Flesherton Advance.

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

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Up to Our Neck in Work

We Wish You All A Very Merry Christmas . . .

WE are doing the best we can for you, working night and day. Still we cannot get our orders out half fast enough.

W. A. Armstrong, Flesherton
JEWELLER AND OPTICIAN

BEFORE THE MAST

Being Experiences in the Life of Mr. Alex. McRae of Ceylon, Ont.

BY FREDERICK GEE

We were about seven miles from Kokimbo and heading in for the land when a heavy fog settled around us, preventing us from seeing anything ahead or astern but for a short distance. As we were speeding onward unconscious of danger we were suddenly alarmed by the second mate's shout of "breakers ahead." All hands ran on deck, the captain sung out, "bout ship," She came up in the wind but missed stays. "Put up the helm and wear her round," sang the captain. We also squared the yards round. As she was paying off she got head on to land, a heavy sea struck her, landing her on the rocks with a great crash, and she became a total wreck. Luckily for us we were near port. We got into one of our boats and had only got nicely clear when another heavy sea struck her, laying her over on her beam-ends.

So sudden had come the disaster and so hurried were our efforts to save ourselves, that we could take nothing with us, and all our belongings, except the clothes on our backs, were lost. We pulled into Kokimbo, placed ourselves under the British consul, who sent us back to Valparaiso. A few days later I shipped aboard the barque, Town of Liverpool, and went up the coast to Arrekka for saltpetre for Liverpool. On our homeward journey I was in the starboard watch and occupied one of the port watch bunks. After rounding the corner of the Horn, we were followed by a strong wind, with square yards and full sails running before it, and a tremendous sea running after us. With myself and one of the ships apprentices at the wheel we were fairly flying along. The mate was pacing back and forth. My eyes were steadily watching the binnicle, or rather the compass within, when I was suddenly seized around the body and arms from behind by the mate, who had apparently become frenzied. "Look astern at that sea on us," he said. "Let go my arms madman, and take to the mizzen riggin, it is your best chance," I said. With the agility of a monkey he was was up in the rigging, and I observed the boy looking behind him intently watching the movements of the mate. "Mind your business," I roared, our safety depends on keeping the ship's stern square to the sea, for if she is allowed to broach to, not a man will be left to tell the tale. On came that terrible sea, but we were prepared for the worst and we outlived the squall. I have seen many a stiff breeze and heavy sea but the equal of that I never witnessed before or since. When it was past the mate came down and said he was pretty well scared, but, said I, you should have known better than to hamper me at the wheel at such a critical moment. The rest of the voyage was made without any mishap. We arrived at Liverpool, paid off, and I had to purchase another entire outfit before I could start on another voyage.

Hurrah for Glasgow! I always made Glasgow my starting point. Whether or not the berth was waiting for me, I can't say, but I had no sooner arrived at the port, then I shipped on the Pericles, one of the Allen line, for Bombay. There was nothing particularly noteworthy in this trip, only that we had very rough weather while rounding the Cape of Good Hope on the return trip, and that the round trip took eleven months. Paid off and made for my starting point once more. I, with some others was standing around the shipping office, when a captain walked up saying he wanted a crew for Bombay. "What ship skipper?" "The Inkerman." "Where is she lying?" "At the tail of the Banks and ready for sea." One of the men named Houston asked me if would ship; well, said I, things look a little suspicious, when a ship comes from Greenock here for a crew, when there are always plenty of hands to be had at Greenock. However, I went in and asked him if he would allow half pay for my mother. "I can't do it," he replied. "Then I can't go," said I, and turned to leave the office. He called me back, saying he would make the allowance. The papers were made out and signed, and I engaged for the trip to Bombay and return on board the Inkerman. But the Inkerman never reached Bombay.

We went down to Greenock and aboard. Next morning we lifted anchor, hoisted sails, and after parting with the steam tug, put out to sea. After the decks were all cleared up. All hands pump ship was the cry. The two pumps were set working and for two long hours did we work, before we got a suck, and here came out the secret, that we were bound for a long voyage on a leaky ship. For a couple of days we made mute but careful observations in which we discovered that the ship was taking in water faster than we could pump it out, so we held a consultation among ourselves and resolved to abandon the ship on our first opportunity.

