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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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Business Cards.

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THE ADVOCATE.

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WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, JULY 1, 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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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.

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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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ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING NEATLY AND QUICKLY EXECUTED.

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Buns, Rolls and Pastry, 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.

LAI D BY.

Laid in my silent chamber, I hear them stirring below; Voices I love are sounding clear, And steps I know are in mine ear, Still passing to and fro, And ask my heart, Shall I never more Of mine own will pass through that door?

I ask, Oh! is it forever That I have ceased to be One of the group around the hearth, Sharing their sorrow and their mirth? Am I from henceforth free From all concern with the things of life, Done with its sorrow, and toil and strife?

Shall they carry me forth in silence, With blind and sealed up eyes? Shall they throw the windows wide to the air And gather mementoes here and there, As they think, with tears and sighs, 'This she was fond of—this she wore, But she never shall need them any more.' —[A. M. Munster in "Littell's Living Age."

REASON ENOUGH.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead Who loves not new-baked gingerbread? Who stepping through the kitchen door On baking day, sees goodly store Of fragrant, amber-shadowed cake, And, half-unconscious, does not break A ragged chunk? Ah, toothsome bliss! He is a char! who knows not this.

For him no practiced dexter wrist Shall limp, incipient doughnuts twist; Or stir, to coax his gourmand taste, Dreamy meringue and flaky paste, Though he may live on Nob Hill's tip, And hold his gold with miser's grip— Though he may own the whole long list Of vintner's board, by cobwebs kissed; May dine from Sevres, drive a cart, And sit on "decorative art;" Despite his gastronomic books, Despite his white-capped Gallic cooks, The wretch concentrated in his pride, Shall live and eat, unsatisfied.

And when kind Providence, or gout, Shall snuff his farthing rushlight out, The stern recorder of the skies Against the tombstone's gilded lies (Counting the virtues of the dead) Shall write: "He loved not gingerbread!"

Was He Guilty?

—OR—

JESSIE GRAHAM,

A STORY OF LOVE AND PRIDE.

Continued.

"None, Richard, none," and locked in each other's arms, the friends long parted cancelled the old debt, and in the heart of neither was there a feeling save that of perfect love.

Long and passionately Mrs. Howard wept over her brother, for his return brought back the past, and all that she had suffered since the night he went away.

Aunt Debby too, was much affected, but did not omit her accustomed "He allus was a good boy."

Then Mrs. Bellenger approached, and offering her hand, said to him very kindly: "You are dear to me for Ellen's sake, and though I never saw you until to-day, my heart claims you for a child. Shall I be your mother, Mr. Marshall?"

He could only reply by pressing the hand she extended, for his heart was all too full for utterance.

"Let me go away alone," he said at last, "to weep out my great joy," and opening the door of what was once his room, he passed for a time from their midst.

The surprise had apparently disturbed the deacon's reason, for even after his son had left him he continued talking just the same: "Poor Seth,—poor child, to think your hair should be so gray, and you but a little boy."

Then, when Seth returned to them he made him sit down beside him, and holding both his hands, smiled up into his face a smile far more painful than tears would have been.

"Seth's come home. Did you know it?" he would say to those around him, as if it were to them a piece of news, and often as he said it, he would smooth the gray hair which seemed to trouble him so much.

Gradually, however, his mind became clearer, and he was able to understand all that Seth was telling them of his experience since the night he went away.

At last, just as the sun was setting, Mr. Marshall arose, and without a word, passed into the open air. No one watched him to see whither he went, for all knew that before he returned to them he would go down the lane, along the beaten path, to where the moonlight fell upon a little grave.

It was long before he came back, and when he did, and entered the large kitchen, two figures stood by the western window, and he thought the arm of the taller was thrown about the waist of the shorter, while the face of the shorter was very near to that of the taller. Advancing toward them, and stroking the dark curls, he said, half playfully, half earnestly:

"I believe that as Mr. Marshall I have not greeted Jessie yet, so I will do it now. Are you to be my daughter, little girl?" "Yes, she is," answered Walter, while Jessie broke away from them, and was not visible again that night.

But when, at a late hour, Mrs. Bellenger left the happy group still assembled around the cheerful fire, and sought her room, from the depths of the snowy pillows, where Jessie lay nestled, there came a smothered voice, saying, half timidly:

"This is the nicest Thanksgiving I ever had, and I shall remember it forever."

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUSION.

Four years have passed away since that Thanksgiving dinner, and for the deacon, who, then, did not expect to see another, there seem to be many yet in store. Hale, hearty and happy, he sits in the arm-chair, smoking his accustomed pipe; and when the villagers, who come often to see him, tell him how the old farm-house is improved, and how they should scarcely know it, he always answers:

"Yes, Seth has good taste, and Seth is rich. He could buy Deerwood, if he tried. He built those new houses for the poor down there by the river; he built the factory, too, and gives them all employment. Seth is a blessed boy."

Others, too, there were besides the deacon, who called Seth Marshall blessed, and never since his return has a voice been raised against him.

After becoming somewhat accustomed to his new position as a free and respected man, his first wish was to modernize the farm-house a little more according to his ideas of taste and comfort. Once he thought to build a splendid mansion near by, but to this suggestion the father said: "No; I like the old place best. The new house might be handsomer, but it would not be the one where you and I, and all of us were born, and your mother died. Wait till I'm dead, and then do as you please."

