

Hotel Cards.

**ELDON HOUSE**, Woodville,  
T. EDWARDS, Proprietor  
First-class accommodation and attentive  
servants. Bar well supplied with the choic-  
est liquors and cigars. Bus to and from all  
trains and every convenience for the travel-  
ing public.

**NORTHERN HOTEL**, Woodville,  
BENJAMIN SCAMMON, Proprietor.

This House is situated in the centre of the  
business portion of the Village, and has re-  
cently been refitted and refurnished, and is  
therefore most suitable for commercial men  
and the public generally. The Bar is sup-  
plied with the best brands of Liquors and  
Cigars. Good Stables and attentive Hostler.

Professional Cards.

**WM. A. SILVERWOOD, J. P.**  
Inspector of Weights and Measures County  
of Victoria. Auctioneer, Land and General  
Agent. Debts and Rents collected.

**GEORGE WILLIS MILLAR,**  
Clerk 1st and 7th Division Courts County  
Victoria. Clerk Township of Eldon. Sec-  
retary Eldon B. A. Society. Agent P. B.  
S. Company. Conveyancer, Commissioner  
in Queen's Bench.

**HUDSPETH & BARRON,**  
Barristers, &c., &c.  
Office—Kent St., Lindsay.  
ADAM HUDSPETH. JOHN A. BARRON.

**NEELANDS & BRO.,** Dentists,  
LINDSAY, ONTARIO.  
One of the above will be at Hamilton's  
Hotel, Beaverton, on the SECOND MON-  
DAY of each month. He will also visit  
Woodville on the Second TUESDAY of each  
month, stopping at McPherson's Hotel.  
J. NEELANDS, L.D.S. | J. L. NEELANDS, L.D.S.

**F. BICK,**  
PRACTICAL ARCHITECT, BUILDER AND CON-  
TRACTOR.  
Plans and Specifications made on the  
shortest notice. Estimates given for all  
kinds of work, on reasonable terms. Heat-  
ing and Ventilation of Churches and School  
Houses a specialty. King Street, Wood-  
ville.

Business Cards.

**PETER CLIFFORD,**  
MAIL CARRIER to the Nipissing Sta-  
tion. CARTING done to and from the  
Railway Station and through the Village  
at Moderate rates.  
Express parcels carefully attended to.

**W. A. SILVERWOOD,**  
COUNTY AUCTIONEER.  
Office on King Street, or orders can be  
left at THE ADVOCATE Office.

**J. HALWARD & BROS.**  
BRICKLAYERS,  
PLASTERERS AND MASONS &c.  
Estimates furnished, and contracts taken for  
any or all of the above work. Materials fur-  
nished if required.

**WOODVILLE PLANING MILL**  
AND

**Sash and Door Factory.**  
The subscribers have now got their  
factory fitted up in first-class style and are  
prepared to furnish anything that may be  
entrusted to them in the shape of

**SASH, DOORS, AND BLINDS**  
PLANING, MATCHING, MOULDING,  
SCROLL SAWING &c. on short notice  
and at bottom prices. Also  
shingles and lumber for  
sale cheap.

**CONTRACTING AND BUILDING**  
A SPECIALTY.  
**McGimsie Bros.**

**CONSUMPTION**  
POSITIVELY CURED

All sufferers from this disease that are  
anxious to be cured should try DR. KISS-  
NER'S CELEBRATED CONSUMPTIVE  
POWDERS. These powders are the only  
preparation known that will cure Consump-  
tion and all diseases of the throat and Lungs  
—indeed, so strong is our faith in them, and  
also to convince you that they are no hum-  
bug, we will forward to every sufferer, by  
mail, post paid, a free trial box.

We don't want your money until you are  
perfectly satisfied of their curative powers.  
If your life is worth saving, don't delay in  
giving these Powders a trial, as they will  
surely cure you.

Price, for large box, \$3.00, sent to any  
part of the United States or Canada, by  
mail, on receipt of price. Address,  
**ASH & ROBBINS,**  
360 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

# THE ADVOCATE.

VOL. III.

