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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 9 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.

SOBERITIES.

CYCERONE LODGE, I.O.O.F. meet every
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BLOOMING ROSE LODGE, I.O.G.T. meet
every Friday evening at eight o'clock, at
McSweyn's Hall, Woodville.
WOODVILLE GRANGE, P. O. H. meet the
second Wednesday in each month, at Mc-
Sweyn's Hall, Woodville.
WOODVILLE L. O. G. L. No. 32 meet second
Wednesday each month, at McSweyn's Hall,
Woodville.
HARTLEY 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.
GUIDING STAR ENCAMPMENT meet first
and third Monday of every month, at Odd-
fellows' Hall, Mantilla.
THORAH LODGE, No. 502, I.O.G.T. meets
at School House, Section No. 3, Thorah,
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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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AND QUICKLY EXECUTED.
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
The Advocate
Is now prepared to execute all kinds of
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Neat, Cheap and Quick.

Poetry.

OUR SHIPS AT SEA.

BY FLORENCE GROVER.

How many of us have ships at sea,
Freighted with wishes and hopes and fears,
Tossing about on the wave, while we
Linger and wait on the shores for years,
Gazing afar through the distance dim,
And sighing, will ever our ships come in?

We sent them away with laughter and song,
The decks were white and the sails were
new,
The fragrant breezes bore them along,
The sea was calm and the skies were blue,
And we thought as we watched them sail
away
Of the joy they would bring us some fu-
ture day.

Long have we watched beside the shore
To catch the gleam of a coming sail,
But we only hear the breakers' roar
Or the sweeping night wind's dismal wail,
Till our cheeks grow pale, and our eyes grow
dim,
And we sadly sigh, will they ever come in?

Oh! poor sad heart, with its burden of care,
Its aims defeated, its worthless life,
That has garnered only the thorns and the
tares,
That is seared and torn in the pitiful strife,
Afar on the heavenly golden shore
Thy ships are anchored for ever more.

LOVE WORKS WONDERS.

BY BERTHA McCLAY.

"Unconditionally?" asked the general.
"Most certainly," was the impatient
reply.
"Well, my friend," said the general, "in
this world every one does as he or she likes;
but to disinherit that girl, with the face and
spirit of a true Darrell, and to put a fair,
amiable, blonde stranger in her place, was,
to say the least, eccentric—the world will
deem it so, at any rate. If I were forty
years younger I would win Pauline Darrell,
and make her love me. But we must join
the ladies—they will think us very remiss."
"Sweet smiles, no mind, an amiable man-
ner, no intellect, prettiness after the fashion
of a Parisian doll, to be preferred to that
noble, truthful, queenly girl! Verily tastes
differ," thought the general, as he watched
the two, contrasted them, and lost himself
in wonder over his friend's folly.

He took his leave soon afterward, gravely
musing on what he could not understand—
why his old friend had done what seemed to
him a rash, ill-judged deed.
He left Sir Oswald in a state of great dis-
comfort. Of course he loved his wife—loved
her with a blind infatuation that did more
honour to his heart than his head—but he had
always relied so implicitly on the general's
judgment. He found himself half wishing
that in this, the crowning action of his life,
he had consulted his old friend.
He never knew how that clever woman of
the world, Lady Hampton, had secretly in-
fluenced him. He believed that he had
acted entirely on his own clear judgment;
and now, for the first time, he doubted that.
"You look anxious, Oswald," said Lady
Darrell, as she bent down and with her fresh
sweet young lips touched his brow. "Has
anything troubled you?"
"No, my darling," he replied; "I do not
feel quite well, though. I have had a dull,
nervous heaviness about me all day—a
strange sensation of pain too. I shall be
better to-morrow."
"If not," she said, sweetly, "I shall
insist on your seeing Doctor Helmstone. I
am quite uneasy about you."
"You are very kind to me," he responded,
gratefully.

