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J. CLIFFORD, Proprietor.  
Bar supplied with the best wines, liquors  
and cigars. Sample Rooms for commercial  
travellers. Good stables and sheds. Atten-  
tive hostler.

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First-class accommodation and attentive  
servants. Bar well supplied with the choic-  
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ling public.

**NORTHERN HOTEL, Woodville,**  
BENJAMIN SCAMMON, Proprietor.  
This House is situate in the centre of the  
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therefore most suitable for commercial men  
and the public generally. The Bar is sup-  
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Office—Kent St., Lindsay.  
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One of the above will be at Hamilton's  
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Estimates furnished, and contracts taken for  
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**HAIR-DRESSING, &c**  
**D. POWELL,**  
Is prepared to do  
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SHAVING,  
SHAMPOOING,  
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In the latest styles, at the "Parlor" oppo-  
site the Northern Hotel, Woodville.

**WOODVILLE  
PLANING MILL**  
AND  
**Sash and Door Factory**  
The subscribers have now got their  
factory fitted up in first-class style and are  
prepared to furnish anything that may be  
entrusted to them in the shape of  
**SASH, DOORS, AND BLINDS**  
PLANING, MATING, MOULDING,  
SCROLL SAWING &c. on short notice  
and at bottom prices. Also  
shingles and lumber for  
sale cheap.  
**CONTRACTING AND BUILDING**  
A SPECIALTY.  
**McGinsie Bros.**  
**\$10,000**  
TO LOAN AT FIVE PER CENT.  
Apply to  
WM. JOHNSON,  
Law Office, over Watson's Store,  
May 7, 1879. [127-3m] LINDSAY.

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# THE ADVOCATE.

VOL. III.

"Pro Bono Publico."

No. 148

WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1879.

**J. S. LEEDHAM,**  
WATCHMAKER & PHOTOGRAPHER.  
ONE DOOR WEST OF NORTHERN HOTEL  
WOODVILLE, ONTARIO.

**MISS H. G. STOTT**  
is now prepared to give

**Music Lessons on the Organ**  
At her residence on King St., next door to  
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there own residence if required.  
TERMS MODERATE.

**W. A. SILVERWOOD,**  
COUNTY AUCTIONEER.

Office on King Street, or orders can be  
left at THE ADVOCATE Office.

### Money to Loan.

**MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM PRO-  
PERTY,** for a term of years, at a reason-  
able rate of interest. Mortgages and  
Municipal Debentures bought. Apply to  
**DUN. CAMPBELL,**  
Agent London and Canadian Loan & Agency  
Company,  
67-ly WOODVILLE, ONT

**WOODVILLE  
LIVERY**

**HENRY EDWARDS** is prepared to sup-  
ply 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.  
51- **HENRY EDWARD JR.**

### Cure for Hard Times.

If you want money to buy more land, to  
pay off a mortgage or other debts, we would  
advise you to see the reduced terms of the  
Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Com-  
pany, which has made more loans to farmers  
for the last twenty-three years than any  
other. You can get any time you want to  
repay, up to 20 years. The full amount of  
the loan is advanced, no deduction being  
made for commission, payments in advance  
or expenses.  
For further particulars apply to  
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OFFICE—One door east of Post Office,  
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**N. S. SHERMAN,**  
Stationery, School Supplies

MIRRORS, PICTURES, FRAMES,  
Small House Furnishings,

First door east of Northern Hotel, Wood-  
ville, Ontario.

**J. McKAY, M. D., L. R. C. P. and  
L. R. C. S., EDINBURGH.**

(LICENTIATE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS,  
AND LICENTIATE OF ROYAL COLLEGE OF  
SURGEONS.)

**GYNÆCOLOGY—(Diseases peculiar to  
Women) practiced in Hospitals exclusively  
devoted to Diseases of Women in London  
and Edinburgh made A SPECIALTY.**

**PROF. LISTER'S Appliances and appar-  
atus for the Antiseptic System of Treatment**  
now adopted by all the leading Surgeons of  
Europe on hand.

**N. B.—Dr. McKay's varied and extensive  
experience in the Hospitals of England and  
Scotland—the four Diplomas which he holds  
from the best Colleges of the Mother Coun-  
try in addition to his Canadian Degrees  
should be a sure guarantee of his efficiency.**

**PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND  
ACCOUCHEUR.**  
Office—King-st., Woodville. 106

**JOHN McTAGGART, Kirkfield,**  
Commissioner in S. R., Conveyancer.

Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Loan  
& Savings Company. **MONEY TO LOAN**  
at a low rate of interest and on easy terms  
of payment to suit borrowers.

