

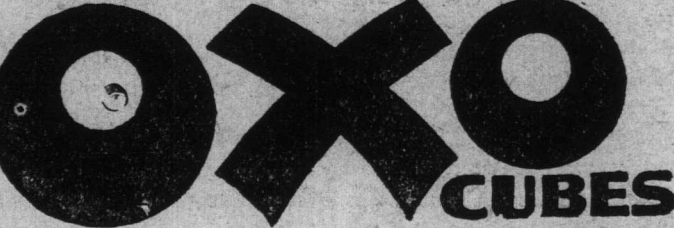


They beat all the old ideas

The invention of the New Oxo Cubes has put cooking on a modern basis. Prime concentrated beef in handy cubes, this wonderful food-invention stands for handiness—ease and quickness in the kitchen.

Oxo Cubes are as great an advance on the old-fashioned methods of making soups—gravy, and beefsteak as electric light is on the wax candle.

Order a tin to-day. Tins of 4, 10, 20 and 100 Cubes.



A Cube to a cup.

Love a Conqueror

WEDDED AT LAST.

CHAPTER XL.

"Oh, yes, nurse, I am quite well! But things will go wrong sometimes, you know!"

"What is going wrong with you, Miss Madge dear? You were born to live in the sunshine."

"Ah, but it is not always sunshine for any of us!" Madge said, sighing. "I suppose we have to put up with clouds sometimes. It is all sunshine which makes the desert, nurse."

"Lor, is it now?" said Mrs. Ford, in amazement. "Well, I should like a little more sunshine, Miss Madge. But what has vexed you lately, my dear?"

"Two or three things, nurse. One is that Major Stuart is going away to-morrow morning."

Shirley started and glanced up quickly. The girl's face was full of the most unfeigned regret; but she spoke without a shade of embarrassment or constraint.

"Going away, Miss Madge—soon?" exclaimed Mrs. Ford.

"Yes—going abroad for six months—for the whole winter. You know he was very ill last winter, nurse; and the doctors say now that he must not risk spending this winter at home."

"But he does not look ill, Miss Madge," said Mrs. Ford, consoling for the girl's eyes were full of tears.

"Not very ill; but papa says he is dreadfully altered, and I think so too. But I hope this winter abroad will do him good."

"And he will come back with the spring, Miss Madge, my dear," said Mrs. Ford.

"Yes, with the spring," echoed Madge sorrowfully. "Do you find the air too cold, Mrs. Grant? I am sure you shivered."

"Oh, no—oh, no!" Shirley said nervously, as she shrank back from the window, thankful for the semi-darkness in the little room which prevented her changing color and trembling hands from being noticed.

"And Major Stuart leaves to-morrow, Miss Madge?" said Mrs. Ford, harking back to the subject which interested her most.

"Yes, by the early express; so you must say good-bye to him, nurse, when he comes presently to fetch me. He will be here very soon now I should think. Mamma was tired," she added, turning toward Shirley as she sat in her corner, "or she would have come in to see you, Mrs. Grant."

Mrs. Ford hurried away to get her lamp ready for lighting; and, as soon as they were alone, Shirley said hastily and tremulously—

"Miss Oliphant, will you allow me to change my mind? If I can perform the duties Lady Oliphant requires

from me, I will stay."

"Oh, you dear good girl!" Madge cried delightedly. "I am so glad! Perform the duties? Of course you can. I'll coach you up. Oh, you have made me so glad!"

"I am afraid there is not much cause for gladness," remarked Shirley; but, before Madge could answer a firm, rather heavy step sounded on the gravelled path without, and Gus Stuart's well-remembered tones fell upon Shirley's ear.

He was standing outside, and spoke through the open window.

"Madge, are you there, dear?" he said; and Shirley shrank back, trembling and powerless to move in the terror and agitation.

"Yes, I am here," Madge answered. "I am coming. I won't keep you, Guy; but nurse wants to say good-bye to you."

"Does she? We must not linger!" Madge said. "Your mother is anxious about you, and I have brought you a shawl."

"A shawl on this lovely night? I really do not need it. Nurse," she added, "here is Major Stuart. Come and speak to him. Take care of our tall head, Guy."

Major Stuart entered, stooping a little as he passed under the doorway. Mrs. Ford came in hastily from the kitchen, but without a lamp, for she had not had time to light it. Oh, how thankful Shirley felt! And yet seemed as if the terror and anxiety of the moment must kill her.

