



## A Cube to a Cup

Every minute of every day and night Oxo Cubes are being used to strengthen—to invigorate—to save time and trouble. Much better than Beef-Tea.

Every invalid—old and young—every busy man and woman desirous of maintaining health and "fitness"—needs Oxo Cubes. They combine the rich nourishing protein with the stimulating beef-essence—the very elements that build up health and vitality and keep the body "fit."



## Love a Conqueror

### ON WEDDED AT LAST

CHAPTER XXVII.

"That will do, Desprez—you may go."

"Very well, milady."

Lady Eastwell turned away from the mirror as her maid left the dressing room in obedience to her dismissal, and stood for a minute or two in the centre of the luxurious apartment, with a little unpleasant smile upon her fair face. Alice was handsomer as a matron than she had been as a girl; she had filled out and had acquired a stateliness of manner which suited her; and her taste in dress was unexceptionable. But the fairness of her face was seriously marred by an expression of discontent which was almost invariably present there, and the thin red lips had a satirical smile which was not pleasing.

On this evening, as she stood in all the splendor of her pink satin and Brussels lace, that look was very visible, and the unpleasant smile curled her lips. She was thinking of old times—of her girlhood and Shirley's at Fairholme Court, of Hugh Glynn and Guy Stuart—and she was smiling to herself at the thought that they were all to meet that night under her roof.

The thought was not a kind one; but Lady Eastwell would have hesitated at nothing to humiliate her cousin. She hated Shirley far more deeply now than she had hated her in the past; then she was a poor dependent in her uncle's house, now she was a great lady, queening it in society by right of her beauty and wealth. It was true her rank was inferior to that which Alice's marriage with a peer had given her; but Sir Hugh's wealth was infinitely greater

than Lord Eastwell's, and, while Alice's expenditure was limited, Shirley could scatter gold with both her hands before Sir Hugh would utter a remonstrance.

And then she was so beautiful. A year before, when Alice had come to London a bride, she had felt a thrill of satisfaction at the thought that she handsome and fresh as she was, would wrest Shirley's laurels from her grasp and depose the reigning queen. But she had been mistaken. Lady Eastwell was admired, but Shirley reigned supreme still. Alice's fair beauty, placid and impassive, and just a little insipid, had no chance against her cousin's expressive loveliness, her rare grace of manner, and her matchless charm. Lady Eastwell was undoubtedly handsome, but Lady Glynn was so wonderfully attractive that, had she been a plain woman, she would have been a leader of fashion from her fascination and grace.

There was not a little vindictiveness on her ladyship's face as she took up the great pink fan which completed her dinner-dress, and swept down-stairs to the glittering drawing room where Lord Eastwell, slender little man, dreadfully afraid of his wife, was waiting for her. She knew how terribly distressed Shirley would be if the secret of her married life should come out, and she anticipated much from suddenly bringing her face to face with Major Stuart that evening. She might faint perhaps, or be dreadfully agitated, and Major Stuart might beray his resentment against Sir Hugh. There might be a scene which would be disagreeable, of course, but which would be infinitely painful to Shirley, who was so sensitive and proud; and Mrs. Majorbanks who was to be one of the guests, was such a terrible chatterbox that—Ah, here was someone! and Lady Eastwell put on her sweetest smile as she went forward to meet her first arrivals.

The Fairholmes were a little late and Ruby's dark eyes went straight to a tall bearded man who was talking to Lord Eastwell, who looked dwarfed beside Major Stuart's stately

proportions; and the deep gray eyes met Ruby's with a warm and kindly light, although there was a little sadness in the smile.

"Major Stuart, I am very glad to see you," Ruby said earnestly, as she held out her hand to him. "How can he be happy? How can he but suffer?"

"It seemed almost like a dream to Guy Stuart to find himself sitting at the same table as Sir Hugh Glynn, with the touch of his betrayer's hand lingering in his and Shirley's sweet familiar voice reaching him occasionally in the murmur of the conversation. Dinner was nearly over before he dared trust himself to glance at her. She looked as lovely as—nay, lovelier than ever, he thought. But

the look which had wounded him so deeply as he watched her ride by a few mornings before was on her face still. She was dressed in blue—a close fitting, simply made dress of velvet, fitting tight to her throat, where it was finished with some yellow lace and a collar of diamond stars. Involuntarily Guy's thoughts went back to the last time he had seen her, when she had followed him to the door of the library at Maxwell, clinging to him, with her wild eyes fixed upon his face and her shaking lips trying to frame words to entreat him to stay, while the masses of her disheveled hair fell over her shoulders. Such a different Shirley he was now, so composed and stately and graceful, with such a quiet face, such a languid manner!

