



'Margaret,'

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

CHAPTER XIII.

Margaret was living in an earthly paradise. Existence, indeed, was more like a beautiful dream to her than the gray and sober reality it is to most of us.

To be loved is a nice thing, a grand thing, a fact which glides even the most prosaic life and makes it bright; but to be loved by such a man as Lord Blair—so handsome, so brave, so devoted, and so passionately and entirely hers! It passed all saying, as the Italians put it; and Margaret's days were full of sweetness and joy; for if he did not see her every day, he managed to come down three or four times a week, and they met in stolen interviews at the cascade, or in the deeper recesses of the woods.

And Blair—Blair, who had gained for himself the reputation of the most fickle young man in London—seemed more deeply in love every time they parted.

If Margaret had been the scheming girl, aiming at the Ferrers' coronet, which Austin Ambrose at first imagined her, she could not have gone more cleverly to work to secure Lord Blair.

Once or twice he had brought her down some presents, a ring at first, a bracelet the next time, but Margaret would not accept them.

"I will take nothing I cannot wear, Blair," she said. "Pick this bunch of honey-suckle for me, and I will put it in my hair; I like that better than all your jewels."

But the third time he brought her a locket. Its face was a mass of pearls, with one large and costly diamond sparkling in the center.

"You can wear this, dearest," he said pleadingly.

"Yes, I can wear that," she said in the soft, melting voice, which used to echo in his ears long after he had left her and was up in town. "I can wear that," and she tied it by her ribbon round her neck and hid it away in her bosom. "No one can see that, and I can take it out—"

"Off!" he said.

"No, sir," she corrected him, bustling; "I shall not take it off again, but I shall take it out whenever I am likely to forget you."

"Don't say that, even in fun, Madge," he said in a low voice, and with a sudden look of pain. "I can't bear to think of you forgetting me. Why, if I were dead, and you were walking near my grave—" he stopped; and she murmured the well-known song:

"Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were earth in an earthy bed;

Doctor Advised Operation As Only Cure for Piles

Wife Objected to Use of Knife and Cure Was Effected by Use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Here is the affidavit of a well-known fruit grower, who was cured of bleeding piles some years ago by using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

His doctor could do nothing for him and recommended a surgical operation as the only means of cure. Luckily his wife had heard about Dr. Chase's Ointment and complete cure resulted from this treatment.

It is by the cure of extreme cases like this that Dr. Chase's Ointment has won the reputation of being about the only actual cure for piles—itching, bleeding and protruding piles.

Mr. Samuel Parker, fruit grower, Grimsby, Ont., has made the following declaration before Mr. W. W. Kidd, Notary Public, of the same place: I do solemnly declare that I was troubled with bleeding Piles and was advised to go to the hospital to have an operation performed. My wife said "No, get a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment

My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

"That's it!" he said, approvingly and admiringly. "What a memory you have got, Madge. Is it Shakespeare?"

"No; Tennyson," and she smiled.

"What an ignorant boy it is!"

"Ain't it?" he said, with a laugh.

"Austin often says that the things I know would go into half a sheet of note-paper, and the things I don't would more than fill the reading-room at the British Museum. But one thing I know, Madge, and that is that I love you with all my heart and soul."

"I'll forgive you all the rest," she murmured.

She was painting the picture the earl had commissioned, and she took up her brush and palette and worked, while Blair sat at her side, watching her with an admiring wonder, as the skillful hand conveyed the little bushy dell to the canvas.

"What a fuss they'll make about you when we are married," he said, after a pause.

Margaret bent forward to hide the blush which the words had called up.

"Who are they? And why should they make a fuss?" she asked.

"They? Oh, all the people, you know. They'll make no end of you, Madge. You see, you are so good-looking—"

She threatened him with her wet brush.

"—And then you are so clever, and this painting of yours will just finish them off. I shouldn't wonder if you are the leading item in the next season."

"The next season!" echoed Margaret, turning her eyes upon him.

He colored and looked rather guilty; then he raised his eyes to hers boldly.

"Yes, next season. You are going to marry me soon, you know, Madge!"

"Soon?" she repeated dreamily. "Two years, five years hence will be soon."

"Oh, will it?" he remarked, aghast.

"Why, Madge, Austin says we ought to be married next month."

Margaret almost dropped her pencil, and stared at him; then her eyelids fell, and the warm color spread over her face and neck.

"And yet you are always boasting that Austin Ambrose never talks nonsense!" she said, with gentle irony.

"But is it such nonsense, dear?" he urged, putting his arm round her waist, and looking up at her downcast face.

"I don't think it is nonsense at all! If you knew how long even a few weeks seem to me—but I don't put it that way. But, remember, my darling, that this is all very well down here; I can run down and spend some hours with you—how short they seem high up!—but you will be going to London directly—"

"Directly? I have finished this picture—next week," she put in gently.

"So soon?" he said, sadly. "Well, then we sha'n't be able to see so much of each other; at least, Austin says we mustn't."

