

Hotel Cards.

ELDON HOUSE, Woodville, T. EDWARDS, Proprietor. First-class accommodation and attentive servants. Bar well supplied with the choicest liquors and cigars.

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.

Professional Cards.

WM. A. SILVERWOOD, J. P. Inspector of Weights and Measures County of Victoria. Auctioneer, Land and General Agent. Debts and Rents collected.

GEORGE WILLIS MILLAR, Clerk 1st and 7th Division Courts County Victoria. Clerk Township of Eldon. 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.

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.

F. BICK, PRACTICAL ARCHITECT, BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR. Plans and Specifications made on the shortest notice. Estimates given for all kinds of work, on reasonable terms.

A. GUNN, VETERINARY SURGEON I (Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.) Diseases of all domesticated animals successfully treated.

CHARGES MODERATE. OFFICE, MEDICAL HALL, WOODVILLE. 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.

Shaving and Hair-Cutting. W. ARMSTRONG, OF Cannington, will be at the "Eldon House," Woodville, EVERY WEDNESDAY afternoon and SATURDAY forenoon, and will be prepared to do everything in his line.

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 PHANING, 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. AGENTS READ THIS

We will pay Agents a Salary of \$100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Sample free. Address, SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Michigan.

THE ADVOCATE.

VOL. III.

"Pro Bono Publico."

No. 127

WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1879.

J. S. LEEDHAM, WATCHMAKER & PHOTOGRAPHER. ONE DOOR WEST OF NORTHERN HOTEL WOODVILLE, ONTARIO.

MISS H. G. STOTT is now prepared to give Music Lessons on the Organ At her residence on King St., next floor to Mr. McSweyn's. Pupils can be attended at their own residence if required.

W. A. SILVERWOOD, COUNTY AUCTIONEER. Office on King Street, or orders can be left at THE ADVOCATE Office.

Money to Loan: MONEY TO LOAN on FARM PROPERTY, for a term of years, at a reasonable rate of interest. Mortgages and Municipal Debentures bought. Apply to DUN CAMPBELL, Agent London and Canadian Loan & Agency Company, WOODVILLE, ONT.

WODVILLE LIVERY! HENRY EDWARDS is prepared to supply LIVERY RIGGS 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.

Cure for Hard Times. 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-three years than any other.

ARCH. CAMPBELL, COUNTY AUCTIONEER OFFICE—One door east of Post Office, WOODVILLE, ONT.

N. S. SHERMAN, Stationery, School Supplies, MIRRORS, PICTURES, FRAMES, Small House Furnishings, First door east of Northern Hotel, Woodville, Ontario.

J. McKAY, M. D., L. R. C. P. and L. R. C. S., EDINBURGH. (LICENTIATE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, AND LICENTIATE OF ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.)

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

PROF. LISTER'S Appliances and apparatus for the Antiseptic System of Treatment 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 Country in addition to his Canadian Degrees should be a sure guarantee of his efficiency.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR. Office—King-st., Woodville. 106 JOHN McTAGGART, Kirkfield, Commissioner in B. R., Conveyancer. Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company. MONEY TO LOAN at a low rate of interest and on easy terms of payment to suit borrowers.

Poetry. UNGUARDED TONGUES.

Tongues unguarded throw disaster Right and left, for words run wild, Cutting deep, dividing fond hearts, Turning parents from a child. Pleadings cannot stay their mischiefs, Tears cannot assuage their wound; Sorrow hovers o'er the places Where ungrateful tongues are found. I have seen the laugh of childhood Checked by some unforbidden tone; For harsh words of constant chiding Wear like drippings on a stone. Fed by frowns, the child of nature Dons a moody, sullen air; Innocence gives place to boldness, Joyfulness to grim despair; I have seen the cheek of girlhood Blanch beneath a thoughtless word, While a rush of bitter anguish All unsought the young heart stirred; Visions of a faithless lover, Trusted, while the trust proved vain— These cold words of faithless meaning, Quick aroused to fresh, deep pain. I have seen the eye of old age Under tears grow dim and blurred— Tears that gathered fast by taunting, Or by some unfeeling word. Sad indeed to see the aged Hurried to the graves of woe! But they whisper very often, "We are burdens, well we know." Oh, how keen a wedge is driven In fond hearts by words that sting— Words that ever start out boldly, Though years pass and changes ring! Unkind words were better banished From the lips of old and young; Each should learn and heed the motto: "Set a guard before your tongue."

