



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

CHAPTER XXIII.

"You don't take any care of yourself, Blair," she said, lightly, though her soul was filled with bitterness at the thought that it was the loss of that "other woman" which had wrought such havoc with him. "Here is your tea; I think I remember how you like it."

"It is first rate," he said. "You always used to make good tea, Vi."

The color mounted to her face at the sound of the familiar name. How long it was since she had heard him use it.

"Did I? It is about the only thing I can do properly."

Then she went on talking in a light and cheerful tone, the sort of talk that exacts almost nothing from the listener—gossip about places and people he knew, the last scandal of the five o'clock teas, pleasant chat, to which he could listen or not, just as he chose. And Blair did not listen all the time, but sat looking at the fire, with his teacup in his hand, and marveling in a dreamy fashion at the faithfulness of women.

This girl—the most hunted heiress in London, pretty, accomplished, every way desirable, whom he had neglected, almost deserted—received him as if he had been most devoted and steadfast. It was wonderful! His heart smote him, and he felt drawn toward her in a curious kind of way.

After all, it is to the women men go when trouble smites them. There is no heart so tender, no sympathy so sure as that of a woman.

What a brute he had been not to come near her all this time! He thought, and under the impulse of his self-reproach he felt inclined to tell her all.

"Vi," he said, abruptly, breaking in to the middle of some story she was telling him.

"Well?" she said, turning her face to him, with a sudden light in her eyes, a light of hope and expectancy.

"I want to tell you," he said, passing his hand across his brow, "you know I have been in trouble lately. You may have heard something of it from Austin—"

"From Austin Ambrose?" she said. "No. Why should he tell me?"

"I didn't know. I thought perhaps he would. Vi, I have had a rough time of it—a very rough time of it. I don't think any man has suffered more than I have, during these last few months."

He leant forward in his chair, and put up his hand, so that it hid his face from her.

"Tell me, Blair," she said. "Poor

Blair!" and stretching out her hand she laid it, softly as a feather, upon his.

Something in her voice, or perhaps it was the touch of her hand, reminded him of Margaret so keenly that he shuddered and his face went white.

She felt the shudder, and her acute sense saw the danger.

"Stop, Blair," she murmured. "Perhaps it is better that you should not tell me. Whatever it is—and it must have been something terrible—it will be well that you should forget it; and you won't forget it any the sooner by talking of it. No, don't tell me! But I am very sorry, Blair, very—very." Her face paled, and her lips, which were very close to his face as she bent forward, quivered. "I think I would go through a great deal to save you from pain, Blair. We are such old friends, are we not?"

"Yes—yes," he said, brokenly, and he put out his hand, and took hers and pressed it. "Yes, you were always good to me—too good, Vi. I don't deserve that you should be so kind now, after leaving you all this time."

"Never mind that," she murmured, and her voice was as soft and tender as only a woman's can be to the man she loves. "Don't let us think of that. I will be as kind as you like, Blair!" The poor fellow's wounded heart was aching; his strength, mental and physical, broken down by illness and the long, dreary tramp; something suspiciously like tears shone in his eyes, and he raised her hand to his lips in speechless gratitude for her kindness and gentleness.

"Oh, not my hand, dear!" she murmured, and slipping down at his knees she put up her lips.

Blair bent down and kissed her, as he was bound to do. He could not have done otherwise, and by that kiss he sealed his fate. And yet, even as he gave it, the sweet face of Margaret rose as plainly before him as if it were she and not Violet Graham who knelt at his feet.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Margaret went to her beautiful suite of rooms that night with a beating heart and a mind sorely troubled.

Prince Rivani had proposed to her! It had come so unexpectedly that it overwhelmed her. There are a great many princes in Italy—they are commoner there than with us, but still a prince is a prince, and this one was amongst the best and highest of his order. Margaret had not dreamed that he would have condescended to bestow more than a passing and friendly thought upon the unknown English woman who dwelt in his house as the governess and companion to his sister.

And now, quite suddenly, without preparation, he had asked her to be his wife!

It seemed incredible, but it was only too true; and what was she to do? It would have been bad enough if

she had been an ordinary English woman, and her insignificance and poverty the only drawbacks; but her position was not so good as that even. There was a blot upon her escutcheon which made it impossible for her to be the wife of any honest man, however humble he might be, least of all the wife of so great a man as Prince Rivani!

