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THE ADVOCATE.

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WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1880.

Business Cards.

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.

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HENRY EDWARDS is prepared to supply LIVERY RIGS at any time and on the shortest notice.

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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.

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ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING NEATLY AND QUICKLY EXECUTED.

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SODA, ABERNETHY, AND FRUIT BISCUITS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

FRUIT CAKES, MIXED TEA CAKES.

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JOHN BERRIE,

Poetry.

SPRING HINTS.

Now gather up your spade and fork And dig about your land;

Now trim the vines, the bushes, too, And clear the garden patch!

Pull up the carpets from your floors, And beat them with a stick;

For in the spring—the poet's right— Like home there is no place;

"Was He Guilty?"

JESSIE GRAHAM,

A STORY OF LOVE AND PRIDE.

Continued.

Charlotte ventured too, and said that those who repeated such scandals were quite as bad as the originators, a remark in which Mrs. Bartow fully concurred.

The next day but one as she sat with Jessie in her little sewing-room, Mrs. Reeves was announced, and after a few preliminary remarks, began:

"By the way, my dear Mrs. Bartow, I have been to Springfield, and remembering what you said about that woman in Deerwood, I thought I'd run over there and see her just to convince her that she was mistaken in thinking that she ever knew my father."

"Yes, yes. It's pretty warm in here, isn't it? Jessie, hadn't you better go where it is cooler?" said Mrs. Bartow, and Jessie replied:

"I am not uncomfortable, and I want to hear about Deerwood. Isn't it a pleasant old town?" and she turned to Mrs. Reeves, who answered:

"Charming! and those Marshalls are such kind, worthy people. But what an odd specimen that Aunt Debby is; and what a wonderful memory she has, though, of course, she remembers some things which never could have been, for instance—"

"Jessie will you bring me my salts, or will you go away, it's so close in here," came faintly from the distressed lady, who had dropped her work, and was nervously unbuttoning the top of her dress.

"Do you feel choked?" asked Mrs. Reeves, while Jessie answered:

"I'll get your salts, grandma, but I don't wish to go out, unless Mrs. Reeves has something to tell which I must not hear."

"Certainly not," returned Mrs. Reeves. "It's false, I'm sure, just as false as that ridiculous story about the tin peddler and factory girl. I convinced Aunt Debby that she was wrong. It was some other Charlotte Gregory she used to know."

"Of course it was; I always said so," and a violent sneeze followed the remark and a too strong inhalation of the salts.

"As I was saying," persisted Mrs. Reeves, "Aunt Debby knows everybody who has lived since the flood, and even pretended to have known you, after I told her your name was Lummis, before you were adopted by Mrs. Stanwood."

"Oh, delightful," cried Jessie. "Do pray give us the entire family tree, root and all. Was grandma's father a cobbler, or did he make the tin things yours used to peddle?" and the saucy black eyes looked archly at both the ladies.

"I don't know what her father was," said Mrs. Reeves, "but Aunt Debby pretends that Martha Lummis, —Patty, as she called her—"

"That's the name in the old black book, grandma, that you said belonged to a friend," interrupted Jessie, and while grandma groaned, Mrs. Reeves continued:

"Said that Patty did housework in Hopkinton, and I believe, could milk seventeen cows to her one."

"Oh," said Jessie, how I wish I could milk. It's such fun. I did try once, but got the tiniest stream, and Walter said I'd dry the cows all up. I wish you could hear him when he first begins. It sounds like hail stones rattling on the tin pail. Did you sound so, grandma, and did you buy

Mrs. Reeves, by this time, began to think that Jessie might be making fun of her, and smothering her wrath, she proceeded:

"I shouldn't care anything about the housework or the milking, but I'll confess I was shocked, when she spoke of—"

"I certainly am going to faint, Jessie, do go out," gasped the white figure in the rocking chair, while Jessie rejoined:

"I don't see how my going out can help you." Then crossing over to her grandmother, she whispered, "Brave it out. Don't let her see that you care."

