



—North Victoria and Ontario General Advertiser.—

JOS. J. CAVE, Publisher.

WOODVILLE, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1887.

VOL. XI,—NUMBER 26

**MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE AND Collecting Association**  
—DOING BUSINESS IN—  
**CANADA AND UNITED STATES.**

ESTABLISHED IN 1864.  
Having for its object to collect from all that it is possible to collect from, then publish the names of all that cannot or will not pay, which list is supplied to every member of the Association throughout Canada and United States. Address  
**J. BIDWELL MILLS & Co.,**  
Managers, Hamilton Ont.

## Farmers!

Ploughs, 3 Patterns, Gang Ploughs (2 and 3 Furrows) and Rollers, Seed Drills, Horse Rakes, Binders, Reapers and Mowers at

**Beaverton Foundry**

**W. SMITH**

March 26, 86-1y PROPRIETOR

**Woodville Cheap TEA Store!**

## TEAS

From 20cts. up.

**LI QUOR TEAS**  
With which you get a valuable book with every three pounds of tea.  
**Good Currants 25lbs. \$1.**  
School Books, Bibles &c.  
All kinds Patent Medicines.  
Agent for Allen Line of Steamships also for Globe, Mail, and all leading newspapers.

**J. C. GILCHRIST**

WOODVILLE.

J. C. GILCHRIST, Woodville, Money to Loan Jan. 3, Feb. 2, Mar. 2, April 2, May 3, June 2, July 4, Sept. 2, Oct. 3, Nov. 2, Dec. 2.  
2. Brougham: Clerk, M. Gleeson, Greenwood May 4, July 5, Sept. 3.  
3. Pickering Village: Clerk, M. Gleeson, Greenwood, Jan. 4, Mar. 3, Nov. 3.  
4. Uxbridge: Clerk, Z. Hemphill, Uxbridge, Feb. 9, April 20, June 22, Sept. 7, Oct. 19, Dec. 14.  
5. Cannington: Clerk, Geo. Smith, Cannington Feb. 10, April 21, June 23, Sept. 8, Oct. 20, Dec. 15.  
6. Beaverton: G. F. Bruce, Beaverton, Feb. 11, April 22, June 24, Sept. 9, Dec. 16.  
7. Uptergrove: Clerk, P. J. Gillespie, Uptergrove, Feb. 12, April 23, June 25, Sept. 10, Dec. 17.  
By Order, **J. E. FARWELL,**  
Clerk of the Peace.

## County of Ontario!

Division Court Sittings—1887.

1. Whitby: Clerk, D. C. Macdonnell, Whitby Jan. 3, Feb. 2, Mar. 2, April 2, May 3, June 2, July 4, Sept. 2, Oct. 3, Nov. 2, Dec. 2.  
2. Brougham: Clerk, M. Gleeson, Greenwood May 4, July 5, Sept. 3.  
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By Order, **J. E. FARWELL,**  
Clerk of the Peace.

**TAMARAC ELIXIR**  
NATURE'S REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, THROAT & LUNG COMPLAINTS. INSTANT RELIEF. POSITIVE CURE.

## JACOB BARNES, Pump Maker.

WOODVILLE AND BEAVERTON, Pumps and Cisterns of all kinds to order at short notice.

I will be in Beaverton on Tuesday and Friday of each week, orders by mail may be addressed to Beaverton, or Woodville and will receive prompt and careful attention.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

We want One Hundred Good Men at once to sell for

**THE FORTHILL NURSERIES, LARGEST IN CANADA OVER 465 ACRES.**

Steady Employment and no lost time, liberal commission or salary, best advantages, splendid outfit furnished free; any pushing man can succeed. Apply for terms to,

**STONE & WELLINGTON,**  
Toronto, Ont.

**GOLD** fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from \$5 to \$25 per day. Some have earned over \$20 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is now.

## Woodville Local News.

FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1887.

**Eggs:**  
J. R. Prior, Woodville, pays 14 cents for eggs.

**Relief.**  
I. N. Marshall, Barrister, Brockville, Ont., states:—I was so troubled with cold in the head that I could not speak plainly. One application of Nasal Balm gave immediate relief, and thoroughly cleaned out my head.

**No. 7, Tay.**  
Mr. Nesbitt, teacher here, passed successfully at the recent examination of teachers and obtained a second class professional certificate. He has been re-engaged for the next six months at an advanced salary. He gives very general satisfaction.—Penetang. "Her. ald."—Mr. Nesbitt is now home enjoying his holiday's in Woodville.

