D. McTavish
FLESHERTON

KEEPS ON HAND

Repairs

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.

SUMMER SALES NOW RUSHING!

This is the season of year when you want to buy a nice buggy or cart. I have them—beauties—and will sell on your own terms—if they are not all one-sided. Painting and re-trimming done to order. Don't buy without looking in upon my samples and getting prices.

R. T. WHITTEN

GO TO

J. H. HEARD

FOR THE BEST

BUGGIES, Waggons, Carts, Spring Tooth and Iron Harrows. Frosts and Woods' Binders, Mowers, Horse Rakes and Ploughs. Fleury Ploughs, Scufflers and Turnip Seed Drills. Dick's Ploughs and Land Rollers. Shares for all kinds of Ploughs. Horse Shoeing and all kinds of Blacksmithing. Wood, Lumber, Cedar Posts and Shingles.

WM. BARNHOUSE'S ADV.

COME THIS WAY FOR YOUR

FLOUR

The Best in Town

Also BANANAS, ORANGES, LEMONS, CONFECTIONERY and everything in the Grocery line always on hand and at cheapest prices. A trial solicited.

WM. BARNHOUSE

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Flesherton Photograph Gallery

are done in first-class style and at lowest rates. Special attention given to copying. Babies' photos. a specialty. Pictures framed.

MRS. BULMER

Eugenia Mills

—AND—

Carriage Works.

Carriages made and Repaired, also Planing and Matching, Band Sawing, Wood Turning of every description. Planing and Grain Chopping done while you wait, for the Beaver turns the wheel.

T. W. WILSON Manager

House and Lot For sale.

For sale cheap and on easy terms in Flesherton. Splendid large, solid brick dwelling, with good stone cellar, summer kitchen and woodhouse, also good frame stable, brick lined. Premises contains two large lots and good young orchard, bearing. House and outbuildings are exceptionally well finished and very conveniently laid out. Apply to

R. J. SPROULE, Flesherton.

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Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address, MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

Tam, look here

Did ye ever see the like o' that bread? It's sae bonny an' white an' flaky, an' its juist as sweet as a nit. It wa'd grace Li Hung Chung's table or even o'or ain gude Queen's, and its a pleasure to bake it Nae wonder Henderson said he wa'd warrant it to mak' gude bread. Caudna' be better bread than that. Yer'e right, Jennie, it does ane gude to look at it, let alane eating it. They tell me he has some rale gude TEA, an' SUGAR an' other GROCERIES, an' his SWEETIES wad mak' your mouth water to look at them. He has some gude Trunks and VALISES rale cheap. Tam, a' think it'll be to o'or advantage to patronize him. Ye're right, Jennie. The undersigned thanks Jennie an' Tam for their gude and truthfu' recommend. We sell O'Gilvie's Hungarian and Strong Baker's Flour, the best in the market.

Wm. Henderson

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 everything thoroughly. If we fail to produce the most thorough, complete, practical and extensive course of study; the best college premises and the best and most complete and most suitable furniture and appliances, we will give you a full course FREE. For Annual Announcement, giving full particulars free, addres

C. A. FLEMING, Principal

Cash : for : Hides!

Sheepskins and all kinds of furs purchased, for which highest market price will be paid.

Homemade sausages on hand, also all kinds of meats.

M. WILSON,

FLESHERTON MEAT EMPORIUM

PRICEVILLE AND DURHAM STAGE.

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 Pro

Under a Spell

A MYSTIC STORY OF INDIA

In the early fall of 1880 I was in Dahbol, India, having run down from Bombay to see a sister who had set up a little bungalow there.

Dahbol is charmingly situated between the sea and some wooded heights, and as nothing pressed me at the time I remained there, spending my days rambling about the place and sometimes running into a chance adventure. Thus it happened that the following strange experience befel me.

One evening, in the cool of the late twilight, I was strolling about through the sea end of the town, and stopping before a small temple which was a little removed from the houses around, stood studying out the lines of the usual grotesque figures cut upon its face. Dense shadows caused by the rising moon threw the entrance into such obscurity that nothing could be seen within. In fact I thought the place deserted for the time, and was about to obey an impulse to step up into the shadows banked in the doorway, when suddenly a human figure hurled itself upon me from out the darkness with such force that I staggered back and almost lost my footing. I had instinctively thrown out my arms and clasped the figure for support, and now as I recovered my balance and looked down, it was into the face of the fairest woman I had ever seen in any land.

