NOTICE

We have now a full line of farm implements including the output of Renfrew Machinery Co., Cockshutt Plow Co., Singer Sewing Machine Co., & etc. Intended purchasers of Cream Separators do not forget we are still selling the Standard Cream Separator. Have already this season made over one half a hundred homes happy with one. Can supply you with any size required on short notice. We are also giving a cash prize of $12 for best five pound roll of butter made from cream of a Standard Cream Separator at Feversham Fall fair, divided in three prizes, $6, $4 and $2. Patronage solicited. For further particulars apply to

FRANK G. DUNNING
WALTER KERTON, Feversham
Phone R, 2 short 2 long.

Strayed

From the premises of the undersigned some weeks ago, 3 ewes and 5 Leicester lambs, undocked. Information would be thankfully received.

—W. S. INKSTER, Wareham.

Farm For Sale

Being lots 68 and 69, 3rd line north of the Durham road, containing 100 acres. On the premises are a frame barn and straw shed and a large two storey stone house, also good water. Terms easy. Apply to—MRS. JERRY THOMPSON
Sept 15 Box 589, Collingwood.

BUSINESSCARDS

SOCIETIES

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. T. Henry, W. M. H. W. Hickling, Secretary.

CHOSEN FRIENDS—Flesherton Council Chosen Friends 314 meets in Clayton's Hall first and third Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m. Pay assessments to Recorder on or before the first day of each month. Chief Councillor, W. H. Hunt; Recorder, Mrs. L. A. Fisher.

DENTISTRY

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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Veterinary Surgeon
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College residence — second door south west on Mary street. This street runs south Presbyterian Church.

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Office Hours in Flesherton—Wednesday and Friday afternoon 2 to 5 p.m.
Phone messages receive prompt attention at both offices 16May18

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WM. KAITTING, licensed Auctioneer for the counties of Grey and Simcoe. Farm and Stock sales a specialty. Terms moderate, satisfaction guaranteed. Arrangements for dates may be made at the Advance office, or Central telephone office Feversham or by addressing me at Feversham, Ont.

Fall Fair Dates

FLESHERTON	Oct. 6 & 8
Markdale	Oct. 9 & 10
Caledon	Oct. 3 & 4
Chatsworth	Sept. 13 & 14
Chesley	Sept. 18 & 19
Clarksburg	Sept. 18 & 19
Collingwood	Sept. 19-21
Dundalk	Oct. 11 & 12
Durham	Sept. 20 & 21
Feversham	Oct. 2 & 3
Hanover	Sept. 20 & 21
Holstein	Sept. 26
London (Western Fair)	Sept. 7-15
Meaford	Sept. 27 & 28
Mount Forest	Sept. 19 & 20
Orangeville	Sept. 18 & 19
Owen Sound	Sept. 11-13
Priceville	Oct. 4 & 5
Rocklyn	Oct. 4 & 5
Shelburne	Sept. 25 & 26
Tara	Oct. 2 & 3
Toronto (C.N.E.)	Aug. 25-Sept. 10
Walkerton	No Fair this year
Walter's Falls	Sept. 25 & 26
Wiarton	Sept. 25 & 26

THE SPRIG *of* MAGIC HEATHER

Among the Selkirk Mountains —Mt. MacDonald on left and Sir Donald on right.

Deutchman's cabin at Nakimu Cave. Glacier, B.C.

I'M just an ordinary, everyday working woman. That I earn my living with a fountain pen and a typewriter, rather than with a fine needle and sewing machine, or a woolly cloth and a pail of suds, is an accident of temperament. I get just as tired sometimes scraping up thoughts and putting them into sentences as the other woman does who fine-combs Vogue or the Pictorial for a new way to make her customer's evening coat.

But this summer I had a holiday. I've had them before, but they've taken me to towns that were bigger and dirtier and more bedisenedly sophisticated than my own. I've come back so many dollars poorer, not a pound heavier, and, if I brought mementos home with me, they were body-wearables not soul-delightables.

