

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 choicest liquors and cigars. Bus to and from all trains and every convenience for the travelling 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 recently been refitted and refurnished, and is therefore most suitable for commercial men and the public generally. The Bar is supplied 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. R. 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 MONDAY of each month. He will also visit Woodville on the Second TUESDAY of each month, stopping at McPherson's Hotel. J. NEELANDS, L.L.S. J. PENTLAND, L.D.S.

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

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

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 furnished 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 indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, 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 experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence,

JOHN B. ODGEN, 42 Cedar St., N. Y.

THE ADVOCATE.

VOL. IV.

"Pro Bono Publico."

No. 175

WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 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.

J. C. GILCHRIST,

APPRAISER, Woodville.

Also Insurance Agent and agent for Newspapers 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 supply 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

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.

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.

FATE OF A FAST YOUNG MAN.

WRITTEN IN THE ILLINOIS STATE PRISON.

It's curious— isn't it Billy?— The changes that twelve months may bring; Last year I was at Saratoga, As happy and rich as a king— I was raking in pools at the races, And feeing the waiters with "ten." And sipping nut juleps by twilight; And to-day I am here in the "Pen."

"What led me to do it?" What always Leads men to destruction and crime? The Prodigal Son, whom you've read of, Has altered somewhat in his time; He spends all his substance as freely As the Biblical fellow of old; But when it is gone, then he fancies The husks will turn into gold.

Champagne, a box at the opera, High steps while fortune is flush, The passionate kiss of woman, Whose cheeks have forgotten to blush, The old, old story, Billy, Of pleasures that end in tears— Just as the froth that foams for an hour, The dregs that are tasted for years.

Last night, as I sat here and pondered On the end of my evil ways, There arose like a phantom before me The vision of boyhood days. I thought of my old home, Billy, Of the schoolhouse that stood on the hill, Of the brook that flowed through the meadow— I can even hear its music still.

Again I thought of my mother, Of the mother who taught me to pray; Whose love was a precious treasure That I heedlessly cast away. I saw again in my visions The fresh-lipped careless boy, To whom the future was boundless, And the past but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here,— Of my ruined and wasted life,— And the pangs of remorse were bitter— They pierced my heart like a knife. It takes some courage, Billy, To laugh in the face of fate, When the yearning ambitions of manhood Are blasted at twenty-eight.

"Was He Guilty?"

—OR—

JESSIE GRAHAM, A STORY OF LOVE AND PRIDE.

CHAPTER VII. HUMAN NATURE.

It was the night of Charlotte Reeves' grand party, which had been talked about for weeks, and more than one passer-by paused in the keen February air to look at a brilliantly-lighted house, where the song, the flirtation, the dance, and the gossip went on, and to which, at a late hour, Mrs. Bartow came, and with her Jessie Graham. Walter accompanied them, for Mr. Graham had asked him to be their escort, and Walter never refused a request from one who, since his real leave in the city, had been to him like a father rather than a friend.

Mr. Graham had evinced much surprise when told that Walter would rather some other house should be his home, but Jessie, too, had said that it was better so, and looking into her eyes, which told more tales than she supposed. Mr. Graham saw that Walter was not indifferent to his only child, nor was he displeased that it was so, and when Walter came to the city he found to his surprise that he was not to be clerk, but the junior partner of his friend, who treated him with respect and thoughtful kindness which puzzled him greatly. Especially was he astonished when Mr. Graham, as he often did, asked him to go with Jessie to the places where he could not accompany her.

"He wishes to show me," he thought, "that after what I said to Mrs. Bartow, he dare trust his daughter with me as if I were her brother," and Walter felt more determined than ever not to betray the trust, but to treat Jessie as a friend and nothing more.

So he called occasionally at the house, where he often found William Bellenger, and compelled himself to listen in silence to the flattering speeches his cousin made to Jessie, who, a good deal piqued at Walter's apparent coldness, received them far more complacently than she would otherwise have done, and so the gulf widened between them, while in the heart of each there was a restless pain, which neither the gay world in which Jessie lived, nor yet the busy one

where Walter passed his days, could dissipate. He had absented himself from Jessie's "coming out party," and for this offence the young lady had been sorely indignant.

