Flesherton Advance.

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

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The Old School House And the Spring

Written for The Advance

The old school house! What memories; thoughts awaken of home and youth. It was the first built in the township and belonged to Section No. 3. It was a square, unhewn log building, set on the corner of the school lot, with one side close to the road, the door facing the south-east. The lot was cleared and the house built by voluntary workers, so anxious were the settlers to have the school.

The lumber for floors and desks was sawn by men at a "saw pit." There were no sawmills yet. From cedar lengths the shingles were riven by a froe and smoothed by the drawing-knife on the "shingle horse." Around two sides of the interior were long desks facing the wall and fastened to it. Long benches were placed beside the desks for seats. The building being low, the windows were placed laterally so the light extended along the desks. The desk accommodation was for the older pupils who could write and cipher.

In the centre of the room was a large stove. Around it seats without backs were arranged for the smaller children, who sat bolt upright, the feet of the smaller ones dangling in mid-air. And though this style of heating was in use for many years, yet there were no cases of spinal curvature or stooped shoulders. Strong bodies were developed that in later years withstood well the strain of the burden of life's day. The master's seat was at the side, close to the road. Through the open window on a summer afternoon the passer by could hear the hum of the children's voices and see the master's head bobbing as he drowsed in the warm sunshine, then suddenly start up when a paper wad hit on the bald space on his head. With a threatening look at the most mischievous boy, who was just then deep in study, yet hum liated that he had been caught napping, the incident was allowed to pass.

As the logs in the wall became seasoned the bark peeled off in places, leaving a smooth, white surface, whereon many a surreptitious inscription was placed, threats for the master, love messages to the girls or challenges for fights.

The completed schoolhouse became at once the home of the day and Sunday schools, the Sabbath service, week-night prayer meeting, polling booth, tea meetings, missionary meetings—the latter—when "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" and tales of mission work in far-away isles of the Pacific filled the minds of the younger folk with great desire to be grown-up missionaries—but when it was further stated how savage chiefs dined on the missionary, that desire cooled considerably.

Great revival services were held in the school house that helped to form for good the character of the neighborhood. The travelling phrenologist gave lectures in it for a small fee at the door, for finding imaginary bumps, and 25 cents for charts for heads. Here, too, the temperance lodge met every two weeks, when not only was temperance taught, but programmes were given where many an embryo speaker or writer entertained the audience by their maiden efforts. The lodge procured the first coal oil lamp that was used in the neighborhood, and so much afraid were the people of an explosion that when not in use the lamp and oil can were placed on the ground floor of a neighboring cellar.

The old school served well in its day and generation. A substantial brick building now stands near where it once stood, that is a credit to the section.

As it required some time to clear and level the school lot and cover it with a green sod suitable for a play ground, the children took to the clearer roadway for play, and usually gathered down by the spring, whose history is inseparable from the old log school house. Around it many scenes were enacted. The girls used it as a mirror to arrange their wind-blown tresses. There, admiring glances passed from boy to girl. These in some cases grew with the years and resulted in unions of heart and hand. Plans for truant escapades were laid. Fights were fought in the centre of a circle of admiring young pugilists. Above this group of merry children, on poised wing hovered the white-winged messenger, marking for his own some who, in the glad days of youth, passed into that sleep that knows no waking until time is no more. Perhaps

"There are things of which we may not speak,
There are thoughts that cannot die,"

but we may hope that in some fairer clime the broken strands will be gathered up and united forever.

When the master called school, what a scampering of little feet up the hill and back to lessons!—little feet that, all too soon, fared forth into the highways and byways of life to their varied destinies.

Excepting a funeral, the Orange procession was the only one that passed along the new road. All on foot, the flag flaunting in the breeze, the music of fife and drum awakening echoes from wood and hill as "Rise, sons of William, rise," "King William over the water," and other time-worn party tunes rang out upon the air. On the hot July day, as the procession neared the spring, a motherly woman came out with pails and cups and served the best of drinks to the red men. Then, with hats waving in the air, three rousing cheers were given to the lady of the spring. This was an annual occurrence until wagons and saddle horses conveyed the men, and it was no longer necessary.

