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First-class accommodation and attentive
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MAIL CARRIER to the Nipissing Sta-
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at Moderate Rates.
Express parcels carefully attended to.

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Office on King Street, or orders can be
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J. HALWARD & BROS.,
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Estimates furnished, and contracts taken for
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Sash and Door Factory
The subscribers have now got their
factory fitted up in first-class style and are
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SASH, DOORS, AND BLINDS
PLANING, MATCHING, MOULDING,
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and at bottom prices. Also
shingles and lumber for
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FREE by mail. Egan's IMPERIAL SAFETY
PAIN TRUST gives immediate relief;
cures in 4 to 12 weeks. Endorsed by high
medical authorities as the most valuable sur-
gical invention of the century. The secret
of cure is, the rupture is held in place during
hardest exertion. Can be worn night and
day with greatest ease. Very cheap.
Prof. E. AN, Hamilton, Ont.

THE ADVOCATE.

VOL. III. "Pro Bono Publico." No. 106
WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1878:

Money to Loan:

MONEY TO LOAN on FARM PRO-
PERTY, for a term of years, at a rea-
sonable 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 RIGGS at any time and
on the shortest notice. Special attention
given to Commercial Travellers. Charges
always moderate. TERMS, CASH. Sta-
bles in connection with the Eldon House.
51. HENRY EDWARD JR.

J. MATHIESON,
GENERAL BLACKSMITH.
HORSESHOEING
And REPAIRING of all kinds, carefully
and promptly attended to.
CARRIAGES and WAGGONS on hand
and made to order.
All work warranted and satisfaction
guaranteed.

THE
(Ottawa Agricultural
INSURANCE Co.
CAPITAL \$1,000,000
GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT, \$50,000 CASH

INSURES Farm Property, Insulated Dwell-
ings, Churches, Parsonages, School
Houses and all risks of this class.
Dun. Campbell,
Agent, Woodville

A. G. CAVANA, P. L. S.,
Dominion Land Surveyor, Draughtsman
and Valuator.
OFFICE—At Hamilton House, Beaverton.

All orders, by mail or otherwise, for Land
Surveying, Leveling, &c., will receive prompt
attention. 97-1f

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at a low rate of interest and on easy terms
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000,000.
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MERCHANT
TAILOR,
WOODVILLE.
ORDERS Promptly Attended to and
a Sure Fit Guaranteed.

Auctioneer for the Townships of Mariposa
and Eldon.

ELDON MILLS.

WE have recently put in new mill stones,
new cleaning machinery, and other
valuable improvements, and have in our em-
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.

WHITE & BRO.

SUBSCRIBE FOR "THE AD-
VOCATE," \$1 PER YEAR.

CALL A MAN.

A plain, unassuming, bashful young man
was John Eldred, living with his mother on
a good farm, left him by his father who was
dead.—They were in excellent circumstanc-
es, and John was as happy as a well-to-do
farmer can be. He was no fool, either for
he had a good library—and read it, too—and
gained a great deal of useful knowledge.
John was good looking, not a handsome (for
there are none), but a tall, finely formed
man. But John had one failing in my eyes;
he was twenty-six years old and not married!
Nor was there any prospect of it happening
very soon, for of all the bashful men that
ever wore a shirt collar John Eldred was the
worst. The girls in that vicinity were stran-
gers to him, John always avoided anything
that wore a dress, save his mother and sister.
John's mother was a quiet, loving woman
who ever had uppermost in her mind the
happiness of her children, consequently she
had for some time secretly wished that John
was married.

Gertrude, John's sister was a very pretty
young lady, and also shared her mother's
wish, but how to bring it about she could
not imagine.
In the same neighborhood lived Judge
Clark, who had a daughter named Mabel.
Now John had for a long time secretly ad-
mired Mabel and although he had never be-
trayed it, his sister had guessed his secret,
and resolved to bring a match about be-
tween the two, but just how to do it she
did not know.

It happened in July, the anecdote I am
now in shape to relate. Gertrude had in-
vited a number of girls to a quilting party
one afternoon, Mabel among the rest. She
told John they were coming and added:
'Now, John, for my sake do, do come in
to tea this afternoon. You know all the
girls that will be here, and—'
'But, Gertrude, that patch of timothy by
the north wood must be cut and as Jim has
gone home to stay over Sunday, I shall
have to cut it.'

And so, much to Gertrude's chagrin, he
took the scythe over his shoulder after din-
ner and started for the patch of timothy,
but he lingered around the orchard until he
saw the plump figure of Mabel Clark coming
and then, heaving a sigh, started for his
work.

The patch of timothy referred to was a new
cleared piece of land nearly surrounded by
woods, and so full of log piles that it was
impossible to use the machine. Here we
leave John mowing and return to the party.

It was a very warm day, so the girls
moved the chairs outdoors in shade of some
large maples, and there they sat, chatting,
joking, and laughing as only a party of light-
headed girls can.

