

'Margaret,'

The GIRL ARTIST,

OR,

The Countess of Ferrers Court.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Yes," laughed Florence. "For if it is nonsense, it is his nonsense, for I heard him say after you left the room; and he said it almost gravely, as if he were sad rather than otherwise. Now, why should he be sad?" she went on, looking up at Margaret's face thoughtfully.

"Isn't it rather too late for guessing riddles, dear?" suggested Margaret.

"Late! Who could sleep after such a night?" exclaimed the princess, with the sublime contempt for repose belonging to her age. "Why should he be sad dear? I know he admires you, for when the countess asked him if he thought you pretty—pretty! What impertinence!—he smiled and said, 'No!' and he meant that he thought you more than pretty—lovely!"

"Do you think it is quite fair to construe his thoughts?" said Margaret.

"Oh, everything is fair in love and war—" She stopped suddenly and looked up at Margaret, and her face flushed eagerly. "Oh! Do you know, a thought has struck me. Only think, if Ferdinand should—" She stopped, and clasped Margaret round her waist. "Why, I believe he does already. Oh, dear! It seems almost too good to be true. But fancy, if you should, some day, become my real sister!"

Margaret's face crimsoned, then gradually grew pale and strained.

"Princess," she said slowly, "never jest on such a subject again—for my sake and your own."

Gently as the words were spoken, they frightened the young girl.

"Oh, what have I said!" she murmured. "Was it very wicked?" and her lips began to tremble.

Margaret forced a smile, and caressed the rumpled hair tenderly.

"A philosopher who was also a wit once declared that a thing was worse than wicked, it was absurd," she said; "and that is also my answer, and now go to bed, dear, or you will appear at the breakfast table and frighten all your friends, for they will think they see the ghost of the Princess Florence."

The girl thought that her incautious speech had struck some discord in her dear friend's heart, and, kissing her penitently, stole from the room.

"Yes," said Margaret to herself, "I must leave them—I must go into hiding again. Oh, Blair, Blair, you have not only ruined my past, but blighted all my future! It is not only that no love can ever visit my heart again, but you have made even peace impossible!"

Meanwhile the prince strode up and down the terrace, smoking his cigar and glancing now and again up at the windows of the room which contained the woman he loved.

Prince Rivani, the descendant of a noble race, was young, handsome, a favorite at court, a gallant officer, a popular young man all round, and yet he was neither vain nor a fool—which is singular.

To say that he had fallen in love with Margaret the first time he saw her, when he nearly rode her down, would be to say too much; but when she came to live at the villa, and he

to me at times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills restored me to health and I want to thank you for the good they have done me. I have had quite a bit of trouble and worry but it does not affect my youthful looks. My friends say "Why do you look so young and well?" I owe it all to the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies."

—Mrs. ROBT. STROPIEL, Moore Avenue, Washington Park, Illinois.

We wish every woman who suffers from female troubles, nervousness, headache or the blues could see the letters written by women made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free of charge.

At night he lay awake and called up her face; at day he thought of and longed for her. And to lose her at a word! She had said "No," because he had startled her. He had been too sudden and too abrupt!—the very first night of his return to the villa. He should have waited and prepared her by his attentions for the avowal he had sprung upon her last night.

No, he would not relinquish the hope which made life sweet to him so easily; he would win her even against herself if need were.

So, with one more glance at the window, the prince went to his room, to lie awake and watch the dawn creeping over the fair city which his race had helped to make illustrious.

Margaret did not appear at the breakfast table; but her absence was not commented on, for it was understood by all that the Villa Capri was Liberty Hall, and that each guest was fit to come and go as he or she pleased. So they made up for her absence by talking of her as they had talked the preceding night.

They were all curious, highly curious, to know something about her; but the signora, when appealed to, smiled her serene smile and shook her head.

