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WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1880.

Business Cards.

MONEY TO LOAN THE CANADA PERMANENT LOAN and SAVINGS COMPANY

Makes Loans on the Sinking Fund system from two to twenty years, or on a straight Loan with interest from eight to nine per cent. with the privilege of repaying the principal any time after one year. If you want money to buy more land, to pay off a mortgage or other debts, we would advise you to see the reduced terms of the Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company, which has made more loans to farmers for the last twenty-four years than any other. You can get any time you want to repay, up to 20 years. The full amount of the loan is advanced, no deduction being made for commission, payments in advance or expenses. Yearly Instalments required to repay a Loan of \$1,000 in the following periods:—5 years, \$253.80; 10 years, \$152.40; 15 years, \$120.40; 20 years, \$105.70.

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WILL form a class for instruction in Piano and Organ playing in Woodville. Being a teacher of fifteen years experience and success, Mrs. Pringle is fully qualified to give instruction.

TERMS—For a test term (if a class of 10 is formed) \$4 for 20 lessons.

Pupils wishing to join the class can leave their names at THE ADVOCATE OFFICE.

Good references furnished if required, from Uxbridge, Sunderland, Cannington, Saintfield, and other places. 149-3m

MONEY FOR AGENTS AND SALESMEN. New and Staple Goods. Quick Sales! Large Profits! Steady Demand! Don't miss this opportunity to make money but send at once for circulars. HUNT & CO., 29 Ann St., N. Y.

"Was He Guilty?"

JESSIE GRAHAM, A STORY OF LOVE AND PRIDE.

Continued.

"I can make her mind, I'll bet," he thought, and advancing toward her, he said sternly: "Jessie! but a more decided stamp of the foot was her only answer, and seizing her arm, he shook her violently, while he said more sternly than before: "Stop, instantly!" Like coals of fire the black eyes flashed up into his, meeting a look so firm and decided that they quailed beneath the glance. Jessie had met her master, and after a few hysterical sobs, she became as gentle as a lamb, nestling so close to Walter, who had seated himself upon the chintz-covered lounge, that he involuntarily wound his arm around her, as if to make amends for his recent harshness. Jessie was as affectionate and warm-hearted as she was high-tempered and rebellious. Her tears were like April showers, and before Walter had been with her one half hour, all traces of the storm had disappeared, and in her own way she was cultivating his acquaintance, and occasionally inflicting upon him a pang by criticising some of his modes of speech. Particularly was she shocked at his favorite expression, "Darn it!" and looking wonderingly into his face, she said: "You mustn't use such naughty words. Nobody but vulgar folks do that!"

Walter colored painfully, and that night, in the little diary which he kept, he wrote: "Resolved to break myself of using the word 'darn' not because a pert city miss wishes it, but because—"

He didn't know quite what reason to assign, so he left the sentence to be finished at some future time.

In less than three weeks Jessie was the pet of the household, not even excepting Walter, whose prejudices gradually gave way, and who at last admitted that she would be "a niceish kind of a little girl, if she wasn't so awful spunky."

To no one of the family did Jessie take so kindly as to him. He had been the first to conquer her, and she clung to him with a childish, trusting love, whose influence he could not resist. Naturally full of life and fond of exercise, she was his constant companion in the fields and in the woods, where, fearless of complexion or dress, she gathered the rich buttercups, or sought among the yellow leaves for the brown chestnuts which the hoar frost had cast from their prickly covering. She liked the country, she said, and when her grandmother wrote, as she often did, begging her to come back, if only for a week, she absolutely refused to go, bidding Walter, who was her amanuensis, say that she liked staying where she was, and never meant to live in the city again.

To Walter she was of inestimable advantage, for she cured him of more than one bad habit, both of word and manner, and though he, perhaps, would not have acknowledged it, he was very careful not to offend her ladyship by a repetition of the offence, until at last his schoolmates more than once called him stuck-up and proud, while even Ellen thought him changed.

