Flesherton Advance.

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

VOL. XXIII, NO 1160 | Flesherton, Ont., Thursday, December 3, 1903 | W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR PROPRIETOR

The biggest display of high grade Jewellery north of Toronto is to be found at

ARMSTRONG'S . . .

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The Battle of Inkerman

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A SURVIVING BRITISH TAR.

[Written for The Advance]

I had a shipmate, Bob Price; all day he had been engaged carrying in the wounded. On getting into camp at night as might be expected, we were talking over the events of the day. Bob had made himself a little too bold by venturing into places where the fight was thickest. Bob wore a little Scotch cap; a bullet came whizzing along and as Bob's cap happened to be in the way and the bullet in too great a hurry to go round it, it quickly bored its way through, carrying away a portion of his hair into our lines. We could not keep from laughing as poor Bob raised his hand to ascertain if his head was still safe on his shoulders, at every other word he spoke while relating the story. The next morning I walked over the battle field and such a sight as met my gaze. I never want to witness again. I have often since thought how providential it was that another Inkerman did not immediately succeed the first one. We would have been ill prepared for it. There lay in heaps the flower of the British army. You had to look where you put your foot to avoid walking on the dead. In places they were three deep, horses and men lying across each other; it was a sad and sickening sight, let us leave it. I picked up a small tobacco pouch which I have kept ever since, as a memento of that eventful day. The siege continued as usual and we kept blazing away at each other until a big wind struck us, levelling all our tents, and we had to weight them down with shot to prevent them from being blown away; then we took shelter under the lea of a sheep pen until the gale was over. However, we got over this and settled down to business. Now, I will give you an instance or two of our sufferings while on trench duty. One morning on which it was our turn to go to Balaklava it was raining and continued to rain hard all day. I have said that the road was muddy. Now, when I tell you that when our worst roads here at the opening of spring, are gravel walks in comparison with that road, you can form an idea of the arduous task we so often had to perform in carrying supplies from Balaklava. We got back to camp like half drowned rats, about 4 o'clock. The pipe sounded, "relief for the trenches, get supper and grog." The pipe again went, 'relief for the trenches,' fall in. With everything on us soaking wet and not having a dry stitch to put on, we fell in and were marched off to the trenches in this wet, shivering condition. We had not long lain in the trenches until the weather became cold and snow began to fall, which continued all night. Imagine, if you can, our condition, wet to the skin, cold and shivering, without fire or material to make a fire to warm our benumbed limbs, to banquet ourselves on a stick of raw pork and a hard sea biscuit, washed down with ice cold water to revive our spirits. Think of this all ye who are prone to imagine that life in the army or navy is a life of pleasant idleness; that war is but a mere game of billiards with fame and honor to be gained with each shot of the cue. Think of the thousands of our countrymen, who, during that winter of 1854-5, unused to the cold Russian climate, suffered hunger, thirst, cold, disease and death in those open trenches and shot-pierced tents, ill fed and ill clad, and without a complaint, without a murmur, cheerfully enduring all the hardships to uphold the honor of the Union Jack. All honor then, to our army and navy.

When we returned to camp, Stinson, one of our mates, said to me, "Can't we find some way of warming a little water?" "We can try at any rate," I replied. There were a few tallow candles or pursers dips as sailors call them, in the tent. We were allowed one of these each night and had a few to spare; these he got, stuck them in the mud and lighted them. In the meantime I had procured a small tin can with some water, which I held over the burning candles, but I might as well have put the can on my head, for it would not warm one bit, so we gave it up, and rolling ourselves in our blankets, threw ourselves on the ground for a cold nap until the pipe should rouse us for dinner. Shortly after this we received sheepskin coats, sent us out from England, but not before they were needed. When the poor soldiers in the trenches saw us coming to relieve them, they would shout, "here comes the lammies, hoo-ray!"