But this year I had a holiday that was so different that I'd rather spell it the old way and call it a Holy Day.

I spent a whole month in the Canadian Pacific Rockies.

Do you know what I'm looking at now? It's a sprig of red heather and I wouldn't give it up for a wardrobe-trunkful of dutiables.

I hold it in my hand, the tough little brown stalk of it, and gay green leaves, the purply-pink flame that it flowers into. And the walls of my den go back, melt out——

The sun is high in the cloudless heavens—the blue heavens that seem to hang like a soft curtain dropped to rest on the snow-tops of the great mountains. All morning I've followed the trail through the great trees of the Asulkan Valley, by the side of the ice-cold roaring glacial river, until the path led me back to the sources of everything.

The mountain slopes lay before me in a vast fan. Great gullies into which you could drop a city block looked like wrinkles in the brown velvet flanks. The river had its fourfold beginning on these slopes. To follow anyone of the streamlets up to its parent glacier-tongue would have been a day's joy, but the trail had elected to keep to the left according to the traffic laws of British Columbia.

At home I'm reckoned a fairly good walker. I can do a couple of miles without being tired. But in the sharp clear air of these intoxicating days I could go ten miles and get home with the lilt of pure joy in my very last step. And to pit myself against the sudden steepnesses of a trail full of surprises made me laugh out loud.

At the edge of a snowbank, where it crept to the border of the trail to peep over at the brooklet far below, my little bit of heather grew——

The vast silence of the heights was such that I wouldn't have been surprised if the brave pink bells had turned toward me and tinkled! I put my hand out slowly. And drew it back again.

I'm half Scotch according to the family tree that grows so green in my grandmother's memory. But I'd never seen heather before, except one wee pressed bit of it that compassionate friends had sent out to us.

And here it was—brave, wonderful, undauntable! I didn't need to wait to ask anybody. It was heather, heather to the staunch soul of it, and it was growing right there—it had always grown right there—for me.

I picked it and carried it, like a purple torch, right up to where the last green grass lifted itself out of the sheeted whiteness that ran straight up, steep as the pitch of a cathedral roof, to meet the far blue blaze of the sky. And when I look at it now, the wee flame on its crest lights up the way back to all the silent wonder of that day.

I have a yellow lily too that can work magic. It grew right up through the snow in an Alpine meadow where I talked to a great grey marmot who sat on a rock listening.

I have a white "here's a tail"—silky little ball that swung in the wind that blew down from the Victoria Glacier at Lake Louise.

I have a bunch of dried sweet grass that came from Banff on a day we drove to Moraine Lake under its solemn Ten Peaks.

I have a little trilobite fossil that has never seen a glass case, though its worthy of one. It means a morning of enchantment on the prehistoric upland beds of Mt. Stephen at Field.

Best of all perhaps I have something that nobody can name.

"You look different," said my next door neighbor. "I don't know just what it is. You weren't sick when you went away. But now—you look like a house plant that's been in the garden all summer."

E. M. J.

PUTTING A SALMON RIVER ON THE MAP

SEVEN BEAUTIES FROM ONE POOL. READING FROM RIGHT TO LEFT: MAXMILLIAN FOSTER, W. O. M'GEHAN, JACK LAIT, GRANTLAND RICE. MAXMILLIAN FOSTER HAS HIS HANDS FULL.

THE map referred to is a map of some importance, for salmon is the big game of the fisherman, and brings in search of it sportsmen from all over the world with big two-handed rods and large noisy reels and (what Canada much desires) a deep purse for camps, guides and outfit. Harry Allen, President of the New Brunswick Guides Association, has known the Cains River as one of the best trout streams in the Province of New Brunswick, and salmon were frequently caught twenty miles up from the junction with the better known Mirimichi, but he believed that if the right kind of fishermen got there, they would find salmon all the length of at least eighty miles.

