

# The Woodville Advocate

JOS. J. CAVE,  
Publisher.

"PRO BONO PUBLICO."

TERMS ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM  
Strictly in Advance

VOL. V.

WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1880.

NUMBER 203

**The Woodville Advocate,**  
IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,  
—AT ITS OFFICE,—  
**King Street, Woodville.**

SUBSCRIPTION—One Dollar per year, Strictly  
in Advance.  
ADVERTISING—Yearly Advertisements paid  
quarterly; Transient Advertisements,  
when ordered.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—Service is held  
in the above church at 11 o'clock a. m., and  
6:30 p. m. Rev. Alex. Ross, M. A., pastor.  
Sabbath School at 3 o'clock.

**CANADA METHODIST CHURCH.**—Service  
every Sabbath evening at 6:30 o'clock. Rev.  
J. A. Jewell, B. A., pastor. Sabbath School  
at 10:30 a. m.

## SOCIETIES.

**UTERONE LODGE, I.O.O.F.** meet every  
Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock at McSweyn's  
Hall, Woodville.

**BLOOMING ROSE LODGE, I.O.G.T.** meet  
every Friday evening at eight o'clock, at  
McSweyn's Hall, Woodville.

**WOODVILLE GRANGE, P. of H.** meet first  
and third Friday in each month, at Mc-  
Sweyn's Hall, Woodville.

**WOODVILLE L.O.L. No. 32** meet first  
Wednesday each month, at McSweyn's Hall,  
Woodville.

**HARVEY L.O.L. No. 1,153** meet last  
Wednesday of each month at Hartley.

**PEACEFUL DOVE, I.O.O.F.** meet every  
Thursday evening, at Odd Fellows' Hall,  
Cannington.

**CANNINGTON ENCAMPMENT, I.O.O.F.** meet  
first and third Friday in each month at Odd  
Fellows' Hall, Cannington.

**THORAH LODGE, No. 502, I.O.G.T.** meets  
at School House, Section No. 3, Thorah,  
every Wednesday evening. A. R. Melnis,  
T.D. Visiting brethren cordially welcomed.

**Court of R. S. of Victoria, No. 36, C.O.F.**,  
meets in the Court Hall, Victoria Road, the  
third Wednesday of every month. F. G.  
Millar, C. R.; J. W. Shields, K. S.

## Hotel Caras.

**ELDON HOUSE, Woodville.**  
THOS. EDWARDS Proprietor.

First-class accommodation and attentive  
servants. Bar well supplied with the choicest  
liquors and cigars. Bus to and from all  
trains and every convenience for the travel-  
ling public.

**NORTHERN HOTEL, Woodville.**  
BENJAMIN SCAMMON, Proprietor.

This House is situate in the centre of the  
business portion of the Village, and has re-  
cently been refitted and refurnished, and is  
therefore most suitable for commercial men  
and the public generally. The Bar is sup-  
plied with the best brands of Liquors and  
Cigars. Good Stables and attentive Hostler.

**QUEENS HOTEL, Woodville.**  
B. McRAE, Proprietor.

This commodious hotel has been entirely  
refitted, and is now finished in the most  
modern and improved style. Good Sample  
Rooms. Convenient Family Suites. Keep  
none but best brands of Liquors and Cigars.  
Travellers and Visitors will find everything  
convenient. A Billiard Room in connection.  
Good Stabling and attentive Hostler.  
Terms moderate. 145

**JUNCTION HOTEL, Lorneville.**  
DONALD McINTYRE, Proprietor.

This first-class hotel is situated at the  
Junction of the Midland and Toronto &  
Nipissing Railways, and is noted for its  
superior accommodation for the travelling  
public. The bar is always supplied with the  
best brands of liquors and cigars. Good  
stables and hostler. 145

## Professional Cards.

**GEORGE WILLIS MILLAR,**  
Clerk 1st Division Court County Victoria.  
Secretary Eldon B. A. Society. Agent P.  
B. S. Company, Conveyancer, Commis-  
sioner in Queen's Bench.

