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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.

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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.

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Estimates furnished, and contracts taken for any or all of the above work. Materials furnished if required.

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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,

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PETER CLIFFORD CARTER &c. Carting done to and from the Railway Station and throughout the Village at Moderate Rates.

Express parcels carefully attended to.

THE ADVOCATE.

VOL. IV.

"Pro Bono Publico."

No. 418

WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 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.

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and other farm implements manufactured by Noxon Bros., of Ingersoll, Ont. First-class Sewing Machines for sale. Also agent for the sale of

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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.

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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.

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Parties having fat cattle to dispose of will please call or leave word at my shop.

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BERRIE'S FAMILY BREAD

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Buns, Rolls and Pastry a Specialty

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

FRUIT CAKES, MIXED TEA CAKES.

Orders SOLICITED

PARTIES SUPPLIED WHOLESALE. JOHN BERRIE,

Cor. King and Stuart St

Poetry.

SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN AT MY BEDSIDE.

Sit down, sit down at my bedside, Aye, husband, sit ye here, An' fauld me, fauld me to your heart, An' kiss me, Robin dear. The war'd is cauld, the world is cauld, An' ye will miss me sair, But dinna grieve; I'm better, love, Awa' frae sin an' care.

Ye'll tend the bairnies for my sake— The wee lambs at your knee, Ye'll tell them o' their mither whiles, Ye'll speak to them o' me. It's sair they'll greet when I am gane, It's lang they'll miss my face, But I'll be where grief canna come, Nor sorrow hae a place.

O Jeannie wi' your locks o' gowd, My heart is wae for you, O Willie wi' your father's face An' een o' bonnie blue, Come here to me, come here to me, My bonnie bairnies twa, An' tak' a mither's blessin' baith, Afore I gang awa'.

Ye'll love eachither weel, my bairns, Ye'll fear God's holy name, Ye'll never grieve your father's heart, Nor bow his head wi' shame; Ye'll live the lives that good folk should, Tho' ye may struggle lang, An' think I'm looking down on you Whenever ye do wrang,

An' Robin, Pobin, when I'm laid At rest aneath the sod, Ye'll think o' her that lo'ed ye weel— That held ye next to God; Ye'll think o' a' the happy times, Ye'll mind the day again Ye took me frae my father's house Sae young to be your ain.

An' Robin, I hae tried to be A guid wife unto you; Gin ill I've ever said or done Ye winna mind it noo, But ye will tak' me far frae this, Awa', awa' frae here, An' lay me where the daisies grow Beside my father dear.

I'm laith, I'm laith to leave ye a': Creep closer to my heart, An' kneel ye, Robin, down to Him, An' pray afore we part; Ay, pray we a' may see His face, We a' may meet again Where we can never ken a grief, An' never hae a pain,

"Was He Guilty?"

—OR—

JESSIE GRAHAM,

A STORY OF LOVE AND PRIDE.

Continued. CHAPTER XVI.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT DEERWOOD. The dinner table was nicely arranged in the "best room" of the farm house, and Jessie Graham, with a happy look on her bright face, flitted in and out, arranging the dishes a little more to her taste, smoothing the snowy cloth, pausing a moment before the fire blazing so cheerfully upon the hearth, and then glancing from the window, across the frozen fields to the hillside where a new grave had been made since the last Thanks giving Day.

"Dear Ellen!" she sighed, "there is no plate for her now,—no chair." Then, as she remembered an absent one, dearer far than Ellen, she thought, "I'll make believe he's here," and seeking Mrs. Howland, who was busy with her turkey, she said: "May I put a plate for Walter? It will please him when he hears of it."

"Yes, child," was the ready answer, and Jessie was hastening off, when a feeble voice from the kitchen corner where the deacon sat, called her back:

"Jessie," the old man said, "Put Seth's arm-chair next to mine. It is the last Thanksgiving I shall ever see, and I would fancy him with me once more," and as Jessie turned toward the place where the leathern chair stood, she heard the words:

"God send him back,—God send him back."

"It's the deacon's wish" she whispered to her father, who, with Mrs. Bellenger, was also spending Thanksgiving at the farm-house, and who looked up surprised, as Jessie dragged from its accustomed post the ponderous arm-chair, and wheeling it into the other room, placed it to the deacon's right.

