



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

CHAPTER XII.  
"After all, you are not such a fool as you looked, my friend," he said. Pyke stood eying him stealthily and curiously, then he slapped his knee cautiously.

"I've got it!" he said, with a leer. "He's after your girl, guv'nor!" Austin Ambrose smiled again. "You are really an intelligent person, Mr. Pyke," he said, suavely. "And now that we understand each other—and we do, I think?"

Pyke swore horribly for assent. "Exactly. Then I think we had better part. Take my advice, and don't—watch for rabbits any more! Go home and rest until your friend sends you word that the time has come to pay back old scores. When he does so, well—he be ready, and strike home!"

"I will!" Pyke declared, setting his teeth. Austin Ambrose flung his cigarette away.

"Poaching is a hard trade," he murmured, looking up at the sky, which shone blue as a turquoise through the trees. "One should pity the poor fellow who is driven to it, rather than condemn him. There, my poor man, take this small coin and find some honest work. You are strong and able, get some employment. Believe me, honesty is the best policy!" And he held out a sovereign.

Pyke took it, examined it, and put it in his pocket. But he stood still, waiting like a well-trained hound, for further orders. Suddenly Austin Ambrose raised his hand and pointed to the road. "Go!" he said sternly.

Pyke started, just as a dog would start, fingered his fur cap, and muttering: "Yes, guv'nor, yes," disappeared.

Austin Ambrose remained seated for some minutes, his brows knitted, his eyes fixed on the ground, then he murmured: "Yes, I shall win this! Everything goes with me! Everything! It is a bold game, but I shall win it! A man gets all the trump cards dealt him, or breaks the bank at faro, once in a lifetime; it is his one chance! This is mine! Even this country clown makes one! Yes, I shall win, and then, Violet! and then—"

He walked quickly through the wood. The dog cart he and Blair had engaged was waiting, and he dismissed the boy who was holding the horse. They had driven from Harefield, the nearest large town, to which they had come by rail, and were going to drive back and take the return train there.

## Rheumatism A Sneaking Disease Has At Last Met Its Conqueror

Throbbing Muscles and Swollen Joints Made Well.

### RUB ON NERVILINE.

Old age knows no foe more subtle, more unrelenting than rheumatism.

At first only a grumbling pain is felt. But, alas, it settles in the joints and muscles, and finally tortures its victims.

To-day the disease may be in the muscles of the back, thigh, shoulder or neck—tomorrow in the joints of the hand, toes, arms or legs it may work with redoubled fury.

Whether the pain is constant or occasional makes no difference to "Nerviline."

Because other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged. Nerviline has cured the worst of cases. It has brought health to those in the deepest despair, has ended years of awful suffering for those who never hoped to be well again.

As he had said, they had taken every precaution to keep their visit a secret.

After he had been waiting five or ten minutes, Blair came striding toward him. He was rather pale and very quiet, and signed to Austin to drive.

"I should drive you into a ditch," he said; "my hands are all shaky! Austin, she is an angel!" and his voice was shaky, whatever his hands may have been.

"Meaning Miss Margaret? She is better than an angel! She is a lovely and a charming lady," said Austin Ambrose.

"Isn't she?" exclaimed Lord Blair. "Austin, I did not exaggerate?"

"No; you did not even do her justice! I never saw a more beautiful and bewitching young creature! I don't wonder at your infatuation."

"Infatuation! I don't like the word. Infatuation is not love, and I love her more than ever a man loved yet, I think."

"And you are right," said Austin Ambrose, emphatically. "Blair, my boy, you are in luck. I'm not given to raving about women, but, upon my word, I could do a little raving about Miss Margaret!"

"Rave away, then!" said Blair, bluntly. "You won't harm me. Ah, Austin! if you knew how I hate all this secrecy and deception! I tell you I hate it! Why should not I declare my love for her to all the world? I tried to persuade her to let me go to the earl after you had left us, but she wouldn't let me."

