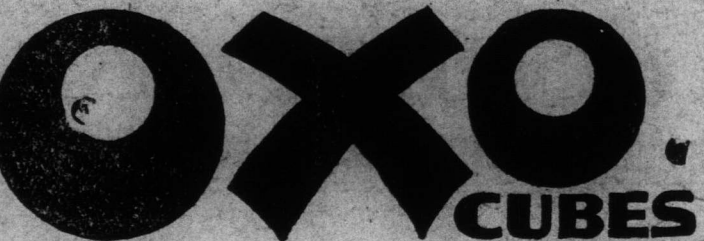




Not a moment to wait
When the little ones arrive cold and hungry from school an Oxo Cube in a cupful of hot water is ready in a minute—and makes a delicious nourishing beverage—warming—invigorating—and filling them with the joy of life.

A Cube to a Cup
Oxo Cubes are splendid for children. They consist of the real goodness of the best beef in readily assimilable form. They build up strength—safeguard against colds—renew vitality—and restore health and energy to old and young.



Love a Conqueror

OR
WEDDED AT LAST!

CHAPTER IV.

As they sat opposite to each other in the dining room of Maxwell House, no greater contrast could have been found than these two men, and yet they had been friends for many a year. Sir Hugh was exceedingly handsome, and he had used his great wealth to add to the prestige which his good looks gave him in the fashionable world. He kept a first rate stud, lived in the most luxurious manner, gave the best dinners and the most charming entertainments of the London season; his horses and carriages were the best appointed in the Park, his drag the cynosure of all eyes at Epsom. It was no wonder that all men spoke well of him, that the great ladies of his set smiled upon him, and that a shower of invitations poured down upon him all through the season. He was such a charming flirt, the great ladies said languidly—and his waltzing was as near perfection as waltzing could be; and his taste was so unexceptional that no belle would have deemed her court complete unless he formed one of her list—dark deep gray, with long lashed household word in many a dainty boudoir.

Life had always been a pleasant thing to this petted prosperous favorite of fortune; he had never known a care or a sorrow; but the thirty years he had lived had not fitted him to bear the storm which breaks almost inevitably, and more or less heavily, over every life, and which broke over Hugh Glynn with additional fury.

The friendship which had existed for so many years between Sir Hugh and Major Stuart had been a source of surprise to more than one of their acquaintances. The young baronet's life and tastes seemed so directly opposed in their luxurious indolence to the brave, simple, self-denying life of the soldier. But those who wondered, did not know that the foundation of that friendship had been laid in their school-days, when Guy, a few months the elder and considerably the stronger, had defended the more delicate boy from the bullying which seems inseparable from a public school. Nor did they know that the friendship thus begun had been cemented by a life saved. The occurrence had taken place many years previously, but Hugh Glynn's gratitude was warm and living still. He had not forgotten that at the risk of his life Guy had thrown himself into the angry waters which were hungering to make Hugh their victim, and had brought him with much difficulty safely to land.

"ORANGE LILY SAVED MY LIFE"



Applied direct to the suffering organs, and its effect is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby offer to send, absolutely free, a box worth five, sufficient for ten days' treatment, to every suffering woman who will write for it. Enclose 3 stamps. MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAM, Windsor, Ont.

For Sale by Leading Druggists Everywhere.

The passionate gratitude which had welled up in the boy's heart as he lay, faint and bruised, watching the endeavors of two or three rough sailors to restore his friend to consciousness, had never died away. Even when, later on, both men were dazzled by one woman's face and the death-blow to their friendship was struck, even when one of them stooped to the blackest treachery, the basest betrayal, that gratitude did not quite fade; it lived to add the bitterness to the remorse of the betrayer, the most poignant anguish to the traitor's suffering.

Very different in physique were the two men. Beside Guy Stuart, Sir Hugh, although by no means a short man, became almost insignificant, for Guy was unusually tall and strong, towering, like Saul of old, above all his fellows. For the rest, his features were irregular and almost rugged, and, if they were not plain, it was because his eyes were unusually beautiful—dark deep gray, with long lashes, which gave them at times almost a feminine softness.