Sometimes a carriage stops at the old spring. Grey-haired men and women alight and gather around it. Some have wandered far afield. The waters of the Atlantic and Pacific have borne them to and from foreign shores. Yet they come back as to a shrine, drink of it and gaze into its clear depths, not to see the merry, care-free faces of childhood. Instead, are snow-crowned brows, eyes bedimmed and faded roses. Memory vividly portrays life's road stretching far back into the dim distance. Happy childhood, youth with its snares and pitfalls, manhood with its rosy visions, middle life with its responsibilities; and now will we call it age, or the shadows just before the dawn of a larger and better life?

The old spring bubbles and flows just as it did sixty years ago, and for how long before who can tell? Could it speak, what tales it could tell of the unnoted periods of time, when the unbroken forest stretched from lake to lake, its dim aisles trodden only by the feet of the red men, from whose hands the arrow surely and silently found its mark; when dawn and close of day were accompanied by the music of song birds; when the months were told off by the waxing and the waning moon, and the years by the return of the seasons; when silence and solitude reigned profound, until their death knell was sounded by the white man's axe. —E. A. PICKELL.

Chinese Eggs Coming

The Canadian Pacific Railway headquarters in Montreal have been notified that the steamship "Asia" bound from China arrived at Vancouver this morning containing 3,500,000 Chinese eggs. These are in the shell and not in barrels as heretofore and are consigned to different parts of Canada and the United States.

This is the largest shipment of eggs in the shell that has ever been received from China, and it is expected that from now on the price of eggs on this continent will be materially affected by the crop laid by the Chinese fowl. So far eggs have been shipped broken in barrels but the shipment of eggs unbroken in the shell is a comparatively new departure.

Honor Rolls

Report of S. S. No. 5, Osprey for February.

Fifth class—Wesley Beatty 84.

Fourth class—Lizzie Murphy 64, Adeline Murphy 57, James Murphy 50.

Third class—Lorne Wright.

Sr. 2—Maurice Wright.

Jr. 2—Lola Smith 64, Elda Sayers.

Sr. 1—Freddie Beatty 73, John Murphy 73.

Jr. 1—Willis Wright 86, Jack Brackenbury 74, Milton Roberts.

Primer—Johnny Beatty.

—GERTRUDE MOFFAT, Teacher.

Eugenia Paragraphs

Mr. and Mrs. A. Cameron and son visited Mrs. Cameron's parents near Flesherton recently.

Messrs. Aynley and Cooey spent the week end in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Munshaw visited Vandeleur friends.

Messrs. Geo. Williams and Wesley Armstrong spent the week end with friends in Dundalk.

Miss Annie Beecroft is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. James Walker, Kimberley.

A number of young people assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Weber on Thursday evening and enjoyed a few hours of social pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers visited with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Blackburn recently.

Sacramental service next Sabbath in the Presbyterian church. Preparatory service on Friday evening.

Mr. Wellington Graham met with a painful accident on Monday afternoon, having his arm caught on a saw at the mill. The wound had to be stitched up.

The friends and neighbors of Mrs. W. C. Pedlar and family met at their home on Friday, Feb. 27, together with the members and friends of the Women's Institute. After the regular business meeting the president presented Mrs. Pedlar, on behalf of the society, with a beautiful lace centre piece, accompanied by the following address:

To Mrs. Pedlar and Family,—We have gathered here to-night to express to you the respect and esteem we entertain towards you and also to express our appreciation of your earnest and untiring labor among us. It is with regret that we learn of your intended departure from our midst, and feel that we cannot let you go without a slight token of our regard for you. We therefore ask you to accept this easy chair, trusting that sometimes it may recall to your memory thoughts of the many pleasant hours spent in the homes of those assembled here. You will be missed in church and Sunday school. Our best wishes go with you all to your new home, and may you long be spared to enjoy life and service in whatever sphere God may see fit to place you. Signed on behalf of your friends and neighbors,—Maggie Carson, Mary Hopper.

Mrs. Pedlar was quite overcome and her thanks were expressed through her daughter, Miss Sadie.

Walkerton

Mr. Ohlheiser, hotel-keeper of Teeswater, was fined $100.00 and costs by Magistrate Tolton in Walkerton on Friday last for selling local option beer that savoured too strongly of alcohol for an innocent legal temperance drink.

Messrs. Charles and Leo Buhlman, hotel-keepers of Mildmay, were each fined $10 and costs by Magistrate Tolton in Walkerton on Tuesday morning for giving liquor on the night of the hockey match in Mildmay last week to two Walkerton youths who are not yet out of their teens.

