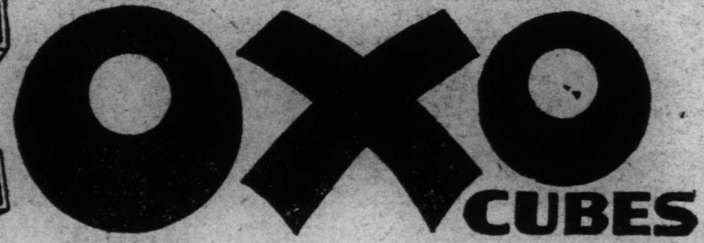


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Love a Conqueror

WEDDED AT LAST!

CHAPTER VII.

He then walked away, beginning to hum softly before he had traversed half a dozen yards; and Guy followed, feeling somewhat disappointed and chilled for all his happiness.

CHAPTER VIII.

Shirley Ross went up to dress for dinner feeling wildly, almost deliriously happy. What strange, new, wonderful, beautiful thing was this that had come into her life? Guy loved her; and in one moment all the earth had been changed and glorified. She could never more be sorry or sad or desolate. Guy loved her. He had taken her in his strong arms and whispered it in her ears, and had put his lips to her forehead; and never in all her life, Shirley thought, would she forget that loving clasp, that tender kiss! She was so happy that she could have sung out loud in her joy and gladness, and have danced for very glee.

As she stood before the mirror, changing her dress and arranging her hair with eager unsteady little hands, she leaned suddenly forward and scrutinized her own face with new earnestness, then drew back, flushing a little, and smiling shyly at her own thought. Yes, she was pretty, very pretty. She had always known that she was good-looking, but it had never been a source of much joy to her before; now, however, she was glad. It delighted her to think that Guy's relatives, at least the old grand-uncle, the only one whom he had kept up any intimacy with and who loved him so tenderly, could not cavil at his choice.

And then she made her little preparations quickly and eagerly. She put aside the usual evening dress of black grenadine, and took out one which she had had in the old happy days when her father and mother lived—a soft, dainty Indian muslin quaintly and prettily made, with a good deal of soft lace about it. Both lace and muslin were yellowed by

time; but they were none the worse for that, Shirley knew—they seemed all the softer and more harmonious; and the dress had never been in a mode, for it had been made after a quaint old-fashioned style of her father's choosing, so that it was not antiquated even now.

And when she had gathered up the pretty chestnut hair, and coiled it daintily round her head, she donned the dress, and then stood shyly, looking at herself, pleased at her beauty, but wondering if Guy would think her foolish, and half hesitating whether she would not remove the Indian muslin and wear the black grenadine. Aunt Geraldine would wonder, she said to herself, and Alice would sneer; but what did that matter so long as Guy was satisfied and she could read approval in his dark gray eyes? Nothing mattered red but that she thought, smiling a little as she turned away from the glass and left the room rather hastily, although she knew that it was early, and that she should find no one in the drawing room, for fully half an hour yet.

As she passed down the long corridor she was quite unconscious of a pair of passionate resentful eyes which were watching her eagerly with almost fierce tenderness, and she was too much absorbed in her own happy thoughts to heed the footsteps which followed her down the carpeted stairs; and, while she lingered in the conservatory to get a flower, the footsteps passed her and went on.

Then, when she came into the drawing room, smiling softly as she fastened the flowers into the old yellow lace at her throat, she saw a tall, slight figure leaning against the mantel-piece, his head resting wearily upon his hand. Her heart leaped up in gladness. It was Guy, she thought, and they would have half an hour's chat all by themselves before the others came down; but Sir Hugh Glynn, as he turned to meet her, saw all the pleasure die out of the beautiful hazel eyes.

"It is not Guy," he said, with a bitterness which Shirley could not but hear; and the color flickered in her cheek for a moment, then faded. She went forward slowly and gravely. Sir Hugh's words and tone did not please her; yet was he not Guy's friend, and did he not love and

trust him, and were not Guy's friends hers from henceforward?

As she drew nearer to the baronet, she saw by the light of the wax-candles on the mantel-piece that he was strangely pale and that his hand was unsteady.