The investigation was made a short time ago by a party of sporting writers and editors from the United States. Maxmillian Foster, a salmon fisherman of twenty years standing, who knows New Brunswick and Newfoundland like a book, and writes for the "Saturday Evening Post"; Hughie Fullerton, of the Chicago "Examiner," Jack Lait, of the Chicago "Herald," Grantland Rice and W. O. M'Geehan, of the New York "Tribune," and L. O. Armstrong, of the Bureau of Commercial Economics, Washington, D.C., an old campaigner who has hunted and fished in the Canadian woods for over fifty years, and A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, an ardent fisherman.

When they arrived at Fredericton, all the local fishermen were pessimistic. "If there are salmon in the Cains," they said, "you have come at the wrong time. They went out with the ice and are now at sea. Better go home and come back in a month." It was cold and raining, the worst kind of weather for flyfishing, but nothing daunted, they set out.

With eight fishermen, one movie picture operator from the Essanay Company of Chicago, and nine guides, the fleet started out near the head of the Cains River, fishing the pools as they went down. The first day they struck only trout, but from the second day onwards the movie man was busy. Twice he had to choose between two fishermen who had hooked their salmon at the same time. Maxmillian Foster had a basket of thirteen, ranging from seven to eighteen pounds. The largest measured forty-two-and-a-half-inches, which means that if it had been taken in the fall it would have weighed forty-two-and-a-half pounds. Every member of the party had what he came for, thanks to Silver Doctor and Parmachene Belle, the two flies that the Cains River salmon seem to like. In one pool seven beauties, weighing between them sixty-eight pounds, were taken out in two hours, and it was only dark and lack of time that closed the sport. Result, eight happy fishermen, one happy movie man, and one supremely proud Harry Allen, who saw that his claims were justified and that Cains River could take its place for salmon besides the historic more famous waters of the Mirimichi and the Restigouche.

How English "Slackers" Have Managed to Avoid Doing Their Bit in War

THE British authorities possess to-day an amazing record of conspiracy to avoid military service. Part of the story has been told from time to time in the courts. More will be told as the net is drawn tighter. Much that has been discovered may never be revealed, for others might thereby be encouraged into the temporarily profitable paths of crime. It began at the beginning of compulsion. While there was a great rush to answer the call, there was a small but determined move toward evasion. Young men walking the streets in civilian attire, letters from mothers wanting to know "Why my boy is taken and so-and-so is left," open boasts that men had "done the authorities," soon told the tale. Recruiting raids—denounced in some quarters as "interference with the liberty of the subject" and the rest—confirmed suspicions, and the authorities were soon at work fighting the criminals.

Personation was the first discovery. Two hefty men arrested as suspected persons produced army rejection certificates. Inquiry showed that in each case a man suffering from locomotor ataxia had twice gone before the medical boards, afterward handing the men the rejection certificates thus obtained. That form of personation was resorted to in other cases. It is no longer possible, for reasons which need not be discussed here, although there is reason to believe in some cases medical specialists have been imposed upon by some similar trick by men anxious to secure certificates for presentation to tribunals.

Foiled in the personation game, the master minds in a criminal conspiracy resorted to forgery. Rejection certificates were obtained from men justly entitled to them—obtained by criminal methods. Occasionally they were purchased from unscrupulous holders for a few shillings; often they were stolen from men under the influence of drink or drugs. Then, with ready acid and pen, the forger, having found a purchaser, changed the name and address on the certificate, and parted with it for a good round sum. A man, or men, in the North of England "collected" several of the earlier certificates in this way, and came to London. The first forged "rejection" form was sold for £15. Later, forms were parted with for sums ranging from £5 to 5s. That process has been stopped.

Again, numbers of blank certificates were stolen from a recruiting office. Months later they were found on men who had evaded military service by their use, properly filled in, stamped, and signed, and so completed as to deceive any but those with the most detailed knowledge of the recruiting service.

A later form of fraud involved the use of a merchant seaman's papers, stolen or purchased from some inebriated sailor in the purlieus of the docks. American seamen frequently parted with their papers. These papers were sold to some man anxious to avoid army service, and until the fraud was discovered, quite by chance, served as a sufficient answer to police or recruiting office inquiries as to the position of the holder, for merchant seamen are exempt from service.