The marvelousness of her beauty served to steady my faculties, where ordinarily I should have felt bewildered, and, still holding her close, for she trembled as if she would fall from my arms, I said in such Hindostanne as I was capable of:

"Something has frightened you. You are fleeing from danger?"

"Sir," she answered, in a voice soft and rich, though broken by low gasps, "I must hasten;" and she pulled against my arms for release. From my knowledge of the country I felt sure no woman like the one who stood before me could safely venture into the streets at this hour, and having an Anglo-Saxon feeling for all womankind, I acted on a quickly formed resolve.

"I don't know what sends you out into the night, nor what pursuit you fear, but I am ready to take you where you wish to go" I said.

I must go far from this place—and alone," she answered, speaking agitatedly.

"We will go" I said reassuringly, I will take you to your own people."

"Leave me! you cannot help!" was her reply.

"I think I can," I ventured, "if you will confide in me. I have a sister here in whose care I can place you, and if any thing is threatening you I can hide you with her. She is an English doctor, and is devoting her life to work among your country women.

For some time she stood, inwardly debating, and at last she answered: "Yes, if I may come out alone once in seven days."

"You shall have perfect liberty, of course," I eagerly assured her.

This promise seemed so completely to allay any lurking feeling of fear or doubt that at once she laid her hand upon mine, saying, "I will go with you."

Now I had no hesitation whatever in taking this girl to my sister, who, as I had said, lived in India for the purpose of dealing with the conditions of life surrounding the Oriental women. After only a few weeks spent in the girl's society, I found myself deeply in love, and but for one singular, inexplicable circumstance would have begged her then and there to become my wife. The mystery was this:

While she looked the perfection of sweet and elastic health, and possessed an unusually pure vitality, no one ever saw her partake of food At first we thought that perhaps she shrank from burdening us, and believed that in some way she secretly procured cheap food outside. To all questions on the subject she returned a jesting reply, or else remained pleadingly silent. Once only, during each week, was she seen to leave the house, when she went upon those twilight walks for which she had stipulated. And the mystery of her sustenance, puzzling at first, grew darker and denser every day, the more so as she steadily became more radiant in health and tinted like a pomegranite from a fountain of rich vitality. Indeed, she seemed the incarnation of some flawless vital force consciously masking itself in human form. But there came a time when I could restrain my love no longer. My jealousy of those walks during which she went I knew not where, nor whom to see, became at last unbearable, and I determined to push my misgivings to a conclusion by questioning her outright. Late in the afternoon of one of those seventh days of the week, on which she never failed of her twilight walk, I sought her where she sat in the shade of a trellised verandah, and, seating myself beside her, took her hand in my own.

"You must know how I love you!" I said impetuously.

I could wipe out the fact of my own soul sooner than I could forget the measureless depth and meaning of the look she gave me, straight from her lifted eyes. "I love you!" she murmured. Echo of my own words only, but enough

"You will not go out alone again now?" I questioned pleadingly.

"I would try to do what you ask, even that which I cannot," she said, wistfully.

Having gained so much, I was in a measure satisfied; but I determined in virtue of my now undoubted right. to follow her should she again go on her secret errand. This I hoped she would not do, but later I saw her steal out from the house, not briskly as was usual, but with a certain languor, as if against her will- It was an easy matter to follow her at a little distance, for she went straight forward as to a well known goal never once looking back. On she went past the houses of the town, out into a stretch of the suburban orchards, until we stood upon the edge of a tangled forest. Surely it could not be that she would venture within those dense shades!

Yes, even here she did not hesitate, but forced her way through to the gloomy thicket, deftly stepping over obstructions and pushing away the drooping vines as if the path were a clear and familiar one. And all the while I followed, possessed by an intensity of curiosity and a feeling which must have given me the eyes of a night animal, for I never for a moment lost sight of her; but, while she walked easily and swiftly, I rushed on, panting through excitement, until when, at last she halted and leaned back against a tree in an attitude of expectation, I stopped, trembling and weak from agitation.

And now that happened which is burned into my memory forever.

As she stood there, motionless, her slight figure in its snowy garment, duly outlined against the dark tree trunk. I noticed that her eyes were fixed upon a a certain spot in the ground before her, whither mine followed, at first I saw only a faint glow in the grass at her feet, like the light of two phosphorescent insects side by side, but as this rapidly grew and widened, the shape of a dark head was outlined within the rays. Brighter and brighter the light grew until——yes, a cobra's hooded head appeared! And from the gleaming eyes streamed the coruscating flood.

