# HEARD'S

## Waggons, Manufactured at Flesherton,

are the Cheapest, as nothing but good wood is used in them. They are strongly ironed, runs easy and well Painted.

Farmers and others wanting the Cheapest and Best Waggon will do well to examine the material carefully. HEARD'S Waggons are warranted for 3 years, and sold at very low prices. No Freight to pay.

Running Gear, Box, Spring Seat, Neckyoke and Whiffletrees..... $75.00
" " " " " " " for cash..... 66.00

Manufacturer of Buggies, Democrats, Waggons, Cutters, Sleighs, Iron Harrows, and Agent for Plows.

JOHN H. HEARD, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON.

# MARBLE WORKS!

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

**Marble and Monumental Works,**

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

**Burdock Blood Bitters**

*Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Deranged Stomach, or irregular action of the Bowels.*

GET YOUR

## Fall & Winter Clothing

MADE UP BY

# THOMAS DUNCAN

THE FASHIONABLE

## Flesherton Tailor.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT**

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

**Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.**

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

*For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS*

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Eanufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

**78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,**

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

# CAUTION!

EACH PLUG OF THE

**MYRTLE NAVY**

IS MARKED

# T. & B.

*In Bronze Letters,*

**NONE OTHER GENUINE.**

J. W. BATES,

*Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,*

FLESHERTON, . . ONT.

**Money to Loan.**

*At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.*

WITH Interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

**A. GRIER. — THORNBURY.**


## CORRESPONDENCE.

*[The Editor does not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed by correspondents.]*

### "Brother Woodyear."

I do not occupy the position of pastor of a church, which in this case at least is a matter of satisfaction. in as much as it gives me somewhat more latitude to naturalize my language, without the incubus of the cut-and-dried Theological technicalities so glibly; yet oft so inappropriately applied. Doubtless the emotional in man is somewhat similiar in all ages; yet it is a marked fact, that the PAST has been so fully drawn upon, that the obituary of to-day, shows very little advancement, on its venerable prototype of the last century. The remarkable sameness of lameness of language, the oft repeated verse, the almost invariable dead-and-alive spirit in which they are written, has, in many instances destroyed their usefulness, so that in most cases the attention of the reader simply falls upon the NAME of the person and CAUSE of death.

My present object however, is not to enter the charnel house, but to present some phases of life, which may prove instructive to some, if not useful to all. The world is full full of peculiar people, we meet them at every turn, the imensity, of the countless variety of human mind, which the creator has scattered through the ages, affords us an unlumited field for observation. There is no class of investigation so full of interest, and so abundant in its results, as the study of our commen humanity. Bro. Woodyear, was a peculiar person who gloried his peculiarity. He was a medium sized man of about 65 years of age, working for his living in Her Majesty's Dockyard, and on Sabbath, devoting his energies to the church as local preacher, he was one of the old school, who at-fever heat would not permit his grammar to interfere with his FERVOUR, but would pray at the top of his voice "Lord-er send now-er prosperity-er blesser thy inheritance-er and make-er thy chosen-er people joyfull-er." It was one of his chief characteristics, that he was NEVER KNOWN to be on time at any meeting or appointment he attended, he was always spoken of as "THE LATE MR. WOODYEAR" though still in existence. He would frequently be quietly smoking at his fireside on Saturday night, nursing one leg over the other when, as the clock struck ten, he would suddenly remember he had made no provision for the filling of his appointment in the country, and would start off for Stroud, a distance of about two miles, to get Mr. S—to take it, It not infrequently happened that Mr. S—would be in bed and has many times remained up the balance of the night, in order to prepare his sermons for the morrow. On one occasion in company with some friends I went over to Gillingham to hear him preach, we started from Rochester in good time, and thoroughly enjoyed the view of the silvery Medway from Chatham lines; 'twas a glorious Sabbath evening, the golden glory of the setting sun, the graceful note of; the sky lark the deepning blue of the widening river, the bleating of the sheep at pasture and the tinkle of the bell, all conspired to one grand harmony of praise. As we drew near the village the smell of the wall-flower and honey-suckle mingled with the odor of musk and roses, came refreshingly upon the breeze from the cottage gardens, while from the half open window we could hear, ascending from the family circle, the even-song of praise. As we neared the chapel, we met many aged couples, tottering along with just about sufficient strength to hold up their frail mortality, yet, there was in their old be-wrinkled faces, a look of supreme rest and contentment, more precious to them than all earths possessions, which, like the sun, most glorious in its setting, seemed like a radiation of the light, within the golden gates. Arrived at the chapel we were shown into a good seat and awaited the arrival of the preacher. The congregation was chiefly composed of middle aged people among whom Bro. Woodyear was a favorite, Two minutes to the hour, yet no preacher. The usher got up and walked on his creaky toes over to the steward, who, after a whispered consultation, took his hat and went out. The minute hand was now upon the hour, in the intense silence the ticking of the of the clock could be distinctly heard all over the chaple, yet, no preacher. Tick-tick-as the moments flew anxous heads were turned toward the door, while a general spirt of uneasiness pervaded the audience. Then the usher with the creako boots went out, after a brief pause he returned, the steward came in shortly after and announced that Bro. Woodyear might be expected in a few moments. There was a general sigh of relief following this statement accompanied by a liberal use of pocket handkerchiefs and fans, for, though the windows were all open the atmosphere was warm and oppressive, while the patience of the audience was almost exhausted.