We were in the Bay of Biscay and the the water still gaining on us. In a body we went aft and informed the captain of our resolution of leaving the ship for none of us would face the Cape in such a sieve.

Next morning a vessel hove in sight crossing our track. We seized the flag, hoisted it upside down and was answered by seeing the distant vessel back her topsail to await our approach. On coming up with them we made known our trouble, lowered our boat with all our traps, and before leaving, the carpenter sounded the ship and reported seven feet of water in the hold. We went aboard the rescue, hoisted in our boat, and shortly after the Inkerman settled and was soon at the bottom of the Bay of Biscay. We were afterwards informed that her former crew were serving twelve weeks in jail, for refusing to sail in her after being engaged. This was the first and last time that I ever shipped aboard a a vessel lying at the tail of the Bank. We were put ashore at Gibralter under the charge of the consul, who sent us home in the Mediterranean fruit trader. My starting point for my next trip was Liverpool, where we had been landed from the steamer and where my mate, Jack Carmichael and I soon found a berth on (a steamer this time) bound for the Mediterranean. On this trip I was so unfortunate as to fall under the displeasure of a lady as well as get into the bad graces of the captain, but I don't think the details would be very interesting, so I may as well pass them over. "By no means old friend, go on, there has been no mention of ladies yet, so it must be interesting, go on" Well then, our first call was at Gibralter, thence up the Meditterranean to Alexandria. The captain's lady was aboard on this trip On going into Alexandria it is a usual thing to take soundings. On this occasion Jack was ordered into the chains, but as Jack did not understand much about heaving the lead, he asked me to take his place to which I consented. The captain and the lady were standing on the bridge watching me. The first throw, no soundings, my second, ditto; the third I got ten fathoms and sang out a quarter less. My next throw was by the mark seven. I then heard the lady say. "O dear, do make him sing it." Just as I was throwing the captain looked over the side, saying, "Can't you sing it." No sir, I am looking for soundings. Quarter less five. "You have the five fathom mark on the water." But I have no right to give that, this quarter protects me, as I understand it, and the standing rule in the navy is to always give a quarter less, except when the mark is a little below the surface and plainly visible. We were now over the sand bar and the captain told me to come inboard I don't know what offence I had committed, but I do know that I was an eyesore to that lady the remainder of the trip.

After discharging some bale goods we went up the coast to Beyrout, landed some more goods, then we passed Tyre island, Bare Rock and Mount Calvary, of sacred history, to a place called Squanderoon, where we discharged the remainder of our cargo.

We then proceeded to Zante, one of the Ionian islands, and there I fell under the captain's displeasure; if I was not already enjoying that privilege. It came about in this way. The watch being called for breakfast, I went to the galley for the coffee and saw the watch carrying coal in baskets on their shoulders from the hatch to the bunkers. On going below I told the boys what I had seen. "Well, I wont do it," said one. "Nor I," said another, and so said each of us. We always wheeled them before, and why should we carry them now? After breakfast we went on deck and were ordered to carry the coals and of course all refused. We were reported. Along came the captain. "What's this all about," he asked. Jack and I assumed the unenviable position of spokesmen and I quietly and respectfully told the captain that it was much easier and quite as quickly done with the barrows, which are for the purpose, as to tear the skin off our backs by carrying it. "You shall not have the barrows, (with a snap), coals won't hurt you, and you, sir, addressing me, are big and strong enough to carry a basket of coals." Yes sir, and you on the top of it, for that matter, I added, for I was getting riled. Jack and I were put off duty and ordered below.

To be continued.

