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J. CLIFFORD, Proprietor.

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WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1880.

Business Cards.

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**THE CANADA PERMANENT
LOAN and SAVINGS
COMPANY**

Makes Loans on the Sinking Fund system
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Loan with interest from eight to nine per
cent. with the privilege of repaying the prin-
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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 Com-
pany, 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,
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Land Sales attended. Notes furnished
free. Orders left at the Advocate Office
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of the best manufacture. Also agent for
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HENRY EDWARDS is prepared to supply
LIVERY RIGS at any time and on
the shortest notice. Special attention
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always moderate. TERMS CASH. Stables
in connection with the Eldon House.

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D. POWELL,

Is prepared to do

HAIR-DRESSING,
SHAVING,
SHAMPOOING,
DYING, &c.
&c. &c.

In the latest styles, at the "Parlor" oppo-
site the Northern Hotel, Woodville.

PETER CLIFFORD

CARTER &c. Carting done to and from
the Railway Station and throughout the
Village at Moderate rates.
Express parcels carefully attended to.

MUSIC CLASS!

MRS. EDWIN PRINGLE

Will form a class for instruction in
Piano and Organ playing in Wood-
ville. Being a teacher of fifteen years ex-
perience 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
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**MONEY FOR AGENTS AND
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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., 20 Ann St.,
N. Y.

Poetry.

**"STONE THE WOMAN—LET THE
MAN GO FREE."**

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free!
Draw back your skirts, lest they perchance
may touch

Her garment as she passes: but to him
Put forth a willing hand to clasp with his
That led her to destruction and disgrace.
Shut up from her the sacred ways of toil,
That she no more may win an honest meal;
But open to him all honourable paths,
Where he may win distinction. Give to him
Fair, pressed-down measures of life's sweet-
est joys.

Pass her, O maiden, with a pure proud face,
If she puts out a poor polluted palm;
But lay thy hand in his on bridal day,
And swear to cling to him with wifely love
And tender reverence. Trust him who led
A sister woman to a fearful fate.

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free!
Let one soul suffer for the guilt of two—
It is the doctrine of a hurried world,
Too out of breath for holding balances
Where nice distinctions and injustices
Are calmly weighed! But, ah! how will it be
On that strange day of final fire and flame
When men shall wither with a mystic fear,
And all shall stand before the one true Judge?
Shall sex make there a difference in sin?
Shall He, the searcher of the hidden heart,
In His eternal and divine decree
Condemn the woman and forgive the man?

"Was He Guilty?"

JESSIE GRAHAM,

A STORY OF LOVE AND PRIDE.

Continued.

'I would rather not,' returned William,
at the same time hinting that it was some-
thing she ought to hear. 'If your father
had good reason for keeping it from you, so
have I. Suffice it to know that it killed his
young wife, my father's sister, and that our
family since have scarcely recognized Walter
as belonging to us. It wasn't any fault of
mine,' he continued, as he saw the flash of
Jessie's eyes, and readily divined that she
did not wish to have Walter slighted. 'I
cannot help it. Our family are very proud,
my grandmother particularly; and when my
aunt married a poor ignorant country youth,
it was natural that she should feel it, and
when the disgrace came it was ten times
worse. There is such a thing as marrying
far beneath one's station, and you can im-
agine my grandmother's feelings by fancy-
ing what your own father's would be if you
were to throw yourself away upon—well, upon
this Walter, who may be well enough him-
self, but who can never hope to wipe out
the stain upon his name,' and William look-
ed at her sideways, to see the effect of what
he had said.

Jessie Graham was easily influenced, and
she attached far more importance to Wil-
liam's words than she would have done had
she known his real design; so when he spoke
of her marrying Walter as a preposterous
and impossible event, she accepted it as
such and wondered why her heart should
throb so painfully or why she should feel as
if something had been wrested from her,—
something which, all unknown to herself had
made her life so happy. She had taken her
first lesson in distrust, and the poison was
working well.

For a long time they sat there among the
pines, not talking of Walter, but of the city
and the wondrous sights which Will had
seen in his foreign travels. There was some-
thing very soothing to Jessie in William's
manner, so different from that which Walter
assumed toward her. Like most young
girls she was fond of flattery, and Walter
had more than once offended her by his
straightforward way of telling her faults—
William, on the contrary, sang her praises
only; and, while listening to him, she won-
dered she had never thought before how
agreeable he was. He saw the impression
he was making, and when at last the sun
was near the western horizon, she arose to
go, proposing that they should take the
Marshall grave-yard in their route, he as-
ented, for this, he knew, would keep him
longer with her alone.

