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All sufferers from this disease that are  
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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  
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If your life is worth saving, don't delay in  
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WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1879.

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67-ly WOODVILLE, ONT

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**HENRY EDWARDS** is prepared to sup-  
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WE have recently put in new mill stones,  
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valuable improvements, and have in our em-  
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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.**

Poetry.

IF YOU SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If you should die to-night! Well, I would  
go,  
Tho' seas and mountains stretched our paths  
between,  
And take your clay-cold form again within  
My arms, as when I fondly crowned you  
queen  
Of life and love. Then, looking on your  
face,  
Passionless and tearless, I would touch your  
lips,  
And kiss the dark-fringed lids, whose shad-  
owed eyes  
Were darkened in death's lingering eclipse.  
If you should die to-night! Methinks my  
heart  
Would feel the chill that had benumbed  
thine own;  
Methinks my spirit to be free would yearn,  
The hour that thine had from its prison  
flown.  
And when thy spirit toward its home was  
winging,  
Methinks mine eyes could watch its angel  
flight,  
And catch its smile, like star-beams, earth-  
ward borne,  
Ere you had reached the Temple's hallowed  
height.  
If you should die to-night—and with the  
last  
Of living breaths should breathe my name,  
sweetheart,  
That trembling whisper, as it left thy lips,  
Would come to me, tho' we are far apart.

THE HAUNTED HULK;

—OR—  
The Wreck on the Spanish Main.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

(Continued.)

'Hist!' he said, and then he gave the low  
chirrup, which was answered, and the next  
moment the little girl came panting up, and  
we started off for the hulk once more.  
'Did I scare you, touching you, little  
one?' I said after we'd been walking about  
half an hour.  
The little girl gave a wondering sort of  
reply, and Bill asked her the question again  
with a similar result.  
'What do you mean, Jack?' said my mate.  
'I mean did I frighten her when I touch-  
ed her in the dark, just before you called  
me,' I said.  
'She says you are mistaken. You did  
not touch her,' said Bill after whispering to  
her again.  
'I'm sorry for it, then,' I said to myself,  
as we walked on, 'for if I didn't touch her,  
I did somebody else, and most likely some-  
body else is following us.'  
We went on in silence for another hour or  
so, and then, coming to the spring, we sat  
down again for a rest, as we had done the  
night before, and while we sipped the drop  
of rum-and-water we had brought with us,  
I sat wondering whether we had been fol-  
lowed, and got in quite a nervous state, as I  
couldn't help feeling that some one might  
spring upon us at any moment, knife in  
hand, from the darkness, and we have no  
chance to make a fight of it.  
There was a faint rustle as if something  
passing through the bushes once or twice;  
but, as that might be some small animal,  
little heed was given to it; and once more  
we set off, walking quietly for that part of  
the coast where the hulk was lying.  
From a word or two I heard fall, I knew  
that the little Indian girl was going unwill-  
ingly; but such was her devotion to poor  
Bill, that she would have gone through fire  
and water for him without hardly a word,  
and on they went, and I last.  
Twice over when I stopped to give my  
load a bit of a hitch, I fancied I heard  
sounds behind us, and that worried me so  
that at last, without saying a word to my  
mate, I stopped short suddenly, and slipped  
beside the track amongst some bushes,  
leaving those two to go steadily on, which  
they did, without noticing me, while I hop-  
ed to be able to over take them afterwards.  
I found I was right: for I had not been  
waiting and holding myself in readiness  
more than three minutes before I heard  
some one coming daintly along on tiptoe,  
evidently tracking us step by step.  
As far as I could make out there was  
only one, but the darkness amongst the  
trees was so great that I could hardly make  
out the shape of a man.  
I was ready for him though, with my cut-  
lass out, and giving it a swing upwards, I  
brought the blunt back of the blade against  
his head a tremendous crack.  
'Now, p'raps you'll go your way and let  
us go ours,' I said, as with a cry of surprise  
and alarm, the Indian gave a tremendous

