

"The Advocate,"
 IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
 BY
Henderson & Cave,
 —AT THEIR OFFICE,—
King Street, Woodville.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Dollar per year, Strictly
 in Advance.
ADVERTISING—Early 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. Convenent 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
 recently 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.
 J. NEELANDS, L.S.S. J. OS. PENTLAND, L.D.S.

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

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

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND
ACCOCHEUR.
 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 TANS,
 FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES;
 leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful.
 The instructions for producing a luxuriant
 growth of hair on a bald head or smooth
 face. Address, enclosing 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. 172

WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 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., C. conveyancer.**

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.

**MONEY TO LOAN. IMPROVED FARMS
 FOR SALE** in the townships of Carleton,
 Rexley 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
 Jacobs Lithogram.

**WOODVILLE
 LIVERY**

HENRY EDWARDS is prepared to sup-
 ply LIVERY HIGGS 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.

HENRY EDWARD J.

**WOODVILLE
 PLANING MILL**

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,
 SCROLLSAWING &c. on short notice
 and at bottom prices. Also
 shingles and lumber for
 sale cheap.

**CONTRACTING AND BUILDING
 A SPECIALTY.**

McGimsie 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.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

Macaulay was undoubtedly correct in his
 supposition that the early Romans had bal-
 lad poetry. We may well imagine that the
 ballad poetry dealt with domestic as well as
 heroic events. The lay here presented is a
 specimen of the domestic class:

HORATIUS AT HOME.

Straight from his swim in the Tiber,
 Horatia hastened home—
 'He lived where now St. Peter's
 High tapers its noble dome—
 And as he stepped on the front-stoop,
 Horatius' wife did say:
 "You'll wet the new hall carpet;
 Go round the area-way."
 He'd stayed the Tuscan peasant
 'Till the bridge went down,
 Then had his swim in Tiber
 Soaked him from toe to crown;
 And when his wife gazed on him,
 His late was soon forgot;
 "You've caught your death of danger;
 You'd have a dreadful cold."

With speed he changed his toga,
 Put slippers on his feet,
 And sat beside the register,
 Where he could feel the heat.
 His wife, with female wisdom,
 Hot balm put to his toes,
 And flannel on his throat,
 And goose-grease on his nose.

"Now sit thee down, Horatius,"
 His wife did sharply say,
 "Whatever may hap, you don't go out
 Again this blessed day.
 The babe rock in the cradle,
 If he should chance to cry,
 While I make up for supper
 A Roman beef-steak pie."

Horatius read the paper,
 And sipped some catnip tea,
 And when the babe did chance to cry,
 He danced it on his knee;
 And when the feast was ready,
 He ate his beef-steak pie,
 And when he sought his couch that night,
 He was completely dry.

Yet ere the moon marked midnight,
 His teeth began to ache,
 And with the throes of ague
 His limbs began to shake,
 Grim pleurisy pinched at his side,
 Rheumatism pinched his toes,
 Pneumonia was in his lungs,
 And snuffles in his nose.

For many days in Autumn,
 And when the Tiber froze,
 He nursed his teeth, his limbs, his side,
 He nursed his lungs and nose;
 Quinine he swallowed by the pound,
 And lots of mercury,
 And every night he drank a quart
 Of red-hot bonset tea.

"Horatius, you're a donkey!"
 Quite off his wife would say,
 "If one would cross the Tiber,
 A bridge is the true way.
 Why, even in showery weather,
 I'll never leave on roof,
 And risk a cold, unless I wear
 Gum-shoes and water-proof."

Horatius, 'mid his sufferings,
 By the nine gods he swore
 That unto Father Tiber
 He'd trust himself no more.
 He swore that if there came again
 A need to save fair Rome,
 He'd let some other hero hold
 Receive the glory—and the cold,
 While he remained at home.

"Was He Guilty?"

JESSIE GRAHAM,

A STORY OF LOVE AND PRIDE.

Continued.

"Oh, I am so glad!" gasped Jessie, while
 Walter continued:

"With Mr. Graham for security, they let
 my poor father go home; but a mighty blow
 had fallen upon him, benumbing all his fac-
 ulties; he could neither think, nor talk, nor
 act, but would sit all day with mother's
 hands in his, gazing into her face and whis-
 pering sometimes:
 "What will my darling do when I am in
 State prison?"

