The Right Place

To buy Furniture is at the

FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS

More SWEEPING reductions made this month, every line marked away down in prices to suit the present STRINGENT emergency!

DON'T Say you cannot afford to MARRY

for furniture is almost being given away at J. E. Moore's.

LOOK HERE!

A good double bed at from $2

Woven wire springs at from $2.50

First class sea grass mattresses, with wool all around at $4 25.

Chairs for a Song

Tables of every description. Lower than ever.

See our bedroom suites at $14.00, net, usually sold at 17 to 18 dollars.

Cradles at $2.00. Cots, Cribs, and bedsteads, at equally low prices.

Good hardwood bureau at $5 00.

DON'T FAIL TO COME AND SEE US on DURHAM STREET FLESHERTON.

J. E. Moore,

Dealer in Furniture, Musical Instruments and Sewing Machines, Funeral Furnisher and Director.

FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS.

FLESHERTON.

SEWING NEEDLES ON HAND

WANTED

Soft Elm and Basswood lumber.

LETTERS FROM THE FARM.

Specially Written for The Advance.

It is not material that you should know where our farm is situated. I will only tell you that it is called Burholm. It derived that name in the following manner: When father first set foot upon it there were ten acres of cleared land and all covered with a dense mass of burs. Since that time, 30 years ago, the impurity has almost wholly disappeared, thanks to proper cultivation.

Well, our family is not large now—not as large as it was at one time. Jack is in Dakota, Charlie is in the Northwest, and Martha is in love. I am the younger brother. There are just four of us at home now—Martha and I, father and mother. I have been having considerable fun with Mat and her young man this winter. The other evening while these two were in the parlor, I crept along to the door, burst it open and bounced in with a fright and expression to tell them that I heard the strangest noise, and the sight I saw was the funniest I ever saw. They had both been sitting in the rocking chair and when I bounced in they got scared and jumped and knocked the rocking chair over and all three went sprawling over the floor. Jimminy cracks! didn't I laugh—but I didn't laugh when sis got hold of my ear. Did you ever see a girl mad? It's awful.

Things on the farm are quiet now. There is nothing for me to do but get up and split wood, feed the cattle, milk one cow, get breakfast, split more wood, go to school, come home, split wood, feed the cattle, milk one cow, split a little more wood, study lessons for next day, do a little literary work for The Advance, go to bed and split wood all night—in my dreams. I am resting this winter for next summer's work. I am going to learn how to plow in the spring, and I'll le. you know how I get along.

Say, Isn't this beautiful winter weather. I always liked plenty of snow, and we have it now. Mr. Whittier knew all about the fun to be got out of a snow drift, and tells about it in his "Snow Bound."

> We cut the solid whiteness through,
> And where the drift was deepest, made
> A tunnel walled and overlaid
> With dazzling crystal: we had read
> Of rare Aladin's wondrous cave,
> And to our own his name we gave.

Perhaps you town people think it is a dull life living on a farm, but it ain't. There's just hogsheads of excitement. The other day when the family was away to Flesherton me and a neighbor boy decided to break in our two year old colt. We harnessed him in the old horse's harness and hitched him to a handsleigh. The harness was too big for him. He always was a very quiet colt, and you couldn't get him off a walk ordinarily, but that was because he wasn't broke in. We got on the handsleigh and yelled "git up," and shook the lines, and that there colt did just git up! He started off and fairly flew, and the snow flew, and then Jim who was behind me he flew head over heels into a snow bank, and then the sleigh struck a stump and I soared about fifteen feet and struck head first in another drift. I waved my heels around like the arms of a windmill for about ten minutes before I got my head out, and there was Jim just crawling out too. The sleigh was scattered around in fragments and the harness lay in streaks all over the snow. Excitement! why, there was almost too much of it. I wasn't at school that day. It was Saturday.

I guess, though, this letter is pretty near long enough, and anyway I've got to go and split some wood.

Yours affectionately,*

ZEKE BRADSHAW

*P. S.—That's how sister's beau ended the letter I stole out of her dress pocket.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Kimberley News.

From our own Correspondent.

The anniversary of the Kimberley Sabbath School came off on Wednesday evening last as advertised. The attendance was fairly good. The singing by the children was also good, under the leadership of Miss S. A. Thompson. If the children had been standing in front of the organ instead of the organ in front of the children the singing might have sounded much better. The recitations and dialogues were very well rendered, under the management of Miss Burritt and Miss Abercrombie. The only difficulty was, they did not speak quite loud enough to be heard distinctly.

