

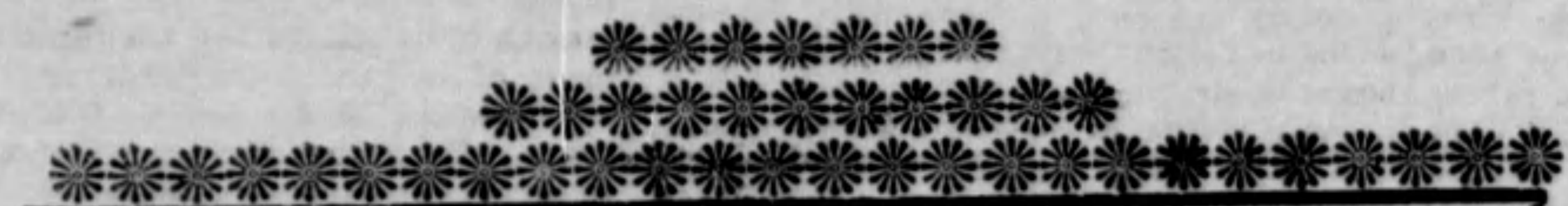
FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

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

VOL. IX., NO 507.

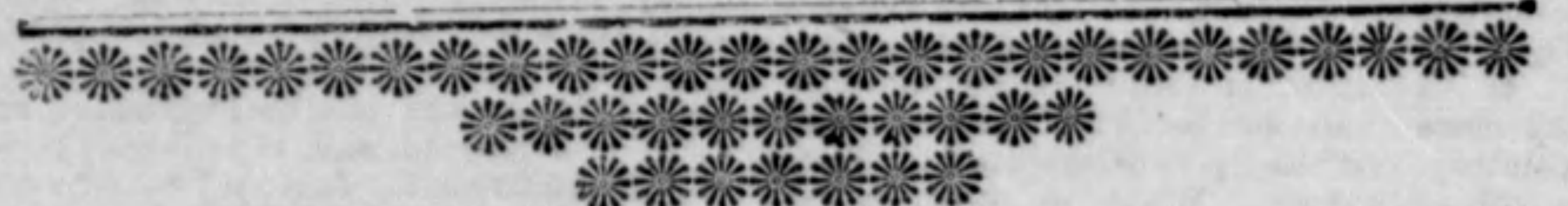
FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1891.

W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR



This Space Belongs to Armstrong Bros., and will be filled with Interesting Matter next week.

LOOK OUT FOR IT.



PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSESHOEING, WOOD WORK.	FIRST PRIZE	LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES JOB WORK.
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Heard's Carriage Works,
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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.



AFTER MANY DAYS.

Mrs. Whitney walked more slowly as she neared the butcher's shop. It stood just on the edge of the drowsy New England village, on the road leading to the shirt factory in the village.

Mrs. Whitney, who was one of the "finishers," had carried her week's work to the factory, and had her wages in her pocket. She had sewed until after midnight all the week, that she might be able to buy a larger piece of meat than usual this Saturday. Yet after all, there was so little money in her pocket!

She stopped, inspecting the juicy joints which hung on Mr. Radd's hooks. How strong and cheerful the rich people must feel who could eat such meat as that every day!

Then she went inside to where the small pieces lay. She always took a bit home once or twice a week for her husband, who was an invalid; but to-day she was sorely tempted to buy a larger portion, and eat some herself. She felt so weak as she walked, and the thought of the cold bread at home almost nauseated her.

"Here's a nice bit of steak for Mr. Whitney," said Jabez Radd. "Or—here's a bigger one," the keen-eyed butcher said, catching her wistful look. "You're looking fagged out Jane. A solid meat meal will strengthen you. I will let you have that piece cheap."

She turned it over, weighing it anxiously in her fingers.

"Now that Whitney isn't able to work, it won't do to let yourself run down," said the wily Jabez.

That decided the question. "I'll take it," she said, laying down the money. She knew that Whitney would never be able to work again, and she must alone support him and their child. She could not afford to break down.

It was not a proof of greediness or coarseness that Mrs. Whitney stole into the cellar once or twice to look at the tender, juicy bit of steak, with its rim of fellow fat. She was faint with hunger, and she felt that she had fairly earned that delicious meal. She spread the teatable carefully, put on two little pats of butter and a loaf of bread, set the tea to draw, and then laid the precious meat in the pan.