"You are a fool!" burst from Austin Ambrose's lips; then, as Blair looked at him with astonishment, he added quickly: "I beg your pardon, Blair; but it does make me mad to see you so bent upon destroying that sweet girl's future in the way that you propose to do. Why, man, what harm does it do her or you keeping it quiet for a while? The earl is an old man, any year—a month, a day—he may die, and then—why, then you may tell all the world, when you have got his money safe at your banker's for you and your wife and children! Miss Margaret is more sensible than you."

"Yes, after she had heard you," said Blair, slowly. "Well, I suppose it's the best thing to do, but I hate it, all the same. Though, after all, I don't care; it's enough for me to know she loves me."

There was silence for a moment then Austin Ambrose said smoothly: "If I were you, Blair I should secure that beautiful creature as soon as possible."

"What do you mean?" demanded Blair, awaking from a reverie. "I should marry her."

The hot blood mounted to Lord Blair's face, then left it pale. "If she would," he murmured, in a low voice.

"Oh, yes, she would," said Austin Ambrose, in a quiet tone of confidence. "I think I could help you to that, Blair. Honestly, I think her such a treasure that, if I were in your place, I should never rest easy for a day until she were mine! A prince might long to make her his consort! To tell you the truth, I am as bewitched as you are. I had expected to see—well, I won't tell you what, but I will tell you what I did see, a lovely girl, who was not only lovely, but a refined and gifted lady. Marry her, Blair, and at once!"

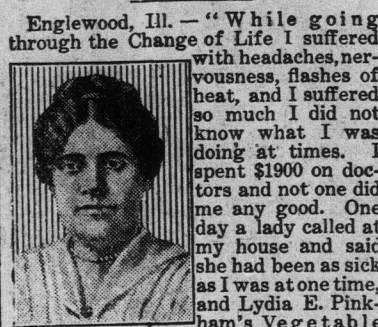
"I'd marry her to-morrow if she'd let me," said Blair hotly; then he repeated:

"Yes, I shall win this! Everything goes with me! Everything! It is a bold game, but I shall win it! A man gets all the trump cards dealt him, or breaks the bank at faro, once in a lifetime; it is his one chance! This is mine! Even this country clown makes one! Yes, I shall win, and then, Violet! and then—"

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## A REMARKABLE STATEMENT

Mrs. Sheldon Spent \$1900 for Treatment Without Benefit. Finally Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Englewood, Ill.—"While going through the Change of Life I suffered with headaches, nervousness, flashes of heat, and I suffered so much I did not know what I was doing at times. I spent \$1900 on doctors and not one did me any good. One day a lady called at my house and said she had been as sick as I was at one time, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made her well, so I took it and now I am just as well as I ever was. I cannot understand why women don't see how much pain and suffering they would escape by taking your medicine. I cannot praise it enough for it saved my life and kept me from the insane hospital."—Mrs. E. SHELDON, 5657 S. Halsted St., Englewood, Ill.

Physicians undoubtedly did their best, but with this case steadily and could do no more, but often the most scientific treatment is surpassed by the medicinal properties of the good old-fashioned roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If any complication exists it pays to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special free advice.

lapsed into silence, and Austin Ambrose was content to let the seed he had dropped take root.

"Will you come to the club and dine with me?" he said, when they walked home. Lord Blair shook his head.

"No, thanks, old fellow," he said. "I want to be alone. Don't think me a bear."

"No, no, I understand," said Austin Ambrose, as he shook hands; "go and dream of Margaret, and remember what I say, my dear fellow. A prize like that is never too quickly secured."

Blair wandered to his rooms, to pace up and down his sitting-room, and think over every word Margaret had said. Austin Ambrose went to his chambers, and having dressed carefully and leisurely, dined luxuriously at his club, and at half-past ten called a cab and had himself driven to Lady Marabout's, who had an "evening" that night. Lady Marabout's rooms were filled to overflowing when he entered, and he had to make his way through a crush that extended as far as the hall and stairs; but in his cool and leisurely fashion he reached the principal saloon at last, and having shaken hands with the hostess, who greeted him with a brave though tired smile, he bent his steps toward a small crowd that surrounded some favored person at the end of the room.