bound, and dashed off among the trees.  
'That'll settle him for a bit,' I said to  
myself, as I trudged on, and after nearly  
looking my way, came upon Bill and the  
Indian girl waiting.  
'What was that noise?' said Bill eagerly.  
'Only some kind of a wild cat tracking  
us,' I said, 'and I let him have my hanger.'  
Bill gave me a double sort of a look, but  
as I said no more, he turned and went on,  
and in course of time we came out upon the  
sands once more where the sea gently rip-  
pled in, and rolled over all golden with  
phosphorescence.  
There lay the hulk though, quite black,  
and without a sign of the dim light we had  
seen the night before.  
'There, Jack,' Bill said, as the little  
maiden crouched down under the shelter of  
a bush; 'there's a good sign. Now, my  
lad, ax, spade, and a little activity, and  
we'll soon see whether the old fellow is  
worth powder and shot. Bring the lan-  
thorn.'  
I took a firm grip at my courage, and  
hailed him home as laying down such things  
as I did not want, I lit the lanthorn, shut  
up the horn door closely, and then hanging  
it to my neck by a land yard, took spade  
and ax in hand, followed Bill to the hulk,  
and climbed up after him, till we stood once  
more on the ragged edge of the hulk, level  
with the deck.  
'Give me the lanthorn, lad,' said Bill,  
and I gave it to him, when, to show me a  
good example, he leaped boldly on to the  
dried wood close by the long cannon, and  
called on me to follow.  
'There, my lad,' he said, laughing;  
'There's nothing to be afraid of, and we  
are not a pair of girls to be frightened at  
shadows. Give me that spade.'  
As he said there was nothing to be afraid  
of, as far as I could see, but the darkness  
while the lanthorn, from where he had set  
it down, threw a dim, yellow glow on the  
place where Bill was going to dig.  
The next minute, he had driven the shov-  
el down into the sand and powdering wood,  
and thrown a shovelful aside; then another  
and another.  
'We shall soon get to something, lad,' he  
said, encouragingly, 'and the people are too  
much afraid of this place to come and inter-  
fere with it after we're gone. What's that?'  
He had started, and so did I, for at that  
moment the lanthorn fell over on its side,  
rolled away, flickering a moment, and went  
out.  
'You must have caught it with the edge  
of the shovel,' I said 'with my mouth feeling  
all dry, for I didn't believe he had.  
'I suppose I did,' he said in a strange  
voice; 'but it don't matter, for there's light  
enough, and he went on digging away.'  
He was quite right, though my hair seemed  
to be stirred by a cold hand as I saw what  
I did; for, as he now fiercely drove in the  
spade, at every stroke there was a pale  
bluish light seemed to come out of the sand  
and spread and spread till there was a faint  
glow shining up, so that I could see the shov-  
el quite plain, and Bill's figure as he stooped.  
'Only phosphorus, out of dead rotten  
wood and bones, Jack,' he said, in a hoarse  
sort of voice; and he went on digging away  
till I heard the blade of the shovel giving a  
sharp jar, as if it had hit upon a piece of  
iron.  
'Now, Jack,' he said, as the shovel rat-  
tled once more, and stooping down, he  
thrust his hand into the hole he had made,  
where the light was so strong that I could  
see them quite plainly, and that he caught  
up in them a double handful of shining gold  
pieces, nearly as big as crowns, but mixed  
up with sand and bits of rotten wood.  
'Go'd!' I said, speaking now as hoarse-  
ly as he.  
'Yes, lad, gold! I've just cut through  
the side of a rotten keg. Look!' he said,  
chopping with the shovel, 'there's the hoops  
and down below here, and on the other side  
are any quantity. Look!'  
He drew his cutlass as he spoke, and  
he thrust it down here and there, for it to  
jar and stop almost directly as if hitting  
something hard like metal.  
But I hardly noticed this, though I seem-  
ed to take it in at the same glance; for as  
Bill was doing this, I could see that he was  
working like in the middle of the black-look-  
ing Spaniard, who was just lowering down  
the keg as I had seen done when the deck  
was perfect. Worse still, just over me—  
for my head was about on a level with where  
the deck used to be—there was the Spanish  
Don sitting nursing his sword and twisting  
his pointed mustaches as he looked right  
full in my eyes with the most horribe stare  
I ever saw.  
All round, too, sitting and standing about  
were the Spanish crew, in the midst of the