"I am sorry to hear you are going away, sir," said Mrs. Ford, courtesying to the tall figure which stood in the threshold of her little sitting room.

"Thank you," Guy's grave voice said. "I am sorry to go; but I can't be helped, you know. I hope to find you looking as well when I see you again in the spring," he added, shaking hands with her cordially.

"Must take Miss Oliphant away now, it is getting late. Here is your shawl, ladie."

He placed it round her carefully, the white fleecy shawl which made such a pretty frame to the bright aquant face. Mrs. Ford had lighted a candle, but its rays did not penetrate to Shirley's corner, although they lighted up Guy's dark grave face and Madge's sparkling eyes and golden hair with its soft covering.

"Good-night," Madge said, going toward Shirley and taking her hand kindly. "How cold you are, Mrs. Grant! You have stayed up too long. Take care of her, nurse."

"Trust me, Miss Madge," said Mrs. Ford, smiling. "She'll do nicely, now."

"I hope so. Good-night, nurse! Come, Guy!"

She slipped her hand within his arm, with a gesture which had become very common with Shirley herself during the time of her engagement to Guy, and they went out together. Mrs. Ford going to the door to watch them walk down the drive, while Shirley put her hands to her eyes to shut out, if she could, the sight of the grave changed face. Ah, where

he saw it again, what wonderful thing had come to pass?

"They make a fine couple," Mrs. Ford said complacently, coming back into the room. "Don't you think so, Mrs. Grant?"

"He's too old for her, I fancy; but I dare say he will make her happy."

CHAPTER XL.

Major Stuart left Erindale the next morning, never dreaming that the woman whom he had caught in the little dimly lighted room was the woman whom he had loved and lost and sorrowed for with such an intense sorrow. Just that trivial circumstance that Mrs. Ford had been a little refractory had saved Shirley from detection, for she had been too startled and unnerved to attempt flight, even if she had had the opportunity of escape.

So Guy went away, taking with him that heavy headache which was always present with him now, and which would cease, he thought sometimes, only when life's troubles were altogether for him; and Shirley, Mrs. Grant, as she was called in the village, became the village schoolmistress, and took up her residence in the little red-brick cottage built beside the school-house— a quaint comfortable little dwelling with a wide low-ceiled sitting room and a little kitchen and a bedroom, a side, and above two little airy bedrooms, one of which was devoted to the lumber, while in the other the teacher's youthful handmaiden trimmed little dangle of fifteen.

It was a humble home truly; but Shirley it seemed a haven of rest after the stuffy London lodgings, the sitting room, with its polished woodwork and bright windows, and clear, comfortable, old-fashioned furniture, was very pleasant, while Madge herself had superintended all the arrangements for the comfort of the new teacher, for whom she had conceived so deep a love. A little cottage piano—Madge's own property—had been sent down from the Hall and a little book-case with some volumes of the girl's own selection—Dickens and Thackeray chiefly—filled the shelves.

Shirley's duties were not very onerous. The children were well taught and well drilled, and after a time her duties became sufficiently familiar to her to be very wearing. Certainly they were irksome at times, and such duties can hardly fail to be so; but as she grew stronger she felt it less, and the disinclination to exertion ceased.

Her life, although necessarily monotonous, was not a lonely one. Almost daily Madge Oliphant paid her visit at the cottage. Sometimes the girl was walking alone, her only attendant being a great black retriever called Rover, a present from Guy Stuart; at others she was riding, and she would leave her horse with the groom and come in smiling and radiant, looking so bright and pretty in her close-fitting habit and quiet riding-hat that Shirley always felt a pang of regret at the thought that Guy was not there to see her.

Sometimes too she would walk down in the afternoon and have tea with Shirley in the low-ceiled sitting room which looked so bright and home-like when it was lighted by lamp and fire; for the winter began early that year. October was a cold month, and at the end of November there was snow, which made Madge's visits not quite so frequent, although she still came as often as possible,

for her enthusiastic admiration of Shirley had settled down into a deep, steadfast, affection, as sincere as any Shirley had ever received.

