

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

CHAPTER XVII.

Blair rode on toward Ilfracombe, his cigar between his lips, his handsome face wearing its best and brightest look. He was, as he would have expressed it, as happy as a sandboy; and the only thing that could have increased his happiness would have been to have had Margaret with him.

It would be an exaggeration to say that he thought of nothing else but her as he rode along; but it is true that she was present in his thoughts nearly all the time, and that as he looked seaward, where the green water lay like an opal in the sun, or inland, where the yellow cornfields glittered like gold across the blue sky, he thought how much she would have admired it, and how her artist soul would revel in its beauty.

After riding some time he saw a couple of men, lying by the roadside. They were fishermen from Appleford, who had, perhaps, been to Ilfracombe, and were resting.

"I'm right for Ilfracombe, I suppose," said Blair.

The men touched their hats.

"Yes, sir, you're right," said one, "but you've come a long way round. You should have cut across the cliff by the narrow lane through Lee."

"Eh?" said Blair, standing in his stirrups and looking about him.

The man got up, and shading his eyes, pointed to the place indicated.

"That's the way; it's but a bit of a lane, but it saves a mile or more."

"Thanks!" said Blair. "I'll remember it, and come back that way."

As he spoke, a man, who had been climbing the hill behind Blair and the two fishermen, came suddenly, as it were, upon them. He stopped short, and in an adept fashion snuck easily to the ground, where he lay and listened, within almost touch of them, and unseen.

"Yes, I understand," said Blair; "nice day, isn't it. You fellows have a cigar?"

A fisherman may be a teetotaler, but he always smokes.

Blair took out his cigar case; there were just two cigars left, and he gave them to the men.

"Beant' we robbing you, sir?" said one of the men, rather shyly, offering the case back; but Blair pushed it toward them.

"Plenty more in 'Combe," he said, with a smile, "and this will last me some time."

Then he rode on, having made, by a few pleasant words and two cigars, two friends who would have risked their lives on his behalf.

He reached 'Combe at last, the colt having settled down to a steady pace, and putting him up at the hotel stables, he went into the town to buy Margaret's things, even before he had his lunch.

There was a very good artist's colorman, and he displayed a selection of portable easels, and canvases, and colors, which bewildered Blair.

"Look here," he said, at last, "you know the sort of things a lady wants, don't you know. Just put up as much

**A Woman's**  
— Problem

**How to Feel Well During Middle Life Told by Three Women Who Learned from Experience.**

The Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs. Read these letters:—

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No other medicine has been so successful in relieving woman's suffering as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Women may receive free and helpful advice by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Such letters are received and answered by women only and held in strict confidence.

as I can carry on horseback, and send the rest to this address."

This being the kind of order a shopkeeper's soul delighteth in, the man beamed, and soon had a very bulky looking heap collected in the middle of the shop.

"All right," said Blair; "sure you have got everything?"

The man, after vainly endeavoring to think of some other useless articles, said rather grudgingly, "Yes."

"Very well, then. What's the damage? I'll put the paint boxes in my pockets, and I can tie a small parcel of the other things to the saddle, and the rest you can send on; but mind, I want them sent at once! You people down here are rather slow sometimes. I can't have this lady kept waiting."

He gave the address, paid the bill, which did not in the least astonish him, though our friend had charged about fifty per cent. above his usual prices—and afterward almost wept because he hadn't stuck on double—and then went to the hotel and had his lunch.

He made a very hearty meal, for Blair, in love or trouble, being as strong as a lion and always on the move, was a capital trencherman, and then went over to look at the town.

He was in the humor to be pleased with anything, and the place, with its picturesque coast scenery and general air of brisk cheerfulness, just suited him.

"I'll bring Madge here, by George!" he said to himself. "She'll be delighted with it."

To give her some idea of the place he bought a dozen or two photographs and stuffed them in his pockets; then he saw a trinket cleverly made of the tiniest shells set in silver, and he bought it.

