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day school at 2:30 p. m. B. Y. Y. J.
Sabbath-school on Tuesday evening at
8:00, and Church prayer-meeting on
Tuesday evening at 7:30. Woman's Mis-
sionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday
following the first Sunday in the month.
The women's prayer-meeting on the
third Wednesday of each month at 3:30
p. m. All seats free. Others at the
door welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday
at 11 a. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.
Daily school at 7:30 p. m.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P.
McDonald, M. A., Pastor. Services: Every
Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday
school at 10 a. m. Prayer-meeting on Wed-
nesday at 7:30 p. m. Church school,
Lester Horton, Public worship on Sunday
at 11 a. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m.
Prayer-meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. E.
Lottin, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school
at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer-meeting
on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the
seats free and strangers welcomed at
all the services.—At Greenwood, preaching
at 9 a. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer
meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesdays.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. on the
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FROM \$12.00 UP FOR TWEEDS.

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Made to fit perfectly.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,
NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.
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NOTICE!

We have declined to handle the Massey-Harris implements this season as the company would not allow us to sell certain other implements which we consider superior.

We shall sell the latest improved Roller and Ball Bearing Mower made, and a carefully assorted stock of

HORSE RAKES, DISC AND SPRING TOOTH HARROWS, PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, ETC.

and guarantee satisfaction to every customer.

We work to thank our friends for their patronage in the past and by fair dealing hope to merit a continuance of the same.

Write us for catalogues and prices

STARR, SON & FRANKLIN, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

The False Oracle.
She picked up a little daisy flower
With fringe of snow and heart of gold;
All pure without, and warm within,
And stood to have her fortune told.
"He loves me," low she musing said,
And plucked the border leaf by leaf;
"A little—too much—not at all—
With trust heart" beyond belief.
"A little—too much—not at all—
He rang the changes o'er and o'er!
The tiny leaflets fluttered down,
And strewn the meadow's grassy floor.
"A little—too much—not at all—
With trust heart"—oh, magic brief!
Ah, foolish task, to measure out
Love's value on a daisy leaf!
For as she pulled the latest leaf,
With "not at all," I heard her say,
"Ah, much too know, you silly flower,
He'll love me till his dying day."

Overcoming the World.
BY CHARLES W. SHELDON.
CHAPTER VI.—Continued.
Mr Penrose was in New York on
business. Malcom Kirk learned after-
wards some things in his history, and
why John Gilbert had been allowed to
meet his great financial losses without
help from his own sister, who, to a

He rose and went over near her. He had the miniature in his hand. When he spoke it was in great simplicity, but in great directness.

"You know what I have come for. You know that I love you wholly. You know that I am poor. Dorothy, can you share such a life with me? Must I give this back or may I keep it always?"

She was sitting with her face partly in shadow, and she slowly rose and turned and faced him. Like all girls who dream of lovers, she had her dreams, her ideals, her imaginings. She looked up at him now, and the blood rushed impetuously through him as he saw the beginning of her answer. She had learned to love him during his absence abroad, during her recent sorrow, during the days that followed her bereavement. It was not so sudden as it might seem, for Dorothy had learned when Raleigh spoke to her that afternoon that the greatest reason why she could not love him was because she already loved Malcom Kirk. So she gave him then and there what he asked. Ah, Malcom Kirk, not this side of heaven will you know the power of that food that lifted your heart and all it contained when you first heard the woman you loved say, as she lifted her face to yours, "Yes, I will share your life with you. Yes, I love you."

Two hours later Malcom Kirk went out into the starry night and down on the sea beach, and with the freshness of the sea breeze blowing about his uncovered head, he thanked God for the precious, priceless gift of this woman's heart. They had had much to say, as true lovers always have. Always they had come back to the undying theme of their love for each other. "She loves me!" he kept saying to himself. And the waves, and the night wind, and the stars, and the harbor lights, and the pines near the beach all joined in the same song. He walked up and down the sands until the early morning. He found his face wet once with tears. He ran across a long strip of beach, and waked from one of his reveries to find himself knee deep in water, for the tide was coming in, and he knew nothing of tides, only of the one that had risen in his own spirit. But he drew back out of the water laughing, and finally found his way to the inn down by the pier, where he had breakfasted. But what he ate, or whether he ate anything, was probably unknown to him, at least he was not able to give Dorothy satisfactory answers when he came back to the house.

His dream was a reality. She met him with the look on her face that was never to die out of it as long as he lived, and together they went in to see Mrs Penrose.

Dorothy's aunt was somewhat perplexed, and to tell the truth, a good deal astonished at the events of the last twenty-four hours. Dorothy had told her all, and there was no question in Mrs Penrose's mind that the daughter of John Gilbert had made her definite glad choice of this awkward, unhandsome, poor young minister as her future husband. She could not deny that the young man was a very superior quality of mind and heart. But the fact remained that he had no prospects except his Home Missionary field and a somewhat uncertain income from occasional writings.

