

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

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

VOL. IX., NO 505.

FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1891.

W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

Great Discount Sale

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THERE IS NO PATENT ON IT.

There is no patent on McDonald & Evans' method of doing business. Anybody can do as we are doing—give the most and best for the money—but it knocks the profits, and that is the reason we have no followers, but stand alone in holding out inducements and giving the biggest bargains possible, which cannot fail to tempt those who appreciate our extraordinary efforts in giving the best goods for the least money. Credit pays the dealer more money than cash, so he clings to the credit system, but CASH saves the customer more money. Look out for self and you will look in on us. Our prices save your pocket. Our profits save your purse. Our goods are the best you can buy, or that can be sold for cash. **THE DYNAMITE** we use to shake things up with is Condensed Prices and Small Profits. Now is the time to save money while we are giving away our profits. If you do not appreciate what we are doing now, we hope you will live to see your mistake.

McDONALD & EVANS.



For The Advance.

"A Strange Night's Adventure."

Noiselessly and steadily fell the snowflakes, yet "onward press onward" was the motto to be accomplished. I must hurry on to reach a lodging place before the darkness and gloom would completely envelop me. My horse was looking pretty well fagged out and I knew from my last enquiries that I had several long weary miles to go yet and the steady heavy fall of snow was beginning to show signs of blocking up the road.

While daylight lasted I had made very good progress but now I felt that every step was telling on my horse and with every step the darkness seemed a shade deeper.

I had come out from the old country not six months before for the purpose of learning farming. I had been down around C. since my arrival in this country looking for a suitable place upon which to settle, but not seeing any place to suit me and being very hard to suit, I was still unsettled when I met a friend from the township of A.

Glad to meet any one not a stranger and anxious to get settled, I accepted his advice to go to that township and take up land.

The place I was making for on this memorable night was a small collection of houses, now a thriving village. I had left C. about 2 p. m., and although a light shower of snow was then falling I apprehended no danger of a blockade.

As I journeyed along I noticed that the snowflakes were becoming larger and thicker and a wind was rising, but being an Englishman unused to Canadian winters this portended nothing to me. I only noticed that I was getting colder as the wind rose. As the darkness deepened and the roads became heavier I began to despair of getting to the village before midnight.

I must have gone about twenty five miles when the roads became impassable. I had urged my horse to its utmost but now it was impossible to proceed. What was I to do? I felt that I might as well be out of the world as far as human aid was available. I looked about me for any signs of habitude but the blinding snow prevented me from seeing any distance around. The road ahead and behind was now an unbroken path of snow. Oh if it would only stop snowing! I thought then I would have some chance of seeing a house if such were near, though it was now quite dark. I sat down in my cutter at desperation's point. Not a sound but the heavy breathing of my horse stirred the air. I wondered if I would die out here all alone. What a romantic death; would my friends ever hear of it? While thus musing suddenly a voice called out: "Who be you out dis stormy night." At first I thought of an evil spirit, but that voice was too human. "I'm a traveller caught in a snowstorm, could you tell me where I could find lodgings for the night?" The owner of the voice had now come up to me. At first I could hardly see him in the darkness and snow but as he came nearer I could see he was a big burley fellow with large staring eyes. "Oh you bery foolish man! What for you come out a night like dis?" But this was no time for explanation. I told him my horse was very tired, and if he would take me in for the night I would pay him well. "Be you a preacher?" he asked. "At I don't want no pay, give me some backie and you and horse can come in barn." So I followed him up to the barn, which was only a few yards off, glad of any kind of shelter. I asked him if there were many people in the house, and he said "Daddy, mammy, Mickey and Ben. No bed for stranger in house. Mickey kill stranger he go in house." I did not expect there was room, for the house was about 12 by 15 and I much preferred sleeping in the barn with my horse. I had settled myself comfortably for the night but I could not

sleep. Why did that fellow say Mickey would kill me if I went in the house. I wondered what kind of people I had got among. The big fellow who had discovered me seemed civil enough, but his manner and talking struck me as being very peculiar. When I got my horse in the barn he went up to it with a handful of pea-straw and said: "You pore ole horsey, how you feel out in dat snow; eat dis right up an' have good sleep." But my horse declined the pea-straw and jerked his head back saucily. This annoyed the fellow and he slapped the horse and said. "You ole fool, stan up I tell you, what you mean by dem kind o' actions." I told him the horse was too tired to eat and would feel more like it in the morning.

