

**'Margaret,'**  
The GIRL ARTIST,  
OR,  
The Countess of Ferrers  
Court.

CHAPTER XXVIII.  
"And—and this girl—this wonderful artist—where is she?"  
He asked the question lightly enough, but his soul quaked as Blair replied:  
"Here in Naples!"  
"Here, in Naples?"  
There was a moment's silence. Margaret here in Naples! Blair challenged by the prince! Any moment and his astute plans might be shattered at his feet.  
He was not altogether a coward, but at the thought of the two narrow chances Blair had had of learning his—Austin's—villainy, he quivered from head to foot.  
"And now you have it all," said Blair, quietly. "Why Prince Rivani should want to fight me I cannot conceive, can you?"  
"Yes," was the prompt reply.  
Blair turned to him with weary surprise.

"The prince was an old lover of Margaret's."  
The blood rushed to Blair's face, and his eyes flashed.  
"An old lover? It is you who are mad! Margaret had no lover but me."  
Austin Ambrose met his fierce gaze steadily.  
"My dear Blair, I meant no kind of reproach against her! But think, is it not possible that the prince may have seen her before she met you? that, though nothing tangible may have passed between them, he may have fallen in love with her?"  
"And she not tell me! Ah, how little you knew her!"  
"She may not have thought it worth the telling! May have feared that you might think she was boasting of her conquest over a prince. But if you won't entertain this idea, what other reason can you find for his wanting to fight you? You know what these Italians are; they will fight for an idea—half a one! He may have got some inkling that you were her favored lover, he cannot possibly know that you married her, but he may see in you a rival, and these Italians consider it their duty to dispose of a rival in the most complete and expeditious way."  
Blair leaned his head upon his hands.  
"It is all a mystery," he said, wearily. "But the fact remains. I have undertaken to meet him to-morrow morning. You may be my second, of course, Austin? A General Somebody or other will call and make the arrangements presently."

Austin Ambrose got up and went to the window and rapidly mastered the situation. After all, Fate was working for him to the end! If the Prince Rivani would kindly kill Blair how easily the denouement would work out.  
"I don't like this!" he said gloomily. "I am not thinking of myself, nor so much of you—for you are good at sword or pistol—but I am thinking of Violet—of the countess."  
**TO SAVE EYES**  
Is the Object of This Free Prescription—Try It if Your Eyes Give You Trouble.

Thousands of people suffer from eye troubles because they do not know what to do. They know some good home remedy for every other minor ailment, but none for their eye troubles. They neglect their eyes, because the trouble is not usually violent to drive them to an eye specialist, who would, anyway, charge them a heavy fee. As a last resort they go to an optician or to the five and ten-cent store, and oftentimes get glasses that they do not need, or which, after being used a few months, do their eyes more injury than good.  
Here is a simple prescription that every one should use: 5 grains Non-Opto dissolved in 1/2 glass of water. Use three or four times a day to bathe the eyes. This prescription and the simple Non-Opto system keeps the eyes clean, sharpens the vision and quickly overcomes inflammation and irritation; weak, watery, overworked, tired eyes and other similar troubles are greatly benefited and oftentimes cured by its use. Many reports show that wearers of glasses have discarded them after a few weeks' use.  
It is good for the eyes, and contains no ingredient which would injure the most sensitive eyes of an infant or the aged. Your own druggist can fill this prescription, or the Valmas Drug Co. of Toronto will fill it for you by mail. Try it, and know for once what real eye comfort is.  
A prominent City Physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Non-Opto is a very remarkable remedy, one could not believe it was prescribed by them, because it is so simple and yet it does the very best. I feel that it should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family."

**Health for Sick Women**

**For Forty Years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Been Woman's Most Reliable Medicine—Here is More Proof.**

To women who are suffering from some form of woman's special ills, and have a constant fear of breaking down, the three following letters ought to bring hope:—



North Crandon, Wis.—"When I was 16 years old I got married and at 18 years I gave birth to twins and it left me with very poor health. I could not walk across the floor without having to sit down to rest and it was hard for me to keep about and do my work. I went to a doctor and he told me I had a displacement and ulcers, and would have to have an operation. This frightened me so much that I did not know what to do. Having heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I thought I would give it a trial and it made me as well as ever. I cannot say enough in favor of the Pinkham remedies."—Mrs. MAYME ASSACH, North Crandon, Wis.

**Testimony from Oklahoma.**  
Lawton, Okla.—"When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I seemed to be good for nothing. I tired easily and had headaches much of the time and was irregular. I took it again before my little child was born and it did me a wonderful amount of good at that time. I never fail to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to ailing women because it has done so much for me."—Mrs. A. L. McCASLAND, 509 Have St., Lawton, Okla.

**From a Grateful Massachusetts Woman.**  
Roxbury, Mass.—"I was suffering from inflammation and was examined by a physician who found that my trouble was caused by a displacement. My symptoms were bearing down pains, backache, and sluggish liver. I tried several kinds of medicine; then I was asked to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has cured me and I am pleased to be in my usual good health by using it and highly recommend it."—Mrs. B. M. Osgood, 1 Haynes Park, Roxbury, Mass.