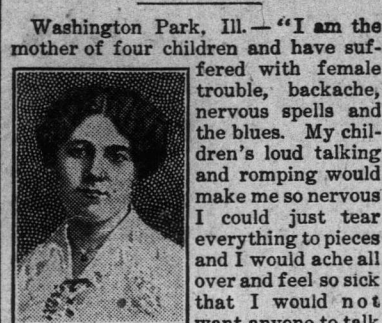
"I can't tell you anything about her," she said; "I have never asked her for her confidence. She is a lady, and that is sufficient for me."

And they remained silent, for they could scarcely be so rude as to suggest that what sufficed for the signora did not satisfy them.

The guests dispersed after breakfast, the ladies to their boudoirs and the music-room, the gentlemen to the armory for their guns, for a shooting expedition had been planned.

I OWE MY HEALTH

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Washington Park, Ill.—"I am the mother of four children and have suffered with female trouble, headache, nervous spells and the blues. My children's loud talking and romping would make me so nervous I could just tear everything to pieces and I would ache all over and feel so sick that I would not want anyone to talk to me at times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills restored me to health and I want to thank you for the good they have done me. I have had quite a bit of trouble and worry but it does not affect my youthful looks. My friends say "Why do you look so young and well?" I owe it all to the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies."

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saw her day by day, her beauty and grace, and that sweetness which is given to so few women, but which she possessed so abundantly, grew upon him until he awoke one day to find that his heart had left him, and that he loved the young English girl, of whose past he knew—nothing!

King Copetua and the beggar girl is a very pretty story, and no doubt the king was very happy with his bride for a time, but the story does not go on to tell us that they were happy ever afterward, and as a matter of fact we may conclude that the monarch who marries a beggar maid commits a remarkable rash act. Such matches are not always happy ones.

Prince Rivani knew that he was expected to marry a lady of his own rank, or at any rate, of his own class. He knew that there were at least half a dozen beautiful women at the court, from whom he might choose a wife, and from whom he would be expected to choose one. "To marry beneath him," would, if it did not quite break her heart, make his mother, the signora, very unhappy, and would probably ruin his promising career.

He was a gentleman, and he was not a fool, so he went off to court determined to cure himself of the passion which had assailed him, and to forget the lovely English girl with the sad look in her dark eyes, and the sweet smile which made him long to keep it on her face forever.

It was a task beyond his strength, this forgetting her, but he had hoped that he was out of danger, when he returned, and lo!—discovered that her love had taken too firm a hold upon his heart to be rooted out. The girl he had left unknown and of little account in the world, had suddenly, in a night, become famous. The glamour of her beauty, which had so affected even strangers, exercised a fascination for him, and he had spoken and avowed his love.

And she had refused him—or something like it. It was this refusal he was pondering over as he paced up and down, smoking cigar after cigar, long after the rest of the villa was hushed in quietude, if not repose.

Should he accept her refusal? No, he would not, he could not! She had become part and parcel of his very life; all his thoughts centered in her.

"But it can't be! There must be something else—somebody else!" His face grew pale and his lips contracted, and he opened his lips to speak, but he remained silent for a moment, then said:

"I must dress, or I shall be late," and left the room.

On his way he passed the door of Margaret's painting-room, and as he did so the princess' maid came out. She started and stepped back with a courtesy, leaving the door open. Margaret came to the door to say something to the maid, and seeing the prince, stopped short.

For a moment they looked at each other without saying anything; then

he bowed and drew a little nearer, and as the servant sped noiselessly away, said in a low voice, full of respect and reverence:

"Miss Leslie, will you forget what I said last night? No, not forget, but remember that I will not speak again without your permission?"

Margaret inclined her head.

"You are my mother's guest, as well as the woman I love, and I will keep the silence you commanded! You will honor us with your company at table!"

Margaret could find no words, but she inclined her head in assent, and the prince, with a low bow, which seemed as eloquent of gratitude and worship as the most ardent words could have been, left her.