And it proved the depth and unselfishness of Shirley's love for Guy Stuart that she loved this young girl with a warm and true affection, which was all the deeper because she thought her Guy's chosen wife. There was a pleasure for Shirley in her study of Madge's character, in her little timid attempts to teach her something that she fancied it would please Guy for her to know. She coaxed Madge into taking some music lessons from her, and into practicing at home. The young girl was but an indifferent performer; and Shirley knew what a lover of music Major Stuart was; and Madge's steady progress under her tuition pleased her greatly. Few as the years between them were—the one was eighteen, the other five-and-twenty—Shirley's seniority gave her an excuse for petting and scolding and remonstrating with Madge in a pretty and motherly way which the girl enjoyed and laughed at, but which had its effect nevertheless. Not that there was much to alter or improve in sweet, blue-eyed Madge Oliphant; for Shirley owned to herself frankly and sincerely that Guy could not have made a wiser choice. She was just the right, sweet girl who would steal into his heart and nestle there and make him happy, and help him to forget all the past bitterness and sorrow. And, when such thoughts as these crossed her mind, Shirley would thank Heaven that strength had been given her to go away, to resist Guy's entreaties, and to leave him free. With her, deeply as she had loved her, and passionately as she had returned that love, he would never have been able to forget the past; but Madge had no connection with it; it was not she who had made him suffer such an agony of pain and misery, and she would brighten his life as she—Shirley—could never have done.

It became one of the schoolmistress's greatest pleasures in the long winter evenings, when she sat alone in the little sitting room, to wear after the day's work to employ herself or to do anything but lie back in the comfortably cushioned American chair which Madge's care had provided for her, to picture Guy's future with Madge.

Her love was great enough and in itself enough to be perfectly unselfish; there was no touch of jealousy in her heart against Madge; she did not envy her the love she had won; the position she was to fill. Perhaps she envied her a little the power to make Guy happy; but she wished at happiness with too sincere a wish to mind the means by which it was procured. And such a wife as Madge would make him happy; there was no doubt of that.

They would be as happy a couple as Ruby and Oswald, she thought sometimes—as happy as only a married couple who had perfect love for and faith in each other can be. She recollected sometimes that, once or twice after she had known Lucie Grey, she had wished that Guy might be made happy with such a wife; but Madge would suit him better; her brightness would relieve the gravity of his character and give him back the youth which had been so cruelly marred.

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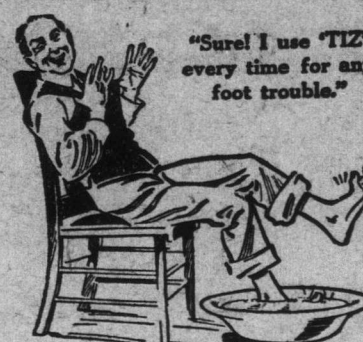
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(To be continued.)

Use "Tiz" If Feet Ache, Burn, Puff Up

Can't beat "TIZ" for sore, tired, sweaty, calloused feet or corns.



"Sure! I use 'TIZ' every time for any foot trouble."

You can be happy-footed, just like me. Use "TIZ" and never suffer with tender, raw, burning, blistered, swollen, tired, smelly feet. "TIZ" and only "TIZ" takes the pain and soreness out of corns, callouses and bunions.

As soon as you put your feet in a "TIZ" bath, you just feel the happiness soaking in. How good your poor, old feet feel. They want to dance for joy. "TIZ" is grand. "TIZ" instantly draws out all poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause sore, inflamed, aching, sweaty, smelly feet.

Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" at any drug store or department store. Get instant foot relief. Laugh at foot sufferers who complain. Because your feet are never, never going to bother or make you limp any more.

See the Crescent Bill on Monday

A big two reel picture feature, entitled "A Fair Exchange" will be presented at the Crescent Palace on Monday and Tuesday next and the bill will be even greater than any this week and none should fail to see particulars in the evening papers. "A Fair Exchange" is a story well acted and thought out and should be thoroughly enjoyed. Last night's bill which was well patronized will be repeated again to-night.

McMurdo's Store News.

SATURDAY, Feb. 14 1914

In cold weather like this there is nothing more stimulating and appetizing than a glass of Hot Malt Milk, or a cup of Hot Bovril or Oxo. It will supply just what is needed to keep out the cold without overloading the stomach between meals, or having the inconvenient effects of alcohol. During this week while the glass has kept in the neighborhood of zero many have availed themselves of this same method of keeping the body warm: up to normal. If you feel chilly just step in and order a hot drink; tasting's believing. Price 10 and 15 cents each.

Dry harsh winds play havoc with the complexion and make sore the hands and wrists. Use Cream of Lillie: to keep them soft and smooth. It is quite the best thing of the kind. Price 25 cents a crock.

Here and There.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The soloist at the 6.30 p.m. service will be Miss Thomas.

SEWING MACHINES.—We sell the famous Expert B. at reduced prices. HESLEY WOODS, Sole Agent.—Feb. 14.