**Cash Paid**  
For any quantity of Eggs. J. R. Prior, Woodville, Cheap Cash Store.

**In Orillia.**  
Rev. Mr. McTavish will preach in Orillia on Sabbath next.

All kinds of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing neatly and quickly executed Address Jos. J. CAVE, "Express," Beaverton.

**Another Swindle.**  
Farmers will do well to give a man who is going through the different townships selling a new kind of wheat, a wide berth. He was through Cavan and several farmers in that township were victimized to the tune of a couple of hundred dollars.

**Prior Buys**  
Eggs, Butter, Pork, Potatoes and all kinds of saleable produce, Woodville

**For the Fly Season.**  
A bald-headed St Louis man, who has been troubled by flies, has devised a scheme to get rid of the troublesome insects. He noticed that a fly always walks upward. Put a fly on a window and up he goes towards the top; he can't be made to walk downward. Forthwith he made a window screen divided in half. The upper half lapped over the lower, with an inch of space between. As soon as a fly would light on the screen it would proceed to travel upward, and would thus walk outdoors. On reaching the top of the lower half he would be outside. Not being able to walk down, he had no way to return to the room.

**Dress Goods.**  
Prior's for Dress Goods, Prints, Muslins, Shirts, Tweeds, Cottons, Cottonades, Parasols, Laces, &c., Woodville Cheap Store.

**New Platform.**  
A great improvement has been effected at the "Eldon House" by the laying of a new platform on the east sides of the building. It adds largely to both the looks of the street and premises.

**Personal.**  
Mr. E. J. Sidey, of Creston, Iowa, is spending a few days in Woodville, visiting friends. Mr. John McLeod, of Michigan, also arrived on Tuesday evening from Michigan, where he is now working. Dr. W. Gunn, of Brucefield, Ont., is spending a short vacation with friends here.

**Eldon Branch Agricultural Society.**  
The directors of the Society met last evening but no report of their deliberations as has yet reached us.

**Lacrosse.**  
Some of our young lads gathered together on Tuesday last to play a friendly match with the juniors of Beaverton, on the team from the latter place turning up, however, they were found to be composed of boys who should rather be called young men from their size and ages. Our boys faced them and after a brief game the Beaverton boys carried the ball through the goal. The play was spirited however and had the teams been at all fairly matched Woodville's juniors would have given an excellent account of themselves.

## THE WITCH'S ROCK.

It Lies in Enchanted Ground and is Still Shunned By the Superstitious.

In the midst of a deep wood, not far from this beautiful village in western Rhode Island, writes a Hopkin's Hill correspondent to the New York Sun, is an enchanted rock. It is a common boulder, about four feet across the top, and not more than two feet high. Around it is a singular shallow furrow. Tall trees bend above it, and it is only in midsummer that the vertical sun pierces the interlacing boughs. The whole wood bears an uncanny reputation in local tradition, and within the memory of the older inhabitants witches are said to have been seen flitting about the outskirts of the forest. The neighborhood of the rock is especially shunned, and belated children returning from a berrying trip on the hills hasten their footsteps as they pass the dreaded boulder. More than two hundred years ago the regicides Goffe and Whalley fled from Point Judith to this place, and since that time the stone has been known as Witch rock. An aged Rhode Islander related its legend the other day:

"A couple of hundred years ago," he said, "when settlers had begun to break the ground in the neighborhood of Hopkin's Hill, a witch made her home in a cabin that had been abandoned by a pioneer close to Witch rock. Everything within a hundred yards of the rock became enchanted and she caused the settlers many annoyances by her pranks. Tools that were left out over night mysteriously disappeared, cattle were afflicted with singular diseases, stones were hurled through window panes by unseen hands, and whenever a hail-storm or a hurricane swept over the hills, destroying the crops, people saw her flying through the air, driving her storm onward with her broom. At last she was driven out of the settlement, but the rock and all the ground about it remained enchanted to this day.

"I can recollect, when the wood was cleared land, but it was never possible to plow within a hundred yards of the bewitched stone. As soon as the witch's line was passed, it is said, off went the plow chip, which is now called the land-side, and which at that time was made of wood. You might fasten the chip on again, if you could find it, but off it would go as soon as the team was started. The last attempt to plow near the rock was made by an old man named Reynolds about eighty or ninety years ago. He said that he could put on a plow chip so it would stay, and many neighbors gathered to see the trial.