pale glow, which had now grown  
bright, and I could see that every one  
his eyes fixed on me in the same ter-  
stare as their leader.  
I tried to call to my mate, but my ton-  
stuck to the roof of my mouth, and I co-  
not move hand or foot, while, to my hor-  
there was Bill still mixed up like with  
great Spaniard, digging through him  
passing the shovel through his back or  
at every stroke.  
All at once he stood straight up, and I  
now that he must see all that I did; but  
terrible cry from the sands made him d-  
the shovel and bound to the side.  
'Here, quick, Jack, help!' he shouted,  
he flung himself down from the ship, fall-  
heavily on the sand, while I, in a stran-  
heavy way, as if my legs were of lead, dr-  
ged myself after him.  
I don't know how I got down from the  
horrible hulk, only that I half rolled  
fell, and then gathered myself up, stagger-  
after Bill to the tree where we had left  
little Indian girl, and where it seemed  
me a struggle was going on.  
I heard a wild cry, and what sound  
like a blow and smothered groan. I seem-  
to see a thousand stars, as I was dash-  
down on the sands, where in a confus-  
dim way, I seemed to hear cries and shri-  
and then all was blank.  
When I came to, it was to find Bill leavi-  
over me, with his face all out and blood-  
and he was splashing water out of his ea-  
upon my face.  
I struggled to my feet to find it w-  
broad day light, with the sun shining fu-  
upon us.  
'Where's—'  
I didn't finish what I was going to say  
for I had felt what had happened—that  
Indian had followed us up, and, after cut-  
ting us down, carried of the girl, and Bill  
my poor mate, cut me short by pointing  
the woods.  
'Back to the ship,' he said faintly; an-  
getting his arm under mine, after one shu-  
dering look at the hulk, I helped him alon-  
drooping more and more after the first mi-  
through the woods.  
Then he lay down and rested, and I found  
that the Indian had passed the knife righ-  
through the poor fellow's chest, leaving ter-  
ugly wounds, that I was obliged to plug  
keep the life in him.  
'Let's get away—farther away, Jack,' I  
whispered, and we struggled on again, a b-  
at a time, till we reached the spring, where  
I laid him down on the leaves, and bathe  
his face and made him drink out of a b-  
leaf.  
That revived him for a bit; but I coul-  
see a change in his face that told me what  
was coming.  
'Jack,' he said at last, 'come back som-  
day, and get the gold. I leave it all to yo-  
and if you see my poor girl again, tell he-  
I loved her very true, and she should hav-  
been my wife.'  
I didn't make him any promise, for  
sooner had he said that than he gave a fair-  
kind of a sigh, and it was all over, leav-  
me crying like a great child—for Bill he-  
been a good mate to me, and I felt lost alon-  
like in the world.  
I covered the poor old fellow over with  
leaves and branches as soon as I could pu-  
myself together, and then trudged back  
to the ship, and told the skipper, saying it  
was a case of jealousy, for I had no mind to  
mention the hulk.  
The skipper was in a fine way; but I  
sent off a party of men with me, and a han-  
mock, and we brought poor Bill on board  
where he had the regular sailor's burial from  
a boat rowed out into the bay.  
The next day there was a fine trouble  
for the skipper threatened to burn the vi-  
lage if the man who killed Bill was not hunt-  
and this roused the Indians, who came down  
to fight, and the ship had to be unmoored  
and we set sail in haste, with not quite  
full cargo, though enough to give plenty  
profit to the owners.  
That was in '42, and I've never been rig-  
the place since for it's always seemed to me  
as the Spanish Dons kept watch over the  
gold; and though, as shadows, they could  
of themselves do any harm to a living soul,  
yet they could work on the feelings of other  
and that's how my poor mate came to his end.  
Of course I should have liked to have the  
fortune lying by the sea-shore; but life's  
better than gold, and it has always seemed  
to me that death was to be the share of him  
who went and meddled with the Haunted  
Hulk.  
THE END.  
MINDEN.—SUICIDE.—A man named Alex-  
ander Graham, a tinsmith by trade, cut his  
throat Saturday night or early Sunday  
morning he was found on the floor quite  
dead with the razor still in his hand. He  
had made several frightful gashes in his  
neck. Deceased was a steady drinker, and  
seemed very unsettled on Saturday. He  
was about thirty-five years old. Nothing is  
known of the whereabouts of his friends or  
relatives.  
AGAIN POSTPONED.—The suit to quash the  
sidelaw by-law, as also the one to quash the  
by-law incorporating the village of Canning-  
ton, were both before the Court on Tuesday  
last, and were again postponed for a week.