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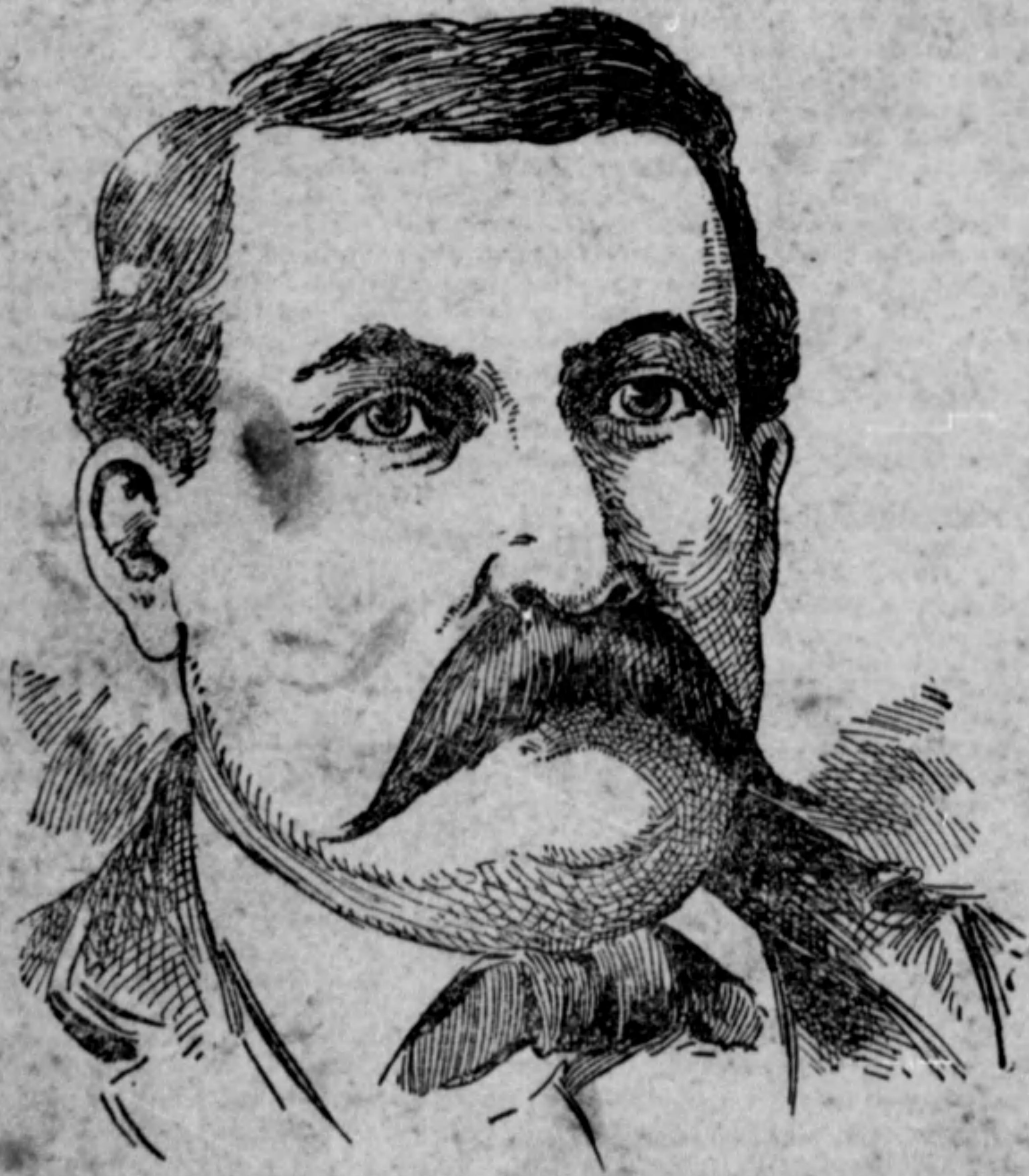
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MR. FRANK BAUER, BERLIN, ONT.

Perhaps you know him? In Waterloo he is known as one of the most popular and successful business men of that enterprising town. As managing executor of the Kuntz estate, he is at the head of a vast business, representing an investment of many thousands of dollars, and known to many people throughout the Province. Solid financially, Mr. Frank Bauer also has the good fortune of enjoying solid good health, and if appearances indicate anything, it is safe to predict that there's a full half century of active life still ahead for him. But it's only a few months since, while nursed as an invalid at the Mt. Clemens sanitary resort, when his friends in Waterloo were dismayed with a report that he was at the point of death.