And thus the autumn passed away, and the breath of winter was cold and keen upon the New England hills, while the grim old mountain frowned gloomily down upon the pond, or tiny lake, whose surface was covered over with a coat of polished glass, tempting the skaters far and near, and bringing to its banks one day Walter and Jessie Graham. It was in vain that Mrs. Howland and Aunt Debby both urged upon the latter the propriety of remaining at home and knitting on the deacon's socks just as gentle, as domestic Ellen did. Jessie was not to be persuaded, and, wrapped in her warm fur cape and mittens, she went with Walter to the pond, receiving many a heavy fall upon the ice, but always saying it was no matter, particularly if Walter were within hearing. The surest way to win his favor, she knew, was to be brave and fearless, and when, as the bright afternoon drew to its close, some boy, more mischievous than the rest, caught off Walter's cap and sent it flying toward the southern boundary of the pond, she darted after it, unmindful of the many voices raised to stay the rash adventure. "Stop, Jessie! stop! The deep hole lies there!" was shouted after her. But she did not hear; she thought only of Walter's com-

mendation when she returned him his cap, and she kept on her way, while Walter, with blanched cheek, looked anxiously after her, involuntarily shutting his eyes as the dreadful cry rose upon the air: "She's gone! she's gone!"

When he opened them again the space where he had seen her last, with her bright face turned toward him, was vacant, and the cold, black waters were breaking angrily over the spot where she had stood. Walter thought himself dying, and almost hoped he was, for the world would be very dreary with no little Jessie in it; then as he caught sight of the crimson lining to Jessie's cape fluttering above the ice, and thought of her father's trust in him, he cried, "I'll save her, or perish too!" and rushed on to the rescue.

There was a fierce struggle in the water, and the ice was broken up for many yards around, and then, just as those who stood upon the shore, breathlessly awaiting the result, were beginning to despair, the noble boy fell fainting in their midst, his arms clasped convulsively around Jessie, whose short black curls and dripping garments clung tightly to her face and form. Half an hour later and Deacon Marshall, smoking by his kitchen fire, looked from the western window, and, starting to his feet, exclaimed: "Who are all those people coming this way, and what do they carry with them? It's Walter,—it's Walter!" he cried, as the setting sun shone on the white face, and hurrying out he asked, huskily, "Is my boy dead?"

"No, not dead," answered one of the group, "his heart is beating yet but she—" and he pointed to little Jessie, whom a strong man carried in his arms.

But Jessie was not dead, although for a long time they thought she was, and Walter, who had recovered from his fainting fit, was not ashamed to cry as he looked upon the still white face and wished he had never been harsh to the little girl, or shaken her so hard on that first day of her arrival at Deerwood. Slowly, as one wakes from a heavy slumber, Jessie came back to life, and the first words she uttered were: "Tell Walter I did get his cap, but somebody took it from me and hurt my hand so bad, an I she held up the tiny thing on which was a deep cut made by the sharp pointed ice."

"Yes, darling, I know it," Walter whispered, and when no one saw him he pressed his lips to the wounded hand.

This was a good deal for Walter to do. Never had he called anyone darling before, never kissed even his blue-eyed cousin Ellen, but the first taste inspired him with a desire for more, and he wondered at himself for having refrained so long.

"Will she live?" he asked eagerly of the physician, who replied: "There is now no reason why she should not," and Walter hastened away to his room, where, unobserved, he could weep out his great joy.

Gradually, as the days went by, Jessie comprehended what Walter had done for her, and her first impulse was that some one should write to her father,—somebody who would say just what she told them to, and as Aunt Debby was the most likely to do this, the poor old lady was pressed into the service, groaning and sweating over the task. "And now pa," Aunt Debby wrote, after telling of the accident, "Walter must be paid, and I'll tell you how to pay him. I heard him one night talking with his grandpa about going to school and college, and his grandpa said he couldn't, they were not worth enough in the whole world for that. Then Walter said he should never know anything, and cried so hard that I was just going to cry too, when I fell asleep and forgot it. You are rich, I know, for one of ma's rings cost five hundred dollars, and her shawl a thousand, and I want you to send me money enough for Walter to go to college. It will take a lot, I guess, for I heard him say he'd only studied the things they learned in district schools; but you have got enough. Let me give it to him with my own hands, because he saved me with his, will you, father? Walter is the nicest kind of a boy." The letter was sent, and in course of time there came a response with a draft for two thousand dollars, the whole to be used for the noble lad who had saved the life of the father's only child. Wild with delight Jessie listened, while Aunt Debby, the only one in the secret, spelled out the words, then seizing the draft, she hastened out in quest of Walter, whom she found in the barn, milking the speckled cow. Running up to him she cried: "It's come,—the money! You're going to school,—to college, and to be a great big man like father. Here it is," and thrusting

the paper into his hand she crouched so near to him that the milk pail was upset, and the white drops splattered her jet black hair.