**MARTIN & HOPKINS,**  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS &c.

Money to Loan at 7 per cent.  
OFFICES—Kent Street, Lindsay, Ontario.  
P. S. MARTIN. | G. H. HOPKINS.

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

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

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

**HUGH D. SINCLAIR,**  
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery,  
Conveyancer, &c., &c.

OFFICE.—Rooms lately occupied by W. M.  
Cochrane, Biglow's Block, Port Perry.

**FRED. G. MILLAR,**  
Clerk 7th Division Court County Victoria.  
Conveyancer, Commissioner in Queen's  
Bench, &c., &c. Office, Victoria Road Sta-  
tion.

**NEELANDS & PENTLAND.**  
DENTISTS, &c., Lindsay, Ont.

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

## Business Cards.

**ARCH. CAMPBELL**  
COUNTY AUCTIONEER.  
OFFICE—One door east of Post Office,  
Woodville, Ont.

**J. HALWARD & BROS.**  
BRICKLAYERS, PLASTERERS & MASONS,  
Estimates furnished, and contracts taken for  
any or all of the above work. Materials fur-  
nished if required.

**PETER CLIFFORD.**  
CARTER, &c.

Carting done to and from the Railway Sta-  
tions and through the village at Moderate  
rates. Express parcels carefully attended to.

**WOODVILLE LIVERY STABLES.**  
HENRY EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Livery Rigs at any time and at all hours  
on the shortest notice. Special attention  
given to Commercial Travellers. Charges  
always moderate. TERMS. CASH. Sta-  
bles in connection with the Eldon House.

**JOHN McTAGGART, Kirkfield.**  
COMMISSIONER IN B. R., CONVEYANCER  
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT:

**MONEY TO LOAN. IMPROVED FARMS  
FOR SALE** in the townships of Carden,  
Bexley and Eldon. Sole agent for the  
sale of the celebrated and unrivalled  
**HOOSIER GRAIN DRILL,**  
and other farm implements manufactured  
by Noxon Bros., of Ingersoll, Ont.  
First-class Sewing Machines for sale.  
Also agent for the sale of  
**PIANO-FORTES AND ORGANS,**  
of the best manufacture. Also agent for  
Jacob's Lithogram.

**HUGH McCORQUODALE.**  
WOODVILLE BUTCHER SHOP.  
Having bought the shop and fixtures of Mr.  
G. C. Smith, Butcher, customers can rely on  
getting the best of Beef at all times, and  
other meats in season.

**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.

**WOODVILLE HARNESS SHOP.**  
ESTABLISHED, 1856

**JAS. STUART,**  
HARNESS MAKER, SADDLER &c  
HARNESS. COLLARS, HALTERS, WHIPS  
CURRY COMBS, BRUSHES, TRUNKS  
VALISES AND ALL KINDS OF  
HORSE FURNISHING

A large assortment of whips from 15cts. up.  
ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING NEATLY  
AND QUICKLY EXECUTED.

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SUBSCRIBE FOR "THE ADVO-  
CATE," THE BEST PAPER IN  
THE COUNTY OF VICTORIA.

## Poetry.

### THE LUCKY HORSESHOE.

A farmer travelling with his load  
Picked up a horseshoe in the road,  
And nailed it fast to his barn door,  
That Luck might down upon him pour,  
Might crown his homestead and his wife,  
And never any kind of harm  
Descend upon his growing farm.

But dire ill-fortune soon began  
To visit the astounded man.  
His hens declined to lay their eggs;  
His bacon tumbled from the pegs,  
And rats devoured the fallen logs;  
His corn, that never failed before,  
Mildewed and rotted on the floor;  
His grass refused to end in hay;  
His cattle died, or went astray;  
In short, all moved the crooked way.