Agent for the LANCASHIRE FIRE &  
LIFE INSURANCE Co. Capital, \$10,  
000,000.

The STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE  
CO. Authorized capital, \$3,000,000.

The ISOLATED RISK & FARMER'S  
FIRE INSURANCE CO. Capital, \$600,000

The ONTARIO MUTUAL FIRE IN-  
SURANCE CO., of London, Ont.

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

LAND and General Agent.

### Poetry.

#### REST—ONLY REST.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are  
tired—  
My soul oppressed—  
And with desire have I longed desired  
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain  
In barren ways;  
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain  
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear—  
But God knows best;  
And I have prayed, but vain has been my  
prayer  
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap  
The autumn yield;  
'Tis hard to till—and when 'tis tilled to weep  
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,  
So heart-oppressed;  
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh  
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,  
And cares infest  
My path; and through the flowing of hot  
tears  
I pined for rest.

'Twas always so; when still a child, I laid  
On mother's breast  
My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed,  
As now, for rest.

And I am restless still. 'Twill soon be o'er—  
For down the west  
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall rest.

—Father Ryan.

### A GILDED SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE,"  
"WEDDED AND PARTED," "A BRIDE  
FROM THE SEA," "FROM GLOOM  
TO SUNLIGHT," &c.

(Continued.)

'I am afraid,' said a deep musical voice  
near her, 'that you will take cold—there is  
quite a rush of cold air here.'

Veronica looked up suddenly. A tall  
stately figure stood between her and the  
light, dark gray eyes were looking into her  
own. She saw a handsome, noble face, a  
proud, princely head covered with clusters  
of fair hair. It was a face that from that  
moment stood out clear and distinct from all  
other faces. The gentleman smiled at the  
half-bewildered expression of the dark eyes.

'I must introduce myself again,' he said.  
'Sir Jasper introduced me to you just before  
dinner, but I was one of so many, I cannot  
hope to have been noticed. You do not re-  
member me?'

'No,' she replied. 'Sir Jasper introduced  
so many people to me at once, and English  
names are so hard to remember. I should  
be glad if you would tell me yours,' she ad-  
ded with some little hesitation.

'You will say that it is a strange one per-  
haps,' he said. 'I am Sir Marc Caryll.'  
'Sir Marc Caryll,' she repeated. 'I shall  
remember that in connection with the patron  
saint of Venice—St. Mark.'

She could not tell why, but the name  
seemed to sink into the depths of her heart  
like the echo of a song. Then she looked  
at him, and decided that although she had  
seen some noble men, he was by far the  
handsomest and noblest. There was an air  
of command, of power, of authority about  
him which pleased her. He looked like a  
man whose will was strong and relentless,  
whose purpose was fixed, whose judgment  
was clear and decided. Self-reliance, cour-  
age, bravery—all those qualities were writ-  
ten on the fair handsome face that had in it  
at times a woman's sweetness and the sim-  
plicity of a child. A swift sudden thought  
came to her that a life would be safe in those  
strong hands of his—honor, fair fame, every-  
thing might be entrusted to him, and the  
trust would be kept.

Sir Marc smiled at her.  
'I can read your thoughts,' he said; 'you  
have been estimating my character. I will  
not ask you what you think of it; I will only  
say I hope your conclusions are favorable.  
Miss di Cyntha, try one dance with me.—  
Christmas Day is past; and an example has  
been set us.'

Veronica remembered that Christmas night  
—it was the beginning of a new life to her.  
The vague sweet possibilities that had thrill-  
ed her as she watched Katherine took shape  
now—vague, beautiful shape; something  
awoke in her heart which had never been  
there before—something so tender, so sweet,  
that the girl's whole soul was moved by it.  
Life was never to be the same again for her;  
she had inherited something of the quick  
love and quick hatred that characterized

the Brandons. She had in her more of her  
father's nature than her mother's.

'Your face is a poem,' said Sir Marc later  
on that same Christmas night—'a poem that  
I should never tire of reading.'

She danced with him, she talked to him;  
more than one amused glance followed them  
—she with her dark Venetian beauty, he  
with his Saxon comeliness; they seemed to  
have forgotten the world. Once Sir Marc  
took her to the great western window in the  
broad corridor, and, drawing aside the hang-  
ing, he said to her—

'Look, Miss di Cyntha—I want you to see  
the poetry of an English Christmas.'

