BUSINESSCARDS

W H. WRIGHT, TELFORD & McDONALD Barrister, Solicitors, &c. Offices, Grey & Bruce Block, Owen Sound. Standard Bank Block, Flesherton, (Saturdays). W. H. Wright, W. P. Telford Jr., J. C. McDonald, L. L. B.

SOCIETIES

A O U W meets on the last Monday in ach month, in their lodge room Clayton's hall Flesnerton, at 8 p.m. M. W., W. J. Bellamy; Rec., C. H. Munshaw; Fin., R. J. Sproule. Visiting brethren invited

PRINCE ARTHUR LODGE, No. 333, A.F.& A M, meets in the Masonic hall. Armstrong's Block, Flesherton, every Friday on or before the full moon Herb Smith, W. M.; Chas. Munshaw, Secretary.

COURT FLESHERTON, 995, I. O. F. meets in Clayton's Block the last Wednesday evening each month. Visiting Foresters heartily icome C. R., G. Bellamy; R. S., G. Cairns; n. Sec., W. Buskin.
Please pay dues to Fin. Sec. before the first ay of the month.

CHOSEN FRIENDS—Flesherton Council Chosen Friends meets in Clayton's hall first and third Wednesday of each month 8 p. m Pay assessments to the Recorder on or before the first day of each month. Chief Councillor T. Blakeley; Recorder W. H. Bunt.

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DR. E. C. MURRAY L. D. S., dental surgeon honor graduate of Toronto University and Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario. Gas administered for teeth eXtraction Office at residence, Toronto Street, Flesherton

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Bull For Service

Pure bred shorthorn bull, Emperor, 86537, for service on lot 167, W.T. S.R., Artemesia. Terms $1.50 for grades, $3 for thoroughbreds.

All cows serveal must be paid for.

0 Mar H. Quigg, Proprietor.

DIVISION COURT 1914

FLESHERTON AND DUNDALK

Flesherton.....April 15
Dundalk.....June 17
Flesherton.....Oct. 14

Bull For Service

For service.—Baron Holly No. 6422. Aberdeen Angus, on lot 34, 9th concession, Artemesia. Terms, $1.00 if paid before 1st Jan. 1915.—W. J. Magee. May 15

BOAR FOR SERVICE

Also registered Yorkshire boar, AN 14581. Terms $1. HENRY HOLMAN Lot 40, Con. 4, Artemesia, Portlaw P.O tf6mar

Bull for Service

Pure bred shorthorn bull, Aberdeen Fyvie—8,060—for service on lot 29, S.S. R., Artemesia.

Terms—$1.50 for grades, Pure bred cows $3.00.

Pure bred Tamworth hog for service on the above lot.

Terms—$1.50 for all animals. Served must be paid for.

5Sept —W. J. Meads

Farm for Sale

Lot 130 to 132, East Back Line, Artemesia containing 136 acres; nearly all cleared, 3½ miles from Flesherton, five from Markdale. Good orchard, house, bank barn and other buildings; stock farm well watered, good well, windmill, etc Apply on premises to

—Jacob A. Holley

1 June 1914

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OLD JAPANESE ART

Swords of Perfumed Steel That Cannot Now Be Made.

MARVEL OF A CRYSTAL BALL

Rubbed Into a Perfect Sphere by Hand, It Would Be Difficult to Duplicate It With Modern Machinery—Legend of the Secret of a Swordmaker.

Steel made more than 800 years ago, with a sweet odor put in so that the metal still retains the scent—that is one of the secrets of an old Japanese sword maker described by Reginald F. St. Fere Vaile of London. Mr. Vaile is an amateur collector and his enthusiasm for the beauty of old Japanese art has carried him far back into the centuries.

Mr. Vaile actually owned a sword of scented steel one time, but it was stolen from the office of his lawyer several years ago. He regards this loss as the greatest a collector could face and feels sure that he will never get that sword back again.

"The perfume was delicate and pleasing," he said. "It is not the only sword of the kind in the world. The royal collection at Vienna has one, and there are two or three more which have retained their fragrance for all these hundreds of years.

"The scent is actually a part of the steel. The sword was incased in a wood sheath, which gave forth no odor. The handle of the sword was of wood, which was easily removed and which gave no odor. The makers' names, father and son, were on the steel of the handle.