"Mr. Austin says so?"

He nodded.

"Yes; he is more anxious than ever that our engagement should be kept secret, and every time he sees me he talks and lectures me about it. 'He's such a careful man,' as the sons say," and he laughed.

Margaret remained silent. What would the days be like in hot and dusty London if she were not to see



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Blair, not to hear the voice she loved murmuring its passionate devotion in her ears! Her bosom rose with a soft sigh.

"I suppose he is right—yes, he is right," she said. "And we shall meet, if we do meet, as strangers, Blair? But we sha'n't meet, shall we?"

"You are talking nonsense now," he chided her. "Of course we shall. I can take you up the river, up to Cookham and Pangbourne. How delightful it will be!"

"And some of your grand friends will see us, and then—"

"Oh, we'll chance that!" he said, lightly.

"We must chance nothing that may do you an injury, Blair," she said, gravely.

"Oh, Austin will take care that we do nothing imprudent," he said. "He has taken our case in hand, as he says, and we can't do better than put ourselves under his charge. You must paint some of our Thames views, Madge. You must paint one for me. By George! my uncle has got more mother wit in his little finger than I have in the whole of my body! Why didn't I give you a commission for a picture the first moment I knew you were an artist?"

"I shouldn't have accepted it," she said, smiling down at him. "But I'll paint you a picture, Blair; I will do it after I have finished this. Business must be attended to, you know, my lord."

He laughed.

"I wonder what he'll give you for that, Madge?" he said. "He ought to give you a hundred pounds. It's worth it. I'd give you a thousand if you'd let me."

"You'd ruin yourself, we all know," she said lightly, scarcely paying any heed to what she said, then as she saw him wince she dropped her brush and put her arm round his neck penitently.

"Oh, Blair, I meant nothing!" she murmured.

"I know, I know, dearest!" he said gravely. "But your light words reminded me of the fool I have been. But all that is altered now. Do you know that I have not made a single bet since—since you gave yourself to me? No! And I'm living as steady an existence as that man who always went home to tea. Austin says it won't and can't last; but we shall see."

It was always Austin. Scarcely ten sentences without his name cropping up.

"I don't see why Mr. Ambrose should discourage you, Blair," she said, smiling. "But you can prove him in the wrong all the more triumphantly," she added.

He laughed as he kissed her, telling her that she was his good angel, and that while she would continue to love him he was all right; but when he had gone, and she sat listening to his departing footsteps, she pondered over Mr. Austin Ambrose's words.

The next two days she worked hard at her picture, and on the third finished it.

"What shall I do, grandma?" she said to Mrs. Hale. "I am going to London—tomorrow, you know. Shall I send the picture from there, or give it to Mr. Stubbings to take to his lordship?"

"Give it to Mr. Stubbings," said Mrs. Hale, "with your dutiful respects and compliments, my dear."

Margaret gave the picture to Mr. Stubbings, but with her compliments only, and presently that important functionary returned.

Would Miss Hale honor the earl by joining him in the picture gallery?

Margaret went at once, and found him standing before her picture,

which he had caused to be placed on an easel in the best light part of the gallery.

He held out his hand and bowed to her with a kindly smile.

"You have painted a beautiful little sketch for me, Miss Hale," he said. "One I shall often look upon with pleasure and delight. And you have done it quickly, too, but not carelessly—no, no!"

Margaret murmured a few words in acknowledgment of his graciousness, and he went on:

"There is a career before you, my dear Miss Hale! You are one of the fortunate ones of this earth! Great gifts—great gifts—and he looked at her absently; then he sighed and roused himself again—"but don't waste them, my child! I hope you are enjoying yourself here?"

"Very much, my lord," said Margaret. "I leave to-morrow," and she sighed faintly.

"To-morrow! So soon?" he said. "And you go back to London? I hope you will pay the Court another visit soon! I must speak to Mrs. Hale concerning it! Will you wait a moment or two?" and he drew a chair forward before he left the gallery.

Margaret sat and waited. How happy she had been! and yet if he only knew the cause of her happiness. If he could but guess that it was because she had won the love of his nephew, the Viscount Leyton.

She felt guilty and ill at ease, and when he returned, and approaching her with a smile, pressed some bank-notes into her hand, she began to tremble, and the tears rushed to her eyes.

"No thanks, my dear," he said. "Tut, tut! You must not wear your heart upon your sleeve, or daws will peck at it. You have no cause for gratitude; it is I who should and do feel grateful to you. Good-bye. May Heaven watch over you and make you happy, my dear!" It was almost like a benediction, for he half raised his white hand over her head.

When Margaret looked up he had gone.

She turned away, and the tears were still in her eyes as she opened the folded notes and looked at them. They represented a hundred pounds.

Mrs. Hale was quite overwhelmed. "Well!" she exclaimed. "Gracious goodness!—a hundred pounds! Well, Margaret, my dear, I don't think you have any cause to regret your visit to your poor old grandmother. It hasn't been altogether a waste of time, now, has it?"