A few words concerning our duties in the trenches. The first thing in the morning we drew the charge of grape and cannister from the gun, which was always put there at night to reply to any night attack from the Redan, and then reload with solid shot for day service. Of course the enemy were always watching our manœuvers, and made frequent attempts to put our gun out of action. However, we were always qui vive, as the Frenchmen say, and never failed to respond, in fact some ruse was often resorted to, to draw their fire. A soldier would at times place his shako on the point of his bayonet and raise it just above trench, when boom, boom, crack, crack, crack came from the Redan, and then we would have a little fun for a while, for we could not bear inactivity, while in the trenches, or anywhere else for that matter.

One day as we were sitting around our gun eating our dinner, a spent shell came hopping in and settled in the corner of the traverse, where one of our men was sitting alone. Lie flat shouted the officer in command. The man quickly obeyed, but not a moment too soon, for the shell burst; he miracously escaped without a scratch, although the shell was within arm's reach. On another occasion we had just got in, when No. 4 of the gun to our left, said: "I wonder if they will open on us to-day?" He went round his gun, had just finished changing charges when a shot struck him, nearly cutting him in two. Things of this sort were of frequent occurrence as well as many others of which I cannot remember, and as things went on much in the same manner during the winter, I think I will change the story. "You have not said anything about Balaklava," I said. "No," said our friend. "I have been getting ahead of my story. I should have mentioned the circumstance of the battered helmet in connection with the Balaklava affair, but I suppose the fact of me not having to take any part in it, caused me to pass it by without mentioning it." On the 25th October at the sound of the bugle we fell in and were marched over the brow of the hill, overlooking the plain, were we remained awaiting further orders. While waiting we witnessed that charge which has been immortalized by Tennyson, and is too well known to need repetition here.

I think I will step aboard the old Agamemnon again, but before I go, I will just give you one more reminiscence of my adventures ashore. One day orders were given to remove one of the heavy siege guns to a new position. The artillery men had not proceeded very far with the gun, when it became fast in the mud, the wheels sinking to the hubs. All the horses in the battery could not budge it. After several ineffectual attempts the blue jackets were ordered to take the gun. In a jiffy our tackling was hitched to the gun, and a hundred breast straps slung across the shoulders of as many tars. The artillery officer was directing here and giving orders there, when our captain stepped up to him said, "please stand aside, sir, I can manage this business, we have our own way of doing business in the navy." After adusting things to satisfaction he shouted, "now for it lads," and with a heigh ho, lads ho, every breast strap gripped, the tackling strained, the gun leaped from its muddy bed, we trotted off with it singing, Nancy Lee, and never said halt till the gun was in its new position and trained on Sebastopol "That's the way we do things in the navy," said our captain to the artillery officer.

(To be continued.)

Heart Palipation at Night

Rattles even the strongest man, but to the average woman it is a taste of general purgatory. Take a little Nerviline in sweetened water and away goes the palpitation. You'll be saved lots of worry by keeping Nerviline on hand, which is a treasure for all sorts of pains and aches. Nerviline cures headache, stomach and bowel troubles quickly. Costs 25c. for a large bottle.

Kimberley

Mr. Asa Latter of Ravenna was in town on business last week.

Miss Emma Hunter is visiting friends in Owen Sound at present.

Miss Arletta Johnston spent Sunday at her parental home, Thornbury.

We are sorry to report Mrs. William Sloan on the sick list, but hope to hear of your speedy recovery.

Mr. W. S. Bishop has moved into his magnificent new ressdence.

Miss May Loughead of Griersville visited friends here on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Fawcett of Heathcote visited with the former's brother, Mr. J. R. Fawcett on Friday last.

Mr. Robert Thompson of Flesherton, spent Sunday with friends in this vicinity.

Mr. Ben Carruthers is busy at present moving to Wodehouse, where he will take up the mercantile business, lately vacated by Mr. Jos. Heitman.

