Flesherton Advance.

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

VOl 34 No. 44 Flesherton, Ont., Thursday, April 22 1915 W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR and PRO

Ceylon Clippings

Last Week's Items

Mrs. J. Pattison spent a few days of the past week in Toronto.

Mr. and Miss Bowers of Shelburne have been visitors at Mr. E. Sargents.

Mr. Percy McLeod left for Toronto Saturday.

Miss Coleman who has been visiting friends here the past week left Saturday for her home in Owen Sound.

Mr. L. Rutledge left to spend a few days in Toronto on Monday.

Mr. Will Stewart, Guelph, called on his brother here Monday.

Miss Nessa Collinson entertained a few friends Friday evening in honor of her guest, Miss H. Coleman.

Mr. Pattison held their Millinery opening on Saturday, when a very pretty display of hats was shown.

Mr. James McMullen had the misfortune on Monday while forking hay to run the fork into the middle of his foot. We hope nothing seriously will result.

Mr. J. H. Cushnie left Saturday for Toronto after spending a week with his family here.

Singhampton

Quite a number attended the service in the Methodist Church on Sunday evening and enjoyed the sermon by the pastor, Rev, Mr. Morris, on "Helping to Bear the Cross of Christ." On April the 25th a representative of the Dominion Alliance Association will address the congregation. Everyone should take advantage of the opportunity to hear him.

Born—On March 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. David Lougheed, a daughter.

Miss Millie Jenkins of Toronto came up last week to visit her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott.

Misses Irene and Nellie Lindsay spent last Friday with friends here.

Born—On April 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Neff, a son.

The social evening given by the Y. P. C. A. was well attended and all report a good time. The meetings this month are being held in the Methodist Church. Everyone, young and old, are invited to attend.

Walkerton

A whip known as "The Cat-O'-Nine-Tails" has been installed in the Sheriff's Office here, and it is scheduled to be used in Walkerton for the first time on an Indian from near Wiarton, who will be whipped for beating his wife. As the Sheriff will not likely do the lashing himself, he will probably delegate the job to a Walkerton constable, and as all the sleuths here are regular gallants in the defense of women, they can be counted upon to ably avenge the lady's wrongs. The wife beating habit is becoming such a serious menace that magistrates everywhere are being urged to apply the lash to the guilty culprits, and it is probable that the whip at the Sheriff's office will have more to do with converting a certain class of sinners than all the homilies from the local pulpits could hope to accomplish in a score of years.

A Greenock farmer who read in a magazine about a lamp bargain offered by an American firm, sent $3 50 to the Yankee concern on the understanding, it seems, that the lamp was to be laid down here for that sum. However on its arrival in Walkerton last week he was horrified to find that there was a duty of $1.50 on it, which he reluctantly paid, but his feelings received another serious jar, when notified that there was 80c. express charges still due on it. This seemed too much of a "take-in" for the farmer, so the agriculturalist refused to take the lamp, with the result that it is now lying in the express office here, with the enraged farmer wishing that he had forgotten to answer that ad., and that he was once more in close touch with his departed coin. If the lamp isn't claimed within a certain period it will be sold by auction to cover express charges.—Herald.

Jas. A. Watt, of Salem, has just put through probably the biggest deal in Shorthorns that has ever taken place in Canada. Mr. Watt purchased from Mr. H. L. Emmert of Winnipeg, his celebrated shorthorn herd of about 80 head, including the famous $7000 bull, "Gainford Marquis."

Batteryman Hanley Writes Again

The following interesting letter has been received by Mr. W. Hanley of the post office department, Ottawa, from one of his two sons at the front:

In France, March 21.—Here we are again, happy and dirty. Haven't had a bath since we came into this country. This war is getting monotonous, at least our end of it is in this corner, although it must be great sport to be an airman with the anti-air craft shells breaking in the air, usually from one hundred yards to two miles away from the machine. It is altogether safe, for I have seen forty shells breaking around one machine without effect. A German biplane passed so low over my head at the observing station yesterday that I could see the crosses on his planes. They are used for scouting only.

Mr. Hohenzolern was in Lille a couple of days ago and may have been responsible for the very elaborate dissertation on Hate which was published for the benefit of the Hun soldiery in the Lille War Gazette. It was a flowery, eloquent article, cleverly written, but ridiculous in its purport. "God punish England," was its text. The paper was found on the dead body of a German killed at Neuve Chapelle and was read out to us on parade this morning. By the way, we were in that battle for we gave them about about one hundred rounds as a counter attraction.

This is totally different from my idea of war, as I thought it on the plains. There was no necessity for that extreme measure to toughen us. This also applies to the infantry. Shortly after we arrived in France the weather improved. It has rained to day for the first time in weeks, although we have had some cold days and a couple of snow storms. We left for the firing line about the 1st of March, from where we occupied for a few days an old camping ground about two feet deep in mud. We had a blinding snow storm when we shifted, but now it is like June weather, and we have been in action nearly every day since. The country is so flat that there is no drainage and likely to be extremely unhealthy. Observations are made with difficulty. I just arrived back from the observation place where I was on the telephone with another and an officer, but beyond the continuous sniping and a few high explosives close, nothing unusual happens.

