

**OXO CUBES** are pure concentrated beef goodness. They promote nutrition, repair waste tissue, and strengthen the vital functions. Excellent, instead of meat, for all kinds of invalid dietaries.

Ready in 5 minutes—the minute you want it.

**OXO CUBES**

The little Strength-builders!

**For Her Sake;**  
—OR—  
**The Murder in Ferness Wood.**

CHAPTER LXV.

She talked to him long and earnestly; but she failed to make him understand; she could not clear from his disordered mind the cobwebs that had gathered there. At length she ceased, for she saw that he was not responsible—that the evil she had so long dreaded, and which he had dreaded himself, had at last fallen upon him. That brave, loyal, honest Sir Royal, who would not have injured the meanest worm on the face of the earth, had killed a fellow-man while under the influence of mania, and could not be brought to understand that he had done wrong, seemed very strange to Diana. The blow that he had received in days gone by had affected his brain. The longer he talked to Diana the more clearly she perceived the state of his mind. He was sensible on every other point except this; and his delusions were harmless enough, not extending beyond talking to people whom he supposed to be present.

The decay of the once noble mind had been slow but sure. No one liked to notice it; and of late Sir Royal had remained almost entirely at home. He had seldom visited any of his neighbors. His housekeeper, Mrs. Caton, best knew how matters were with him—how he suffered continually from pain in the head—how he grew confused and rambled; and at last he confided to her that he feared the day would come when he should lose his senses entirely.

And now the end was come; with the approach of death his mind became more and more a blank; and Diana, who loved him, left him to the mercy of Heaven. She knew that the Judge before whom he must appear was just and merciful; she knew that the error of a wandering mind, the deed dictated by a disordered brain, would not be visited with the punishment due to a deed of willful, cold-blooded murder.

Even in her own mind she could not deem him guilty. He had evidently suffered during the best part of his life from the consequences of the blow he had received when shielding a defenseless woman from the murderous attack of a brutal man. The injury had affected his reason, and had finally shown itself in this peculiar form of mania; and he believed that his mission in life was to kill Lord Clanronald and set Diana free. It was insanity undoubtedly; and, after a few hours, Diana recognized it as such.

"You will stay with me until I die," he said.

At this she answered, "Yes."

So, so, and, strangely enough, after the end of his story, it passed completely from his mind. No one watching by his death-bed could have guessed that he had ever committed a crime. He was gentle, patient, and resigned; he never murmured, and his greatest comfort was when Diana knelt by his side and read to him words that told of pardon for sinners and rest for the weary.

**ASTHMA COLDS**  
WHOPPING COUGH SPASMODIC CROUP  
INFLUENZA HOARSENESS CATARRH

**Vapo-Resolene**

A simple, safe and effective treatment providing relief. Used with success for 40 years. The stimulating, soothing, expectorant, and antispasmodic action, makes breathing easy, and stops the cough.

Send for packet for description booklet.

**VAPOR-RESOLENE CO.**  
London & New York

He died one morning at sunrise, with Diana's hands clasped in his; and his prayer was that he might see again in heaven the face he had loved so well on earth.

Diana never disclosed his secret. She could not hold him guilty, in the common acceptance of the term, because he had not been accountable for his actions; and she felt that, after the lapse of time, no good would be done by dragging the forgotten mystery of Ferness again before the world.

On the same day that she heard Sir Royal's story, before the sun set, she wrote a letter which contained these words:

"Dear Sir Lisle,—I have made a terrible mistake. Come and see me as soon as you can. I wish to explain and ask your pardon. Do not delay, as I shall have no peace until I see you."

She gave not a thought to love or marriage when she wrote that letter; but after it reached Sir Lisle, he thought of nothing else.

On the lawn at Ling, the residence of Sir Lisle Scarsdale, stands a beautiful woman, no longer in the first freshness of her girlhood—a woman in whose face one can read a story—a story that has left its trace in the expression of patience, sweetness and dignity. She is no longer the bright, brilliant girl who sung of sunshine and roses; but she is a woman so lovely in face and form, and of such nobility of soul, that men pay homage to her as they would to a queen. She is known throughout the land, not only for her surpassing beauty, but for her loftiness of mind and for her unbounded charity. There is no good work in which she is not prominent, no worthy cause she does not advocate.