Speeches by Mr. Hall and Rev. Mr. Watts, were not of the best quality. Mr. Hall spoke half an hour, and Mr. Watts said he had shot all over and therefore it was no wonder Mr. Watts could not make a speech. We would suggest that the committee limit Mr. Hall to seven minutes and a half the next time they ask him to speak. The good things provided by the ladies were of the best quality and in abundance. The secretary's report was very satisfactory, showing an average attendance of 57 for the past year, an increase of two over last year. After the entertainment was completed the friends presented Miss S.A. Thompson with an album and a bible, together with an address, for her services as organist in the church and Sunday school. We are sorry we are not in possession of the address. Proceeds, $16.55.

The people of the Methodist church here are going to build a shed this spring. They have about enough subscribed now to go ahead with the work. We wish them much success in their undertaking as a shed is much needed.

Mr. Will Dinwoodie and Miss Mary Smith of Flesherton were the guests of Mrs. Aldous on Saturday and Sunday last.

Mrs. Hooper, who died here lately, was one of the brightest of women. She was kind, honest, and cheerful. She lived on the farm in her younger days, and then she was for some time with M. Richardson & Co., of Flesherton. While there she won the respect of all who knew her. When married she went to Kansas, where she remained for some years. About a year ago she began to decline, and about six months ago she came home, very ill. For the last few months of her life she had no hopes of recovering. She resigned herself to whatever might come, and through all her pain and sickness she never murmured. About a week before she died she grew worse rapidly, and she said she could not hold up any longer. She did not wish to stay, for she had her peace made with God years ago, and she knew that she was going to be with Christ, which is far better, and on the morning of Jan. 24th she gently fell asleep.

The funeral took place on Sunday, the 27th ult. from her father's residence, Spring Brook, to Meaford cemetery, followed by a large concourse of sorrowing friends. Rev. Mr. Watts preached the funeral sermon on Sunday, Feb. 10th, to a large and attentive congregation. Mr. Watts impressed upon the minds of his hearers the great importance of being ready, "for in such an hour as ye know not the Son of Man shall come." Mr. R. Gilray, senior, made a few remarks upon the life and death of Mrs. Hooper, at the close of the service. Her husband, parents, sisters and brothers, and those dear little children have our deepest sympathy in their sad bereavement.

> Since she went home
> The evenings shadows linger longer here,
> The winter days fill so much less the year,
> And even summer winds are chill and drear
> Since she went home
>
> Since she went home
> The Robins note has touched a tuneless strain,
> The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
> And laughter sobs with hidden bitter pain,
> Since she went home
>
> Since she went home
> How still the empty room her presence blessed,
> Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed,
> Our lonely hearts have nowhere for their rest
> Since she went home.

E. D. CARRUTHERS.

Balsam Valley Items.

From our own Correspondent.

Th excitement over Mr. Nevin's wedding has abated to a certain extent, although we occasionally hear some idle body threatening a charivari. This part of the country is notorious for the effectual way in which the young lads carry out their chivaris, and undoubtedly Mr. Nevin would have had the honor of one, if it was not for the cold and stormy weather we have had of late. Considering everything we think he has come off safer than the most of people do while taking such an important step in life, notwithstanding the severe attack made upon him by some of the howling canine tribe, while passing through Priceville.

Mr. J. Tagart and A. McCannel have been working up at Proton station the most of this winter. Times there were rather slow and dull for them, so they proposed to some of their companions the advisability of going out to the open country to have a dance. The proposal was received favorably by everybody, so according to the agreement a sleigh load of young folks started out on the old western trail and never stopped until they reached the Fairview farm, a distance of about eight miles. After going into the house and getting part of their garments off and their boots thawed out, then the music and dancing commenced.

Mr. John Dobson sold by public auction his farm stock and implements. Everything went at a pretty good figure. Mr. John Ferguson found a purse with $5 in it there, and you would have thought it was burning his pocket by the hurry he was in to get rid of it. After taking the necessary precaution against would be owners he delivered it to Mr. McCormick, auctioneer, who soon found its owner, Mr. J. Arles.

The late storm threatening through out the last portion of week made the roads for a while impassable, but the storm was scarcely ceased when the sides were thronged with vehicles of all sorts each vieing with the other to see who would break the road. A certain individual in Muddy Valley, not being present at the time, thought himself in duty bound to do a little towards breaking the road, so accordingly he hitched up his horse and cutter on Sunday, (not having time to do so on a week day) and took his best girl with him and proceeded along the side road to McDougal's corner, from thence through Priceville to the old Durham Road, where he halted and seemed to wonder where he was. If smiles are an indication of satisfaction, we think they were perfectly satisfied with the state of the roads, as their countenances were lit up extremely bright.