SEVERE COLD.—Mr. J. M. Kent is confined to his house by a severe cold. He will not be able to get out for a day or two.

FLORIZEL GETTING READY.—The Florizel is now at Madge's premises, outside where she will be made ready for the sealing voyage.

Try a bottle of Stafford's L'horatone Cough Cure if you are suffering from a cough or cold. Price 25c.; postage 5c. extra.—Jan. 22, 14.

EARLSHALL STILL AT PERMAN.—The brig Earlsall is still at Pernambuco awaiting repairs to her engine, which was put out of business on the run from this port.

KOHLER PIANOS are known and are sold the world over. See us about one. Our new cash system gives you 25 p.c. cheaper than the old plan. CHESLEY WOODS, Sole Agent.—Feb. 14.

Special to Evening Telegram. CAPE RACE, To-day. Wind W. light, weather fine; nothing in sight, ocean covered with slush ice making fast. Bar. 30.10; Ther. 3.

Stafford's Liniment cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia and all Aches and Pains. For sale everywhere.—Jan. 22, 14.

NASCOPIE DUE AT HALIFAX.—The s.s. Nascope left Gibraltar about two weeks ago for Halifax, where she is now due. From Halifax she will proceed to North Sydney to take coal for the sealing voyage.

Steady Progress of the Maritime Tel. & Tel. Co.

The record of the Maritime Telegraph and Telephone Company is one of steady growth. The number of subscribers has increased as below for the past six years:

1908	by	1040
1909	by	888
1910	by	1231
1911	by	1198
1912	by	2153
1913	by	2379

It will thus be seen that the increase for 1913 was nearly twice that for the year 1911, just two years previous. The total number now stands at 17,440, or, including Prince Edward Island Telephone Company, 19,110.

We offer a block of the Preferred Stock of the Company in lots to suit purchasers. Price upon application.

F. B. McCURDY & CO.,

Members Montreal Stock Exchange.

C. A. C. BRUCE, Mgr., St. John's.

A Canada Life Actual Result!

NET CASH RETURN MORE THAN TWICE THE COST.

W. J. Robertson, Welland, 12th June, 1913.

Agent CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE CO., Port Hope, Ontario.

Dear Sir—When acknowledging receipt of the Company's cheque for my matured Endowment Policy No. 24937, I desire to avail myself of the opportunity to express my satisfaction with the outcome of my investment.

The policy was payable to me at age 60, with ten premiums of \$48.00 each. The return under it is as follows:

Sum assured	\$1,000.00
Dividends added	446.94
Total amount payable	\$1,446.94
Deduct total premiums paid	480.00
		\$ 966.94

That I should have insurance protection free for all these years and now have over twice the amount of my premiums returned to me in cash is a most satisfactory outcome and I heartily congratulate you on it.

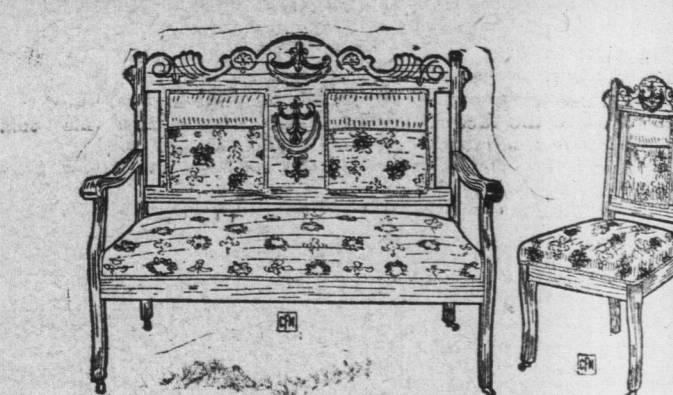
Yours very truly,

GEO. ROSS.

A CANADA LIFE POLICY PAYS.

G. A. C. BRUCE, Manager, St. John's.

FURNITURE and FURNISHINGS!



THE BEST QUALITIES. THE BEST VALUES. LARGEST ASSORTMENTS. LATEST CREATIONS IN THE FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY ARTS

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A Valentine's

(From the German)

I love thee! Thou lovest me! That thou knowest Verily! Fast locked thou art Within my heart— And I have lost The little key!

A VALENTINE

(In an Old Album Date)

When slumber first unclosed And thoughts are free, And sense refreshed— I think of Thee.

When next in prayer to I bende my knee, Then when I rap for those I pray for Thee.

And when the duties of the Demands of mine To rise and journey on I work for Thee.