She prefers living at her husband's home at Ling, where she is beloved by all about her, and where she has done all the good within her power—where she has taught the poor to be self-reliant and industrious, where she has built a noble church, has erected schools and almshouses, and where she is looked upon as an angel of love and mercy.

She stands on the lawn, looking far away over the winding river, her lovely eyes full of unclouded happiness.

Sir Lisle comes up to her with an open telegram in his hand.

"Listen, Dian, darling," he says. "They are all coming. What a household we shall have!"

Sir Lisle has organized a party in honor of the tenth anniversary of his wedding-day. He has invited Peter Cameron and Lady Cameron, the Marquis and Marchioness de Vere, Richard Marche and his wife, with their children, Lady Colwyn, now grown old and feeble; they are all coming.

"I shudder at the association of names, for it reminds me of that terrible tragedy," Sir Lisle says; "and that mystery has never been unraveled yet, Dian."

"No," she answers.

The only secret she has from her husband is the story which Sir Royal told her.

Sir Lisle wonders much at one thing. He knows how attached his wife had been to Sir Royal, and how she had been with him when he died. When his little son and heir was born, he begged Diana to call him "Royal," but she would not, and he cannot understand that refusal.

How he loves and worships his beautiful and noble wife no words can tell. He thinks there is no one like her; and she is equally proud of her handsome husband.

No proud or passionate word is ever heard now from the lips of Lady Scarsdale of Ling. If her girlhood's friends could see her gather her fair children round her knee and talk to them of the evil of pride and the grace of humility, they would better understand the force and the benefit of Diana's discipline.

Paula had described her sister Alice as the beauty of the family, and the title was not undeserved.

She was a beautiful girl of the blonde type; yellow hair, fair, delicate complexion, tiny little mouth, and blue eyes. In her dress of palest blue, with the wreath of flowers in her hair, she

**HOW WEAK WOMEN ARE MADE STRONG**

**The Romance of a Marriage.**

CHAPTER I.

"All right, very well," he retorts, yielding to the tone of laughing entreaty. "Don't make a fuss. It won't take me ten minutes."

"Go on, then," she says, and she pushes him before her out of the room.

But at the foot of the stairs he turns again.

"I say, Paula, why aren't you going too?"

A faint flush rose to the girl's face, and she laughed.

"Oh, for a hundred reasons. Two will do. There wasn't room, and I'm too young."

"What rot! Now look here; I know the reason. It's something to do with the toga."

The flush deepened, but she laughed.

"What an appallingly vulgar boy you are, Bob! Togs!"

"But it is true, isn't it?" in a lower voice. "I suppose it wouldn't run to more than one get-up, and, of course—I say, of course—Alice must have that."

"And I say of course, too," she retorts, pushing him before her. "Alice is the eldest, and—and the show one, and it is all right and proper. There you are," and she pushes him into his room. "I've lit a couple of candles for you. Stop! Don't go without your clothes, sir; and mind, don't screw up the collar as if it were a piece of tape! There, be quick—"

"Paula! Paula!" from an adjoining room.

"There! She is calling me! If you want me, send Mary. Be quick, mind," and she shut the door upon him and went into the room.

As she entered, a girl turned her head from before a looking-glass and looked at her with an impatient knitting of the brows.

"Paula, I've called until I'm hoarse," she says in a soft voice that is anything but hoarse—soft and nicely modulated rather, as a harp.

"What is it?" asks Paula; and she went and stood beside her, so that the glass reflected them both.

A greater contrast it would be difficult to find.

Paula had described her sister Alice as the beauty of the family, and the title was not undeserved.

She was a beautiful girl of the blonde type; yellow hair, fair, delicate complexion, tiny little mouth, and blue eyes. In her dress of palest blue, with the wreath of flowers in her hair, she

looked as if she had slipped out of one of the illustrations to the books of beauty which one sees on fashionable drawing-room tables.

A beauty of the regulation type, "faultlessly faultless," as Tennyson says, with the soft smile that means so little always ready to be turned on, with the little lip in the nicely modulated voice, with all the turns and attitudes of a woman who knows her good points and their value.

And beside her Paula, with her clearly defined face, with nothing soft in it barring perhaps the eyes, and those only occasionally; with every feature distinct; with a mouth full of expression, and therefore large; with a wealth of silky hair that narrowly escapes being downright red; indeed, when she undoes the rich, coil at night, and lets the stream of hair fall on her white, shapely shoulders, some of the strands are red—red as the chestnut fresh from its sheath; red as the oak-leaves when they fall in autumn, the red which makes a painter's heart leap within him and his hands fly to his paint-brush, but which Paula regards with something like contempt, and herself declares to be carrots.

