

Beautiful Cynthia; Victory After Many Defeats.

CHAPTER XXVII.
AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

He bit his mustache, and looked at her questioningly, and then away from her. Was it possible that she had not heard of the fight on the frontier, of the rumors that several of the officers of the Rexford Fusiliers were wounded, and some dead or missing? No, she could not have heard the news which had stricken Alicia to the ground. And he dared not tell her!

"She's getting better, pulling around," he replied laconically. "I left her there, but she'll follow soon. I wanted to get back at once. Wanted to hear the whole truth—to see you."

"It's very kind of you," murmured Cynthia, rather quaveringly. "But you are always kind and thoughtful for others, Lord Northam."

"No, I'm not," he said gruffly. "Not for most people; can generally look after themselves; but you—Cynthia, look here; I'd made up my mind to keep my mouth shut, but the sight of you, the black dress, the sound of your voice, the thought of your being all alone—has broken me down. Cynthia, I wish you'd let me take care of you. Hold on! I know what you're going to say, but I promised Darrel Frayne that—"

She started, and the smile and color left her face as she shrank from his gaze. The sound of the beloved name smote on her senses like a blow.

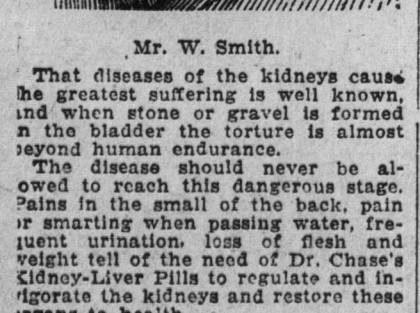
"I promised him that—that I'd look after you, and now he's not here—may not come back—"

He blundered into a momentary silence, and looked at her fearfully; but he saw that she did not understand the full significance of his words, and, with averted eyes, he said:

"I mean—that—well, he's not here, and you are alone, and I—Cynthia, you know I love you, that I haven't got over it, never shall, in fact. Let me keep my promise for—his sake, as well as for my own. Be my wife, Cynthia, and give me the right to look after you!"

Reduced in Flesh Sleepless Nights

**Kidney Disease and Gravel Caused
Keenest Suffering—Cured by
Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver
Pills.**



Mr. W. Smith, Port Dalhousie, Ont., writes:—"For some years I was afflicted with kidney disease and gravel in its most severe form, having often stoppage of water, accompanied by the most dreadful agony. As the disease wore on me I became reduced in flesh and passed sleepless nights. No doctor was able to do much for me, and I used many medicines without obtaining more than temporary relief. My attention was directed to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and by using this treatment the disease was eradicated from my system in less than six months. I have gained in weight, sleep well, and feel better than I have for twenty years." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c. a box. All dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

She did not blush, her eyes did not leave his face, but as she held out her hand to him he knew that she could not grant his prayer. His face paled, and his lips twitched, and he looked hard into her eyes for a moment; then he rose slowly.

"All right; we'll go on to the station. I've got a cab outside," he said, as casually as he could. "Parsons goin' with you? That's right—good sort, Parsons. She'll look after you."

He did not stay to witness the farewell between Cynthia and the servants, some of whom were visibly affected, Suplexy particularly so; indeed, his struggle to remain calm and composed before his subordinates was quite a painful sight.

Northam went to the station, his face somber and anxious, for he was asking himself whether it would not be better for her to learn the news from him rather than from a less sympathetic informant. But he decided that it was not the place or the time to deal so cruel a blow, and that he would go down to Summerleigh in a day or two.

He engaged a carriage, bought a stock of magazines and illustrated papers and magazines, tipped the guard to an extent that startled even that often and liberally tipped official, and stood beside the door like a soldier on guard.

Cynthia did not thank him—indeed, she felt that her only safety lay in silence. But her hand lingered in his and her eyes rested on his homely face with a full understanding, a profound gratitude.

"You're off!" he said, as the train moved. "You'll send for me if—if you want me, however little? And, I say, try and forget that I spoke to you. That's all right. Good-by."

Cynthia drew down her veil hastily, and lay back in a corner of the carriage; and Parsons made no foolish attempt to comfort her. A fly awaited them at the station, and the faithful Betsy, who had been engaged as "general," was waiting at the garden gate to welcome them; and Cynthia was home again.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
NEWS OF A LOVED ONE.

Tired as Cynthia was, she lay awake a great part of the night in her old bed in her old room. And 'at times in those still watches she was almost yielding to a belief that all that had passed in the days since she had left the cottage, was the phantasmagoria of a dream.

If only her father were there with her, to comfort and console her, to encourage her with his cynical but gentle humor, to take up her life again!