The chap who wrote home "Dear Mother, I am in charge of the picquet to-night" is less liable at this time to notice the weight of such stupendous responsibilities as being N. C. O. of the picquet at Devizes. No Uhlans charge amongst our guns and we go up to within 20 yards of the firing line unarmed. I haven't worn my bandolier since I came up. This is one of the many conditions of modern war.

Four or five "Little Willies," high explosive 15-pounders, fell close to us today, but failed to explode. We dig them up, pile the powder in the road and watch the fire works. It was strictly forbidden at Petawawa to handle these shells, but here they indicate the range by their fuse or are objects of curiosity. Numerous high explosive "coal boxes" wander in, but there has been no one killed. One fellow in the 4th Battery had his eye taken out by a shrapnel bullet.

I saw Clarence (a brother) in Fleur Baix yesterday and slipped him a pound. He will have a chance to spend it there, although the prices are ridiculous. He lost his hat in the trenches and wears a balaclava and has got two holes through his serge sleeve above the elbow, one where a bullet went in and one where it came out. Went through his underwear. He said he had visions of Leicester Lounge, as ¼ of an inch more and it would have been England to recuperate.

At the observation station the other day a bullet came into the room and knocked the dust off the wall into our tea, spoiling it, which is the closest war has been brought home to me since I started campaigning in Flanders. The cook is busy now picking shrapnel bullets out of a tree at his cook house where a "Weary Willie" happened to explode this morning, but if we cannot defend ourselves against this mob of hooligans we're not British.

Try a want ad. in The Advance. You are always sure to get good results.

Feversham Items

The farmers are busy on the land this week.

Tha Rev. Morris of Singhampton preached an interesting sermon to the Methodist congregation here on Sunday morning last, having exchanged pulpits with Rev. Phimister of Maxwell.

Dr. Osten of Toronto will give a discourse here next Sunday morning in the interests of the Dominion Alliance. Rev. Muir of Toronto will be here in the afternoon to take charge of the Presbyterian service.

Lieutenant South has come to our village as officer of the Salvation Army for the summer.

Miss Hemphill of Flesherton is visiting her cousins, the Misses Speer, of this village.

Mr. Thompson of Michigan is visiting his daughter, Mrs. E. C. Hammel.

Miss Maud Davidson and friend spent Sunday in Collingwood with the former's sister, Mrs. J. Stoutenburg.

Charles and Fred Weldrick visited their brother, George, near Ravenna, last week. We are sorry to hear of George's serious illness.

Mr. John Douglas, sr., is seriously ill at the home of his son, James, on the 12th line.

Miss Leila Moffat's many friends are glad to hear that she is recovering from her recent illness.

The roads are getting into good condition again and the honk honk of the autos are heard once again in the land.

Victoria Corners

Last Week's Items

Mrs. Morrow, of Beeton, was a visitor at her sister's, Mrs. Jas. Best, and her brother's, Messrs. Stinson.

Miss Dot. Stevens visited her sister, Mrs. Brewster.

Mrs. Montgomery and children of Dundalk were visitors at H. H. Gallaugher's a few days.

We are sorry to report Mr. Jones ill with pleurisy.

Mrs. Ludlow has returned home after attending the funeral of her mother.

Mrs Bulmer of Flesherton visited Mrs. Heard recently.

This Week's Items

Dr. Little was again called to see Mr. Newton Bannon, who had a relapse, but we are pleased to report he is improving at present.

Spring has come without much rain. Maple syrup has not been abundant this year.

Mrs. Geo. Moore is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Talbot, whose baby has been very sick with pneumonia, but is recovering nicely at present.

Mr. Bentham spoke at Inistioge on Sunday in place of Mr. Jones, who is still on the sick list.

Owen Sound

Gustave Cupskey of Hepworth, who was convicted before Judge Klein in Walkerton on Thursday of last week of receiving stolen goods, knowing them to have been stolen, was let go on suspended sentence, after receiving a severe reprimand from the Judge.

The little two year-old daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Ogg was the victim of a nasty accident last week when she fell and broke her thigh. The child climbed up on a platform at the rear of the house, which is used for hanging clothes on the clothes reel, and fell from the top of the platform to the ground, a distance of about eight feet.

The first fine under the new liquor License Act Amendment was imposed in the police court when Wm. Pitts of the Patterson House was fined $300 and costs, for keeping liquor for sale. Pitts pleaded guilty and did not put up any defence. The fine was the result of a seizure made by Constable Carson on Wednesday evening, of between eighty and ninety bottles of whiskey, in a shed at the rear of the Patterson House. The cargo of "juice" was just being unpacked when the constable opened the door and walked in, interrupting the proceedings. A charge of keeping liquor for sale was laid and Pitts was fined the three hundred odd.—Sun.

