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T. EDWARDS, Proprietor

First-class accommodation and attentive  
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NORTHERN HOTEL, Woodville,  
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This House is situated in the centre of the  
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MUDSPETH & BARRON,

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Office—Kent St., Lindsay.

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One of the above will be at Hamilton's  
Hotel, Seaverton, on the SECOND MON-  
DAY of each month. He will also visit  
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in his line. Now is the time to get a good  
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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  
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# THE ADVOCATE.

VOL. III.

"Pro Bono Publico."

No. 121

WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1879.

J. S. LEEDHAM,  
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Music Lessons on the Organ  
At her residence on King St., next door to  
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MONEY TO LOAN on FARM PRO-  
PERTY, for a term of years, at a rea-  
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Agent London and Canadian Loan & Agency  
Company,  
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HENRY EDWARDS is prepared to sup-  
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given to Commercial Travellers. Charges  
always moderate. TERMS CASH. Stables  
in connection with the Eldon House.

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Cure for Hard Times.

If you want money to buy more land, to  
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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-three 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.

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JNO. C. GILCHRIST.

THE

(Ottawa Agricultural

INSURANCE Co.

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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

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(LICENTIATE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS,  
AND LICENTIATE OF ROYAL COLLEGE OF  
SURGEONS.)

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

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now adopted by all the leading Surgeons of  
Europe on hand.

N. B.—Dr. McKay's varied and extensive  
experience in the Hospitals of England and  
Scotland—the four Diplomas which he holds  
from the best Colleges of the Mother Coun-  
try in addition to his Canadian Degrees  
should be a sure guarantee of his efficiency.

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ACCOCHEUR.  
Office—King-st., Woodville. 106

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at a low rate of interest and on easy terms  
of payment to suit borrowers.

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000,000.

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

The ISOLATED RISK & FARMER'S  
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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.

## Poetry.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

Cha robh inneal ciuil a  
Fhuraradh riamh fo'n ghreinn,  
Dh'altriseadh air choir gach,  
Ceol bhiodh againn fein,  
Uis-eag air gach leanan,  
Smeorach air gach geig,  
Cuthag isug-gug aic,  
Madainn chubbraich Cheit'.

Ho, mo, Mhairi laghach,  
'Stu mo Mhairi bhinn,  
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,  
'Stu mo Mhairi ghriinn,  
Ho, mo, Mhairi laghach,  
'Stu mo Mhairi bhinn,  
Mhairi bhoidheach, Iurach,  
Rugadh auns na glinn.

Tha do bhroilleach soluis  
Lan de shomas graidh;  
Uchd is gile sheallas,  
Na'n eal' air an t-samh  
Tha do mhin-shilos, fallain,  
Mar chanach a chairn;  
Muineal mar an fhaoinn  
Fo'n aodainn a's aille'.

Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha do chaille-dheud shnaighte  
Mar shneachda nan ard;  
D'anail mar an eainel;  
Beul bho'm banail failt;  
Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris,  
Min-raig, chinealt, thla,  
Mala chad gun ghruaimann,  
Gnais gheal. 's caech-fhailt ban.

Ho, mo, Mhairi, &c.

Tung ar n-uabhar barr  
Air aillean righrean mor;  
'B'iad ar leabaidh stata  
Duilleach 's bar an fhoir;  
Fluraichean an fhasaich  
'Toirt dhuinn eall a's treoir,  
A's sruthain ghlan nan ard  
A chuireadh slaint' s'gach por.

Ho, mo, Mhairi, &c.

## WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

(Continued.)

There was a little creek, up which Ben  
steered the boat; it opened into a round bay  
or harbor, capable of holding half the ships  
in the world. On either side was the land,  
not in cliffs or in hills, but in a low table-  
land. In one place a little cascade, ten or  
twenty feet high fell into the blue water,  
with a rainbow hanging over it, and in an-  
other we saw the remains of a rude log house  
built out of boat planks. To this spot we  
steered, and landed on a point of gray sand,  
up which we two men pulled the boat high  
and dry above the tide. There we disemb-  
arked our young lady. The first thing to  
do was to visit the log-house. The door had  
fallen from its rude hinges, which had been  
of leather; there had been a rough kind of  
window-shutter, which now lay on the  
ground; and the roof, which could never  
have been weather tight, was built up with  
planks, of which half a dozen had been  
blown off.

We looked inside.

On the floor lay a skeleton. Dressed in  
rough sailors' clothes, the hands in gloves,  
the feet in great boots—a skeleton. He lay  
with his head upon his arm, as if he had  
given up the ghost painlessly. Beside him  
were a chair, a rude sort of table, and a bed.  
Shelves had been rigged up in the wall of  
the house, and on these stood stores. There  
were bottles full of rum, tins of provisions,  
cases of biscuit, cases of candles—all sorts  
of things.

We stood looking in horror at this spec-  
tacle of death, which greeted us on our  
landing as if it were a bad omen.

"Dead," said Ben Croil. "Dead this  
many a day; and no ship touched here all  
the time. Well, he's left this house to us  
Mr. Warnford; we must bury him some-  
how."

