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E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
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Love a Conqueror
OR
WEDDED AT LAST!

CHAPTER VI.

A week passed, and a second week was entered into, and Sir Hugh Glynn and Guy Stuart were still at Fairholme Court, and apparently so well satisfied with their quarters that they were in no haste to leave them. They had gladly accepted Sir Gilbert's cordial invitation to remain with them over the Christmas and New Year weeks, when several other guests were to assemble at the court.

Oswald Fairholme had gone back to his regiment, grumbling not a little at his hard lot, and leaving many a parting injunction with his cousin that she was not to encourage Major Stuart if she saw that Sir Hugh was attainable; and Shirley had laughed and crimsoned, with a sudden conscious light flashing into her eyes, which were half glad and half sorry just then—sorry because Oswald was going, yet glad with a gladness new and strange to her, poor child the source of which she did not try to discover.

Life was very pleasant at Fairholme Court just then; and even a letter from Jack, saying that he could not get the week's holiday he wished for, hardly marred Shirley's pleasure for longer than a few minutes. Never had the Court seemed such a kindly, friendly place to her as it did now. Lady Fairholme, pleased at the impression that her daughter had made upon Sir Hugh, was gracious and kindly to her husband's niece, and Alice was too much occupied by her endeavors to make a conquest of

Sir Hugh Glynn to take much heed of Shirley during those short December days.

Thus Shirley was left free to follow her own devices; and the use she made of her leisure was—to fall in love. Poor lonely Shirley! Not that she had any idea that it was so with her. She only knew that the world seemed to have grown far more beautiful these days than it had ever seemed before. Her life had become suddenly filled with a great golden light which touched and glorified everything. She did not know whence or how it came, she did not know what she felt or what had come to her. She knew dimly that she was not the same Shirley, and that she could never be the same again; strange new thoughts came to her wishes and aspirations and longings. She felt sometimes that her eyes filled with tears, which were not tears of sorrow, and that there was a strange stir, half pain, half pleasure at her heart which she could not analyze.

If the girl had a mother or sister or any woman who cared for her, then she might have guessed what had befallen Shirley. Never in all her life which was past and never in all her life to come had she been so loved as she was so loved as she was during those brief winter days. There was a bright shy light in her hazel eyes, a sweet soft color flickering in the creamy pallor of her cheeks; step in the corridors would make her start and tremble, a deep rich voice would make her eyes droop and her lips quiver.

She was glad and sorry, happy and miserable at once. Shirley's capacities for happiness were great, and her capacities for misery were equal large. The earth seemed a paradise of sunshine and music and joy; the roses of her life were all in blossom, strong and fragrant and sweet; and they reached their fullest bloom one fine day before Christmas when Guy Stuart came into the parlour where she was sitting alone and told her that he loved her and asked her to be his wife. Shirley tremulous and startled, but, oh, so happy!—put both her hands into his without a word, as she had done on that afternoon when they had met again. But this time the little hands were not empty; they were full of the riches of a great, deep, passionate, enduring love; and, with a tender "My darling!" Guy took her to his heart.

They were still standing together before the fire when Alice and Sir Hugh and the other visitors at the Court came in from a walk through the grounds. It was a clear, fine, but frosty winter day, and the girls were wrapped in furs and sealskins, and Sir Hugh wore a great-coat trimmed with the darkest of sables, in which he looked very handsome and foreign and distinguished. They came in laughing and chatting merrily, bringing with them, as it were, a breath of fresh cold air from the outside world; and Shirley started and blushed and moved away from Guy's side as they entered, and only Sir Hugh saw the start and the pretty color which rose in the fair girl's face.

"So you have returned," she said rather nervously, as she left the fire-side. "Was it pleasant?"

"Very pleasant, but very cold," answered Ruby Capel, a bewitching little brunette, with whom poor Oswald was very much in love, but who, during his absence, was carrying on a desperate flirtation with young Algernon Rivers, an eligible from Dumfries. "You should have come, Shirley, although I dare say you and Major Stuart found it very comfortable by the fireside."

