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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 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.

CICERONE LODGE, I.O.O.F. meet every
Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock at McSweeney's
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BLOOMING ROSE LODGE, I.O.G.T., meet
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McSweeney's Hall, Woodville.

WOODVILLE GRANGE, P. of H., meet the
second Wednesday in each month, at Mc-
Sweeney's Hall, Woodville.

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

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

PEACOCK DOVE, I.O.O.F., meet every
Thursday evening, at Oat Fellows' Hall,
Cannington.

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

THORAH LODGE, No. 592, I.O.G.T., meets
at School House, Section No. 3, Thorah,
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Cigars. Good Stables and attentive Hostler.

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This commodious hotel has been entirely
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none but best brands of Liquors and Cigars.
Travellers and Visitors will find everything
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Good Stabling and attentive Hostler.
Terms moderate.

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public. The bar is always supplied with the
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Secretary Eldon B. A. Society. Agent P.
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One of the above will be at Hamilton's
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First-class Sewing Machines for sale.
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Having bought the shop and fixtures of Mr.
G. C. Smith, Proprietor, 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.

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HARNESS, COLLARS, WALTERS, WHIPS

CURRY COMBS, BRUSHES, TRUNKS

VALISES AND ALL KIND OF

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A large assortment of whips from 15cts. up.

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING NEATLY
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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.

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FRUIT CAKES, MIXED TEA
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Orders SOLICITED.

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in ten years, only \$144.02. In 20 years
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will keep constantly in stock
and manufacture to order

**Carriages, Buggies, Wag-
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—OF THE—
MOST IMPROVED DESIGNS!

Jobbing and Repairing of all kinds promptly
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Horseshoeing Done on the Shortest
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FORCE PUMPS SUPPLIED.

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ALL NEW WORK WARRANTED.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY Executed.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

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Samples of BLACK BROADCLOTH, DOE

SKINS, WORSTED COATINGS and

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TWEEDS.

CANADIAN, ENGLISH, SCOTCH
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OVERCOATINGS,

In the latest styles and patterns, on hand
for the Fall Trade.

CALL AND EXAMINE THEM BEFORE
PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.

Terms, Strictly Cash.

Poetry.

SONG.

'Tis sweet to think the pure ethereal being
Whose mortal form reposes with the dead,
Still hovers round unseen, yet not unseeing,
Benignly smiling o'er the mourner's bed!

She comes in dreams, a thing of light and
lightness;
I hear her voice, in still, small accents tell
Of realms of bliss, and never fading bright-
ness

Where those who loved on earth together
dwell.
Ah, yet a while, blest shade, thy flight de-
laying.

The kindred soul with mystic converse
cheer;
To her rap gaze, in visions bland, displaying
The unearthly glories of thy happier
sphere!

Yet, yet remain! till freed from thee, de-
lighted,
She spurns the thralldom of encumbering
day;

Then, as on earth, in tenderest love united,
Together seek the realms of endless day!

LOVE WORKS WONDERS.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

Was she like Undine? Were there depths
in her heart and soul which could not be
reached until love had brought them to
light? She felt in herself great capabilities
that had never yet been exercised or called
into action. Love would complete her life;
it would be the sun endowing the flowers
with life, warmth, and fragrance.

What manner of man must he be who
would wake this soul of hers to perfect life?
She had seen no one yet capable of doing so.
The mind that mastered hers must be a
master-mind; the soul that could bring her
soul into subjection must be a grand soul, a
just soul, noble and generous.

Ah, well, the moonlight was fair, and the
flowers were fair. Soon, perhaps, this fair
dream of hers might be realized, and then—

CHAPTER XVIII.

RESPECTED.

A shadow came between Pauline and the
moonlight, and a quiet voice said:
"Miss Darrell, I am so glad to find you
here, and alone!"

Looking up, she saw Aubrey Langton
standing by her side. Aubrey's fair, hang-
sone face was flushed, and there was the
fragrance of the wine-cup about him, for the
gallant captain's courage had failed him, and
he had to fortify himself.

He had seen Miss Darrell go into the con-
servatory, and he had understood her well
enough to be sure that she had gone thither
in search of quiet. Here was his opportu-
nity. He had been saying to himself all day
that he must watch for his opportunity.

Here it was; yet his courage failed him, and
his heart sank; he would have given any-
thing to any one who would have undertaken
the task that lay before him. There was so
much at stake—not only love, but wealth,
fortune, even freedom—there was so much
to be won or lost, that he was frightened.

However, as he said to himself, it had to
be done. He went back to the dining-room
and poured out for himself a tumbler of the
baronet's generous old wine, which made his
heart glow, and diffused warmth through
his whole frame, and then he went on his
difficult errand. He walked quietly through
the conservatory and saw Pauline standing at
the doors.

