



## Do You Bake Your Own Bread?

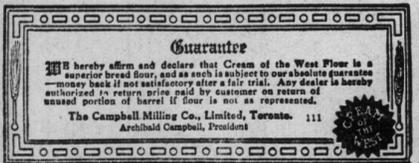
Everyone who bakes bread should know about my Cream of the West Flour.

I guarantee absolute satisfaction and I won't take money for less. A crust, brown, crisp and sweet; a crumb, white, light and even. Get a barrel and bake a batch or two.

## Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour guaranteed for bread

If you don't have success with your bread after a fair trial bring back the flour left over and your grocer has our authority to refund full purchase price.



R. G. ASH & CO., St. John's, Wholesale Distributors

# Beautiful Cynthia;

## Victory After Many Defeats.

CHAPTER XXIII.  
THE FIGHT.  
"Take your men up that right hill, Frayne. They're too strong for us there."

Darrel caught his breath. It was the fort he wanted, but the hill—well, so be it. He gave the order hoarsely from his parched throat, and his men obeyed like machines.

They had to meet a strong force, for the Afridi had held themselves in reserve for this attack on the flank of the foe.

It seemed to him, if he thought of all, if he were conscious of self and the emotions that move it, that was hours, days, before he came in touch with the howling, cheerfully howling, mass that moved down upon him; but in truth it was only a few minutes before he and his men met them and took grip of them.

There is no deadlier, no fiercer foe than your Afridi with his stockinet cap, his shirlike tunic, his bare and wayworn feet, when he is at close

quarters. Darrel took the first man that came to hand, and fought as men fight for life, for home, for the women they love. As he dug and thrust there moved in his mind the memory of the men who had fallen by his side during that awful march, in which they had dropped like rabbits in a Devonshire field.

It was not vengeance he craved for, but the desire to be even with the stealthy foe who had held them at its mercy during all those hideous days. He felt as if he possessed the strength of a demoniac, for the stories Durton, and others more experienced, had told him of the fiendish cruelties of the Afridis surged through his veins.

These men he was fighting had broken their promises, their vows; fighting was a game, a pastime for them. So be it. They should have the rigor of the game.

He killed his man and turned to receive the next. There seemed no end of them; there seemed no limit to

## 12 Tumors Removed Without An Operation

Dear Mrs. Currah—I am enjoying better health than I have for eight years, and I think I am entirely cured. I have none of the old symptoms. I am very grateful for my present health, and think Orange Lily is the greatest treatment for women the world knows. Use it in my case caused 12 tumors or growths of some sort to be expelled. Some were as large as a hen's egg, and others smaller, down to the size of a walnut. You may use my case in your advertisement, for it is the solid truth, and pen cannot describe all the good it has done for me. Mrs. Louise E. Holtzridge.



The letter gives an indication of the positive benefits that always follow the use of Orange Lily. It is an applied treatment and comes in direct contact with the suffering organs. It produces results for the start in all cases of women's disorders, including painful periods, falling of womb, irregularities, leucorrhoea, etc. I will send a sample box containing 10 days' treatment absolutely free to any suffering woman who has not yet tried it if she will send me her address. Enclose 3 stamps and address MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont. For Sale by Leading Drug Lists Everywhere.

their courage, no satiating of their thirst for blood. His new foe held him by the throat. He looked into the man's distended, bloodshot eyes; he could feel the murderous knife touching his side as his foe essayed to strike.

Suddenly the man's knife fell, he gurgled, spluttered in his throat, and fell back. He had been struck by a bullet.

Darrel shook him off and looked around. An Afridi sprang at him, but as Darrel met him he felt something—it was not like that of a weighty object, but quite a slight kind of blow—strike him in the chest.

For a moment it scarcely caused him any inconvenience, but suddenly he felt faint; a kind of nausea seized him; he was conscious of a desire to retch, to be sick; his legs gave way and he pitched head foremost upon his foe.

The Afridi struck with his knife, then pushed him aside carelessly, indifferently, and darted on to his next quarry.

Darrel lay where he had fallen; the tide of battle swept over and past him. He lay stretched out like one dead, with quite a peaceful expression but for a faint frown on his face. The stifling, choking heat of the day—and can anyone adequately describe the heat of an autumn day on an Afghan hill?—the day itself passed. The purple eve, sliding into violet, fell on hill and plain.

He came to as the moon rose, became conscious of an overmastering fact—that he was thirsty, so thirsty that he would give the life that had returned to him for one long swig of water.

He was as stiff as if he had been playing football for six days—running; there was a pain in his chest which caught him every time he breathed. There was also a humming and buzzing in his head as if he had loaned it out as a hive for a swarm of bees.

Also, to particularize, his mouth was full of blood, and his eyes burned as if scorched in a furnace.

With a tremendous effort he cast the burning eyes to left and right of him, and he saw with a pang that daily smote across his apathy, some of his men stretched out beside him.

He closed his eyes, but presently he felt, rather than saw, that something was moving near him, something that glided stealthily, mysteriously. He watched it through his half-closed eyes.

It was an Afridi woman with a sharp knife in her hand; he saw her bend over a man within ten yards of him.

Up went the knife, there was a sob, a gulp, from the body the knife had struck, a quiver of the helpless frame, and then stillness. The human fiend, with gleaming eyes, approached him. Darrel was powerless to move, to utter a sound, even a whimper. She bent over him, knife upraised. It flashed down in the direction of his heart.