Next spring a great drought baked the soil,  
And roasted every pea in pod;  
The beans declared they could not grow  
So long as nature acted so;  
Redundant insects reared their brood  
To starve for lack of juicy food;  
The staves from barrel sides went off  
As if they had the hooping cough,  
And nothing of the useful kind  
To hold together felt inclined;  
In short, it was no use to try  
While all the land was in a fry.

One morn, demoralized with grief,  
The farmer clamored for relief;  
And prayed right hard to understand  
What witchcraft now possessed his land;  
Why house and farm in misery grew  
Since he nailed up the "lucky" shoe.

While thus dismayed o'er matters wrong  
An old man chanced to trudge along,  
To whom he told with wormwood tears,  
How his affairs were in arrears,  
And what a desperate state of things  
A picked-up horseshoe sometimes brings.

The stranger asked to see the shoe,  
The farmer brought it into view;  
But when the old man raised his head,  
He laughed outright, and quickly said,  
"No wonder skies upon you frown—  
You've nailed the horseshoe upside down!  
Just turn it round, and soon you'll see  
How you and Fortune will agree."

The farmer turned the horseshoe round,  
And showers began to swell the ground;  
And sunshine laughed among his grain,  
The heaps on heaps piled up the wain;  
The loft his hay could barely hold,  
His cattle did as they were sold;  
His fruit trees needed starry props  
To hold the gathering apple crops;  
His turnip and potato fields  
Astounded all men by their yields;  
Folks never saw such ears of corn  
As in his smiling hills were borne;  
His barns were full of bursting bins—  
His wife presented him with twins;  
His neighbors marvelled more and more  
To see the increase in his store.  
And now the merry farmer sings  
"There are two ways of doing things;  
And when for good luck you would pray,  
Nail up your horseshoe the right way!"  
—JAMES T. FIELDS, in "Harger's Magazine"  
for December.

## LOVE WORKS WONDERS.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

"If I am not to give my opinion," said  
Pauline, serenely, "I should not be asked  
for it."

"Pray, Miss Hastings, do not check such  
delightful frankness," cried Sir Oswald,  
angrily, his hands trembling, his face dark-  
ening with an angry frown.

He said no more; but the captain, who  
thought he saw a chance of recommending  
himself to Miss Darrell's favour, observed,  
later on in the evening:

"I knew you would not like our visitor,  
Miss Darrell. She was not of the kind to  
attract you."

"Sir Oswald forced my opinion from me,"  
she said. "but I shall not listen to one  
word of disparagement of Miss Rocheford  
from you, Captain Langton. You gave her  
great attention, you flattered her, you paid  
her many compliments; and now, if you say  
that you dislike her, it will simply be deceit-  
ful, and I abominate deceit."

It was plain that Pauline had greatly an-  
noyed Sir Oswald. He liked Miss Rocheford  
very much; the sweet, yielding, gentle  
disposition, which Pauline had thought so  
monotonous, delighted him. Miss Rocheford  
was so like that lost, dead love of his—so  
like! And for this girl, who tried his patience  
every hour of the day, to find fault with  
her! It was irritating; he could not en-  
dure it. He was very cold and distant to  
Pauline for some time, but the young girl  
was sorely unconscious of it.

In one respect she was behaving rapidly.  
The time had come when she had been in-  
different to Darrell Court, when she had  
thought with regret of the free, happy life  
in the Rue d'Orme, where she could speak  
lightly of antiquity and grandeur of the race  
from which she sprung; but all that was  
changed now. It could not be otherwise,  
considering how romantic, who, impression-

able she was, how keenly alive to everything  
beautiful and noble. She was living here  
in the very cradle of the race, where every  
tree had its legend, every stone its story;  
how could she be indifferent while the annals  
of her house were filled with noble retro-  
spects? The Darrells had numbered great  
warriors and statesmen among their number.  
Some of the noblest women in England had  
been Darrells; and Pauline had learned to  
glory in the old stories, and to feel her heart  
beat with pride as she remembered that she,  
too, was a Darrell.