"Such would be his fate, everybody said.
 It could not be avoided, and in a kind of
 feverish despair he waited the result. Your
 father was with him often, 'keeping watch,'
 the villagers said; but if so he was not vigi-
 lant enough, for one dark, stormy night, the
 last before the dreadful sitting of the court,
 when the wind roared and howled about the
 old farm-house, and the heavy autumnal
 rain beat against the windows, my father
 drew his favorite chair, the one which always
 stands in that dark corner, and which none
 save you have ever used since then, he drew

it, I say, to my mother's side, and winding
 his arms about her neck, he said:

"Ellen, do you believe me guilty?"
 "No, never for a moment," she replied,
 and he continued:

"Heaven bless you, precious one, for
 that. Teach our child to think the same,
 and give it a father's blessing."

"My mother was too much bewildered to
 answer, and with a kiss upon her lips, my
 father turned to his father and standing up
 before him, said:

"I know what's in your heart; but,
 father, I swear to you I am innocent. Bless
 me, father—bless your only boy once more."

"Then grandpa put his trembling hand
 upon the brown locks of his son, and said:

"I would lay down my life to know that
 you are not guilty; but I bless you all the
 same, and may God bless you too, my boy!"

"In the bedroom grandfather lay sick,
 and kneeling by her side, my father said to
 her:

"Do you believe I did it?"
 "No," she answered faintly, and without
 his asking it, she gave him her blessing.

"He kissed his sister,—kissed Aunt Deb-
 by, and then he went away. They saw his
 face, white as a corpse, pressed against the
 window pane, while his eyes were riveted
 upon his beautiful young wife,—then the
 face was gone, and only the storm was sob-
 bing past the place where he had stood.
 All that night the light burned on the table,
 and they waited his return, but from that
 hour to this he has not come back. He
 could not go to prison for I so he ran away.
 Mr. Graham paid the bail, and he was heard
 to say that he was glad prior Seth escaped.
 I did not quite understand the matter when
 I was a boy, and I almost hated your father
 for testifying against him, but I know now
 he did what he thought was right. It is
 said he loved my Aunt Mary, Hen's mother,
 and that she loved him in return, but after
 this sad affair there arose a coolness between
 them. He went to New York and married
 a more fashionable woman, while she, too,
 chose another."

"Did they ever find the money?" Jessie
 asked, and Walter replied:

"Never, though Aunt Debby says that
 Heyward indulged in a new suit of clothes
 soon after, and gave various other tokens of
 being abundantly supplied. No one knows
 where he is now, for he left Deewood years
 ago."

"And your mother," interrupted Jessie,
 "tell me more of her."

"The night shadows were falling, and she
 could not see the pain on Walter's face as
 he replied:

"For a few days she watched to see father
 coming back, for suspense was more terrible
 than reality, and those who were his friends
 before said his going off looked badly. From
 Boston her proud relatives sent her a double
 curse for bringing this disgrace upon them,
 and then she took her bed never to rise
 again. The first October frosts had fallen
 when they laid me in her arms and bade her
 live for her baby's sake. But five days after
 I was born she lay dead beneath that
 western window where you so often sit.
 Then the proud mother relented, and came
 to the funeral, but she has never been here
 since. Your father was present, too,—he
 bought the monument; he cried over me,
 and wished that he could fill my father's
 place."

"I wish he could, too," cried the impulsive
 Jessie, "I wish you were my brother," and
 she involuntarily laid her hand in his.

"Have you never heard from your father?"
 she asked, and Walter replied,

"Only once. Six months after mother
 died he wrote to Mr. Graham from Texas,
 and that is the very last. But, Jessie, I
 shall find him. I shall prove him innocent,
 and until then there will always be a load
 in my heart,—a something which makes me
 irritable, cross and jealous of those I love
 the best, lest they despise me for what I
 cannot help."

"And is that why you speak so coldly to
 me sometimes when I don't deserve it?" Jes-
 sie asked, twining her snowy fingers about
 his own.

"Oh, how Walter longed to fold her in his
 arms and tell her how dear she was to him,
 and that because he loved her so much he
 was oftentimes harsh with her. But he dared
 not. She would not listen to such words,
 he knew. She thought of him as her brother,
 and he would not disturb the dream, so he
 answered her gently:

"Am I cross to you, Jessie?" I do not
 mean to be, and now that you know all, I
 will be so no longer. You do not hate me,
 do you, because of my misfortune?"

"Hate you, Walter! Oh, no! I love,—I
 mean I like you so much better than I did

when I came up h
 oried with my face
 Walter, for it seen
 that disgrace hangin

Walter winced at the
 Jessie as if speaking more to ne-
 him, continued:

"I hope Will won't tell grandma who you
 are, for she is so proud that she might make
 me feel very uncomfortable by fretting
 every time I spoke to you. Walter" and
 the tone of Jessie's voice led Walter to ex-
 pect some unpleasant remark, "you know
 father has intended to have you live with
 us, but if William tells grandma, it will be
 better for you to board somewhere else,—
 grandma can be very disagreeable if she
 tries, and she would annoy us almost to
 death."