If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

"Ah, yes!" said Blair with a sigh. "Poor Violet. And yet, after all—she stopped, but the pause was significant. "I think I must go to the library, Austin," he said after a moment or two. "I have a few letters to write and papers to arrange. I may fall, you know."  
"Oh, nonsense!" said Austin Ambrose. "Fall! You may be wounded in the arm, that's just possible—"  
Blair laughed grimly.  
"If the prince wounds me anywhere it will be through the heart," he said quietly. "He means business, and I shall not balk him. At any rate I'll have a fight for my life," and with a laugh on his lips he went out of the room.  
Austin Ambrose walked to the window and looked out at the night, letting the cold air blow upon his forehead. A fever seemed burning in all his veins. All this had fallen so suddenly that there seemed scarcely time to think; and he had to act, and at once.  
He poured out some brandy and drank it slowly; then, after a glance at his face in the mirror, he forced it into its accustomed smooth serenity, and going along the corridor, knocked softly at the countess' boudoir.  
She was seated in a low chair beside the fire, her head thrown back, her hands lying listlessly by her side; but she turned with an eager light in her eyes, that died out when she saw who it was.  
"Oh, it is you; I thought it was Blair," she said. "Where is he?—not back yet?"  
Austin Ambrose bit his lip, and a savage light shot into his eyes.  
"Always Blair!" he said softly.  
"No; he is not in yet."  
"And why do you come here at this unearthly hour?" she demanded, pettishly.  
"Violet, I have come to answer a question you have often asked me, and I have often parried. I have come to demand of you the reward you have promised me for the services I have rendered you."  
She looked up at him in silent astonishment.  
"Question—reward! What are you talking about. Why do you look so strange?"  
"Do I look strange? Forgive me. It is the only time I have allowed my countenance to incommode you. Have

flashing into hers, his pale cheeks suddenly glowing with fire.

CHAPTER XXIX.  
"It is yourself I want," said Austin Ambrose.

Violet looked at him for a moment as if she had not understood the purport of his words, then she raised herself on her elbow, and laughed.

"What do you say? Is this a jest? If so, it is in rather bad taste, don't you think?"

He looked at her steadily.

"Have I the appearance of a man who jests?" he breathed.

Her face paled.

"If it isn't a jest, what is it?" she demanded, querulously. "Why do you come at this time of night and say absurd things like—like that?"

"Is it so absurd, do you think? Consider. Violet, have you been dreaming all these months? You should know me well enough to feel that I am not a mere straw to be idly blown hither and thither, not a man likely to waste his life doing service for no requital. Let me take you back to the past. Do you remember the days and months and years I waited on you like a slave? Do you think it was done for nothing, with no hope of reward?"

His eyes shone with fierce determination, his whole manner proclaimed eloquently the dominant idea which had actuated him through the past, which was now so near its fulfillment.

"I never deceived you. Think! remember! Is it so hard to go back? I suppose it must be so! You are now the Countess of Ferrers, Blair's wife; you have obtained all you craved for, and, like all those who rise upon the shoulders or the hearts of some faithful friend and slave, you forget the aid by which alone you rose!"

He drew a little nearer, and stood upright before her, his face made almost handsome by the intensity of its expression.

"Violet, do you remember the day I knelt at your feet and poured out the love with which my heart was burning? I was no schoolboy, nor mere fortune-hunter. I loved you with an all-absorbing passion; I should have loved you if you had been a poor girl selling flowers in the streets, and I would have knelt to you if you had been such an one as humbly as I knelt to Violet Graham, the wealthy heiress, with all the world at her beck and nod! And you!—how did you treat me? Look back! You scarcely deigned to listen, and when at last you consented to waste a few minutes in listening to my prayer—ah! and what a prayer it was; the cry of a man begging for his life!—you answered me with a few half-contemptuous words, a smile wholly scornful, and a haughty request that I would never again so far forget myself. Forget myself! Violet, as I left you that day, I swore that if I lived I would win you; that every gift nature had given me, every talent I could acquire, should be pressed into the service of my oath, and that sooner or later I would come to you—not kneeling, as the humble suppliant, but the slave craving for a boon at the hand of a tyrant, but as one having the power to command and exact that which he wanted."

"You—you must be mad, Austin!" she murmured, struggling with the terror his words produced on her.  
"Wait!" he said, with the same deadly intonement. "Wait, as I waited! I knew that you had set your heart upon marrying Blair. Blair was in my hands. He trusted me implicitly; through him I thought that I might, perchance, gain a hold upon you. For days, through sleepless nights, I set myself to find some way of trapping you, some net which should catch and hold you fast. I knew that I could bring Blair to your feet sooner or later, but that was not enough, for, by doing so, I should lose you altogether. Violet, they talk of fate. If there be such a thing, then Fate took pity on me and worked on my side. It was Fate more than I myself, which weaved the plot whereby I stand to-night before you as a victor, not kneeling, as I once knelt, your slave!"

