

# The Woodville Advocate

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THOS. 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 travelling public.

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One of the above will be at Hamilton's Hotel, Beaverton, on the SECOND MONDAY of each month. He will also visit Woodville on the Second TUESDAY of each month, stopping at McPherson's Hotel. J. NEELANDS, L. S. J. PENTLAND, L. D. S.

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ALL NEW WORK WARRANTED.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY Executed.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

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ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING NEATLY AND QUICKLY EXECUTED.

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TERMS CASH.

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

Farmers wanting meat will please leave their order the night before at the shop. The highest cash price paid for HIDES.

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FRUIT CAKES, MIXED TEA CAKES.

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These Sums payable at the end of each year pay off the entire debt, Principal and Interest.

NO COMMISSION. NO FINES.

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J. C. GILCHRIST,

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Keith's Agricultural Store,

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**Eruder Gardner's Opinions.**

Brother Gardner, of the Lime Kiln Club, says, in the *Detroit Free Press*: "What punishment am I to go to for going to jail for a month? He gets plenty to eat and a good bed to sleep on, and gains five pounds of fat. If that same man was tied up and thirty lashes laid agin his back he'd open his eyes powerful wide. Go on de ribbon—go on de kyars—walk on the streets, an' you fin' de loafer. He pushes an' crowds an' abuses an' insults. What kin you do wid him? Make complaint an' de law will play wid him, an' let him go. Let an officer give him a sound floggin' an' his hat would come down off his ear in no time. De whippin'-post may be barbarous, but what do ye call it when a loafer follows your wife frow de streets? It may be degradin', but what do ye call it when three drunken loafers take possession of a 'scarsi in boat an' knock men down an' frighten women half to death? Take a tramp, a loafer, a drunkard or a petty thief, tie him to a whippin' post an' play a rawhide on his back fur five minutes an' you hev done mo' to make dat man respect de power of de law an' de rights of odder men dan any workhouse sentence could do."

**Hunting for a Word.**

An anecdote of Moore, the Irish poet, shows how much pains a writer who will do good work will take to put the right word in the right place. Moore was on a visit to a friend in France, and while there wrote a short poem. One day, while the guest was engaged in his literary work, the two took a stroll into an adjacent wood, and the host soon perceived that his companion was given up to his own thoughts; he was silent and absorbed, noticing neither his friend nor the beauties of the landscape. By-and-by he began to gnaw the fin or tips of his gloves, pulling and twitching spasmodically, and when this had gone on for a long time, his friend ventured to ask him what was the trouble. "I'll tell you," said Moore. "I have left at home upon my table a poem in which is a word I do not like. The line is perfect save that one word, and the word is perfect save its inflection. Thus it is;" and he repeated the line and asked his friend if he could help him. It was a delicate point. The friend saw the need, saw where and how the present word jarred just the slightest possible bit upon the exquisite harmony of the cadence, but he could not supply the want. The word nudged their brains until they reached the house on their return, but without avail. The rest of the day was spent, as usual, as was the evening, save that ever and anon Moore would sink into silent fits in pursuit of the absent word. And so came the night, and the poet went to bed in a deep study. The following morning was bright and beautiful, and Moore came down from his chamber with a bound; g step, with a scrap of paper in his hand, and a glorious light in his genial countenance. The word had come to him! He had awakened during the night and the kind genius of inspiration had visited his pillow, and he had got up and tore a scrap from his note-book, and at the window, by the light of the moon, had made the thought secure. "There," he said, when he had incorporated it into the text, "there it is—only a simple a, b, c, and it cost me twelve hours of unflinching labour to find it and put it where it is. Who could believe it?"

**The King of Siam's White Elephant.**

Some ten weeks ago the King of Siam received a despatch from one of his provincial governors, informing His Majesty that a brand new Deity in the shape of a snow-white elephant had been captured in an outlying district of the kingdom, and was actually on its way to Bangkok, the Siamese capital. These joyful tidings were greeted with indescribable enthusiasm at the Court, and the King at once resolved to start in person, accompanied by his Ministers, grand officers of State, and exalted clergy, upon a professional excursion with the object of meeting the divine pachyderm half way, and of escorting it to Bangkok with all imaginable pomp and ceremony. The cortege, headed by His Majesty, had not proceeded many miles on its road toward the interior when it encountered the object of its pilgrimage. Approaching the elephant with profound reverence and many humble salutations, the King knelt down at his feet and reverently placed his trunk upon his head and either shoulder, imploring its protection and favour. Having thus paid public homage to the hitherto quadruped and received its blessing by the "impositor" process, His Majesty drew his sword and took up a position on the elephant's right flank, supported to the animal's left by the high priest carrying a golden wand. Thus headed, the procession entered Bangkok, where the new god was erected by salvoes of artillery and a general salute of the Royal troops, paraded on either side of the route leading to the palace. Having escorted the elephant to its apartments the King formally bestowed upon his sacred guest the rank of "reigning monarch," and decorated it with the Grand Coron of the Siamese Order, bearing its own style and title. The household of the new deity has since been organized upon a truly royal scale. Every article dedicated to the white elephant's use and service is of massive gold or rare porcelain; and popular offerings to the value of many thousands of pounds were deposited at its shrine before it had been established forty-eight hours in its splendid quarters, immediately adjacent to the King's own private suite of apartments.