Gravel Road, Osprey

We are having very nice spring weather. The maple syrup makers of this vicinity have had very small returns for their labors.

E. C. Pedlar had a heavy loss in his flock last week.

D. Cameron and lady friend spent over Sunday with his grandparents, Mr, and Mrs. H. Sornberger.

The burly Scotchman from the hill won out all right with the little Englishman in the hay contest on Friday.

H. J. Neill and H. H. West took a business trip to Collingwood on Saturday.

Miss P. Baker of Toronto brought one of her patients to spend the summer with A. Morrison.

J. Radley spent a day last week with Fred Spofford, on the 8th line.

Mr. A. Sornberger and family still continue in the stock and wood business. Owing to the defeat of Jack Johnson coon hides are not in much demand now,

Stop Jewing The Farmer

A citizen of one of our Canadian towns the other day in ordering a farm product—maple syrup by the way—grumbled at the price proposed. This is about as far as farmers can go—merely to suggest what they ought to get. The farmer is told the price of what he has to sell, and some one else dictates what he must pay for what he buys. Lately, to keep down the cost of living, it was seriously proposed that the Government regulate the price of farm products. "Buy food cheap, sell goods dear, and have the Government to back you up." That is the Sir Jingo McBore idea. The banker fixes the rate of interest the farmer is to receive on his modest savings deposit, and what he is to pay (about double) for a loan. The farmer is told what he may have, as per the other man's measurement, for his timber, but the cooper fixes the price of apple barrels, and a confidential price list to agents determines what he shall pay for wagons or binders. He bonuses a lot of transcontinental lines and then with some moderating by the Railway Commission, to the support of which he contributes, the traffic managers decide what he shall pay for the privilege of riding on the cars, or how much will be left for him out of his hogs or wheat when marketed. He is saved the trouble of figuring out the price of sugar beets f. o. b., and his kind hearted grocer designates what he can have for his basket of eggs, and how many pounds of granulated sugar he will be permitted by somebody in Montreal to allow him to carry home for a dollar. He may have built a sugar shanty with boards at the regulation lumber yard price, and installed an expensive maple syrup plant, burned up much valuable wood, paid his land tax and a liberal wage for hired help contributing his own labor gratis toiled in the snow and wet of March, tapping, gathering and straining sap, boiling, several times all night long, perhaps winding up with pneumonia or a bad dose of the "grippe" and have no appeal from the doctor's bill or the corner-drug-store prescription; then haul his up-to-Inland Revenue Standard syrup ten miles to town in cans which the tinsmith, acting as distributor for the big and judiciously nourished factory, was allowed to retail at "so much a piece"—but for him to want so much per gallon for the syrup, "oh dear me! and the sap hadn't gone up in price. It ran out of the trees just the same as last year." Why should he undertake to put the price higher, indeed? The war taxes wouldn't amount to much, and it only took a little while to strain and clarify the syrup. Certainly he had always delivered it nice and in good measure right at the door in previous years, but, oh my! what a jolt to have the man from the woods talking about the cost of production, and saying what he ought to have for things!—Advocate.

Mr. George Redford of Elmwood has invented a trap which is patented and styled "The Redford Humane Trap." It is designed to kill all animals instantly and is consequently more humane than allowing animals to suffer a lingering death by the old fashioned traps which have hitherto been in use. We understand that these traps will be manufactured by the Fisher Machinery Co. of Hanover.

DR. BURT
Specialist in diseases of the
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
OFFICE—130 10th st, West, Owen Sound
At the Revere house, Markdale, 2nd Thursday each month from 8 to a 12a.m Dundalk, 1s Wednesday of each month..

H. ALEXANDER
MERCHANT TAILOR
Feversham - Ont.
Fashionable Tailoring
Seasonable Goods, first class Workmanship.
—ALSO—
A line of Ready-Made Clothing
Which we put alterations in free of charge, if required.
1sep

Jewelry
A Splendid Stock from which you may readily make A Satisfactory Selection. We carry Photo Supplies.
W. A Armstrong,
Jeweler
FLESHERTON, - ONT

Do You Want Feed
I have a car of Bran and Shorts to arrive in a few days.
Feed for Everybody. Flour for Everybody.
All kinds of Field and Garden Seeds.
W. BUSKIN

RUBBERS! RUBBERS!
Those in need of Rubbers, either High Lace Leather Tops or Low Lace Tops or Rubbers without Tops
or if you have old Leather Tops bring them in and get new bottoms on them.
WHERE? WHY AT
Thos. Clayton's
FLESHERTON

NEW SUITINGS
New Suitings just to hand—some of the nobbiest weaves to be found anywhere.
Leave your order now for that new suit. You will never regret it. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Don't forget that we do cleaning, pressing and repairing. Our prices are right and our workmanship is the very best.
S. J. BOWLER
Sole Agent for the Hobberlin Tailoring.