"Pro Bono Publico."

No. 109

WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1879.

Money to Loan:

**MONEY TO LOAN** on FARM PRO-  
PERTY, for a term of years, at a rea-  
sonable rate of interest. Mortgages and  
Municipal Debentures bought. Apply to  
**DUN. CAMPBELL,**  
Agent London and Canadian Loan & Agency  
Company,  
67-ly WOODVILLE, ONT

WOODVILLE  
**LIVERY!**

**HENRY EDWARDS** is prepared to sup-  
ply LIVERY RIGGS at any time and  
on the shortest notice. Special attention  
given to Commercial Travellers. Charges  
always moderate. TERMS, CASH. Sta-  
bles in connection with the Eldon House.  
51 **HENRY EDWARD JR.**

**J. MATHIESON,**

GENERAL BLACKSMITH.  
HORSESHOEING  
And REPAIRING of all kinds, carefully  
and promptly attended to.  
CARRIAGES and WAGGONS on hand  
and made to order.  
All work warranted and satisfaction  
guaranteed.

THE  
**Ottawa Agricultural**  
INSURANCE Co.

CAPITAL \$1,000,000  
GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT, \$50,000 CASH

INSURES Farm Property, Isolated Dwell-  
ings, Churches, Parsonages, School  
Houses and all risks of this class.

*Dun. Campbell,*  
Agent, Woodville

**A. G. CAVANA, P. L. S.,**  
Dominion Land Surveyor, Draughtsman  
and Valuator.

OFFICE—At Hamilton House, Beaverton.  
All orders, by mail or otherwise, for Land  
Surveying, Levelling, &c., will receive prompt  
attention. 97-1f

**JOHN McTAGGART, Kirkfield,**  
Commissioner in B. R., Conveyancer.

Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Loan  
& Savings Company. MONEY TO LOAN  
at a low rate of interest and on easy terms  
of payment to suit borrowers.

Agent for the LANCASHIRE FIRE &  
LIFE INSURANCE Co. Capital, \$10,-  
000,000.

The STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE  
CO. Authorized capital, \$3,000,000.

The ISOLATED RISK & FARMER'S  
FIRE INSURANCE CO. Capital, \$600,000

The ONTARIO MUTUAL FIRE IN-  
SURANCE CO., of London, Ont.

Agent for the sale of the celebrated  
WILSON A., and LOCKMAN SEWING  
MACHINES.

LAND and General Agent.

**P. McSWEYN,**

MERCHANT

**TAILOR,**

WOODVILLE.

ORDERS Promptly Attended to and  
a Sure Fit Guaranteed.

Auctioneer for the Townships of Mariposa  
and Eldon:

**ELDON MILLS.**

**WE** have recently put in new mill stones,  
new cleaning machinery, and other  
valuable improvements, and have in our em-  
ploy ONE OF THE BEST MILLERS IN  
THE COUNTRY. To our customers  
**We Guarantee Quantity and Quality!**  
And respectfully request a continuance of  
their patronage. Flour and Feed delivered  
to all parts of the village free of charge.

**WHITE & BRO.**

SUBSCRIBE FOR "THE AD-  
VOCATE, \$1 PER YEAR.

Poetry.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would look upon my quiet face,  
Before they laid it in its final resting place,  
And deem that death had left it almost fair;  
And laying snow-white flowers against my  
hair,  
Would smooth it down with tearful tender-  
ness,  
And fold my hands with lingering caress;  
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would call to mind, with loving  
thought,  
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;  
Some gentle words the frozen lips had said;  
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;  
The memory of my selfishness and pride,  
My hasty words would all be put aside,  
And so I should be loved and mourned to-  
night.

If I should die to-night,  
Even hearts estranged would turn once more  
to me,  
Recalling other days remorsefully;  
The eye that chilled me with averted glance  
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,  
And softened in the old familiar way.  
For who could war with dumb, unconscious  
clay;  
So I might rest forgiven of all to-night.