Suddenly as he gazed, she lifted her eyes and they met his for a brief moment; then the long lashes fell again, though not before Major Stuart met the swift look of gratitude and reverence which she had given him, and he felt strangely humiliated thereby when he remembered how earnestly a dying man had had to plead for the desired forgiveness.

When the ladies left the drawing room, the conversation became general, and two or three times Guy found himself addressing Hugh in as quiet and matter-of-fact a manner as if they had not parted deadly foes, while in Sir Hugh's manner, when he answered, there was a certain conciliating eagerness which had something pathetic in it. It did not mean of course that Sir Hugh was afraid of any revenge the other might be inclined to take, but it showed that he felt how low he had fallen, and that he was grateful for the manner in which Guy had effected their reconciliation.

"(To be Continued.)"

"Not quite," Oswald answered, in his pleasant voice. "I knew Stuart had returned to England."

"Indeed! Have you met before then?"

"No."

"Then who told you?" Alice asked eagerly, lifting the pink feathers to her lips to hide their sudden shiver.

"I really don't know. I did not think that it was a secret."

"A secret! Of course not. Why should it be?" said Lady Eastwell petulantly. "You are so absurd, Oswald!"

"Did you want to surprise your brother, Lady Eastwell?" asked Guy, in his kindly manner.

"I do not think I thought much about it, Major Stuart," she answered carelessly.

"Ah—with a quick look at his face—there they are at last—late, as usual! Shirley, I was afraid you were going to disappoint me."

"Are we late?" said Lady Glynn quietly. "I did not know it."

She turned to Ruby as she spoke, and her eyes fell upon Guy. For a moment her lip quivered; but she knew how eagerly Alice was watching her, and without any perceptible hesitation, she held out her hand.

"I heard you had returned," she said, without a tremor in the rich soft voice, and then turned away to speak to Captain Fairholme.

Sir Hugh, who had followed her into the room, had whitened to the lips at the sight of Guy; and Lady Eastwell's blue eyes brightened. Shirley was an accomplished actress; but Sir Hugh was no master of the histrionic art; surely he would betray himself.

"I think you scarcely need an introduction," said Lady Eastwell, with her sweetest society-smile.

"No," Guy said, in the same kindly voice; "we are old friends."

He stretched out his hand; and his eyes grave and earnest met Sir Hugh's. The next minute their hands closed in a quick clasp; and these two men who had parted in such bitterness met, outwardly, at least, in amity, and Lady Eastwell's scheme was entirely frustrated.

But Alice was too completely a woman of the world to show her disappointment. She sailed down stairs in the wake of her guests, smiling and chattering to her cavalier. Major Stuart had taken Ruby, whose warm little heart was full of gratitude and kindness which she could hardly help giving vent to, and indeed her little hand pressed Guy's arm in her earnestness in a manner that was quite understood. Shirley was beside her host, listening quietly to his rather insipid remarks, while Sir Hugh, with an unfamiliar expression on his handsome face, was trying to rouse himself into something like attention to his hostess's civilities.

Glancing across the table at him,

Guy saw that he was greatly changed since they had last met, that his face had a worn, dissatisfied look of unrest and pain; and Sir Jasper's words came back to him—"How can he be happy? How can he but suffer?"

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"(To be Continued.)"

Douglas Jerrold was once invited to a sheep's head supper. One gentleman present was particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish, and, throwing down his knife and fork, exclaimed:—

"Well, sheep's heads for ever!"

Jerrold replied: "There's egotism!"

Two Women Tell How They Escaped the Surgeon's Knife by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Swarthmore, Penn.—"For fifteen years I suffered untold agony, and for one period of nearly two years I had hemorrhages and the doctors told me I would have to undergo an operation, but I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am in good health now. I am all over the change of life and cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too highly. Every woman should take it at that time. I recommend it to both old and young for female troubles."—Mrs. EMILY SUMMERSGILL, Swarthmore, Pa.

Baltimore, Md.—"My troubles began with the loss of a child, and I had hemorrhages for four months. The doctors said an operation was necessary, but I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The medicine has made me a well woman and I feel strong and do my own work."—Mrs. J. R. PICKING, 1290 Sargent St., Baltimore, Md.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

MINARD'S LINTWENT CURES DISTEMPER



## Improvements.

By GEORGE FITCH. Author of "At Good Old Sluash."

"Improvements" are the after-thoughts of science which keep us poor throwing away perfectly good articles that were the wonder of yesterday.