But all her uneasiness did not prevent her
drawing the white lace round her graceful
shoulders and taking up the third volume of
a novel in which she was deeply interested,
while Sir Oswald, looking older and graver
than he had looked before, went into the
garden for a stroll.
The sunbeams were so loth to go; they
lingered even now on the tips of the trees
and flowers; they lingered on the lake and
in the rippling spray of the fountains. Sir
Oswald sat down on the lake side.
Had he done wrong? Was it a foolish
mistake—one that he could not undo? Was
Pauline indeed the grand, noble, queenly girl
his friend had thought her? Would she
have made a mistress suitable for Darrell
Court, or had he done right to bring this
fair, blonde stranger into his home—this
dearly loved young wife? What would
she do with Darrell Court if he left it to her?
The great wish of his heart for a son to suc-
ceed him had not been granted to him; but
he made his will, and in it he had left Dar-
rell Court to his wife.

He looked at the home he had loved so
well. Ah, cruel death! If he could but
have taken it with him, or have watched
over it from another world! But when
death came he must leave it, and a dull,
uneasy foreboding came over him as to what
he should do in favour of his idolized home.

As he looked at it, tears rose in his eyes;
and then he saw Pauline standing a little
way from him, the proud, beautiful face
softened into tenderness, the dark eyes full
of kindness. She went up to him more
affectionately than she had ever done in her
life; she knelt on the grass by his side.

"Uncle," she said, quietly, "you look
very ill; are you in trouble?"
He held out his hands to her; at the
sound of her voice all his heart seemed to
go out to this glorious daughter of the
race.

"Pauline," he said, in a low, broken
voice, "I am thinking of you—I am wonder-
ing about you. Have I done—I wonder,
have I done wrong?"

A clear light flashed into her noble face.
"Do you refer to Darrell Court?" she
asked. "If you do, you have done wrong.
I think you might have trusted me. I have
many faults, but I am a true Darrell. I
would have done full justice to the trust."
"I never thought so," he returned,
feebly; "and I did it all for the best, as I
imagined, Pauline."

"I know you did—I am sure you did,"
she agreed, eagerly; "I never thought
otherwise. It was not you, uncle. I under-
stand all that was brought to bear upon you,
You are a Darrell, honourable, loyal, true;
you do not understand anything that is not
straight-forward. I do, because my life has
been so different from yours."

He was looking at her with a strange,
wavering expression in his face; the girl's
eyes, full of sympathy, were turned on him.
"Pauline," he said, feebly, "if I have
done wrong—and oh, I am so loth to believe
it—you will forgive me, my dear, will you
not?"

For the first time he held out his arms to
her; for the first time she went close to him
and kissed his face. It was well that Lady
Hampton was not there to see. Pauline
heard him murmur something about "a
true Darrell—the last of the Darrells," and
when she raised her head she found that
Sir Oswald had fallen into a deep, deadly
swoon.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

READING OF THE WILL.

Assistance was soon procured, and Sir
Oswald was carried to his room; Doctor
Helmstone was sent for, and when he ar-
rived the whole house was in confusion.
Lady Darrell wrung her hands in the most
graceful distress.
"Now, Elinor," said Lady Hampton,
"pray do not give way to anything of that
kind. It is a fortunate thing for you that I
am here. Let me beg of you to remember
that, whatever happens, you are magnificently
provided for, Sir Oswald told me as much.
There is really no need to excite yourself in
that fashion."

While Lady Darrell, with a few graceful
exclamations, and a very pretty show of
sorrow, managed to attract all possible sym-
pathy. Pauline moved about with a still,
cold face, which those best understood who
knew her nature. It seemed incredible to
the girl that anything unexpected should
happen to her uncle. She had only just
begun to love him; that evening had brought
these two proud hearts closer together than
they had ever been; the ice was broken;
each had a glimmering perception of the real
character of the other—a perception that in
time would have developed into perfect love.
It seemed too hard that after he had just
begun to like her—that as soon as a fresh
and genuine sentiment was springing up be-
tween them—he must die.

For it had come to that. Care, skill,
talent, watching, were all in vain; he must
die. Grave-faced doctors had consulted
about him, and with professional keenness
had seen at once that his case was hopeless.
The ailment was a sudden and dangerous
one—violent inflammation of the lungs. No
one could account for the sudden seizure.
Sir Oswald had complained of pain during
the day, but no one thought that it was any-
thing of a serious nature. His manner,
certainly, had been strange, with a sad
pathos quite unlike himself; but no one saw
in that the commencement of a mortal ill-
ness.