At first Walter could not understand it, but Jessie managed to explain how she asked her father for money to pay for his education.

"Because," she said, "if it hadn't been for you I should have been a little dead girl now, and the boys, next winter, would have skated right over me lying there on the bottom of the pond."

Walter's first emotion was one of joy in having within his reach what he had so greatly desired, but considered impossible. Then there arose a feeling of unwillingness to receive his education from Mr. Graham, to whom they were already indebted. It seemed too much like charity, and that he could not endure. Still he did not say to Jessie,—he would wait, he thought, until he had talked with his grandfather. Greatly surprised, Deacon Marshall listened to the story, saying, when it was finished: "You'll accept it, of course."

"No, I shan't," returned Walter. "We owe Mr. Graham now more than we can ever pay, and I would rather work all my life on the old homestead than be dependent on his bounty. You may send it back to your father," he added, giving the draft to Jessie. "Tell him I thank him, but I can't accept his favor."

"Oh, Walter!" and climbing into a chair, for Walter was standing up, Jessie wound her arms around his neck and poured forth a torrent of entreaties which led him finally to waver, and at last to decide upon accepting it, provided Mr. Graham would allow him to pay it back as soon as he was able.

To this Mr. Graham, who was immediately written to upon the subject, assented, for he readily understood the feeling of pride which had prompted the suggestion.

"I do not respect you less," he wrote to Walter in reply "for wishing to take care of yourself, and the time may come when the money so cheerfully loaned to you now will be sorely needed by me and mine. Until then, give yourself no trouble about it, but devote all your energies to the acquirement of an education. Were my advice asked in reference to a college, I should tell you Yale, but you must do as you think best. I shall need a partner by-and-by, perhaps, and nothing could please me more than to see the names of Graham and Marshall associated together in business again. God bless you father, wherever he may be."

This letter touched the right chord, and often in his sleep Walter saw the sign whose yellow letters read "Graham & Marshall," and the junior partner of this firm sometimes was himself, but oftener a mid-faced man wearing the sad, weary look he always saw in dreams upon his father's face. The day would come, too, he said, when the honor of the Marshall name would be redeemed, and he looked eagerly forward to the time when he was to enter as a student the Wilbraham Academy, where it was decided that he should fit himself for college.

Very delightful was the bustle and confusion attendant upon the preparations in the deacon's household, the entire family entering into the excitement with a zest which told how much the boy was beloved. Every one wished to do something for him, even to little Jessie, who having never been taught to do a really useful thing until she came to Deerwood, worked perseveringly but with small hope of success, upon a pair of socks like those which Ellen had knit for the deacon the winter before. But alas for Jessie! Knitting was not her forte, and Walter himself could not forbear a smile at the queer-looking thing which grew but slowly in her hands. At last, in despair she gave it up, and one night, when no one was near, threw it in the fire.

"I must give him something for a keepsake," she thought, and remembering that she had sometimes smoothed her hair as if she had liked it, she seized the shears, and cutting from her head the longest, handsome curl, gave it to him with the explanation that "her father had taken a lock of her hair when he went away, and perhaps he would like one too."

Affecting an indifference he did not let Walter laughingly accepted a gift which future years would be very dear to him, in guise of the fair donor.

The bright April morning came at last which Walter left his home, and with tearful eyes the family watched him out of sight, and then, with saddened hearts, went to their usual employments, feeling that sunshine of the "nose had gone with stirring, active boy, who, in one corner of the noisy car, was winking hard and cutting the fence posts as they ran swiftly past to keep himself from crying. Anon feeling left him, and with the hopefulness of youth he looked eagerly into the future, catching occasional glimpses of the which would surely come to him when names of Graham and Marshall would be associated together again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If the storm of adversity whistles are you, whistle as bravely yourself; part the two whistles may make melody. If feel an indisposition to exertion, weak or pain in the back, etc., or are afflicted with any affection of the secretory organs, Victoria Buchu and Uva Ursi. It imparts the digestive powers and strengthens weakened and debilitated secretory organs. For sale by all dealers, \$1 per bottle.