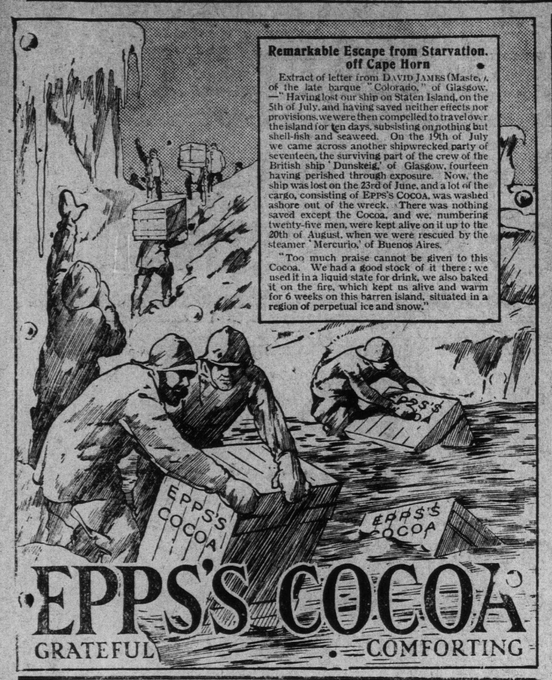

Beautiful Cynthia;

— OR —

Victory After Many Defeats.

CHAPTER IV.

BOY-AND-GIRL LOVE.

"You couldn't," said Drayle serenely.

"But you must see that it isn't fair to consign her to a life which is not worthy of her. You were always a sensible man in some things——"

"Thank you," put in Drayle blandly.

"And you must see that I am right. I am all alone in the world, and I am ridiculously rich. As I told you just now, I want some one to keep me company in my old age; if I were sentimental, which I am not, I should say I wanted some one to love. I am willing to adopt your girl; I'll treat her as my daughter, will give her every opportunity of making her way in the world, and will leave her my money when I am gone, which I hope to goodness will be some time hence; for the world is rather a decent and amusing place, and I have no desire to exchange it for one of which I know little or nothing. Upon my word, I think it is a good offer, and, for the sake of the child, I really don't think you ought to refuse it."

Drayle bit at the stem of his empty pipe and rubbed hard at his right eyebrow.

"I don't suppose I ought," he said, very quietly and in so low a tone that Lady Westlake was obliged to lean forward to catch his words. "I suppose it's my duty to help her on in the world. The trouble is that we are very fond of each other. Sounds ridiculous to you, of course; but there it is, and you can't brush it aside. Without extravagance I might say that we are all in all to each other. I have no one but Cynthia, she has no one but me."

"My good man, do you suppose I don't understand that!" said her ladyship. "And I am not proposing to take her from you altogether—though mind you, I think it would be the better course—you can come and see her in London or wherever we are whenever you like; and she can come and visit you. I am not the heartless ogre I'm supposed to be. You give her to me and—well, her fortune's made, her future's secured. Look here, Bradley, have you ever thought what will happen to her if you died? Sorry to put it so bluntly, but we are all mortal at present. Things are moving so rapidly that I suppose science will eventually find a way of making us live forever; but at present we've all got to die; it's a nuisance; but there you are."

Drayle nodded gravely. He was silent for a moment or two; then he said:

"We will leave it to Cynthia."

Lady Westlake laughed scornfully. "Who will, of course, say 'No!' No, my good Bradley, you must make her understand the advantages I am offering her. Come, be sensible for the girl's sake!"

Cynthia opened the door. "Tea is ready," she said.

"Do you mind coming into the kitchen?" asked Drayle. "We always have it there; and I forgot to ask Cynthia to lay it here."

"Not at all," responded Lady Westlake, promptly. "It will be a new and refreshing experience."

She gathered up her long skirts and followed him into the kitchen. During the meal, which she appeared to enjoy, her ladyship laid herself out to win Cynthia.

All her life Gwendoline, Countess of Westlake, had been in the habit of ruling people; it was impossible that Cynthia should resist her; and, before the tea was over, the girl was listening with all her ears, as she leaned forward, her elbows on the table, her chin clasped in her hands, to the voice, the harsh yet siren voice, of the old worldling.

Bradley Drayle sat silently looking from one to the other.

He saw Lady Westlake's game, and, in his cynical way, appreciated and admired the way in which she was playing it; though his heart was sore, for he knew that he and Cynthia stood no chance and that her ladyship would win.