Thus entreated Mrs. Bartow became somewhat composed, and her tormentor went on:

"This Patty Lummis, Aunt Debby said, was blood relation to three Thayers, who were hung some years ago for murdering John Love, or some such name. I remember hearing of it at the time, but did not suppose I knew any of their relatives."

"Horrid!" cried Jessie, and then, as she saw how white her grandmother was, she added quickly:

"And didn't she say too, that the Gregorlys ought to have been hung if they weren't?"

"Such impertinence," muttered Mrs. Reeves, while Jessie rejoined:

"There are very few families, which, if traced to the fountain head, have not a halber, or peddler's cart, or a smell of tallow, or shoemaker's wax—"

"Or a woolen factory, Jessie. Don't forget that," suggested Mrs. Bartow, and Jessie added, laughingly:

"Yes, a woolen factory, and as you and grandma do not belong to the few who are exempt from a stain of any kind, if honorable work can be called a stain, I advise you to drop old scores, and let the past be forgotten."

"I'm sure I'm willing," sobbed Mrs. Bartow. "I never did tell that ridiculous story to but one, and she promised not to breathe it as long as she lived."

"And will you take it back?" chimed in Mrs. Reeves.

"Ye-es. I'll do everything I can toward it," answered the distracted old lady. "I couldn't help those Thayers. I never saw them in my life, and they were only second cousins."

"Fourth to you, then," and Mrs. Reeves nodded to Jessie, who replied:

"I don't care if they were first. Everybody knows me, and my position in society does not depend upon what my family have been before me, but upon what I am myself. Isn't it so, father?" and she turned to Mr. Graham, who had just entered the room.

"I don't know the nature of your conversation," he replied, "but I overheard your last remarks, and fully concur with you, that persons are to be respected for themselves, and not for their family; neither are they to be despised for what their family or any member of it may do."

There was a tremor in his voice, and looking at him closely, Jessie saw that he was very pale, and evidently much agitated.

"What is it father?" she cried, forgetting the three Thayers and thinking only of Walter. "What has happened?"

Mr. Graham did not reply to her, but turning to Mrs. Reeves, he said:

"Excuse me, madam, but I think your duty calls you home, where poor Charlotte needs your sympathy."

"Why, poor Charlotte?" replied Jessie, grasping his arm. "Is William sick or dead?"

"He has been arrested for forgery. I may as well tell it first as last," and the words dropped slowly from Mr. Graham's lips.

"Forgery!" William arrested! It's false!" shrieked Mrs. Reeves, and the salts which Mrs. Bartow had used so vigorously a little time before changed hands, while Jessie passed her arm around the lady to keep her from falling to the floor. "It's false. He never forged. Why should he? Isn't he rich, and a Bellenger?" she kept repeating, until at last Mr. Graham answered:

"It is too true, my dear madam, that for some time past Mr. Bellenger has been engaged in a systematic course of forging, managing always to escape detection, until now, it has been clearly proved against him, and he is in the hands of the law."

There was no reason why Mrs. Reeves at this point should think of Walter, but she did, and fancying that her auditors might possibly be drawing comparison between the two cousins she said:

"It's the Marshall blood with which he is tainted."

so bewildered and helpless that Mr. Graham ordered his carriage, and sent her to No., whither the sad news had preceded her, and where Charlotte lay fainting and moaning in the midst of her bridal finery, which would never be worn. She had noticed William's absence from the house for the last twenty-four hours, and was wondering at it, when her father, roused by the shock from his usual state of quiet passiveness, rushed in, telling her in thunder tones that her affianced husband had been guilty of forging Graham & Marshall's name, not once, not twice, but many times, until at last he was detected and under arrest.

"He'll go to State prison, girl—do you hear? To State Prison! Why don't you speak, and not sit staring at me with that milky face!"

Poor Charlotte could not speak, but she fainted and fell at the feet of her father, who became himself at once, and bending kindly over her brought her back to life.