Yes, Alice's was the perfect beauty, the fair loveliness which woman acknowledges and admires; but there was something in Paula's face which made men turn to look at her, and which they remembered—perhaps weeks afterwards.

Younger than Alice, she stood half a head taller, already, and looked still taller in her plain, brown dress that, like an old friend as it was, clung to her as if it loved her, accentuating the graceful curves of the graceful figure, and lending itself to the lithe, easy movements of its wearer.

"Well," she says, "what is it?"

And she stood with her hands on her hips, regarding the beautifully dressed Alice with critical approval.

"I cannot get these gloves buttoned," was the reply; and there was a suspicion of peevishness in the soft voice.

"Are your hands clean? Where have you been? Pray do not come near me—"

"How am I to button it, then?" says Paula, with a laugh. "Watch a moment." And she dips her hands in the basin, and dries them swiftly—all her actions are swift. "Now give me your hand. What lovely gloves! I've been hurrying up Bob."

"Of course he is not dressed?" with an emphasis of displeasure.

"Very nearly, by this time," was the response. "Don't worry yourself about him."

"I do not intend," was the curt retort. "I was quite prepared to wait for him. I am fully aware that he will have no regard for my comfort; he never has. What a time you are! Is the button off?"

"No, no; it's done now. What a swell you look! Alice! Ten-button gloves—"

The elder sister turned, with a cold stare.

"Pray don't indulge in slang, Paula; I loathe it. I feel as if it would cling to me—positively cling to me. Will you never learn that a lady does not use every vulgar expression which falls from her brother's lips?"

(To be continued.)

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GART in COUS.



**Could Not Sleep**

Mr. Ernest Clark, Police Officer, 338 King St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

"For three years I suffered from nervousness and sleeplessness. I believe my condition was brought about by overwork. I had frequent headaches, neuralgic pains and twitching of nerves and muscles. I had indigestion, was short of breath and easily tired. I commenced a treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and seven boxes of this medicine cured me of all my symptoms. I am now feeling one hundred per cent. better than I was, and have to thank Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for the good health I am now enjoying."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, \$ for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

**Dr. Chase's Nerve Food**

Dr. Chase's Medicines of all Drugs and Dealers. GERALD S. BOLT, Water St., St. John's, Sole Agent.

**How Weak Women are Made Strong**

Mrs. Westmoreland Tells in the Following Letter.

Harrison, N. Y.—"When my first child was born I did not know about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and had a very hard time. I read in the newspapers about the Vegetable Compound and when my second child came I took it and was well during the whole time, and childbirth was a hundred times easier. Ever since then I have used it without it for the world. I do all my work and am strong and healthy. I am nursing my baby, and I still take the Vegetable Compound and keep my woman in good health. You may publish my testimonial for the good of other women, if you choose to do so."—Mrs. C. WEST-MORELAND, Harrison, N. Y.

Women who suffer from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, leukorrhoea, backaches, headaches and nervousness should lose no time in giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial, and for special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

looked as if she had slipped out of one of the illustrations to the books of beauty which one sees on fashionable drawing-room tables.

A beauty of the regulation type, "faultlessly faultless," as Tennyson says, with the soft smile that means so little always ready to be turned on, with the little lip in the nicely modulated voice, with all the turns and attitudes of a woman who knows her good points and their value.

And beside her Paula, with her clearly defined face, with nothing soft in it barring perhaps the eyes, and those only occasionally; with every feature distinct; with a mouth full of expression, and therefore large; with a wealth of silky hair that narrowly escapes being downright red; indeed, when she undoes the rich, coil at night, and lets the stream of hair fall on her white, shapely shoulders, some of the strands are red—red as the chestnut fresh from its sheath; red as the oak-leaves when they fall in autumn, the red which makes a painter's heart leap within him and his hands fly to his paint-brush, but which Paula regards with something like contempt, and herself declares to be carrots.

Yes, Alice's was the perfect beauty, the fair loveliness which woman acknowledges and admires; but there was something in Paula's face which made men turn to look at her, and which they remembered—perhaps weeks afterwards.

