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

CHAPTER XXI.
Margaret was silent for a moment, then, as the princess put her arm round her, and laid her cheek against Margaret's, she said:

"If I ever am so fortunate as to do anything approaching 'great,' this will be it, and I do not want you to see it until it is finished, princess."

"I would not see it for worlds until you say that I may, dear," said the girl, lovingly.

Day by day Margaret worked at the picture; it took possession of her body and soul. All the anguish of that awful night, when she battled against life and prayed for death, was portrayed in that savage sea and darkling sky.

She finished the scene, and was looking at it one day, with the dissatisfaction that the true artist always feels, when she thought of the words of Turner: "No landscape, beautiful as it may be, is complete without the human figure, God's masterpiece in nature."

She pondered over this for awhile, then, taking up her brush, she painted on the top of the rock the figure of a woman. It was that of a young girl, half kneeling, half lying, the water lapping savagely at her feet, her face upturned to the angry sky.

Half unconsciously she painted that face as her own—a girl's face, white and wan, marked with agony beyond that of the fear of death. Despair and utter hopelessness spoke eloquently in the dark eyes and the attitude of the figure; and when she had finished it, she stood and gazed at it, half frightened by its realism.

She knew that if it was not a great picture, it was a picture at which no one could look at and pass by unmoved.

She locked the door of the cabinet which inclosed the canvas and went on the terrace and found the princess waiting for her. The girl put her arm round Margaret's waist, and led her up and down, the signora looking on at the pair from her chair smilingly.

"And have you nearly finished your picture, dear?" asked Florence.

"Yes," said Margaret, dreamily, "it is finished."
"Oh, how splendid!" exclaimed Florence. "Ferdinand will be so pleased. He is coming this evening, you know, dear."
"I did not know," said Margaret, still absent.

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After once using Nerviline you'll swear by it for all time to come. You'll say it's more like a miracle than anything else to feel its warm soothing action upon your tight chest. You'll be amazed at the quick way it cured your cough and broke up your bad cold.
It's safe for even a child to rub on

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"Ah, no, I forgot. I did not tell you, because mamma cautioned me not to say anything that might disturb you at your work. He is coming, and rather a large party with him."

Margaret, as the girl spoke, remembered noticing that some preparations seemed to have been going on in the villa for some days past, as if for many guests; she had thought little of it at the time, her mind being absorbed in her work.

"My brother often brings some of his friends back with him," said Florence; "they like the quietude of Florence after the fuss and bustle of the court. How glad I shall be to get him back, not that I have missed him so much this time, for, you see, I have had you, dear."

"I am afraid I have been a very poor companion," said Margaret.

"You have been the dearest, the best, and the sweetest a girl was ever lucky enough to find!" responded the princess, earnestly.

They walked up and down the terrace for some time, talking about the prince and his many virtues, as a sister who adores her brother will talk to her closest bosom friend; then Margaret went to her own room.

The thought of the coming influx of visitors disturbed her; like most persons who have endured a great sorrow, she shrank from meeting new faces, and she resolved to keep to her own rooms, as it was understood she should do when she pleased, while these gay people remained.

Toward evening the guests arrived, and Margaret, from behind the curtains of her long window, saw several handsome carriages drive up to the great entrance, and a group of ladies and gentlemen—most of the latter in military or court uniforms; in their midst stood the tall figure of the prince, towering above the rest, his handsome face wearing the grave smile of welcome, as he ushered his friends into the house, in which were the usual stir and excitement attending the arrival of a large party.

Margaret drew the lace curtains over the window, and took up a book. Presently the dressing-bell rang, then came the dinner-bell, and soon after there came a knock at the door. In response to her "Come in," the Princess Florence entered in her rich evening dress, and ran across the room.

"Why, dear, aren't you dressed?" she exclaimed.
"I am not coming down to dinner to-night, Florence, if you will excuse me," said Margaret, gently.
Florence stopped short, and looked at her with keen disappointment in her blue eyes.

"Not coming down to dinner? Oh, Miss Leslie, I am so sorry! And Ferdinandy, he will be so disappointed."