That night, while the rest gathered round her, vying with each other for a word or a smile, the prince kept away from her side. Only twice did he address her; once to bring her a fan when the room grew hot, and the second time, to lay a shawl by her side when the windows having been opened, the temperature changed rapidly.

The days glided on. Fresh additions were made to the party, but Margaret's popularity did not decrease. Fame, that had been prophesied for her, came, for her picture had been exhibited.

The great Alfiero had expressed his admiration, and her name was ringing through Rome as that of the coming artist.

And through it all Margaret's heart was haunted by trouble. Day after day she met the prince, and his conduct toward her was the same. But though he refrained from paying her marked attention, it was evident to her and Florence—who watched him—that he was continually thinking of her.

Others might flock round her with the ready flattery of their ready tongues, courting the young girl whose picture had become famous in the world of art, and her beauty the theme in the world of fashion, but it was he who now and again stood with extended hand to help her into the carriage, or placed some choice blossom near her plate. No woman, daughter of Eve, could be insensible to devotion such as this; it would have touched a heart of stone, and Margaret's heart was anything but stony.

She scarcely exchanged three words a day with him, but she found herself looking toward him when he spoke to others, and meeting his gaze, which seemed to be always wandering toward her, her own eyes would fall and her lips tremble.

(To be Continued.)

Does Catarrh Bother You? Are Your Nostils Stuffed?

Why not give up that snuff and stop dosing your stomach? The one sure treatment is "Catarrhose," a sure cure because it goes where the disease really is. Certain to cure in your case because it has restored tens of thousands worse than you are. Catarrhose is a thorough cure because it destroys the causes as well as the effects of the disease. Relief is prompt, cure is quick with this powerful remedy which is guaranteed to cure Catarrh in any part of the nose, throat, bronchial tubes or lungs. To be really cured, use only Catarrhose and beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you from genuine Catarrhose which is sold everywhere, large size contains two months treatment, costs \$1.00; small

Your Boys and Girls.

Children's clothes to be successful must be designed to secrete perfect no "cottons" but of softest quality and of the latest fashion. Minard's Liniment Co. Ltd. has just introduced a new line of children's clothes which are not only stylish but also comfortable and durable. They are made of the finest materials and are guaranteed to last for years. Write for catalogue and prices.

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The Very Latest Thing.



PANTS CREASED WHILE YOU SLEEP WHILE YOU TRAVEL

Another shipment just to hand and going out fast. The users of these already sold declare they could not do without one now.

Its simplicity itself. You just lay trousers out flat, close the Press as you would a book

And the Press does the rest Does not shine your trousers as the iron does. The crease is equal to the work of any first-class tailor. Hangs up in wardrobe or folds away in suitcase or trunk.

Price: 50c. each. Same as sold in New York. POSTAGE 11c. EXTRA.

Bishop Sons & Co., Ltd.

SOLE AGENTS FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.



A Big Shipment OF BABY CARRIAGES

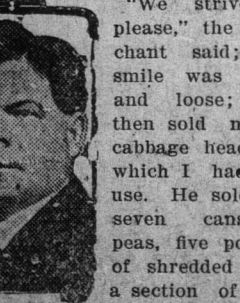
Has just arrived, all this Season's Models. We have Folding and Stationary Go-Carts, Floding Runabouts, Pullman Sleepers, English Carriages on Cee Spring, etc. All are roomy and comfortable, and some models are built to seat two.

The Carriages are splendidly made and Upholstered, they come in Wood, Wood with Cane Panels and Roll. All Cane, varnished in various finishes. Have removable and reversible hoods of Leather and Cane, with detachable side curtains, and are upholstered in Leather, Corduroy, etc.

Price from \$2.25 to \$30.

U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.

STRIVING TO PLEASE.