When she pictured Dorothy in a sod house, or a dugout, or a shanty, is that vague, wild, uncouth place called "out west," living in a parish of plain, uncultured people, such as she placidly took for granted lived on the prairies, as far as Malcom Kirk, he was transferred by all that he now possessed. His poor Home Missionary church became to his thought a gigantic engine of power, with this glorious woman now his wife, who was to be by his side henceforth. He trembled at the extent of such a love and consecrated

every moment to the infinite eternal life that belongs both to this world and to that which is to come.

They reached their journey's end at the close of a day, and entered the town by night. There was quite a little gathering at the station, curious to see the new minister, and the superintendent himself, who happened that week to be in that part of the state, was present to welcome them and introduce them to a little handful of their parishioners.

There was a parsonage, a furnished house of five rooms close by the church. A supper was ready for them. A little company came in afterwards to greet them, and the people seemed to be truly glad to see them. The sight of Dorothy's beauty astonished them all. She was a little amused at the evident look of disappointment with which everyone first saw her husband.

"When they know him they will love him," she said to herself with unfaltering trust in his victory over them. She came out on the porch with him after all the members had gone away, and together they tried to get some idea of the place which was to be their home. The night was starry and the prairie vastness impressive to them. They had never either of them lived outside of a hill country.

"How large did you say the town was, Malcom?"

"About fifteen hundred people, so the superintendent says."

"How many church members are there?"

"Fifty-seven on the roll. About forty living here."

"Can't we go over and look into the church? I am curious to see it," said Dorothy. She spoke in such a glad, happy voice that Malcom Kirk, as he stood there with his arm about her said, "You are happy, little woman, aren't you?"

"Can you ask?" she replied, and he was satisfied. One of the trustees had left a church key with him. They walked across the parsonage yard, taking a lamp from the house with them, and together they went in.



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It was a small room, with seats for about one hundred and fifty. A small class-room in the rear and a choir railing in front of the organ, which was in a little recess at one side of the platform.

Malcom Kirk set the lamp down on the pulpit and with his wife stood looking over the room.

"My dear," said Dorothy, nestling up close to him, "do you think we two can help to bring in the kingdom, as you say, into this town?"

Malcom Kirk looked at the room, at his pulpit where he was to preach, and at his wife, and he fully understood what Dorothy meant.

"Do you mean that we will see how much two people can do to make heaven on earth for fifteen hundred other people?"

"Yes, and whether in our life-time we can redeem whatever is evil here and give it back to God."

"We will do it by His grace," said Malcom Kirk, gravely. It seemed to him almost as if they two, there in their little church, had made a solemn promise to redeem the souls of all the

lost in Canada. They passed out of the church with the same feeling deep in their souls. Their hearts kindled at their opportunity. And in the infinite places of the heavenly hosts, good and evil, God and the devil noted the entrance of these two children of light into that lawless, unchristian town of twenty-five years ago, and from what at once began to be there it seemed within the reach of a tremendous reality that heaven and hell began to struggle for a supremacy marked by events which will leave their record in the Book of Life with startling clearness. For these two Christians had entered the arena of the great human battle for victory over the world, and the two greatest forces in the universe now began to test their powers as they had never yet been tested in that place.

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CHAPTER VII.
Nearly three years after Malcom Kirk and his wife had made their promise in this little Home Missionary church of Cocrad, one evening in September a stranger stepped out of the east-bound Chicago express upon the platform at Cocrad, and enquired for the residence of the Rev. Malcom Kirk.

"He lives up by the church," said the man to whom the question was put. "Come out to the end of the platform and I'll show you."

The stranger followed, and the man pointed up the street where the tower of the little church could be seen.

"You'll find him in the parsonage close by, at the right of the church."

The stranger thanked him and started down the platform steps, when the man called after him.

"They're having trouble at the minister's house. I thought if you didn't know I ought to tell you. They have a very sick baby there."

The stranger paused and looked uncertainly at the man.

"I won't go there, then, if I ought not. I am one of Mr Kirk's old seminary classmates. I stopped off on my way home from Colorado, where I have been taking my vacation. Perhaps I had better not call there tonight. I didn't know of his trouble. Do you know how sick the baby is?"

"No. It's serious. The doctor has been there nearly all day."

The stranger hesitated, and finally moved on towards the parsonage.

"I will simply stop and enquire at the house, and then go to the hotel," he said to himself.

When he knocked at the little parsonage, Dorothy herself opened the door.

"This is Mrs Kirk? I am Mr Wilson, one of Mr Kirk's classmates at Hermalton. You remember me? I was on my way from Colorado and stopped off to see him. I just heard of the illness of your baby."

"Come in, Mr Wilson, I know Malcom will want to see you," she said, and he entered with some reluctance to intrude at such a time, but her manner assured him that his presence was grateful to them.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Little Clarence—Pa. what do people feather their nests with?
Pa.—Cash down is the best thing I know of.