Some little time he spent sitting on a seat on the walk round the Capetan Hill, and would have stayed longer, but suddenly there came round the corner a figure he knew.

It was that of Colonel Floyd Blair, forgetting that he was supposed to be on the Continent, was just jumping up to greet him with a hearty "Hallo, old man!" when he remembered himself, and catching up a newspaper got behind it. The colonel lounged past in his languid, all admiral's fashion, and passed out of sight.

Blair let the paper fall, and for the

mind, it's a long lane that has no turning! Jove, here it comes!" he broke off, as a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder burst forth.

"Steady, old man, you are master, you know; I'm a stranger."

The rain dropped suddenly, in a sheet, as it seemed, and Blair stopped to turn up his coat collar, and see that Madge's tools were protected by the lappets of his pockets. He had very little objection to getting wet himself, but he meant to carry home the day's spoil to her uninjured, if he could manage it.

At the moment he was fumbling with the reins, held loosely in his hand, a shout, a yell was heard behind him.

It was a man's voice, presumably; but it was so unearthly, so discordant, that even Blair started. As for the colt, he gave one side-way jump, then started off helter-skelter, mad with fright.

"Steady, old man!" said Blair, tightening the rein. "It was a rum noise, but don't lose your head. Steady!" and he laughed.

But the laugh died on his lips, for while the horse was still on the bolt, he saw one of the field gates lying right across the narrow road.

Now, at any time, this is a slight which is calculated to make a horse-man look and feel serious; because, however slowly the horse may be going, if he is not pulled up in time before he reaches the prostrate gate, his legs will get entangled in the bars, and he must inevitably fall. But when a horse is bolting, the situation becomes dangerous and deadly.

To pull him up in time Blair saw would be impossible even for him. He looked swiftly at the banks on either side, with the idea of turning him up them, but they were too high. There was only one thing to do, and that was to drop off as easily as possible as the horse fell.

A moment more and the catastrophe came. The runaway horse's fore-feet struck between the top bars, his hind leg caught the lower one, and with a crash and a startled shake of the head, the colt came down all of a heap.

Blair had been ready a moment before, and as the horse fell he managed to get out of the stirrups and roll out of the saddle.

It was nicely and cleanly done, as only a steeplechaser could have done it, and he was on his legs and bending over the horse almost the next instant.

Plunging and kicking, the colt tried to extricate himself from the awful trap, and Blair had coaxed him on his legs, and was leading him out when he heard a strange noise behind him, and saw a tall form standing on the bank above his head.

At that instant, for the first time, the thought of foul play occurred to him. Grasping the bridle with one hand and his whip with the other he turned and looked up.

The sky was black as night, but a dash of lightning clove the heavens just then, and by its lurid light he saw the face of Jem Pyke. He thought that he was dreaming. It seemed too incredible. When last he had seen the man it had been at Leyton, where Pyke lived. How could he possibly be here?

He gazed up at him for a second or two, which seemed an age; then he opened his lips to speak, but the thunder roared and blotted out his voice.

With a wild laugh the man glowered down upon him, motionless as Blair himself, then, with a spring, threw himself upon him.

Blair squared his shoulders to meet the shock, but Pyke, though lean, was tall, and his long form, aided by the impetus of his leap, bore Blair to the ground.

There was a terrible struggle, at which the frightened horse stood looking as if it were a horrified human being; then Pyke got his fingers round Blair's throat, and, pressing against it, shook him heavily.

(To be Continued.)

**Everyday Etiquette.**

"How long before the wedding should the invitations be sent out?" asked Gladys.

"Wedding invitations are usually sent out two weeks before the day fixed for the ceremony," he aunt instructed her.

**Evening**  
**Telegram**  
**Fashion Plates.**

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

A SPLENDID STYLE FOR MORNING OR HOME WEAR.



1642—Ladies' House Dress, with Sleeve in either of Two Lengths.