Meanwhile John had mowed several times
across the patch; and it began to be terribly
hot. The sun poured its rays down with
great intensity, and the thick wood on all
sides kept off any breeze that might be
stirring. John was more than hot—he was
fairly boiling and as thirsty as an old toper.
So John thinking that no one could see him
sat down on a log and took off his shoes and
pantalons, and then, with his long ging-
ham shirt and wide rimmed straw hat and
his socks resumed mowing.—He had mowed
twice around the piece, and was picking out
the long grass around an old log pile, when
right beside him he saw a pair of blue
racers.

John was no coward, but he was mortally
afraid of snakes. If he had been warm be-
fore he was a lump of ice now. With a
dash of his scythe he cut off the head of one
of them, and the other one raised his head
and darted towards him. John dropped his
scythe, and turned and jumped just as the
hooked teeth of the snake caught above the
wide firm hom of the rear end of his
gingham shirt.

He cast a look behind him and saw his
dreaded enemy—streaming out like a pen-
nant from a steamship—and thinking only
of the terrible fate that awaited him if he
stopped, bounded towards the house with
the speed of an express train.

On, on he ran through the north meadow
and orchard, and as he neared the house the
thought of the party flashed on his mind.
But there was no other way so on he ran.

He dashed past the west end of the house
and as he rounded the corner, the whole
party of girls met his view.

'Call a man!' he yelled, and then turned
the corner. So great was his momentum
that the snake swung around and hit him
on the bare legs like the sharp sting of a
raw-hide whip.

The girls screamed and jumped, and the
quilt went over on the ground. The vision
sped round the corner, and once more came
the cry:

'Call a man!
No quicker did he disappear around one
corner of the house than he would appear
at the other corner. Every time he turned
the corner he would receive a terrible blow
from the cold, slimy snake which would
raise him from the ground at least four feet
and at every blow he would yell:

'Call a man!
The frightened girls rushed for the house
and they had hardly got inside as John flew
past with the shout:

'Call a man!
Down across the road he went leaping the
gate at a bound, and as he cantered through
the flock of hens, scattering them the shout
arose loud and clear:

'Call a man!
Around the barn, back' again toward the
house, went the strange pair, and as the gate
was again leaped came the cry, this time of:

'For God's sake, call a man!
As he again disappeared around the
house Mabel Clark ran out of the door, and
seizing a stick some four feet in length,
stationed herself at the corner, with the
cudgel elevated above her head. On came
John, panting like a steam engine, and as
he came around the corner, down went the
club barely grazing John's head, but striking
the racer a blow that broke his hold and
back at the same time.

John concluded it best not to wait but
gathered his remaining strength for a final
dash, bounded into the house, up stairs
and into his room.

An hour later Gertrude tapped at the
door. 'John, will you come down to tea
or shall I call a man?'

'I will come down, Gertrude,' was his
answer in a firm tone.

And he did. He made a careful toilet,
and there was not a feature on his face that
betrayed embarrassment. Mabel had exact-
ed a promise from the girls not to speak of
the episode, or betray any knowledge of it
whatever.

Mabel had John's company home that
night; and in the glorious October weather
there was a wedding at Judge Clark's. It
was not until then that the story came out;
but John often says to Mabel, 'I am
thankful to Providence that you did not
'call a man!'

DEATH BY INCHES.
HORRIBLE SITUATION OF AN OLD MAN.—HE
SINKS FOR A DAY AND A NIGHT IN
THE MUD OF A NEW JERSEY
SWAMP

On Tuesday afternoon Yopp quit work at
cigar-making in a little shop of south Trent-
on and struck out down the river in the di-
rection of Camden. He had with him a pet
dog and a small wicker basket. To various
persons of his acquaintance whom he met
on the road he said he was going

TO LOOK FOR WATER-CRESS
Along the river shore and in the swamps
back from the river. From the time he left
the main road until about 10 o'clock on
Wednesday morning Yopp was missing.
About half-past 9 on Wednesday Mrs. Mar-
tha Gilbert, whose husband has a small
farm near the swamp, was attracted to the
"cripples" near the house by the contin-
ued barking of her dog. She made her way
through briars to the spot. Her own dog,
a large hound, was giving vent to its feel-
ings with a small dog beneath its fore-paws.
The smaller dog kept up a whining and up-
on the approach of Mrs. Gilbert crouched
at her feet as though it had something to
communicate. Mrs. Gilbert tried to take the
dog to the house, but it refused to stir in
any path except a narrow, muddy one that
led directly into the swamp. Mrs. Gilbert
armed herself with her husband's boots,
and struck out on the little dog's trail.

After going about a quarter of a mile Mrs.
Gilbert was brought to a sudden halt by
the sight of a man's head and shoulders
protruding from the black mud a few feet
from the edge of the path. The man's head
was bent forward, the eyes closed, and the
face blank. His arms were extended,
one grasping a low tussock and the other
resting a few inches in the mud, stretching
straight out.