"She wanted Charlotte Reeves and all the girls to see him, and then to be treated that way was perfectly horrid," and the beautiful belle pouted many a day over the young man's obstinacy.

But Charlotte Reeves did see him at last, and when she learned that he was Mr. Graham's partner, and much esteemed by that gentleman, she partially took him up as a card to be played whenever she wished to annoy William Bellenger, who kept an eye on her in case he should lose Jessie. The relationship between the two was not known, for Walter had no desire to speak of it, and as William vainly fancied it might reflect discredit on himself, he, too kept silent on the subject, while Mrs. Bartow, having received instructions both from Jessie and her father, never hinted to her bosom friend and deadliest enemy, Mrs. Reeves, that the young Marshall whom Charlotte was patronizing, and who was noticed by all for his gentlemanly bearing and handsome face, was in any way connected with the Bellenger disgrace.

After her return from Saratoga, Mrs. Reeves had been sick for several months, and at the time of the party was still an invalid, and claimed the privilege of sitting during the evening. Consequently Mrs. Bartow had not yet found a favorable opportunity for wounding her as she intended doing, and when, on the evening of the party, she entered the crowded rooms, she made her way to the sofa, and greeting the lady with her blandest words, told her how delighted she was to see her in society again, how much she had been missed, and all the other compliments which meant worse than nothing. Then taking a mental inventory of the different articles which made up her dear friend's dress and comparing them with her own, she set her costly fan in motion and watched to see which received the more attention.—Charlotte Reeves or Jessie. The latter certainly looked the best, as, arm in arm with Walter, she walked through the parlors, oblivious to all else in her delight at seeing him appear so much like himself as he did to-night.

"It's such a pity he's poor," said Mrs. Reeves, as he was passing. "Do you know I think him by far the most distinguished looking man in the room, always excepting, of course, Mr. Bellenger," and she nodded apologetically to a little pale-faced lady sitting beside her on the sofa.

This lady she had not seen fit to introduce to her dear friend, who had scanned her a moment with her glass, and then pronounced her "somebody." Twice Walter and Jessie passed, stopping the second time, while the latter received from her grandmother the whispered injunction "not to walk with him until everybody talked."

"Pshaw!" was Jessie's answer, while Mrs. Reeves sily congratulated Mr. Marshall on his good luck in having the belle of the evening so much to himself, and as they stood there thus the face of the little silent lady flashed with a sudden light, and touching Mrs. Reeves when they were gone, she said:

"Who was that young man? You call him Marshall, didn't you?" "Yes, Walter Marshall, and he is Mr. Graham's partner. You know of Mr. Graham,—people call him a millionaire, but my son says he don't believe it."

This last was lost upon the little lady, who cared nothing for Mr. Graham, and who continued:

"Where did he come from?" "Really, I don't know. Perhaps Mrs. Bartow can enlighten you," and Mrs. Reeves went through with a form of introduction, speaking the stranger's name so low, that in the surrounding hum it was entirely lost on Mrs. Bartow, who bowed, and briefly stated that Walter was from Deerwood, Mass.

The lady's hands worked nervously together, and when Walter again drew near, the white, thin face looked wistfully after him, while the lips moved as if they would call him back. He was disengaged at last. Jessie had another gallant in the person of William Bellenger, Mrs. Bartow's fan moved faster than before, and Mrs. Reeves was about to make some remark to her companion, when the latter rose, and crossing over to where Walter stood, said to him in a low, pleasant voice:

"Excuse me, Mr. Marshall, but would you object in walking with me,—an old lady?"

Walter stared, and looking earnestly into the dark eyes which were full of tears, offered her his arm, and the two were soon lost amid the gay throng.

"Who is she?" I didn't understand the name," Mrs. Bartow asked, her lip dropping suddenly, as Mrs. Reeves replied:

"Why, that's the honorable Mrs. Bellenger, returned from a ten years' residence abroad."