A step was heard in the door way to which all faces instinctively turned, to behold the advent of Bro. Woodyear. It was precisely 15 minutes past the hour as he walked down the sanded aisle. He deliberately placed his umbrella at the foot of the, and ascending to the pulpit, sitting down he proceeded to take out his red cotten Bandana, from the crown of his hat, vigoursly wiping the perspiration from his heated brow, pushing his wig well to one side in the operation, next he wiped his eye glasses, they had large black horn rims about ¾ of an inch deep with a small white sight in the centre giving him quite a comical appearance. Next he arranged his tie; it was a plain white lawn square, perfectly free from starch, folded twice round the neck and tied in a large bow with dangling ends about 6 inches long on each side which gave him quite a venerable tone. He now leaned forward and reached the Bible, plunging his hand into his side pocket, he drew forth a handful of papers, which, having carefully looked over he selected one and replaced the others, he now began to turn over the leaves to find the place, which after considerable reference to his paper, he finally accomplished- Taking up the hymnbook he proceeded to find the hymns, which appeared a work of great difficulty, apparently his numbers were indistinct or mixed up, as he would twist and turn his paper in all directions to correctly decipher the figures. Finally he was ready, taking up his bandana once more, he gave a terrific blast, took a drink of water, wiped his mouth and—gave out the hymn The patience of the long-suffering congregation was glad to lift itself heavenward in song, and all all along the eight Peculiar metre verses, (whose marvelous cadences seemed as if you never WOULD reach the last line) the singing was strong and hearty. The old folks many of them familiar with the words hung on the back of the pew in front of them, closed their eyes, while the swaying motion of their bodies and the tears running down their furrowed checks told of their hearty enjoyment.

In the prayer which followed, it was evident something was playing upon Bro. Woodyears mind, he was evidently labouring under a cloud. After the reading he gave out his text "And they gave him vinegar to drink mingled with gall:" there was an unsteady motion in his voice, again he read his text, not another word would he utter. There was a painful pause in the midst of which some brother started a hymn, then followed a prayer meeting in which one of the old members most touchingly prayed that "Bro. Woodyear might have all the gall and vinegar taken out of him" which I certainly believe was answered, as the old gentleman finished the service with more than his accustomed vigour. In the calm of the evening we walked home with the old man, who keenly felt his position. He told us the source of his misfourtune, he had prepared, a new sermon in manuscript and as was his custom, had it in the crown of his hat going to work on Saturday morning, so that in the dinner hour he might look it over, but as he turned the corner of Globe lane an unfriendly gust had blown his hat and wig off and scattered his manuscript to the winds, many kindly hands gathered all they could, but several parts were missing, the old gentleman thought he could trust his memory, but it failed him in the trying moment.

I guess Brother Woodyear has long since "ceased to work and live" but unfortunately the LATE comers HAVE NOT DIED WITH HIM. I trust on reflection, while my readers will not attempt the ODDITIES, they will most certainly improve upon the PROCLIVITIES, of the late Bro. Woodyear.

DEACON SNUKES.


THE "Myrtle Navy" brand of smoking tobacco has stood the test for over ten years, and during that time it has lost no friend and gained scores of thousands. This lengthened experience shows that it is no mere passing fashion which has gained it the approval of the public, but its superiority in the essential qualities which make a first-class tobacco.


### Somebody Lies!

*To the Editor of the Advance.*

Sir,—Your statement in THE ADVANCE implicating us in the breaking of the glass of your office window, is false. We deny having anything to do with it. We were there when Keefer broke it, and he asked us to say nothing about it, according to your issue of the 19th ult., we did not think that we had any apology to make or any share to pay. The one that broke the glass has a right to pay for it, and not try to implicate us who happened to be near him when he did the mischief. We thought it best for him to settle with you himself, and, if he has done so, why try to implicate us?