"Now I'm going back to the parlor to have a snooze in that rickety old chair of yours," said her ladyship. "I have been making a proposal, to your father; I want you to come and live with me; you and he shall talk it over, and tell me the conclusion you have arrived at when I have had my nap."

"What on earth does she mean, father!" said Cynthia, when the great lady had gathered up her satin skirts and trailed out.

Calmly, repressing all signs of feeling, Drayle told her. Cynthia laughed, and eyed him with surprise and indignation.

"What, leave you, father!"

"Only for a time, Cynthia," he reminded her. "I shall be all right. And, look here, I want you to go."

"You—want—me—to go!"

"Yes; because I think it's good for you. And, besides, I'm thinking of travelling for a bit, to places where I couldn't take you. Cynthia, this old lady is your mother's kinswoman; she is a decent sort, and I believe a good-hearted woman, though she does look as if she had come out of a waxwork shop; and she can educate you properly, introduce you to the great world to which, mind you, you belong, as your mother's daughter. You can't understand—how should you?—what all this means; but I tell you, Cynthia, that I dare not refuse this offer. You must go, my dear!"

They argued for an hour.

At first Cynthia declared that nothing would induce her to leave her father; but gradually he wore down her opposition, and, with tears on her part, and huskiness of voice on his, he gained her consent; but she should come back the first moment she wanted to do so, and that he should come and see her at frequent intervals.

The following afternoon Darrel went down to the bridge to meet his pal. She did not come; he was very much disappointed and very much bored.

With his hands in his pockets and a frown on his face, for at quite an early age your man does not like to be kept waiting, he sauntered down to the roadside. A carriage, enveloped in dust, rolled past him; it contained the rum old lady and some one who actually looked like Cynthia with a handkerchief held to her eyes but, of course, it could not be she.

But it was; for, as he was returning to the Court, a groom met him with a letter. Darrel opened it and read:

"Dear Darrel: I am going away with a relatif. I am so sorry I could not say good-by; but she would not wate. I hope I shall see you again soon.

"Yours sincerely,

"CYNTHIA DRAYLE.

"P.S.—Oh, I am so sorry to go!"

CHAPTER V.

A SCHOOL-GIRL TRANSLATED.

Cynthia cried, at intervals, nearly all the way to London. Lady Westlake did not attempt to console her, for her ladyship knew that the more quickly tears flowed from young eyes, the sooner they ceased.

So she leaned back in her corner, enveloped in her furs, and looked out of the window or read the magazines with which the seat of the carriage was strewn, exclaiming "Pshaw!" and snorting at intervals at the literature.

Cynthia was not too overwhelmed by grief to observe what was going on around her, and she noticed that her ladyship demanded and received deference from every one they came in contact with, and that she bore herself as one of the most important individuals in a world specially constructed for persons of rank and wealth.

For instance, she calmly held up the train while she sent for a glass of milk for Cynthia, and the guard, though he took out his great watch and paced impatiently up and down the platform, did not venture to offer a remonstrance; for Lady Westlake, unlike some members of her exalted class, looked what she was.

When they reached the great London terminus, the porters, who knew her well, hastened forward obsequiously; not that there was any occasion for their services, because a tall footman in handsome livery was ready to receive his mistress.

(To be continued.)

WHERE DOCTORS FAILED TO HELP

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Mrs. Green's Health—Her Own Statement.

Covington, Mo.—"Your medicine has done me more good than all the doctor's medicines. At every monthly period I had to stay in bed four days because of hemorrhages, and my back was so weak I could hardly walk. I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I can stay up and do my work. I think it is the best medicine on earth for women."—Mrs. JENNIE GREEN, Covington, Mo.

How Mrs. Cline Avoided Operation.

Brownsville, Ind.—"I can say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me more good than anything else. One doctor said I must be operated upon for a serious female trouble and that nothing could help me but an operation.

"I had hemorrhages and at times could not get any medicine to stop them. I got in such a weak condition that I would have died if I had not got relief soon.

"Several women who had taken your Compound, told me to try it and I did and found it to be the right medicine to build up the system and overcome female troubles.

"I am now in great deal better health than I ever expected to be, so I think I ought to thank you for it."—Mrs. O. M. CLINE, S. Main St., Brownsville, Ind.

Exhausted Nerves Sleepless Nights

Continually Grew Worse Until Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Restored Vigor and Strength.