She had so completely buried all thought of love in the tomb of the past, that it had never occurred to her that a man might fall in love with her, and now, as she stood before the glass and looked dreamily and sadly at her face, she was bound to admit, and that without vanity, that she was beautiful; but how beautiful, how supremely lovely, she herself did not guess.

But now what was she to do? Improbable and unlikely as it seemed, Prince Rivani had fallen in love with her and asked her to be his wife, and as it was simply impossible that she should marry him, there was only one course open for her; she must leave the villa and Florence, and at once.

She sighed deeply as the conviction was forced upon her. She had been, after a fashion, almost happy; she had been at peace at any rate with these great people, who had lavished their kindness upon her and won her gratitude and love.

And now she must go! Must leave the kind old lady, who, with all her staidness, had ever been tender to the unknown English girl; leave Florence who loved her with all the warmth of her young unscathed heart!

She sighed again, and, opening the window, looked out at the night, or rather morning, for midnight had passed some hours since, and as she did so the faint perfume of a cigar floated up to her, and she saw the tall figure of the prince walking to and fro on the terrace beneath. He, too, was sleepless, and thinking of her! She closed the window quietly and was beginning to undress, when there came a knock at the door and the Princess Florence entered.

For the first time Margaret was not glad to see her, but Florence unsuspectingly ran in and put her arm round the white shapely neck.

"Oh, forgive me, dear!" she murmured, with the impulsive enthusiasm of her age. But I could not go to sleep until I came to you and told you how glad I am!"

"Glad?" said Margaret, flushing quickly, and tossing the long tresses of silky hair so that they hid her face.

"Yes, glad!" repeated Florence, joyously. "Why, you dear, silly girl, you are not going to be so wicked as to pretend that you don't know what has happened?"

"What has happened?" said Margaret, her face all aflame for a moment, then growing pale.

"I mean your great success to-night," said the girl, sinking at Margaret's feet and leaning her head against her knee. "I can't sleep for thinking of it. The countess says she remembers nothing like it, it is not only the picture, which was quite enough to make you famous, but yourself, dear—yourself! Isn't it almost too unfair for one person to be so lovely and bewitching and also so clever?"

Margaret forced a smile and smoothed the girl's rather rough locks.

"Are you making fun of me, princess?" she said pleasantly, and yet a little sadly.

The princess looked up at her amazedly, then uttered an exclamation.

"Then it really is true that you don't know that you have caused such a sensation?" she said. "Why, dear, it was a furore, it was a 'Venil, vidi, vici,' as our ancient emperor said. Do you know that directly you left the salon everybody fell to talking about you, though they had done that while you were there under pretense of talking about your picture. They all talked about you as if you were something that had dropped out of the skies, and we Rivani were lucky to own the particular spot of earth upon which your divinityship descended."

Margaret laughed softly. The girl's enthusiasm amused her, and yet it was honest enough.

"You may laugh, but let me tell you, you quiet little woman, that your name

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Relieves the tightness—Doesn't nauseate—
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We can give you an Emerson Typewriter (visible) for \$35.00. We can give you a Remington No. 7 at \$50.00. We can give you a No. 10 Remington with eleven inch carriage, slightly used, for \$50.00. A number 19 Remington, ordinary carriage, slightly used, for \$50.00. We can give you an L. C. Smith at \$60.00. We can give you an Oliver at \$60.00. We can give you an Underwood at \$80.00, and an Underwood at \$95.00. We can give you the IMPERIAL Typewriter for \$80.00, the standard, low-priced, high grade Typewriter of the World, the strongest and most durable writing machine ever produced; manufactured in England entirely of Sheffield Steel.

If you are in any way interested in buying a Typewriter, see what we have to offer. Get our prices, then try the town if you will, you will come back to buy.

Every Machine we sell carries with it a double guarantee—the Factory's guarantee and our guarantee. We sold one firm in town four machines.

A few weeks ago our Typewriter sales averaged a machine a day for over a week. The secret of our success in selling Typewriters is due to our saving the purchaser from FIFTY to SIXTY dollars. Let us show you how we do it.

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will be ringing all through Italy before the week is out!"

"I sincerely trust not," said Margaret.

"Oh, but it will!" retorted the princess. "Signor Alfiero is going to send your picture to be exhibited, and he will express the admiration he feels for it all through Rome; and Rome—which is the art-centre of the world—will spread it through Europe, and you will be famous! And then people

will ask what the artist is like, and the countess and all those whose hearts you won to-night will tell what a lovely and charming girl you are, and you will have the world at your feet!"