"Reynolds started into the field, and the plow ran smooth enough till he crossed the witch's line, and then all of a sudden the chip flew off. The plow edged away, and there were a good many white faces, for nobody knew what might happen next. But the old plowman was not at all disheartened. He soon found the chip in the furrow, under a turf, and he picked it up and clapped it on the framework. Again the team was started, but in a jiffy away flew the chip again, and vanished in the air, and the oxen were found to be unyoked. Mr. Reynolds hunted the furrow over, but could not find the missing piece. After this the crowd edged away, slowly at first, but as soon as they were out of the old man's sight away they sped home.

"Reynolds said that as soon as the people ran away a crow came from the north, perched itself on a dead oak near by, and began to cry: 'Caw! caw! caw!' At this, John Hopkins, who owned the magical piece of land, and who had been attracted from his home to the spot after the fright of the people, cried back:

"Squawk! you—old Pat Jenkins!"  
"When the crow came flying over, the plow-chip came down out of the air, and the crow changed into an old woman, with a cocked hat on. She was pursued by the men to the rock, when she turned into a cat and disappeared into its mysterious underground recesses. Shovels were fetched, and willing hands dug around and under the rock, but no trace was found of the cat. After that the lot was left to grow up to weeds, wild grass, and bushes; the cabin fell to pieces about the enchanted rock, and finally the thick woods that you know see covered the tract, hiding the witch's stone from the world."

Witch's rock is rarely visited, except by hunter's, and others who have heard of its reputation. The furrow about the boulder, which is still distinctly traceable, is pointed out as the trench excavated by the farmers' shovels, nearly one hundred years ago, in the effort to unearth the black witch cat that had eluded them.

What is it that keeps you busy writing so late in your study every night?

## THE PEOPLE OF LABRADOR.

If environment moulds a people, then the Labradorians should have strong traits. The climate, the unique features of the country, the undisputed supremacy of the sea, the isolation from the world—all their circumstances, indeed—are so strongly marked as to be irresistible. The population of the Canadian part of the coast—down to the boundary line at Blanc Sablon—is of French origin, Canadian and Arcadian; the Newfoundland part of Labrador—the Strait of Belle Isle and the Atlantic coast—is inhabited by English-speaking people. Moravians and Esquimaux are found in the far North. The French Canadians consist of two classes; a part of them come here every spring to fish for the merchants, and return every fall to their families and small homesteads between Quebec and Gaspe; others live here permanently, own little isolated establishments, and fish on their own account. The Acadians have collected in two principal settlements, Esquimaux point and Natashquan, where they have their schools, priests, churches, and some other features of village life.

I was fortunate in being storm-stayed at a few of these French Canadian homes, where I found now and then a person able to give me some account of the summer and winter life of the people. To begin with external and material things, the average home of Labrador generally consists of a rough board dwelling, with two rooms and a garret, a small dock and store-house for receiving, cleaning, curing, and storing fish, and two or three open fishing-boats. All these buildings perch like anxious water-fowls on the bare rocks; they never impress me as homes, for they make for themselves no niche or place in the surface of the earth; you expect them to be washed or blown away at the next gale—as they sometimes are. For the sake of being near the fishing-grounds these shelters are generally established on some outlying island offering a mooring or else a beach for the boats; they seem to be banished from the earth as far as possible seaward. They stand up gaunt, stark naked in the gales, in the midst of a desert of sea and rocks.

In the best places there may be a hollow little sand, enriched with decaying fish, where a few turnips and cabbages manage to show themselves during a brief season. You get a gleam of hope and of horror on beholding a gaunt scaffold about eighteen feet high; but it is not a gallows for the ending of life, only a platform for keeping the frozen fish for dog-meat. The interior of these homes is not quite so distressing as their hard surroundings, for the human hand indoors can make its mark, which is not always a clean one. The furniture, diet, costumes, are rough and commonplace; but the people are courteous and kind, and they observe well their religious rites. Their isolation is such that they keep the run of time by marking the days of the week on the door-post. An exception to this dreariness is to be met here and there, at a light-house or at the home of a merchant. I asked an intelligent fisherman how he could content himself in such a place.

"Well, sir, I expect we're fools to stay here. The worst of it is, our children are growing up as ignorant as we are—just like the dogs. Hardly any of us can read or write. Our houses are too far apart to get the children together for school, excepting at Esquimaux Point, Natashquan, and Mutton Bay. Then, too, we can't see the priest more than once or twice a year, and that's very inconvenient about dying, for pleurisy and consumption are very head-strong. And there's no doctor at all, nor any roots or herbs for medicines. We keep alive on pain-killer and salts that the traders sell. It's a hard life, and we don't live to be very old. We have to do all our own work—jack-of-all-trades, you know. When we came here to live, my wife and I cut all the timber in the winter for building these houses, sawed it by hand in a pit, and in the spring rafted it down the river."