Younger than Alice, she stood half a head taller, already, and looked still taller in her plain, brown dress that, like an old friend as it was, clung to her as if it loved her, accentuating the graceful curves of the graceful figure, and lending itself to the lithe, easy movements of its wearer.

"Well," she says, "what is it?"

And she stood with her hands on her hips, regarding the beautifully dressed Alice with critical approval.

"I cannot get these gloves buttoned," was the reply; and there was a suspicion of peevishness in the soft voice.

"Are your hands clean? Where have you been? Pray do not come near me—"

looked as if she had slipped out of one of the illustrations to the books of beauty which one sees on fashionable drawing-room tables.

A beauty of the regulation type, "faultlessly faultless," as Tennyson says, with the soft smile that means so little always ready to be turned on, with the little lip in the nicely modulated voice, with all the turns and attitudes of a woman who knows her good points and their value.

And beside her Paula, with her clearly defined face, with nothing soft in it barring perhaps the eyes, and those only occasionally; with every feature distinct; with a mouth full of expression, and therefore large; with a wealth of silky hair that narrowly escapes being downright red; indeed, when she undoes the rich, coil at night, and lets the stream of hair fall on her white, shapely shoulders, some of the strands are red—red as the chestnut fresh from its sheath; red as the oak-leaves when they fall in autumn, the red which makes a painter's heart leap within him and his hands fly to his paint-brush, but which Paula regards with something like contempt, and herself declares to be carrots.

Yes, Alice's was the perfect beauty, the fair loveliness which woman acknowledges and admires; but there was something in Paula's face which made men turn to look at her, and which they remembered—perhaps weeks afterwards.

Younger than Alice, she stood half a head taller, already, and looked still taller in her plain, brown dress that, like an old friend as it was, clung to her as if it loved her, accentuating the graceful curves of the graceful figure, and lending itself to the lithe, easy movements of its wearer.

"Well," she says, "what is it?"

And she stood with her hands on her hips, regarding the beautifully dressed Alice with critical approval.

"I cannot get these gloves buttoned," was the reply; and there was a suspicion of peevishness in the soft voice.

"Are your hands clean? Where have you been? Pray do not come near me—"

looked as if she had slipped out of one of the illustrations to the books of beauty which one sees on fashionable drawing-room tables.

A beauty of the regulation type, "faultlessly faultless," as Tennyson says, with the soft smile that means so little always ready to be turned on, with the little lip in the nicely modulated voice, with all the turns and attitudes of a woman who knows her good points and their value.

And beside her Paula, with her clearly defined face, with nothing soft in it barring perhaps the eyes, and those only occasionally; with every feature distinct; with a mouth full of expression, and therefore large; with a wealth of silky hair that narrowly escapes being downright red; indeed, when she undoes the rich, coil at night, and lets the stream of hair fall on her white, shapely shoulders, some of the strands are red—red as the chestnut fresh from its sheath; red as the oak-leaves when they fall in autumn, the red which makes a painter's heart leap within him and his hands fly to his paint-brush, but which Paula regards with something like contempt, and herself declares to be carrots.

Yes, Alice's was the perfect beauty, the fair loveliness which woman acknowledges and admires; but there was something in Paula's face which made men turn to look at her, and which they remembered—perhaps weeks afterwards.

Younger than Alice, she stood half a head taller, already, and looked still taller in her plain, brown dress that, like an old friend as it was, clung to her as if it loved her, accentuating the graceful curves of the graceful figure, and lending itself to the lithe, easy movements of its wearer.

"Well," she says, "what is it?"

And she stood with her hands on her hips, regarding the beautifully dressed Alice with critical approval.

"I cannot get these gloves buttoned," was the reply; and there was a suspicion of peevishness in the soft voice.

"Are your hands clean? Where have you been? Pray do not come near me—"

looked as if she had slipped out of one of the illustrations to the books of beauty which one sees on fashionable drawing-room tables.

A beauty of the regulation type, "faultlessly faultless," as Tennyson says, with the soft smile that means so little always ready to be turned on, with the little lip in the nicely modulated voice, with all the turns and attitudes of a woman who knows her good points and their value.