"It is not such a very severe penalty after all," Major Stuart said, laughing. "I'm not an eligible, so I have never been obliged to submit to it; but we had one or two rich fellows in the regiment, and it used to be very amusing to see how sweetly the mothers used to smile upon them—ay, and the daughters likewise! There was a handsome young 'detachment' amongst us too, and one or two of the girls were inclined to favor him; but—"

"The mammas were too wise," put in Sir Hugh, laughing. "I wish you'd decide about this, Guy. You're my guest, and I am at your disposal. Go or stay, just as you like best."

"I'm perfectly happy here," said Guy Stuart, laughing—"excellent quarters, and commissariat department perfectly managed."

"Then we'll stay at home."

"But," Major Stuart said thoughtfully, as he pushed his chair from the table and sauntered over to the mantel-piece, where he had left his cigar-case, "perhaps Sir Gilbert might be sufficed; and it will not do for the new master of Maxwell to get into bad repute in the neighborhood."

"No, perhaps not; but even that could be better than being bored."

"Of two evils choose the lesser," said Major Stuart laughing, as he selected a cigar. "Suppose you toss up, Hugo?"

"Not a bad idea!" responded Sir Hugh, looking eagerly. "Upon my word, I have half a mind to adopt your suggestion!"

"Do," said Major Stuart carelessly. "Let chance decide it."

Sir Hugh took half a crown from his pocket and looked at it meditatively; then meeting his friend's glance, he laughed lightly.

"I don't suppose it is the first time in our lives that we have let chance decide for us," he said gayly. "What will it do for us now, do you think?"

These words of expressions having the same meaning are contained in hundreds of the letters I have received during the past year. Many were from women who had suffered agonies from falling of womb; others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the result of the action of Orange Lily; and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as Women's Disorders, Orange Lily furnishes a positive scientific, never-failing cure. It is a certain and beneficial operation in every case.

Will the Fates be propitious?"

"I wonder if there is such a thing as chance?" said Major Stuart, coming to the table, cigar in hand, with some interest lighting up his dark face.

"We won't discuss that question," answered Sir Hugh, laughing, as he played with the coin between his fingers. "It is far too deep for you or me. But"—he lifted his eyes for a moment to his friend's face—"you are strangely in earnest, Guy!"

"Am I?" said the other, turning away with a laugh and a flush on his cheek. "Well, perhaps I was. For a moment I had a kind of feeling that something serious would come of it; but it is all nonsense of course!" he added, as he lighted his cheroot; then, suddenly coming back to the table, he went on with a strange earnestness. "Put back the half-crown, Hugh, and let us discuss the pros and cons dispassionately, and decide accordingly."

Sir Hugh looked at him for a moment in silence.

"No," he said quietly, "we'll trust to chance. Heads—we will accept Sir Gilbert Fairholme's invitation, Tails—we will refuse it!"

Once more he hesitated, contemplating the coin as it lay on the palm of his hand, a slim, white, beautiful-shaped hand, wearing one ring, an almost priceless emerald. Once more Major Stuart leaned forward eagerly, the interest deepening in his gray eyes; but just as Sir Hugh was going to spin the coin, a knock at the dining-room door interrupted them.

"Come in," said Sir Hugh sharply, covering the coin with his hand as he turned toward the intruder.

The door opened quietly, and a servant out of livery came in and walked slowly up the long room toward his master.

Major Stuart glanced at him indifferently, but, almost as he looked, the indifference faded out of his gray eyes, and something like interest replaced it.

He was a man of Sir Hugh's height and very much the same build, a trifle narrower across the chest perhaps, but with no material difference. He was fair, too, like his master, but with no pretensions to good looks; and altogether between the two men there was a tawny air or resemblance which might easily exist between two persons of the same height and complexion, and having the same colored hair. For a moment the resemblance struck Guy Stuart, but the impression was a fleeting one.

"What is it, Latrelle?" demanded Sir Hugh, with some impatience.

"The stud-room is here, Sir Hugh," said the man quietly. "He is just leaving for town, and he desired me to ask if you had any directions for him."

"For Willis? No—tell him to let me hear from him on arrival," Sir Hugh answered quietly. "That is all."

The man bowed low, with an air of extreme respect, which had something foreign in its courtesy, and turned to leave the room. But Sir Hugh recalled him.

