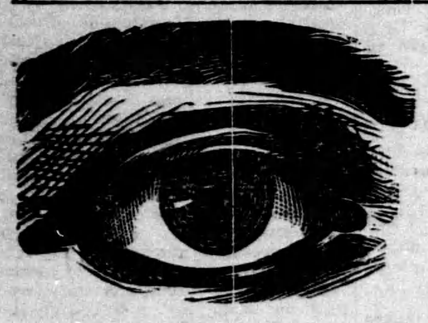
Flesherton Advance.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES NOT MEN."

VOL. XVII, NO. 864 Flesherton, Ont., Thursday, October 7, 1897 W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

Wedding Presents..



The selection of a wedding present is often a difficult task, but all that will be overcome when you examine our large and extensive stock. Here you will find everything that is usually kept in an up-to-date Jewellery Store.

June is a month of weddings and we are prepared for it with a beautiful display of Wedding Gifts. Purchasers will find our prices very low. Everybody is going to make their selection at

W. A. ARMSTRONG'S

Jeweller and Optician - - Flesherton, Ontario

F. T. Hill & Co. MARKDALE

New German Mantles And New German Capes

Every Garment Made For This Season's Selling

No reason why you should buy an out-of-the-style Mantle when one of this year's newest may be had for so little money.

Ladies Jackets, dark navy beaver cloth, deep storm collar, 3 large buttons, silk stitched, seams bound, perfect fitting, ... $3.45.	Ladies' Jackets, heavy Frieze cloth, green tint, deep storm collar, 2 large buttons, flaps and buttons on pockets, throat tab, silk stitched, seams bound, perfect fitting $5.50
Ladies' Capes, brown and black frieze cloth, 27-inch, deep storm collar, 5 rows silk stitching, double stitched seams, perfect fitting $3.45	Ladies' Jackets, tweed effects, black and garnet and black and brown, 2 large and 6 small fancy buttons, silk stitched, seams bound, perfect fitting $5.50
Ladies' Jackets, Black Niggerhead cloth, deep storm collar, 3 large fancy buttons, plain sleeve, silk stitched, seams bound, perfect fitting $3.75	Ladies' Capes, Irish Frieze cloth, deep storm collar, 4 rows silk stitching, strapped shoulders, fancy clasp at throat, perfect fitting $6 25
Ladies' Jackets dark Navy Beaver cloth, velvet collar, velvet on cuffs, 3 large buttons, flaps on pockets, perfect fitting $3.95	Ladies' Jackets, black or brown Astrachan cloth. deep storm collar, 3 large and 5 small fancy buttons, silk stitched seams bound, perfect fitting $6.50
Ladies' Jackets, dark brown Frieze cloth, deep velvet collar, 3 large buttons, throat tab, pocket flaps, seams bound, silk stitched edge, perfect fitting ..$4.65	Ladies Jackets, black or brown Frieze cloth, 3 large buttons, silk stitched, seams bound, perfect fitting... ..... $6.75
Ladies' Jackets, plain heavy Frieze cloth, deep storm collar, 3 large fancy buttons, silk stitched edge, seams bound, perfect fitting $4.90	Ladies' Jackets, light brown Frieze cloth, pocket flaps buttoned, double cuffs, 3 large fancy buttons, silk stitched, pockets, cuffs, flaps and edges bound with velvet, perfect fitting $6.90
Ladies' Jackets, black or navy beaver cloth, deep storm collar, 3 large buttons, silk stitched, seams bound, perfect fitting $4.95	Ladies' Jackets, light fawn Frieze cloth, new storm collar, 5 medium pearl buttons, pocket flaps buttoned, throat tab, silk stitched, seams bound, perfect fitting $7.95
Ladies' Capes, black Irish Frieze, double capes 27 and 17 inches, 5 rows silk stitching, double stitched seams, deep storm collar of velvet, perfect fitting $5.50	Ladies' Jackets, light brown Frieze cloth, 4 rows silk stitching on edges, collar and pockets, straps and large buttons on cuffs, double stitched seams, strapped fronts, 2 large pearl buttons, perfect fitting..... $8.75

MILLINERY AND DRESS GOODS

Are showing the success which characterises our Mantle selling. New Trimmed Millinery on view this week to take the place of what suddenly disappeared at our successful opening last week.