The social season of Labrador is the winter. There is no fishing then to keep people at home; cutting wood and a little hunting are the only occupations. Winter lasts about eight months; when the channels among the islands and the bays are frozen over, dog teams can run up and down the coast for three hundred miles—from Mingan to Bonne Esperance. People then go visiting; they carry no provisions, for everybody keeps open house, and the little cabins are often packed with people and dogs. The winter homes, as a rule, are back some miles from the coast, where wood is handy. Several families who fish at Whale Head live on a swamp in winter, where the tread of a man along the street shakes every house. The Abbe For-

land says that in his time—about fifty years ago—the hospitality of the coast was such the people on going away from home used to leave food, and sometimes even money, on the table, and the doors unlocked, that needy travelers might enter and help themselves. But the advent of more travelers in these days has led to more caution and less generosity.

It is not surprising to find all seamen superstitious; the irresistible and whimsical forces of the ocean must appear to them supernatural, and their changing fortunes must often seem the result of some unfathomable mystery. Could events so supernatural as those told by the Ancient Mariner be so appropriate to a landsman? Those fishermen are not behind other sea-faring men in either the number of their superstitions or the faith they repose in them. But Labrador, in time, will doubtless produce still more astonishing results in this regard; for what other region on earth offers such elemental powers, such weird scenes, such impressive hardships and horrors? Here is a region without a mile of road in three thousand miles of coast; I never elsewhere appreciated a wheel and a horseshoe. Some of these people have no idea of the shape and size of a cow or a horse, and they flee like hares at the coming of a stranger. I have stated elsewhere that lawlessness often prevails, and that those who are in need do not hesitate to break open stores and help themselves. But their most astonishing traits are laziness and improvidence here in sight of heart-rending hardship and want. Labrador, however, was formerly a sea of plenty; fishing, sealing, trapping, gave even the indolent a sure though a miserable living. In a few weeks the average man could catch fish enough to exchange with traders for the necessaries of life. This enabled him to idle away three-fourths of the year, and relieved him of any sense of responsibility. But now fish, oil, and fur are no longer so abundant. The average family spends about one hundred dollars per year to get only the absolute necessaries of life; and yet

## Seven Blind Wonders.

For several days past there has been a remarkable family of negroes in Atlanta. Their names is Williamson, and they came from Wilson County, North Carolina. There are three brothers and four sisters, all of whom have been totally blind from their birth. They are the children of black parents who were slaves and ordinary field hands. Unto them were born fourteen children, seven of whom had sight, while seven were blind. The blind children were not only harder and healthier, but their mental endowments are superior to those of their brothers and sisters who could see.

They went to Raleigh to the State Blind Asylum, and were there well educated. Every one of them developed a remarkable talent for music, and on leaving the asylum organized themselves into a concert company and began to travel through the South. The oldest brother married a smart negro woman, who acts as guide and business manager of the party. They have been all over the South, giving entertainments which have paid them handsomely. They sing and play on various instruments with remarkable skill. All of them have good voices, which have been well trained.

The most remarkable performances are the exhibitions of their powers of mimicry. They imitate a brass band so perfectly that a person outside the hall in which they are humming would almost invariably be deceived. Their imitation of the organ is equally perfect. Each of the singers makes a peculiar noise and carries his or her own part of the performance, and the combined result is a deep music, very like the pealing of a grand organ. These are two of their many tricks. They are constantly adding to their repertoire and perfecting themselves more and more in their curious arts. They have educated the sense of touch to a very remarkable degree. By feeling of a person's face and head, they can give an accurate description of his or her appearance; and one of the sisters claims that she can tell the color of the hair by touching it.

The seven will stand with joined hands and any object can be placed in the hands of the oldest brother at the end of the line; while he holds it he claims that the magnetic current which passes through the entire line will enable any one of his brothers and sisters to tell what he has in his hand. At any rate some remarkable guesses of this kind are made.—Atlanta Constitution.

Thirteen is an unlucky number. It is for this reason that when a shop-keeper halves a 25-cent piece he invariably gives you 12 cents. The shop-keeper is unselfish, and as somebody must run the risk of bad luck he freely takes it himself.—Boston Transcript.