



Conforms to the high standard of Gillett's goods. Useful for five hundred purposes.

**GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE**

Made in Canada

## Beautiful Cynthia;

## Victory After Many Defeats.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### THE SLEEPING POWDERS.

"You will request madam to be careful, very careful, monsieur," he said, as he came out again with a packet in his hand. "One powder only—only one, be so obliging as to observe—and an interval of at least one night between the doses."

"Certainly I will acquit madam," said Percy; "but, for the sake of safety, be so kind as to write the same on the outer package."

The man did so, and Percy departed.

When he came into the drawing room, just before dinner, he held the parcel in his hand—the whole parcel, minus its outer wrapper. Lady Westlake was seated in her chair, her eyes fixed on the clock, for he was five minutes late; Cynthia was standing by the mantel-piece, her arm resting on the shelf.

"Here are your powders, Aunt Gwen," he said, with a pleasant smile. "By the way, the man at the chemist's requested me to warn you that they were rather strong; indeed, he seemed to be rather nervous about them."

"Stuff and nonsense!" snapped the Griffin. "The man's a nervous idiot. I've taken them for months, off and on. Are they all here? You'd better keep some of them for yourself. Do you know, Cynthia, that this interesting youth suffers from insomnia? Wonder what's on his conscience—but I needn't wonder. The Standishes never had a conscience—any one of them."

She tore open the inner wrapper, took out some of the small white packets, and held them out to him.

"Where is the prescription?" she demanded irritably.

"The prescription? Isn't it there?"

## CRITICAL TIME OF WOMAN'S LIFE

From 40 to 50 Years of Age. How It May Be Passed in Safety.

So, Wellington, B.C.—"For a year during the Change of Life I was all run down. I was really too weak to walk and was very despondent and thought I was going to die, but after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier my health and strength returned. I am very thankful to you and praise your medicine. I have advised several women who suffered as I did to try your remedies. You may publish this if you wish."—Mrs. DAVID R. MORRIS, South Wellington, Vancouver Island, B.C.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. We know of no other medicine which has such a record of success as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For more than 30 years it has been the standard remedy for woman's ills such as inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains and nervous prostration, and we believe it is unequalled for women during the period of change of life.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

he said. "I thought the man had enclosed it. I suppose he kept it, with a view to repeat orders, as they call it."

"Humph! You'd better get it back from him," said the Griffin. "What fools men are! They can't even go on a simple errand without making a mess of it. 'Is that the dinner?' Of course it is! It's been waiting for the last ten minutes, and the soup will be luke-warm; and if there is anything I detest—"

She stamped in, using her crutch with unnecessary violence, and Percy, with his little courteous bow, offered his arm to Cynthia.

The Griffin's ill-humor, roused by waiting for what was the event of the day for her, did not vanish until after the lake trout had disappeared. And a chance remark of Cynthia's roused it again.

"I see that there is a war in the frontier, Aunt Gwen," she said, with a desire to start an impersonal topic of conversation. "Some of the tribes—Afridis, don't they call them?—are giving trouble, and an expedition has started to subjugate them. I saw an account of it in the Times while I was waiting for you this morning."

"For Heaven's sake!"—Lady Westlake used a stronger expression—"don't retail the newspapers, Cynthia," she snapped. "I can see 'em for myself, and if I couldn't I should not want extracts from them, for they're mostly lies." She was silent for a moment after this outburst; then she said: "I had a letter from Alleia Northam. Northam's traveling on the Continent; it is not unlikely he may come our way and look in upon us."

"Oh, I hope he will," said Percy. Cynthia said nothing. The sight of the presence of Lord Northam would she knew, open her wound anew and make it smart and burn, whereas now it only ached dully.

"So do I," said Lady Gwen emphatically. "He—any one—would wake us up. I feel as if I had been hypnotized. Percy, come and play cart with me."

Cynthia gave her aunt her coffee then went out into the balcony. It was a lovely, perfect night, and she knew what that means one needs to have seen a place like Lucerne. She leaned on the balcony rail and gazed dreamily at Pilatus; and, of course, she wandered back to the past, and wondered what Darral was doing. Had he forgotten her?

He had made no sign; she had heard nothing of him. Probably—indeed, most likely—he had got over the wound she, in all truth and honesty, had dealt him.

There would be much, many to console him, to wipe his memory of her and her love from his mind. She was roused from her reverie by the sound of Aunt Gwen's voice. She was evidently in a passion.

"You played like a fool," she was remarking. "If you hadn't the worse luck you couldn't have won. For Heaven's sake!"—again Lady Westlake's language was stronger than that set down—"don't smile! You remind me of your blackguard of a father."

"Dear Aunt Gwen!" Cynthia heard

Percy murmur patiently, remonstratingly.

"Don't 'Dear Aunt Gwen' me!" stammered the old woman. "You remind me of Uriah Heep, Hoop, or whatever the man's name was. You think that by waiting your time, by blarneying, you will get my money. But you are mistaken. I'd sooner leave it to a scoundrelly charity."

Cynthia entered the room. It was not the first time she had listened to one of the Griffin's frenzied, hysterical outbursts. Percy was standing by the card table, his face white, his pale eyes flaming like "blue lights," his hands clenched on the cards which the Griffin had allowed to remain on the table.

"Dear Aunt Gwen," he murmured. "I played according to the rules."

"You played—you cheated!" she shrieked. "A Standish couldn't play without cheating. I hate, I loathe, the whole of you! You're a Standish through and through. Cynthia, mark my words: This smiling hyena will do too many for you; he—he—"

Cynthia made a sign to Percy to control himself, and drew the vibrating arm of the old woman within her own strong and steady one.