"I entertained a group of Sheffield steel men at my home several years ago and just as a surprise for them I had the sword on the table. They were boasting about what great steelmakers they were, and then I asked them to smell the sword. They were the most surprised men you ever saw.

"'Steelmakers,' I said. 'There is some real art in making steel; let us see you equal that.' They could not, of course."

Mr. Vaile said that there are hundreds of mechanical tricks of the Japanese artisans of hundreds of years ago which have been lost. These men have made many articles which cannot be duplicated with modern machinery.

"I have in my home a crystal ball six inches in diameter," he said. "It is as round as a billiard ball; it will stand any test for roundness. That was made by hand several hundred years ago. It would be difficult to make it now with machinery, if it is possible; but think of the years of toil and the special ability required for a man to rub a block of crystal into a perfect sphere."

Mr. Vaile said that old Japanese princes kept hordes of men at work, paying them fairly well. These men had food and lodging assured for the rest of their lives, and they didn't have to hurry with their work.

He told of one cabinet started by one man for the prince who employed him but who failed to finish it. He died and the prince died. The son of the artisan took up the work, expecting to finish it for the son of the former prince. They both died, and the cabinet was finally finished by the grandson of the original cabinetmaker and presented to the grandson of the original prince.

"There was one swordmaker who had the trick of making a dagger with a very hard steel point, which gradually grew softer toward the handle. He did this by taking a dagger blade of uniform hardness, packing it in clay which was thicker toward the handle. In this way when he heated the pack the heat was graded, being strong at the point and soft near the handle.

"The secret lay in the temperature of the water he put it in after heating it. No one could discover how hot the water was or how long he kept the mass in the water.

"He had several young men working for him, and one of these men, a trickster, was anxious to learn the secret. The old man prepared his bath in a private tent. One day he was coming out of the tent with a newly finished sword under his arm when the young man darted past him and stuck his hand in the water.

"The old man wheeled and struck out with his sword. He cut so quickly that he severed the young man's arm before the young man's nerves could convey any idea of the temperature of the water to his brain—or so they say."

One of the old swordmakers had the peculiar knack of making swords which, of themselves, continually searched for trouble. "Blood drinkers," these swords were named. There was one of them in the Bowes collection, which was sold in England seven or eight years ago.

"One of my friends bought this sword," said Mr. Vaile. "He was explaining its peculiar nature to some of us. One of the men laughed at the superstition. Just as he was in the middle of a guffaw the sword slipped out of its sheath, the handle struck the floor and the point fell against his leg. He was severely cut. I saw this, and, while I myself don't attach any supernatural power to the sword, that series of facts keeps me from laughing at it."—New York Sun.

Fair Warning.

Teacher—Willie, if you don't behave yourself I'll write a note to your father.

Willie—You do and you'll make ma jealous.—Boston Transcript.

Have not the cloak to make when it begins to rain.—Old Saying.

CLEVER WITH HIS FISTS.

John Paul Jones In a Fight Was as Quick as Chain Lightning.

The exploits of John Paul Jones, the famous commodore, have for many years formed interesting reading for young and old students of history, and a volume issued by M. MacDermot Crawford, under the title "The Sailor Whom England Feared," adds much that is worthy of note. The hero of the book is thus described in its pages:

"Though of low stature and slender build, his neck, arms and shoulders were those of a heavy set man. His neck was out of proportion to the rest of him. The strength of his arms and shoulders could scarcely be believed, and he had equal use of both hands, even to writing with the left as well as the right hand.

"He was past master in the art of boxing, and though there were many hard nuts to crack in the various crews he commanded, no one ever doubted that the commodore was the best man aboard. To all this he added a quickness of motion that cannot be described except by saying that he was quicker than chain lightning. When roused he would strike more blows and do more damage in a second than any other man could do in a minute.

"Even when calm and unruffled his gait and all his bodily motions were exactly like those of the panther—noiseless, sleek and the perfection of grace, yet always giving one the idea that it would be well to keep out of reach of his paws and teeth."

AN UMBRELLA TAIL.

It Serves Many Purposes For the South American Anteater.