Mrs. Campbell.

What misery to lie awake nights and think of all sorts of things without being able to get the rest and sleep which is necessary to restore the nervous energy wasted in the tasks of the day.

This symptom of sleeplessness is one of the surest indications of an exhausted nervous system. You must have sleep or a breakdown is certain. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food feeds the feeble, wasted nerves back to health and strength. In a few days you obtain the natural, restful sleep which helps so materially in restoring vitality to the nerves and strength to the whole body.

Mrs. Sarah Campbell, 108 Alma street, St. Thomas, Ont., writes: "For months I was so bothered with nervousness that I could not sleep nights. There were other symptoms of exhausted nerves, but none caused so much misery, and I found myself continually getting worse.

"I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it was not long before I noticed great improvement in my health. It built up the nervous system wonderfully, strengthened the nerves and enabled me to rest and sleep well."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, 3 for $2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS.

Hr. Grace Notes.

The Riverhead troupe, that so successfully staged that Irish Drama, "Capt. Jack, or the Irish Outlaw," at Riverhead, on Easter Monday night, will give our carbonear friends the opportunity of witnessing it to-night at St. Patrick's Hall; and will place it before a Harbor Grace audience on Thursday night at the Academy Hall.

The s.s. Euphrates arrived from Bell Island on Saturday night with a number of workmen who spent Sunday with their friends, returning to the Island on Sunday evening.

Mr. W. N. Ford and Mr. B. Badcock, of the cable staff, Heart's Content, were in town yesterday visiting their friends. They returned to the cable city this afternoon.

Rev. Mr. Coffin, at the Kirk, last night, had a very interesting discourse on the life and labors of that faithful missionary, David Livingstone. Several practical lessons were drawn from the life labors of this great and good man. The congregation and others present enjoyed the service.

At the Presbyterian Sunday School, yesterday afternoon, it being the last Sunday of the quarter, or Review Day, the kind pastor had something extra prepared for the children. Mrs. Thompson sang a couple of sacred pieces in her usual excellent style, and Mr. R. M. Duff had his gramaphone there and gave the children much pleasure by having it sing and play some suitable pieces.

Another of our old citizens passed away on Saturday evening, in the person of Mrs. Charles Wells, of Cochrane Street. Mrs. Wells had reached her 80th year and her husband is 84. Mrs. Wells, who was well known here as a kind and charitable woman, was the mother of 11 children, 1 daughter and 10 sons. Only three sons survive her, Albert, of this town, Joseph, of Halifax, and Emmanuel, of Sydney. Her remains will be laid to rest to-morrow in the C. of E. cemetery. The aged husband and sons, as well as the other relatives, have our sympathy.

—COR.

Hr. Grace, March 31, 1913.

Notes From Long Pond

The C. of E. Ladies of the Sewing Class here held a tea and a sale of work on Wednesday evening, March 26th, in the school room; they realized the sum of twenty-five dollars and twenty-six cents ($25.26). It was a very pleasing affair and those who attended were very well satisfied with the evening. They did exceedingly well for such a small number of members as they have, and great praise is due to them for doing such splendid work. When we consider how amid adverse circumstances they managed so well we cannot help admiring the spirit of the little band. It must be discouraging to them sometimes that others will not join them and so help to bear their share of the the needful work. Still we believe, however, that others will co-operate with them soon and so put the Church in such a flourishing condition as it should be. There intentions now are to procure a bell for their Church and we hope success will go with them. A bell is badly needed as many people cannot see the flag. Go ahead, ladies, your work is of the right kind and therefore success must follow.

Although Long Pond is near St. John's we think that it has been grossly neglected; far more than any other outport in this country. With a few hundred dollars an entrance could be made through the bar so that people could come into the Pond with their boats, hence save an enormous amount of labour for the working man. They mainly depend on the sea for their manure to work their land and many other things. The hardship they have endured in doing this is appalling; many times they have been in great danger of being washed off the beach, or their boats being dashed to pieces with the force of the waves while landing on the outside of the bar. Sir E. P. Morris in the last elections promised to attend to this important matter as soon as the dredge was back. It is not back yet or we should have had an opening before this; for you know the Premier would not speak falsely. He said it was like a house with no door in it and his intentions to see that the door was made. The people would be grateful to him even now at the eleventh hour if he would kindly keep his promise.