Much to Cynthia's relief—for she had misgivings on the point—Parsons was delighted with her new quarters. "You see, miss," she remarked, as she brushed Cynthia's hair—for the last time, Cynthia insisted, for there would be plenty of more important duties for Parsons now—"you see, Miss Cynthia, I'm country-born and bred, like yourself, and I've never been really happy up there in London; there's always been a feeling in my heart that I didn't belong there, but was only waiting to get back. And it's such a lovely place, Miss Cynthia! I was up early this morning—I wouldn't wake you, for I knew that you'd lie awake most of the night, as was only natural—and I took a walk and a look around. It's perfectly beautiful, and the house is just like one of those at home. The smell of the flowers came in at my windows and woke me, if you'll believe me, miss! And Betsy's such a nice, cheerful girl—and handy! Lor', Miss Cynthia, when I think of all the servants that was wanted to run the London house! And to see that that bit of a girl had got everything neat and tidy before I was up, early as I was; it fair astounded me."

"I am glad you are pleased, Parsons," said Cynthia gratefully. "And



I hope you will be happy; the change from Westlake House—

"Don't you speak or think of it, Miss Cynthia," broke in Parsons earnestly. "And, besides, if it's good enough for my letters, it ought to be good enough for me. If this air—why, it's like champagne!—will only bring the color back to your cheeks—not that you ever had much, miss; but you know what I mean?"

"Yes," said Cynthia, with an attempt at her old brightness of speech and manners. "I am going to get quite well, so that when my father comes back—"

For the first few days she kept to the house and garden; not at once could she dare to go to the hillside room which she could see the stream under the bridge, the chimneys of the court rising above the trees; but on the third day, toward evening, she ventured to leave the precincts of home, and, avoiding the path to the ridge, went round by the moor—that moor which her father had refused to sell to Darrel's—It was hard to realize that Sir Anson had indeed one to his heritage of six feet by six, as her father had put it—and made her way toward the village. But she did not reach it on this occasion or, suddenly, on a wall, she came upon a large bill headed:

"To be sold, by order of the Mortgagee, the Estate of Summerleigh Court."

She stopped and gazed at it, reading no more than the bold-faced heading; then she turned back toward the cottage, her heart aching painfully.

Darrel was poor, homeless; it was all that he was absent, that his eyes could not be seen by that horrible, staring placard.

But surely her sacrifice was not a sin one, and he would reap the reward! She had left him free to win his way back to fortune, to his proper place—no, her sacrifice would not be in vain.

As she came in sight of the cottage, she saw a big, clumsy figure lounging against the gate. It was Sampson Burridge's; and involuntarily she stopped and hesitated; and at that instant she remembered, with the pain of a sudden heart stab, the day he and lounged on the bridge, and the fision of the boy-preserver rose before her.

But she stopped for a moment only, for she knew that she must meet Sampson sooner or later, and grief and misfortune had not robbed Cynthia of her old spirit.

He did not come forward to meet her, but held the gate open—as if the cottage were his rather than hers—with one hand, and extended the other.

He, too, had changed, and for the worse; his big face had grown fatter and coarser, and his resemblance to his father was closer than ever; an evil-smelling cigar was stuck in the corner of his shoulder.

"Don't forget to go over the house and pick out them things; but not many, mind!"

corner of his thick lips, stretched in a grin that was meant for one of welcome, and his small, cunning eyes stared at her with insolent admiration at a covert triumph.

"How'dy do, Cynthia?" he cried. "My! you're looking pale and pecky, an' no mistake! Been having a bad time, ain't you? Heard the news, of course. The old lady played it low down on you, went back on you, didn't she? Somehow, I always thought she would. No, I wasn't a bit surprised. There's no trusting the best of her sort, and she wasn't the best by any means, though she was such an out-an'-out swell."

Cynthia touched the red, flabby hand and made a murmured response, and after a moment she passed on to the house, hoping that he would go. But Sampson, the admiration growing bolder in his eyes, followed her into the sitting room, and, plunging into a chair, said:

"I'll sit down and have a chat with you for a minute or two, Cynthia; can't stop long, because we're busy with the sale you know."

Cynthia stood by the table, refraining from removing even her gloves; but Sampson did not appear at all abashed by his reception.

"I suppose you saw the bills?" he inquired, with a grin. "Fine, ain't they? I drew 'em up. Biggest sale we've had in these parts. Ought to have got the thing through before this; but the governor muddled the notice, got behind hand with it—he's getting old, you know, old and a bit shaky—and he wouldn't leave it to me. If he had, I'd have put it through before this. I suppose you'll come to the sale? All the county will be there—"

Cynthia shook her head. "No? You oughter! But if you'd rather not—and, of course, I can understand your feelings—you can look round the place before the day; and if you like to pick out one or two things you fancy, I'll have 'em bought in for you. Not many, of course; for we mean to keep the old furniture, that is, the best of it, and carry on the Court in the good old way. The governor was for letting it, but I stuck out against that. Not me! I'm going to be master of Summerleigh Court, and one of the country gentry."