Veronica cried out in wonder and awe.  
The sky was of a deep, dark, fathomless  
blue; the moon was full, and shone with a  
clear, silvery light; the earth lay white,  
still, and beautiful under the pale clear  
beams, the hard frost made the tall leafless  
trees look darker, and the hoar-frost shone  
in the light of the moon. The wind wailed  
amongst the trees, bending their tall heads  
and swaying the huge branches.

'How beautiful!' she cried. 'There is  
nothing in all Venice so fair as this. I  
thought there was no poetry in England;  
but it is full of it. This looks like fairy-  
land.'

'You will try to love England,' he said.

'I do love it without trying,' she replied.  
'I could almost fancy there was some mys-  
terious reason why my heart should have  
warmed so greatly to it; it seems more my  
home than Venice ever did.'

He was looking intently at her with his  
dark gray eyes.

'You will not wish to return to Venice  
then? You would be content to remain in  
England all your life?'

She raised her beautiful face; the dark  
eyes looked at the blue wintry night-sky, at  
the fair white earth, at the quaint shadows  
the moon made through the trees; and then  
she turned to Sir Marc.

'Venice would seem a prison to me after  
this,' she said; and as she said it she wonder-  
ed why he looked so bright and pleased.

'I should like you to see my home,' he  
remarked. 'It is, I think, even more beau-  
tiful than Queen's Chace. It is called Ver-  
hurst Manor, and it stands in the loveliest  
part of Sussex. We have music there—na-  
ture's grandest. The sea lies at no great  
distance, and far away to the right stretches  
a chain of hills, purple hills, on which the  
light of the sun lies low. I have a passion-  
ate love for my home.'

She was silent. He went on.

'And I live there, Miss di Cyntha, all  
alone. Can you imagine that? I have no  
mother, no sister. There is a large house-  
hold of servants, but I am quite solitary. I  
want what the poets call an angel in the  
house.'

'What is that?' asked Veronica.

'That is English for a wife,' he replied;  
and the beautiful face drooped before his.

Her heart beat; a strange pain, that was  
yet half pleasure, seemed to thrill her inno-  
cent soul.

'I must leave you,' she said hurriedly.

'I am quite sure that Katherine wants me.'

'Where you go I follow,' declared Sir  
Marc; and for that evening at least he kept  
his word.

### CHAPTER VI.

A new life—a glorious new life, bright,  
hopeful, pleasant, full of poetry, full of won-  
der and romance! The time came when  
Veronica began to wonder what it was that  
had fallen over her life. What was the daz-  
zling light that had fallen at her feet? Why  
was it that from morning to night and from  
night to morning she had but one thought—  
and that was about Marc Caryll?

Christmas had passed now, and the beau-  
tiful springtide had set in. The air was  
balmy with the sweet breath of flowers, yet  
Sir Jasper had not recovered much of his  
strength. The doctors would not allow him  
to return to his duties; he must rest if he  
would live. In vain the active, energetic  
statesman rebelled. He refused for a time  
to submit, until he saw the absolute neces-  
sity for it. Then he found Lord Wynleigh  
of great use to him. He had been returned  
as member for Hurstwood, and had made  
his maiden speech—to everybody's great  
surprise it was simply a masterpiece of elo-  
quence. Sir Jasper gave up some of his du-  
ties to the young politician, about whom  
people prophesied great things.

The Baronet was very pleased. It had al-  
ways been a source of sorrow to him that he  
had no son to succeed to his honours; but  
he loved the brave young nobleman in whom  
all Katherine's happiness seemed to be cen-  
tered. When despondent thoughts came to  
him, he said to himself that he should have  
a successor. He insisted upon Lady Bran-

don taking Veronica and Katherine to Lon-  
don for part of the season at least, and noth-  
ing pleased him better than to read her lady-  
ship's letter in which she told of Veronica's  
successes and triumphs.

'The girl can marry whom she will,' wrote  
Lady Brandon; 'her magnificent beauty has  
brought all London to her feet. She does  
not seem to care about any one in particu-  
lar.'