He was not an artist, he had nothing of the
poet about him, but the solemn beauty of
that picture did touch him—the soft,
sweet moonlight, the sheaves of white lilies,
the nest of daphnes, and that most beautiful
face raised to the starry sky.

He stood for some minutes in silence; a
dim perception of his own unworthiness
came over him. Pauline looked as though
she stood in a charmed circle, which he al-
most feared to enter.

Then he went up to her and spoke. She
was startled; she had been so completely
absorbed in her dreams, and he was the last
person on earth with whom she could identify
them.

"I hope I have not startled you," he
said. "I am so glad to find you here, Miss
Darrell. There is something I wish to say
to you."

Perhaps that beautiful, calm night scene
had softened her as she turned to him with a
smile more gentle than he had ever seen on
her face before.

"You want to tell me something—I am
ready to listen, Captain Langton. What is
it?"

He came nearer to her. The sweet, subd-
perme from the flowers at her breast
reached him, the proud face that had always
looked proudly on him, was near his own.

He came one step nearer still, and then
Pauline drew back with a haughty gesture
that seemed to scatter the light in her
jewels.

"I can hear perfectly well," she said,
coldly. "What is it you have to tell me?"

"Pauline, do not be unkind to me. Let
me come nearer, where I may kneel at your
feet and pray my prayer."

His face flushed, his heart warmed with
his words; all the passionate love that he
really felt for her woke within him. There
was no feigning, no pretence—it was all
reality. It was not Darrell Court he was
talking of, but Pauline, peerless, queenly
Pauline; and in that moment he felt that he
could give his whole life to win her.

"Let me pray my prayer," he repeated;
"let me tell you how dearly I love you,
Pauline—so dearly and so well that if you
send me from you my life will be a burden
to me, and I shall be the most wretched of
men."

She did not look proud or angry, but
merely sorry.

"You love me," she rejoined—"really
love me, Captain Langton?"

He interrupted her.

"I loved you the first moment that I saw
you. I have admired others, but I have
seen none like you. All the deep, passionate
love of my heart has gone out to you; and,
if you throw it from you, Pauline, I shall
die."

"I am very sorry," she murmured,
gently.

"Nay, not sorry. Why should you be
sorry? You would not take a man's life,
and hold it in the hollow of your hand, only
to fling it away. You may have richer
lovers, you may have titles and wealth offer-
ed to you, but you will never have a love
truer or deeper than mine."

There was a ring of truth about his words
and they haunted her.

"I know I am unworthy of you. If I
were a crowned king, and you, my peerless
Pauline, the humblest peasant, I should
choose you from the whole world to be my
wife. But I am only a soldier—a poor sol-
dier. I have but one treasure, and that I
offer to you—the deepest, truest love of my
heart. I would that I were a king, and
and could woo you more worthily."

She looked up quickly—his eyes were
drinking in the beauty of her face, but there
was something in them from which she
shrank without knowing why. She would
have spoken, but he went on, quickly.

"Only grant me my prayer, Pauline—
promise to be my wife—promise to love me
—and I will live only for you. I will give
you my heart, my thoughts, my life. I will
take you to the bright sunny lands, and will
show you all that the earth holds beautiful
and fair. You will be my queen, and I will
be your humblest slave."

His voice died away in a great tearless sob
—he loved her so dearly, and there was so
much at stake. She looked at him with in-
finite pity in her dark eyes. He had said all
that he could think of; he had wooed her as
eloquently as he was able; he had done his
best, and now he waited for some word from
her.

There were tenderness, pity, and surprise
in her musical voice as she spoke to him.

"I am sorry, Captain Langton. I never
thought you loved me so well. I never
dreamed that you had placed all your heart
in your love."

"I have," he affirmed. "I have been
reckless; I have thrown heart, love, man-
hood, life, all at your feet together. If you
trample ruthlessly on them, Pauline, you
will drive me to desperation and despair."

"I do not trample on them," she said,
gently; "I would not wrong you so. I
take them up in my hands and restore them
to you, thanking you for the gift."

"What do you mean, Pauline?" he asked,
while the flush died from his face.

"I mean," she replied, softly, "that I
thank you for the gift you have offered me,
but that I cannot accept it. I cannot be
your wife for I do not love you."

He stood for some minutes dazed by the
heavy blow; he had taken hope from her
gentle manner, and the disappointment was
almost greater than he could bear.

"It gives me as much pain to say this,"
she continued, "as it gives you to hear it;
pray believe that."

"I cannot bear it," he cried. "I will not
bear it. It is my life I ask from you, Paul-
line—my life. You cannot send me from
you to die in despair."

His anguish was real, not feigned. Love,
life, liberty, all were at stake. He knelt at
her feet; he covered her white, jewelled
hands with kisses and with hot, passionate
tears. Her keen, womanly instinct told her
there was no feigning in the deep, broken
sobs that rose to his lips.

To be Continued.