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QUEEN'S HOTEL, WOODVILLE,  
J. CLIFFORD, Proprietor.  
Bar supplied with the best wines, liquors  
and cigars. Sample Rooms for commercial  
travelers. Good stables and sheds. Attentive  
hostler.

ELDON HOUSE, Woodville,  
T. EDWARDS, Proprietor  
First-class accommodation and attentive  
servants. Bar well supplied with the choicest  
liquors and cigars. Buses to and from all  
trains and every convenience for the travel-  
ling public.

NORTHERN HOTEL, Woodville,  
BENJAMIN SCAMMON, Proprietor.  
This House is situated in the centre of the  
business portion of the Village, and has re-  
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therefore most suitable for commercial men  
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Office—Kent St., Lindsay.

NEELANDS & PENTLAND, Dentists,  
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One of the above will be at Hamilton's  
Hotel, Beaverton, on the SECOND MON-  
DAY of each month. He will also visit  
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Estimates furnished, and contracts taken for  
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D. POWELL,  
Is prepared to do

HAIR-DRESSING,  
SHAVING,  
SHAMPOOING,  
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&c., &c.

In the latest styles, at the "Parlor" oppo-  
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The subscribers have now got their  
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and at bottom prices. Also  
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ploy ONE OF THE BEST MILLERS IN  
THE COUNTRY. To our customers  
We Guarantee Quantity and Quality!  
And respectfully request a continuance of  
their patronage. Flour and Feed delivered  
to all parts of the village free of charge.

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Apply to  
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WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1879.

J. S. LEEDHAM,  
WATCHMAKER & PHOTOGRAPHER.  
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is now prepared to give  
Music Lessons on the Organ

At her residence on King St., next door to  
Mr. McSweyn's. Pupils can be attended at  
there own residence if required.

W. A. SILVERWOOD,  
COUNTY AUCTIONEER.

Office on King Street, or orders can be  
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MONEY TO LOAN on FARM PRO-  
PERTY, for a term of years, at a reason-  
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LIVERY

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HENRY EDWARD JR.

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Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Com-  
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made for commission, payments in advance  
or expenses.

For further particulars apply to  
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should be a sure guarantee of his efficiency.

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Agent for the sale of the celebrated  
WILSON A., and LOCKMAN SEWING  
MACHINES.  
LAND and General Agent.

Poetry.

WHAT A SERMON SHOULD BE.

It should be brief; if lengthy, it will steep  
Our hearts in apathy, our eyes in sleep;  
The dull will yawn, the chapel lounge doze,  
Attention flag, and memory's portals close.

It should be warm; a living altar coal,  
To melt the icy heart and charm the soul;  
A soulless, dull harangue, however read,  
Will never rouse the soul, or raise the dead.

It should be simple, practical and clear;  
No fine-spun theory to please the ear;  
No curious love to tickle lettered pride,  
And leave the poor and plain unedified.

It should be tender and affectionate  
As his warm theme who wept lost Salem's  
fate,  
The fiery laws, with words of love allay'd,  
Will sweetly warn and awfully persuade.

It should be manly, just and rational;  
Wisely conceived, and well expressed withal,  
Not stuffed with silly notions, apt to stain  
A sacred desk, and show a muddy brain.

It should possess a well-adapted grace  
To situation, audience, time and place;  
A sermon formed for scholars, statesmen,  
lords,  
With peasant's and mechanics ill accords.

It should with evangelic beauty bloom,  
Like Paul's at Corinth, Athens, or at Rome;  
While some Epictetus or Sterne esteem,  
A gracious Saviour is the gospel theme.

It should be mixed with many an ardent  
prayer,  
To reach the heart, and fix and fasten there;  
When God and man are mutually addressed,  
God grants a blessing, man is truly blest.

It should be closely well applied at last.  
To make the moral nail securely fast;  
Thou art the man, and thou alone will make  
A Felix tremble and a David quake!

THE FATAL LOCKET;  
—OR—  
A CURSE FROM THE GRAVE.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

The moon streamed down through the  
graceful, weeping willows that were gronped  
on the bank of a small stream, and a white  
fence and snowy marble gleamed in its sil-  
very light.

It was a small enclosure, such as encircle  
the last resting-place of those who have  
gone to the "great beyond."

There were several white marble tomb-  
stones in the little burying-ground, but two  
of them were just alike, and stood side by  
side.

In the distance glistened the white walls  
of a plantation home, and yet it seemed de-  
serted, for not a ray of light shone in a win-  
dow.

Presently the dark forms of a horse and  
rider came slowly along through the forest,  
and though the animal shied and snorted, as  
though with superstitious fright, the rider  
forced him up to the little graveyard fence,  
and sprang to the ground.

Hitching the horse, he entered the enclo-  
sure, and stopped before the two graves side  
by side.

The moon shone down upon the marble,  
and the black letters stood out in bold re-  
lief.