And beside her Paula, with her clearly defined face, with nothing soft in it barring perhaps the eyes, and those only occasionally; with every feature distinct; with a mouth full of expression, and therefore large; with a wealth of silky hair that narrowly escapes being downright red; indeed, when she undoes the rich, coil at night, and lets the stream of hair fall on her white, shapely shoulders, some of the strands are red—red as the chestnut fresh from its sheath; red as the oak-leaves when they fall in autumn, the red which makes a painter's heart leap within him and his hands fly to his paint-brush, but which Paula regards with something like contempt, and herself declares to be carrots.

Yes, Alice's was the perfect beauty, the fair loveliness which woman acknowledges and admires; but there was something in Paula's face which made men turn to look at her, and which they remembered—perhaps weeks afterwards.

Younger than Alice, she stood half a head taller, already, and looked still taller in her plain, brown dress that, like an old friend as it was, clung to her as if it loved her, accentuating the graceful curves of the graceful figure, and lending itself to the lithe, easy movements of its wearer.

"Well," she says, "what is it?"

And she stood with her hands on her hips, regarding the beautifully dressed Alice with critical approval.

"I cannot get these gloves buttoned," was the reply; and there was a suspicion of peevishness in the soft voice.

"Are your hands clean? Where have you been? Pray do not come near me—"

looked as if she had slipped out of one of the illustrations to the books of beauty which one sees on fashionable drawing-room tables.

A beauty of the regulation type, "faultlessly faultless," as Tennyson says, with the soft smile that means so little always ready to be turned on, with the little lip in the nicely modulated voice, with all the turns and attitudes of a woman who knows her good points and their value.

And beside her Paula, with her clearly defined face, with nothing soft in it barring perhaps the eyes, and those only occasionally; with every feature distinct; with a mouth full of expression, and therefore large; with a wealth of silky hair that narrowly escapes being downright red; indeed, when she undoes the rich, coil at night, and lets the stream of hair fall on her white, shapely shoulders, some of the strands are red—red as the chestnut fresh from its sheath; red as the oak-leaves when they fall in autumn, the red which makes a painter's heart leap within him and his hands fly to his paint-brush, but which Paula regards with something like contempt, and herself declares to be carrots.

Yes, Alice's was the perfect beauty, the fair loveliness which woman acknowledges and admires; but there was something in Paula's face which made men turn to look at her, and which they remembered—perhaps weeks afterwards.

Younger than Alice, she stood half a head taller, already, and looked still taller in her plain, brown dress that, like an old friend as it was, clung to her as if it loved her, accentuating the graceful curves of the graceful figure, and lending itself to the lithe, easy movements of its wearer.

"Well," she says, "what is it?"

And she stood with her hands on her hips, regarding the beautifully dressed Alice with critical approval.

"I cannot get these gloves buttoned," was the reply; and there was a suspicion of peevishness in the soft voice.

"Are your hands clean? Where have you been? Pray do not come near me—"

looked as if she had slipped out of one of the illustrations to the books of beauty which one sees on fashionable drawing-room tables.

A beauty of the regulation type, "faultlessly faultless," as Tennyson says, with the soft smile that means so little always ready to be turned on, with the little lip in the nicely modulated voice, with all the turns and attitudes of a woman who knows her good points and their value.

And beside her Paula, with her clearly defined face, with nothing soft in it barring perhaps the eyes, and those only occasionally; with every feature distinct; with a mouth full of expression, and therefore large; with a wealth of silky hair that narrowly escapes being downright red; indeed, when she undoes the rich, coil at night, and lets the stream of hair fall on her white, shapely shoulders, some of the strands are red—red as the chestnut fresh from its sheath; red as the oak-leaves when they fall in autumn, the red which makes a painter's heart leap within him and his hands fly to his paint-brush, but which Paula regards with something like contempt, and herself declares to be carrots.

Yes, Alice's was the perfect beauty, the fair loveliness which woman acknowledges and admires; but there was something in Paula's face which made men turn to look at her, and which they remembered—perhaps weeks afterwards.

Younger than Alice, she stood half a head taller, already, and looked still taller in her plain, brown dress that, like an old friend as it was, clung to her as if it loved her, accentuating the graceful curves of the graceful figure, and lending itself to the lithe, easy movements of its wearer.

"Well," she says, "what is it?"

And she stood with her hands on her hips, regarding the beautifully dressed Alice with critical approval.

"I cannot get these gloves buttoned," was the reply; and there was a suspicion of peevishness in the soft voice.