Stone Settlement

Another year has passed away and we have just commenced a new, and let us hope a prosperous year. Many are young and strong, with the glow of health beaming in their countenances, looking forward and hoping for a long and prosperous life. Some are bordering on the alloted span of three score years and ten—with these the meridian is past, the prime of manhood and womanhood is left behind; their step has lost its former elasticity, the temporal feet are rapidly travelling down the rugged hill of life, but let us hope the spiritual eye is constantly looking upward. Some, by reason of their strength, have reached the venerable stage of four score years, and as in their infancy they tottered and stumbled in their efforts to walk toward maturity, even so in their second childhood they totter and stumble in their march towards eternity. Some were ushered into this new year on beds of affliction on which they have lain weeks, months, or perhaps years, struggling between life and death, hoping against hope, but thankful that they have been spared to see another year. Some who, one short year ago were radiant with youth and vigor and looking forward to a life of usefulness, are to-day lying beneath the cold, cruel sod, cut down in their youth, snatched from all near and dear to them, to give an account of their stewardship.

In the last week of the old year the grim reaper, death, visited this neighborhood, snatching from our midst an old and highly respected resident, a kind, cheerful and obliging neighbor, a consistent christian. We refer to the late Mrs. Geo. Patterson, sr., who breathed her last about midnight on Monday, the 28th ult. For some time past her death had been looked for and was no surprise, but a happy release from her suffering. In the early part of last year the deceased lady was stricken with paralysis, rendering her absoutely helpless. From that time up to her death she has been an intense but patient sufferer. Through the many months of her affliction she was constantly and tenderly nursed and cared for by her devoted sister, Mrs. Beattie, and son, Mr. W. J. Beattie, who has had the management of the farm for several years. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the latter for his assiduous and untiring attention, not only to his afflicted aunt, but also to his aged and feeble uncle. All honor to such noble young men, After several years of widowhood the deceased lady was married to Mr. Geo. Patterson, a lone widower, and came to this line nearly a quarter of a century ago. Her industry and good management soon made a marked change in her husband and everything about him, and our worthy old friend soon found himself ensconsed in a snug home, surrounded by many comforts to which he had for many years been a stranger. Mrs. Patterson was a woman of sterling qualities, ever ready to assist where assistance was needed; hospitable, kind, cheerful, loved her home and always strove to make it comfortable; had a cheerful word and a pleasant smile for all, was a good neighbor, an everyday christian. She was a consistent member of the Methodist church. Her life was pure, her end was peace. The funeral took place to the Markdale cemetery on Wednesday, 30th inst.

Miss Mamie Beattie of Orillia attended her aunt's funeral.

Miss Annie Harrow spent her holidays at home. For the past year she has taught school at Orchard and has been re-engaged for the current year at an increase of salary, which, we understand was voluntary on the part of trustees. This speaks well for Miss Annie's ability and popularity, especially as the past was her initial year in her profession. The Stone Settlement has produced some efficient and popular teachers in the past, and we hope it will continue to do so in the future.

We are glad to announce that Mrs. R. Stone, late of the line, now of Manor, Assa., is recovering from her recent severe illness. Word also came that her third daughter, Miss Nettie, was to be married on the 30th inst., to Mr. W. Banks an energetic and industrious young man, well known in this locality. Congratulations from all in Stone's Settlement.

Report says that Mr. Wm. A. Stone, youngest brother of our much esteemed friend, Mr. Hy. Stone, and who has been agriculturing a portion of British Columbia for the past twenty years, has taken unto himself a wife, young and comely to look upon. And that ye may enjoy everlasting felicity, a-ma bouchal.

A fatal accident occured on Saturday in the bush of John Morden, West Luther, when Thomas Henry Morden, twenty years of age, son of Henry Morden, of Arthur Village, was killed instantly while he and several others were engaged at the felling of a tree.

A GREEN TAG SALE.

1/4 TO 1/2 OFF

WINTER GOODS AT

McFarland, Stafford & Co.'s Big Store

MARKDALE, ONTARIO

Too Many Goods

That's what's the trouble now. The continued storms and bad roads have played havoc with our sales of Winter Goods, and we admit the fact we've too many. There's a way to get rid of them, but only one way to do it quickly, and that's the way we're going to do it. We've put the knife away deep into prices, and in many cases not only plunged deep but taken off an extra slice to make a sure thing. We've made up our minds to take a stiff loss on many lines to move them out in a hurry. We take stock next month and want the tables and shelves all cleared of winter goods. LOOK FOR THE GREEN TAG it tells the story—and remember the first here gets the best selection.