Almost everything in the world is suffering these days from "improvements" except Tammany and the old fashioned shoe-string. Many a man who built a house five years ago and spent all he had for modern "improvements" is saving money now to get rid of them so that he may live comfortably at last.

Last year's automobile was the wonder of last spring. But when its owner looks at it to-day he weeps and will not be comforted. The busy men who made a self-starter have added eighteen "improvements" to it in the new model, making the old affair too crude for anyone younger than Noah.

The burning question which is before all investors to-day is—"Will we be able to equip our plant with the latest 'improvements' before they are obsolete?" They will if they hurry, but they will be lucky. Many a factory is still paying for three sets of machinery, all sold to the happy and carefree junk man, because of "improvements."

"Improvements" are a good thing when we fix our minds firmly and stubbornly upon the fact. Without "improvements" we would still be pushing the family groceries home in a wheelbarrow. But without "improvements" we would also be teasing along an automobile of the 1907 crop and enjoying it as much as the millionaire once did when there was nothing better to get.

"Improvements" have gotten into many walks of life where they are a positive curse. Education has now been improved until the father who tries to teach the little Johnny how to add two and two retires with a headache after little Johnny has tried to explain the method which they use at school.

"Improvements" have filled the country with discarded wives whose husbands have selected a later and more up-to-date model. And "improvements" have changed the size of fruit jar lids bringing woe and anguish to millions of housewives.

When an inventor invents something he has the rest of his life in which to improve it. When a man says something he has to let it go as it is. There is no chance to improve it or to take out a new patent. If we had more "improvements" in our remarks and fewer in our conveniences we would be more nearly happy.

## Notes From Heart's Delight.

A long time has elapsed since hearing from here. On the first week of December the L.O.A. had their annual meeting, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

F. E. Reid, W. Master, re-elected. Garrett Bryant, D. Master, elected. Elias Crocker, Chaplain, elected. W. J. Reid, Rec. Secy., re-elected. James Reid, Fin. Secy., re-elected. John Legge, Treasurer, re-elected. Gilbert Crocker, D. of C., elected. Orestes Crocker, 1st Lecturer, re-elected. Aaron Vivian, 2nd Lecturer, elected.

With such officers as these, we are anticipating great things for the Society.

On the 30th ult., the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church, had their sale of work, the receipts of the evening were eighty-six (\$86.00) dollars; the largest amount ever realized here at any sale. As this is their first attempt to raise money for a new church, great credit is due them, and I am sure every encouragement should be tendered them.

The Orangemen also had their parade on Jan. 2nd, and as the day was most desirable, practically all the members turned out. We congratulated the S.U.F. band for the very fine music rendered on that day, certainly great credit is due their bandmaster Mr. H. Harnum.

The C. of England had their Tree and Sale of Work, realizing eighty (\$80) dollars for the evening.

The men are now engaged cutting timber; if good weather continues, our mill owners will be amply supplied.

Wishing all our friends a very prosperous and Happy New Year.—COR.

## DON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE

Start Right—Save Money—and Get Well By Taking GIN PILLS for the Kidneys

It is a great mistake to experiment with unknown, untried remedies, if there is any trouble with Kidneys or Bladder. It usually results in a waste of time and money, and serious injury to the health. GIN PILLS have cured thousands of cases of Kidney and Bladder Trouble, Backache and Rheumatism. GIN PILLS have proved their value. GIN PILLS will cure you. Be guided by this letter and take GIN PILLS.



GALETTY, ONT. "My husband used GIN PILLS for Backache and Kidney Disease which formerly troubled him a great deal. The pain in his back was dreadful and the kidneys failed to do their work properly. As he became worse, we found it necessary to begin treatment and unfortunately, wasted time and money on remedies that were little or no good.

After taking one dose of GIN PILLS, he found them to be exactly what he needed, and after taking two boxes of GIN PILLS, was completely cured. We heartily recommend GIN PILLS at every opportunity to our friends and relatives."

Mrs. JAMES B. MILFORD.

GIN PILLS are known from one end of Canada to the other. They are recommended by thousands of those, who—like Mr. Milford—have tried them and can testify by actual experience to the good that GIN PILLS do.

Remember this—GIN PILLS are sold on a positive guarantee to give prompt relief or money refunded. Get six boxes at your dealer's—take them according to directions—and if they do not do exactly as we say they will, return the empty boxes to your dealer and your money will be promptly refunded. 50c. a box—\$3.50. Sample box free if you write us, mentioning this paper. National Drug and Chemical Co., of Canada Limited, Toronto.

MANGA-TONE BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS purify and enrich the blood and build up the whole system. 50c. a box.