"The prince," said Margaret, smiling at the girl's earnestness. "I do not suppose your brother will notice my absence, Florence."

"Not notice!" exclaimed Florence. "Why, he asked after you almost directly after he had got into the house; and he has inquired where you were at least half a dozen times."

"The prince is very kind," said Margaret, "but I will not come down to-night, dear."

"You do not like all these people coming?" said the princess; "and yet you would like them, they are all so nice and—friendly; it is a sort of holiday for them, you know."

"I am sure they are very nice, dear," said Margaret, "but I would rather be alone."

There was nothing more to be urged against such quiet decision, and

PAINS IN SIDE AND BACK

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Burlington, Wis.—"I was very irregular, and had pains in my side and back, but after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and using two bottles of the Sanative Wash I am fully convinced that I am entirely cured of these troubles, and feel better all over. I know your remedies have done me worlds of good and I hope every suffering woman will give them a trial."—Mrs. ANNA KELLY, 710 Chestnut Street, Burlington, Wis.

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The princess kissed her and reluctantly went won to the salon.

A maid who had been set apart to wait upon Margaret, brought her her dinner, and Margaret took up her book afterward, and tried to lose herself in it. Now and again she took a candle and looked at her picture, and every time she looked at it the present faded and the past stood out before her.

What was Blair doing now? Had the woman, his wife, returned to him? Where was he, and was he happy? No, Margaret thought, there could be no happiness for him unless he were utterly destitute of heart and could forget the girl whose love for him had led her to ruin and dishonor!

From these sad thoughts she was aroused by a knock at the door and the voice of the princess calling softly:

"May we come in, dear?" Margaret opened the door, and there stood the prince beside his sister.

He was in evening dress, and upon his bosom glittered a cluster of orders; he looked the patrician he was, but there was a deep humility and reverence in the manner of his bow and the way in which he extended his hand to her.

"Will you forgive this intruder, Miss Leslie?" he said in his excellent English, which was made more musical rather than less by the slight accent. "I have come to beg you to give us the honor and pleasure of your company. Florence tells me that you are not ill, or I should not have bothered you."

Margaret made room for them to enter, standing with downcast eyes under his gaze, which was full of admiration and respectful regard.

"Pray come," he said with an eagerness only half concealed. "For all our sakes, if not for your own, and I should add for your own, too; for there are some people here whom I think you would like to meet." He mentioned some names of which Margaret had heard as those of great people in Rome. "And there are some artists, too, Miss Leslie; surely you will not refuse them the pleasure and honor of making your acquaintance. My mother, too, begs that, if you feel well enough, you will come down. There is Count Vassal, the great musician; he will play for us, I hope."

"Oh, do come, if only for an hour," said the princess, adding her prayer.

Margaret hesitated, and while she hesitated the prince went slowly up to the easel upon which the picture stood with the cabinet unlocked.

He started, and drew a little nearer, then looked from Margaret to the picture, and from the picture to Margaret again.

"Is this—?" he said, in a low voice, then stopped.

"Oh, it is the picture! May I look now he has seen it?" exclaimed the princess; then she, too, drew near, and stood speechless.

"I—I hope you like it," said Margaret, with the nervousness of an artist whose work is being surveyed and criticised.

"Like it!" exclaimed the prince, gravely. "It is— He stopped again, then turned to Margaret with almost solemn earnestness. "Miss Leslie, I am not an artist; I do not presume to be a critic, but I am convinced that this is a marvelous picture! It is, I think, a great work. I cannot tell you how it moves me! But there are others in the house who are more capable of judging and appreciating it. You will let me show it to them?"

Margaret flushed and then returned pale. She would have kept the picture to herself, for the present, at any rate; but then she considered the matter in the few seconds while he stood waiting. After all, she must exist, and it was well that her picture should be seen.

"I will do as you wish, prince," she said.

"No, not I, but you!" he said, gently, with a little thrill in his voice that touched Margaret, and made the princes turn and look at him.

"Take it, then," said Margaret. He took it from the easel, and looked at it in the cabinet carefully.