"Is there anything the matter?" she said hastily. "Sir Hugh, are you ill? Can I get you anything?"

He turned from her with a sudden gesture of pain, and bowed his head upon his hands for a moment in silence. Shirley stood silently also, trembling now with a sudden dread and terror. What had happened? Was Guy ill? She had seen him a few minutes before—not quite half an hour ago—but something might have happened between them and now.

"What is it?" she said, almost faintly in her terror. "Guy—is any thing—"

"No," he answered, lifting his head and speaking in the same little mournful tone, "there is nothing the matter with Guy; and of course you have no thought for anyone else."

She looked at him in surprise, her eyes questioning and astonished, her cheek flushing with a little indignation.

"No," he went on, "there is nothing wrong with Guy. You may set your heart at rest—for, since all is well with him, you need not heed what other heart is broken."

"I do not understand," Shirley faltered nervously.

"And yet it is a very simple matter," he said, in a low tone. "What may bring the greatest joy to one man may bring the most intense sorrow to another. Guy has been telling me," he went on, lifting his head and looking at her with mournful, pale, agonized eyes, "of the happiness which you have conferred upon him, but I wonder if you thought that while you made him so happy you were breaking my heart."

Shirley started, looking up at him with wide frightened eyes and colorless cheeks.

"You did not know," he said, gently—"at least I think you did not—and I did not think, or fool that I was, I had not let him steal my darling from me. Shirley," he went on passionately, "from the first moment that I saw you I have loved you with my whole heart. Darling, is it too late? Do you care for that man? He cannot love you as I love you—he cannot—"

"At least he is too true and noble to do what you are doing, Sir Hugh," she interrupted, mastering her emotion by a strong effort and speaking proudly and disdainfully. "He would not betray his friend."

"Ah!" broke from him like a sharp exclamation of pain, and he grew pale to his lips as he drew back a little. "Forgive me," he said, hoarsely; then, "I was wrong. Forgive me."

But as he turned from her, the suffering on his face struck Shirley with a sense of remorse for her hasty words, and she said quickly:

"I did not mean to hurt you. But, oh, Sir Hugh, I cannot bear to think that I should grieve you! I never thought that you would care."

"Would it have made any difference to you?" he asked, eagerly. "Shirley, if I had spoken first, should I have had any chance? I am rich. Guy is a poor man, and—"

"I love Guy," the girl said simply and gravely; and the gleam of hope which had sprung up in Sir Hugh's heart faded as he heard the brave,

simple words and saw the steadfast look in the earnest eyes.

"Lucky fellow!" he said, trying to speak lightly, but failing utterly in his bitterness and resentment. "Well, he deserves his good fortune, if any man ever did. I can give him no higher praise, Miss Ross, than to say that I think him worthy even of you."

There was a brief silence, and when Sir Hugh spoke again he succeeded in forcing something like cordiality in his voice.

"Will you try to forget my madness, Miss Ross?" he said gently. "I could not help those words, yet I would give half my wealth to have them unsaid again. You trust me enough, do you not, to know that I will conquer what is unworthy of Guy's friend? I will not offend you again. If you wish it, I will go away and—and—see you no more."

At that moment, if she had told him to go, he would have obeyed her, and the misery and wretchedness and sin which grew out of his love for her would have been prevented. For a few seconds her fate lay in her own hands, and she could have decided it. But she did not know it, and she let the chance slip by.

Go away. Why should he go? He was Guy's friend, and he, Guy, would be sorry if he left. Surely he would be able to conquer his weakness—his weakness for which Shirley grieved too truly to feel flattered by it, but which surprised even as much as it pained her. She had thought Sir Hugh cared for Alice. Poor Alice, perhaps she loved him, and by and by he would give her his love, and they would all be happy together. As he hesitated, these thoughts flashed like lightning through her brain, and her good angel fled, and her mother's fate was upon her.

She put out her hand to him with frank, graceful gesture of trust.

"Do not go," she said gently. "I trust you. I know you will be true to yourself and to Guy."

"Thank you," returned gravely. "I will try to be worthy of your trust and your friendship. And as I in my friend, Miss Ross, will you believe that I am yours also—yours most sincerely and faithfully—and that, if ever I can serve you, you may command me for Guy's sake." He ad led softly, "as well as for your own. Will you believe this, and make use of me if there should be any need?"