She spoke lightly, and without any special meaning; but the color deepened in Shirley's face, and a slight smile stole up under Guy Stuart's heavy dark mustache as he glanced toward Shirley, whose shy eyes did not meet his.

"I suppose you would like some tea," Shirley asked.

"Happy thought!" said Alice, who was allowing Sir Hugh to assist her to remove her long sealskin coat. "Ring and order it, Shirley."

Shirley was about to obey, when Guy forestalled her; and as she lifted her eyes shyly to his, he looked down at her and smiled.

"We shall have skating to-morrow," said Ruby Capel, unfastening her fur cape and tossing it aside. "Are your skates in order, mesdames? It is freezing hard, is it not, Mr. Rivers?"

"It must be if you say so," answered Mr. Rivers, gallantly; "but it did not seem to me so very cold after all."

"I don't think it is freezing hard, Ruby," said Miss Fairholme, who had been watching her cousin a little curiously since her entrance. "Shirley, how you burnt your face over the fire!"

With a pretty little conscious gesture, Shirley put up both her hands to her hot cheeks, and Ruby Capel laughed.

"It is a very pretty rouge," she said lightly, "and very becoming. I should advise you to try it every time that you are going out, Shirley, and I wish you would give me your recipe."

"Is it not the fire?" asked Alice with affected surprise. "Shirley is always so pale that—Ah, here is the tea! I am so glad! Shirley, will you pour it out? I am so tired!"

She sank into a low chair, in an attitude of fatigue and exhaustion, giving Sir Hugh a coquettish glance from her blue eyes, which noticed that he was rather paler than his wont, and that there was an expression of unrest upon his face almost something almost like pain in his blue eyes.

"Are you tired also, Sir Hugh?" Alice inquired languidly.

But he did not answer—indeed he did not hear her question. He was wondering what was the meaning of those red cheeks of Shirley's and that new light, luminous and glad, which shone in Guy Stuart's gray eyes.

As she noticed his abstraction, Alice Fairholme's face darkened slightly and a gleam of annoyance and displeasure flashed into her blue eyes; but she only nestled her pretty face against the cushions of her chair with a tired, weary grace.

"You ought to have been with us, Shirley," she said. "You would have one into raptures over the rim which was on the skeleton trees; I sparkled like myriads of diamonds in the sunshine—did it not, Sir Hugh?"

Sir Hugh acquiesced absently. He seemed to be more occupied with watching Shirley Ross as she stood before the tea-tray, than Alice approved of. The handsome blue eyes were fixed upon her cousin with an intent, earnest scrutiny which had dispersed all their sleepiness, and his hand, unconsciously even to himself was clinched as it rested upon the table.

"I really think we shall have some skating soon," said Miss Capel gayly.

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Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9770—A VERY ATTRACTIVE ROBE.



Ladies' Kimono. Figured crepe in blue tones, is here shown, with trimming of blue satin. The model is good for cashmere, silk, flannel or flannelette. The waist is in Empire style, and is finished with a pretty collar. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches bust measure. It requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9762—A SPLENDID COMBINATION FOR HOME OR BUSINESS.



This portrays Ladies' Shirt Waist Pattern, 9787, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern, 9762. The skirt is suitable for broad cloth, serge, voile, panama velvet or corduroy. The waist may be of the same material, or of percale, madras linen, line, silk, satin, crepe or velvet. The Waist Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 40 inch material for the waist, and 3 yards for the skirt for a Medium size.

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If you will then put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) in a 16-ounce bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup, you will have as much cough syrup as you could buy ready made for \$2.50. It keeps perfectly. Any housewife can easily prepare it in five minutes.

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Fairbanks Morse Engines, 1914 models are fitted with kerosene burning patent. The cost of this attachment is **Only \$10** when sold separate from the Engine.

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