

SUBSCRIPTION—One Dollar per year, Strictly
in Advance.
ADVERTISING—Yearly Advertisements paid
quarterly; Transient Advertisements,
when ordered.

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-
ling public.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, WOODVILLE,
R. McRAE, Proprietor.

This commodious hotel has been entirely
refitted, and is now finished in the most
modern and improved style. Good Sample
Rooms. Convenient Family Suites. Keep
none but best brands of Liquors and Cigars.
Travellers and Visitors will find everything
convenient. A Billiard Room in connection.
Good Stabling and attentive Hostler.
Terms moderate.

NORTHERN HOTEL, Woodville,
BENJAMIN SCAMMON, Proprietor.

This House is situate in the centre of the
business portion of the Village, and has re-
cently been refitted and refurbished, 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.

JUNCTION HOTEL, Lorneville.

DONALD McINTYRE, Proprietor.

This first-class hotel is situated at the
Junction of the Midland and Toronto &
Nipissing Railways, and is noted for its
superior accommodation for the travelling
public. The bar is always supplied with the
best brands of liquors and cigars. Good
stables and hostler. 145

Professional Cards.

GEORGE WILLIS MILLAR,
Clerk 1st and 7th Division Courts County
Victoria. Secretary 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.

MARTIN & HOPKINS,
BARRISTERS SOLICITORS &C.

Money to Loan at 8 per cent.

OFFICES—Kent Street, Lindsay, Ontario.
F. S. MARTIN. G. H. HOPKINS.

NEELANDS & PENTLAND, 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.

A. NEELANDS, L.D.S. | JOS. PENTLAND, L.D.S.

J. MCKAY, M.D., L. R. C. P. and
L. R. C. S., EDINBURGH.

GYNAECOLOGY—(Diseases peculiar to
Women) practiced in Hospitals exclusively
devoted to Diseases of Women in London
and Edinburgh made A SPECIALTY.

AT PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND
ACCOUCHEUR.

Office—King-st., Woodville. 106

Business Cards.

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.

J. S. LEEDHAM,

WATCHMAKER & PHOTOGRAPHER.

ONE DOOR WEST OF NORTHERN HOTEL

WOODVILLE, ONTARIO.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (free) the recipe for a simple
VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN,
FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES;
leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful;
also instructions for producing a luxuriant
growth of hair on a bald head or smooth
face. Address, inclosing 3c. stamp, Ben.
Vandell & Co., 20 Ann St., N. Y.

ERRORS OF YOUTH

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years
from NERVOUS DEBILITY, PREMATURE
DECAY, and all the effects of youthful in-
discretion, will for the sake of suffering hu-
manity, send free to all who need it, the
recipe and direction for making the simple
remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers
wishing to profit by the advertiser's experi-
ence can do so by addressing in perfect con-
fidence,
JOHN B. ODGEN, 42 Cedar St., N. Y.

THE ADVOCATE.

VOL. IV.

"Pro Bono Publico."

No. 171

WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 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 prin-
cipal 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 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,
\$120.40; 20 years, \$105.70.

J. C. GILCHRIST,
APPRAISER, Woodville.

Also Insurance Agent and agent for News-
papers and Magazines, &c.

ARCH. CAMPBELL,
COUNTY AUCTIONEER

OFFICE—One door east of Post Office,
WOODVILLE, ONT.

WM. LEE,
Auctioneer for the County of Victoria.

Land Sales attended. Notes furnished
free. Orders left at the Advocate Office
promptly attended to.

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

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.

**MONEY TO LOAN. IMPROVED FARMS
FOR SALE** in the townships of Carden,
Bexley and Eldon. Sole agent for the
sale of the celebrated and unrivalled

HOOSIER GRAIN DRILL,

and other farm implements manufactured
by Noxon Bros., of Ingersoll, Ont.
First-class Sewing Machines for sale.
Also agent for the sale of

PIANO-FORTES AND ORGANS,

of the best manufacture. Also agent for
Jacob's Lithogram.