"You talk nonsense very eloquently, princess," said Margaret gently. "Is it nonsense? That is good! I will tell Ferdinand!"

"Ferdinand—the prince!" said Margaret.

precision in stomach and chest after eating, with constipation, headache, dizziness, are sure signs of indigestion. Mother Seigel's Syrup, the great herbal remedy and tonic, will cure you.

At all Druggists, or direct on receipt of price, 50c. and \$1.00. The large bottle contains three times as much as the smaller. A. J. WINTERS & CO. LONDON, 10, Abchurch Lane, E.C. 4, London, E.C. 4, England.

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Serve your guests this evening or any other evening with

Tezoz Cocktails

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Train Notes.

The Argyle not reported leaving Permeuse.

The Dundee left St. John's at 5 a.m. to-day, for Port Landford.

The Glencoe left Pashin through at 6.45 a.m. to-day, going west.

The Home left Placentia this morning for Merasheen route.

The Kyle arrived at Port aux Basques at 11.50 p.m. yesterday and left at 11.15 a.m. to-day.

The Sagana left Port aux Basques at 5.15 p.m. yesterday.

The Petrel left at 1 p.m. for Green Bay.

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Gentlemen—I had my leg badly hurt, the pain was very severe and a large swelling came above the knee. I expected it would be serious—I rubbed it with MINARD'S LINIMENT which stopped the pain and reduced the swelling very quickly. I cannot speak too highly of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

AMOS T. SMITH.

Port Hood Island.

Here and There.

Military Watches! Just opened, a quantity of Waltham and other good makes of military watches. At Trappell's.—ap25,11

REMOVED TO HOSPITAL.—A young woman a resident of Barne's Road was removed to hospital yesterday suffering from diphtheria.

KYLE'S PASSENGERS.—The Kyle reached Port aux Basques at midnight last night with the following first class passengers: J. A. Keating, J. W. Keating, P. Farrell, Ralph Warwick, Jas. McCoubrey, J. A. Baxter, Frank English, Jas. P. R. Ringwood, S. Baker, A. G. French, Miss E. White, Mrs. Geo. E. Storey, R. G. Murphy, Chas. W. Matthew.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.
THERAPION No. 1
CURES DISCHARGES, STIFFNESS, WITHOUT INJECTIONS.
THERAPION No. 2
CURES CHRONIC WEAKNESSES, DRAGS, LOST VIGOR, ACIDITY, STAMPEL, AND ALL THE OTHERS OF THE URINARY TRACT.
THERAPION No. 3
CURES CHRONIC NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, AND ALL THE OTHERS OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.
A CURE FOR YOU!
TRY IT FIRST! IT IS THE ONLY REMEDY THAT CURES WITHOUT INJECTIONS.
SEE THAT TRADE MARKED WORD "THERAPION" IS ON THE BOTTLE. IT IS THE ONLY REMEDY THAT CURES WITHOUT INJECTIONS.
"IMMEDIATELY ON RECEIVING THE THERAPION."

POLICE COURT (Before Mr. Hutchings, J.P.).—A 71-year-old drunk and disorderly was ordered to give bonds to keep the peace. A 54-year-old boiler-maker, for drunk and disorderly conduct, was sent down for 30 days. An East End laborer for using lewd and abusive language towards a contractor, was ordered to give bonds in \$50 or go down for 30 days. Two drunks were discharged, and another fined \$2 or 7 days.

will ask what the artist is like, and the countess and all those whose hearts you won to-night will tell what a lovely and charming girl you are, and you will have the world at your feet!"

"You talk nonsense very eloquently, princess," said Margaret gently. "Is it nonsense? That is good! I will tell Ferdinand!"

"Ferdinand—the prince!" said Margaret.

Our Prices Are Low

Though Costs are advancing.

It will pay you to see our new openings in the under-mentioned goods and fill your requirements now.

Ladies' Covert and Shower Coats in ¾ & Long Lengths

Ladies' Costume Skirts in Tweeds, Serges and Cloths.

Ladies' White Pique Costume Skirts.

Ladies' White and Coloured Blouse Robes.

Ladies' White Embroidered Underskirts and Princess Underskirts.

Ladies' White Embroidered Camisoles and Knickers.

Ladies' White Embroidered and Lace Trimmed Night-dresses.