Oh friends I pray to-night,  
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow,  
The way is lonely, let me feel them now;  
Think gentle of me; I am travel worn;  
My faltering feet are pierced with many a  
thorn;  
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I  
plead!  
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need  
The tenderness of which I long to-night.

THE HAUNTED HULK;

The Wreck on the Spanish Main.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

(Continued.)

You know, I don't want to say supernatural  
things were like everyday things, but that  
pale wavy light was the same as is seen over  
fish when it has been caught for a few hours.

'Let's go Bill,' I says, as soon as I could  
get my breath; and, not feeling that I should  
like to go back the way I came, I took a  
big jump of some fifteen or twenty feet of  
the side, into the soft sand; and when Bill  
saw that I had landed safely he jumped,  
too, and the Indian girl came and clung to  
him, delighted to see him safe back.

'Let's get back,' I says.  
'Get back? what, when we've just seen  
that I'm right, and that this is one of the  
old Spanish galleons. No, Jack, we'll wait  
till daylight if you like, but I'm not going  
to give up. Spirits can't hurt men, and  
that gold's no good to them now.'

'Not when they stop there and watch?' I  
says.  
'No; and, besides, it's a kind of fancy.  
There are no spirits there, only we, getting  
on board the old vessel, naturally enough  
seemed to see the crew as they used to be  
all those years ago, when they used to live.'

'And do you mean to go aboard again?'  
I says.

'Go aboard? Yes; and make sure of the  
gold, and then come back and fetch it.'  
As Bill spoke, there came another curious  
sighing breeze off the sea, and, as it swept  
over the old galleon, it seemed to carry  
away with it the soft faint light that had  
been playing over the vessels stern; and  
directly after she lay there black and grey,  
and gloomy, under the shadow of the great,  
tall cocoa palms.

Being a stubborn kind of a fellow, I said  
no more; only pulled out and filled my pipe  
which I lit and began to smoke, waiting to  
see what was to be the end of the adventure  
while Bill sat down on the sand by his lit-  
tle girl, and began talking to her in a low tone.

We had not long to wait for morning. I  
don't suppose we had been sitting there an  
hour before the east was all full of golden  
flecks and orange spots, then the blue sky  
was fretted with gold, and near it there  
were the most brilliant colors you ever saw.  
Soon after the great golden sun rolled slow-  
ly up, and the gray rotten hulk that lay on  
the sands seemed to turn to gold in its turn.

With the bright clear morning, and the  
sun dancing on the water came plenty of  
courage, and I was quite ready to laugh at  
my fears and those of the Indian girl, as I  
followed Bill, and climbed up the rotten  
wood till I stood on the ruins of the deck  
once more.

I looked directly for the huge poop and  
its deck-plank and guns as I had seen them  
last night, but there were only some ragged  
weatherbeaten uprights to show where it  
had been; but on going over it very carefull-  
ly, there, sure enough, sunk down and lying

in sand and rotten wood were partly expos-  
ed three of the brass guns—not bright but  
covered with a bluish green rust—while the  
breach of the long swiveled piece, upon  
which the Spanish Don had seemed to sit  
was sticking out of the wreck, and seemed  
about three feet below where I stood.

It was very strange, for we had no idea  
before of those guns being there; and, as  
Bill said, if one part of what we saw was  
true, why the other part was sure to be.

We had a good look over the ship, to see  
what a grand vessel it must have been—  
clumsily built according to our notions,  
though the heaviness of her bunkers had  
made her hold together perhaps two hund-  
red and fifty years.

As we had made out during the night,  
there was a great deal of sand in the hold,  
where it had drifted through gaping seams  
in the ship's side; but on leaping boldly  
down, shovel in hand, and thrusting it down  
Bill found it came in contact two or three  
times with something hard.

Then helping him up, we both went to the  
poop, and stood looking down at the sand  
below the guns.