F. T. Hill & Co. MARKDALE

Another Letter From Old London

The Westminster and London Bridges

Inspector Campbell Writes Another Entertaining Letter From the Metropolis of the World—Westminster Abbey and Impressions From the "Poets' Corner."

LONDON, Sept. 19th, 1897.

MY DEAR THURSTON,—Since writing you last I have not been altogether idle, though I may not have travelled "by rail and boat" so much as in some of the other weeks. I have been developing my pedestrian proclivities of earlier days, and in this way and by wheel have been trying to learn more of this great city and its environments The omnibus also is ever at hand and is ever congenial. A train from South Lambeth to Westminster bridge brings one to a centre of life and activity second only to London bridge and its approaches. Westminster bridge is one of the finest bridges I have seen. Curiosity led me to "step it off" one day as unconcerned as you please, amidst the immense traffic which thronged everywhere. I made it 380 paces long and a little better than 26 paces wide, footways and all. Reckoning three feet to a pace the size of the bridge will be guessed at pretty nearly. The footways are about fourteen or fifteen feet wide, and the rest is for carriage traffic. The old bridge, upon the site of which the new one is built, has been for years associated in my mind with Wordsworth's beautiful sonnet, committed to memory in student days. I hardly ever cross the bridge but I think of the poet's charming picture so skilfully drawn, and I may be pardoned for quoting the lines here entire to refresh your memory, so to speak. This is the early morning view he pictures from the old bridge:

"Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will.
Dear God, the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still."

No one who has not at an early hour on a clear day stood and looked on the scene can realize the beauty and faithfulness of this description. Crossing the bridge to the west, on the left rise in architectural splendor all their own the Houses of Parliament, covering eight acres of ground. The tower—Clock Tower, I believe it is called—stands right at the western end of the bridge. It is 40 feet square and 320 feet high. About 200 feet from the roof are the four circular dials of the clock, that by the aid of Big Ben rings out to the city the quarters in a melodious chime of four or five notes, with longer chimes at the hours and half hours. A little farther south is the massive Victoria tower, 75 feet square and 340 feet high at the entrance to the House of Lords. I have not seen elsewhere so fine and imposing a pile of buildings. To the west of the House of Lords stands Westminster Abbey, and just alongside, to the north, the famous St. Margaret's chapel. Both of these are so intimately associated with almost every important event in English history for over 300 years that one can scarcely believe himself surrounded by such sacred walls. The great and honored dead of the empire are in Westminster Abbey remembered by slab, or crypt, or cenotaph bearing inscriptions in known and unknown (from age) languages. Fancy yourself sitting on a Sabbath evening to hear the Rev. Canon Wilberforce preach in his own forcible and impressive manner. On looking around you see Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Goldsmith and others represented in bust or tablet, so that in a very real manner you feel yourself among the ghosts of the dead past—dead, yet speaking eloquently through their works. It was my fortune to get a seat in "Poets Corner." In all parts of the Abbey may be seen the same evidences of departed greatness, whether in the field of letters, or art, or science. Turn whichever way you please, the eye falls upon tomb or memorial of some well known name, until you live over again many of the notable epochs of English history indissolubly connected with the life, and even with the dust, of those whose memory is thus kept green in a nation's life. But at the corner of Westminster Square Parliament street is reached, up which, northward, the omnibus turns. It is not long until you are opposite, on the left, the pillared, solid stone block with its myriad windows and offices, known as the Government Buildings. To the north of this huge block, and separating it from another similar block, is Downing Street, where the destinies of nations are laid in the balance. As you pass the wind seems to waft towards you the smell of sealing wax and red tape. Downing street is not much to look at. It is a short street, none too straight, flanked on either side with high walls of solid masonry. "No. 10," the official home of the First Lord of the Treasury, was the most important and interesting to us. It is not surprisingly magnificent. Indeed, we thought it too common for the office of the man who, while holding that trust, has the most responsible position on earth. No great event happens now without the knowledge of this little office. Put down one there for the greatness of these little islands. Farther on we enter Whitehall street, and to the north of the Government Buildings is Whitehall. What Canadian schoolboy is not familiar with Whitehall! From the days of Wolsey in Henry VII's time the place is full of historic interest. "White"-hall it may have once been, but smudged with the London smoke of centuries, what remains of the old Whitehall place is no longer white. The Horse Guards are now to be seen there every day in their polished military trappings, standing guard over the sacred memories of the past. On the right, opposite the Horseguards, we are shown the spot where Charles I. was beheaded. But now we are in sight of Trafalgar Square a short distance to the north, and the lofty column of Nelson's monument comes into full view. The column stands on the southern part of the square, and is a lofty pillar of Portland stone, 145 feet high. On top of the column is a colossal statue of Nelson, 17 feet in height, but in the distance appears to be little larger than life size. As if to guard from harm this memorial to the greatest English naval hero, four enormous bronze lions, designed by Landseer, are stationed, facing outward from the column, one at each corner. In the square, which in some respects is one of the most important in the city—indeed in the world—are erected several pieces of statuary to noted military commanders. To the rear of the column, and on either side, are two fountains, the water of which is supplied from two artesian wells between 300 and 400 feet deep. When these fountains are playing and the water rising from 25 to 40 feet, and on all sides are seen masses of surging humanity crossing in all directions; omnibuses of all shades of color made more brilliant by carrying all sorts of attractive advertisements, more leisurly seeking their stations, taking up passengers and moving on in one direction or another, their places meanwhile to be taken by others and the same process repeated; hansoms moving rapidly and silently (all hansoms are shod with rubber tires), looking for passengers or taking passengers to their destinations; the more noisy cabs with the noisier jabber of the cabby should he receive any provocation, and the stylish coach with its handsome pair, liveried coachman and well dressed occupants—all these and more crossing and recrossing in front of the monument and fountains, at all hours from morning till night, make a sight that does not fade easily from the memory. From Trafalgar Square, or usually Charing Cross, streets open in all directions, nine or ten in all. This is the centre from which all the omnibuses radiate to all parts of the city, north, south, east or west.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Vandeleur