And so Seth is waiting, and as he waits he sets out trees and shrubbery, and beautifies a plot of ground, on which he will sometime erect a dwelling as a summer residence for his son, who lives in the city, and calls Mrs. Bartow grandma.

When the first Christmas snows were falling after his father's return, Walter made Jessie his bride, and there now plays at his fireside a chubby, black-eyed boy, whom they call Graham Marshall, and who spends more time in Deerwood than he does in New York. Quite as old as the hoary man in the corner, who sometimes calls him Walter, but oftener Seth, he "rides to Boston" on the deacon's knee, pulls the deacon's beard, wears the deacon's glasses, smokes a stick of candy, and spits in imitation of the deacon, and then falls away to sleep in the deacon's lap,—the two forming a most beautiful picture of old age and infancy together.

At Mr. Graham's house, there is a beautiful six-months' baby, whose hair looks golden in the sunlight, and whose eyes of blue are much like those of Ellen Howland. They call her Nellie, and in all the world there is nothing one-half so precious as this child to the broken, melancholy man, who often comes to see her, and when no one can hear him, whispers sadly:

"Sweet Nellie—darling Nellie,—little snowdrop!" But whether he means the infant in the crib, or the Nellie dead long ago, is difficult to tell.

For eighteen months he toiled inside the prison walls, and then the powerful influence of Mr. Graham, Seth Marshall and Walter combined, procured him a pardon. An humbled and a better man, he would not leave the city. He would rather remain, he said, and live down his disgrace, than have it follow him as it was sure to do. So he stayed, accepting thankfully a situation which Walter procured for him, and Mrs. Bellenger, when she saw that he was really changed, gladly gave him a home with herself, for she was lonely now that Walter was gone.

Old Mrs. Reeves was very much astonished that the Grahams and Marshalls should make so much of one who had been in State prison, and said:

"She was glad that Charlotte had married a Southern planter and gone to Mississippi, as there was no knowing what notions might have entered her brain."

Every summer there is a family gathering of the Grahams and Marshalls with A. Bellenger and Mrs. Bartow at Deerwood where the deacon seems as young and happy as any of them. And now, where our story opened we will bring it to a close, at the farm-house where the old man sat smoking in the twilight with his son and grandson and great-grandson around him,—representatives of four generations, with a difference of nearly eighty years between the first and fourth.

THE END.

MAN'S DESTINY.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon the faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars "hold their festival around the midnight throne." And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrent from our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

CALLING THE DOCTOR.

One morning as a belated member of the Owl Club, of Louisville, was steering through the dense fog, which hangs over that city at 3 a. m., he passed the house of a well known physician. The vestibule of his residence was open, and on its side the dim rays of the moon, struggling through the gloom produced by the efforts of the city gas company, disclosed the mouth of an acoustic tube, with underneath the inscription, "Whistle for Dr. Potts."

Not wishing to be disobliging about so small a matter, the Owl stumbled up to the steps, and steadying himself against the wall, blew into the pipe with all the strength of his lungs.

The physician, who was awakened by the resultant shrill whistle near his head, arose; and after wondering at the singular odor of whiskey in the room, groped his way to the tube, and shouted, "Well."

"Glad to know you're well," was the reply, "but being a doctor I s'pose you can keep well at cost price, can't you?"

"What do you want?" said the man of pills, not caring to joke in the airy nothing of his nightgown.

"Well," said the party at the other end of the tube, after a moments meditation. "O, by the way, are you young Potts or old Potts?"

"I am Mr. Potts; there is no young Potts."

"Not dead, I hope?"

"There never was any. I have no son."

"Then you are young Potts and old Potts too. Dear, dear, how singular."

"What do you want?" snapped the Dr. who began to feel as though his legs were a pair of elongated icicles.

"You know old Mrs. Peavine, who lives in the next block?"

"Yes is she sick? What's the matter?"

"Do you know her nephew, too—Bill Briggs?"

"Yes, Well?"

"Well, he went up to Bridgeport, shoot ing and—"

"And he had an accident? Hold up a minute. I'll be right down."

"No, he's all right; but he got 62 ducks, 18 of 'em mallards. I thought you might like to hear it."

And the joker hung on to the nozzle and laughed like a hyena digging for a fat missionary.

"I say," came down from the exasperated M. D., "that's a jolly good joke my friend. Won't you take something?"

"What?" said the surprised humorist.

"Why, take something. Take this."

And before the disgusted funny man could withdraw his mouth a hastily compounded mixture of ink, ipecac and asafoetida, squirted from the pipe and deluged him from head to foot, about a pint monopolizing his shirt front and collar. And while he danced frantically around, sponging himself with a handkerchief and swearing like a pirate in the last act, he could hear an angel voice from above sweetly murmur:—

"Have some more? No? Well good night. Come again soon, you funny do you. By-bye."

A DESPATCH from Pictou, N. S., says, myriads of the army worms have made their appearance in that county. They were spread along the railroad of the Intercolonial coal company when first observed, so that that sand had to be thrown on the rail, and the locomotive wheels to grasp it. They move slowly and spare nothing. Reported a blackened path for miles, forest marks their progress. When on the road bed millions of dead worms in the coal, which seemingly protect them.