Though much startled Mrs. Gilbert floun-
dered into the mud with the idea of ascer-
taining whether or not the man had any life
left in him. She herself began to sink, and
was only able by the exercise of her whole
strength to get back on the path. When she
did get back she made her way hurriedly to
the house and summoned her husband with
the dinner horn. Mr. Gilbert was told of
the wonderful predicament of the stranger,
and, with two men from a neighboring field
hurried to the rescue. They took with

them a coil of rope and pieces of
board. Yopp was in the same position
still unconscious. Mrs. Gilbert said to
reporter yesterday that she thought the
arm was buried a little deeper, and that
the whole body had sunk perceptibly dur-
ing the time of her absence. The boards were
placed upon surrounding tussocks, the rope
worked by means of poles under the arms
and around the chest and the arms draw-
up. A strong pull upon the rope showed
that the man could not be gotten out
that way. More boards were brought, and
upon fence rails a bridge was built over the
treacherous mud clear up to the unfortunate
old water-cress hunter's body. Short-
ly after ten o'clock the body was hauled out
into the path. It was still warm and the
heart was beating faintly. It was taken
to the house and rubbed with flannel. Whis-
key was poured down the throat, and in twenty
minutes the man opened his eyes. A few
moments later he was able to speak, which
he did, incoherently, in German. Consci-
ousness was fully restored after awhile,
and then the stranger told who he was—
Charles Yopp—and of his strange adventure.
He had penetrated the swamp and
had nearly filled his basket when he saw
particularly fine bunch of water-cress, grow-
ing on a bank from which he was separated
by the ditch-like deposits of mud. In at-
tempting to push himself from tussock to
tussock to reach the water-cress he dropped
his basket in the mud, and, without a
thought of sinking deeper than the tops of
his shoes, he had jumped of into the mud.
But his legs went down into the black de-
posit as though it were water. He caught
at the tussock and was about to gain a firm
hold when the terrible situation paralyzed
him and his arms refused to act. He sank
deeper and deeper. The mud gurgled at
though with hiss of a snake. He felt like
Tantalus in the desire for rescue, but like
an infant in strength. The sun was shining
on the tops of the trees. He threw back
his head and looked up. There seemed to
be something below pulling him down. He
was buried to the hips, and upon part of the
body above the surface of the mud he felt
almost as strong a suction as upon the legs.
The sun moved from the tops of the trees
and it began to grow dark. With the dark-
ness his strength returned, but as it seemed
to him the tussock had moved two or three
inches from his hand. His shrieks were as
loud as his cracked voice would permit.
He exhausted himself with outcries that
were only answered by the whines of his
little dog in the path. He could see the
stars come out through the branches. It
was calculated by him in his frenzy that he
was sinking at the rate of one inch every
hour.

When the moon began to rise the half-
crazed Yopp could feel the pressure of the
mud against his abdomen. The pain, he
said, was not great, because whatever of
physical torture there might have been was
sunk in the agony of what he called his
death upon the rack. With the moon up
he fell into a more quiet mood. His past
life entered his mind picture by picture.
He prayed over all his sins and at last tor-
a quick death. Stupor fell upon him along
toward the middle of the night. When the
moon was almost overhead he lost conscious-
ness and did not regain it until rescued. He
was buried nineteen hours.

When the farmer Gilbert learned who
Yopp was he set out for Trenton and told
the unfortunate man's friends. They did
not believe the story, but on Thursday Gil-
bert took the old man home. Medical at-
tendance was given. For a time it was
thought that his body would get its strength
and vigor back, but he grew weaker and at
last died two days after his living burial.
—Philadelphia Times.

Gift and Toy books at Gunn's.
A CHARGE INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.—The
respect paid courage by the wandering trib-
es of the Anglo-Indian border is strikingly
illustrated by an episode of Napier's famous
campaign in Scinde. A detachment had
been sent against one of the bravest of the
native tribes, almost every warrior of which
bore the proof of his valor in the green
thread tied around his wrist, a badge more
prized by the "hill men" than the Cross of
the Legion of Honor by a French soldier.

In the course of the skirmishing that en-
sued, an English sergeant and eleven of his
men mistaking the orders given them, ad-
vanced up a narrow gully, where they sud-
denly found themselves confronted by more
than 100 of the enemy. The gallant hand-
ful charged without a moment's hesitation
and were slain to a man, after killing near-
ly thirty of their opponents. When the
last Englishman had fallen the old chief of
the tribe, one of the most renowned war-
riors of Northern India, turned to his men
and said: "How say ye, my sons? were
these Feringhees (Europeans) brave men?"

"The bravest we have ever met," answered
the mountaineers with one voice. "Then,"
cried the old man, taking the precious
thread from his own wrist and fastening it
to that of the dead sergeant, "bind the
green thread upon them all, and not around
one wrist only, but around both. Unbeliev-
ers though they be, there are no braver
souls in Heaven; and it may be that when
I tell ye how we have decorated them He
will grade such heroes to Shaitan (Satan)
and give them a place beside His throne."