"Mrs. Bellenger," Mrs. Bartow repeated. "Is it possible? I have heard of a great desire to make her acquaintance. How plain, and yet how elegant dresses."

"She is not the worst of the best to be," returned Mrs. Reeves, "she is very much changed, and they say that during the last year of her sojourn in London she spent her time in distributing tracts among the poor, and all that sort of thing. I wonder what she wants of Mr. Marshall. Wasn't it queer the way she introduced herself to him?"

"Very," Mrs. Bartow said; but she thought, "not strange at all," and she was half tempted to tell her friend the relationship existing between the two.

This she would perhaps have done had not Mrs. Reeves at that moment directed her attention to William and Jessie, saying of the former that he seemed very unhappy.

"The fact is," she whispered, confidentially, "he never appears at ease unless he is somewhere near Charlotte. I think he monopolizes her altogether too much. I tell her so too. But she only laughs, and says he don't go with her any more than with Jessie Graham, though everybody knows he does. He likes Jessie, of course, but Charlotte is his first choice," and the old lady glanced complacently toward the spot where her sprightly granddaughter stood surrounded by a knot of admirers, each of whom had an eye to her father's coffers as well as to herself.

"The wretch!" thought Mrs. Bartow. "Just as though William preferred that great, long-necked thing to Jessie; but I'll be even with her yet. I'll be avenged when Mrs. Bellenger comes back," and the fan moved rapidly as Mrs. Bartow thought how crest-fallen her dear friend would be when she said what she meant to say to her.

Meantime Mrs. Bellenger had led Walter to a little ante-room where they would be comparatively free from observation, and sitting down upon an ottoman, she bade him, too, be seated. He complied with her request, and then waited for her to speak, wondering much who she was, and why she had sought this interview with him. As Mrs. Reeves had said, Mrs. Bellenger had for the last two years resided in different parts of Europe. She had gone there with her husband and only surviving daughter, both of whom she had buried, one among the Grampian Hills, and the other upon the banks of the blue Rhine. Her youngest son, who was still unmarried, had joined her there, but had become dissipated, and eighteen months before her return to America she had laid him in a drunkard's grave. With a breaking heart she returned to her lonely home in London, dating from that hour the commencement of another and better life, and now there was not in the whole world an humbler or more consistent Christian than the once haughty Mrs. Bellenger. Many and many a time, when away over the sea, had her thoughts gone back to her youngest born, the gentle brown-eyed Ellen, whom she had disowned because the man she chose was poor, and in bitterness of heart she had cried:

"Oh, that I had'ner with me now!" Then, as she remembered the helpless infant which she had once held for a brief moment upon her lap, her heart yearned toward him with all a mother's love, and she said to herself:

"I will find the boy, and it may be he will comfort my old age."

On her return to Boston she went to the house of William's father, but everything there was cold and ostentatious. They greeted her warmly, it is true, and paid her marked attention, but she suspected they did it for the money she had in her possession, for the family was extravagant and deeply involved in debt. Once she asked if they knew anything of Ellen's child, and her son replied that he believed he was a clerk of some kind in New York, but none of the family had ever seen him save Will, who had met him once or twice, and who spoke of him as having a little of the Bellenger look and bearing.

Then she came to New York and found her grandson Will, who was less her favorite than ever when she heard how sneeringly he spoke of Walter. From his remarks she did not expect to meet the latter at the party, but she would find him next day, she said, and when he entered the room she was too much absorbed in her own thoughts to notice him, but when he passed her with Jessie she started, for there was in his face a look like her dead daughter.

"Can it be that handsome young man— Ellen's child?" she said, and she waited anxiously till he appeared again.

He stopped before her then, and with beating heart she listened to what they called him, and then asked who he was.

"It is my boy,—it is," she murmured between her quivering lips, and as soon as she saw that he was free she joined him, as we have seen, and led him to another room.

For a moment she hesitated, as if uncertain what to say, then, as they were left alone, she began:

"My conduct may seem strange to you, but I cannot help it. Twenty-five years

Continued on Fourth Page.