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.

FALL SALES . .

NOW RUSHING !

This is the season of year when you want to buy a cutter or sleigh. 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

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

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C. A. FLEMING, Principal

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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. BU M R

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.

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

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 ma be left at either hotel.

A. McCAULEY Pro

Lost and Found

I had been knocking about the mountains for several weeks, when one evening I found myself in front of a little cabin, nestling at the foot of a great mountain, and facing a level stretch of sandy plain. My horses were tired from an unusually hard day's jaunt, and I was so weary of the solitude of the great trees and hills that I was very glad to pitch camp for the night in a place that promised human companionship.

Dismounting, I removed the saddle from the animal I had been riding, and was busy untying the cords which bound my camp out fit to the other, when I noticed both animals prick up their ears and look intently across the plain. Turning in the direction, I saw, coming slowly toward me the figure of a man, an old man, apparently, for his long hair and longer beard were snowy white, and his tall form was bent as with the weight of years. He was dressed in the ordinary garb of a miner. In one hand he carried a long staff, which he occasionally thrust sharply into the sand as he advanced pausing frequently for a backward glance across the plain. When he had drawn nearer, I noticed that his staff was peculiarly shod with a long sharp piece of steel. I knew instinctively that I stood in the presence of no ordinary backwoodsman, whose rude hospitality belongs to every wayfarer by the right of an unwritten law of frontier etiquitte The cordial note of his rich voice, as he bade me "good morning," reassured me so much, however, that I asked permission to stay all night, hastening to add my name, address and occupation. He readily assented, and, after showing me where to picket my horses, led the way into the cabin, where he soon prepared a supper to which I did the full justice of a keen appetite.

When the table had been cleared away and a fresh log laid upon the fire I got out my pipe and tobacco, offering my host some of the latter which he accepted; and we were soon chatting together with that cordial good fellowship peculiar to men under the influence of the seductive weed. I had confided to him my mania for "prospecting" still persistent after years of fruitless efforts to strike it rich," and there had fallen between us a short silence, during which I allowed my thoughts to drift away to a sweet faced woman whom I once loved silently, hopelessly for so many years

Suddenly my host's voice recalled me to the present

"A mania you called it," he was saying, "and rightly, too, as are all other forms of our greed for gold. God knows no one can realize this truth more bitterly than I."

The weariness in his face impressed me painfully. I was speculating as to what his story might be, when he took his pipe from his mouth, and, without preface or apology, began: "I have lived in this cabin for eighteen years, never leaving it except for semi-annual visits to the little town across the mountain for my supplies. Eighteen years ago this month I discovered a rich ledge, bearing gold and silver up the mountain side about a mile. I had high hopes and worked had, for I possessed the mightiest incentive that can nerve a man to rest a fortune from fate—a loving little woman waited my return. Her father, a wealthy, hard headed old farmer, disapproved of me on general principles, especially because of my poverty. When I had ten thousand dollars in cash, he said, I might claim her for my wife. We believed this equal to a refusal of my suit, for the toiling and saving of a lifetime would scarcely win that much money from the few stony acres I possessed. But youth is hopeful and resourceful; so I left my sweetheart, who promised amid her tears, to be faithful till death, and started for the golden west I had poor success, however, and at the end of five years was little better off than when I left home. Then it was that I stumbled quite accidently upon the ledge up the mountain side, so accidental that I believed it nothing short of providential. Poor fool!" He laughed bitterly and then sat watching the smoke which curled in fantastic wreaths from his pipe.

"For some time I worked as seldom man worked before, as man can work only when nerved by such hopes as mine were. But I was soon forced to the conclusion that I must have assistance and machinery to develop my mine, both of which required capital—and that I did not have. One day I set out on foot across the mountain in search of some one who would advance the necessary capital for an interest in my mine. You may be sure that it was only after a severe struggle that I brought myself to this step. Upon reaching the town I went straight to the post office, where, as I expected, I found a letter from my sweet-heart. I carried it unopened to my room at the hotel, and sat down to read it, thinking that it would give me new courage in my quest."

The old man paused. Something in his voice kept me silent, too, though I longed to question him as to the outcome of his story Suddenly he roused himself from his reverie and continued as abruptly as he had ceased.

I need not tell you that my letter contained a story as old as love itself, a story of woman's faithlessness. It put out the light of my life at one cruel blow. I did not heed the protestations, all blotted with her tears; I grasped only the one fatal point that she was no longer mine to win, since she had yielded her vows to a rich man, and the bitterness of this blinded me to all else. I would seek death."

"If you noticed this evening the level stretch of plain to the eastward. The soil is a loose, light sand, and the terrific had invoked.

"No, the dark mouth of a well. I am not naturally a physical coward, but my nerves were all unstring by what had gone before, that it was several minutes before I could bring myself to investigate this unexpected developement of my grave. At last, however, I secured a pitch stick from the cabin for a torch, and returned to follow this new 'lead' to its conclusion. I found that I was in an Indian tomb, and scattered on the floor were specimens of pottery. Sitting bolt upright against the farther wall, grotesquely hideous with feathers and other savage adornment, and wrapt about with gaudy robes, falling away from the skeleton forms in decaying tatters, were three figures. It was not a pleasant sight, nor one I cared to look upon—the dark faces with their rows of shining teeth, from which the withered lips were drawn in sardonic grins, and the staring caverns, which the flickering light filled with phantom eyes.