He could almost feel the needle-like point of the cold steel, could feel his side wince from the impending thrust; but the poor woman was tired, her aim was uncertain.

The knife pierced his side, clear of his heart. He felt her hand moving about him after the loot to which she, no doubt, felt herself entitled; then he fell into a swoon, so like death that the Afridi woman spurned him with her foot and passed on.

When he awoke from his dream of blood-tinged death his eyes met the stone wall of a sangar, a kind of wall built out from the hill, and pierced by loopholes. He stared at this for some minutes, then dragged his eyes down, and, by a tremendous effort, brought them to bear to the side of them.

And, to his dull amazement, they met the dark, fierce, yet contemplative eyes of a woman who was sitting on her hams and watching him.

### CHAPTER XXIV. A CHANCE OF LIFE.

Darrel's intelligence came back more slowly than his sight, and for a minute or two he stared vacantly at the motionless woman sitting beside him. He tried to move, to sit up, but he could not stir an inch, and he shut his eyes again and feverishly hoped that she would be quick about her business and put him out of his misery at once.

There was a sharp, stinging pain

in his shoulder, and an aching in every inch of his body; he would have liked to have groaned, but he was reluctant to offer her the satisfaction which he knew any complaint on his part would afford her, and he set his teeth hard and crushed back the desire.

Presently the silence, which was growing well-nigh intolerable, was broken by the sounds of desultory firing and shouting; but they came from a distance and soon ceased, and he concluded that the fight must be over or had drifted up the pass.

Suddenly he felt a hand upon his forehead, and, with a shudder, he prepared himself for the knife. He tried to think of the few words of the Afridi language he knew, so that he might beg her to hasten his despatch, but as he opened his lips her hand glided down on them warningly.

The nullah, or depression in the hillside, in which he lay, was almost hidden by a sangar, a rough wall built of stone, which had served to conceal an Afghan markaman, but he caught a glimpse of a woman, similar to the one beside him, moving on the hill, caught the gleam of a knife, and heard a muffled cry of agony, and knew that other women were out and at their sanguinary work.

The figure passed, the silencing hand left his lips, and he said feebly: "Kill! quickly!"

A faint smile crossed the swarthy face above him, and the long, coffee-colored hands began to unbutton his khaki tunic.

"Ought to know where my heart is," he thought; "but she understood, and is going to make sure the first stab."

He closed his eyes again, but opened them quickly as he felt something cold and damp strike the wound, which felt like a spot of raging fire. Was she washing it? Not only washing, but bandaging it, it appeared. She did it neatly—your hillwomen have plenty of practice at rough surgery—gave him a drink from the water bottle, and, raising, made a sign to him to be silent, and stole stealthily into the open.

Puzzled, afraid to hope, lest this should be merely a respite, he lay motionless and waited. She came back presently, as stealthily as she had gone, examined his bandage, and went over him with her supple hands.

Then she nodded as if satisfied. And, taking from the folds of her robe the remains of a chupatti, which was nothing more or less than the familiar pancake, made thick, held it to him invitingly; and though he was far from feeling hungry, he thought it wise to accept her hospitality.

She nodded again and squatted down beside him with an air that was

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Mr. Chas. Beauvais.  
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"However, I decided to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and obtained great relief from the first box. By the use of three boxes I was entirely cured. This is why it gives me great pleasure to recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to all who suffer from piles as a treatment of the greatest value."  
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not at all a bad imitation of that of a civilized nurse.

There was a silence for a while. For he felt reluctant to again exhort her to a merciful dispatch after her seeming kindness. Then suddenly, in a low voice, she said in Hindustani, with a display of glittering teeth:

"You no know me, sahib?"

Darrel almost started, and she stared at her in a bewildered fashion.

The sound of the Hindustani was grateful to his ears, for he knew enough of the language to understand her and to make himself understood. "No!" he replied, and he peered at her in the dim light of the nullah. "Who are you? You are a hillwoman, an Afghan? But you speak the language of the plains. What are you going to do with me? Why do you tend my wound and feed me? Who are you?"

"I am Lal Sef's daughter, sahib," she replied quietly, but with a gleam of her teeth and eyes. "I am the wife of Abdurmalm, to whom the sahib gave me."

"What!" exclaimed Darrel. "Lal Sef's daughter! Turn to the light! Yes, it is! I remember now. And you have saved me, Khasti. I remember your name now! How—how did you manage it? The fight—how has it gone with it? Have we won or lost?"

"The sahibs have won," she said simply, and with a kind of dignity. "They have the fort. The hillmen have flown, scattered. The women, too; they are all gone; the one you saw, sahib, was the last of them; she saw the man outside and risked her life to reach him, and kill him. My people have gone to the hills, and your people are following them."

"Thank goodness!" murmured Darrel. "We've won—I beg your pardon, Khasti! I—I was forgetting. You belong to the other side. Your husband—is he alive?"

She nodded and touched her forehead, with a gesture of thanksgiving. "He is alive," she said. "It was he who found you. He carried you here, where I was waiting." Darrel shuddered; he knew what she had been waiting for; the long knife shone dully in the dull light. "He knew you—how should he forget, sahib!—and he bade me watch and care for you. He has gone with the rest, but he will return, if it is possible."

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