We have 29 of this season's mantles left. They are the latest 1903-04 styles. Each one has a green tag attached which tells the former and reduced price. We have made three prices in the lot, as follows:—

LOT 1

7 Ladies' Mantles, regular 3.50 to 6.00, green tag price only 1.90

LOT 2

5 Ladies' Mantles, 45 inch curl cloth, lined all through, box back, raglan style, our leader this winter at $5.00, green tag price 3.90

LOT 3

17 Ladies' Mantles, the choicest styles and cloths we have had this season, Beavers, Friezes, Curls, etc., in fawns, greys and blacks, regular prices were $9, $10, and $12 each. Green Tag price 5.90

FURS 20 TO 25 PER CENT OFF.

We are determined to reduce the FUR STOCK now when every one needs furs. By taking 20 per cent. and 25 per cent. off the price you know just what a bargain you can secure. This discount in Ladies Astrachan Jackets means:

$22.50 Ladies Astrachan Jackets	$16.00	$35.00 Ladies Astrachan Jackets	$28.00
30.00 " " "	24.50	40.00 " " "	32.50
32.50 " " "	26.00	45.00 " " "	37.50

These Jackets are all bright glossy even curl, strong pelts, high storm collar, and all guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

85c. MEN'S SHIRT AND DRAWERS FOR 58c.

68 Men's pure all wool ribbed Shirts and Drawers in heavy weight, stamped unshrinkable and sold in regular way at 75c. and 85c. each. We will sell the lot while they last at each 58

60c. SHIRTS OR DRAWERS FOR 39

78 Men's Sanitary Wool Fleeced Shirts and Drawers in all sizes, ribbed cuff on sleeves and splendid wearing goods, extra heavy; sold in regular way at 50c. and 60c., to clear the lot we have put them on the bargain counter at each 39

McFARLAND, STAFFORD & CO

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS TRADE.

10 Men's all-wool Tweed Suits $7 and $8 for..... 5.00

12 Ladies' Fine Coats, $7.50 and $9.00, for..... 5.00

A large assortment of carpets, arranging in price from 25c. to.....$.125 per yd

An extra good stock of Horse Blankets on hand, and we are selling them at the lowest living prices known. Also a full range of Men's Heavy Footwear, such as Felt Boots, Heavy Rubbers, Moccasins, Leggings, etc.

20 Men's Heavy Ulsters, good value at $6

12 only Men's Pea Jackets, on sale at 3.90

20 all-wool Men's Sweaters, worth $1.00 for..... 65c.

50 yds. crash toweling, worth 8c. yd. for 7

6 pr. gray wool Blankets, to clear out at $1.90 pair

12 Men's Cardigan Jackets, reg. $1.50, for..... 1.19

Men's Kid Gloves, regular price 90c. and $1.00, for..... 60c. per pair

A Reduction in Groceries

5 lbs good Japan tea for	$1.00	25 lbs. best Tapoica	1.00
5 lbs Ceylon Black tea	1.00	25 lbs. fresh Figs	1.00
13 lbs. best selected raisins	1.00	90 large bars soap, reg. 12½c for 9c. pr. bar	

A nice assortment of Faucy Glassware to Choose for Xmas Giftt. . . .

Highest prices paid for Fowl and Butter.. . .

W. HOCKLEY Proton Station

Eugenia

The following items were omitted last week:

Born—At valley farm, Jan. 2 to Mr. and Mrs. Adam Hislop, a son.

Mrs. George Milan, of Maxwell, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Adam Hislop, of valley farm.

Almost Every Woman

Is inclined to habitual constipation and should use Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut which cleanse the system and regulate the bowels. For mild and sure relief use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25 c.