"And are we to live here—here—in the  
same house?" cried Helen. "Oh, it will be  
like living in a charnel-house."

So it would; but what were we to do?

Finally we hit on a compromise. We  
would take down the frame work, when we  
had buried the skeleton, and rebuild the  
house further off. We looked in the dead  
man's pockets—there was not a scrap of  
paper to identify him by, not any morsel  
of writing anywhere, to show who he was  
and what had been his history.

Ben Croil took the boots, the overcoat,  
and the gloves, as well as the watch, and a  
purse containing some English money.

Then we dug, with the aid of a two inch  
board, a grave in the sand, and laid the  
poor bones to rest until the Last Day.

When we came back from our dreary job  
we found that Miss Elwood had been weep-  
ing, at least the tears stood in her eyes;  
but she brushed them away and made her-  
self helpful, renning backward and forward

to the boat and bringing up everything that  
she could carry.

Our house was not finished for several  
days; but we made a tent for her and slept  
in front of it ourselves, so that no harm  
might come to her except over our own  
bodies. In the daytime we were busy  
building. We found a bag of tools, part of  
the bequest of our poor Robinson Crusoe,  
which came in handy, as you may believe;  
and on the fourth day we had as neat a  
house, twelve feet high, and in the inside  
fifteen by ten, as you could expect to find.

There was but one room; but we made two  
at night by a curtain made out of a boat  
sail. And when the house was finished, we  
sat down and asked ourselves, "What next?"

Miss Elwood, while we were building, ex-  
plored the whole island. There was not  
much to explore. It was, as near as we  
could make out, a mile long by half a mile  
broad. There were two springs in it, one  
of which formed the little stream which  
poured its water into the bay where we  
landed. There were multitudes of sea-birds  
running and flying about the place, whose  
eggs we took for our food. There was a  
sort of wood in one place, the trees of which  
were so blown down and beaten about by  
the wind that none of them were more than  
ten feet high, while the branches were in-  
terlaced and mingled together in inextric-  
able confusion. The middle part of the  
islet was, in fact, lower than the edge and  
covered with grass; and at the western  
point there stood, all by itself, a rock about  
forty or fifty feet high, round which hovered  
and flew perpetually myriads of birds.

I found a way to the top of this rock  
and planted there our signal of distress—a  
long white streamer flying from the mast of  
the boat, which we managed to stick pretty  
firmly into a cleft of the rock.

This rigged up, we settled down to our  
new life.

The manner of it was as follows:

We began with morning prayers, said by  
our chaplain. Then breakfast. Then, in  
fine weather, Ben and I went fishing in the  
bay—not far from land you may be sure,  
because Helen begged us, with tears in her  
eyes, not to risk being carried out to sea,  
and leaving her alone on the island. When  
we had luck we would bring home enough  
fish for dinner and breakfast, too. On such  
days we were sparing with our stores.

Then for dinner besides the fish, we had  
sea-birds' eggs, strong in taste but not un-  
wholesome, boiled or fried; and sometimes,  
to vary the diet, we knocked down the birds  
themselves, and roasted them. For fire-  
wood we had our little coppice to cut and  
hack at. Our supper was the same as our  
dinner; and as the evenings soon grew cold  
and chilly, we used after supper to sit all  
three together round the fire of logs, and  
talk till Ben gave the word to turn in. Then  
evening prayers, and sleep till dawn.

Sitting before the fire in these long even-  
ings of winter, when we did not care to  
waste our little stock of candles, it was  
natural that we should get to know each  
other, and it stood to reason that I should  
be asked to tell my story over and over  
again. At first I could see that old Ben  
distrusted me. A convict, he thought, must  
needs be a thief. Else how should he be a  
convict? He trusted me however with the  
young lady; he could depend upon me for  
my share of duty. But that story of inno-  
cence was for a long time too much for him;  
and it was a joyful moment for me when,  
one evening, Ben held out his hand to me.

"There," he said, "I can't help it; I've  
tried hard to help it, but I can't. My lad,  
you are as innocent as I am. You could  
not steal if you were to try. Show me the  
man as says you could!"

I went through it all from the beginning,  
picking up a thread here and a forgotten de-  
tail there. Miss Elwood, listening, was  
putting it together, until she knew as much  
as I knew myself.

Ben Croil, taking small interest in the  
details, contented himself with the main  
facts. It was enough for him that a great  
crime had been committed, and the wrong-  
doer never punished, while we talked in  
those long winter evenings he sat silent in  
his own corner with his head against the  
wall, until the time arrived when he could  
smoke the one half pipe which he allowed  
himself for a daily ration.

And the story came to this. I tell it  
here because it was told so often during  
our stay on the island.