Upon one the lonely visitor read—  
"SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
of  
BERNARD BROWN,  
Died October 15th, 18—,  
Aged 27 years."

Upon the other tombstone was the inscrip-  
tion:  
"IN MEMORIAM,  
ELLA BROWN,  
Wife of Bernard Brown—"  
"Great Heaven! was she his wife—and I  
never knew it—oh, heaven, have mercy!"  
The man covered his face with his hands,  
and sobbed like one in terrible pain.

Then he controlled his emotion, and again  
glanced at the inscription:  
"Died of a broken heart,  
May 1st, 18—,  
Aged 20 years."

"His wife, and I not suspect it!" groaned  
the man, and he bent his head upon the  
cold marble.

"After three years' wanderings, I return  
to find her dead—poor Ella; how much I  
wronged you I never knew until this mo-  
ment; but as I have sinned, I will try in  
some way to atone for my sin."

For some time he remained in moody si-  
lence, the moonlight falling lightly upon him  
and revealing a face of manliness, intellect,  
and yet a trifle stern and reckless; a form,  
tall, well-proportioned, and dressed in per-  
fect taste.

Suddenly  
marble, and  
graveyard.

Throwing  
saddle, he urg-

ed his horse to a gallop, and quickly left  
behind him the desolate resting-place of the  
dead.

"St. John, do you bet on this race?"  
"Oh yes, anything *pour passer le temps*."  
"And upon which horse?"

"The dark one; I like sombre shades."  
"I'll bet you five hundred the gray wins."  
"I'll book the bet that he does not, and  
wager five hundred the black wins."

"Taken; now let us get a good position in  
the grand stand."

The two speakers were friends, belonged  
to the same social and yacht club,  
and had ran down to the race-course near  
the city for a few days' sport.

The one was Tremain St. John, a bachelor  
of thirty-five, rich, elegant, and with noth-  
ing to do.

The other was a young banker, Frederick  
Sinclair, also wealthy, and a bachelor, and a  
year older than St. John.

Obtaining a good position, they watched  
the race with considerable interest in the  
sport, rather than for fear of losing.

"The black wins, Tremain!" exclaimed  
Sinclair, as the splendid horse ran across the  
line, far ahead of the others in the race.

"And the gray comes in last, Fred."  
"Correct. I'm no jockey to ever pick  
out the winning horse. I owe you one  
thousand, St. John—here it is; and he hand-  
ed him a roll of bills.

"Is not that Mrs. Drummond sitting there  
by the post?"

"Yes, and she is a fine woman, always  
getting up subscriptions to aid just charities  
—see, she bows."

Both men raised their hats and made their  
way toward the lady.

"Mrs. Drummond, I am glad to see you;  
how do you enjoy the racing?"

"Very much indeed; only I feel deep  
sympathy for the last horse in the race, he  
has no friends, and catches a whipping to  
urge him on."

"Your kind heart, Mrs. Drummond, ever  
causes you, to use a slang phrase, if you will  
pardon it, to sympathize with the under  
dog in the fight. I was fortunate enough to  
win on both the winning and losing horses  
and I beg you to accept the sum for some  
charitable object; and he placed in her hand  
the ten one hundred dollar notes given him  
by Fred Sinclair.

"Mr. St. John, there are a thousand dol-  
lars here; this is generous, indeed, and your  
offering shall go to aid in erecting a new  
orphans' asylum."

"It will be well placed; if you need more,  
command me."

"Thank you, but allow me to present my  
little daughter Alice," and a little maiden of  
four years, an exquisite, petite beauty offer-  
ed her tiny gloved hand to the elegant  
gentleman, who took her upon his knee, and  
seemed as anxious to entertain her during  
the remainder of the race as though she had  
been a young lady.

A man, poorly clad, was walking across  
the *Champs Elisee* in Paris, and seemingly  
endeavouring to avoid attention.

Suddenly he stopped, to allow a stylish  
drag to go by, and raising his eyes, met a  
face that was familiar to him.

He shrunk back as though to avoid recog-  
nition, but the gentleman in the vehicle,  
and who was driving, drew his horse back  
suddenly, while he exclaimed—  
"Fred Sinclair! can it be you?"

"Yes, Tremain St. John, and twelve years  
have made sad changes in my life, while you  
look just the same," said the other, sadly.

"I have heard of your misfortune; get in,  
and go with me to my rooms, and tell me  
all about it," said St. John, kindly.

"No, my attire is seedy, and—"  
"No excuses, come with me."  
Fred Sinclair entered the vehicle, and St.  
John drove to a fashionable tailor.

"Pardon me, Fred, but I wish to fit you  
out—no remonstrance; come."

The two entered the establishment, and  
the tailor happened to have a suit that would  
just fit Fred, and taking it with them, they  
drove to the handsome quarters of Tremain  
St. John.