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE. CHAPTER VIII. HELEN PLAYS A TRUMP. "There was a fellow-clerk at the office," said George Warnford after reading Rupert's letter, "named Samuel Pringle. I remember him well." "A fellow-clerk!" cried Helen, "and of that name? What kind of a man was he?" It must be owned that in the further examination of the Warnford case, by far the most intelligent and active investigator was Helen Elwood, whether his long confinement had dulled his brain, or whether he despaired of success, George Warnford himself was mostly irresolute, and sometimes, as if a cloud rested over his brain, he was silent and apathetic. "Try to think, George. What manner of clerk was he?" "We were in the same room," said George. "He was my junior by a few months in point of years, but he had entered later. I do not know what his family connections were, nor anything of his habits, because he lived in a different part of London—somewhere up the King's road, I think; but I know his name was Samuel Pringle." "George, if this Thomas Pringle, whom the men called Boston Tom, knew your face—if he knew your story—if he knew, as he said, who did the thing—what other clue is more ready than the connection of Samuel Pringle with Thomas Pringle? And if Thomas knows, then Samuel knows as well." "I believe you've got it, miss," said Ben. "How can we find out about this Samuel Pringle?" "They could tell us at the office; at least they could tell us if he is there still," said George. "But who is to ask?" Helen thought a little. "I will go," she said—"I will go and see Mr. Baldwin myself. George, we had better take Mr. Wybrow into the same confidence as your sister. With Rupert and John Wybrow both working for us, we ought to do something." George sighed. "Have faith, dear friend—how many times had poor Helen said these words, as much to strengthen her own faith as to sustain his!—'have faith and hope. We are nearer now than ever we were before. We have found out the man who knows, and now we have only got somehow to make him confess.' Rupert's letter arrived, of course, in the evening. Helen Elwood had a busy time. She had first to represent to the professor and Madame Lemire that their eldest-born, though he would not return for a few days, was in reasonable safety, and might be expected to take care of himself, and was engaged in a matter requiring secrecy and confidence, which might be of great advantage to Ruth. She had to calm down the boiling fury of old Ben, who, now that his enemy was within his grasp, longed to bring

him up, and saw himself, in imagination, reeling out the evidence that was to hang him. She had to find a correspondent in Manchester, a matter effected by means of a gentleman of the sea-faring persuasion—friend of Ben's—who would send Rupert the five pounds asked for, with a suitable letter. She had to calm the eagerness of Ruth, who wanted a posse of constables at once to arrest the man, and make him confess then and there. Also George showed, when once he was alive to the situation, unusual agitation and excitement. "I will go myself, Helen," he said, "to Mr. Baldwin." "No, George, you will stay quietly at home. I can go, because I can talk without excitement. Let me go alone; keep quietly at home." But all night she heard him pacing backward and forward in his own room over head. The end at hand! It was too much to hope for; it was a thing of which he had never dared in his heart to look forward to. Much as Helen loved him, even she could not altogether understand the revulsion of feeling which the new prospect of his rehabilitation caused him. After eight years of suffering and disgrace—after returning to England with an assumed name, in hiding, so to speak—after the agony of knowing that his sister was suffering with him and for him, and yet that he could not take her to his breast and tell her who and what he was! And then another thing: he had schooled himself to expect disappointment. How was an eight-years-old crime proved upon himself to be transferred to another man? How could the proofs be collected? From what quarter should they come? And who would put them together. And now, suddenly, he was asked to face a solution in which the impossible was to be made possible. Within a mile of himself was the man who knew all about it. It only was left to discover if that man would be ready or could be made to confess. Toward morning George Warnford dropped upon his bed and fell into a heavy sleep. Helen below heard his footsteps cease, and fell asleep herself. At nine o'clock he was sleeping still, when she set forth with a beating heart on her mission. She knew the office of Messrs. Batterick & Baldwin so well, through George's frequent descriptions, that she knew the way right through into Mr. Baldwin's private room. She passed, unchallenged and without hesitation, through the three rooms. The clerks looked up from their work for a moment at the strange apparition of a young lady to the office, but the young lady did not belong to them, and they went on with their writing. Helen turned the handle without knocking, and entered. Mr. Baldwin was alone at his desk. "I am a stranger to you, Mr. Baldwin," said Helen, in answer to his word of inquiry "and if I give you my name you will be no wiser. There is my card, however, and I will write on it the name of my lawyers for your reference, if you wish." "Pray take a chair, young lady." Mr. Baldwin read the card, and waited for further information. "I will come to the point at once, Mr. Baldwin. I believe you had a clerk named Samuel Pringle?" "I have still." "Is he a useful clerk—one whom your could trust?" "Really, Miss"—Mr. Baldwin looked again at the card—"Miss Elwood, I hardly see my way to giving you the character of my clerks." "Mr. Baldwin, believe me, I have no ill motives in asking that question; and if you will answer it, I will tell you beforehand why I asked it." "There is no reason, after all," said Mr. Baldwin, "why I should not answer it at once. Pringle has been in my employ for about fourteen years. I once thought he would turn out a smart active clerk, but he had disappointed me. He is not sharp, and he suffers from fits of nervous abstraction which will prevent his advancement in the world. But he may be trusted." "Do you know his family?" "We never take a clerk into this house without knowing his family." "Then can you tell me if he has a brother?" "I dare say I could have told you years ago, but I have forgotten now." Helen played her trump card. "Would you allow me to ask him, in your presence, a single question? It is not impertinence or curiosity, Mr. Baldwin; indeed, indeed it is not. If you only knew how much depends on that question?" Mr. Baldwin touched a hand-bell. "Mr. Pringle," he said.

