THE
Flesherton Advance
W. H. THURSTON, - Editor

HOME

By One of The Old Boys

FISHING

Running water is very attractive to youth. There is something of irresistible power about it,such a singleness of purpose in its rush to the sea, and such a sparkling purity about it as draws one. To sit by the side of a stream and read into its purling music the deep, immutable things of life is not hard.

What voices come to one out of the water as it goes! We hear of great wheels of industry that are to turn; of unseen power that is to radiate slender copper wires from the roar and mist of a mighty cataract; of darting fishes,at once things of beautty and food for the human race, borne in its bosom; and of heaving billows upon which the ships of commerce and of war are to float, wending their solitary way about the convex globe, with strange ocean currents of cold and heat slowly moving about in the midst of it.

But the little stream goes on and on, unchanging amid a world of change. The water swirls around the stones to-day that a generation ago broke the crest of the stream in the self-same way, and its lazy drive through the grasses of the beaver meadow is the self-same laziness that was there aeons ago before man had come and cleared the forests, and only the beavers made their marks upon the trees.

And it was to that charming brookside that a Saturday afternoon in early summer would draw my feet. The bamboo rod with its hook and line in one hand, a leather school bag hung over the shoulder to accommodate lunch and bate, and a jacknife in the pocket were the essentials.

Back by the sandpit, across the hills overlooking the widening valley, through the bush, out by the gristmill a mile and a half away I would tramp; then on down the stream were the tangled evergreens sheltered the first of the really goo' trout stream.

Down the stream the hook and line would search, into this likely-looking hole and that one it would be drpped; this riffle and that one would be tried, until the next waterfall came into view where the river (now joined by several other streams) hurled itself over a ledge of rock and crashed with a reverberating roar upon the rcok boulders below.

Beside the falls a shattered penstock leaned its crazy timbers against the sky, while the framework of a pioneer mill lay rotting on the rocks beside its base, and downstream the river rushed in a narrow race between walls of pine edgings matted with rotten sawdust. Here in the narrow, deep rush of water the trout would lurk invitingly.

And on down the stream the way led, till on the mossy bank near a cold spring in the side of a clay hill I could sit and eat my lunch in the woodland silence—which means amid the music of the running water, the gossip of the vabrant breezes in the trees as the leaves whispered to each other, and the far call of birds to their mates in the dephths of the woods.

Not that I ever caught many fish! I never did catch many! but I enjoyed the fishing trips, sometimes solitary and sometimes with a friend, and finally learned that the true measure of a successful fishing trip is not the number of victims to be shown on one's return.

Then when the shadows began to lengthen and the western hill to shut the sun's rays out from the valley, the time would come to follow the unused winter road that wound upgrade. Picturesquely it followed a border of virgin woods, gradually ascending the valley and coming out on the highlands at the top, where the river wound slowly among the evergreens of a plateau bordered with distant hills.

Up over the steepest hill of the valley, close to the old mill and the little waterfall, was a stable that had outlasted the mill itself, but was finally resolved into a shell of a few boards and a skeleton framework that testified to the integrity of the framer who built himself into the fabric.

In this old deserted barn we somehow gathered that "real bears" had been seen, positively and certainly, and so it was alwys with quickened footsteps that we hurried past, tired though we were with the day's exertions. And home at night, blessedly and achingly tired we would come with a small mess of beautiful speckled trout, perhaps, but happy, anyhow.

There were other streams to be treated in other ways around the village, but this was the chiefest and most alluring of them all, because it had gathered all others up unto itself, because of its remoteness, its untrodden woods and its rugged beauty as the stream wound down into the valley over a rocky bed and between banks at times rocky and precipitous and again ganked with clay and moss.

The others were quiet, slow running, purling little brooks, or oily-surfaced streams that wound through mossy, grassy banks and sneaked under half-submerged logs to go gliding on with scarcely a bubble or disturbance of its surface.

The thrill of the day and the supreme moment of the fishing trip, wherever it led, was always when the slender rod would shiver and bend wtih the sudden jerk of the fish as it snapped at the bait. It was commonly noted that the smaller the fish the harder the pull, and the fiercer the fight. Then, to quickly throw it up on the bank safely away from the water. perhaps into a tangle of shrubs and grab its slippery heaving sides as the hook was released, was in itself an experience worth going far to have.

When one in his innocent confidence and tenderness of heart places a trout on the forked stick and leaves the stick under a stone in the water for the first time so that the fish will not die—as though a few minutes' grace were anything to the fish—it is a straight invitation for experience to come hopping along and teach him a lesson. With a few instinctive contortions the fish slips the forked stick out from under the stone, whisks it out of his gills and darts down stream to lurk amid a riffle and meditate upon the strange things f life in the old home brook.