"You are tired, Aunt Gwen," she said. "I am sure Percy—"

"Don't stand up for him!" snarled the terrible old woman. "You'll be sorry if you do! Do you think he means you well, you young fool? He'd give the world, if he had it, to get the best of you. He's been trying to do so all the time he's been here, but I'll take care; I say, I'll take care—"

Cynthia, with another glance at Percy, imploring patience, led the frantic old woman to her room. Percy lit a cigarette and leaned against the mantelshelf, his brows knit. Cynthia came back presently.

"I am so sorry, Percy," she said sadly, apologetically. "She is not well—it's the gout—you yourself said so. She will not sleep, I am afraid. Where are those powders?"

Percy, by a nod, indicated the small packet on the table. Cynthia took it up and went toward the door. As she went out she paused, and, looking over her shoulder, said:

"I am sorry, Percy. Have you some of these for yourself?"

"Oh, yes," he said, his eyes still hidden. "Yes, thanks. Good night, Cynthia."

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### THE WILL.

Next morning Parsons knocked at Cynthia's door as the cathedral clock chimed five. And, scarcely waiting for the turning of the key, opened it.

## Unable to Work for 14 Months

Complete Nervous Breakdown Left Mr. Black an Invalid—Cured by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.



Mr. Henry Black.

What a helpless mass of flesh and bone the human body is, once the nerves become exhausted. Extreme weakness comes over you, and you lose control of the limbs. The next step is paralysis.

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Mr. Henry Black, 31 St. Catherine street east, Montreal, Que., writes: "The wonderful results I obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food constrain me to write this letter in order that others who suffer from nervous exhaustion and weakness may use this medicine with equally satisfactory results. As the result of overwork I became completely exhausted, and was unable to work for fourteen months. As I am the father of a family, these were sad days for me, but after I had used six boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I had improved so greatly that I continued the treatment until I was completely restored to health and strength. I now work twelve to fifteen hours a day, and keep in excellent health."

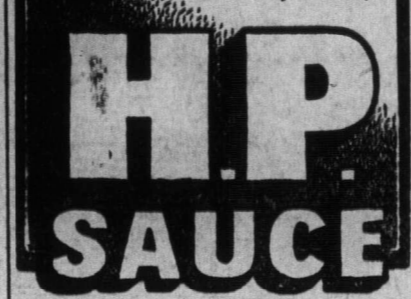
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## No more home-made Chutney or Tomato Catsup for me—

that is what everybody says when they have tried H.P.—the new sauce from England

Its delicious flavour makes it unique—quite unique.

Wouldn't it be worth your while to try a bottle of



and entered hurriedly.

"Oh, I am so sorry to disturb you, miss," she said. "But Mr. Percy is very ill. Suppley heard him groaning, and, going to see what was the matter, found Mr. Percy very bad, indeed."

"What is the matter with him?" asked Cynthia, as she slipped on her dressing gown.

"I don't know, miss; but he says he's in great pain, and he has been very sick. Suppley wanted to send for the doctor, but Mr. Percy wouldn't allow him to do so; he said that he was better, but he looks dreadfully white still, and is shaking all over."

"Would he like me? I'd better

come and see him," said Cynthia.

Parsons hurried off to prepare Percy for the visit, and Cynthia followed almost immediately. She found Percy seated on the edge of the bed, his face drawn and startlingly white against the purple of his dressing gown.

"It is very good of you to come, dear Cynthia," he murmured feebly and gratefully. "No, I do not know what is the matter. I have been very ill, quite ill; but I am much better now, though still rather shaky."

"It is something you have eaten?" suggested Cynthia.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I have eaten nothing unusual," he said. "Nothing that you have not eaten, but I certainly felt as if I had been poisoned."

Cynthia glanced at the small table beside the bed; one of the papers which had inclosed a powder, was lying conspicuously on the table.

"The powders! Did you take one?" she asked quickly.

He nodded. "Yes—or, rather, half of one. I remembered what the chemist said, and thought it better to take half—"

Cynthia frowned apprehensively. "I'm afraid it was that," she said.

"But Aunt Gwen takes them regularly—a whole one," he murmured. "But she is used to them," broke in Cynthia, "and I think that would make all the difference."

"Perhaps so," he assented. "I am better now. I have been awfully sick. I think I will turn in again, and try to get some sleep. I can't tell you how sorry I am that you should have been disturbed."

"The doctor?" she suggested, as she moved to the door. "Don't you think you had better let him be sent for?"

But Percy declared that there was no need to do so, that he certainly would, if not quite recovered later on, summon him, and Cynthia went back to her room. It did not occur to her that Lady Westlake might also have been affected by the powder. But she could not sleep again, and lay awake until Parsons came to call her at the usual hour.

"Mr. Percy's sleeping like a top, miss," said Parsons. "It must have been something he'd eaten; he's very fond of those green figs, and sometimes they disagree—"

Her voice was drowned by a shrill scream coming from the direction of Lady Westlake's room, and a moment or two afterward her ladyship's maid rushed into Cynthia's room, panting and screaming:

(To be Continued.)

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White linen, embroidered in self color, is shown in this model, corduroy, or gingham would also be effective. The peplum may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or shorter length. The shoulders are long, forming part of the sleeve at the upper arm. The skirt has the habit back, and is gathered at the top. The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 16 year size.

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

### 9577.—A CHIC AND BECOMING MODEL.



Dress for Misses and Small Women. Figured voile in blue and white was used for this design, with ecru lace and insertion, piped with green satin, for trimming. The design is made with a yoke having shoulder extensions that join the sleeve. The skirt is a two-piece model. It may be slashed at the sides. The model is simple to make, and will develop nicely in repp, linen, linene, corduroy, pongee, ratine, serge, cashmere, satin, crepe, or silk. The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 4 3/4 yards of 40 inch material for a 16 year size.

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