As here shown, blue and white checked gingham was used, with white linens for trimming. In gray striped seersucker, figured lawn or plain linen, this style would be equally effective. The band trimming could be omitted.

The Pattern is also nice for serge, wash silk, taffeta, zabardine or voile, in which materials it will surely make a serviceable business or afternoon dress.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 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. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at the foot.

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

**A DAINTY MODEL.**



1634—Child's Dress, with Panel Yoke and Sleeve in either of Two Lengths.

White tulle is here shown with "Val" insertion and edging for trimming. The style is also nice for lawn, dimity, crepe and cashmere. The front yoke is lengthened over the centre to form a panel. At the back the yoke is square. The fulness of back and front may be gathered, or tucked beneath the yoke edge. The sleeve is nice in bishop or puff style.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 6 mos., 1 year, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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

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Have just opened our new Spring Suitings. We were fortunate in securing a splendid range of

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**War News**

**Messages Received**  
**Previous to 9 A.M.**

GERMAN NOTE DISCUSSED  
NEW YORK PRESS.

NEW YORK, April 13. Under the caption, "Germany's Profession," the "World" this morning says editorially: "To clear itself of the accusation that the Sussex was attacked without warning by a German submarine, the Imperial Government triumphantly submits evidence that another ship was attacked with out warning. The commander of the U boat, which made the attack, is still in ignorance of the name of the ship, he does not know whether it was a liner or transport or merchantman. All he does know is that he made a sketch of his victim and that the sketch does not correspond with the photograph of the Sussex. Here itself is an admission that the German submarine commanders are sinking ships without warning, without knowing the character of the ships that sink and without regard to any of the rules of warfare which the German government promised to observe. It is hard enough when Germany frankly and flagrantly violates the laws of nations and seeks justification in the theory of reprisal or military necessity. It is intolerable when the German government formally pledges itself to respect the law of nations and then to tear these pledges to tatters. What, therefore, remains for the United States to do but to sever the diplomatic relations with Germany which has obliterated the only basis upon which diplomatic relations should be continued. What other course is left?"

The Times says: "The admission that a German submarine was in the neighborhood of the spot where the Sussex was attacked at the very time and did there and then torpedo a ship which was apparently not the Sussex may well excite our wonder. But from what source came the missile that damaged the Sussex? It was a undoubtedly a British flying boat. The German note. That statement shall not accept, bare as it is of supporting evidence. Presently we shall further advise Germany as to our view of the Sussex case. This precisely what the new note leads to further correspondence, but we are about done with note writing."

**PARIS OFFICIAL.**

PARIS, April 13. (Official.) The French Government has done preliminary evidence that the Sussex was attacked by a submarine. The statement, which was given out here after receipt here of the German note to the United States, says: "It suffices in order to answer the German note to recall that fragments of a torpedo have been discovered on the Sussex; the Sussex; that the French Government is in possession of documents which give the name of the commander or and the number of the vessel which sank the Sussex." A further statement made from the same official source, says that French and British warships sailed from the British marine on April 6th, after taking prisoners the officers and crew of the submarine. It stated that the prisoners now fully confirm the information in the possession of the British Government.

**Left Arm Became**  
**Saved From**

By the Timely Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Paralysis is not a pleasant thing to contemplate. Even nervous prostration and locomotor ataxia are among the most dreaded conditions. It is always better to avoid these results of neglected nervous troubles by keeping the nerves in health and vigor.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done wonders for people suffering from the more severe forms of nervous diseases, but we prefer to recommend it as a means of preventing such conditions.

This letter from Mrs. Nichols well represents what we mean: for she was undoubtedly one of the victims of more serious trouble when she heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and sought its aid.

It is best to be warned by nervous headaches, sleeplessness, nervousness and irritability and to apply the remedy in time.

Mrs. Merritt Nichols, R. R. No. 2, Dundalk, Ont., writes: "I take pleasure in writing to tell you the great benefit I have derived from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I was so nervous I could not sleep and found it