'Your aunt is buried here,' Jessie said,
as they drew near to the fence which sur-
rounded the home of the dead; 'that is
hers,' as she pointed to the monument
gleaming in the sunlight.

'Do you bury your bodies above the
ground?' asked William, directing her at-
tention to the flatter of a blue morn-
ing dress, plainly visible beyond the taller
stones.

'Why, that is Ellen!' cried Jessie, hur-
rying on until she reached the gate, where
she stopped suddenly, and beckoned her
companion to approach as noiselessly as pos-
sible.

Ellen also had come that way, and seating
herself by her grandmother's grave, had
fallen asleep, and like some rare piece of
sculpture, she lay among the tall, rank grass
—so near to a rose tree that one of the fading
blossoms had dropped its leaves upon
her face.

'Isn't she beautiful?' Jessie said to her
companion, who replied; 'Yes wonderfully
beautiful,' so loud that the fair sleeper
awoke and started up.

'I was so tired,' she said, 'that I sat
down and must have gone to sleep, for I
dreamed that I was dead, and that the man
who came to us in the pines dug my grave.
Where is he Jessie?'

'I am here,' said William coming for-
ward, 'and believe me, my dear Miss
Howland, I would dig the grave of almost
any one sooner than your own. Allow me
to assist you,' and he offered her his hand.

Ellen was really very weak, and when he
saw how pale she was he made her lean
upon him as they walked down the hillside
to the house. And once when Jessie was
tripping on before, he slightly pressed the
little blue-veined hand trembling on his arm,
while in a very tender voice he asked if she
felt better. Ellen Howland was wholly unac-
customed to the world, and had grown up
to womanhood as ignorant of flattery and
deceit as the veriest child. Pure and in-
nocent herself, she did not dream of treachery
in others. Walter to her was a fair type of
all mankind, and she could not begin to
fathom the heart of the man who walked
beside her, touching her hand more than
once before they reached the farm-house
door.

They found the supper table neatly spread
for five, and though William's intention was
to spend the night at the village hotel, he
accepted Mrs. Howland's invitation to stay
to tea, making himself so much at home,
and chatting with all so familiarly, that
Aunt Debby pronounced him a clever chap,
while Mrs. Howland wondered why people
should say Bellengers of Boston were proud
and overbearing. It was late that night
when William left them, for there was
something very attractive in the blue of
Ellen's eyes, and the shining black of Jes-
sie's, and when at last he left them, and
was alone with himself and the moonlight,
he was conscious that there had come to him
that day the first selfish, manly impulse
he had known for years. He had mingled
much with fashionable ladies. None knew
how artificial they were better than himself,
and he had come at last to believe that there
was not among them a single noble-hearted
woman. Jessie Graham might be an ex-
ception, but even she was tainted with city
atmosphere. Her father's purse, however,
would make amends for any faults she might
possess, and he must win the purse at all
hazards; but while doing that did not think
it wrong to pay the tribute of admiration to
the golden-haired Ellen, whose modest, re-
fined beauty had impressed him so much,
and whose artless, childlike manner had
affected him more than he supposed. 'Lit-
Snow-Drop' he called her to himself, and
sitting alone in his chamber at the hotel, he
blessed the happy chance which had thrown
her in his way.

'It is like the refreshing shower to the
parched earth,' he said, and he thought
what happiness it would be to study that
pure girl, to see if, far down in the depths
of her heart, there were not the germs of
vanity and deceit, or better yet, if there
were not something in her nature which
would sometime respond to him. He did
not think of the harm he might do her.
He did not care, in fact, even though he
won her love only to cast it from him as a
useless thing. Country girls like her were
only made for men like him to play with.
No wonder then if in her dreams that night
Ellen moaned with fear of the beautiful ser-
pent which seemed winding itself fold on
fold about her.

Jessie, too, had troubled dreams of felon's
cells, of clanking chains, and even of a gal-
lows, with Walter standing underneath be-
seaching her to come and share the shame
with him. Truly the serpent had entered
this Eden and left its poisonous trail.

For nearly a week William staid in town,
and the village maidens often looked after
him as he drove his fast horses, sometimes
with Jessie at his side, and sometimes with
Ellen, but never with them both for the
words he breathed into the ear of one were
not intended for the other. Drop by drop
was he infusing into Jessie's mind a distrust

of one whom she had heretofore considered
the soul of integrity and honor. Not open-
ly, lest she should suspect his motive, but cov-
ertly, cautiously, always apparently seeking
an excuse for anything the young man might
hereafter do, and succeeded at last in making
Jessie thoroughly uncomfortable, though
why she could not tell. She did not blame
Walter for his father's sins, but she would
much rather his name should have been
without a blemish.