Miss Mary Ann McMullen has been visiting friends in this part. She looks fresh and rosy after being so long among the hills.

Mr. Dan McIntyre has returned from Michigan. The diet over there seems to have agreed with him, as he is fome and fat.

Mr. J. Miller has rented J. Macher's store in Swinton Park. He intends rushing a big business there. He opens it about the first of March. He has a near relation of his, peddling for him now, just out three weeks. "De green horn do fur bettah as de yeller horns; dey sell more as dey do."

Miss Francis Moody has returned to Toronto after spending a few weeks among her friends.

Mrs. Sarah Ferguson, widow of Donald Ferguson, who died a few years ago, died Feb. 11th at the residence of her son, D. Ferguson, of Proton. She was a native of Islay, Scotland, came to Canada 40 years ago. She was 77 years of age at the time of her death. She was buried in the little grave yard by the west of Priceville. A large number of relatives and old acquaintances followed her remains to the grave. OBEN

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Joseph Buchanan lost a valuable mare a short time ago from the effects of a cut which she received while he had her out driving.

Mr. J. Warling still fills the bill as fireman at the Eclipse saw mill. He is hard to beat for getting up steam.

Miss E. Hutchinson has gone to Toronto to make her fortune.

Mr. John Clock has been off work for some time through sickness.

Messrs. Davis and Hutchinson have purchased and put in operation a grain crusher.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

BORN ON A TRAIN.—Mrs. Stewart whose husband is a Government employe in the Indian Dept. North-west, gave birth to a bouncing baby boy Monday while speeding eastward on the Pacific express at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The even occured near Ridout, in the Lake Superior district. There was no physician on board, but several lady passengers were assiduous in their attentions to the lady. At North Bay the lady and the infant were removed to the residence of Conductor Nedd. Mrs. Steward will shortely resume her journey to Ingersoll, where her friends reside.—Woodstock Times.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall.

BARGAINS

M. Richardson & Co's

Annual Stock-Taking Cash Discount Sale,

Commencing Monday, Feb. 25th,

FOR ONE WEEK. GOOD FRESH AND NEW GOODS AT PRICES THAT WILL SEND YOU AWAY PLEASED.

Remnants Dress Goods, half price.
Dress Goods worth 25c down to 15 cents a yard.
Dress Goods worth 20 cents down to 12½c a yard.
Dress Goods, worth 12 to 15 cents, down to 7c a yard.
A 500 lot of fancy dress buttons at half price, from 3c a dozen up.
Children's Hose 3c per pair.
Ladies Wool Hose 15c a pair.
Men's Scarfs, worth 40 to 50 cents, selling for 15 cents each.
A job line of men's linen Collars, half price.
Men's all wool Seamless Socks, 15c a pair, worth 25c.
Women's Cashmere and Jersey Winter Gloves, worth 25c to 85c, down to 10 and 15c a pair.
Men's and Boys' Mufflers, worth 25 to 50 cents down to 15 and 30c.
Heavy all wool Underwear, men's sizes, worth 75c, selling at 50c.
Boys' Shirts and Drawers away down. Buy now. Extra value, 35c.
Heavy all wool Factory Flannel, now only 25c a yard.
Heavy Union Factory Flannel, good patterns, now selling at 19c.
Gray all wool Flannels, worth 25c, down to 17c.
Men's Cardigan jackets, worth $1 to $1 50, for 65 to 95 cents.
Men's Cotton Shirts, only 15c a whole shirt.
Good weight all wool Canadian Tweeds, worth 50c to 65c, clearing at 35 to 40c.
Bed Comforters worth $1 for 65c each.
Men's Overcoats, worth $5, for $3.25.
Men's Overcoats, worth $8, for $5.
Men's Overcoats, fine, worth $9, for $5.
Men's and boys' Suits, very, very cheap. See them.
Women's and Girl's Mantles at half price.
Men's Astrachan Caps, worth $1 50, down to 75c.
Men's Persian Lamb Caps, worth $4.50, cut down to $3.
Men's Persian Lamb Caps, fine, worth $8.25, down to $5.95.
Ladies Fur Capes, Astrachan, worth $9.50, just a few left, will clear at $5 each.
Ladies' Fur Caps at half price. Secure these bargains.
Men's Felt Boots, Jumbo, will clear out at $1.60.
Men's Felt Boots, Halfsox, for $2.40. These are bargains.
Also a job line of Women and Girl's Boots, good stock.

Will be Sold Cheap.