"Thank you," Shirley said, coloring a little as he stooped and put his lips to her hand; and at the same moment Guy Stuart came in, looking handsome and distinguished in his quiet evening dress.

He started slightly as he caught sight of the two at the fire; then he came forward slowly, while Shirley flushed and paled alternately, for she could not conquer the agitation which her interview with Sir Hugh had occasioned.

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Here and There.

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PERSONAL.—Dr. Lloyd has been indisposed for the past few days.

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S.S. GLENCOE.—The S.S. Glencoe was expected to sail from Placentia at noon to-day.

NOVIL served hot at P. J. RAYNES, 112 New Gower St. dec13.11

LEIF at LAMALINE.—The schr. Leif entered at L'Anse-au-Loup yesterday, take a load of codfish for S. Harris.

New Silver Photo Frames, Imperial, Cabinet and the smaller sizes. English make, Hall Marked, Low Prices at TRAPNELLS.—dec12.11

LOCAL ARRIVES.—The local arrived in the city at 12.25 p.m. to-day. Upwards of 60 passengers came by her.

The Annual Meeting of the St. Bonaventure's Hockey Club will be held in the College on to-morrow, Sunday, the 14th, at noon. JOHN ST. JOHN, Sec.—dec13.11

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Xmas, 1913.

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We have also received a fresh stock of Maillard's Chocolates, in fancy boxes; selling at prices to suit everybody. These chocolates are worth double the money we are asking. Call in and sample them for yourself.

Prices—50, 60, 70, 90, \$1.25, \$1.50 per box.

N.B.—Don't forget the little bottle of Ess. Ginger Wine, which makes three quarts of good Ginger Wine. Only 10c.

STAFFORD'S Drug Store, Phone, 657. dec10.11

Sunday Services.

Cathedral of St. John the Baptist.—Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m.; also on the first Sunday of the month at 7 and 8 a.m.; and 12 noon. Other services at 11 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.

Saints' Days.—Holy Communion, 8 a.m.; Matins, 11 a.m.; Evensong, 6.30 p.m.

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Public Catechizing.—Every Sunday in the month at 3.30 p.m.

St. Michael's Mission Church, Casey Street.—Holy Communion, 8 and 12 on the 3rd Sunday of the month, and 8 on other Sundays. Other services 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Catechizing.—Second Sunday of the month, 3.30 p.m.

Sunday Schools.—Cathedral, at 2.45 p.m.; Mission Church at 2.45 p.m.

Cathedral Men's Bible Class, in the Synod Building every Sunday at 3 p.m. All men invited to attend.

Brookfield School-Chapel.—Evensong at 3 p.m. Sunday School at 4 p.m.

St. Thomas's.—Holy Communion on the third Sunday in each month, at noon; every other Sunday at 8 a.m. Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evensong services at 3.45 and 6.30 p.m. Daily Morning Prayer at 8 a.m.; every Friday evening at 7.30, prayer and sermon. Holy Baptism every Sunday at 3.45 p.m. Public catechizing third Sunday in each month, at 3.30 p.m.

Christ Church (Quidi Vidi).—Holy Communion second Sunday, alternate months at 8 a.m. Evening Prayer third Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m.; other Sundays at 8.30 p.m.

Virginia School-Chapel.—Evensong prayer every Sunday at 3.30 p.m. Public Catechizing third Sunday in each month.

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Gower St.—11. Rev. F. R. Matthews, B. A.; 6.30. Rev. D. Cowperthwaite.

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Cochrane St.—11. Rev. C. A. Whitmarsh, M.A., B.D.; 6.30. Rev. W. H. Thomas.

Wesley—11. Rev. J. W. Bartlett; 6.30. Rev. T. W. Gillingham.

Congregational — 11. Rev. W. H. Thomas; 6.30. Rev. C. A. Whitmarsh, M.A., B.D.

Oddfellow's Hall—2.45 p.m. Evangelistic Services.

Salvation Army.—S. A. Citadel, New Gower Street, 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, Livingstone Street—7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, George St.—7 a.m.; 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.

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