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Last to which "I Owe My Life."**



Science has fully established the fact that all the nervous energy of our bodies is generated by nerve centres located near the base of the brain. When the supply of nerve force has been diminished either by excessive physical or mental labours, or owing to a derangement of the nerve centres, we are first conscious of a languor or tired and worn-out feeling, then of a mild form of nervousness, headache, or stomach trouble, which is perhaps succeeded by nervous prostration, chronic indigestion, and dyspepsia, and a general sinking of the whole system. In this day of hurry, fret and worry, there are very few who enjoy perfect health; nearly everyone has some trouble, an ache, or pain, a weakness, a nerve trouble, something wrong with the stomach and bowels, poor blood, heart disease, or sick headache; all of which are brought on by a lack of nervous energy to enable the different organs of the body to perform their respective work.

South American Nerve Tonic, the marvellous nerve food and health-giver, is a satisfying success, a wondrous boon to tired, sick, and overworked men and women, who have suffered years of discouragement and tried all manner of remedies without benefit. It is a modern, a scientific remedy, and in its wake follows abounding health.

It is unlike all other remedies in that it is not designed to act on the different organs affected, but by its direct action on the nerve centres, which are nature's little batteries, it causes an increased supply of nervous energy to be generated, which in its

turn thoroughly oils, as it were, the machinery of the body, thereby enabling it to perform perfectly its different functions, and without the slightest friction.

If you have been reading of the remarkable cures wrought by South American Nerve Tonic, accounts of which we publish from week to week, and are still sceptical, we ask you to investigate them by correspondence, and become convinced that they are true to the letter. Such a course may save you months, perhaps years, of suffering and anxiety.

The words that follow are strong, but they emanate from the heart, and speak the sentiments of thousands of women in the United States and Canada who know, through experience, of the healing virtues of the South American Nerve Tonic.

Harriet E. Hall, of Waynetown, a prominent and much respected lady, writes as follows:—

"I owe my life to the great South American Nerve Tonic. I have been in bed for five months with a scrofulous tumour in my right side, and suffered with indigestion and nervous prostration. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of Nerve Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I cannot recommend it too highly."

Tired women, can you do better than become acquainted with this truly great remedy!

For Sale by Wm. Richardson.

The Old Recruiting Sergeant.

REMINISCENCES OF MILITARY LIFE.

Written for The Advance by "Old Soldier."

Gentle reader, in perusing the following simple narrative, I trust you will kindly overlook any imperfections which may come under your notice, in my feeble attempt to portray the eventful career of one whose daring deeds of valor under the most trying circumstances, one whose cool but undaunted courage, under the galling fire of the enemy, regardless of his own life, saved the lives of others; one whose brave spirit, but modest character, would rather listen to the insignificant deeds of others, than speak of the many daring deeds of valor performed by himself. Such a one, dear reader, was truly entitled to a place on the role of British heroes, worthy to be honored, rewarded and remembered by a grateful country.

In the autumn of 1858 I was transferred to Her Majesty's regiment of foot, then stationed in Jamaica and some of the other West India Islands.

On joining the depot of my new corps, which was stationed at Fort Regent, on the Island of Jersey, and formed part of the Depot Battalion, I was struck with astonishment and admiration at the number of old veterans who were to become my new comrades, and whose breasts were decorated with the emblems of many a hard fought battle, some of whom wore four or five medals for active service, many of them being in possession of the Gwalior Star, a very handsome decoration, of which the fortunate owners were justly proud. The most conspicuous of these brave old warriors was Color Sergeant H.—, the hero of my narrative, on whose breast glistened seven medals for active service, and the long service and good conduct medal.

Let the reader imagine standing before him, a burly Grenadier, six feet five inches in height, straight as a ramrod, a red, clean shaved face, jet black hair and heavy moustache, a lump on the end of his nose as large as a walnut (the result of a sabre cut, of which I shall speak hereafter) broad shoulders, full breast and tapered waist. The only impediment to what might be termed a symmetrically built soldier, was a pair of enormous feet. I say let the reader imagine such a one standing before him, then he sees as true a picture of my estimated and respected hero as my pen can depict.

Shortly after joining my new corps, I was promoted to the rank of Corporal, and posted to the company of which my admired friend was the Non-Commissioned Officer, and as I always had a profound respect for all old veterans, especially those who had seen so much active service, I soon became very intimate with my Color Sergeant, and as it frequently fell to my lot to be detailed as Corporal of his guard, I contrived from time to time to extract from him an account of his adventures in the field. But his modesty always caused him to forget his own brave deeds, while he would always be loud in his praise of others, and it was only by enquiring of others who served in the same campaigns, that I could obtain anything like a complete account of the many acts of bravery of my worthy comrade, which I shall now endeavor in as plain a manner as I possibly can to lay before my readers. I shall, however, give a brief sketch of our hero's life previous to entering on his military career.

John H.— was born near Hull in 1820, his parents being very poor and schools at that period not being as common as now, John's education was very limited. When a boy he was employed to do odd jobs about a farm. When he grew up he became a wagoner, and in his trips to Hull frequently came in contact with recruiting parties, and being naturally possessed with a brave as well as a patriotic spirit, he was easily induced by the dashing recruiting sergeant, to take the Queen's shilling and enlist into Her Majesty's regiment of foot, the same in which I formed his acquaintance 20 years later.