**The Test of Perfect Health.**

Sir Astley Cooper said that no man ought to know he had a stomach. Unfortunately, however, the two extremes of luxury and privation teach a considerable portion of mankind that they have stomachs, and very troublesome ones too. The diggers after gold in our gulches, the alluvial of our rivers and our dry plains, suffer much from diseases of this organ, and of the liver and bowels. At present, however, there is much less fear of these complaints than formerly. All intelligent men are aware that they can be readily combated and cured by the timely administration of Holloway's celebrated Pills. One of the leading forms in which disease of the stomach and bowels exhibits itself in the interior—and we may add in the cities too—is a debilitating diarrhoea. Nothing that has ever been tried either in dysentery or diarrhoea in this country has uniformly succeeded in curing those maladies except Holloway's Pills. It is stated that all cases in which they were administered at the Ballarat Diggings, they did not fail in one. The ordinary medical treatment of diarrhoea appears to be wholly useless in this climate. Probably it is so in any climate. Be this as it may, it is beyond cavil that the Pills arrest the complaint as certainly and almost as quickly as the breaks of a rail car arrest the revolution of its wheels. There are no ifs or buts about the matter; the cure is a foregone conclusion. Imagine what a God send such a medicine must be to the digger. Possessed of it he feels as if endowed with another right arm. The very fact that his chest or knapsack contains such a potent counterblast to disease, keeps up his animal spirits and renders him less susceptible of unhealthy influences.

Miners bound to the more unhealthy diggings usually provide themselves with an extra supply of both the Pills and the Ointment, as they can always dispose of what they do not want at an enormous profit. It is said, and probably with truth, that the large importations of these medicines have seriously interfered with the profits of the drug merchants. Calomel and jalap and all the purgatives, alteratives, suppositories, anodynes, &c., are early at a discount in the market. Holloway's Pills and Ointment fill their places in public estimation, and more than fill them in beneficial effect.—*The Inquirer.*

**The Paradise of Revolution.**

Hayti is a black and tan Republic, with considerable more black than tan. The form of government is chronic revolution, a one adventurer after another overcomes and shoots his predecessor in the presidency. When a man wants a situation in the Civil Service he simply kills the man whose office he covets and holds the place till somebody else ousts him a ter the same fashion. The monotony of these events is occasionally varied by earthquakes and epidemic fevers, while Vodooism, the most horrible of African superstitions, is generally practised by the lower order of negroes who form the bulk of the population. It seems that every time there is a change of government the men in power sell all the public property that is negotiable and pocket the money. A traveller who has just returned from that happy island says that the outside world can have no idea of affairs in Hayti. He lived there three years and caught the disease that every one on the island has—the desire to fight and rule. You can't help it, he says. Take a ten year old boy from an American Sunday School and drop him in Hayti, and in three weeks he will have a bowie knife, a brace of pistols, and will be riding round on a mule seeking someone to kill. In keeping with the customs of the country is the mode of warfare. Some of the soldiers wear a few rags, but as a general thing they don't cumber themselves with any clothes worth mentioning. They have a superstitious fear of going into action with hats or shoes on. When firing begins they crawl into ditches, behind fences or climb trees. Success depends on the courage of the leader, as the order of battle is on the principle that

"He who fights and runs away  
May live to fight another day."

When the fighting is over there is a great deal of shooting in cold blood. All prisoners are shot by drum-head Court Martial, and for a time there is peace till somebody else becomes ambitious to rule and starts another revolution, and the old story is repeated. Such is life in Hayti.

**Debi.**

In the following article our cotem. of the *Bobcyeon Independent* says some hard things about the people of Canada in general, but for all his abuse we are forced to concede there is too much truth in the remarks to be carelessly passed. We commend it to the taxpayers of the Dominion:

"There is a glorious future for this Canada of ours; our inexhaustible forces will be developed; our illimitable prairies, comprising the most fertile wheat lands of the world, are being brought into cultivation with marvellous rapidity; from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the far off Pacific, a general movement and upheaval of the population is taking place; and in a space not much longer than the twinkling of an eye this glorious Dominion will lead the world, and its population become a great, united, and homogeneous people.