"Are your hands clean? Where have you been? Pray do not come near me—"

looked as if she had slipped out of one of the illustrations to the books of beauty which one sees on fashionable drawing-room tables.

A beauty of the regulation type, "faultlessly faultless," as Tennyson says, with the soft smile that means so little always ready to be turned on, with the little lip in the nicely modulated voice, with all the turns and attitudes of a woman who knows her good points and their value.

And beside her Paula, with her clearly defined face, with nothing soft in it barring perhaps the eyes, and those only occasionally; with every feature distinct; with a mouth full of expression, and therefore large; with a wealth of silky hair that narrowly escapes being downright red; indeed, when she undoes the rich, coil at night, and lets the stream of hair fall on her white, shapely shoulders, some of the strands are red—red as the chestnut fresh from its sheath; red as the oak-leaves when they fall in autumn, the red which makes a painter's heart leap within him and his hands fly to his paint-brush, but which Paula regards with something like contempt, and herself declares to be carrots.

Yes, Alice's was the perfect beauty, the fair loveliness which woman acknowledges and admires; but there was something in Paula's face which made men turn to look at her, and which they remembered—perhaps weeks afterwards.

Younger than Alice, she stood half a head taller, already, and looked still taller in her plain, brown dress that, like an old friend as it was, clung to her as if it loved her, accentuating the graceful curves of the graceful figure, and lending itself to the lithe, easy movements of its wearer.

"Well," she says, "what is it?"

And she stood with her hands on her hips, regarding the beautifully dressed Alice with critical approval.

"I cannot get these gloves buttoned," was the reply; and there was a suspicion of peevishness in the soft voice.

"Are your hands clean? Where have you been? Pray do not come near me—"

**Fashion Plates.**

A SMART COSTUME.



looked as if she had slipped out of one of the illustrations to the books of beauty which one sees on fashionable drawing-room tables.

A beauty of the regulation type, "faultlessly faultless," as Tennyson says, with the soft smile that means so little always ready to be turned on, with the little lip in the nicely modulated voice, with all the turns and attitudes of a woman who knows her good points and their value.

And beside her Paula, with her clearly defined face, with nothing soft in it barring perhaps the eyes, and those only occasionally; with every feature distinct; with a mouth full of expression, and therefore large; with a wealth of silky hair that narrowly escapes being downright red; indeed, when she undoes the rich, coil at night, and lets the stream of hair fall on her white, shapely shoulders, some of the strands are red—red as the chestnut fresh from its sheath; red as the oak-leaves when they fall in autumn, the red which makes a painter's heart leap within him and his hands fly to his paint-brush, but which Paula regards with something like contempt, and herself declares to be carrots.

Yes, Alice's was the perfect beauty, the fair loveliness which woman acknowledges and admires; but there was something in Paula's face which made men turn to look at her, and which they remembered—perhaps weeks afterwards.

Younger than Alice, she stood half a head taller, already, and looked still taller in her plain, brown dress that, like an old friend as it was, clung to her as if it loved her, accentuating the graceful curves of the graceful figure, and lending itself to the lithe, easy movements of its wearer.

"Well," she says, "what is it?"

And she stood with her hands on her hips, regarding the beautifully dressed Alice with critical approval.

"I cannot get these gloves buttoned," was the reply; and there was a suspicion of peevishness in the soft voice.

"Are your hands clean? Where have you been? Pray do not come near me—"

looked as if she had slipped out of one of the illustrations to the books of beauty which one sees on fashionable drawing-room tables.

A beauty of the regulation type, "faultlessly faultless," as Tennyson says, with the soft smile that means so little always ready to be turned on, with the little lip in the nicely modulated voice, with all the turns and attitudes of a woman who knows her good points and their value.

And beside her Paula, with her clearly defined face, with nothing soft in it barring perhaps the eyes, and those only occasionally; with every feature distinct; with a mouth full of expression, and therefore large; with a wealth of silky hair that narrowly escapes being downright red; indeed, when she undoes the rich, coil at night, and lets the stream of hair fall on her white, shapely shoulders, some of the strands are red—red as the chestnut fresh from its sheath; red as the oak-leaves when they fall in autumn, the red which makes a painter's heart leap within him and his hands fly to his paint-brush, but which Paula regards with something like contempt, and herself declares to be carrots.

Yes, Alice's was the perfect beauty, the fair loveliness which woman acknowledges and admires; but there was something in Paula's face which made men turn to look at her, and which they remembered—perhaps weeks afterwards.

