



**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
on trac ted 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 demerats
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.

**FULL OF ENCOURAGEMENT
FOR ALL WOMEN.**

**In Bed 5 Months—Had Given Up All Hope
of Getting Well—A Remedy Found at
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 suc-
ceeded by nervous prostration, chronic
indigestion, and dyspepsia, and a gen-
eral 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 Nervine 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, 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

For sale by Wm. Richardson.

turn thoroughly oils, as it were, the
machinery of the body, thereby en-
abling it to perform perfectly its dif-
ferent functions, and without the
slightest friction.

If you have been reading of the re-
markable cures wrought by South
American Nervine, accounts of which
we publish from week to week, and
are still sceptical, we ask you to in-
vestigate them by correspondence, and
become convinced that they are true
to the letter. Such a course may save
you months, perhaps years, of suffer-
ing 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 Can-
ada who know, through experience, of
the healing virtues of the South
American Nervine Tonic.

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

"I owe my life to the great South
American Nervine 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 Nervine Tonic improved
me so much that I was able to walk
about, and a few bottles cured me en-
tirely. I believe it is the best medi-
cine in the world. I cannot recom-
mend it too highly."

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

The Old Recruiting Sergeant.

REMINISCENCES OF MILITARY LIFE.

Written for The Advance by "Old Soldier."

Previous to taking up the thread of
my narrative, I may here remark for
the benefit of those of my readers
who are uninitiated in military tactics,
that at the period of which I write, a
regiment of the line was composed of
14 companies, namely, twelve service
and two depot companies.

The service Companies were first,
the Grenadier Company, chosen from
the biggest and ablest men of the
regiment, ranging in height six feet
and over, next came the battalion
companies, numbering from one to
ten; lastly came the light company
selected from the smartest men in the
regiment, from five feet ten to six
feet in height. A light company
man always thought (as the phrase
went) "no dust" of himself, and every
regiment as a rule were proud of their
grenadiers and light company. Our
regiment had ample reason to be
proud of ours, for they were the ad-
miration of the whole camp at Alder-
shot.

The Grenadier and light companies
were done away with by an order from
the War Office issued in 1860, and
was the source of general dissatisfac-
tion throughout the whole army. The
Depot Companies Nos. 11 and 12 were
formed into Depot Battalions, for the
reception and training of recruits as
well as for the reception of old soldi-
ers whose term of service was too near
expiration to be sent on foreign ser-
vice.

Since those days the whole system
has been entirely changed, the line
regiments are no longer known by
their number, but by the first, second,
or third battalion of the Yorkshire
regiments, etc.

But I must now return to my nar-
rative. The fifth of November, 1854,
is a day which will be long remem-
bered by the British nation. As long
as English History repeats to rising
generations the story of Guy Fawkes,
so long will history repeat the story
of the bloody battle of Inkerman.

The morning of that eventful day
opened with rain and dense fog, so
dense that our troops could scarcely
distinguish friend from foe. The
valley of the Inkerman was swarming
with Russians. The allied forces re-
sponded to the galling fire of the
enemy, the battle commenced and
continued with unabated fury, and
the iron hail of an overwhelming
number of the enemy was making sad
havoc among our forces, still the
battle raged, still our gallant soldiers
defied the enemy's shot and shell. So
fierce was the struggle, and so fast
were our noble fellows falling, that,
like Balaklava, it seemed to be a for-
lorn hope.

But how fares it with our hero?
The regiment had all day borne the
brunt of the battle. They had played
a noble part in that bloody drama.
Their commander had fallen to rise
no more; many of their officers were
slain or placed hors de combat; their
ranks had been vastly decimated by
the terrific fire of the enemy. Is it
any wonder, then, that they should
begin to get discouraged? Our hero
saw the danger. He shouted to his
Grenadiers, "Think of Alma, lads;
think of Alma." The voice of their
beloved color-sergeant revived their
spirits, they rallied, they pressed for-
ward to the fray. But all at once
they missed him. Where was he?
Was he numbered with the slain?
No, dear reader, he was not; he
was engaged in a pursuit
for which he is noted, an act of
bravery, for as he was in the act of
rallying on his men he espied an offi-
cer in deadly conflict with four Rus-
sians. He rushed to his assistance,
but just as he arrived the officer was
struck to the ground. Almost simul-
taneously the butt of the sergeant's
rifle descended with terrific force on
the head of the assailant, who fell a
corpse at his feet. So fierce was the
blow that the sergeant's rifle was shiv-
ered to atoms. Before the sergeant
could realize what had happened he in
return received a sabre cut which left
the end of his nose hanging over his
mouth. He was now unarmed, but
his Yorkshire blood was raised, and
quick as lightning he snatched up the
wounded officer's sword, and with the
ferocity of a tiger he rushed onto the
foe, dealing death and destruction at
almost every blow, and in less time
than it takes to tell the tale four Rus-
sian cavalry men lay dead at his feet.
Wounded and bleeding, he now turned
his attention to the wounded officer,
picked him up in his arms as tenderly
as a child to convey him to a place of
safety, if such a place was to be found.
During all this time the bullets were

falling like hail around him. He had
not proceeded far with his burden
when he received a bullet in his right
shoulder, which almost caused him to
drop his burden, but thinking of his
charge he pushed on yet the harder,
but only to receive another bullet in his
left thigh; still he persevered on his
errand of mercy, and just as he laid
the officer down in a place of safety,
his strength gave out and he fell bleed-
ing and exhausted to the ground.