So, likewise, she had grown to love the  
Court for its picturesque beauty, its stately  
magnificence, and the time came soon when  
almost every tree and shrub was dear to her.

It was Pauline's nature to love deeply and  
passionately if she loved at all; there was no  
lukewarmness about her. She was incapable  
of those gentle, womanly likings that save  
all wear and tear of passion. She could not  
love in moderation; and very soon the love  
of Darrell Court became a passion with her.  
She sketched the mansion from twenty  
points of view, she wrote verses about it;  
she lavished upon it the love which some  
girls lavish upon parents, brothers, sisters  
and friends.

She stood one day looking at it as the  
western sunbeams lighted it up as though it  
were bathed in gold. The stately towers  
and turrets, the flower-wreathed balconies,  
the grand arched windows, the Gothic porch  
all made up a magnificent picture; the  
fountains were playing in the sun-light air,  
the birds singing in the stately trees. She  
turned to Miss Hastings, and the governess  
saw tears standing warm and bright in the  
girl's eyes.

"How beautiful it is!" she said; "I can-  
not tell you—I have no words to tell you—  
how I love my home."

The heart of the gentle lady contracted  
with sudden fear.

"It is very beautiful," she said; "but,  
Pauline, do not love it too much; remember  
how very uncertain everything is."

"There can be nothing uncertain about  
my inheritance," returned the girl. "I am  
a Darrell—the only Darrell left to inherit it.  
And, oh! Miss Hastings, how I love it!  
but it is not for its wealth that I love it; it  
is my heart that is bound to it. I love it  
as I fancy a husband loves his wife, a  
mother her child. It is everything to me."

"Still," said Miss Hastings, "I would not  
love it too well; everything is uncertain."

"But not that," replied Pauline, quickly.  
"My uncle would never dare to be so unjust  
as to leave Darrell Court to any one but a  
Darrell. I am not in the least afraid—not  
in the least."

## CHAPTER XV.

### BREACH BETWEEN UNCLE AND NIECE.

A few days later the tranquility of Darrell  
Court was at an end. The invited guests  
were expected, and Sir Oswald had deter-  
mined to do them all honor. The state-  
apartments, which had not been used during  
his tenure, were all thrown open; the superb  
ball-room, once the pride of the county, was  
redecorated; the long, empty corridors and  
suits of apartments reserved for visitors,  
were once more full of life. Miss Hastings  
took far less interest in the preparations.

"I am glad," she said, one morning,  
"that I am to see your 'world,' Sir Oswald.  
You despise mine; I shall be anxious to see  
what yours is like."

The baronet answered her testily:  
"I do not quite understand your remarks  
about 'worlds.' Surely we live under the  
same conditions."

"Not in the same world of people" she  
opposed; "and I am anxious to see what  
yours is like."

"What do you expect to find in what you  
are pleased to call my 'world, Pauline?" he  
asked, angrily.

"Little truth, and plenty of affectation;  
little honour, and plenty of polish; little  
honesty, and very high-sounding words;  
little sincerity, and plenty of deceit."

"By what right do you sit in judgment?"  
he demanded.

"None at all," replied Pauline; "but as  
people are always speaking ill of the dear,  
honest world in which I have to live, I may  
surely be permitted to criticise the world  
that is outside it."

Sir Oswald turned away angrily; and Miss  
Hastings sighed over the girl's willfulness.  
"Why do you talk to Sir Oswald in a  
fashion that always irritates him?" she re-  
monstrated.

"We live in a free country, and have each  
of us freedom of speech."  
"I am afraid the day will come when you  
will pay a sad price for yours."