On Friday morning, August 18, 1846, I  
went as usual to the office in Lower Thames  
street, being then a clerk in the firm of  
Batterick & Baldwin, of five years' standing  
of a hundred and twenty pounds a year.  
I lived just south of Borough, between the  
church and Kennington Common, having

my little sister Ruth with me in lodg-  
ing. Ruth was at school all day, but ha-  
ppened, unless a press of work kept  
her longer, not later than six. After tea I  
went through her lesson with the child, and  
at nine o'clock she went to bed. In those  
days it was reckoned a bad sign for a young  
man to be out late at night, or to smoke  
to frequent taverns; and there were  
music-halls or such places. Day after  
day it was my simple life. A week's holiday  
in the autumn, gave me run with Ruth to  
Hendon or Gravesend, just to smelt the  
smoke.

There were a few old friends of my father  
whom we visited at regular intervals.  
I knew nothing of the dissipation and  
of the great city, and was as unsuspect-  
ing of them as if they did not exist. That  
was my life. The life of a hard-working  
clerk, hoping by long years of patient  
industry to rise to the higher levels of good  
and complete confidence. As I have  
above, I had already risen above the he-  
dow of some, my seniors in point of age.

Friday morning, August 18, 1846, I  
went to the office door when the city clocks  
were striking nine. I was at my desk before  
the last stroke of the last clock had ceased.  
I was sent for; Mr. Baldwin, the  
partner wanted me. He was busy when  
I went in, and hardly looked up. He had  
a message of some importance to give  
me, which it would have taken time to write.  
He explained the circumstances at full length  
and instructed me as to the form in which  
I was to set them forth. He was a pretty  
gentleman and liked to have things put  
in language as definite as possible. Who  
quite understood what I was to say,  
how I was to say it, I asked him if there  
was anything else I could do for him.

He looked round, and taking an envelope  
from his pocket, he handed it to me and  
said, "You may cash that little check for  
Warnford, if you will be so kind" he said  
"I will take it in gold."

I took the envelope, without looking  
at the contents, and went away.

After executing my first commission,  
I received a satisfactory answer, I returned  
to the office, and my foot was on the threshold  
when I suddenly remembered the check.  
It was lucky, I thought, because Mr. Bal-  
win was in the clerks' office, and with  
a gentleman who, I remembered afterwards  
was one of the partners in the firm of  
Batterick, Cayley & Co., our bankers. I ran  
to the bank as fast as I could, threw the en-  
velope across the counter, and said "Giv-  
e me, please," as I pulled out my handkerchief  
and wiped my forehead, for the day was  
hot.

The clerk opened the check, looked at  
it with surprise for a moment, and then  
the counter, while he went first to the door  
and said something to the porter, and then  
walked into the inner room. He came back  
to me, after two or three minutes, and said  
"You must go inside, please; go quiet  
it's all up at last."

Now I declare that I know no more of  
the matter than a child, but I suppose there  
was some message for Mr. Baldwin, and  
went into the inner room, filled with clerks,  
where the real business of the bank was  
transacted. Everybody looked at me as  
I walked to the end at which the partners  
and managers were to be found. One  
of them seemed to be waiting for me  
pointed to a chair.

"Sit down," he said "and wait."  
The tone of his voice was not encouraging,  
but I obeyed and waited. Not a single  
thought crossed my brain that there was  
could be anything wrong.

In ten minutes or so a policeman appeared  
and I understood I was to go with him.  
I thought it must be as a witness, and  
was not till I was at the Mansion House  
that I knew that I was arrested on a charge  
of forgery.

I laughed; it was so absurd, that I laugh-  
ed. "Send for Mr. Baldwin," I said.  
They put me in the dock for the prelimi-  
nary examination. Mr. Baldwin gave  
evidence. He was shaken and agitated; he  
would not look me in the face. He broke  
down once or twice with emotion, but  
evidence was clear. It had been discovered  
a day or two before that a system of em-  
bezzlement, by a way of forgery, had been  
practiced for some months. The signature  
of the firm had been forged by some one  
I knew how to imitate the handwriting  
of Mr. Baldwin. A sum—in all amounting  
upwards of nine hundred pounds—had been  
thus fraudulently obtained. To stop  
further Mr. Baldwin had been asked by  
banker to add a private mark to his name.  
On this morning he had placed in my hand  
said, an envelope containing a check for  
twenty pounds, with his signature and  
the private mark, and he had asked me  
to cash that check at the bank. He saw  
positively that he had drawn that check  
and no other, the day before—the count-  
roll proved that—yet the check I presented  
was for eighty pounds, and it had not the  
private mark.

Observe, now, how the evidence is  
more and more circumstantial. The check  
check given me; I presented another. Dou-  
blet I must have torn up the first one  
way. Then an important circumstance  
came back after executing my commission,  
but did not cash the check. I got as far  
as the door of the office; I was seen to look  
and retreat hurriedly. Mr. Baldwin was  
in the clerks' room; with one of the part-  
ners of the bank; I walked fast, or ran,  
to the bank; I presented the check for  
eighty pounds in a quick, anxious way,  
and I asked for the whole amount in gold.  
Naturally, it was assumed that I was going  
to abscond with the proceeds of my for-  
gery. In fact, no question at all was  
raised as to my guilt; that was concluded  
from the very beginning. The Lord Ma-  
rked refused bail, and I was sent at once to  
prison, which I only left in order to be tried  
and convicted.

(To be Continued)