Rev. E. K. H. Caldwell has been kept very busy this winter owing to the large number of people being sick. He has also taken many funerals, and on the whole has had a hard time of it. Still he is in good health although he is never weary of doing some little good.

There has been some talk of the pebble business starting again this summer. If so it will be a great boon to the place.

CORRESPONDENT.

SAILS THURSDAY.—The work of repairing the damage to the s.s. Lintrose bridge and other parts of the hull, is being rushed but the ship cannot get away to Sydney until Thursday at 3 p.m. She will take a large mail and a number of passengers. It is believed that the ship is faster than the Bruce and that she will make a record run from here to Sydney, and will cover the course to Cape Race in less than 4 hours.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Improving on Reality.

By RUTH CAMERON.

How much more attractive than the reality one can make anything sound by telling about it in a clever way!

And how often people do that!

A former neighbour of ours is now living in a distant city. Since her departure from our midst she has regaled us with letters so full of the beautiful home in which she lives, and the wonderful friends she has made that we have all been quite green with envy. I say "have been" because that is all past. Recently another neighbour was visiting in the same city and since her return we have felt more satisfied with our humble lot.

Our former neighbour wrote us she was living in a beautiful, old-fashioned house with twelve rooms, three baths and a small conservatory. That was all true, but she quite forgot to mention that she only has part of the house, and that she pays for that part by caring for the old gentleman to whom the property belongs.

She conjured up visions of elegance by telling us that she lived on a certain street, which is almost world-famous as a center of wealth and aristocracy. Of course she didn't explain that the street is very long and the part in which he lives is no more fashionable than our own neighborhood.

She wrote nonchantly of attending a tea given by a famous authoress, and chatted about the lady in question in a manner that made us think they were old friends. The truth of the matter was that the tea was a public affair given for charity, and she has never met the authoress before or since.

And so with one light touch after another, without a single untruth, but with innumerable clever half-truths, she dew us a pretty halftone picture at which we gazed fascinated,—just as she meant we should.

Now that the traveler has turned the harsh light of full truth on the petty picture, and sketched in some of the less attractive lines, we are inclined to laugh at our old neighbour, and yet, are you and I never guilty. Don't we ever draw halftone pictures for our friends?

"Half the pleasure of my trip abroad came from thinking how I would describe my good times to my friends," slad one of those rare people who try to be frank with themselves. "Even when I wasn't having such a very good time I'd think how delightful I could make it sound."

Few of us make such frank admissions even to ourselves, but if we did I fancy we should often have similar confessions to make.

FOR THE WOMAN WHO THINKS AND FEELS.

Some women complain that they periodically suffer from dull and heavy feelings, or dizziness in the head, nervousness, pain and bearing-down feelings which should not occur to the normal healthy woman. But most every woman is subject to these pains at some time in her life, due to abnormal conditions in life, such as corsets, over-taxed strength, bad air, poor or improper food wet feet, sluggish liver, etc. A regulator and female tonic made from native medicinal roots with pure glycerin, and without the use of alcohol, called,

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION,

has proven its value in thousands of cases, like the following:

MRS. MARTIN.

MRS. DONA M. MARTIN, of Auburn, Nebr., Route 1, Box 34, says: "I thought I would write you in regard to what your medicines have done for me. I have used them for thirty years for female trouble and general weakness with the very best result, and they have saved me hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. I buy the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' and take them together. I never was disappointed in your remedies and take pleasure in recommending them to any suffering lady. I am now almost fifty years old; at forty-five I took your medicines, both kinds, and I passed that period very easily and left me fat and healthy. I feel like a young girl.

"If any lady cares to write me, I will gladly tell her more about the good work of your medicines."

DR. PIERCE'S GREAT FAMILY DOCTOR BOOK, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, newly revised up-to-date edition—of 1008 pages, answers hosts of delicate questions which every woman, single or married, ought to know. Sent *free* in cloth binding to any address on receipt of 50 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing only.

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In each of the past four years the Canada Life has earned a LARGER SURPLUS than ever before in its history.

Favorable mortality, and low expenses, the result of good management, have helped.

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

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

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"Beaver" Flour is not like the woman who can make only one kind of cake or one kind of fancy pastry. "Beaver" Flour is like the attractive, capable, clever housewife who can make Bread, Rolls and Biscuits — Cakes, Pies and Pastry—and makes them all equally well. That's the flour you want! Order it at your dealer's. 142

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