Gradually the brightness of Jessie's face
gave way to a thoughtful, serious look, her
merry laugh was seldom heard, and she
would sit for hours so absorbed in her own
thoughts as not to heed the change which
the few last days had wrought in Ellen, too.
Never before had the latter seemed so hap-
py, so joyous, so full of life as now, and
Aunt Debby said the rides with Mr. Bel-
lenger upon the mountains had done her
good. William had pursued his study
faithfully, and, in doing so, had become so
much interested himself that he would have
asked Ellen to be his wife had she been rich
as she was lovely. But his bride must
be an heiress; and so, though knowing
that he could never be to Ellen Howland
other than a friend, he led her on step
by step until she saw but what he saw,
and heard but what he heard. He was not
deceiving her, he said, sometimes when con-
science reproached him for his cruelty. She
knew how widely different their stations
were; she could not expect that one whom
half the belles of Boston and New York
would willingly accept could think of mak-
ing her his wife. He was only polite to her
only giving a little variety to her monoton-
ous life. She would forget him when he was
gone. And at this point he was conscious
of an unwillingness to be forgotten.

'If we were only Mormons,' he thought, the
last night of his stay at Deerwood, when
out under the cherry trees in the garden he
talked with her alone, and saw the varying
color on her cheek, as he said, 'We may
never meet again. It were only Mormons,
I would have them both, Nellie and Jessie,
the one for her gilded setting, the other be-
cause—'

He did not finish the sentence, for he was
not willing then to acknowledge to himself
the love which really and truly was growing
in his heart for the fair girl beside him.

'But you'll surely come to us again,' Nel-
lie said. 'Jessie will be here. You'll want
to visit her,' and a tear trembled on her long
eyelashes.

'I can see Jessie in the city, and if I come
to Deerwood it will be you who brings me.
Do you wish me to come and see you, Nel-
lie?' and the dark, handsome face bent so
low that the rich brown hair rested on the
golden locks of the artless, innocent girl,
who answered, in a whisper:

'Yes, I wish you to come.'
'Then you must give me a kiss,' he said,
'as a surety of my welcome, and when the
mountains where we have been so happy to-
gether are casting their dense leaves in the
autumn, I will surely be with you again.'

The kiss was given—not one—not two—
but many, for William Bellenger was greedy,
and his lips had never touched aught so pure
and sweet before.

'I wouldn't tell Walter that I'm coming,'
he said, 'for he does not like me, I fancy,
I cannot bear to have him prejudice you
agai at me. I wouldn't tell my mother
either, or any one—'

'Not Jessie?' Ellen asked, for she had a
kind of natural pride in wishing her friend
to know that she, who never aspired to no-
tice of any kind, had succeeded in pleasing
the fastidious William Bellenger.

'No, not Jessie,' he said, 'because,—well,
because you better not,' and knowing well
his power over the timid girl he felt sure
that his wishes would be regarded, and with
another good-by he left her.

He had hoped that Jessie would be in-
duced to accompany him to New York, and
as there was a secret understanding between
himself and Mrs. Bartow, the old lady had
written, entreating her granddaughter to
return with William.

'You have staid in the country long
enough,' she wrote, 'and I dare say you are
as sunburnt and freckled as you can be, so
pray come home. Everybody is gone, I
know, and New York is just like Sunday,
while I stay like a guilty thing in the rear
of the house, to make folks think I'm off to
some watering place. I wouldn't for the
world let old Mrs. Reeves know that I have
been cooped up here the blessed summer.
It's all owing to your obstinacy, too, and I
think you ought to come back and entertain
me. Mr. Bellenger will attend to you; and
you couldn't ask for a more desirable com-
panion. Old Mrs. Reeves says he is the
most eligible match in the city, his family
are so aristocratic. There isn't a single me-
chanic or working person in the whole line,
for she spent an entire season in tracing
back their ancestry, finding but one blot,
and that an unfortunate marriage of a Miss
Ellen Bellenger with some ignorant country
loafer she met at a boarding-school, and who
she says was hung, or sent to State prison,
I forgot which. I am sorry she discovered
this last, as in case you cut out Charlotte,
and of course you will, it will be like the
spiteful old wretch to blazon it abroad,
though William ain't to blame, of course.'

To be continued.