"There's no telling where I would have been had I kept on the old treatment," said Mr. Bauer, with a merry laugh, the other day, while recounting his experiences as a very sick man. "Mt. Clemens," he continued, "was the last resort in my case. For months previous I had been suffering indescribable tortures. I began with a loss of appetite and sleepless nights. Then, as the trouble kept growing, I was getting weaker, and began losing flesh and strength rapidly. My stomach refused to retain food of any kind. During all this time I was under medical treatment, and took everything prescribed, but without relief. Just about when my condition

seemed most hopeless, I heard of a wonderful cure effected in a case somewhat similar to mine, by the Great South American Nervine Tonic, and I finally tried that. On the first day of its use I began to feel that it was doing what no other medicine had done. The first dose relieved the distress completely. Before night I actually felt hungry and ate with an appetite such as I had not known for months. I began to pick up in strength with surprising rapidity, slept well nights, and before I knew it I was eating three square meals regularly every day, with as much relish as ever. I have no hesitation whatever in saying that the South American Nervine Tonic cured me when all other remedies failed. I have recovered my old weight—over 200 pounds—and never felt better in my life."

Mr. Frank Bauer's experience is that of all others who have used the South American Nervine Tonic. Its instantaneous action in relieving distress and pain is due to the direct effect of this great remedy upon the nerve centres, whose fagged vitality is energized instantly by the very first dose. It is a great, a wondrous cure for all nervous diseases, as well as indigestion and dyspepsia. It goes to the real source of trouble direct, and the sick always feel its marvelous sustaining and restorative power at once, on the very first day of its use.

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**The Old Recruiting Sergeant.**

REMINISCENCES OF MILITARY LIFE.

Written for The Advance by "Old Soldier."

PART III.

Surgeon Major F— having been informed of John's heroic deed hastened to examine his wound which he pronounced to be more serious than he at first anticipated, but the brave old warrior in his broad Yorkshire dialect exclaimed:

"Its nowt. Ah sal be all reet in a few daas. Ah hopes thoo weant send mah doon to Sentari; ah sud like ta see Sabastopol coom tumbling doon, and ah sud like ta 'ave a hond'r the tumbling o't."

"My brave fellow," replied the surgeon, "you have this day performed a noble and gallant deed, a deed which cannot fail to be recorded and rewarded. Well may England be proud of such gallant soldiers, well may your regiment be proud of such a hero."

"Pleas, sir, deant mention it. Ah 'as dean nowt but my dooty, nowt but wot a owt ta dae. Only keep mah here and ah sal be satisfied; ah'l soon be all reet."

His desire was gratified; his brave spirit, coupled with a strong constitution, soon enabled him to be convalescent, and in a short time, though not fully recovered, he was again at his post, and in the trenches before Sebastopol. For this deed of valor at Inkerman he was awarded the annuity medal for meritorious conduct in the field. Inkerman, like Waterloo, will ever be a red letter day in the hearts and minds of the descendants of those brave patriots who fell on that memorable fifth of November.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the hardships endured by our troops, the following winter. The story has often been told by better pens than mine, neither can I in detail enumerate the many adventures in which our worthy subject took a prominent part. No matter where he was, whether at the Redan, the Malakoff, or in the trenches, he was never known to flinch, but was always found at his post, no matter how great the danger. We will then pass over that dreary winter and hasten on to the last act of that bloody drama.

The 18th September, 1855, opened with terrific cannonading from our forces on that Russian stronghold, Sebastopol. Reinforcements had arrived from England during the summer, and every regiment was anxious to add another honor to its colors. With double fury did the Russian batteries in Sebastopol vomit forth their deadly showers of shot and shell, and with a doubled determination did our batteries reply. The troops emerged from the trenches, a British cheer rent the air, they advanced, a breach was made. Again the voice of the Yorkshire hero was heard urging on his Grenadiers: "Think of Alma, lads; think of Alma." They responded with a cheer. But what then happened; what caused that sudden but temporary panic to seize those advancing Grenadiers? It was a murderous shell that had fallen a few paces in front of them. It burst, scattering its death dealing contents in every direction. A splinter struck John in the breast, making a ghastly wound. He was carried to a place of safety. His life stream was fast flowing from his poor, mangled body. He was left unconscious in charge of the medical attendants. Had he fought his last battle? The bombardment still continued but the enemy's guns became less regular. Some of their batteries had been silenced, many of their guns dismantled. Our infantry advanced, they entered the breach, another British cheer was heard above the booming of cannon and the roll of musketry. The Union Jack was planted on the walls of that once defiant, but now humbled, fortress. Sebastopol, after a long and determined siege, had fallen. The cheers which now rent the air seemed to have revived our hero, who was heard faintly to exclaim: "Ah, noad it, ah noad it, ah noad ah'd live to see Sebastopol coom tumbling doon. Ah can dee happy noo." But did he die? No. Kind reader, not yet. He was tenderly cared for by that angel of mercy, whose name will ever be held sacred in the British army: one whose name was never forgotten, but always honored in song. When on the march every man who could sing, and every man who could not sing, did his best to honor that name by joining in the chorus:

"Forward, my lads, let your hearts never fall,  
For we're cheered by the presence  
of Miss Nightingale."

All honor to that greatest of all

English heroines, and her staff of nurses, who left their homes to attend the sick and wounded in the Crimea. Many a prayer was offered up for those brave nurses, many a tongue blessed the name of Florence Nightingale, and none were more loud in their praises of these heroines than John, for by their assiduous care and the mercy of Providence, John fully recovered and lived many years in peaceful enjoyment of a well merited pension.

At daylight on the fifth of November, 1858, H. M. troop ship, Urgent, was seen lying at anchor in the roads off Elizabeth Castle, Jersey. A detachment, of draft, of one captain, one subaltern, two sergeants and fifty rank and file, were parading within Fort Regent for their last inspection in that impregnable fortress previous to embarkation to join the service companies of the regiment in the West Indies. The inspection ended, the commanding officer addressed a few words of fatherly advice to the men, who were all young soldiers, most of whom had never been on foreign service. At last the command was given: "Form fours, right, right wheel, quick march," and that draft of young soldiers, headed by the drum and fife bands of the battalion, marched out of the fort to the tune of "The girl I left behind me." The comrades they were leaving behind them crowded on the ramparts, cheering and waving their last adieus. As that detachment crossed the drawbridge and were wending their way down the hill to the pier, on the left of the first setion of fours was seen a young lance corporal. By his side was a fine, able-looking soldier, a giant compared with the corporal, who bore the rank of color sergeant. His left breast glittered with medals, and the reader cannot fail to recognize the form of the subject of my narrative. The two appeared to be very close and intimate friends, for they appeared to see nothing, to hear nothing outside of their conversation until they arrived at the pier, where, they stood with clasped hands, until the corporal was reminded to get aboard the tender which at once steamed out of the harbor of St. Heliers and conveyed those men to the troop ship. The color sergeant could be seen on the pier-head waving his shako as long as he was discernable. The corporal was on the deck of the tender waving a white handkerchief in response, and although elated at the prospects of being with the colors of his regiment, yet his countenance expressed regret at parting from his highly esteemed and worthy comrade. The last piece of baggage was barely aboard, when the anchor weighed, and the good ship, Urgent, started on her voyage to the tropical west, to the land of sugar cane and bananas.

While the men were receiving their sea kits this young corporal was standing on the deck oblivious to what was going on around him, anxiously watching the fast receding shores of the beautiful little island of Jersey, and thinking of the pleasant hours he had spent with his brave old comrade and wondering whether he would ever meet with him again. But we shall see.

(To be continued.)

The 35th Battalion Band attended a promenade concert at Markdale (held by Markdale Citizens' Band) on Tuesday evening. On the return trip one of the rigs went off the road into the ditch, dropping about three feet and crashing on its side, making a grand mixture of the occupants and their instruments. The horses, luckily, stood perfectly still. The occupants of the other rig heard the crash and hurried back to help their comrades. A heavy thunderstorm, which was raging at the time, added to the unpleasantness of the situation. It was so dark that it was impossible to get the rig on to the road without the aid of a lantern, so a couple of the boys started off to search for a farmhouse with a lantern in connection, and after a lengthy search succeeded. The only person who appeared to be hurt to any extent was bandmaster Emerson, but the extent of his injuries could not be ascertained until Flesherton was reached (the accident occurred about half a mile above that place), when it was discovered that he had a couple of ribs broken, while the other occupants of the rig were the possessors of a choice collection of bruises. Lanterns were procured here and the rigs proceeded on their homeward journey, Mr. Emerson and two or three of the boys remaining at Flesherton. None of the boys are anxious to go through the experience again—Shelburne Economist.

Mr. Emerson had two ribs cracked and another gentleman was cut about the head. Both returned to their homes the following day and Mr. Emerson is still in bed at his home under the doctor's care.

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