A letter was received by the Durham council from W. D. Cargill, asking council to support a movement to make a harbor of refuge at Inverhuron, holding out the hope that if this were done the C. P. R. would extend their line from Walkerton. The Durham Review says the Mayor and Clerk were instructed by the council to sign the resolution supporting the Inverhuron request.

After hand-feeding five red foxes for many weeks, Mr. Wm. Trotter, who has gone into fox-farming here, was looking hopefully forward to the time when their pelts would pay him handsomely for their board and make him something of a magnate in the fur market, found on arising the other morning that two of the wiley reynards had jumped their board bill and made a successful getaway during the night. Although every effort was made to locate them, nothing resembling a capture has since been made. As several foxes have been bagged by parties out shooting recently there is room for suspicion that part of Mr. Trotter's fur plant may have come to grief in a nearby woods. Talk about sowing the seed and not knowing who shall harvest it, but the man who goes into fox farming never knows whether the foxes will skin him or he will skin them.—Herald and Times.

Hanover has placed the cigarette license at $75.00, which should pretty well stop that evil in the town.

Feversham Items

Spring-like weather prevails, the crows are with us again in large numbers, but we have not heard of any robins having been seen in this part of the country yet.

Miss Jennie Hale is slowly recovering from her recent illness.

Mrs. Geo. Thompson is home again from Owen Sound hospital, but the Drs. have little hope of saving the injured eye. Her many friends hope that it may yet be saved.

Mrs. John Buckingham is recovering nicely and is at present visiting friends in Collingwood.

This neighborhood was shocked last week to hear of the sudden death of Mr. John Brown, Vancouver, B. C., formerly of Rob Roy, a few miles east of this village. Full particulars have not yet been received.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lawler, jr., have the sympathy of the community in the death of their baby girl, 10 months old.

Mrs. Alex. Davidson is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Stoutenburg, in Collingwood.

Miss Sadie Julian is visiting with her aunt near Toronto.

Mr. Ben Brackenbury of the Collingwood hospital staff spent Sunday with friends here.

Mr. Tuck and Miss Tompkins of Singhampton spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. Hammill.

Miss Lila Alexander spent the past week with friends in Flesherton.

Mrs Chris. Thompson has returned home after a month's visit with her sister, Mrs. W. Walters, in Toronto.

Miss Hilda Lush has left for the West with her sister, Mrs. Harry McGowan of Rob Roy.

Miss Pearl Barber of Collingwood is visiting her parental home here.

R. J. Colquette was on a business trip to Barrie last week.

Victoria Corners

Mrs. Jas. Best is on the sick list with la grippe.

Miss Johnston of Berkeley is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Milton Bannon.

On March 9th, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Moore celebrated, with a few of their neighbors, the forty-third anniversary of their marriage.

On March 11th, Mr. and Mrs. James Lockhart celebrated, with a few friends, the thirteenth anniversary of their marriage.

A sleighload from this neighborhood spent a very enjoyable evening at the home of Mr. Walter Acheson.

Did you see the eclipse? If not you missed half your life. It was a fine sight, and deserved the loss of a few hours beauty sleep.

Miss Orr is starting a class of music pupils.

Ceylon

Mrs. S Hemphill visited Dundalk friends last week.

Misses Nessa and Sybil Collinson left Thursday for Toronto, where they will visit friends for a few days, prior to Miss Sybil leaving for the West.

Mrs. McCloocklin of Glenelg visited her son here last week.

Mr. D. Wilson left Thursday for an extended visit with Creemore friends.

Mr. Chas. Chislett, Durham, spent over Sunday with his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Pallister of Maxwell visited at Mr. Jas. Radley's the first of the week.

Mrs. Ruthvan, who has been a visitor at Mr. F. Cairns' the past two months, left last week to visit Clarksburg friends before returning to her home at Alliston.

Miss J. Cook of Fergus arrived Thursday to take charge of Jas. Pattison and Co's millinery department.

We are sorry to report Mrs. J. Pattison very ill. A trained nurse is in attendance.

If a woman who lives on a certain party line doesn't stop listening, there is going to be trouble. She is the only woman on the line who has a crying baby, and you can pick up a receiver any time of the day or night and hear a baby bawling. If she would devote more time to her baby and would spend less time spying on the conversation of her neighbors, maybe her brat wouldn't howl quite so much.—Atchison Globe.

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