WOODVILLE

LIVERY

HENRY EDWARDS is prepared to sup-
ply LIVERY RIGS at any time and on
the shortest notice. Special attention
given to Commercial Travellers. Charges
always moderate. TERMS CASH. Stables
in connection with the Eldon House.

51. **HENRY EDWARD JR.**

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.

McGimie Bros.

WOODVILLE

BUTCHER SHOP!

A. J. McCORQUODALE,

Having leased the shop and fixtures of Mr.
G. C. Smith, Butcher, customers can rely on
getting the best of Beef at all times, and
other meats in season.

TERMS CASH.

Parties having fat cattle to dispose of will
please call or leave word at my shop.

A. J. McCORQUODALE.

Poetry.

TOO MUCH OF A LADY.

When Eve in the garden was plucking the
rose
And enjoying the Egen walks shady,
I wonder if ever she turned up her nose,
And sighed, "I'm too much of a lady!
'Too much of a lady,' dear Adam, to work,
A helpmeet was made to be petted;
You keep things in order, I really must shirk,
Though the fact, dear, is deeply regretted."

To-day she has daughters whose delicate
hands
Are wholly unfitted for labor;
It almost fatigues them to flutter their fans,
When they languidly call on a neighbor;
Their mission on earth is to gossip and dream,
And live upon life's sweetest honey,
And they haven't a bother or trouble unless
Their masculine bank fails in money.

It isn't the loveliest thing to be sure,
To dabble in cooking and dishes,
But never a home was kept tidy and pure
By dainty aesthetical wishes.
I am free to confess there is something in life
More attractive than putting a stitch in,
And many a weary, industrious wife
Isn't deeply in love with her kitchen.

But duty is duty, and dirt always dirt,
And only the lazy deny it,
Crocheting is nicer than making a shirt,
But man never yet was clothed by it.
To sit in a parlor in indolent ease,
Till one grows all fragile and fady,
Or flounce through the streets silly gazers to
please,
Is being too much of a lady.

Too much of a lady to darn up her hose
Or govern her house with acumen,
Too much of a lady wherever she goes,
To ever be much of a woman!
The muscles that God made are useless to
her,

Except to be wrapped up in satin,
And as for intellect—she would prefer
A bonnet to mastering Latin.

Too much of a lady to own a grand heart,
To be a true daughter or mother,
Too much of a lady to bear the brave part
That ne'er can be borne by another.
By fashion or birth quite too fine for this
earth,
When it comes to the judgment's great
pay-day,
Though our Lord may delight in the lilies
in white,
Will he smile on "Too much of a lady?"

"Was He Guilty?"

—OR—

JESSIE GRAHAM,

A STORY OF LOVE AND PRIDE.

Continued.

'Jessie,' he exclaimed, laying his hand
gently upon her arm, 'what is the matter?'
'Nothing,' she replied, 'only I'm lone-
some and homesick, and I wish I'd gone to
New York with Mr. Bellenger.'

'Why didn't you then?' was Walter's
cool reply, and Jessie answered, angrily:
'I would if I had known what I do now.'

'And pray what do you know now?' Wal-
ter asked, in the same cold, calm tone,
which so exasperated Jessie that she replied:
'I know you hate me, and I know you
didn't write all that valedictory, and every-
thing.'

'Jessie,' Walter said sternly, 'what do
you mean about that valedictory. Come,
sit by me and tell me at once.'

In Walter's voice there was a tone which,
as a child, Jessie had been wont to obey,
and now at his command she stole timidly
to his side upon the rustic bench, and told
him all her suspicions, and the source from
which they originated.

There was a sudden flash of anger in
Walter's eye at his cousin's meanness, and
then, with a merry laugh, he said:
'And it sounded familiar to you, too, did
it? Some parts of it might, I'll admit, for
you had heard them before. Do you re-
member being at an examination in Wilbra-
ham, when I took the prize in composition,
or rather declamation? It was said then
that my essay was far beyond my years,
and I am inclined to think it was; for I
have written nothing since which pleased
me half so well. I was appointed valedict-
orian, as you know, and in preparing my
oration I selected a few of those old ideas
and embodied them in language to suit the
occasion. I am hardly willing to call it
plagiarism, stealing from myself, and I am
sure you would never have recognized it
either if Mr. Bellenger had not roused your
suspicions. Is my explanation satisfactory?'