Frae Stane's Settlement

Meester Editor,—It's sa lang sin we heard ony news frae this pairt o' the kintry that ane would a'maist think that the Stane Settlement hae drappit oot o' the warld a'thegither. I am na gude at wrichtin', mesel, or I micht send ye a bit scrap aince in a whiles, but I na sooner begin to wricht than I forget a' aboot what I waur gaun ta say, forby I hae got that scat tar or whatever ye ca' it sae bad in my heid that it maks ma wricht through ma nose, sae ye could not mak oot what I waur tetherin at onyhow, but there's some smairt young fowk on this line wha micht dae the job brawly if they wadna be sae shy.

Meestir Wood, oor genial and obleeging dominie, is gaun tae leave us at the end o' the year. It micht be a lang whiles afore we get a better or e'en as guid a teacher. They say he's gaen tae Ceylon tae teach. Weel, it's a lang ways aff, Meestir Wood, but I hope ye maun hae a pleasant passage, and dinna forget tae remember me tae auld Feyther Neptune when yey're crossing the line. I'm na sure wha's gaun ta tak his place in oor school—some say it's a Miss Small. Weel, we'll bid her welcome when she comes and hope she will dae as weel as Meestir Wood has done, an' if she daes she'll dae great, e'en if she be Sma'.

Somebody tauld us, no lang syne, that there were only twa Stanes left on this line the noo. I dinna ken what he waur thinking aboot. I could find him a job picking stanes every day for a month, and wadna charge him onything for his trouble, either.

The city papers say something aboot country school trustees having to buy an acre o' land and the teachers maun teach their pupils gairdening. Verra soon we maun expect they'll hae to learn baloon-ing and air ship navigation!

A few weeks syne we lost anither auld resident of this line verra suddenly, but as it was no' metioned afore, a' I can say noo is that he wull be missed in Flesherton as weel as here. For mony years every fine Sunday, simmer and winter, when the roads were no' too bad, he wad gae oot tae kirk, but in a' thae years he was never kent tae gae inside the kirk door. He wad stand ootside, or if the weather was too cauld or too hot get under the shed an' bide till the service was over. When he cam' hame he could never tell what chapter or verse the preacher had ta'en his text frae. But he's gane noo and we should no speak hard things aboot him. Everybody that kent him was verra sorry tae hear o' his tragic end, especially G. A. when she cam hame frae Owen Sound, for mony a time he took her oot tae see her grandmither. They ca'd him Auld Pete, but there isna ane amang us wad like tae be ca'd auld at 24. They're talking aboot making a robe o' his hide for auld acquaintance sake.

Ye'll no forget tae come tae oor school entertainment when it comes aff.

Noo, Mr. Editor, I think I maun quit. I shudna wrote noo only tae let fowk ken that Stane's Settlement is still abune ground, supposing there be only twa Stanes left intil it. —RAB

W. Moore & Son, Meaford, are damming the Big Head river to secure electric energy and expect to produce about 600 horse power.

Evangelist Ranton brought his rather powerful frame into play at the Central Methodist church, Woodstock, one evening recently, when his words had failed to secure order at the meeting. In the course of his exhortation he suddenly stopped, and, announcing that he had been disturbed by some young men who had been gesticulating through the glass in the door, he walked down off the platform, up the aisle and through the door. Two or three of the disturbers had skipped, but one held his ground. The fate of this one was surmised when a dull thud outside was heard by those nearest the door.

McFARLAND, STAFFORD & CO.

MARKDALE, ONT.

. . . GREY COUNTY'S BIGGEST AND CHEAPEST STORE . . .

The Chimney on Our Store

Is built large enough to allow Santa Claus every convenience, and as old Saint Nicholas is a shrewd buyer, he is likely to visit this store pretty often between now and Christmas Eve.

Every department in this large store is now offering special inducements for Christmas buyers. You are no doubt going to make someone a present this year. It will pay you to take a look through this store before buying. Remember our guarantee—Your money back if not satisfied.

Xmas Groceries.