Younger than Alice, she stood half a head taller, already, and looked still taller in her plain, brown dress that, like an old friend as it was, clung to her as if it loved her, accentuating the graceful curves of the graceful figure, and lending itself to the lithe, easy movements of its wearer.

"Well," she says, "what is it?"

And she stood with her hands on her hips, regarding the beautifully dressed Alice with critical approval.

"I cannot get these gloves buttoned," was the reply; and there was a suspicion of peevishness in the soft voice.

"Are your hands clean? Where have you been? Pray do not come near me—"

looked as if she had slipped out of one of the illustrations to the books of beauty which one sees on fashionable drawing-room tables.

A beauty of the regulation type, "faultlessly faultless," as Tennyson says, with the soft smile that means so little always ready to be turned on, with the little lip in the nicely modulated voice, with all the turns and attitudes of a woman who knows her good points and their value.

And beside her Paula, with her clearly defined face, with nothing soft in it barring perhaps the eyes, and those only occasionally; with every feature distinct; with a mouth full of expression, and therefore large; with a wealth of silky hair that narrowly escapes being downright red; indeed, when she undoes the rich, coil at night, and lets the stream of hair fall on her white, shapely shoulders, some of the strands are red—red as the chestnut fresh from its sheath; red as the oak-leaves when they fall in autumn, the red which makes a painter's heart leap within him and his hands fly to his paint-brush, but which Paula regards with something like contempt, and herself declares to be carrots.

Yes, Alice's was the perfect beauty, the fair loveliness which woman acknowledges and admires; but there was something in Paula's face which made men turn to look at her, and which they remembered—perhaps weeks afterwards.

Younger than Alice, she stood half a head taller, already, and looked still taller in her plain, brown dress that, like an old friend as it was, clung to her as if it loved her, accentuating the graceful curves of the graceful figure, and lending itself to the lithe, easy movements of its wearer.

"Well," she says, "what is it?"

And she stood with her hands on her hips, regarding the beautifully dressed Alice with critical approval.

"I cannot get these gloves buttoned," was the reply; and there was a suspicion of peevishness in the soft voice.

"Are your hands clean? Where have you been? Pray do not come near me—"

looked as if she had slipped out of one of the illustrations to the books of beauty which one sees on fashionable drawing-room tables.

A beauty of the regulation type, "faultlessly faultless," as Tennyson says, with the soft smile that means so little always ready to be turned on, with the little lip in the nicely modulated voice, with all the turns and attitudes of a woman who knows her good points and their value.

And beside her Paula, with her clearly defined face, with nothing soft in it barring perhaps the eyes, and those only occasionally; with every feature distinct; with a mouth full of expression, and therefore large; with a wealth of silky hair that narrowly escapes being downright red; indeed, when she undoes the rich, coil at night, and lets the stream of hair fall on her white, shapely shoulders, some of the strands are red—red as the chestnut fresh from its sheath; red as the oak-leaves when they fall in autumn, the red which makes a painter's heart leap within him and his hands fly to his paint-brush, but which Paula regards with something like contempt, and herself declares to be carrots.

Yes, Alice's was the perfect beauty, the fair loveliness which woman acknowledges and admires; but there was something in Paula's face which made men turn to look at her, and which they remembered—perhaps weeks afterwards.

Younger than Alice, she stood half a head taller, already, and looked still taller in her plain, brown dress that, like an old friend as it was, clung to her as if it loved her, accentuating the graceful curves of the graceful figure, and lending itself to the lithe, easy movements of its wearer.

"Well," she says, "what is it?"

And she stood with her hands on her hips, regarding the beautifully dressed Alice with critical approval.

"I cannot get these gloves buttoned," was the reply; and there was a suspicion of peevishness in the soft voice.

"Are your hands clean? Where have you been? Pray do not come near me—"

looked as if she had slipped out of one of the illustrations to the books of beauty which one sees on fashionable drawing-room tables.

A beauty of the regulation type, "faultlessly faultless," as Tennyson says, with the soft smile that means so little always ready to be turned on, with the little lip in the nicely modulated voice, with all the turns and attitudes of a woman who knows her good points and their value.