It was perfectly so, for Jessie now re-
membered where she had heard something
like Walter's valedictory, and with her
doubts removed she became much like her-

self again, though she would not admit that
William's insinuations were mere fabrica-
tions of his own. He never heard it before,
she knew, but some of Walter's old Wil-
braham associates might have been present
and said in his hearing that it seemed fam-
iliar, and then it would be quite natural to
think so too.

Walter did not dispute her, but said:
'What else did my amiable cousin say
against me?'

Clasping her hands over her burning face,
Jessie answered faintly:

'He told me that your father had done a
horrible thing, though he didn't explain
what it was. I knew before that there was
something unpleasant, and once asked father
about it, but he wouldn't tell, and I want
so much to know. What was it, Walter?'

For a moment Walter hesitated, then
drawing Jessie nearer to him, he replied:

'It will pain me greatly to tell you that
sad story, but I would rather you should
hear it from my lips than from any other,'
and then, unmindful of the cows, which,
having waited long for their accustomed
summons, were slowly wending their way
homeward, he began the story as follows:

'You know that old stone building on the
hill near the village, and you have heard
also that it was a flourishing high school for
girls. There one pleasant summer my moth-
er came. She was spending several
months with a family who occupied what is
now that huge old ruin down by the river
side. Mother was beautiful, by the way, and
so my father thought, for every leisure mo-
ment found him at her side.'

'But wasn't she a great deal richer than
he,' Jessie asked, unconscious of the pang
her question inflicted upon her companion,
who replied:

'Yes, he was poor, while Ellen Bellenger
was rich, but she had a soul above the fool-
ish distinction the world will make be-
tween the wealthy and working class. She
loved my father, and he loved her. At
last they were engaged, and then he pro-
posed writing to her parents, as he would do
nothing dishonorable; but she begged him
not to do it, for she knew how proud they
were, and that they would take her home at
once. And so, in an unguarded moment
they went together over the line into New
York, where they were married. The Bel-
lengers, of course, were fearfully enraged,
denouncing her at once, and bidding her
never cross their threshold again. But this
only drew her nearer to her husband, who
fairly worshipped her, as did the entire
family, for she lived in the old gable-roofed
house, and was happy in that little room
which we call yours now. Father was an-
xious that she should have everything she
wanted, and it is said was sometimes very
extravagant, buying for her costly luxuries
which he could not well afford.'

'But my father,' said Jessie. 'What had
he to do with it?'

'Everything,' returned Walter, with bit-
terness. 'Old Mr. Graham had a bank in
Deerwood. Your father was cashier, while
mine was teller, and in consideration of a
large remuneration, performed a menial's
part, such as sweeping the rooms, building
the fires in winter, and of course he kept
the keys. They were great friends, Rich-
ard Graham and Seth Marshall, and people
likened them to David and Jonathan. At
last one of the large bills my father had
made came due, and on that very night the
bank was robbed of more than a thousand
dollars.'

'Oh, Walter, how could he do it?' cried
Jessie, and Walter replied:

'He didn't; He was as innocent as I,
who was then unborn. Listen while I tell
you. There was in town a dissipated, good-
natured fellow, named Heyward, who had
sometimes taught singing-school, and some-
times fiddled for country dances. No one
knew how he managed to subsist, for he
dressed well, travelled a great deal, and
was very liberal with his money, when he
had any. Still none suspected him of dis-
honesty; he did not know enough for that,
they said. Everybody liked him, and when
on that night he came to our house, appar-
ently intoxicated, and asked for a shelter,
grandfather bade him stay, and assigned him
a back room, in which was an outer door.
In the morning he was, or seemed to be,
still in a drunken sleep. Your father
brought the news of the robbery, and while
he talked he looked suspiciously at mine,
especially when my mother said innocently:

'The burglars must have tried this house,
too, for I woke in the night, and finding my
husband gone, called to him to know where
he was. Presently he came in, saying he
thought he heard a noise and got up to find
what it was.'

