

# "BEAVER" FLOUR

is both a  
Bread Flour  
and a  
Pastry Flour



The perfect flour is the one that combines the good qualities of Ontario and Western wheat. This is exactly what "Beaver" Flour does. It is a blend of best Ontario fall wheat with a little Western wheat to add strength. "Beaver" Flour is equally good for Bread and Pastry—it has the real home made flavor that western flours lack. Ask your grocer.

DEALERS—Write us for prices on Food, Groceries and Cereals. 143 THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., LIMITED, CHATHAM, Ont.

R. G. Ash & Co., St. John's, Sole Agents in Newfoundland, will be pleased to quote prices.

## Love a Conqueror

### OR WEDDED AT LAST

CHAPTER XXII.

The next day passed very quietly. Shirley rose and dressed, looking the very wrath of her former self in the black velvet dress that she wore; but, with a very natural shrinking from attracting attention, she remained in her own room, in and out of which Ruby flitted, trying to cheer her and quite happy if she brought a faint smile to the pale stiff lips.

Neither Sir Gilbert nor Lady Fairholme had expressed any wish to see the unhappy girl. Her ladyship in deed thought her guilty of great deception and untruthfulness. She believed, with her daughter that Shirley had done her utmost to compass

marriage with Sir Hugh, and had not scrupled to use any means to attain her end. She was, moreover, greatly incensed with Sir Hugh for having paid Alice considerable attention when his real affections were already given to her cousin; and her indignation took the form of a great deal of petting of Alice, whom she persisted in regarding as terribly ill-used, and as suffering greatly from the exhaustion resulting from the shock which such a disgraceful affair had caused her. And Alice, in the most coquetish of wrappers, her pretty hair daintily arranged, lay back upon her cushions and accepted all these attentions and looked interesting, as Ruby declared angrily, with all her might.

But the effort to look interesting was not necessary just now, for only Ruby was with her in the oak parlor, and she was too angry with Miss Capel for her championship of Shirley to retain the sweet resigned expression which she had so successfully assumed. At present her fair, face was disfigured by an expression of vindictive anger and dislike, and her thin lips were drawn down at the corners with scorn and contempt.

"My dear Ruby," she said, coolly, in answer to Miss Capel's indignant exclamation, "it is very charming to see such faith as yours; but you must remember that Shirley is my cousin, and that I have known her much longer than you have. I think she is a bad, deceitful girl—false to her heart's core; and, whatever the re-

sult of Major Stuart's application, I shall never hold any other opinion."

"If you were to see her," returned Ruby sorrowfully, dashing away her tears, too proud to show how much Alice's words wounded her, "you would change that opinion, Alice."

"Do you think I should have any faith in her fainting?" asked Alice contemptuously. "She is an accomplished actress; her long residence abroad taught her that; and, as for her tears, she can call them up at will."

"She has never cried at all," said Ruby sadly. "She just sits still and quiet, as pale as death, and speaks so gently and sweetly when she is spoken to, but with such a strange look in her eyes, that I can hardly bear to meet it."

"It is a pity to let your tender heart be lacerated so foolishly," remarked Miss Fairholme. "But it is hardly to be expected that you would be able to fathom such a depth of depravity. People who are true themselves naturally believe in others

of Guy. A few tender lines from him had been given her just before she and Oswald started, bidding her take courage, for that his hope was strong; but she knew that, though it was strong, it was groundless. How could she help him to bear it?"

"Ruby," said the sweet, low voice, which had always had a pathetic little intonation, but which now had such a despairing sadness in its music, "you have been crying, dear!"

"Nonsense, Shirley! Crying? I don't know how."

"Ah, but there are tears on your face and tears in your voice!" Shirley said gently. "You must not fret, Ruby, or you will make yourself ill; and then—with a little break in the calm voice—"what would become of me?"

"You need not be afraid of that, Shirley. I am never ill."

"Was Alice very angry?" Shirley said softly after a little pause. "Is she very bitter against me, Ruby?"

"Don't talk of her, Shirley; it exhausts the very small amount of patience I possess," answered Miss Capel pettishly.

"But, dear, think how much she must be suffering if, as I fear, she loved Sir Hugh," said Shirley pitifully, finding room in her aching heart for compassion for the girl, who had none for her. "You, who have been so good to me, must feel for her also, Poor Alice!"

"Poor Alice!" echoed Ruby disdainfully. "She is greatly to be pitied indeed! She is as capable of feeling love for any one but herself as that oak table is."

"Hush, dear," Shirley said gently. "It is very unlike you to be uncharitable. I have been thinking so much of Alice all night," she went on softly. "It was terrible to reflect that I had brought suffering to her also; and, when Delphine said she was ill, I wished so much to go to her and see if I could do something for her. It is almost the same trouble for her as for Guy, you know, but he, being a man, will feel it more."

"If it is any consolation to you, Shirley, to know that she is not either ill or unhappy, you may safely believe me when I say so." Ruby answered.

"Then you will not come, Alice?" she said, after a long pause; and Miss Fairholme lifted her eyes from her book, with a puzzled expression, as if she did not understand.

"I beg your pardon," she said sweetly.

"You will not come with me?"

"Where, Ruby?"

"To see Shirley. It would only be kind of you, Alice dear, and I am sure it would make her less unhappy. She feels so much," Ruby added earnestly, "that this has brought sorrow on you, more especially because she fears—"

The girl hesitated, and colored slightly.

"She is very good," Alice said scornfully. "What does she fear?"

"That you cared for Sir Hugh, and—"

"Her fears and her sympathy are both superfluous," said Miss Fairholme, taking up her book once more. "I will not see her, Ruby; so it is quite useless troubling me any more. I am not equal to any more of her scenes; her acting is too much for my nerves. My cousin has certainly

missed her vocation."