Two years had passed away, two years of military discipline had transformed the clumsy-looking Yorkshire wagoner into a fine specimen of a British Grenadier, and two years from date of enlistment found John marching with the gallant regiments into Afghanistan. At the narrow defiles of the Khyber Pass the ever treacherous Afghans collected in great numbers, and from the dizzy summits of that rocky pass, hurled down huge boulders on the heads of our almost defenceless troops. I say almost defenceless because the old muskets

with which our troops were then armed, were little or no better than old gas pipes when compared with the arms of the present day, and it was by more real British pluck than by good shooting that such brilliant success attended the British arms in those eastern campaigns. Yet I do not for a moment imagine that the Armstrong gun, the Metford rifle or any of the modern and formidable engines of war has decreased in the least degree the courage of the British soldier, who will, whenever called upon to defend his Queen and country, face the enemy with the same cool, undaunted courage as in days of yore. Surely then was the courage of our troops sorely tried in that hazardous march to Kandahar. It was there the heroic spirit of John first made itself manifest by the rescue of a comrade from the clutches of half a dozen Afghans, three of whom he quickly dispatched with the butt of his old brown Bers; the other three sought safety in flight. For this act of bravery John was promoted to Corporal. At Cabul we again hear of him performing several acts of bravery, the chief of which was the gallant rescue of an officer who had been seriously wounded and had unfortunately fallen into the hands of the enemy. On this occasion not only his courage but his activity and giant strength, were called into requisition, and he seemed to be possessed with a charmed life, for he always managed to escape unhurt. In those days the Victoria cross was unknown and unthought of, but men were often promoted for deeds of valor, and John for this act received the appointment of Color Sergeant, and the esteem of both officers and men. My pen is inadequate to here enumerate the many acts of bravery performed by the noble fellow during the eastern campaigns of 1841, '2 and '3, neither could I do him justice if I made the attempt, so I shall pass over the two years of tranquility which followed the Afghan campaign. In 1845 his regiment was ordered to return to England, but John, whose spirit for active service seemed to say, There is more work for you to do in India, volunteered to Her Majesty's regiment, which had recently arrived in the country, and in which regiment he was allowed to retain his rank. His next active service was in the Sikh war of 1847 and '48, an account of which I could gather very little, as he was the only man in our depot who was engaged in that war, but I afterwards ascertained that in the Burmese war of 1861 and '2 he had conspicuously distinguished himself at Pegu. This was the last of our hero's eventful career in the east, for in the following year, 1853, his regiment returned to England. They were, however, not destined to remain there very long, for within a year they were ordered to proceed to Malta and the Ionian Islands, to relieve the former regiment under orders for the Crimea. John's heart naturally warmed towards his old regiment, the regiment in which he had seen so much active service, the regiment in which he had gained his first laurels, and the regiment which he knew would not disgrace its colors in the coming campaign. He accordingly made application and was retransferred to his old corps and again found himself in his old position as Color Sergeant of the Grenadiers, by whom he was cordially welcomed, and carried in triumph on the shoulders of his stalwart comrades. The regiment shortly afterward embarked and was among the first to land on the shores of the Crimea, where they were engaged in the various duties necessary for a hard winter's campaign, until that memorable day, for

Britain's sons will long remember
The glorious twentieth of September,
They made the Russian bear surrender
On the heights of Alma.

I do not intend to recapitulate all that took place on that memorable day, as the story of Alma is well known to almost every school boy. Suffice it to say, that the regiment nobly did its duty and our hero was busily engaged, with his quaint old Yorkshire humor, urging his Grenadiers up the heights, and always being found himself where danger was the greatest.

Here the reader will kindly pardon me for digressing from my story, but I am reminded of an incident which occurred in after years. When engaged in mimic warfare at a field at Aldershot, the brigade to which our regiment belonged was ordered to dis-

lodge the enemy who occupied a strong position on Cocked-hat hill. When about half way up the hill (which was very steep) the bugles sounded the retire. The rest of the regiment obeyed the call, but our officers, for mere frolic, kept repeating, Think of Alma, boys, think of Alma; and if all the bugles on the long valley had sounded the retire it would have been of no use. So determined were we to gain the position, that up the hill we went to the very mouth of the cannons. Yet so determined were the troops on the hill to hold their position, that had it not been for the intervention of the officers, something more serious might have been the result. Brigadier-General L.— got exceedingly angry, and when the manoeuvres were at an end he caused every man Jack of our regiment to lay down his kit, and when he found that each man's knapsack contained a field kit, he very politely called us "devils."

But to return to my story: The twentieth of September, 1854, came to an end. Alma was lost and won, and our hero, who had seen so much service, who had been under fire at Ghuznee, Googerat and Gwalior, had seen service in the Sutlej, and the Punjab, and now took a good soldier's part in the battle of the Alma. Yet in all his adventures he had never so much as received a scratch. But wait!

(To be continued.)

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