But Pauline Darrell only laughed. Such  
fear never affected her; she would sooner  
have expected to see the heavens fall at her  
feet than that Sir Oswald should not leave  
Darrell Court to her—his niece, a Darrell,  
with the Darrell face and the Darrell figure,  
the true, proud features of the race. He  
would never dare to do otherwise; she  
thought, and she would not condescend to  
change either her thought or speech to please  
him.

"The Darrells do not know fear," she  
would say: "there never yet was an ex-  
ample of a Darrell being frightened into any-  
thing."

So the breach between the uncle and the  
niece grew wider every day. He could not  
understand her; the grand, untrained, un-  
disciplined, poetical nature was beyond him—  
he could neither reach its heights nor fath-  
om its depths. There were times when he  
thought that, despite her outward coldness  
and pride, there was within a coal of fire,  
when he dimly understood the magnificence  
of the character he could not read, when he  
suspected there might be some soul  
that could not be narrowed or forced into a  
common groove. Nevertheless he feared her;  
he was afraid to trust, not the honor, but  
the fame of his name.

"She is capable of anything," he would  
repeat to himself again and again. "She  
would fling the Darrell revenues to the wind;  
she would transform Darrell Court into one  
huge observatory if astronomy pleased her—  
into one huge laboratory, if she gave her-  
self to chemistry. One thing is perfectly  
clear to me—she can never be my heiress  
until she is safely married."

And, after great deliberation—after lis-  
tening to all his heart's pleading in favour  
of her grace, her beauty, her royal generos-  
ity of character, the claim of her name and  
her truth—he came to the decision that if  
she would marry Captain Langton, whom  
he loved perhaps better than any one else in  
the world, he would at once make his will  
adopt her, and leave her heiress of all that  
he had in the world.

One morning the captain confided in him,  
telling him how dearly he loved his beauti-  
ful niece, and then Sir Oswald revealed his  
intentions.

"You understand, Aubrey," he said—  
"the girl is magnificently beautiful—she is  
a true Darrell; but I am frightened about  
her. She is not like other girls; she is want-  
ing in tact, in knowledge of the world, and  
both are essential. I hope you will win her.  
I shall die content if I leave Darrell Court  
in your hands, and if you are her husband.  
I could not pass her over to make you my  
heir; but if you could persuade her to marry  
you, you can take the name of Darrell, and  
you can guide and direct her. What do you  
say, Aubrey?"

"What do I say?" stammered the cap-  
tain. "I say this—that I love her so dearly  
that I would marry her if she had not a  
farthing. I love her so that language can-  
not express the depth of my affection for  
her."

The captain was for a few minutes quite  
overcome—he had been so long dunned for  
money, so hardly pressed, so desperate,  
that the chance of twenty thousand a year  
and Darrell Court was almost too much for  
him. His brow grew damp, and his lips pale.  
All this might be his own if he could but  
win the consent of this girl. Yet he feared  
her; the proud, noble face, the grand, dark  
eyes rose before him, and seemed to rebuke  
him for his presumptuous hope. How was  
he to win her? Flattery, sweet, soft words  
would never do it. One scornful look from  
her sent his ideas "flying right and left."

"If she were only like other girls," he  
thought, "I could make her my wife in a  
few weeks."

Then he took heart of grace. Had he not  
been celebrated for his good fortune among  
the fair sex? Had he not always found his  
handsome person, his low, tender voice, his  
pleasing manner irresistible? Who was this  
proud, dark-eyed girl that she should  
measure the depths of his heart and soul,  
and find them wanting? Surely he must be  
superior to the artists in shabby coats by  
whom she had been surrounded. And yet  
he feared as much as he hoped.

"She has such a way of making me feel  
small," he said to himself; "and if that  
kind of feeling comes over me when I am  
making her an offer, it will be of no use to  
plead my suit."

But what a prospect—master of Darrell  
Court and twenty thousand per annum! He  
would endure almost any humiliation to  
obtain such a position.  
"She must have me," he said to himself  
—"she shall have me! I will force her to  
be my wife!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]