"Latrelle!"

"Yes, Sir Hugh."

"I suppose you know nothing about Fairholme Court?"

"Only that it is a fine building, Sir Hugh, with handsome grounds, situated about eight miles from here."

"I know all that; but you know nothing of the family?"

"No, Sir Hugh."

"Do you think the butler could

give you any information?"

"I have no doubt on the subject, Sir Hugh," the man answered, a slight smiling smile crossing his face. "Then go and make inquiries," said his master quietly, "and come back here and tell me the result."

"Yes, Sir Hugh."

With another low bow Latrelle turned away and left the room. Sir Hugh with a laugh selected a cigar.

"The fellow bows like Honu Brammel," said Major Stuart, laughing, "and moves like a prince."

"He is an odd fellow," Sir Hugh answered lightly—"Claude Melnotte style, you know."

"Where did you pick him up? He was not in your service when I went to India."

"No, I got him on the Continent last year."

"And you find him trustworthy?"

"As trustworthy as most men in his position," said Sir Hugh carelessly. "I dare say that he robs me, but I have not succeeded in finding it out. He told me a long story when I met him first, which may or may not be true."

"What is it? Will it bore you to repeat it?" asked Major Stuart, who had been struck by the valet's appearance and unusual air of refinement.

"Not at all. You are welcome to as much of his history as I can remember. He has knocked about and has seen a good deal of the world, and is an amusing fellow enough."

"He is a Frenchman, of course?"

"Not a bit of it! He is a Scotchman. Yes, you may very well look surprised; but it is nevertheless quite true. His father was a hairdresser in Edinburgh, who was, I believe, unfortunate, as many men are, in his domestic relations. He left Edinburgh and settled in Paris, where he had not much success apparently, for when he died, he left his son for a legacy some wigs, hair-brushes, razors, and some bad debts."

"Not much of a capital to begin the world upon," said Major Stuart, laughing.

(To be Continued.)

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Upper Lahave, N. S., Can.—"I wish to thank you for the benefit I received by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles from which I was a great sufferer, so that I was completely run down in health. Other medicine did not help me, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong. I now have a big, hearty baby boy, and praise your medicine for the wonderful lot of good it has done me."—Mrs. ISRAEL BECK, JR., Upper Lahave, Lunenburg Co., N. S., Canada.

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9782—A SIMPLE, COMFORTABLE GARMENT.



Ladies' Dressing or House Sack. Blue and white striped flannellette with trimming of blue was employed to make this design. The sleeve is finished with a pointed cuff. The fronts are crossed, and the closing is at the side. The pattern is also good for lawn, percale, crepe, flannel or silk. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 44 inches bust measure, and requires 3 1/4 yards of 40 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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Girl's Dress, with Long or Shorter Sleeve, with Shield, and with Collar in either of Two Outlines. Blue and white striped galatea with trimming of white is here shown. Serge, corduroy, velvet, prunella, Bedford Cord, gingham, or percale are equally desirable. The Pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 5 yards of 36 inch material for a 10 year size.

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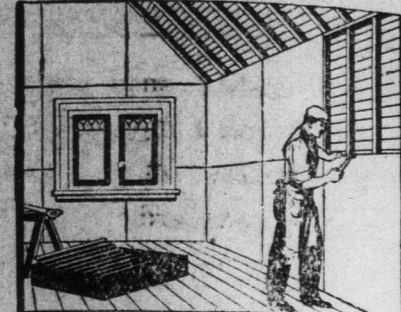
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These pests find it impossible to gnaw or bore through the tough, gummy Asphalt-Mastic.

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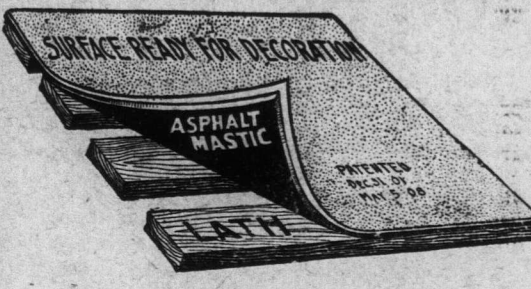
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