"No," said Margaret; "no, indeed, dear! but even as she kissed the old lady and hid her face on her ample bosom, the same guilty feeling assailed her as that which had come upon her under the earl's generosity.

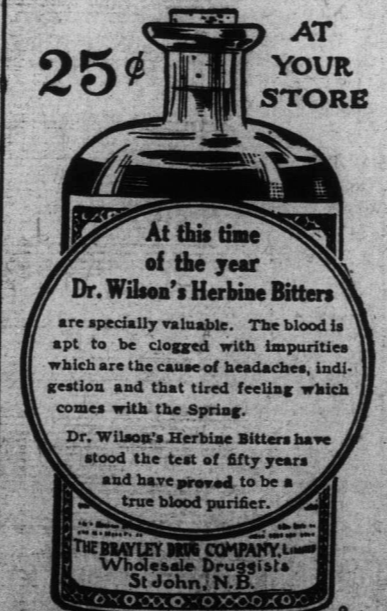
On the morrow she returned to London, but she had not to walk as she had done in coming. The earl had given orders that a brougham should be in attendance, and she started with a footman to open the door, and another to place her modest portmanteau on the roof, while the coachman touched his hat.

"Good-bye, grandma!" she said brokenly, as she clung to the old lady.

"Good-bye, Margaret, my dear! You will come again, and as soon as you can?"

"Yes," said Margaret, a lump rising in her throat. "Yes, I will come again—and soon."

(To be Continued.)



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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.



1636 — 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 edge. The sleeve is finished with a plain, straight cuff, to which is added a jaunty cuff in turnback 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.

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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.

New silks are designed with even stripes, four inches wide, in white and red, black and white and in blue and white.

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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 Push, 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

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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 old 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 should disentangle 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 step 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 GASTREAM Radiators fill all light and heat requirements.

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606, 611

Telegram Ads. Pay

War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

OFFICIAL.
LONDON, APRIL 3.—The Governor, Newfoundland, has been visited three nights on the eastern coast. Southeast Scotland was visited. Sixty-nine were killed and 150 injured. There was some damage to property, but no military danger. One Zeppelin was brought down and sunk in the Thames Estuary, and the crew captured.

In Verdun, enemy attacks continued. The French have abandoned the villages of Malancourt and Wood southeast of Fort Douaumont. Counter-attacks recovered all the northern corner of the wood.

The British attacked the enemy's line at St. Eloi, capturing two and second line of trenches on a total of six hundred yards; also 200 prisoners.

On the Russian front fighting has been checked by a thaw.

An enemy submarine sank the Russian hospital ship Portugal in the Black Sea.

There has been heavy fighting in the Italian front. The Italians captured the lost positions north of Gorizia.

BONAR LAW.
CASUALTIES IN DONALD ZEPPELIN RAID.

LONDON, APRIL 3.—Ten persons were killed and injured in Scotland, in Sunday night Zeppelin raid. It is officially announced this afternoon. There were 200 casualties in England.

STRIKE OVER.
GLASGOW, April 3.—The strike of the Clyde planters over, and work will be resumed tomorrow.

GERMAN STATEMENT DENIES.
LONDON, APRIL 3.—The following statement was issued here to-day: In the German wireless press of to-day the Cologne Gazette is quoted as having been formed from a reliable source that the British ship of the coast class, the Donagel, had struck mine and sunk in February of this year. There is no truth whatever in this statement. The Donagel, a British cruiser of 9,800 tons displacement, laid down in 1901.

ST. PIERRE BULLETIN.
PARIS, April 3.—Between the Somme and the artillery was especially active at the village, Pougrossourt and Lavan district where the German troops were damaged by our shells.

T. J. Edens

Duckworth St. and Military Rd.
Just arrived by schooner to-day:
200 bags BRAV.
200 bags WHITE OATS.
By S. S. Stephano, Monday April 3, '16.
N. Y. TURKEY.
N. Y. CHICKEN.
N. Y. BUNS.
N. Y. SAUSAGES.
N. Y. CORNED BEEF.
FRESH OYSTERS.
CAL. NAVEL ORANGES.
CAL. LEMONS.
BANANAS.
TABLE APPLES.
GRAPE FRUIT.
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TOMATOES.
50 crates NEW CABBAGE.

Satisfied customers are our best testimonials to the quality of our goods.
of
BULLDOG TEA 45c. lb.
MANGO WALLA TEA 50c. lb.
FRESH HALLIBUT.
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FRESH COD.
COD TONGUES.
KIPERS.
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FRESH COUNTRY EGGS.
IRISH BACON.
FIDELITY BACON & HAMS
Graham Flour, No. 1, 65c. stone
Fruit Sugar in tins; Lazenby's
Mango Chutney, Lazenby's.
Canton Ginger, 1/4 jars and
bars.

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