And beside her Paula, with her clearly defined face, with nothing soft in it barring perhaps the eyes, and those only occasionally; with every feature distinct; with a mouth full of expression, and therefore large; with a wealth of silky hair that narrowly escapes being downright red; indeed, when she undoes the rich, coil at night, and lets the stream of hair fall on her white, shapely shoulders, some of the strands are red—red as the chestnut fresh from its sheath; red as the oak-leaves when they fall in autumn, the red which makes a painter's heart leap within him and his hands fly to his paint-brush, but which Paula regards with something like contempt, and herself declares to be carrots.

Yes, Alice's was the perfect beauty, the fair loveliness which woman acknowledges and admires; but there was something in Paula's face which made men turn to look at her, and which they remembered—perhaps weeks afterwards.

Younger than Alice, she stood half a head taller, already, and looked still taller in her plain, brown dress that, like an old friend as it was, clung to her as if it loved her, accentuating the graceful curves of the graceful figure, and lending itself to the lithe, easy movements of its wearer.

"Well," she says, "what is it?"

And she stood with her hands on her hips, regarding the beautifully dressed Alice with critical approval.

"I cannot get these gloves buttoned," was the reply; and there was a suspicion of peevishness in the soft voice.

"Are your hands clean? Where have you been? Pray do not come near me—"

looked as if she had slipped out of one of the illustrations to the books of beauty which one sees on fashionable drawing-room tables.

A beauty of the regulation type, "faultlessly faultless," as Tennyson says, with the soft smile that means so little always ready to be turned on, with the little lip in the nicely modulated voice, with all the turns and attitudes of a woman who knows her good points and their value.

And beside her Paula, with her clearly defined face, with nothing soft in it barring perhaps the eyes, and those only occasionally; with every feature distinct; with a mouth full of expression, and therefore large; with a wealth of silky hair that narrowly escapes being downright red; indeed, when she undoes the rich, coil at night, and lets the stream of hair fall on her white, shapely shoulders, some of the strands are red—red as the chestnut fresh from its sheath; red as the oak-leaves when they fall in autumn, the red which makes a painter's heart leap within him and his hands fly to his paint-brush, but which Paula regards with something like contempt, and herself declares to be carrots.

Yes, Alice's was the perfect beauty, the fair loveliness which woman acknowledges and admires; but there was something in Paula's face which made men turn to look at her, and which they remembered—perhaps weeks afterwards.

Younger than Alice, she stood half a head taller, already, and looked still taller in her plain, brown dress that, like an old friend as it was, clung to her as if it loved her, accentuating the graceful curves of the graceful figure, and lending itself to the lithe, easy movements of its wearer.

"Well," she says, "what is it?"

And she stood with her hands on her hips, regarding the beautifully dressed Alice with critical approval.

"I cannot get these gloves buttoned," was the reply; and there was a suspicion of peevishness in the soft voice.

"Are your hands clean? Where have you been? Pray do not come near me—"

**APPLES!**

To arrive this week one carlot  
**Famous Okanagan APPLES,**  
From British Columbia.  
The Prize Winners of the World.  
**W. A. MUNN,**  
Distributing Agent.

Buy Libby's  
**Tomato Soup.**  
Sold in Number 1 Cans.

Just add hot water to bring to right consistency. Cost less than any other brand.

A Suit or Overcoat at  
**Mauder's,** selected from a splendid variety of British Woollens, cut by an up-to-date system from the latest fashions, moulded and made to your shape by expert workers, costs you no more than the ordinary hand-me-down. We always keep our stocks complete, and you are assured a good selection. Samples and style sheets sent to any address.

**John Mauder,**  
Tailor and Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth Street

No Matter How the Fire is Caused  
if you're not insured, you're a loser. Take time to see about your policies. We give you the best companies and reasonable rates.

**PERCIE JOHNSON,**  
Insurance Agent.

**Samples! Samples!**  
Ladies' Fall and Winter Costumes.  
This is a special lot purchased by our representative within England. Prices range from  
**\$20.00 to \$40.00.**  
A choice collection of styles and colors to select from. Send them to-day.

**WILLIAM FREW, Water Street**

Forty Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram

**'My Lady' Sardine**

high grade sardines and ready for spreading. A delicious sandwich with "My Lady." Can be obtained at...

**Angus Watson**  
England  
Distributors of "S"

nov 26, 201, w. 5

**Wearing Ag**

Time Trouble Al  
U. S. Coal Strike  
day--Greeks and  
Again -- Blizzard