"I turned again, with idle curiosity, to the pottery. Pushing off the cover of the jar nearest me, I cautiously thrust my hand into the mouth, and lifted it full to the eye, and then I dropped upon winds which occasionly sweep down over the mountains play mad pranks with great hills and hollows are piled up and scooped out, familiar landmarks are obliterated and new ones uncovered to day, and to-morrow the inconstant wind undoes its work, leaving the plain as level as a floor. In the bank of clouds I saw the promise of one of these periodical storms, and like an inspiration to my agonised brain, came the idea of fashioning myself a grave, in which I could lie down, allowing the wind to wrap me deeply in a winding sheet of sand. To think was to act. With a nervous energy born of madness I seized a spade and hastened out into the plain. I worked rapidly, pausing for an occosional reassuring glance at the bank of clouds. I had scooped out the sand to a depth of perhaps three feet, when the point of my spade unexpectedly came in contact with a hard surface." The "bed of the rock?" I ventured, as the old man stopped short, as though overcome by the memories he my knees, staring stupidly at the glittering heap of yellow sand in my open palm, asking myself if I were dreaming Ounces of pure, bright gold! All the jars told the same story save two; gold, and full almost to the brim! Gold enough for a king's ransom, all mine for the taking! I was rich, and riches meant power—revenge. I could go back to my old home, and live like a prince, her next door neighbor. I would pay off her father, her husband and herself, in the devil's coin of hate, the debt I owed them.

My torch went out, but I took a jar and made my way to my cabin. All night long the wind raged with a fury I have never known since. When morning came my first thought was of my treasure house. I hastily dressed and stepped outside. Not a landmark could I see. With fiendish malignity the wind had effaced every familiar bush, and hillock and ravine. I returned to the cabin, disappointed and chagrined, but not uneasy, and thinking myself lucky to have fetched one jar with me I stooped and struck its ugly sides with a miser's tenderness. Then, to reassure myself by a sight of the yellow dust, I put my hand into the jar, and lifted it full to the light.

"I think I went mad again for a moment, for when I came to myself I was standing over the shattered jar, looking down upon its shattered contents, which twinkled in the patch of sunlight from the open door—White, red and yellow beads! In the darkness I had got hold of one of the only two jars in the grave which did not contain gold."

"But surely you have found the grave again, I said.

The old man shook his head. "From that day to this I have been searching for the entrance to the grave. I have gone over every foot of yon sand. Storms have sweep over it, casting up and tearing down hillocks, but never once revealing the secret held fast in the shifting sand. Day after day, armed with my steel shod pole, I have sought, so fruitlessly that I should be tempted to believe the whole thing a delusion of my over-wrought mind were it not for the shattered jar of beads which I have in my cupboard. It is going to blow tonight, and I must make another search.

With that he showed me to my bed. Just as I sank into a slight slumber, a lusty halloo shook my drowsy senses, then voices and the tramping of horses broke irregularly into the softer monotony of the rising winds, and presently my host entered with some one, who, like myself spread his blankets upon the floor; and then, lulled by the wind I fell fast asleep. When I awoke the sun was streaming in at the open door of the cabin. Leisurely dressing myself, I went outside to look after my horses, and met a stranger, a prospector, like myself. As we exchanged words of greeting, my eyes travelled carelessly across the plain until they were arrested by an object lying at the foot of a giant shrub, an object so like the figure of a man that I broke off what I was saying and ran swiftly towards it, with a strange fear tugging at my heart—a fear soon justified. Lying on his back, his white face upturned to the smiling sky, I found my old host, his madness cured at last. Grasped firmly in both hands, and lying partly across his dead body, was the steele-shod pole, the point thrust deeply into the loose sand. Together the stranger and I carried him to the cabin, and, as the last rays of the setting sun slanted across the fateful plain, we buried him close by his cabin door with the crumpled, timescared letter from his sweet-heart hidden over his peaceful heart. Among his effects we found the broken jar and the beads. The next morning we separated and went our several ways. For two days I travelled, and then a thought, which had haunted me ever since I found the old man lying dead, caused me to retrace my steps; my suspicion proved correct. I found that the point of his staff had touched a rock, the entrance to his long sought treasure house, and the shock and joy had killed him. The interior of the cave was as he had described it to me, and—but why go into details? Fortune, not death, cured my mania and satisfied my ambitions. A month later I was married to Agnes.

Farm and Mill Site for Sale

For sale very cheap and on very easy terms. Timber farm, 150 acres, two miles from Flesherton, known as the Wm. Hogg sawmill property, and on which is an excellent water power, foundation of saw mill, dam and pond and water wheel in place and all ready for putting mill on. About 15 acres cleared, 30 acres timber, most off, balance well timbered, mixed timber. This farm will be sold at a bargain if sold at once. Small payment down, balance on very easy terms. Apply to

R. J. SPROULE, Flesherton, On

BOAR FOR SERVICE

The undersiguhd has a first class thoroughbred Berkshire boar for service on lot 35, con. 8, Artemesia. Terms 75 cents cash. $1 booked.

WM. CAMERON.

SOW STRAYED

Strayed from the premises of the undersigned, lot 34, con. 5, Artemesia, about the 1st of October, a berkshire sow, with white spot on left shoulder.

W. R. DYSON, Flesherton P. O.

CATTLE LOST

Lost from the premises of the undersigned, lots 58 and 59 2 N. D. R., Osprey township, on or about June 20 last, four head of cattle, all yearlings. One grey steer, one red steer, one heifer, red and white, and one heifer strawberry color, white and black. Information as to their whereabouts will be thankfully received.

JOHN HANNON,
Oct 10th, '96 Badgeros P. O.

The Markets.

Carefully Corrected Each Week

Flour	$3 80	to	$4 40
Oats	19	to	22
Wheat	65	to	65
Barley	20	to	30
Peas	43	to	45
Butter	12	to	12
Eggs, fresh	12	to	13
Potatoes bag	30	to	30
Pork	4 50	to	50
Hay per ton	7 00	to	8 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. MOOREHOUSE

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. File in your orders.

BEECROFT & TALBOT