

# The Woodville Advocate

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS EDITION.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR."

## CARRIED HIS OWN BUNDLE.

In the dullest part of the dullest county in England is situated the little demi-semi-fashionable bathing town of T.

Once there happened to the said little town a very dull season. Every town on the coast beside was full of company-bathers, walkers, donkey-riders, saunterers, and peddle-gatherers; yet the luckless town of T. was comparatively empty. Huge placards with "Lodgings to let" stared everybody in the face, from every window in every direction.

In this state of utter stagnation were affairs at T., when one hot day, in the middle of August, a stranger was seen to enter the town-corporate. The stranger entered the town in so questionable a shape, that the very fourth and fifth castles stood aloof, holding themselves above him. Even the shop-keepers and waiters at the hotels felt their noses turn up intuitively at him. The groups of loiterers, collected at the doors of the inns, passed contemptuous glances of careless superiority upon him, for he was on foot and alone, attired in a coat, waistcoat, and in short a whole suit of that sort of mixed cloth called pepper-and-salt color, with a black silk handkerchief tied about his neck in nautical style. He wore sea-boots pulled over his knees, and to complete the picture carried a bundle in a red handkerchief at the end of a stout oaken cudgel over his shoulder.

"I'll warrant me Jack, that 'ere fist of his would prove a knock-me-down argument," said a sailor to one of his shipmates, who was intently surveying the stranger.

"Ey, ey, my lad, make yourself sure of that," replied Jack, between whom and the stranger a single look of recognition had been exchanged *en passant*.

"He's a run sort of fish, howsum ever," rejoined the first speaker, "and I wonder what wind cast him on this shore. He don't look like a land man, for all his pepper-and salt gear. May-

## TROUBLE IN IRELAND

The trouble in Ireland has caused R. F. KILLALY to make up his mind to return to his native country to sell his estates and before doing so he wishes to raise some spondulix. He therefore offers the following goods in his line at the low prices mentioned below :--

Cut Nails, \$3 per keg. Bar Iron, \$2.50 per 100 lbs. Horse Shoes, \$4.75 per keg. Horse Nails, \$3.45 per box. Logging Chain, largest size, 5cts. per lb, worth 7cts. Trace, smallest, 9c.

BULL CHAINS, extra heavy, 35cts. each. COW CHAINS, extra heavy, 30cts. each. ROPE HALTERS, \$1.25 per dozen, 12½cts. each. MANILLA ROPE, best, for tying colts &c., 15cts per pound.

AXES. 85cts. each worth \$1.00

## CROSS - CUT SAWS

70cts. per ft. Maple Leaf, Lance Tooth, 95cts. per ft.

FILES, for Buck-saws, Hand Saws, Cross-cut Saws, and Machinery Saws, VERY LOW.

## SLEIGH BELLS.

Large Open Bells, 15cts. each, worth 20 cts. Body Straps, \$3.25, worth \$4.00. Back Straps, \$1.80, worth \$2.50. Back straps, \$1.10, worth \$1.50. Neck straps, 75 cts., worth \$1.00. Neck straps, 65 cts., worth 85 cts.

## CURRY COMBS,

20 cts. each, 25 cts. each, 30 cts. each ; which is 25 per cent. below ordinary price.

HORSE BRUSHES----A great variety, from 40 cts. upwards.

## WHIPS,

An unlimited supply. From 15 cts. to \$2.50 each. Splendid value.

## REVOLVERS,

Full plated, rubber handle, 5 shooter, 32 calibre, with 50 cartridges, \$5.50. Full plated, rubber handle 7 shooter, 22 calibre, with 100 cartridges, \$4.00. Full plated, rosewood handle, 7 shooter, 22 calibre, with 100 cartridges, \$2.25. Full plated, rubber handle, 7 shooter, 22 calibre, with 100 cartridges, \$2.25.

Table knives, Dessert, knives and Butcher knives, great variety.

and Teaspoons, Cruet Stands. At remark

end of that oaken cudgel, which he still either grasped or flung in a most nautical fashion, he entered the sitting-room of the town.

It is no use entering your name, sir, for you cannot be admitted here, was the answer he received from the superintendent of this fashionable resort.

Not on paying the usual terms of subscription? demanded the stranger.

No, sir; we cannot admit persons of your description on any terms, sir.

Persons of my description? retorted the stranger, most emphatically, grasping his trusty cudgel; and pray, sir, of what description do you suppose me to be?

The Sack-in-office surveyed the sturdy stranger with a look in which contempt and alarm were oddly blended, as he replied:

Can't exactly say, sir; but I am sure none of our subscribers would choose to associate with you.

How do you know that, you saucy Jackanapes? said the stranger, becoming a little choleric.

Why, sir, because, sir, we make a point of being very select, and never on no account admit persons of your description.

But it seems you do not know of what description I am.

Why, sir, no one can expect to keep these sort of things secret.

What, then, is it whispered about that I am?

Whispered? Lord, sir, it was in everybody's mouth before breakfast!

And what does everybody say?

That you are a broken-down miller hiding from creditors. And he cast a shrewd glance on the threadbare pepper-and-salts of the stranger, who regarded him for a moment with a comic expression on his features, made him a profound bow and walked off.

Not a whit humbled by this ndaise the stranger, repaired to the place of general promenade and took possession of a vacant place at the end of one of the benches, on which were seated two, or three of those important people who had from time immemorial invested themselves with the dignity of the head persons of the place.

These worthies did not allow him time to make their acquaintance, but with an air as though they dreaded infection they rose and departed. Not the least discomposed by the distaste the great men of little T. evinced for his society, the stranger drew from his pocket a box, lighted a cigar, and smoked for some time with great relish.

At length, perceiving a new set of loungers on the promenade, he hastily dispatched his cigar, and, approaching one of the other benches, addressed a few courteous though trifling observations to its occupants, three ladies and a gentleman; but had his remarks been either blasphemous or indelicate they could not have been received with a greater appearance of consternation by the ladies, who rose alarmed at the liberty the man had taken, while the gentleman observed with a most aristocratic demeanor, that he labored under a mistake in addressing those ladies.

Sir, said the stranger, you're right; I took you for persons of politeness and benevolence. Discovering my error, I crave your pardon and retire.

Although any reasonable person might have been satisfied from these

ENTINE, variety