as to say, "Little they know about it," and tumbled off his nail. Dor.

Relief in 6 Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. E. Richardson, Druggist.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Ague's wr Cure of the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Gorgonic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. E. Richardson.



W. H. Ward.

Almost a Hopeless Case.

A Terrible Cough. No Rest Night nor Day. Given up by Doctors.

A LIFE SAVED

BY TAKING

AYER'S CHERRY SPECTORAL

"Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough that allowed me no rest, either day or night. The doctors, after working over me to the best of their ability, pronounced my case hopeless, and said they could do no more for me. A friend, learning of my trouble, sent me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I began to take, and very soon I was greatly relieved. By the time I had used the whole bottle, I was completely cured. I have never had much of a cough since that time, and I firmly believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life."—W. H. WARD, 3 Quimby Ave., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

HIGHEST AWARDS AT WORLD'S FAIR.

Ayer's Pills the Best Family Physic.

FLESHERTON ROLLER MILLS

Are now complete and are running regular.

CHOPPING done every afternoon as usual.

P. LOUCKS.



Repairs, Repairs

D. McTAVISH, FLESHERTON

HORSESHOER AND GENERAL BLACKSMITH, KEEPS ON HAND Repairs for Massey Harris, and Noxon, Fleury and Wilkinson Farm Implements.

Plows:—Fleury and Verity—on hand all the time, also all kinds of repairs for the same. We manufacture Wagons, Buggies, Cutters, Sleighs, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention to tender contracted feet. Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

A Soft Thing



When you are driving is always enjoyable. Our buggies are easy and pleasant to ride in, neatly finished, strong and durable. Call and examine our stock. Carts and democats on easy terms. Painting, trimming and finishing done to order. I claim to sell as durable and good a vehicle as there is on the market.

R. T. WHITTEN.

"I TELL ALL MY FRIENDS."

A Lady of Shelburne, Ont., Permanently Cured of Indigestion After Using Two Bottles of South American Nervine
—Glad to Let Everyone Know It.



MRS. A. V. GALBRAITH.

With indigestion it is not only that one suffers all imaginable torments, physical and mental, but more, perhaps, than anything else, an impaired digestion is the forerunner of countless ailments that in their course lead to the most serious consequences. Let the stomach get out of order and it may be said the whole system is diseased. When the digestive organs fail in their important functional duties, head and heart, mind and body are sick. These were the feelings of Mrs. Galbraith, wife of Mr. A. V. Galbraith, the well-known jeweller of Shelburne, Ont., before she had learned of the beneficent results to be gained by the use of South American Nervine Tonic. In so many words she said: "Life was becoming unbearable. I was so cranky I was really ashamed of myself. Nothing that I ate would agree with me; now it does not matter what I eat. I take enjoyment out of all my meals." Here are Mrs. Galbraith's words of testimony to South American Nervine, given over her own signature:

common to this complaint. South American Nervine was recommended to me as a safe and effective remedy for all such cases. I used only two bottles, and am pleased to testify that these fully cured me, and I have had no indication of a return of the trouble since. I never fail to recommend the Nervine to all my friends troubled with indigestion or nervousness.

"MRS. A. V. GALBRAITH."

The testimony of this lady, given freely and voluntarily out of a full heart because of the benefits she experienced in her own person, have an echo in thousands of hearts all over the country. South American Nervine must cure, because it operates at once on the nerve centres. These nerve centres are the source from which emanates the life fluid that keeps all organs of the body in proper repair. Keep these nerve centres sound and disease is unknown. There is no trick in the business. Everything is very simple and common sense like. South American Nervine strengthens the digestive organs, tones up the liver, enriches the blood, is peculiarly efficacious in building up shattered and nervous constitutions. It never fails to give relief in one day.

For sale by Wm. Richardson.