One of the old natural history stories that have been only half believed is that the South American anteater uses its great bushy tail as an umbrella whenever it takes its walks abroad in a shower. The story is partly true. And the tail has other excellent uses, as one might suppose of so extraordinary an appendage, for perhaps no other animal of the woods has so much tail in proportion to body.

The tail is like a huge plume, but differs from the feather and from such flat, feather-like tails as form the rudders and balancing poles of the squirrels in having its hairs arranged in two enormous fringes along the upper and under surfaces of the tail—not along the sides of it.

The benefit of this arrangement is that when the anteater lies down at rest, with his tail bent sidewise, as is his wont, the long hairs of the tail completely cover the body like a cloak or umbrella and shed the rain like a sloping thatch. The hairy covering is also useful in keeping away troublesome or dangerous insects, and its dull gray tint harmonizes so well with the lights and shadows of the forest that it actually helps to hide the animal from its enemies while it sleeps.—Youth's Companion.

A Marvelous Makeup.

George Robey tells this story in an interview in London Motor: "I do not remove my makeup in driving from one London hall to another, but travel with the grease paint still upon my face. One night we had a little altercation with the driver of a vehicle, who quite forcibly declared that he had not seen us coming toward him, which was quite true, because he had been fast asleep. At last I looked out of the window at him, when, jumping back in surprise, he demanded, 'Oo's the old fright you've got aboard?' 'My master is Mr. George Robey,' responded my driver, with dignity. 'Well, you tell 'im,' said the man, scrambling up into his cart, 'that if 'e'd sit on the engin' with that face and nose and them eyebrows, 'e wouldn't want no 'eadlights in a fog!'"

His Money Was Safe.

Schopenhauer, the German pessimist, was asked one day to dinner by a gentleman who had also invited a number of Prussian officers. Said one of the officers to Schopenhauer, "Why do you put a frederic under your plate?"

"I have made a vow," replied the philosopher, "to give this piece of money to a beggar the very first time I dine with the military without hearing talk about women and horses. It is fifty years since I made this vow, but I have not yet been called upon to bestow my frederic in alms."

Harder Still.

Senator Sheppard was talking about a pathetic figure in Texarkana, an old merchant who, after attaining a position of eminence, now saw his trade slowly deserting him for younger and more radical rivals.

"Poor old Blank is a pathetic figure," said Senator Sheppard. "He shows us that, hard as it is to climb up in the world, it is harder still to climb down."—New York Tribune.

Just What She Said.

"Does he ever try to flatter you?"

"Indeed he doesn't. He always tells me the plain, unvarnished truth."

"Why, I heard him tell you that you were bewilderingly beautiful."

"Didn't I tell you so!"—Houston Post.

A Mutual Pleasure.

Mother—Were you glad to get back to school and see your dear teacher? Little Son—Well, I—I was just about as glad as dear teacher was to get back and see me!

Time Wasted.

Madeline—He's a nice young man to take a girl fishing, I must say! May—Why, what did he do? Madeline—He fished!

MONUMENTS TO THE POTATO.

There Are Several Handsome Ones In England and Germany.

Although America is the original home of the potato, it is only in Europe that monuments have been erected to honor the familiar vegetable. There are several such monuments in Germany and England costing large sums of money and presenting the work of famous sculptors. The most elaborate is that at Offenburg, which honors Sir Francis Drake as the first man to introduce potatoes into Europe.

The monument consists of an excellent statue of Drake, rising from an elaborate base decorated with garlands of the potato plant, with full grown tubers. Several tablets are placed about the base stating that Drake first brought the potato to Europe, with various laudatory inscriptions as to the value of the potato to civilization. A similar monument to Drake and the potato has been erected at Murz.

As a matter of historic fact, Drake had nothing whatever to do with introducing the potato to Europe. It is generally supposed that Sir Walter Raleigh was the discoverer of the potato, and stories are told of his appearing on the streets of London wearing a buttonhole bouquet of potato blossoms in order to attract attention to the new vegetable.

According to one version, the potatoes were first planted by Drake in Ireland. The fact is that the potato was first taken from America by the Spanish long before the exploration of either Drake or Raleigh.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE GOLDEN MANIA.

Baths In Gleaming Coins That Seemed to Soothe the Victims.