"Alice, how cruel you are!" Ruby exclaimed indignantly, as she turned away; and Alice laughed mockingly as she left the room, closing the door after her with a bang.

"I hope that will upset your nerves," she said angrily, as she passed into the hall. "You may have nerves, Alice Fairholme; but you have no heart. Poor Shirley!"

She stood for a minute hesitating in the hall; the wintry dusk was gathering round, and it would soon be time for the lamps to be lighted. Just now the great blazing fire threw a red lurid light over the hall, which reached even the windows on either side of the hall door—broad low windows with wide cushioned window-seats, in one of which Ruby's quick eyes perceived a little crouching figure.

"Shirley!" she exclaimed, as she went toward the window; and Shirley turned her face toward her with a little smile which, to Ruby's eyes seemed sadder than any tears.

She was sitting on the window-seat, resting her head against the pane of glass, and her lovely eyes, so desolate and sorrowful, were peering into the gathering dusk beyond.

"What are you doing here, dear?" Ruby, making her voice cheerful by a strong effort. "Is it not cold for you, Shirley?"

"Cold, Ruby! Feel how nice and warm my hands are."

"Nice and warm! They were dry and hot and burning with fever as Ruby took them fondly in hers."

"I could not bear my room any longer," she said then, with a pitiful little attempt at playfulness. "The quiet worked on my nerves, I suppose, for I got restless; and I came here because—because—"

"The dog-cart has gone to the station," said Ruby gently, "and you would see it first from here."

"Yes," Shirley admitted, turning her face again to the window, with her eyes fixed upon the darkness.

Ruby sat down beside her in the bright, still holding her hands in hers, and there was silence between them. Ruby's heart was beating fast with hope and expectation; but Shirley was calm with the calmness of despair—she hoped nothing, she feared all. Her only thought now was

There's no Brandy worth drinking but the best, and that's HINE'S Three Star Brandy. Guaranteed Twenty Years Old. T. Hine & Co. are the holders of the oldest vintage brandies in Cognac. D. O. ROBLIN, of Toronto, Sole Canadian Agent. JOHN JACKSON, RESIDENT AGENT.

answered. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added gently—"do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley," Ruby began tremulously.

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing I believe, could get me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby!"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man, whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart! And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, however, which is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him, I should be happy; but—"

She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sank upon her seat again; all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, and he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby! Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake."

(To be Continued.)

swayed. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added gently—"do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley," Ruby began tremulously.

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing I believe, could get me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby!"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man, whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart! And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, however, which is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him, I should be happy; but—"

She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sank upon her seat again; all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, and he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby! Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake."

(To be Continued.)

swayed. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added gently—"do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley," Ruby began tremulously.

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing I believe, could get me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby!"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man, whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart! And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, however, which is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him, I should be happy; but—"

She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sank upon her seat again; all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, and he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby! Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake."

(To be Continued.)

swayed. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added gently—"do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley," Ruby began tremulously.

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing I believe, could get me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby!"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man, whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart! And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, however, which is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him, I should be happy; but—"

She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sank upon her seat again; all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, and he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby! Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake."

(To be Continued.)

swayed. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added gently—"do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley," Ruby began tremulously.

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing I believe, could get me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby!"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man, whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart! And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, however, which is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him, I should be happy; but—"

She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sank upon her seat again; all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, and he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby! Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake."

(To be Continued.)

swayed. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added gently—"do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley," Ruby began tremulously.

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing I believe, could get me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby!"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man, whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart! And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, however, which is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him, I should be happy; but—"

She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sank upon her seat again; all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, and he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby! Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake."

(To be Continued.)

swayed. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added gently—"do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley," Ruby began tremulously.

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing I believe, could get me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby!"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man, whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart! And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, however, which is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him, I should be happy; but—"

She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sank upon her seat again; all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, and he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby! Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake."

(To be Continued.)

swayed. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added gently—"do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley," Ruby began tremulously.

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing I believe, could get me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby!"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man, whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart! And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, however, which is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him, I should be happy; but—"

She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sank upon her seat again; all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, and he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby! Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake."

(To be Continued.)

swayed. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added gently—"do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley," Ruby began tremulously.

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing I believe, could get me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby!"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man, whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart! And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, however, which is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him, I should be happy; but—"

She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sank upon her seat again; all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, and he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby! Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake."

(To be Continued.)

swayed. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added gently—"do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley," Ruby began tremulously.

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing I believe, could get me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby!"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man, whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart! And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, however, which is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him, I should be happy; but—"

She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sank upon her seat again; all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, and he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby! Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake."

(To be Continued.)

swayed. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added gently—"do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley," Ruby began tremulously.

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing I believe, could get me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby!"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man, whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart! And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, however, which is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him, I should be happy; but—"

She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sank upon her seat again; all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, and he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby! Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake."

(To be Continued.)

swayed. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added gently—"do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley," Ruby began tremulously.

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing I believe, could get me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby!"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man, whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart! And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, however, which is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him, I should be happy; but—"

She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sank upon her seat again; all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, and he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby! Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake."

(To be Continued.)

swayed. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added gently—"do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley," Ruby began tremulously.

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing I believe, could get me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby!"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man, whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart! And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, however, which is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him, I should be happy; but—"

She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sank upon her seat again; all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, and he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby! Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake."

(To be Continued.)

swayed. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added gently—"do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley," Ruby began tremulously.

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing I believe, could get me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby!"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man, whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart! And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, however, which is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him, I should be happy; but—"

She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sank upon her seat again; all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, and he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby! Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake."

(To be Continued.)

swayed. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added gently—"do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley," Ruby began tremulously.

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing I believe, could get me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby!"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man, whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart! And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is