'When she said this Mr. Graham changed

color,
whic'
'He'
raini'
'This'
isen after
so that the s'
that hour, as th'
them. The robber'
door, while there wer'
from our door to the b'
shoes just fitted in these tr'
measured them with the wres'
looking on in a kind of torpid apath'
utterly unable to comprehend the mea-
of what he saw; but when Richard, his best
friend, whispered to him softly, 'Confess it,
Seth give up the money and it won't go so
hard against you,' the truth burst upon him
and he dropped to the ground like one
scathed by the lightning's stroke. For
hours he lay in that death-like swoon, and
when he came back to consciousness he was
guarded by the officers of the law. They
led him off in the care of a constable, he all
the time protesting his innocence, save at
intervals when he refused to speak, but sat
with a look upon his face as if bereft of reason.

'The examination came on and the upper
room, where the court was held, was crowd-
ed to overflowing, all anxious to gain a sight
of my father, though they had known him
from boyhood up. Grandpa was there, and
close behind sat or rather crouched my
wretched mother. She would not be kept
back, and with a face as bright as marble,
and hands locked firmly together, she sat to
hear the testimony. Once the counsel for
my father thought to clear him by throwing
suspicion upon Heyward, who with a most
foolish expression upon his face had declared
that he heard nothing during the night.
People would rather it had been he than
Seth Marshall, and the tide was turning in
favor of the latter when Richard Graham
was called to the stand. He was known to
be my father's dearest friend, and the audi-
ence waited breathlessly to hear what he
would say. He testified that, having been
very restless, he got up about two o'clock in
the morning, and as his window commanded
a full view of the bank, he naturally looked
in that direction. The moon was setting,
but he could still discern objects with tel-
erable distinctness, and he saw a man come
out of the bank, lock the door, put the key
in his pocket, and hurry down the street.
My father then wore a light gray coat and
cap of the same color, so did this man, and
thinking it must be he, Mr. Graham called
him by name; but if he heard he did not
stop. Mr. Graham then remembered that
the day before my father had procured some
medicine for my mother, and had forgotten
to take it home. This threw some light
upon the matter, and thinking that mother
had probably been taken suddenly ill and
my father had gone for the medicine, Mr.
Graham retired again to rest, and gave it no
further thought until the robbery was dis-
covered.

'Do you believe the man you saw leaving
the bank to have been the prisoner?' asked
the lawyer, and for an instant Mr. Graham
hesitated, for with the white stony face of
his early friend returned to his and the
supplicating eyes of the young wife fixed
upon him, how could he answer yes? But
he did, Jessie,—he did it at last. He said,
'I do,' and over the white face there passed
a look of agony which wrung a groan even
from your father's lips, while the pale young
creature not far away rocked to and fro in
her hopeless desolation.'

'Oh, Walter, Walter!' cried Jessie, 'don't
tell me any more. I see now so plain that
fair girl-wife crouching on the floor and my
father testifying against her. How could he
do it?'

Walter had asked himself that question
many a time, and his bosom had swelled
with resentment at the act; but now, when
Jessie, too, questioned the justice of the
proceeding, he answered:

'It was right I suppose,—all right.' Mr.
Graham believed that to which he testified
and when he left the stand he wound his
arms around my father's neck and said:
'God forgive me Seth, I couldn't help it.
'But he could,' said Jessie; 'he needs
have told all no knew.'

Walter made no reply to this; he mere-
ly went on with his story:

'Then the decision came. There was pro-
sufficient for the case to be presented before
the grand jury, and unless bail could be
found to the amount of one thousand dollars
my father must go to jail, there to await
trial at the county court, which would be
his next session in three weeks. When the
decision was made known, my father press-
ed his hands tightly over his heart for a mo-
ment, and then he clasped them to his eyes
as the stillness in the room was broken by
the plaintive cry:

'Save my husband, somebody. Oh, save
my darling husband!'

'The next moment my mother fell at
my feet, a crushed, lifeless thing, her hair fall-
ing down her face, and a blue, pinched look
about her lips, while my father bent over
her, his tears falling like rain upon her face.
Everybody cried, and when the question
was asked, 'Who will go the prisoner's
bail?' your father answered aloud:

'I will.'

To be continued.