From our own Correspondent

A jubilee christening was held at the residence of Mr. Geo. Warling on Tuesday of last week, when no less than nine children were christened by the Rev. Mr. Mahan. Of course they were not all Mr. Warling's children.

Two of our young men did the Corbett. Fitzsimmons act on the roadside the other day. Both parties are slowly recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Kells are visiting friends at Ingersoll, Stouffville and other points.

Mrs. A. Sheldon is visiting friends at St. Marys.

Mr. John A. Atkinson paid a short visit to friends here last week.

Mr. Will Kells is on the sick list.

Wanted I can pay ten dollars weekly to a lady of mature age, refinement and tact to spend her time in a good cause.
THE LINSCOTT CO., Toronto.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 22nd October, 1897, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between Durham and Flesherton Station, from the first January next. The conveyance to be made in a two-horse vehicle.

Printed notices containing further information as to the conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Durham, Bunessan, Priceville and Flesherton Station and at this office.

H. G. HOPKIRK
Post Office Inspector

Post Office Inspector's Office
Stratford, Sept. 23, 1897.

LIGHTNING PAIN HUNTER

H. HEITMAN, ESQ.
Gibraltar, June 1897.

DEAR SIR,—I would be doing an injustice to you and the public not to make known the benefits I received from your remedy known as "Lightning Pain Hunter." I sprained my ankle very badly, a short time after it got very bad again. I was unable to get around for about three months. First I tried one doctor then another, and other remedies to no end. I was nearly giving up in despair when you gave me the first bottle of "Lightning Pain Hunter" to try it on its merits; to my surprise I got immediate relief and in about three weeks I began moving around, and shortly after went to work. I thank the day I began using your Lightning Pain Hunter that set me on my feet again. We have used it for burns, scalds, bruises, coughs, sore throat, sore shoulders on the horses and cuts in winter, yet I have failed to be disappointed when applied. In fact it is our household remedy and I would not be without it. Anyone wishing to write me direct I will gladly answer them. Wishing you every success I remain, Yours truly, A. COOK.

Above is one of the many hundred testimonials pouring in, telling of the curative powers of Lightning Pain Hunter.

Shipped to any address on receipt of price.

For sale in Flesherton at Dr. Christoe's Medical Hall and at Flesherton Station by J. B. Egan, general store. ONLY 25 CENTS A BOTTLE

Proctor - -

The Tailor

Will supply you with a nobby suit for fall. Workmanship and fit guaranteed. Stand—In Clayton's Brick Block, Flesherton.

- - Proctor

The Tailor