

# Love a Conqueror —OR— WEDDED AT LAST.

CHAPTER XLII.  
"Yes, papa," Madge answered, fastening her sealakin coat. "I am coming. Where have you left the trap?"  
"At the foot of the hill," he answered. "I have one or two places to go to yet; but I thought Mrs. Grant would have enough of your chatter by this time. Have I come too soon?"  
"I was in no hurry," said Madge lightly; but she parted with Shirley with less reluctance than usual; and she was very silent as she went down the hill with her father, who fancied that her attention was occupied in picking her steps over the road, and thought no more of her unusual silence and abstraction.

They did not start homeward for fully an hour, for the Squire had two or three people to see in the village; and it was quite evening when they turned the horse's head toward home. They had to drive through the village, and, to Madge Oliphant's surprise, as they passed the Oliphant Arms, a slim figure in black, closely veiled, issued from the public house and walked rapidly away up the hill toward the school house. Madge uttered a half-stifled exclamation as she turned her head to look after her—something in the graceful walk and rather haughty carriage had reminded her of Mrs. Grant; but the next moment she had laughed the idea to scorn. Was it likely that Mrs. Grant would be at the Oliphant Arms at that time, or at any other? And yet she thought that it was she haunted her, although they were almost long before she put it into words.

"Papa," she said, trying to speak carelessly, "did you see a woman dressed in black come out of the Oliphant Arms?"  
"Yes, my dear."  
"You saw her? I wonder if she same thought struck you while struck me. I thought her something like Mrs. Grant."  
"It was Mrs. Grant, Madge," said Sir Frederic quietly.

CHAPTER XLIII.  
It was later on the same day, and the shades of night were gathering over Erindale. The cottages were all closed, and only little glimmers were shining through the cracks of the shuttered windows in those where the inmates had not yet retired to rest. The Oliphant Arms was closed although the light streamed ruddily from the fanlight over the door, still lighting up the little bit of street upon which it fell, and falling upon the bowed, shivering figure of a woman

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They are everywhere—in the air, in your cup and on your plate. Some are harmful, some are harmless. If your white cells are strong and numerous enough they can destroy the dangerous microbes. But if your powers of resistance are lowered your bodyguard of white cells needs reinforcement.

If you could see the battle going on between your own blood cells and these microbes, you would want to rush to the assistance of the soldier cells which are so bravely defending you. You cannot witness the fight but you can help your own soldiers by taking Virol. This wonderful combination of food substances, beginning with bone-marrow, supplies the blood-forming organs of your body with the very agents which help them to form the "soldier" cells.

When you are "run down," take Virol regularly three times a day. Above all, give Virol to anyone, adult or child, who, in a weak condition of health, seems to catch so easily any cold or epidemic which may be about. Virol may be taken in warm milk, and can be obtained of all Chemists, Grocers and Stores.

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Who was making her way down the street as fast as her trembling limbs allowed her. If any of the villagers had met her, they would have recognized her immediately; but the uneven irregular street was empty and deserted, and there was no one to see the schoolmistress as she hurried long.

The clock in the church tower had just struck eleven as she left the cottage adjoining the school house and pulling back when he had followed her, to the threshold of the door, and bidding him "Watch;" and when the dog had obeyed, she had kicked him into the house and hurried down the hill, pale and trembling and nervous, starting at every sound, and pressing her clasped hands to her heart, as if to still its throbbings.

But her agitation was not entirely attributed to nervous fear of the dark night. Had her face been visible, any one might have seen upon it a great fear which was not due to a physical alarm.  
"Am I doing right? Am I doing right?" she muttered, as she pressed her hands to her face. "Oh, Heaven help me—Heaven help me! I do not know where to turn or what to do. Am I prudent in taking this step? And yet—and yet I cannot let him die—I cannot see what assistance I can. Oh, Jack! you were not Guy's friend—if you were not Guy's friend!"

The tears were gathering thickly on her eyes; but she dashed them away impatiently as she went on nickering her steps for a few minutes, then for very weakness obliged her to slacken them again. And so stopping at intervals to recover breath and regain sufficient strength for another start, she made her way to a pretty white house at the other end of the village, and there she paused, looking up wistfully at the windows

crossed her arms upon the table and let her head sink upon them in an utter and intense weariness of mind and body. But the weakness was only momentary; almost immediately she raised her head, and rising, she began to pace up and down the little waiting room, pushing back her hair from her brow with a troubled, bewildered, almost despairing expression.

"Have I done right? Oh, merciful Father, have I done right?" she muttered, as the little feet hurried to and fro swiftly and unsteadily. "Dare I trust him? Dare I trust any one? And yet the responsibility is so dreadful that I cannot bear it alone. Oh, Heaven help us all—Heaven help us all!" she prayed incoherently.

When she heard the doctor's step coming up the gravel path, she started, and sitting down, tried to await his entrance with something like composure; but it was a very pitifully eager face which met the newcomer's glance as he entered the waiting room; and the eagerness flared out of Shirley's eyes and a terrible disappointment stole into them as she saw that it was not Dr. Lloyd, but his assistant, Mr. Litton, who stood before her.

"Mrs. Grant!" he exclaimed, in some surprise. "I hope you have not been waiting long? You ought to have sent Saunders for me. Do you want my services yourself, or have you been doing one of your kind actions and sitting up with some poor patient of ours?"

He was a slender, handsome man of seven or eight-and-twenty, with a pleasant kindly face and keen blue eyes which looked at Shirley rather tentatively as she stood opposite to him with wide desolate eyes and that intense disappointment on her face. He had put out his hand to her on entering, and mechanically she had taken his shaking, trembling fingers in hers; and they lay there still, firmly clasped in his gloved hand.

Mr. Litton had been dining at the rectory, and over his evening clothes he wore a heavy ulster in which he looked flushed and happy and handsome. Some of the Erindalites thought that there was "something" between Dr. Lloyd's handsome assistant and the rectory's pretty daughter. Whether it was the case or not, it was certain that he was very frequently at the rectory; and there was a pleased, well-satisfied smile in his blue eyes which showed that he had not met with a cool reception there this evening.

"What can I do for you?" he said gently, seeing Shirley's agitation and speaking kindly and soothingly. "You look very ill yourself, and it is a cold night for you to be out. Did you come alone?"

"Yes," Shirley faltered. "Was there no one who could have saved you such a long walk? You look quite exhausted."

"No one."  
"And the need was urgent?"  
"Yes."

"Poor child!" he said pityingly. "I do not think many can need my professional services more than you do yourself at this present minute. Wait a minute, and I will get you something which will do you good."

He was turning away, when her hand caught his, and he turned back.

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Ladies' House or Work Dress in Princess Style, With or Without Pocket.  
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A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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Ladies' House Dress in Raised or Normal Waistline.  
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## Popular Pictures

At The Nickel Theatre  
The pictures at the Nickel yesterday afternoon were popular judging from the throngs of the scores of people present. There were some new and all were good. The evening will be repeated and no doubt will be a large attendance.

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