"Ha! That smells good!" cried her husband from the chamber. "A whiff is almost a meal!" He rocked the cradle more vigorously, and in a few minutes came out.

Zack Whitney, as everybody knew, was "in a decline," but he was as ready as ever to joke and laugh. "Baby's asleep," he said. "I'll just run to the blacksmith's shop while the supper's cooking, and hear the end of Joe's cow story."

"Don't stay but a moment, or it may be cooked too much," said Jane, anxiously bending over the meat. It seemed such tender beef! If baby was only old enough to eat a bit! Now just a suspicion of pepper; no salt—that would harden it.

As she shook the box, a shuffling sound at the door made her look up hastily.

A boy of about sixteen stood on the step. His clothes were worn and rusty, and his feet were bare. Something in the pale, sunken features startled Mrs. Whitney.

"You look faint and hungry," she said, coming quickly toward him.

He tried to laugh. "I guess I never was so hungry before," he said. "I have walked twenty miles since morning."

"Why, have you had nothing to eat?" She pushed a chair toward him, seeing that he trembled as he leaned against the door.

"I sold my shoes yesterday for my dinner. I have nothing to sell to-day, and I couldn't bring myself to beg—till now."

Again he laughed, but the laugh choked in his throat, and the tears came to his eyes. "I didn't mean to beg now, but you looked so kind, and—the meat smelled so good!"

"It is good meat."

Mrs. Whitney turned it in the pan. It was such a little piece, after all, hardly enough for one, certainly not enough for three.

"Who are you? Tell me who you are," she said with sudden crossness.

He did not answer. She looked at him. "Why don't you speak? Perhaps you've no good to tell o' yourself."

"I have no harm!" He staggered to his feet indignantly. "I'll tell you the whole truth. My name is John Dall. I was discharged from the House of Refuge two days ago. You needn't look scared. I'm no thief! I was put in there for stealing a horse and buggy. I was with the boys who had it, but I didn't know they had stolen it. I thought it was Ben Pratt's father's buggy. I couldn't prove that at the trial, and I can't prove it now; but it's true, I'm telling you the truth as I'd do it to my own mother."

His honest blue eyes looked straight into hers as he spoke.

"I believe you," she said, after a moment's silence. "But why don't you go home?"

"My father has died since I went in there, and I have no other folks. The people in the village wouldn't be very friendly to me. I wasn't a good boy, ma'am—I ran with a bad lot. But I want to go somewhere and start fresh. I am going to make for the West, where nobody knows me."

Jane Whitney looked at him keenly. Doubt, suspicion, belief and pity chased each other through her face. But his eyes were honest, and she trusted him.

"Sit down, John," she said, heartily. "The first thing for you to do is to eat your supper."

She poured him out a cup of tea, gave him some bread and butter, and then, with a steady hand, cut the meat in two, and gave him half. "The rest is for my husband," she explained.

John ate like a famished boy. When he had finished, he rose and took up his hat. "Some day," he said, gravely, "I'll pay you for this meal."

Mrs. Whitney laughed, but her lips trembled. She felt a strange tenderness for this poor human soul, struggling to escape from the pit of ruin.

"What are you going to do now, my boy?" she said, as he went to the door.

"I will get a job on the farms or boats, and so work my way West."

"Wait one moment." She had but little to give; a pair of old shoes, and a well-patched coat of Zack's.

"I wish it was more," she said, as she put them into his arms. "Here is a book that I've had since I was a child. Read a little in it every day." It was a little pocket Testament.

"Good-by, and may God bless you and keep you, so that you will become a good man."

John went to the gate, and then, turning, came hastily back.

"I say! I'm going to do my best, ma'am! You'll hear from me some day," he broke out, wringing her hand, and, waving his ragged hat, was gone.

"Why!" exclaimed Zack, when he sat down to supper. "I thought this was a bigger piece of meat, Jane?"

"I cut off my share," she said, dipping her bread in her tea.

"You might have waited for me. I hope you enjoyed it!" said Zack, irritably.

"More than any meat I ever ate," his wife answered, smiling.

