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For Massey-Harris, and Noxon, Fleury and Wilkinson farm implements. Fleury and Verity plows 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.

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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 demoters 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.

When the Nerve Centres Need Nutrition.

A Wonderful Recovery, Illustrating the Quick Response of a Depleted Nerve System to a Treatment Which Replenishes Exhausted Nerve Forces.



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 marvellous sustaining and restorative power at once, on the very first day of its use.

For Sale by Wm. Richardson.

The Advance will be given from now until 1 Jan., 1897, for Only \$1.

The Old Recruiting Sergeant.

REMINISCENCES OF MILITARY LIFE.

Written for The Advance by "Old Soldier."

PART IV

The remainder of my military life being in no way connected with this narrative I shall pass over the next eight years by briefly stating that on the return of our regiment to England I was promoted to sergeant and sent to fill a vacancy in the Depot companies stationed at Preston. As the majority of soldiers prefer being with the colors of their regiment, I of course felt rather chagrined at the change but there was no alternative but to obey, which I very reluctantly did, but at the same time I would rather have remained as corporal with the regiment than return to the depot as sergeant. I was the more disconsolate on finding that my old comrade had been transferred to the staff of a militia regiment to complete the remainder of his service. I was soon after granted an application for transfer to the 80th Staffordshire regiment, stationed at Langor, India, to serve with an elder brother. In August, 1861, I accordingly proceeded to Buttevant, Ireland, to join the depot of the regiment. Here again I met with disappointment as it was not likely I should have an opportunity of joining my brother for at least two years. I felt the more annoyed at this as I resigned my rank for the sake of the transfer.

At the time of the Trent affair, trouble being anticipated between England and America, troops were hastily embarked for Canada, volunteers being called for from various regiments to complete the war strength of those regiments ordered out. Being anxious for active service, I volunteered to one of the regiments under orders for service, but owing to some unaccountable delay of the order for the transfer and the hurried embarkation of the troops we were left behind and about three hundred of us from different regiments were ordered to proceed to Templemore to join the depot until further orders. This was in 1861, and joined my regiment in December 1861. However, matters were settled between the two nations. There was no war, and I was again doomed to disappointment, but to make amends my promotion was rapid and I soon found myself in a good staff berth, and in the good graces of my superior officers, and all things considered, I had no room for complaint. In September, 1863, I embarked at Queenstown, county Cork, on board H. M. Troop ship. Adventure, bid farewell to old Ireland early in the following month. Promotion again fell to my lot and the next and last three years of my service was the most enjoyable of all my former service, and I could never since discover what ever induced me to quit a profession I loved so well, but I never knew how well I loved it until I left it. 'Twas then I learned something I never knew before, namely, that I was the biggest fool in existence.

Twenty-six years have passed away since I parted from my old friend on the pier-head of St. Helier harbor. What changes have taken place in that time! How many of my old comrades have been called upon to lay down their arms, to surrender to that grim victor, Death; and none can tell, kind reader, how soon you or I will be compelled to surrender, too. "Memento mori!" Let us examine our knapsacks and see that our kit be not deficient. May our accoutrements be found clean and our armour bright. Let us try to have all offences obliterated from our default sheet, that we may pass the great muster roll call, and receive a great and glorious reward from the Great Commander of that celestial army above.

In the month of August, 1884, partly for the benefit of my health, and partly from a desire to see my only surviving brother, whom I had not seen for thirty years, I resolved to visit my native land. Sailing from Quebec on the 24th August, I arrived at Liverpool on the 2nd September. On landing I saw a sight which revived all my youthful ardour. Thousands of people were assembled on the landing, waving handkerchiefs and cheering a regiment of soldiers who had just embarked for the Sudan. As I stood on the landing gazing on those brave fellows in the scarlet uniforms, with Royal blue facings and white helmets, I thought to myself, how many of those enthusiastic fellows will fall on the scorching sands of Africa, with

No father near to guide them on,
No mother near to soothe their brow,
No sister's voice falls on their ear,
No brother's smile to give them cheer.

How many of those brave lads will lie in a British soldier's grave, far away from home and friends, with no loving mother's tears to drop on the sod which covers them, no gentle sister's hand to keep green their grave, no stone to mark the spot where they lie. As these thoughts were passing within me the ship began to move, and as if by prearrangement, and almost simultaneously with the first stroke of the engines, the voice of every one of those on board broke forth with, "Wait till the clouds roll by, Jennie." I cannot describe my feelings at that moment. 'Twas then that the ardour of my youth swelled within me. How I longed for youth and health, how I wished I could only be one of their number. Thus I stood soliloquising as the vessel steamed majestically down the Mersey, bearing those brave fellows from their native land, and from the homes to which many of them would never return.

(To be continued.)



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Bananas,
Oranges,
Lemons,
Flour,
Feed
and
Potatoes,
—GIVE—

W. BARNHOUSE
A TRIAL.



W. H. Ward.

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Hopeless Case.**

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

A LIFE SAVED

BY TAKING

**AYER'S CHERRY
PECTORAL**

"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, 8 Quimby Ave., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

HIGHEST AWARDS AT WORLD'S FAIR.

Ayer's Pills the Best Family Physic.

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Durham stage leaves Flesherton Station at 7.15 a.m., returns 4.45 p.m. Priceville stage leaves the same place at 12.30, returning at 4.45. Fare to Priceville and return, 50 cents; Durham, \$1.50 for return, 75c. single fare. Livery in connection. Orders may be left at either hotel. A. McCauley, Prop.

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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.

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

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