It was not that Charlotte loved William so very much. It was rather her pride that was wounded, and she moaned and wept until her grandmother came, and with her lamentations and reproaches, so wholly outdid all Charlotte had done, that the latter grew suddenly calm, and without a word or a tear, sat motionless, while the old lady raved on, one moment talking as if they were all going to prison together, and the next giving Charlotte most uncomfortable squeezes to think she was not the wife of a forger after all.

The three Thayers were for the time forgotten, and when at Charlotte's request Jessie came to see her, accompanied by her grandmother, Mrs. Reeves kissed the latter affectionately, whispering in her ear:

"We'll not mind the past, for the present has enough trouble and disgrace."

Great was the excitement among William's friends, the majority of whom turned against him, saying, "they expected it, and knew all the time that something was wrong."

Mr. Graham stood by and pitied the cowed and wretched young man, and pitied him all the more that his father kept aloof, saying:

"He's made his bed and he may lie in it." At the first intimation of the sad affair, Mrs. Bellenger hastened home, but neither her money nor her influence, and both were freely used, could disprove the guilt of the young man, who awaited his trial in a state of mind bordering on despair.

Only once did he speak of Charlotte, and that on the day which was to have seen her his bride. Then, with Mr. Graham, he talked of her freely, asking what effect it had on her, and appearing greatly agitated when told that she was very ill, and would see none of her friends but Jessie.

"God bless her,—Jessie, I mean," he said, "and bless poor Lottie, too. I am sorry I brought this trouble upon her. I thought to pay the notes with her money, and I resolved after that to be a better man. I am glad Nellie did not live to see this day. Do you think that up in Heaven she knows what I have done and prays for me still?"

Then, as talking of Nellie naturally brought Walter to his mind, he confessed to Mr. Graham how his letter had sent his cousin away.

"I thought once to win Jessie for myself," he said, "and so I broke poor Nellie's heart. I purposely withheld the note the deacon sent to Jessie, bidding her come ere Nellie died. And this I did because I feared what the result might be of Jessie's going there. But my sin has found me out, and I shall never cross Walter's path again; it's Jessie he loves; tell her so, and bring the light back to her eyes, which were heavy with tears when I saw her last."

Mr. Graham did tell her, and when next she went to the chamber where Charlotte lay sick of a slow fever, there was an increased bloom upon her cheek, and a brighter flash in her dark eye, while from her own great happiness she strove to draw some comfort for her friend, who would not suffer no other one of her acquaintance to approach her.

Jessie alone could comfort her, Jessie alone knew what to say, and the right time to say it, and when at last the trial came, and the verdict of "guilty" was pronounced, it was Jessie who broke the news as gently as possible to the pale invalid.

Locked in each other's arms they wept together; the one, tears of pity; the other, tears of regret and mortification over the misguided man whose home for the next five years would be a dreary prison.

There was no going to Saratoga that summer, no trip to Newport; and when the gay world congregated there asked for the sprightly girl who had been with them the season before, and for the old lady who carried her head so proudly and sported such superb diamonds, the answer was a mysterious whisper of some dire misfortune or disgrace which had befallen them, and then the dance and the song in which Charlotte had ever been the first to join, went on the same as before.

Gradually as Charlotte recovered her strength and her spirits, she began to wish for some quiet spot where no one knew her, and remembering dear old Deerwood, now a thousand times more dear since the knowledge of Walter's love, Jessie told her of its shadowy woods, its pleasant walks, its musical pines with the rustic seat beneath, and Charlotte, pleased with her rural picture, bade her write and ask if she could come.

So Jessie wrote, and in less than one week's time two girls walked again upon the mountain side, or paused by the little grave where Nellie was buried. Upon the bank close to the mound a single rose was growing—the last of the sisterhood. It had been late in unfolding its delicate leaves, and when at last, it was full blown, Jessie picked it, and pressing it carefully, sent it with the message, "it grew near Nellie's grave," to the weary man whose life was now one of toil and loneliness.