Stimulated, or even artificially induced, symptoms of tuberculosis, synovitis, and debility are still met with. The introduction of the tubercle bacilli into sputum submitted for analysis has been heard of; the allegation of synovitis induced by an injection has been publicly reported. Men, it is believed, on the advice of the doctors, have starved themselves and gone without sleep for days before going before the doctors. There are records of one young man who starved himself for five days, who had practically no sleep for the same period, and then, the night before the medical examination, rubbed shampoo powder into his eyes and drank himself into intoxication. He would have been rejected as "unfit" but for a discovery that need not be related, and he is now in the army, a category "A" man.

Drugs are constantly employed—so constantly and so cleverly that there must be expert advice in the background. At one London recruiting station a young man arrived in answer to a call-up notice in a state of collapse. His face was a greenish-gray and he was apparently in pain. An experienced officer had him placed in a private room and kept under observation. Five times during the morning the man vomited. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon he was well, and by 3 o'clock, after an exceptionally thorough examination by all the members of the Medical Board, he was passed Class "A." Doping takes many forms. In one place there was apparently an epidemic of "disease of the middle-ear," marked by discharges of apparently purulent matter. The analyst was called in, and the matter turned out to be tobacco juice or condensed milk, or a mixture of both.

Malingering, too, has been proved. The "deaf" man who withstood every test, and even received a rejection card, only to succumb when an astute clerk whispered, "You have forgotten your two-and-nine-pence"; the man with the "palsied" arm, who owned up when the doctors spoke about an electric battery; the man who stayed in bed "paralyzed," while his tearful wife went to the recruiting office to explain that he could not answer the call-up, but forgot himself the next day, and was seen walking in the street—these are minor cases of attempted fraud easily discovered. Much more serious are strange stories of drugging and inoculation, which are difficult to prove.—London Times.

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No. 3 Buckeye Traction tile ditching outfit; on machine is an 18 h.p. gasoline or kerosene engine, all in first-class repair Will be sold on reasonable terms. For full particulars apply where machine is working, about two miles west of Saugeen Junction, or

—A. N. PRATT,
Laurel P.O., Ont.

Farm For Sale

One hundred acres, Lot No. 9, con. 4 N.D.R., Artemesia, 90 acres under cultivation, 40 rods from good school, two miles from C P R Station, 4 from Flesherton; fair buildings, good water and windmill, small orchard. Apply on the premises to —H. STONE.
Ceylon R R 1 23Augtf

Farm For Sale or Rent

Lot 141-142, 3rd range N.E.T.S.R., Artemesia—70 acres under cultivation, good barn and brick house, an acre of orchard; well watered. Apply to—

—I. SINCLAIR,
150ct17 Flesherton.

FARMS FOR SALE

For sale or rent for grazing, lot 35, con. 13, and part of lots 34 and 35, con. 14, Artemesia, 181 acres more or less known as the Cooper farm. Will rent for pasture athis season, or take stock in by the month. This is a splendid grain and grazing farm, well watered and fenced, a lot of valuable timber and cedar and about 90 acres fit for cultivation. It is well worth the attention of stock men. Will sell for reasonable cash payment, balance easy terms. Apply to R. J. Sproule,
July 6tf Flesherton, Ont.

Three Heifers Strayed

Strayed from Lot 1, Con. 9, Osprey, three year-old heifers—two red ones with some white spots on them, and the other a roan color. Last seen about the middle of June. Any person hearing or seeing anything of them, phone or write

au8 —GARNET MAGEE
Eugenia, R R. 1.

Voluntary enlistment has taken thousands of men from office work. Conscription will take more. Office help is scarce—will be scarcer very soon. Young women and boys under military age must fill the vacant places, and they need training.

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For service on Lot 12, con. 9, Osprey, one purebred Shorthorn Bull. Terms 1.50. Also one pure bred Yorkshire Boar, Terms $1.00. All accounts must be paid to FRED TYLER, Manager.

1 Sep