The favored person was Violet Graham, the heiress. The dragon, Colonel Floyd, the Marquis of Aldmore, and other well-known men were round her—one holding her fan, another proffering her an ice, and a third looking over her ball carte in the hope of finding a vacant space; and she leaned back on the settee smiling absently, and listening, "with half an ear," to their compliments and flattery.

Austin Ambrose made his way to her slowly, his opera hat under his arm, his clean-cut face serene and perfectly self-possessed.

"Is the dancing all over, or just begun?" he said, as he inclined his head before her. "I am too late for anything, I suppose?"

Nothing could have been cooler or more matter-of-fact than his words, or the tone in which they were uttered; but she looked up with a sudden flush.

"I don't dance the next; it is a square dance," she said. "Take me to some cool place—if there is a cool place, Mr. Ambrose!"

He held out his arm, and to the mortification of her circle of courtiers, he led her away.

"Confound that fellow Ambrose!" muttered Colonel Floyd. "Why couldn't she ask me to take her into the conservatory?"

"Or me?" muttered two or three others, as they sauntered away impatiently.

Austin Ambrose led her into the conservatory and placed her in a seat, then he broke off a palm-leaf and

fanned her patiently, as if it were his sole mission on earth.

"Well?" she said, and it was the first word she had addressed to him since her greetings.

He smiled, a confident smile. "Meaning our friend, Blair?"

"Yes, yes," she said, impatiently. "Where is he? What is he doing? He was invited to-night. I came expecting him to be here."

He smiled again. "Don't be impatient. At present our friend Blair shuns the revel and the dance—"

She flashed her eyes upon him angrily. "You have seen him?"

"Yes," he said. "I have seen him. He is still infatuated over his dairymaid. But don't be alarmed. I have nipped that little affair in the bud, I think."

"You have?" she exclaimed, with a quick glance.

"Quite," he said, easily. "Before a week is passed you will find him at your feet again."

"Can I trust you?" she murmured. He shrugged his shoulders.

"As much as one can trust another seeing that, according to the latest novelist, we are all Judases. But you can trust me. This affair of Blair's will end in smoke, believe me."

Violet Graham drew a long breath. "Remember!" she panted. "Put a stop to this—this madness of his, and I will give you anything you can ask!"

"I shall not forget," he said. "Let me take you back now."

(To be Continued.)

## Eat Big Meals! No Sour, Acid Stomach, Indigestion or Gas

"Pape's Diapepsin" is quickest, surest stomach relief known—Try it!

Time it! Pape's Diapepsin will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour, gassy or out-of-order stomach surely within five minutes.

If your meals don't fit comfortably, or what you eat lies like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of indigestion.

Get from your pharmacist a fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a dose just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching or undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, sick, debilitating headaches, dizziness or intestinal griping. This will all go, and besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is a certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store.

These large fifty-cent cases contain enough "Pape's Diapepsin" to keep the entire family free from stomach disorders and indigestion for many months. It belongs in your home.

## Why a Root Grows Down.

Why does a root grow down? Did you ever wonder? I have, and here's why. In the tip of a root are tiny, weeny, little specs, so small that you or I couldn't possibly see them. Well, you know, the earth, like a great magnet, pulls everything down toward itself. That's why we don't fall off and why things don't fall up instead of down. Gee, wouldn't it be funny if they did. These tiny little specs, I told you about, feel the earth pulling and make the root grow down to answer the tug.

When it comes to a stone, of course, the root isn't expected to grow through it and couldn't do it even if it were expected to, so it bends to the side and for a while don't grow down. But as soon as it passes the stone, as quick as a wink, a message flies from the tip to a region a little further up. Then, before you know it, the root is growing down again and everything is as it should be.

Just think, when you look at a tree, you only see half of it. There is that much again growing into the earth. These mighty roots anchor it firmly so that it can sway to the wind.

"Hello, there! Blow and shriek and roar as much as you want. Your bark's worse than your bite as far as I'm concerned."