Fifteen years passed. Mrs. Whitney, left a widow, struggled bravely to support and educate her boy. But the village, which was out of the reach of any railway, grew lonelier and poorer with every year. Her house was mortgaged heavily, and was sold at last; and Jane found herself homeless and penniless.

She took service with a neighboring farmer for herself and little Zack. The work was hard for both, and the pay poor. She was now almost an old woman, and the failure of her hopes for her boy had broken down both her strength and courage.

One day, as she came in from milking with Zack, she saw a man leaning on the stile waiting for her. He was roughly dressed and looked like a farmer, but one whose life was fuller and broader than that of the farmers around her. Plenty and generosity spoke in his laughing eye and big breezy voice.

"Mrs. Whitney?" he said, taking off his hat. "And little Zack?"

Jane set down her pails. "I don't think I remember you, sir," she said, stiffly.

"No, I am a stranger in this part of the country. I came from Missouri. I'll tell you my business in five minutes, Mrs. Whitney. My wife wants to come every summer to the sea-coast; it is a custom with us Westerners. She wants to come to a pleasant house kept by an honest, good woman. I said to her, 'I can manage that for you!'"

He twisted his hat, laughed, grew red, became incoherent. Mrs. Whitney stared in amazement.

"I don't understand you, sir," she said.

"No, of course not. I explain myself badly. But this is what I did. When your place was sold the other day I bought it in your name. It's settled on you, ma'am. It's yours, land, house, furniture and all. Now I want you to go and occupy it, and take me and my wife to board. What we pay you every summer will enable you to send this boy to school, and to live comfortably through the year. That's all of it."

"All! What do you mean? Who are you?" exclaimed Jane, beginning to cry.

"Why should you do this for me?"

"Why?" shouted the stranger. "Why? Because you saved my life, ma'am! You were a mother to me at the turning-point of my life. I would have gone to ruin if you had not believed my story. You took the food from your own mouth to give me. You cared for me, you blessed woman, and gave me hope and courage. All I am and have, I owe to you, under God. Don't you remember John Dall?"

He drew out an old book, and gave it to her. "There is your name in it. You cast your bread upon the waters that day, and if God gives me strength it shall come to you again a hundred fold!"

And he fulfilled his promise.

WANTED—Two female apprentices to learn tailoring. C. J. Leitch.

Notice to the Public.

F. W. E. Tottenham, of the Flesherton Station saw mill, wishes to purchase any quantity of logs for which he is offering the following prices: Soft elm \$4.25; birch, maple, baswood and rock elm from \$5.50 to \$6.00. He also wants 100,000 feet of hemlock, for which he will pay the highest cash prices.

Properties for Sale

ARTEMESIA.

Lots 165 and 166 3rd range N. E. T. & S. R. Artemesia, 100 acres, frame barn and dwelling on the premises; well fenced and watered. Will be sold cheap.

Lot 175, 1st S. W. T. & S. R., 50 acres. New frame dwelling thereon, and outbuildings. Will be sold cheap and on time.

Lot 176, 2nd N. E. T. & S. R., about 90 acres, 50 cleared, balance good hardwood bush. Terms of payment easy.

Lot 33 in the 13 Con., 100 acres. Also a number of village lots with houses thereon in Flesherton.

Village Properties

Several very desirable village properties will be disposed of, one of which, known as the Brownlee property, is particularly valuable. This lot contains about 24 acres. A comfortable residence is erected thereon. Any person desiring bargains in farm or village property should communicate with

JOHN W. ARMSSTRONG, Sr.,
Flesherton.

SOCIETIES.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—This society meets in Dr. Christie's Hall every Wednesday evening at 8 p.m. Visiting brethren invited. Insurance in connection.

ROYAL TEMPLARS OF TEMPERANCE.—Regular Council meets every Tuesday evening in Sproule's block at 8 p.m. Select degree (insurance) meets monthly, the Wednesday preceding the 22nd of each month.

PRINCE ARTHUR LODGE NO. 333, A. F. & A. M., meet in the Masonic Hall, Strain's block, Flesherton, every Friday on or before the full moon. W. J. Bellamy, W. M.; R. J. Sproule, Sec.

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Best Wishes to All!

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