Jessie was perfectly innocent in all she
 said, but spite of his recent promise Walter
 felt his old jealousy rising up, and whis-
 pering to him that Jessie spoke for herself
 rather than for grandmother. With a great
 effort, however, he mastered the emotion and
 replied:

"It will be better, I think, and I will write
 to your father at once."

Jessie little dreamed what it cost Walter
 thus deliberately to give up seeing her every
 day, and living with her beneath the same
 roof. It had been the goal to which he had
 looked forward through all his college
 course, for when he entered on his first year
 Mr. Graham had written:

"After you are graduated I shall take you
 into business, and into my own family, as if
 you were my son."

And Jessie herself had voted this,—had
 said it must not be.

For an instant Walter felt that he would
 not go to New York at all; but when he
 saw how closely Jessie nestled to his side,
 and heard her say, "You can come to see
 me every day, and when I am going to con-
 certs, or the opera, I shall always send word
 to you by father," he rejected his first sus-
 picion as unjust.

She was not ashamed of him,—she only
 wished to screen him from her grandmother's
 illnature, and winding his arm around her,
 he said:

"You are a good girl, Jessie, and I'm glad
 you think of me as a brother."

But he was not glad. He did not wish
 her to be his sister, but he tried to make
 himself believe he did, and as in the piazza
 where they sat it was already very dark, he
 proposed their returning home. Jessie was
 unusually silent during the walk, for she
 was thinking of Walter's young mother, and
 as they passed the grave yard in the dis-
 tance, she sighed:

"Poor dear lady! I don't wonder you
 are often sad with that memory haunting
 you."

"I should not be sad," he returned, "if I
 could bring the world to my opinion; but
 nearly all except Aunt Debby believe him
 guilty."

"Does my father?" asked Jessie, and as
 Walter replied "Yes," she rejoined: "Then
 I'm afraid I think so too, for father knows;
 but," she hastily added, as she felt the ges-
 ture of impatience Walter made, "I like you
 just the same,—yes, a great deal better than
 before I heard the story. It isn't as bad as
 I supposed, and I am so glad you told it.
 Will Bellenger won't make me distrust you
 again."

By this time they had reached the house,
 where the deacon sat smoking his accustom-
 ed pipe, and saying to Walter as he entered:

"Where are the cows you went after more
 than three hours ago?"

Walter colored, and so did Jessie, while
 the matter of fact Aunt Debby rejoined:

"Why, Amos, the cows is milked and the
 cream is nigh about riz."

That night, after all had retired except
 the deacon and Walter, the former said to
 his grandson:

"What kept you and Jessie so late?"
 "I was telling her of my father, and why
 he went away," returned Walter.

The deacon groaned as he always did
 when that subject was mentioned,—then
 after a moment he added:

"I am glad it was no worse,—that is, I'm
 glad you are not betraying Mr. Graham's
 trust by making love to his daughter."

Walter was very pale, but he did not
 speak, and his grandfather continued:

"I am old, Walter, but I have not forgot-
 ten the days when I was young; and re-
 membering my disposition then, I can see
 why you should love Jessie Graham. God
 bless her! She's worthy of any man's be-
 lieve, and she's wound herself around my
 old heart till the soul of her voice is sweet
 to me almost as Ellen's; but she isn't
 your Walter. I know Mr. Graham bet-
 ter than you do. He's noble and good, but
 proud, and the daughter of a millionaire
 must never marry the son of a poor—"

"Don't!" cried Walter, catching his gran-
 father's arm. "I understand it all,—I know
 that I am poor, know what the world says
 of my father, and I will suffer through a
 time sooner than ask the bright-faced Jes-
 sie to share one iota of our shame. But we
 my father innocent, I would never rest
 till I made myself a name which even Jes-
 sie Graham would not despise, for I love her
 grandma,—love her better than my life," and
 after this confession he could not look
 his grandfather in the face, he stared
 at the candle dying in its socket, as if
 would fain read there some token that
 he so much desired would one day come
 pass.

And he did read it too, for with a la-
 great effort the expiring flame sent up a fla-
 of light, which shone on Walter's face as
 that of the gray-haired man regarding
 with a look of tender pity. Then it pass-
 away, and the darkness fell between the
 just as the old man said, mournfully:

"There is no hope, my boy,—no hope
 you."

To be continued.