Veronica had suddenly become famous.—  
Her rare style of face and figure, her won-  
derful grace and musical voice, had made  
her the observed of all. She received more  
invitations than she could possibly accept.  
Everyone admired and liked her. But, when  
Lady Brandon had been in town a few weeks,  
she decided upon returning. Sir Jasper was  
no better, and the doctor attending him did  
not think it advisable that he should delay  
consulting some eminent physician. So they  
went home again, and, as he looked at his  
two daughters, the master of Queen's Chace  
was struck afresh. Katherine's animated  
loveliness and Veronica's pale beauty seem-  
ed to have acquired fresh lustre. Those few  
weeks in town had wonderfully improved  
Veronica—they had given a finish and ele-  
gance to her such as can be acquired only  
by mixing with the most refined. She had  
enjoyed her visit, but not much, because Sir  
Marc was away. The season had but little  
attraction for him. He was not a man of  
fashion. A cruise to Norway had more  
charms for him than a season in London.  
He had written to say that he hoped to pass  
through Hurstwood in July or August, and  
would very much like to spend a few days  
there, to which Sir Jasper had replied by  
sending him a most cordial invitation, guess-  
ing shrewdly what was the attraction; so  
that Veronica had that to look forward to,  
and the knowledge of it made her profoundly  
indifferent to all the homage offered her.

The old bitter struggle was still going on  
in Sir Jasper's mind. What should he do?  
His heart was torn with a thousand doubts,  
a thousand fears. There was hardly an hour  
of the twenty-four during which he did not  
again and again review all his reasons and  
doubts. Do as he would, one or the other  
must suffer. Should it be Katherine, the  
bright fair child, the descendant of the proud  
Valdoraines; or Veronica, who looked up at  
him with dead Giulia's eyes? Which of the  
two should it be? He would have given his  
life to save either. One thing he had done.  
He had sent for a strange lawyer, and had  
made another will, in which he told the se-  
cret of Veronica's birth, and left to her the  
grand inheritance of Queen's Chace and  
Hurstwood. That will he kept by him.—  
Remembering it, he was more at ease when-  
ever he thought of her.

He grew worse. The doctors did not ap-  
prehend any immediate danger; he was only  
suffering from overtaxed strength, from ills  
that might be remedied. He did not even  
keep his room. Sir Jasper himself was more  
alarmed than the people about him. Strange  
sensations came to him. There were times  
when he fancied, as he walked through the  
shady garden-paths, that strange voices  
called him; he saw strange figures in his  
troubled sleep, strange faces smiled at him  
from the picture-frames.

One day—how Veronica remembered it  
afterwards!—he had walked in the grounds,  
and when the sun grew warm he went into  
the drawing room to rest on a couch. Ver-  
onica was there. He asked her to read to  
him, and she did so until he fell asleep; then  
she sat and watched him, thinking how very  
ill he looked, how white and sunken his face  
was. Suddenly she saw his lips quiver; he  
opened his arms as though to clasp them  
round some one whom he loved, crying in a  
passionate voice—

'Giulia, Giulia, my heart's love!'

She touched him gently, and his eyes  
opened and looked wildly at her.

'Giulia,' he cried again, 'where am I? It  
is you, and yet another.'

'Sir Jasper,' said Veronica, 'you are dream-  
ing—you are ill.'

He looked in bewilderment at her.

'Giulia's eyes,' he said, 'but another face.  
What does it mean?'

'You have been dreaming,' remarked the  
girl quietly. 'Can I get anything for you?  
Shall I bring Lady Brandon?'

He gave a smothered moan.

'I—you are right, Veronica—I was dream-  
ing. No, do not call any one; I want noth-  
ing. These June days are so warm.'

It was June then, when the days were at  
their longest, and the bright sweet hours  
were all filled with beauty—June, when  
Queen's Chace was a picture of loveliness  
with its lilies and roses, its rich green foli-  
age and wealth of flowers. Veronica was  
troubled as she looked at Sir Jasper, for she  
had grown to love him. She remembered  
afterwards how he awoke from a fevered  
sleep and would have Katherine by Veroni-  
ca's side. She remembered every detail of  
that his last day on earth. He would not  
go into the dining-room, and it was Veronica  
by her own special request, who took him  
some little dainties and coaxed him to eat  
them. She knelt by his side, holding in her  
fingers a ripe sunny peach.

(To be Continued.)

ALL the business portion of Shediac, N. B.,  
was wiped out by fire on Sunday night.  
The total losses foot up about \$90,000, while  
the insurance is less than one-quarter of that  
amount. The fire is said to be of incendiary  
origin.