Horror stricken, I looked at her! she was gazing down into those burning venomous eyes, whose radiance was momentarily intensified until her rapt face and figure, the coiled length of the serpent, and even the grass and trees around were illuminated as by the shining of two small suns. Under this compelling gaze her languor melted, her form dilated and changed in my sight as if the very crucible of vital life were there, purging away the particles of mortality, and building her form new out of imperishable materials. Her glowing beauty was indescribable, it was a revelation.

And now the monster slowly raised himself, stretching up out of his coils, until his scintilating, fiery orbs were on a level with the smiling, dewy eyes of the woman whom I loved. She leaned gently forward and softly stroked the mottled neck. A tremor shook my whole body. In that moment I was over-whelmed by the horrible certainty that I beheld the rites of the ancient mystic serpent worship still practised in certain parts of India, and that the maiden served as the unwilling instrument of the Priests of the Temple from whose fearful power she had vainly attempted to escape on the night of our first meeting.

Crazed by a fury of conflicting emotions, I seized a stone that lay near and hurled it upon the erect serpent. It struck his neck just below the level of the girl's matchless chin; and as the ugly head dropped suddenly down upon the coils of his body, slowly settling to the ground, the wonderful light faded, and a heart-rending shriek from the maiden rang through the woods. I sprang to her side, and lifted her in my arms.

"O, my love!" I cried, "speak to me!"

But the exquisite form hung relaxed in my embrace, and the white lids slowly shut down over the eyes of my love.

The fearful spell had been broken, but at what a cost! By arresting too suddenly that strange, magnetic current, I had checked the fountain from which her life was fed. She was dead!

County and District

Mr. Thos. Whately presented us with quite a curiosity which puzzles a great many in this section, and we would be pleased to have someone explain the cause. The curiosity was in the shape of two very ordinary looking plums—one red the other yellow. The red one was found growing on a tree of a totally different kind. The tree was heavily loaded with yellow plums, as it has often been before, and this one plum was the only red one on it. Mr. Whately informs us that the tree had never been grafted, hence the mystery.—Clarksburg Reflector.

We do not want to give it away, but the story is too good too keep. It appears that a popular young gentleman called on a young lady one evening recently. When he arrived there was not a cloud in the sky, so he carried no umbrella and wore neither glosher or mackintosh. At 10 o'clock when he arose it was raining hard. "My my, my! said the nice young lady. "If you go out in all this storm you will catch your death of cold!" "I'm afraid I might!" was the trembling answer. "Well, I'll, tell you what—stay all night; you can sleep with Tom. Excuse me for a minute," and the young lady flew gracefully up stairs to see that Tom's room was in order. In five minutes she came down to announce that Tom's room was in order, but her lover was not in sight. In a very few moments he appeared, dripping wet and out of breath from running, a bundle in a newspaper under his arm. "Why dear where have you been?" was her greeting. "Been home after my night shirt," was the reply.

The Markets.

Carefully Corrected Each Week

Flour	$3 80	to	$4 40
Oats	14	to	16
Peas	39	to	41
Butter	11	to	12
Eggs, fresh	10	to	10
Potatoes bag	20	to	25
Pork	4 50	to	50
Hay per ton	10 00	to	11 00
Hides	4 00	to	5 00
Sheepskins	25	to	50
Geese	5	to	5
Turkeys	7	to	7
Chickens per pair	20	to	25
Ducks per pair	40	to	50
Wool	17	to	20

TIME TABLE

GOING SOUTH.

Markdale—6.40 a. m.	4.40 p. m.
Flesherton—6.53 a. m.	4.53 p. m.

GOING NORTH.

Flesherton—11.48 a. m.	9.17 p. m.
Markdale—12.04 p. m.	9.30 p. m.

FLESHERTON STEAM LAUNDRY.

I have opened up a complete steam laundry in Flesherton, and am prepared to take in any quantity of laundry work at lower prices than are charged elsewhere. I have put in the latest and most improved machinery to that end. Kindly give me a call. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, and prices low.

MRS. GEO. MOORHOUSE

Flesherton Saw & Planing Mills

The undersigned are placing in position a first class sawmill for custom sawing, which will be ready for operation in January. We have also added

A CHOPPING MILL

For the convenience of farmers. Chopping done at any time at 5 cents per 100 lbs.

The sash and door factory, band and scroll sawing business continued as usual. Pile in your orders.

BEECROFT & TALBOT