He grinned with a mixture of cunning and satisfaction that made the blood tingle in Cynthia's veins; but she remained silent.

"Father not back yet?" he said, after a pause, during which he flung the butt end of his foul cigar into the fireplace. "He's a regular Wandering Jew, isn't he? I'm wishing to see 'im, Cynthia, for I want to buy the piece of moorland he and old Sir Anson used to quarrel about."

"My father is on his way home," said Cynthia. "I don't want to seem discourteous, Sampson; but—I am tired; I do not desire to see visitors."

He rose, but laughed banteringly. "Oh, come, I'm not an ordinary visitor, Cynthia," he retorted. "You and me are old friends. I'm not forgetting that you've been a kind of a swell and treated me that night we met outside that place in London as if I was beneath your notice; but I'm a good-hearted chap and don't bear malice. I should be ashamed to drop a friend because I happened to be up in the world and she's down. Well, I'll be off. But I'll look in now and again for a talk over old times; jolly, weren't they? Lor', a little did either of us think of the changes that were coming! But don't you be down-hearted, Cynthia! Your luck may take a turn!"

With a nod and a wink, a leering smile, he lurched to the door, but paused on the threshold and added over his shoulder:

"Welcome you to our guest with a biscuit and a glass of Dry Sack Sherry—It's a grand old-time custom now coming into favour again. In bottles only—of all good dealers."

D. O. HOBLIN,
Canadian Agent,
Toronto.
JOHN JACKSON,
Resident Agent,

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

9591.—A NEAT AND BECOMING SCHOOL OR PLAY DRESS.



Girls' Dress with Bloomers, and with or without Yoke Facings.

Brown galatea with brown and white checked gingham is here shown. The bloomers may be of self or contrasting material. The design is comfortable and cool. It will develop nicely in linen, flanne, corduroy, cotton crepe, chambray, percale, or lawn. The yoke facings may be omitted. The sleeves are in kimono style, and may be finished with or without the trimming. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 1 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the bloomers and 3/4 yards for the dress for a 4 year size.

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

9592.—A SIMPLE AND POPULAR STYLE.



Ladies' loose with Long or Shorter Sleeves.

White ramiie linen was used for this design. The front is finished with coat closing. Deep Gibson plaits give breadth to the shoulders, and a smart collar finishes the neck edge. The sleeves have a pointed cuff, and may be made in wrist or shorter length. The Pattern is cut in sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 36 inch material for a 38 inch size.

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

No.
Size

Name

Address in full:—

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern cannot reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

EVERY OFFICE MAN
Should enquire about my handy, labor saving, filing devices, at the earliest opportunity. Details gladly supplied. An absolutely new line

PERCIE JOHNSON
Address Box 1182.
Insurance Agent
ASK FOR MINARD'S AND TAKE NO OTHER.

Arrived This Morning

S.S. NORHILDA :

100 Crates Ch. Green FLORIDA CABBAGE

H. J. Brownrigg

Phone 469.

The Canada Life.

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.

We own and offer for sale in lots to suit purchasers, a block of

Harris Abattoir Company, Limited,

6 per cent. Bonds, due 1st February, 1928.

Interest is payable half yearly, 1st February and August. In denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000.

The Bonds are secured by a first mortgage on all the property and other assets of the Company. These assets are valued by the Canadian Appraisal Company at nearly three times the amount of the bonds outstanding.

Net Profits over a term of five years average nearly four times the amount necessary to pay the bond interest.

Price 100 and accrued interest, yielding a full 6 p.c. on the money invested.

Circular giving full particulars will be sent upon application.

F. B. McCURDY & CO.

MEMBERS MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE.

C. A. C. BRUCE Manager,

St. John's.

OUTPORT BUYERS

CALL AT LARACY'S.

All their stock of

Dry Goods, Crockeryware and Glassware is Selling off.

You can buy your spring stock very cheap

—AT—

LARACY'S, 345 and 347 Water Street,

Opposite the Post Office.

What it Means

To be burnt out none but the sufferers fully know! Why not fend off such a dreadful calamity by insurance—even for a portion of your property. Why not come where rates are low for this protection?

PERCIE JOHNSON,

Address Box 1182. Insurance Agent

Advertise in THE EVENING TELEGRAM

B
U
I
L
D
E
R

CALL

A

ers u
perio
whol
A
tong
JA

Health

Sando's Body
Fitzsimmons
Cruise on—He
Dixon on—Ar
Boy Scouts of
50 cents.
Text Book of
Burrows—Text
ing, 35 cent.
My System, by
Tricks and Tes
H. Andrews of
ing, 35 cent.
Cameron on—
35 cents.
Spalding Official
Strength and H
dow, 80 cent.
Strength and H

GARLAND'S

N

Ow
low are
per pou
Singha
Tiger
Old Hon
Serdinib
Old Hon

Union B
Union B
Union B
Union B

The B
that mon
being pa

HA