My, there surely are lots of wonderful things in this world of ours. Let's keep our eyes open and see them all as they can.

## EVERYDAY ETIQUETTE.

"I want to ask Mrs. Blank to my party, but as I have never called upon her, I don't know whether it would be proper," said Mrs. Young married.

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

### A SIMPLE PRACTICAL MODEL.



1638—Ladies' House Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

White linen, embroidered in blue, would make this a smart morning dress. Checked gingham, striped seersucker, figured lawn, drill cotton rep or poplin, is also nice. The style is simple and pleasing. The right waist front is crossed over the left. A shaped collar facing outlines the neck. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or short length. The skirt is cut on new lines, with lapels stitched in tuck effect.

This desirable model is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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

### 1630—A JAUNTY STYLE.



Fashions may come and fashions may go, but none seems so practical or pleasing for the little boy as the Russian Blouse suit, be the variations as they may. In this model, the lines are simple, with a bit of shaping at the closing. The trousers in "big brother" style are cut with straight lower edges. The sleeve is finished with a plain, straight cuff, to which is added a jaunty cuff in turn-back style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 5-year size.

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

No.....  
Size.....  
Address in full:—  
Name.....

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.

Wide drooping hats simply trimmed with a narrow band of velvet caught around the crown with a single rose and another single rose and small bow combined, set on the very edge of the brim, this describes the picture hat of the day.

## CHAIRS for Comfort

Chairs—being the most used articles of furniture—need to be of many designs and qualities to suit all needs. Here in our large Show-rooms we have every kind conceivable, and all are the best of their particular make.

We call your attention to our fine English Easy Chairs. They are of many designs, all are heavily padded, with delightfully easy springs and handsomely upholstered in Plush, Rug, Tapestry and Leather.

This large stock of Chairs needs no recommending, their many merits can be instantly seen and form a "sure-winning" combination—sterling quality and reasonable prices.

### U. S. Picture and Portrait Co.

## New Spring HATS

AND  
New English and French  
**Flowers**  
AT  
**HENRY BLAIR'S.**

The Spring Hats are amongst the first of the new arrivals. The new modes are infinitely varied in shape and style, so that no one need anticipate the slightest difficulty in selecting a Hat that is eminently suited to the personality of the wearer.

Also would like to say that very modestly priced Millinery will most certainly be a leading feature of the Spring Season at

## HENRY BLAIR'S

## LIGHT, HEAT, COMFORT!

The proprietor of one of the best known multiple shopping systems is credited with saying, "Give me any shop in any old street, and I'll guarantee to make it in twelve months the most widely known and best frequented shop in the district." He was asked to explain. Holding up three fingers he said, "I believe in the trinity of LIGHT, WARMTH, COMFORT. I should dazzle the moths until the candle drew them, I should bring them into a warm, comfortable shop, filled with a soft, pleasing radiance, and the rest is—well, mere child's play."

Mixed metaphors, perhaps, but expressive. Now we can more than imagine the kind of shop this well-known individual would open, for we pass it in almost every town—always a landmark to the street. No one fails to notice it. There is an indefinable air of welcome and invitation as one stands for a moment on the pathway and lets one's gaze travel inside it. The subdued, restful lighting effect that so charms because of its very unobtrusiveness, the absence of dark corners, the intangible feeling that if one would stop inside one would be sure of experiencing a delicious sense of warmth and comfort and cheerfulness—all these are part of its appeal. Truly a shop with an individuality.

We cordially invite all progressive business men to visit our showroom and see our latest Lighting and Heating Appliances, by the adoption of which the ideal outline in the above extract from a London paper may be easily secured. Our new RADIO X Lamp and GASTEAM Radiators fill all light and heat requirements.

### ST. JOHN'S GAS LIGHT COMPANY.

dec3.t

## Telegram Ads. Pay

## Florizel Arrives

WITH HEAVY TRIP OF SEALS.