He paused and smiled down at her, with the air of a man confident of his victim.  
(To be Continued.)

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We are offering special value in Tea this week. Our famous blend of Tea at 45c. per lb. is unequalled for strength and flavor. During the week with every purchase of 1 lb. of this Tea for cash we will give free of charge one 2 oz. package extra.

ONE WEEK ONLY. FREE 2 OZ. PKG. PER **45c.** LB. ONE WEEK ONLY. FREE 2 OZ. PKG.

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Will be here sometime Ladies, but in the meantime, take time by the fore-lock and buy your

**White Skirt Embroideries.**

Width 27 inches, for 55c. per yard.  
Width 44 inches, for \$1.00 and \$1.20 per yard.

And also your Suit Lengths of  
Navy Dress Serge, \$1.40 yard, width 50 inches.  
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DAINTY SILK HATS, for GIRLS,

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Ready-to-Wear Straws, for Girls,

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**Grief and Worry Childbirth La Grippe Excesses and Overstrain cause Nervous Exhaustion Take the new remedy Asaya-Neurall**  
(TRADE MARK)  
which contains the form of phosphorus required for nerve repair.  
This simple yet potent treatment for all the above ailments is your best friend. It is a very remarkable remedy, one could not believe it was prescribed by them, because it is so simple and yet it does the very best. I feel that it should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family.

**War News**

Messages Received Previous to 9

CANADIAN TROOPS ARRIVE IN ENGLAND.  
OTTAWA, Ont., May 9.—It is officially announced that Canadian troops which sailed from here in April have arrived in England.

**ST. PIERRE BULLETIN.**  
PARIS.  
Between the Oise and the Somme, the German raid against our advance posts of Aubreches, in Argonne district, we captured two, killing all the defenders and several craters. On the left of the Meuse the enemy hurried all night our trenches. A German attack about 3 a.m. completely failed. The right bank our night attacks enabled us to dislodge men from some of our elements which they occupied west of Thiaumont farm. Bombardment of our lines, Douaumont and Vaue Eix and other sectors. In the Woëvre fighting, also in Argonne, the remainder of the front the relatively quiet.

**VIOLENT BOMBARDMENT.**  
PARIS.  
After a violent bombardment French positions on Hill 204 advanced at 3 o'clock this morning that attack was repulsed. French counter-attacks of the Meuse drove the German certain positions they had. The positions recaptured. French consisted of some trenches northwest of Triauc intense bombardment was by the Germans in sectors of Chailion, and between the and Vaux there were repulsed. At Apremont and in the Fecht, south of Autrech. Soissons, the Germans attacked but were repulsed. At the Argonne, the French two small German positions their occupants. Elsewhere front there were no important operations.

**IN MACEDONIA.**  
PARIS.  
Reports have been received heavy artillery action on the donian front is in progress. Havas despatch from Salon.  
**INQUIRING INTO TOWN CIRCUMSTANCES.**  
LONDON.  
The Foreign Office announced Sir Edward Grey has requested United States Ambassador to enquire to the Embassy at Rome to obtain information in the present situation circumstances of General Townshend's rendered army, also the which medical stores and requirements may be despatched British Red Cross Society.

**WOUNDED REACH HEBERN.**  
LONDON.  
Official to-day. General British Commander in Mesopotamia reports that the fourth party of wounded from Kut-el-Amara, consisting of 250 persons, reached the quarters of the Tigris Corps 6th, and a fifth party consisted on May 7. The total number and wounded evacuated from these five parties is 1,073. A hospital ship started for Kut on May 8th to bring back the last party. On May 7th of machines engaged with a monoplane. Our machine went to descend owing to perforation tank, but succeeded in reaching lines. Both pilot and observer unhurt.

**PRUSSIA CALLING UP RESERVES.**  
LONDON.  
The Daily Telegraph states Prussian boys of 17 years have been called for military service.  
**ASQUITH QUESTIONED.**  
LONDON.  
Executions and arrests here were again discussed in the House this afternoon in the form of a question to Premier Asquith. O'Brien, Nationalist, asked the Premier was aware that men from Cork and Tipperary had been arrested without any charge stated, and were confined in jail, where they were treated with utmost harshness. He asked:

**Torture Of Scatica "Nerviline"**

Stops the Pain Quick—A Magic—Is Harmless and Powerful—Scatica is the most severe can suffer. The great scatica deeply placed, and you can only by a pain remedy, as powerful as NERVILINE. The glory of Nerviline strength—in its marvelous penetrating deeply. In severe such as scatica and neuralgia, NERVILINE demonstrates its superiority over every other remedy. Extraordinary pains, such as neuralgia or scatica, can be overpowered by a remedy as extraordinary as NERVILINE. In many lands it has proved itself to be the best for it.