I expect we both felt about the same—a  
sort of shiver of dread, but I would not show  
it; and, taking the spade from Bill's hand,  
I was about to plunge it down into the sand  
when a warning cry from the Indian girl  
made us hurry off the deck and run to her  
side.

The girl had run into the shelter of the  
trees, and, as we joined her, she made a sign  
to ensure silence; and then, in a whisper,  
made known to my mate that she had heard  
paddles.

And sure enough at the end of a minute  
we saw a canoe paddled by two men, come  
into sight and one of the occupants stood up  
and began to scan the shore with his hand  
shading his eyes.

'Is that the man?' Bill whispered to the  
girl and she shivered and clung closer to  
him, as she nodded quickly.

I saw Bill's face grow very thick and an-  
gry as he knelt under cover and watched the  
man in the boat till he had passed on out  
of sight, and then we rose and made our  
way back to the vessel.

For we had no leave to be away, and wish-  
ed to avoid trouble if we could. What Bill  
meant to do in the future I could not say  
but for my part, gold or no gold, I felt as  
if it would take a very strong pull to get  
me to the side of that hulk again by night,  
after what I had seen.

We got back to the ship after a long, hot  
walk, and it was still so early that no one  
took any notice of our having been ashore;  
those who did see us return setting it down  
that we had got up very early, and gone  
ashore for a stroll.

All that day we were busy getting sticks  
of mahogany aboard, dragging them along-  
side and then slinging them up, and getting  
them in at a port-hole made on purpose in  
the bows.

Now, all the time I was at work there,  
thinking about what we had seen the night  
before, and Bill looked so quiet, that I could  
see he was thinking about it too; but I was  
not so deep on that as not to be able to  
notice something else, so that I was not a  
bit surprised when Bill said to me suddenly  
'Jack Harris, just cast your weather eye  
ashore, by them logs, and tell me if you see  
anything.'

I gave a squint in the direction he meant,  
and then said 'No, I can't see any thing.'

'Nothing?' he says, curiously.

'Only that Indian chap who's been watch-  
ing us all day long, if you mean him.'

'Yes,' he said, taking a pull at a rope,  
'I do mean him. But don't take any notice  
so as to seem to be watching him. That's  
the Indian who's always running after my  
little Fezela, and she hates him.'

'Ho! I said. 'Bit jealous, then?'

'I suppose so,' he said.

'I wouldn't go on shore at night then, Bill'

I says.

'Why not?'

'Because Englishmen are jealous with  
their tongues, and when they are very  
jealous, it's with their fists.'

'Well?'

'But these Indian chaps are jealous with  
a very long knife, which they make a present  
to you, and sheath it in your ribs.'

'I'm not afraid of him, Jack,' he says,  
with a quiet smile; 'but, as to not going  
ashore to-night, I must; for we must have  
a try and get a specimen of the lading of  
that old galleon. Then it must rest till we  
come again.'

'Why, you won't go and face what we  
did last night, mate?' I says.

I took another pull at the rope and  
wetted my hands, and took another pull  
fore I answered. For, look you, I  
deny it I was frightened, and the idea  
going and facing that party of uncanny-  
looking, old-world looking people scared me  
a little.

'Well, Jack,' says Bill, smiling, 'you  
won't hang back will you?'

'If you ask my advice, Bill, old man,  
what I say is don't go; but, if you do,  
Jack Harris isn't the boy to hang back at  
let his messmate go alone.'

'I knew you'd go, Jack,' he said, slid-  
ing his feet down the rope so as to get a  
grip at my hand; 'and, look here, mate, I  
won't be shabby over sharing. It's a fortune  
for both of us; only I must have certainty  
before I can charter a ship to come and  
lade her.'

'Do you think them Dons will let you  
touch the cargo, Bill?' I says in a whisper.