These goods are all the very latest as regards styles, and as regards prices—the lowest possible, as they were booked last fall before the last heavy price advances. With heavy increased charges now being made by Dyers and Bleachers these goods would to-day cost at least another twenty per cent. higher. However, while they last our customers will reap the benefits of our advanced buying, and this is our business policy in these difficult times as far ever as it is possible.

HENRY BLAIR

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GARDEN CULTIVATORS.
DIGGING FORKS.
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Hardware Department.

The Emerson Piano

Is not a Piano of yesterday. There are Emerson Pianos in use to-day that they sold 30 years ago. They are veritable curiosities as they still retain their wonderful tone quality, and go to prove that they are easily the best Piano for the money imported into Newfoundland.

CHARLES HUTTON,
SOLE AGENT.

"GOOD CLOTHES."

We all like to wear what we call "Good Clothes." Now good clothes are costly—not dear—but they become dear if they have to be discarded practically unworn. The French Dry Cleaning Process meets the difficulty. We can afford to buy the best and most beautiful fabrics without being extravagant, because of their quality we can rely on being able to have them restored by this process to their original beauty quite often enough to enable them to be eventually discarded without a lament.

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Advertise in the "Telegraph."

LONDON

LONDON, March 27 (The Times).

ARMY MEDICAL SERVICE REFORMS.
TAN STAYS.

The denial of the rumor of the retirement of Sir Alfred Keogh, the Director-General of the Army Medical Service, will be received with universal satisfaction. He has served his country well during the war, and his work has won for him the highest eulogium. Colonel Leckie, who is in a position to know from the first hand of the achievements of the service organized by its director, paid a flattering tribute to Sir Alfred in the House of Commons recently. "There is any official in the War Office," he said, "who is universally recognized as a success, in view of his great talents, his alert and far-seeing mind, it is Sir Alfred Keogh, and he has done in this war entirely to the highest praise. Sir Alfred is nothing whatever to do with the medical arrangement in Mesopotamia and the responsibility for any breakdown which may have occurred there does not rest with him. But he ever remained throughout these anxious months a heavy burden, and it is probably his own request that Sir William Duff has been appointed Assistant Director."

ANOTHER HOTEL FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

The Government continue to look over hotels for administrative purposes. Carter's Hotel, one of the many private hotels in Mayfair, London, which never shook their aristocratic clientele by advertising, received on March 18th that it was about to be requisitioned. On March 21st, Government officials were settling down to work in some of the rooms. The alterations were going on in the offices. People staying in the hotel had to make sudden arrangements. Government contractors appeared on March 20th to dismantle the room and remove the furniture and ware. There are fifty rooms in the hotel. As part of the arrangement with the Government is that the place is to be redecorated and restored to the original condition in a condition for business. The present condition of the hotel in the Metropole, in which the Ministry of War have been at work for the last fortnight, shows how quick an hotel can be adapted for these purposes. Lloyd George's office is in the music room (which is used for conferences), but in one of the two suites of rooms on the first floor. The big reading and writing room is divided off into many compartments where typewriters are busy, and the dining room is partitioned into many where hard-worked staffs look at high pressure and have no thought to spare for its former associations. Only in a few cases have the wall papers had to be touched, and the room papers form the background of many busy department chiefs.

GRAMOPHONES IN THE TRENCHES.

The prohibition of the importation of gramophones and their component parts will be a blow to our fighting forces, who have become the latest customers for these things. An air chase of new records is one of the commissions entrusted by their officers to sailors, and an equal responsibility attaches to the man who takes back new records for the company. The French gramophone, which is a very early British invention and has not been once destroyed by accident. Most of the gramophones sold here, including the most famous of all, are made in England, but the best come from Switzerland, and are hardly made in England under present conditions. A rough estimate of all records are of British make, and are threatened by the suggested prohibition of shellac. We have a good stock of machines in England, and it is to be supposed that the fighting men will have first class claim to them, especially the men in hospitals or on hospital ships—the Anglians and down with her gramophone singing vigorously—but it will not be before the shortage is for good, by then, and the men in Mesopotamia who asked for gramophone records will do well to bring their best-worked gramophones home with them.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY IN WAR TIME.

A very remarkable side of domestic economy in London, which is naturally enough escaped public attention, is becoming quite common in the better parts of Chelsea and Kensington, and, for all I know, on the other side of the Park. It is not uncommon now when you call on a friend there to find the whole family living on two floors, and the rest of the house has been shut up, and the whole place is being run on the aid of one servant. In many cases relatives have joined households, eating or letting the house of one of the party. The servant's scarcity is not