The dinner was ready at last, and Mrs. Howland was only waiting for the oysters to boil, before she served them up, when Jessie gave a scream of joy, and dropping

the dish of cranberries she held, ran off into the pantry, where, as Aunt Debby affirmed, she hid herself in the closet, though from what she was hiding it were difficult to tell. There was surely nothing appalling in the sight of Walter, who, alighting from the village omnibus, now stood upon the threshold, with Captain Murdock.

They had stayed all night in the city, where Walter had learned that Mr. Graham, Jessie and his grandmother, had gone to Deerwood to spend Thanksgiving Day.

"We shall be there just in time," he said to his father, when at an early hour they took their seat in the cars; but his father paid little heed, so intent was he upon noting the changes which more than twenty years had wrought in the localities with which he was once familiar.

As the day wore on, and he drew near to Deerwood, he leaned back in his seat, faint and sick with the crowd of memories which came rushing over him.

"Deerwood!" shouted the conductor, and looking from the window, he could scarcely believe it possible that this flourishing village was the same he had known among the hills. When he went away one spire alone pointed heavenward, now he counted four, while in the faces of some who greeted Walter again he saw the looks of those who had been boys with him, but who were fathers now to these grown-up young men.

"I am old," he sighed, and mechanically entering the omnibus, he folded his arms in moody silence, as they rattled down the street. But when the brow of the hill was reached, and Walter said: "See, father, there's our orchard," he started, and looked, not at the orchard, nor at the gable roof now fully in view, nor at the maple tree, but down the lane, along the beaten path, to where the tall monument gleamed white and cold in the gray November light.

"That's her's,—that's mother's," Walter said, following the direction of his father's eyes; then fearing that his father, by his emotions, should betray himself too soon, he arose and sat by him, taking his hand, and saying tenderly:

"Don't give way. You have me left, and grandpa, and Aunt Mary, and Jessie,—won't you try to be calm?"

"Yes, yes," whispered the agitated man, and with a tremendous effort he was calm, as, standing in the well-remembered kitchen, he waited till the noisy outburst had somewhat subsided, and Walter been welcomed home.

But not a single thing escaped the notice of his keen eyes, which wandered round the room taking in each familiar object, and noticing where there had been a change.

There was none in Aunt Debby, he said,—wrinkled, gray, slight and straight as her high-backed chair,—just as he remembered her years ago,—just so she was now,—her kerchief crossed as she wore it then,—her spectacles on her forehead,—her apron long, and almost meeting behind, and on the chair-post her satin bag with the knitting visible therefrom. She was the same, but the comely matron Walter called Aunt Mary, was she the blooming maiden he had left so long ago, and the elegant-looking stranger, with the unmistakable city polish, was that his early friend? It took him but an instant to think all this, and then his eyes fell upon the old man by the fire,—the man with the furrowed cheek, the bowed form, the silvery hair, and shaking limbs,—who, like some giant oak which has yielded to the storms of many a winter, sat there the battered wreck of a once noble man.

That was his father, but he would not call him so just then, and when Walter, turning at last, said: "This is Captain Murdock, the kind friend who took care of me," he went forward, taking first Aunt Debby's hand, then his sister Mary's, then Mr. Graham's, and now there was a slight faltering of manner, while his eyes sought the floor, for they could not meet the gaze fixed so curiously upon him.

"Grandpa, this is Captain Murdock," said Walter, while Captain Murdock advanced a step or so and took the shriveled hand, which had so often rested fondly on his head.

Oh, how Seth longed to kiss that feeble hand; but he dared not, and he was glad that Walter, with his loud, rapid talking, attracted the entire attention, leaving him to sit down unobserved, when the meeting between himself and Mrs. Bellenger was over. At her he had looked rather inquisitively, for she was his Ellen's mother, and his heart yearned toward her for the sake of his gentle wife.

Meanwhile Walter, without seeming to do so, had been watching for somebody, who, behind the pantry door, was trying to

gain courage to come out. "I'll look at him, anyway," she said, and Walter glanced that way just in time to see a protusion of raven curls, and a shining, round black eye.