We remain yours,

Wm. Breen,
Wm. Heard,
James Corbet.


A VOICE FROM THE UNITED STATES. I have suffered for the last 20 years with Dyspepsia and General Debility, and tried many remedies, but with little success until I used Burdock Blood Bitters, when relief was quick and permanent. A. LOUGH, Alpena, Mich., U. S.


### Desecration of the Sabbath.

*To the Editor of The Advance.*

Dear Sir,—It would be well if a number of the young men of Flesherton could find some other way of spending their time Sabbath afternoons than sitting in one of our most public business places to play their games of euchre and suck their pipe stems. It is something the average young man of common sense would be ashamed of; but some of these young men, instead of being ashamed, are so bold as to haloo when people are passing by, as much as to call their attention to the beautiful array of pipes (oh, my!) and choice handful of cards!! If their names were made public they would not like to be around about the time the paper came out; and perhaps, in future, there would not be so much of this kind of busines carried on.

PEOPLE'S OPINION.

[It is but fair to state, that the proprietor of the business place referred to above, is not aware that his shop has been used in the manner alleged by our correspondent. We, too, have noticed young men in the place alluded to, but could not say who the young men were, or whether they indulged in the "pastimes" they are accused of indulging in by "People's Opinion."—ED. ADVANCE.]


WITHOUT DOUBT.—Yellow Oil is PAR EXCELLENCE the remedy for Pain, Lameness, Rheumatism, Croup, Deafness, Burns, Frost Bites, Stiff Joints and all Flesh Wounds. Any medicine dealer can furnish it.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS require no other Purgative. They are safe and sure to remove all varieties of Worms.

**NATIONAL PILLS** SUGAR COATED. PURELY VEGETABLE

Highly recommended for **Biliousness, Head-Ache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Loss of Memory, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint,** or any illness arising from the **Stomach, Bowels** or **Kidneys.** They are safe, mild and thorough in their action. From 1 to 3 pills is a dose. PRICE 25c. PER BOX.

# WARREN LELAND,

whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the

**Largest Hotel Enterprises**

of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.

Some years ago one of Mr. LELAND'S farm laborers bruised his leg. Owing to the bad state of his blood, an ugly scrofulous swelling or lump appeared on the injured limb. Horrible itching of the skin, with burning and darting pains through the lump, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running ulcers formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND'S direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which allayed the pain and irritation, healed the sores, removed the swelling, and completely restored the limb to use.

Mr. LELAND has personally used

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

for Rheumatism, with entire success; and, after careful observation, declares that, in his belief, there is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of Liver Disorders, Gout, the effects of high living, Salt Rheum, Sores, Eruptions, and all the various forms of blood disease.

We have Mr. LELAND'S permission to invite all who may desire further evidence in regard to the extraordinary curative powers of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to see him personally either at his mammoth Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, or at the popular Leland Hotel, Broadway, 27th and 28th Streets, New York.

Mr. LELAND'S extensive knowledge of the good done by this unequalled eradicator of blood poisons enables him to give inquirers much valuable information.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

**The Prize Winning Bear.**

For service at Little Mills. Terms:—$1 which must be paid positively at time of service. W. H. Campaigne.

# ISLAND HOME

**Stock Farm,**

Grosse Ile, Wayne Co., Mich.

SAVAGE & FARNUM, PROPRIETORS

Patrocle No. 3020 (1167).

— IMPORTED —

**Percheron Horses.**

All stock selected from the get of sires and dams of established reputation and registered in the French and American stud books.

ISLAND HOME

Is beautifully situated at the head of GROSSE ILE in the Detroit River, ten miles below the City, and is accessible by railroad and steamboat. Visitors not familiar with the location may call at city office, 52 Campau Building, and an escort will accompany them to the farm. Send for catalogue, free by mail. Address, SAVAGE & FARNUM, Detroit, Mich.

**HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM**

**FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.**

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults

EUGENIA

# Grist Mill,

**SAW and Lath Mill.**

Having made extensive improvements in my Grist Mill, I am confident I can give good satisfaction.

*CHOPPING DONE ANY DAY.*

Good Flour always on hand.

**Custom Sawing,**

and Bills filled on the shortest notice. Lumber and Lath always on hand.

Cash Paid for

**WHEAT & OATS.**

**M. AKITT,**