A moment later Mr. Pringle appeared. He was a tall young man, with stooping shoulders, and a quick, nervous way of looking about him. Also, as he spoke, his fingers played with whatever was near them. His eyes were too close together, which gave him a cunning appearance, and his forehead was long and receding. "Pringle," said Mr. Baldwin, "this young lady wishes to ask you a question." Mr. Pringle bowed. The lady's face was strange to him. "I wish, Mr. Pringle," said Helen, "to ask you when you last heard from your brother Thomas?" The pale face of the clerk turned white, his fingers clutched convulsively at the back of the chair behind which he stood. He trembled from head to foot, his mouth opened, but his tongue refused to speak. Mr. Baldwin looked at his clerk with a kind of distress: what did it mean, this terror at so simple a question? Helen repeated it, never taking her eyes off his face. At last he spoke. "Not for five years or more. Tom went abroad." "Do you know where he is?" "No, I do not," he replied, firmly. This was a point gained. The man clearly did not know that his brother was in England. "Had your brother any distinctive marks by which he might be known?" The man hesitated. "I cannot give information which may injure my brother," he said. "Very well," replied Helen; "there are other people who may be injured by your silence. You had better think of yourself first." The trembling began again; then he plucked up courage. "I need not think of myself," he said, "not in that way, but Tom had enemies. However, there was a mark on the right side of his mouth—the scar of a wound he got from a knife; he may be known by that mark." "Thank you, Mr. Pringle," she replied. "I now know all I want to know, except your address. I shall perhaps call to see you in the course of a day or two." "That will do, Pringle." Mr. Baldwin dismissed him, and turned to his visitor for explanation. "I think it will be best to tell you something, Mr. Baldwin," said Helen. "Do you remember St. Ethelred's Church four months ago?" "Surely." "Ruth Warnford told her lover there, in your presence, that she would marry him when the impossible proved possible—when George Warnford's guilt was proved to be innocence." "What has that to do with your visit to me?" "Everything, Mr. Baldwin. I am here in England to make the impossible possible. I am here to prove a convicted forger a wronged and innocent man!" Mr. Baldwin looked at her in silence. It was in a harsh, constrained voice that he answered: "That is a fool's errand. Time was when I would have given ten years of my life to have proved George Warnford guiltless; but that time has gone by." "We shall see, Mr. Baldwin," said Helen, smiling. "Meantime, do you want to know where he is now?" "In prison, wretched boy, at Sydney." "You have not heard, then—you have not read in the papers that he has long since obtained his release?" "No." "Shall I tell you for what reason?" Helen told. In her narrative the heroism of her lover lost nothing. Her eyes sparkled, her voice trembled with emotion, her bosom heaved. The old man, catching little of her enthusiasm, only sighed. "Why do you come here," he asked, angrily, "to raise doubts when I had certainities? Why, if I had had the least, the smallest spark of hesitation about the lad's innocence, I would never have rested, night or day, till I had proved it." "You would not," replied the girl. "Oh, I am sure you would not! But there was no room for doubt, and the plot was too deep; the accidental circumstances were too conclusive. But think, Mr. Baldwin, can you wonder, if you would have done all this for a doubt that I—?" "But what is George Warnford to you?" "He is to be my husband," she said. "If you, for a mere doubt, would have known no rest till that doubt was cleared, what should I, his affianced wife, do, who have no doubt, but a certainty, no hesitation but a conviction, that my lover is innocent?" She burst into tears, but only for a moment. "Bear with me, Mr. Baldwin. You loved him once yourself, you will love him again yet." She drew down her veil. But the old man rose before her, his hands out, feeling, as it were, in the darkness for support. "Tell me," he cried, "tell me: George Warnford innocent? Is it a truth?" "It is a truth, Mr. Baldwin. It is the whole truth; and in a few days, with the help of God, who has helped us so far, I will give you the proofs of his innocence. Meantime, give me, please, Mr. Samuel Pringle's address. Thank you. And help me further by taking no notice of what I have said, and by keeping to yourself all that has passed." Mr. Baldwin promised. An hour afterward a messenger went in to the chief. He found him sitting at his table, doing nothing, looking straight before him. He spoke twice to him without getting an answer; and then Mr. Baldwin turned to him and said, in an agitated voice: "Innocent? Then God forgive us all!" (To be Continued)