"Jessie," called Mr. Graham, who saw them too, "Jessie, hadn't you better come out and gather up the cranberries you dropped so suddenly when the omnibus drove up?"

"Father, how can you?" and the young lady immediately appeared, and greeted Walter quite naturally.

He evidently was embarrassed, for he hastened to present her to Captain Murdock who, feeling, intuitively, that he beheld his future daughter-in-law, took both her soft chubby hands in his and held them there, while he said, a little mischievously:

"I have heard much of you, Miss Jessie, from my son,—my friend, I mean," he added, quickly, correcting himself, but not so quickly that Jessie did not detect what he meant to say.

One by one she scanned his features, then the deacon's, then Walter's, and then, with a flash of intelligence in her bright eyes, turned to the latter for a confirmation of her suspicions. Walter understood her meaning, and with an answering nod, said softly:

"By and by."

"The dinner will be cold," suggested Mrs. Howland, and then the deacon rose, and leaning on his cane, walked into the adjacent room, where he took his seat at the head of the table.

"There's a chair for you," Jessie said to Walter, who, following the natural laws of attraction, kept close to her side. "There's one for you and him, too, my old play-house," and she pointed to the leathern chair.

"Sit here, Captain Murdock,—here," said Walter, hurrying on as he saw Mrs. Howland giving the stranger another seat than that.

"Walter," and there was reproach in the deacon's voice, "not in your father's chair."

"Yes, grandpa," said Walter, "Captain Murdock has been a father to me,—let him sit there for once."

So Captain Murdock sat there, his heart throbbing so loudly that Jessie, who was next to him, could hear it beat, and see his chin quiver, when the voice nearly eighty years old, was asking God's blessing on their Thanksgiving Dinner; thanking God for returning their boy to them, and finishing the prayer with the touching petition: "Send the other back! oh, send the other back!"

Owing to the presence of the captain, who was considered a stranger, not a word was spoken of Seth, until they arose from the table, when Walter, unable longer to keep still, said:

"And so my father is free from all blame?" Involuntarily Jessie went up to him and put her arm in his, waiting breathlessly for what would follow next.

"Yes, Walter," returned the deacon, "my Seth is innocent. Heaven bless him wherever he may be, and send him to me before I die, so I can hear him say he didn't lay it up against me,—my hardening my heart and thinking he was guilty. Poor Seth, poor Seth! I'd give my life to blot out all the past and have him with me just as he was before he went away."

Captain Murdock was standing with his face to the window, but, as the deacon ceased speaking, he turned, and going up to him, placed his hand on either shoulder and looked into his eyes.

The movement was a most singular one, and to Mr. Graham, who knew that there must be a powerful motive for the action, there came a suspicion of the truth; but none to the old man, whose eyes fell beneath the burning gaze riveted upon him.

"Who are you?" he asked in a bewildered tone, "why do you look at me so hard? He scares me; Walter, take him away."

"Grandpa, don't you know him?" and Walter drew near to them, but not until the old man's ear had caught the whispered name of "father."

Then, with a scream of joy, he wound his feeble arms around the stranger's neck.

"Seth, boy, darling, Walter, am I going mad, or is it true? Is it Seth? Is it my boy? Tell me, Walter," and releasing their grasp, the shaking hands were stretched supplicating toward Walter, who answered:

"Yes, grandpa. It's Seth. I found him, and I have brought him home."

"Oh, Seth, Seth," and the hoary head bowed itself upon the neck of the stranger, while the poor old man sobbed like a little child. "I didn't expect it, Seth, though I've prayed for it so hard. Bless you, bless you, boy, I didn't mean to go against you. I would have died at any time to know that you were innocent. Forgive me, Seth, because I am so old and weak."

"I do forgive you," answered Seth. "It's all forgotten now, and I've come home to stay with you always till you die."

There was a hand laid slightly on Seth's shoulder, and turning, he looked into the face of Mr. Graham, which quivered with emotion, as he said:

"I, too, have need of your forgiveness."

To be continued.

THE National Division S. of T. for North America is in Session in Philadelphia.

OVER 25,000 sailed from the Mersey during May for the United States and some 4,000 for Canada.