"I'll trade with him no more; that merchant price is on the blink, his methods make me sore. He greets a man with sunny smiles, and says he strives to please, and then, by dizzy arts and wiles, unloads his moldy cheese. The patron thus is made to buy much truck he doesn't wish, old sassafras that offends the eye, and prehistoric fish. That sort of treatment

chafes and galls the souls of honest men, and I shall buy no codfish balls at that man's place again." The dealer who would sidestep woe must be a prudent guy; he'll figure that the patron knows just what he wants to buy.

Even the tiny pleatings edging the lower parts of the new wraps are lined with brilliant color.

Among leather handbags favored colors are brown, blue, green, amethyst, gray and purple.

Coffee is a new shade of brown, and other favorites are russet cinnamon, mole and African.

Minard's Liniment Co. Limited. I was very sick with Quinsy and thought I would strangle. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT and it cured me at once. I am never without it now.

Yours gratefully, MRS. C. D. PRINCE. Nauwigawak, Oct. 21st.

Eastman



TOOTON'S

Headquarters for Every

War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

DAILY NEWS SAYS GOVERNMENT FACE TO FACE WITH CRISIS.

LONDON, April 30.—"The Government and the countess face to face with the gravest crisis that has arisen since the war," the Daily News says editorially. The Prime Minister yesterday drew the new service bill after a session which served only to reveal every man's hand was again the elaborate compromise broken down at the first trial, and very existence of the Government may be conceivably imperilled by a controversy which is in itself a crisis."

IRISHMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

NEW YORK, April 30.—A cable to the World from London that papers found on Sir Robert Balfour implicate Irishmen in a statement made from a confidential source.

IRELAND'S CASUALTIES.

LONDON, April 30.—"Towards of 100 persons have been killed or injured thus far in Dublin," the Daily News reports in a despatch dated last night. A statement issued to-night by the Official Press Bureau regarding the situation in Ireland, says: "The rebels are surrendering freely. The lack of the rebellion is broken. Another official statement says: 'Messengers have been sent from the Dublin rebels to the British in Galway, Clare, Wexford and Dublin counties, ordering them to surrender.'"

An official this evening says: "Seven hundred and seven prisoners have been taken, including the Countess Markievicz."

Field Marshal French, Commander of the Home Forces, reports that the General Post Office in Dublin, which has been the principal stronghold of the Sinn Feiners, is burned down. Connolly, one of the leaders of the rebels, is reported killed. Many of his have been made prisoners. A revolt in Dublin is on the verge of collapse. In the rest of Ireland, the situation is generally satisfactory. John Redmond has placed himself absolutely at the disposal of the British, and is in constant touch with them. He has instructed Nationalist supporters in all parts of Ireland to hold themselves at the disposal of the military authorities. In many places, besides Dublin, Nationalist voters have already on their initiative mobilized in support of troops. At Tipperary yesterday "volunteers offered their services."

The General officer, Commanding the British in Ireland, has reported the situation in Dublin much more satisfactory. Throughout the country, the rebels are still much to be done, which would take time, but he hoped the back of the rebellion had been broken. Last night messengers went out from the rebel leaders in Dublin to rebel bodies in Galway, Wexford, Louth and Down, ordering them to surrender. The British and the Royal Irish Constabulary are doing their utmost to disseminate this information. As regards the situation in Dublin the

System Was Full of Pain

Had Constipation for Many Years. Kidney trouble is the most common ailment and greatest cause of disease and suffering to-day is constipation. Arterial disease and sedentary indoor life are liable to induce torpid, sluggish action of the liver, kidneys and bowels. The result is poisonous waste matter accumulates in the system and gives rise to indigestion, headache, dizziness, nervousness and aches and pains at various points for serious disease. Infectious and contagious diseases are little known to persons who suffer from kidney and bowels are kept in a state of chronic disease. It is a wonderful activity, for there are many conditions for disease which can be driven in. Even common ailments take their start when the system is a constipated, diseased condition.

Mrs. Ed. Miller, West Plains, Mo., writes: "I can testify that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cured me of constipation. I had with constipation almost