The Elections In Osprey

The elections in Osprey Township created considerable interest this year and the voters turned out well to record their votes for the candidates. The positions were well-contested, except for the Reeveship, when Mr. W. L. Taylor was returned by acclamation. Mr. John Lockhart, Deputy-Reeve of last year, was returned with a majority, having two other men against him. Only one of last year's council-men was returned and Laughie Cameron and Louis Moore are the new men in. The following is the unofficial list of the vote by polling divisions :

REEVE—Wm. L. Taylor (acclamation)

FOR COUNCILLOR

Polling Division—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Louis Mooore —	46	61	66	32	34	10	57	33	—339
Laughie Cameron —	29	40	50	43	60	10	58	10	—300
Jos. Henderson —	11	79	74	14	24	25	18	15	—260
William Edwards —	7	44	46	85	23	28	10	13	—256
James McKenzie —	11	41	91	18	16	5	9	15	—206

FOR DEPUTY REEVE

Polling Division—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
John Lockhart —	7	40	54	81	42	41	34	25	—324
George Ross —	8	60	98	7	29	19	4	2	—237
Robert Talbot —	38	18	6	16	11	0	41	12	—143

OTHER ELECTIONS

Collingwood—Reeve, J. J. Buchanan Deputy Reeve, W. I. Fields; Councillors, J. C. Gardner, Wilbert Collins, Ross Bowser.

Proton Township—While Reeve Jas Fraser of Proton was elected by acclamation this year, there was a lively contest for the council and the following councillors were elected : George Porter, William Jack, Archie McTaggart and Richard Cronin.

Glenelg—William Weir is Glenelg's new Reeve. He defeated Reeve A. McQuaig, for many years the township's representaative in the County Council by a majority of 45 votes.

The Council was elected by acclamation.

Euphrasia — Euphasia electors returned Reeve John T. Miller by a majority of 99 votes over George Hutchinson. Harry Erskine is the newly elected Deputy Reeve, and the members of the Council are Carruthers, Thompson and Smith McConnell.

Meaford—Meaford's Council, with the exception of the Reeve, will be entirely new. It is made up of E. N. Cooper, Mayor, who doubled his two opponents' votes. Councillors are: F. E. Secord and A. S. Thurston, two local editors, J. M. McCarter, Jas. Butchart, Chas. F. Fisher and W. N. Young. By-laws carried were : A ten year fixed assessment for the furniture factory; a $10,000 by-law for new Hydro-electric pumping equipment, and $5,000 for cemetery improvements.

Markdale—The municipal officers were elected bf acclamation with the exception of the Reeve. Markdale's Reeve this year will be Mr. A. Mckechnie. He won over T. H. Reburn, the Reeve of the village last year, by about one hundred votes. The vote stood about 120 for Reburn and 208 for McKechnie.

A December Wedding

The marriage of Margaret Louise, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Reid, 17 Cork street, Guelph, to Capt. John Vivian Turner, of Toronto, youngest son of Dr. and Mrs.F. Mills Turner, New York City, was quietly solemnized at high noon on Monday, December 17th, Rev. H. Irving officiating. The house was nicely decorated with ferns and mums. The bride, who was given away by her father, was lovely in a gown of cocoa crepe beaded in silver, silver shoes and stockings, and wide bandeau of silver in her hair. She carried a beautiful bouquet of lilies of the valley and maiden hair fern, with narrow streamers of white ribbon. After a dainty wedding dinner, the happy couple left on the 3 o'clock train for points east, the bride travelling in a navy blue tricotine suit, French beaded blouse, small gold cloth hat appliqued in velvet flowers, with brown fox furs, the gift of the groom.

BOX SOCIAL AND CONCERT AT ORANGE VALLEY

A box social and concert will be held in the Orange Hall, Orange Valley, on Friday, January 18th. A good program. Admission 25c., ladies with boxes free. You will get a pleasant surprise if you attend. Everybody come.

Feeding Facts.

Silage is indispensable for cheap milk production. It is a succulent feed.

The hay should be a legume such as clover or alfalfa.

Silage and alfalfa or clover hay are the "best and cheapest" roughages.

Feed all the roughage a cow will clean up.

Choose grain mixture to balance class of roughage available.

Feed grain in accordance to milk yield of each cow.

For Holsteins or Ayrshires feed one pound grain for each four pounds milk.

For Guernsey or Jerseys feed one pound grain for each three pounds milk.

Give access to salt daily.

Feed and milk regularly.

Supply an abundance of pure, fresh water at all times.

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This winter you'll have money to invest. Next Spring you'll want a car.

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We would be glad to explain this proposition in detail to you.

D. McTAVISH & SON
FLESHERTON, ONT.

A horse belonging to Saul Tanper, Ottawa, electrocuted itself by picking up a live wire with its food.

Members of the Windsor separate school board will resign if a woman is elected to the board in January.

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Flesherton Methodist Church
Thursday, January 10th, 1924
7.30—OUTLINE OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY
8.30—LATER ADOLESCENCE.
SUNDAY, JANUARY 13th
11.00—"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD"
2.30—SUNDAY SCHOOL
"THE MATER'S JOY"
Monday, January 14th at 8 p.m.
YOUNG PEOPLE'S LEAGUE—The Chivalry of Japan.
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