Best selected Raisins, "Trennoirs," 3 lbs. for	25
Choice new Filliatrian Currants, 'Recleaned,' 4 lbs. for	25c.
Choice Cluster Layer Raisins, put up in 1 lb. fancy box, reg. 25c. kind for	15
Cross & Blackwell's Choice Lemon and Orange Peel, per lb	15c
Wethey's Condensed Mince Meat, one pouud package	10c.
Best Brand Canned Tomatoes, Corn and Peas, per tin	9c
Choice Pink Salmon per tin	10
Choice Red Salmon, 2 tins for	25
Choice Canned Slice Beets, per tin	4
Fresh Sardines, per tin	5c
Tomato Catsup, best quality, per bottle	10
Large 20-ounce bottle Choice Mixed Pickles, only	10c
Fresh Choice Tapoica, 8 lbs for	25
3 pound fresh Fruit Biscuits for	25
3 pounds Fresh Fruit Ginger Cakes for	25
3 lbs. fresh fancy Assorted cakes, for	25
4 pounds fresh Ginger Snaps for	25
4 pounds Fresh Ginger Cockies for	25

Fresh Walnuts, Almonds, Peanuts, Candies, Oranges, Lemons, Cranberries, at lowest price.

Furs.

Shop early.	What is more suitable for an Xmas Present than Furs, and no store can show you better Furs or better values than are on display here to-day.	Shop early.
Shop early.	Men's Fur Coats, $15, $17, $20, $25, $35, and 50.00	Shop early.
Shop early.	Women's Fur Coats, $25, $30, $32.50, $35, $38, $40. and $45.00	Shop early.
Shop early.	Fur Robes, $6.50, $7, $7·50, $8, $9, $10, $12. $15 and $18.50	Shop early.

McFarland, Stafford & & Co.

W. Hockley Proton Station

Great Bargains in Summer Goods

Prints Cheaper Than Ever

12½c. Prints Selling at	9c.
10c. Prints Selling at	7c.
8½c. Prints Selling at	6c.
7c. Prints Selling at	5c.
5c. Prints Selling at	3¾c

A Snap in Muslins

For Two Weeks of a large Assortment of Patterns in the same

10c Muslins selling for	7½c.
8c Muslins selling for	5½c.
12½c Muslins selling for	9½c.

Ladies' Sailor Hats

On sale at One Half the Regular Prices.

$1.00 Hats for	50c.
75c Hats for	38c.
50c Hats for	25c.
40c. Hats for	20c

Bargains in Boots

A large table of Bargain Boots, Regular prices $1.00 to $1.25, now on sale at 50c. per pair.

Jem Jars

We are clearing this line at the lowest market prices.

As we have large orders of Fall Goods coming in, we must have above goods sold out to make room for new goods.

Ladies' vests on sale at each 5c.
Gent's Summer Underwear, per suit 30c.

A large stock of new Boots has just arrived, the right thing for fall wear.

Men's heavy Oil Tan Crome Bluchers $2.50
Woman's heavy Pebble Langtry for $1.60

We also carry a nice assortment of fine shoes for Men, Women and Children.

. HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR TRADE HERE . .

W. Hockley Proton Station

Vandeleur

We have to record this week the death of a highly respected resident of this place in the person of Mrs. Robert Wright, who died at her home on Tuesday last, aged eighty-two years. Deceased had been ailing for some time and her decease was not unexpected. The funeral took place to the Meaford Road cemetery on Thursday.

Mr. Ed. Holley and bride returned from their honeymoon trip last week and have taken up their abode on Mr. Wm. Buchanan's farm on the Meaford Road.

Falling out Hair

If this is the case, call and see us and we will prevent it doing so by applying our wonderfull remedy.

Highly Recommend

We have used its wonderfull powers on many in this town and surrounding districts and all who have undergone treatment recommend it very highly.

No Cure—No Pay

A. WILSON - Barber
FLESHERTON