Some years ago a London journalist who had speculated in railroad stocks netted £5,000 as the result of a lucky venture. Drawing it in gold, the fortunate man repaired to a hotel, emptied the bags of gold in the bed and went to sleep literally in the sands of Pactolus. The man was so crazed by his good fortune that he found indescribable pleasure in reveling in a golden bath.

Paganini, the violinist, when he received the proceeds of his concerts—he insisted upon being paid in gold—used to wash his hands in sovereigns.

A French novelist, Soulie, wrote a book entitled "The Memoirs of the Devil." It took. The publishers paid him for the first volume $10,000 in gold. The author carried the gold to his bedroom, poured it into a footbath and enjoyed for half an hour the excitement of moving his feet to and fro in a bath of gold coins, smoking meanwhile the biggest of Havanas.

A Boston merchant of great wealth, believing certain symptoms indicated that he would become insane, consulted a specialist and, under his advice, became an inmate of a private asylum. For twelve years there his recreation was piling up gold coins and then knocking them over. At times he washed his hands in gold eagles and half eagles. At the end of the long seclusion he returned to his counting room and in twelve months confirmed the thoroughness of his recovery by amassing $500,000.—St. Louis Republic.

An Exchange of Compliments.

This correspondence, ending in true Irish fashion, actually passed between two men in England some years ago.

"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his doggs from trespassing on his grounds."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that in future he should not spell 'dogs' with two gees."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter e to the last word in the note just received so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note unopened, the impertinence it contains being only equaled by its vulgarity."—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Toothpicks In England.

Toothpicks are not so generally used in England as in the United States, being in no real sense considered a household necessity. At the hotels and restaurants, especially those frequented by Americans, they are often supplied, though in a large percentage of eating houses they are given only upon request, and there are thousands of restaurants and other eating places where they are not obtainable even on request. Silver and gold toothpicks suitable for carrying in the pockets are sold to some extent among the well to do classes.—New York Post.

Clever Scheme.

"Blink's wife seems to be quite a musician."

"Yes. She is a fine pianist."

"How does she keep in practice when she is away from home?"

"She carries a large muff."

"What for?"

"Just to keep her hand in."

The Retort Caustic.

Miss Rinkles—Everything costs so much nowadays! I suppose I'll have to live plainer. Miss Sharptung—Why, my dear, you couldn't be any plainer and live.—London Telegraph.

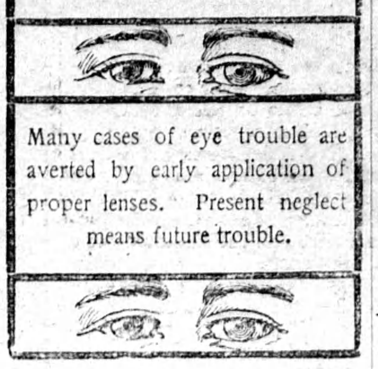
Well Helped.

Ethel—So Kate is finally married. How did she come to take the plunge?

Marie—She didn't. She was shoved off by three younger sisters.—Boston Transcript.

Man's great fault is that he has so many small ones.—Richter.

Perfect Sight
a matter of Foresight.



Many cases of eye trouble are averted by early application of proper lenses. Present neglect means future trouble.

W. A. Armstrong.

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Flesherton Advance	$ 1 00
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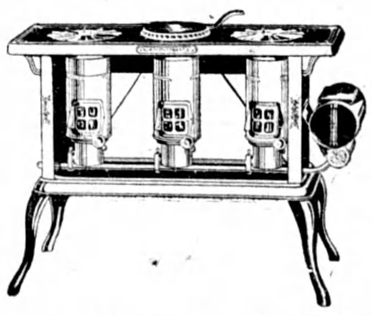
Weekly Globe	90
Mail-Empire	75
Family Herald & Star	90
Toronto Star	1 50
Farmer Sun	90
Farmers Advocate	1 50
Weekly Witness	90
Saturday Night	3 00
Home Journal	90
Poultry Review	40
Rod and Gun magazine	90

Bull for Service

Thoroughbred American bred Hereford bull for service on lot 151, 2nd. W. T. and S. R., Artemesia. Terms $1.50 cash.

—JOHN ADAMS, Prop.

HARDWARE!



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