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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.

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The Old Recruiting Sergeant.

REMINISCENCES OF MILITARY LIFE.

Written for The Advance by "Old Soldier."

PART V

One drizzly morning in January, 1885, I was walking along one of the principal streets of my native city, greatly depressed in spirits, as I had recently buried my only surviving relative, and thus found myself almost a total stranger in the place of my nativity. I saw standing on the corner of the street a recruiting Sergeant. His form was still erect and straight as the walking cane he held in hand; his countenance was still fresh, but his hair and moustache were flaxen. I stood for a moment non-plussed. Was I dreaming? Did my eyes deceive me? or was that really my old friend and comrade of twenty-six years ago? I could not be mistaken in that form, I was not mistaken, for on approaching nearer I at once recognized my comrade of years long gone by. I advanced up to him, saluting him with,

"Good morning, Sergeant."

"Good morning."

"It's drizzly this morning."

"Aw, this be rayther a dampish sart of a marning, this be."

Further conversation was interrupted by the approach of an officer, whom the old fellow saluted with all the grace of a well trained recruit, and the two walked off together down the street. I felt a little annoyed at the interruption, and being too well acquainted with military discipline to think of following them to renew the conversation, I was obliged to content myself by waiting until another opportunity offered itself, which I anxiously watched for. A week elapsed before I again saw him. He was coming down the street towards me, but he entered a jeweller's some distance from me; but being determined not to miss him on this occasion I hastened on and stood looking at the jewellery displayed in the shop windows, and at the sergeant at the same time. At last he came out. I met him at the door with

"Good morning, sergeant."

"Good morning."

"I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"Aw, that be likely enough, ah've bean here a goodish bit, and ah've met a good many foaks, ah 'ave"

"But I have reference to years ago, and if you have an hour's leisure and will first come in over the way, perhaps we shall be able to renew old acquaintance over a pot of ale."

"Wi' all ma heart, mon, will ah."

We accordingly walked into the tap room of the King's Arms, and while waiting for the beer, I said to him, "am I right in addressing you as John H—?"

"You be, that's mah naem, which ah's niver deny." "Nor which you never need be ashamed of," I replied.

"Ah hopes not, ah hopes not, but thoo sayas thoo noad mah years ago; wheer did thoo noa mah?"

"You formerly belonged to the —st regiment?"

"Ah did, and ah wor proud the o' owd corps."

"So did I. I was proud of it too, and I was proud of you as my Color Sergeant. I was Corporal in your company, No 12. I was your, or rather you were my, most intimate friend."

"You deant sayas so, you deant mean to sayas you belonged to the owd — regiment? gie mah thoo hand, gie mah thoo hand, what's thoo naem? This dus mah good, this dus, for ah's niver seed an owd —st mon since ah left it."

During this dialogue the old fellow held me by the hand, and I was beginning to winch, for he had been squeezing my hand hard enough to squeeze a lemon as dry as a biscuit.

Whether the old fellow imagined he had fastened on to an Afghan or a Russian with the determination not to let him go until further orders, I know not, but I do know that he had a pretty tight grip on me, and I had to submit to a vigorous, gigantic exercise in the form of handshaking which I began to think would terminate in dislocation. However, he at length released me, exclaiming, "ah'l be blowed! 'Oo'd a thowt it! So thoo'r mah owd friend corporal — Ah sud niver a know'd thee, ah've niver seed one o' th' owd reegiment sin ah left it. Coom, thoo must haav the very best the hoose can gie thee, at mah expense." I thanked him for his kindness, but declined, informing him that I never indulged in anything stronger than a glass of ale, and very seldom in that. I then gave him a brief account of my career from the time I parted from him twenty-

six years previous, up to the time of meeting him that morning. He in turn informed me that shortly after our separation he was attached to the staff of the militia, pending his discharge with pension. With his discharge he renewed an appointment on the recruiting staff of the district. To use his own words, he said, "ah'd sav'd oop a bit o' brass, bowt a bit o' groone and built a hoose fur mah sel', and mah and th' owd ooman is as happy as a coal-heaver on a Saturday neeght, thoo must coom oop and see th' owd ooman; she'l be reet glad to see thee." But where are the children, I enquired.

"Weel, thoo see's, Charley ood'nt leave the regiment, he listed as a drummer and noo he's quarter master sergeant o' the regiment. They be out in the Soudan, but ah hopes to see un coom hoom saaf and soond some o' these days. As fur Sally, her did well, did Sally, her's oop at 'oolidge, (Woolwich) married to a sergeant major o' the artillery and has three as bouny bairns as iver sun leet shone on. Sally done well, Sally did."

During the short time I remained in England I was a frequent and welcome visitor at the cosy home of the venerable old couple and true to the old fellow's word, "the owd ooman was reet glad to see me," and more than once scolded me for not going oftener. The depression that had come over me was gradually wearing away, owing to the pleasant evenings I spent in their company, talking of old times and old associates. The day at last arrived for me to bid a last farewell to my old friends, and the place of my nativity. At their earnest request I spent my last evening in England with them, and was right royally entertained until the small hours. On parting, my old friend said, "Ah sud like to see thee off i' the marning, but ah's got to be on parade aboot that taem; but God bless thee, ah hopes thoo'l haav a good voyage and reach haam saaf." With another long and hearty hand-shaking we bid each other adieu. Although elated at the thoughts of returning home, yet it was with feelings of regret that I parted from my esteemed friend and comrade, "The Old Recruiting Sergeant."

CONCLUSION

Kind reader, my simple story is finished. My worthy friend and comrade, the brave John H—, has long since been called upon to surrender; his brave spirit has been wafted far from the roll of musketry and the din of battle. "Fis coronat opus." His body lies mouldering in an honored grave. His descendants, as they gaze on the souvenirs of his eventful career, may justly pride themselves as the progeny of a British hero.

In my military career I have come in contact with men who have received more wounds in battle, men who have been decorated with the Victoria Cross for deeds of valor, which would sound almost incredible to the ears of those unacquainted with the dangers to which a soldier will expose himself to rescue a comrade, or, perhaps, avert a disaster at the risk of his own life. But I never came in contact with a soldier who had seen so much active service, and performed so many brave actions, that could bear himself with greater modesty. He was brave but unassuming, strict but not severe, humorous even in danger, respected by his superiors, beloved by his inferiors, proud of his regiment, his regiment proud of him, and I trust those of my readers who have followed me to the end of my simple narrative, will not think I have been too eulogistic in speaking of its hero. The particulars of his career I gathered mostly from men who were his companions in arms, and whose veracity was unquestionable. I once heard an officer say to him, Sergeant H—, I would rather than ten thousand pounds I could boast such a record, or exhibit such a breast of medals as yours. My description of the battle of Inkerman was but a faint picture of the reality, for since the commencement of my story I was in conversation with a veteran of Inkerman and he informed me that I gave a good description of Inkerman, but not deep enough. "You might have said, when our fellows ran out of ammunition, they had recourse to the butts of their rifles; they pelted each other with stones, yea, they even used their bare fists like pugilists." Before I close it may not be inappropriate for me to remark, that years ago, when escorting the colors of the

regiment of which honest John was so proud, those colors which bore the names, Detroit, Queenstown, Niagara, I little dreamed that I should ever adopt for my home the land in which the gallant 41st, under General Brock, had planted their colors on Queenstown heights. But such is destiny.

The tired soldier, bold and brave,
Now rests his weary feet,
And in the silence of the grave
Has found a safe retreat.

[THE END]

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