The day at last came to a close.
Inkerman was won, but at what a sac-
rifice. The flower of the army had
been cut off on that dreary fifth of
November. Many a wife had that
day been made a widow, many a child
had been left fatherless, many a fond
mother had that day been bereft of a
son on whom her fond heart doted;
many a young woman had been de-
prived of one on whom she had set
her affections, one with whom she had
fondly hoped to share her destiny of
weal or woe. Yet people talk of the
glory of war! Where is the glory,
when we consider the misery it leaves
in its wake? What recompense can
a widowed mother receive in exchange
for a loving husband and father? Will
the thought of glory bring consolation
to the heart of that fond mother who
has lost her only son by the ruthless
hand of war? Can the name of glory
restore the blasted hopes of that con-
fiding maiden? Conscience and com-
mon sense answer, No. Why then
should people speak of the glory of
war? The dreadful carnage result-
ing from the fearful struggle at Inker-
man is beyond my ability to de-
scribe, and too sickly a subject to
dwell upon, so I must return to the
subject of my story, whom we left
bleeding and faint by the side of the
officer whom he had so gallantly re-
sued at the imminent danger of his
own life.

It is said a good soldier sees no
danger; but he is a true hero who
sees danger and coolly faces it at the
risk of his own life to preserve that of
a comrade. The night after the battle
was a busy one for the surgeons.
Never did military surgeons work
with a greater zeal than on that 5th
of November night. Never did wound-
ed men display more courage and
patience than on that night of Inker-
man. Here, again, John acted the
part of a hero, by refusing to be at-
tended to while he saw others whom
he thought needed assistance worse
than he did. And this noble fellow,
faint and bandaged, supported by two
of his burly comrades, insisted upon
answering to his name at the muster
roll call. But alas! how many gal-
lant fellows had that day answered
the last assembly call in this world!
But let us hope that when the last
trumpet shall sound, these heroes
will rise to receive a reward better,
brighter and more glorious than any
earthly sovereign can bestow.

(To be continued.)

The October number of the Delineator
is called the autumn number and contains
a choice and varied selection of timely
articles. It gives an authoritative exposition
of autumn styles, illustrating a variety of
novel, artistic and beautiful garments.
Especially complete and valuable is its
discussion of mourning, Mrs. Roger A.
Pryor's paper on etiquette of grief's out-
ward showing being supplemented by an
instructive article giving patterns and de-
signs for mourning attire. Every mother
with the responsibilities of a household
should study what is said about fitting
out a family, the season's costume needs
of herself and her little ones being fully
treated. The progress of co-education in
Great Britain is further explained by Amy
Rayson. Bookbinding as an occupation
for women is entertainingly described by
Evelyn Hunter Nordhoff. Lucia M. Rob-
bins describes a new and amusing form of
entertainment. The return of cooler
weather makes timely the admirably il-
lustrated article on draperies. Around
the Tea Table has its usual admirable
variety, and the newest books are sym-
pathetically reviewed, and there are many
other interesting features. Address com-
munications to The Delineator Publishing
Co., Toronto, Ltd., 33 Richmond St.
west. Subscription price of the Del'neator
\$1 per year or 15 cents per single
copy.

A woman recently died in Indiana
who had been married twelve times, and
was only 41 years of age at the time of
her death. She was only fifteen years
old when first married, and lived with
her first husband ten years. She had
secured divorces from most of her hus-
bands, but two died suddenly, and one
ran away and left her.

A well-informed correspondent of the
Globe says that Sir Mackenzie Bowell
will seek an interview with Premier Green-
way, and in the event of the inevitable
failure to secure a compromise the Do-
minion Premier will introduce remedial
legislation of some kind.

**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 every-
thing thoroughly. If we fail to produce the
most thorough, complete, practical and exten-
sive course of study; the best college premises
and the best and most complete and most suit-
able furniture and appliances, we will give you
a full course FREE. For Annual Announce-
ment, giving full particulars, free, address
C. A. FLEMING,
Principal.

**FLESHERTON
ROLLER MILLS**

Are now complet and are running
regular.

done every
CHOPPING afternoon
as usual.
P. LOUCKS.

A BIG RUN
—ON—
Ladies' Fine Boots
and Slippers

—ALSO—
Men's Plow Boots
FOR FALL WEAR

Selling away down in price for a time.
If you want bargains in these lines
now is the time to secure them.
This is a genuine sale at
low prices.

Repairing Promptly Done as Usual
Jos. Smith - Flesherton

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.

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, weav-
ing, fulling, dyeing, etc., etc.

GIVE US A CALL.
John Nuhn, Prop.