He then left me and I settled down for the night.

Worn out as I was I could not sleep. Such a feeling of desolation and homesickness I never experienced before or since and as I lay on my bed of straw I eagerly gazed through a crack in the barn at the moon which was rising now the storm had ceased. This comforted me somewhat for the moon was the only familiar object near and I felt that it was the same moon that shone down on many another sleepless watcher.

This is the time when one feels the insignificance of self. I was as a grain of dust carried far away from its accustomed place. Oh how bold and independent we are when mingling with friends and enjoying every comfort; how assured we are of our position and importance. 'Tis only when we are left entirely on our own resources that we realize how utterly dependant we are upon our friends for our happiness. Here I was entirely alone, left at the mercy of strangers of whom I had dark suspicions. Thus I thought, and so thinking fell asleep.

I had not slept long, however, when I was awakened by a terrible scream. At first I thought I was dreaming, but no! Following the scream was some very loud and angry talking, then a door slammed and soon all was quiet again, and at an hour when we sleep soundest I was never wider awake in my life. What was I to do? I did not feel safe in this place I can tell you, yet where was I to go? I could not think of staying here till morning. I might be among thieves, murderers or maniacs, but did not think it was wise to stay and find out.

I got up, groped my way across the barn floor to the door, going very cautiously, as I wanted to steal away unobserved, and wished to take a survey of the place before starting. As I quietly opened the door I heard a suppressed sob, and looking around I saw something crouched up just inside the door. On looking closer and by the light of the moon I saw it was a girl, evidently in great distress. She seemed to be hiding, and must have got in without my hearing her. "Why, what is the matter my girl? What brought you out here in the cold?" I said. She looked up at me and said: "Oh, be you a constable to take Mickey to jail? He most kill me he do." Then she began to sob and moan as if in great pain. I asked her where she was hurt and why Mickey abused her, and she said: "Mickey he do get so wild and t'row a big stick o' tove wood at my head and it do hurt bad."

I struck a match and examined her head and found a bad cut on the back of it from which blood was oozing. I got some snow and applied it to the wound to stop the blood. Then as it was cold by the door I told her to get up and go over and sit on the straw. She reached out her hand to be helped, and when she got up to walk I noticed that she was badly crippled and walked with great difficulty. When I had made her comfortable I got out my horse and prepared to start.

The moon and stars were shining brightly, and by the north star I knew which direction to take. I felt that I could easily dispense with the assistance of any of the inmates of this place. I told the girl that I would have a doctor sent out to see her, for

I really thought some investigation of the place should be made. I started out and found the road by the tops of fences and the open spaces between the trees ahead. The night was very cold and I felt chilly, although I had on a fur coat. As I ploughed along through the soft snow I thought what a strange night's experience I had had; away out here in a strange country, thousands of miles from friends, lost in a snow storm and rescued by such a queer fellow—then fleeing for my life.

My horse made very slow progress, but we managed to reach the village about four o'clock in the morning. I drove up to the tavern, and after pounding vigorously on the door for some time I was admitted by a very sleepy-looking fellow who wanted to know "what the d— I was pounding around for at this time of night, bringing people out of bed. I explained that I had driven from C— and wanted shelter. I asked him where I would put my horse and after being directed what to do I was not long in doing it. When I had finished I came in and found a nice warm fire in the barroom, and my host (who proved to be a very jovial and hospitable person, although rather gruff at first) was now bustling about preparing a hot drink for me and something to eat. While I ate he sat down and talked to me. When I told him about being lost and then rescued by such a queer fellow a few miles out of the village, he then threw back his head and laughed heartily. He told me that they were a crazy family, all crazy except the father and crippled daughter. He told me it was a blessing I did not go in the house, as Mickey was very hostile to strangers, having a dread fear of the constable

Continued on last page.

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