"Now, Fred, tell me of your troubles,"  
said St. John, as half an hour after his ar-  
rival, Fred Sinclair came from his room,  
looking like a different man, for kindness  
and new clothes had done much for him.

"Well, I foolishly ventured in stocks,  
and then the crash came, and six months  
ago I turned over all to my creditors, and  
came here, hoping, as I spoke French and  
German, to get something to do; but noth-  
ing came in my way, and I spent my last  
franc yesterday."

"Poor fellow!"  
"But I do not care for myself so much,

though it is deuced uncomfortable, but for  
others who banked with me, and lost all.

"There was poor Drummond, he had all  
his deposit in my hands, including money  
deposited by his wife for charitable purposes  
and which had been collected for that pur-  
pose.

"Drummond blew his brains out, and his  
wife sold all her property to pay back the  
charitable fund, and is the matron of an  
asylum."

"Too bad! And her little daughter  
asked St. John, with considerable interest.  
"Not little now, for she is seventeen; re-  
member, it has been twelve years since you  
saw her last."

"True; I have always remembered her as  
a child. Where is she?"

"In Paris, at school; I saw her on the  
street some time ago; her mother keeps her  
here until she finishes her education.

"Do you know, I ran away when I saw  
her, for I considered myself indirectly guilty  
of the death of her father, and the loss of  
all their property."

"Speculating in stocks and gold, Fred,  
and especially with other people's money is  
a bad business; but poor fellow, you have  
had a lesson, and I will aid you. How much  
do you owe depositors?"

"About one hundred thousand, and half  
of that was Drummond's."

"Well if I set you up in a bank here,  
will you promise never to speculate, but do  
a legitimate banking business?"

"St. John!"  
It was all he could say, for his heart was  
full.

He had long known that Tremain St.  
John was a generous giver, and aided those  
in distress whenever he could find them  
worthy; he also knew that St. John had in-  
herited half-a-dozen large fortunes, and was  
worth his millions.

"I mean it, Fred; I have a large floating  
interest that I wish to invest in business,  
and I will make the firm Sinclair & Co.,  
and I am to be the silent partner.

"We will share equally, and I will leave  
all in your hands; but, from your profits I  
must beg that you will pay up every dollar  
you owe depositors, and if our business  
prosper you can do that in several years,  
and then be once more a free man.

"There is ample room for another Ameri-  
can banking-house in Paris, and mark my  
words, we will succeed beyond my expecta-  
tions. Now what is the address of Alice  
Drummond?"

"No.—*Champs Elisee*; but, Tremain, I  
cannot find words to—"

"Thank you, come in to dinner, Fred."

"Mademoiselle Drummond, there is a  
gentleman in the parlor who desires to see  
you on business important," said the madam  
of the pension where Alice Drummond was  
receiving her education.

Entering the room, the maiden saw before  
her Tremain St. John.

She was about six years of age, when, in  
Italy with her parents, she had last seen  
Tremain St. John, yet she remembered him,  
for, straying a few yards away from her  
mother's side, while visiting an old ruin,  
she had suddenly been seized by an Italian  
bandit, and was being borne away, when a  
rescuer appeared in the person of St. John.

The bandit showed fight to save his prize,  
but St. John sprang upon him, a struggle  
ensued, and the Italian was slain.

Since that day Alice Drummond had never  
forgotten Tremain St. John.

He saw before him a maiden of surpassing  
loveliness, tall, a Venus in form, grace-  
ful, vivacious, and exquisitely fascinating.

"My dear friend, Mr. St. John!" and she  
held out both hands.

"My sweet friend, Miss Alice," he an-  
swered, as he clasped the shapely hands in  
his own.

"Call me Alice, as in the olden time; but,  
oh, Mr. St. John, you know about poor papa  
of course!"

"Yes, I have heard of his sad death."

"He lost everything by the failure of his  
banker, and knowing he would have to sell  
his house to pay for the charity funds mam-  
ma had, he took his life—poor papa!"

"I feel deeply for you, Alice, in your sor-  
row."

"And mama has taken a place as matron  
in an asylum, to aid me in completing my  
education; but I will be through in another  
year, and will then teach music and French  
and take care of her, for she is in miserable  
health."

"There will be no need of that, Miss Alice,  
for Mr. Sinclair has gone into business here  
and is doing well, and I called to tell you  
that he holds the amount that your father  
lost through him, subject to your mother's  
order."

"Can this be true? Oh, Mr. St. John,  
you are a good angel, and mamma will come  
to Paris, and get well."

"It is true, Alice, the sum is fifty-two  
thousand dollars; write her to come over at  
once, and in case she needs funds, send her  
this draft of Sinclair & Co., for two thou-  
sand dollars."

"Madam," from a convenient corner, had  
heard all, and when Alice came from the  
parlor she could not but notice that the lit-  
tle French lady was almost abject in her  
politeness, for a poor girl and a rich girl are  
two different persons in the eyes of the  
world at large.

Continued on eighth page.