That's the style. We know exactly what suits the Canadian palate. We could if we wanted turn on a tap that would tickle its taste to a nicety, and quickly make us immensely popular. It would certainly be great fun; it would probably be profitable; and we should soon establish a fine reputation as an average citizen. But shall the organ of the True, the Good and the Beauti-

ful, descend from its sublime elevation, and, appealing to the groundings, become no better than a mere party paper? Shall this journal sink to the low level of a Toronto daily? No. A thousand times no! We have a high mission to perform. We have to offer up ourselves as a living sacrifice on the altar of patriotism. We have to dare to tell the truth. Above all else we have to be the people's friend, and in that capacity, on this occasion, we have to perform the customary functions of friendship, and say something most confidently disagreeable. It is this:—

Canada is sending to England every year eight millions of dollars annually of interest on money borrowed by the Dominion Government; and it is probably sending about six millions of dollars annually as interest on money borrowed by railway and other companies, by municipalities and by loan companies, which have their shareholders in the old country. Mark this—you, the people of Canada, are paying out of your hard earned, fourteen millions of dollars every year to the capitalists of Great Britain, as interest on debts contracted by you, don't know by whom, for purposes of which you haven't the slightest idea! Why, what language can best describe you? To call you an idle language fools, dull-witted humbugs, nincompoops, or any other Anglo-Saxon epithet of vituperation only faintly describes you. The Arabic language, which has sixteen hundred synonyms to use, can alone be applied to for the purpose of properly describing you. Even supposing that you are yourselves contented to pay this enormous sum year after year, as long as you live to the British money grabber, are you justified in leaving the liability for such payment to your children? This is a real hope and believes that it respects and keep the fourth commandment as faithfully and as fully as any dollar a year paper in Canada, but if father left it to the liability spoken of, it would go to the expense of entering an action of reviver under the new powers of the new Judicature Act against its deceased parent, for the sole purpose of slapping its miserable old ears, of tweaking its silly old nose, and of kicking its dishonest old pants. For you to borrow money, and leave it to your children to repay it, is as dishonest an action as any responsible being can commit. And you know that is exactly what you are doing. You try to shirk the responsibility by saying that your children will share in the benefit. Yes, you may try to deceive yourselves but you cannot deceive us. We know you well. And you know that we know you. Well, say that in this constant borrowing of money, this perpetual payment to the British poposh of your children's property, you are acting as knaves, and rogues and thieves. Do you ever voluntarily give it a thought? Not a bit of it. When we force it upon your attention, then you think of it, and not until then. Remember this,—only fourteen years ago you were a comparatively respectable people. You could pay your debts. You owed only a seventy-five millions of Dominion debt. Now we are overwhelmed with debt. You owe two hundred millions of dollars of Dominion debt, one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars having been borrowed in the last fourteen years by the different Dominion Governments. If your children who will have to pay this indebtedness, honor you very much, it will certainly be Christian, but it won't be natural. Again, fourteen years ago the Dominion expenditure was \$13,000,000. This year it is \$25,000,000. Nearly double. Oh, that we knew more of Arabic! Longingly we wish for the language that would enable us to call you as in six hundred different fashions. You open your stupid ears to the stories of politicians who reek with pollution; you suffer yourselves to be beguiled with N. P. fables; you listen like daws to the railway chaunters, and hold out your purses to be robbed; you are the willing, smiling victims of each political bandit who can gain possession of the public chest; and you call yourselves a smart people. Pahaw! We tell you that in politics you are the most glib of all the English speaking race, and that your utter want of principle in regard to matters of money borrowing and debt are a standing shame and disgrace. There, we have spoken with the frankness and candour of a friend, and our mind is much relieved. It may not do you much good; your case is almost hopeless; but it has done us a great deal of good. We have only one thing more to say. It is merely the enunciation of a plain and distinct Truth. It is this:—the man who borrows money, no matter what the purpose to which it is applied, and leaves the debt to be discharged by his children, is a coward and a sneak, and a hypocrite, and a thief. Put that in your pipe and smoke it thoughtfully.

**An Eternal Leap Year.**

Among the Cossacks of the Ukraine, leap year is eternal. When a young woman feels a tender passion for a young man, she seeks him at the residence of his parents and addresses him as follows:—"The goodness I see written in your countenance is a sufficient assurance to me; that you are capable of ruling a wife, and that your good qualities, encourage me to hope that you will make a good husband. It is in this belief that I have taken the resolution to come and beg you with all due humility to accept me for your spouse." She then addresses the father and mother and solicits their consent to the marriage. If she meets with a refusal she declines to leave the house, and such conduct is usually crowned with success. The parents of the young man never put the young maidens away if they will persist in their stay, believing that by doing so they would bring down the vengeance of Heaven upon their hands.