'Do you think wind would stop us, or the  
figures we seen in a dream, Jack?' he says,  
with the same quiet smile. 'There, mate,  
don't be scared at shadows! I can't explain  
it to you; but what we saw last night was  
only the shadows like of the men who used  
to watch over the treasures in that ship be-  
fore she was cast away. Depend upon  
they were drowned at the time.'

'And have walked that deck ever since  
I says, with a bit of a shiver.

'Nonsense, man, there's nothing to be  
scared about,' he said. 'I'm more afraid  
of that Indian fellow dodging us than of all the  
Spanish crew.'

I didn't say any more just then; but just  
as we were finishing for the evening, with  
the skipper in rare good humor because of  
the valuable timber sticks he had got aboard,  
Bill says to me.

'She's going to be in waiting for us  
dark to-night, under the trees, so meet me  
there same as last night. We'll slip off at  
different times. If I'm first I'll wait till  
you come.'

You may be sure I didn't like my job any  
the better for seeing that the Indian was  
hanging about there, evidently watching  
the ship to see who went ashore; and I  
could not help thinking it would go very  
hard with my mate if this fellow saw him and  
the little Indian maiden together.

However I wasn't master. Bill said we  
were to go, so I had nothing to do but to  
follow him, and stick to him through thick  
and thin; and somehow I'd come to think  
that I'd do a good deal for such a little girl  
as that chief's daughter, even if her skin  
was of a dusky brown; while when it hap-  
pened, too, that she could put me in the way  
of a good fortune, it was something to be  
thought of—only there was the ghosts.

'Well, poor girl, she can't help them,' I  
said to myself, and, lighting my pipe I set-  
tled down for a quiet smoke and a think;  
and without appearing to notice, I saw that  
my Indian friend was still hanging about on  
the watch.

Now, as you may perhaps know, out there  
in those tropic countries there's no half  
light for an hour or so, but almost directly  
after the sun goes down the stars come out  
thick and bright, and it changes at once  
from day to night.

So it was then. Down went the sun, and  
it was night; and the last thing I seemed to  
see ashore, which was only twenty or thirty  
yards away, for we were moored by a rope  
head and stern to the cocoa-nut trees, which  
grew close to the edge of the deep harbor—  
I say, the last thing I seemed to see ashore  
was the swarthy figure of that Indian.

Our way to get ashore was to step down  
into a boat, fastened to a running line to one  
of the mooring ropes, and pull oneself ashore.  
Any one who wanted to follow or go back  
only having to take a pull at the line to do  
what he liked with the boat.

I waited my time, and sliding gently down  
and into the boat, I got ashore without a  
sound, and stooping down got into the shad-  
ow of the trees without, as I thought, being  
seen.

As near as I could tell it was about the  
time Bill had appointed; and after taking  
my bearings, I made for the big tree, won-  
dering how long he would be before he came.

It was blacker than ever beneath the trees  
—not so much as a star shining through;  
and I was going softly along with my hands  
stretched out, so as not to run against the  
trees, when one of them came against a soft  
warm arm.

'Ah! you're there, are you, little one?'

I said, and I tried to catch hold, but my  
hand was brushed away; there was a slight  
rustle, and then all was still.

'Just as you like my dear,' I says to my-  
self. 'I shouldn't have hurt my mate Bill's  
little sweetheart, but I won't frighten you  
by running after you.'

Just at that time I heard my name whis-  
pered. 'Jack!—Jack!'

'Here away!' I whispered back. 'I  
didn't know you'd come, Bill.'

(To be Continued)

A NEW HEALTH ALMANAC.—We have  
just received from the publishers the ILLU-  
STRATED ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND HEALTH  
ALMANAC FOR 1879, 72 pp., price 10 cents.  
This publication should be a necessity to all  
well regulated families, for it is full of val-  
uable reading matter relating to Phrenology,  
Physiognomy, Health, Hygiene, Diet, etc.  
It is handsomely printed, and must have a  
wide circulation; and we would say, send  
10 cents in postage-stamps at once to the  
publishers, S. R. WELLS & Co., 737 Broad-  
way, New York.