Lady Hampton frequently observed how
fortunate it was that she was there. To all
inquiries as to the health of her niece, she
replied, "Poor, dear Lady Darrell is bear-
ing up wonderfully;" and with the help of
a few little speeches, the frequent use of

a vial of wine, and some amiable
self-condolence, that lady did bear up.

Strange to say, the one who felt the keen-
est sorrow, the deepest regret, the truest
pain, was the niece with whom Sir Oswald
had continually found fault, and whom he
had disinherited. She went about with a
sorrow on her face more eloquent than
words. Lady Hampton said it was all
assumed; but Lady Darrell said, more
gently, that Pauline was not a girl to assume
a grief she did not feel.

So the baronet died after a week of severe
illness, during which he never regained the
power of speech, nor could make himself in-
telligible. The most distressing thing was
that there was something which he wished
to say—something that he desired to make
them understand. When Pauline was in
the room his eyes followed her with a wist-
ful glance, pitiful, sad, distressing; he evi-
dently wished to say something, but had not
the power.

With that wish unexplained he died, and
they never knew what it was. Only Pauline
thought that he meant, even, at the last to
ask her forgiveness and to do her justice.

Darrell Court was thrown into deepest
mourning; the servants went about with
hushed footsteps and sorrowful faces. He
had been kind to them, this stately old
master; and who knew what might happen
under the new regime? Lady Hampton was,
she assured every one, quite overwhelmed
with business. She had to make all business
arrangements for the funeral, to order all
the mourning, while Lady Darrell was sup-
posed to be overwhelmed with sorrow in the
retirement of her own room.

One fine spring morning, while the pretty
bluebells were swaying in the wind, and the
hawthorn was shining pink and white on the
hedges, while the birds sang and the sun
shone Sir Oswald Darrell was buried, and
the secret of what he had wished to say or
have done was buried with him.

At Lady Darrell's suggestion, Captain
Langton was sent for to attend the funeral.
It was a grand and stately procession. All
the *elite* of the country was there, all the
to-morrows from Audleigh Royal, all the
friends who had known Sir Oswald and re-
spected him.

"Was he the last of the Darrells?" one
asked of another; and many looked at the
stately, dark-eyed girl who bore the name,
wondering how he had left his property,
whether his niece would succeed him, or his
wife take all. They talked of this in sub-
dued whispers as the funeral cortege wound
its way to the church, they talked of it after
the coffin had been lowered into the vault,
and they talked of it as the procession made
its way back to Darrell Court.

As Lady Hampton said, it was a positive
relief to open the windows and let the blessed
sunshine in, to draw up the heavy blinds,
to do away with the dark, mourning aspect
of the place.

Everything had been done according to
rule—no peer of the realm could have had a
more magnificent funeral. Lady Hampton
felt that in every respect full honour had
been done both to the living and the dead.

"Now," she wisely remarked, "there is
nothing to be done, save to bear up as well
as it is possible."

Then, after a solemn and dreary dinner,
the friends and invited guests went away,
and the most embarrassing ceremony of all
had to be gone through—the reading of the will.

Mr. Ramsden, the family solicitor was in
attendance. Captain Langton, Lady Darrell,
Lady Hampton, and Miss Darrell took their
seats. Once or twice Lady Hampton looked
with a smile of malicious satisfaction at the
proud, calm face of Pauline. There was
nothing there to gratify her—no query could
have assisted at her dethronement with
prouder majesty or prouder grace. Some of
the old retainers, servants who had been in
the family from their earliest youth, said
there was not one who did not wish in his
heart that Pauline might have Darrell
Court.

Lady Darrell, clad in the deepest mourn-
ing, was placed in a large easy-chair in the
centre of the group, her aunt by her side.
She looked extremely delicate and lovely in
her black sweeping robes.

Pauline, who evidently thought the
ceremony an empty one, as far as she was
concerned, stood near the table. She de-
clined the chair that Captain Langton placed
for her. Her uncle was dead; she regretted
him with true, unfeigned, sincere sorrow;
but the reading of his will had certainly
nothing to do with her. There was not the
least shadow on her face, not the least dis-
composure in her manner. To look at her
one would never have thought that she was there
to hear the sentence of disinherment.

To be Continued.