The s.s. Florizel, Capt. A. Kean, returned from the northern seal fishery yesterday morning, reporting for 45,000 seals, made up as follows:

Young Harps	41,000
Young Hoods	2,000
Old Hoods and Harps	2,000
Total	45,000

60 years ago the Florizel brought 49,069, turning out 1004 tons of fat, this present cargo Capt. Kean believes is the heaviest even though behind the record number. The Florizel left St. John's on the morning of March 15th. Two days later she was named while trying to work north. The rest of her story is practically the same as told by previous arrivals.

March 16th and 17th the Florizel brought 10,600 whitecoats which were somewhat scattered and after getting these aboard got into the main patch March 18th and got a good share of it. A cut was then made for hoods. The Florizel spoke the Esk on her way home Saturday last in 20,000 on board and she was then to a patch of bedlamers and expected to load up. The Samuel Blandford was also seen. She reported for 18,000 and since got 600 odd. The Florizel brought in the remains of James Coffe, of Bay Roberts, who died on board the Erik. The body was forwarded to the late home of the deceased by this morning's train. The catch for the northern ships is estimated thus:

Florizel (in port)	46,000
Septima (in port)	32,000
Eagle (in port)	31,000
Sable I. (in port)	23,000
Bloodhound (in port)	22,000
Terra Nova	27,000
Erik	28,000
Sam Blandford	18,600
Total	220,600

The Florizel began discharging this morning and should finish about Wednesday night. The approximate amount of the Florizel's cargo, according to the handsome price given for this year, will be \$110,000. It is thought, in that event, her crew will be close on \$150 and the captain's share will be about \$4,400.

## Mr. Grace Notes.

Mrs. Henry Parsons died this morning after a long illness.

Flippers are selling at 50 cents per pair. We hope Sunny Jim will enjoy a stew better than he appears to enjoy muscix.

This is indeed the finest day we have had this season—bright, clear, and spring-like. The genuine although it is the 1st of April.

\$6.00 per cwt. is the price the Bloodhound's crew are getting for their sale.

Mr. Victor Parsons has just purchased the pretty little cottage owned by the late Charles, Webb, Griffin. Parsons has a splendid property in a best desirable locality.

Mr. Ernest Sheppard, the harbor surveyor, is getting his motor boat. Maribel fitted up for her season's work. In the meantime Mr. Sheppard is saying a man to ply on the harbor in a sail boat to accommodate as such as possible the travelling public.

It is thought here that the man named Griffin, lately found in a pitiful condition in a stable in St. John's, has one sister, Mary Griffin. The latter is very sick, but is being kindly treated by the neighbors and friends.

Several packages of socks, etc., were shipped to St. John's by last evening's mail. The ladies are still working and never tiring in their efforts to provide comforts for our brave boys.

The week of prayer held by Rev. A. Holmes of the Methodist Church in Fisherman Hall was well attended, and services were very much appreciated by all who attended.

Work on the Marine Railway Dock now rushing. People are getting their schooners in readiness for the sailing season. CORRESPONDENT Harbor Grace, April 1, 16.

## Save your outside Liniment Pappers from Stafford's Liniment. See advertisement.

RESERVED VOYAGE.—The S. S. Fret Court which was bound to Anchester from Louisburg, rails indefinitely when she put in here, left for her destination on Saturday.

## He is Always Telling Others

other and Sister Cured by Dr. Chase's...  
Too Good to...  
In this letter Mrs. Hurley relates how they were cured of indigestion and kidney trouble by Dr. Chase's...  
That is the kind of enthusiasm Dr. Chase's medicines arouse and that is why they are so generally known and...  
To-day, people who are cured of their friends and neighbors, and the word is passed along...  
From the limits of Dr. Chase's office at Ann Arbor, Mich., the good news of these medicines travelled until they are known the world over and considered indispensable in many thousands of homes...  
This is the kind of letters we are receiving daily and there can be no staking the enthusiasm expressed...  
Mrs. J. J. Hurley, Upper Harwell, Ark. Co., N.B., writes: "I suffered from indigestion for two years and had a great many kinds of medicine, but got no lasting relief until I used..."