"And you will come down? You must!" urged Florence eagerly. "You must hear what they say. I know what it will be; they will say what Ferdinand said!"

"Very well," said Margaret, with a little sigh.

The princess clapped her hands. "Oh, I am so glad. I will come for you in half an hour. Will that do?"

"Miss Leslie will understand that she will meet friends," said the prince, laying a delicate stress on the word, "though she has not seen them yet."

And with this courtly, kindly word of encouragement, he carried off the picture.

Margaret changed her plain black dress for one of black lace, which, simple as it was, and without ornament, lent to her graceful figure a distinguished air which even Worth himself sometimes cannot bestow, and before the half hour was up the princess came for her.

"Dressed already, dear! Oh, and how well you look! May I kiss you? Ah, after all, it is only the English who really know how to dress. Why, yours is the prettiest costume in the house—"

"It is the simplest, dear, I am sure," said Margaret.

The princess led her to her mother, and the old lady made room for her on the settee.

"I am glad you have come, my dear Miss Leslie," she said in her slow, gentle voice; "we should all have been so sorry if you had not."

Margaret said nothing, but presently gained courage to look round.

Some lady was at the piano playing, and there were a few persons round her; but the rest of the party was gathered together around some object at the end of the room, about which candles and lamps had been arranged, and she knew it was her picture.

(To be Continued.)

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1652. Girl's Dress, with Sleeve in either of Two Outlines. As here shown, brown and white sash was used, with trimming of white linen. The right front of the dress overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeve may be in wrist length, finished with a hand cuff, or with the turnback cuff in short length. The skirt is a three-gore model. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 6-year size. A Pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Easter Sunday

St. Mary the Virgin

Easter services, the Queen of Festivals was held at St. Mary's yesterday, Holy Communion was celebrated at 6.30, 8, 8.30 and at noon (a record service) over 550 persons receiving the Sacrament. The morning and evening services were bright and happy, and the Parish Church was filled at both services. At the morning service about 70 Naval Reserve men from H.M.S. Briton were addressed by the Rector at the close of the sermon. The Easter Anthem "He is Risen" was rendered by the full choir at both services. The solos were sung by Messrs. Ruggles and Cranford. At the evening service a solo "Nearer My God to Thee" was beautifully sung by Mr. Ruggles. Mr. G. B. Lloyd congratulated his 25th anniversary as a chorist at St. Mary's to-day being absent only six times from church during that period. He received the warm congratulations from both clergy and laity and trust he will be spared to occupy the same position for years to come.

At Matins—Processional Hymn, Easter Anthem, grand chant; Proper Psalms, 2, 57, 111; The Deum (Laudamus) quadruple (Simperi Jubilate) (Deo), Dr. E. Ayston; Anthem, "He is Risen"; Hymns, 171, 162, 160. Proclamation. The Rector, assisted by the Processional Hymn, 170; Proper Psalms, 111, 114, 118; Magnificat (Sir J. Gosse); Nunc Dimittis (Dr. Ames); Anthem, "He is Risen"; Hymns, 177, 178. The Solo by Mr. F. Ruggles, "Nearer My God to Thee"; National Anthem. Preacher, Rev. H. L. Pike.

St. Thomas's Church

Unusually large congregations attended St. Thomas's Church yesterday, and it was in many ways a day to be long remembered. In the morning Holy Communion was celebrated at 8.30, 9 and after the 11 o'clock service, about eight hundred communicants attending. The music and singing was of a specially high order. The Lenten Self-Denial offering which will be devoted to the S.P.C.K. was taken up at both the morning and evening services, and exceeded the half the amount asked for by the clergy of St. Thomas's, and over one-third of the sum asked for by the Lord Bishop of Newfoundland from the churches at large.

At Cochrane St. Church

The Easter Sunday Services at Cochrane St. Church were especially well attended. At the morning service a large contingent of the N.B. Regiment was present under Lieut. Holloway. The preacher was Rev. H. Boyle, his theme being "Resurrection." The evening worship was conducted by the Rev. C. A. Whitmarsh, his theme being "The Resurrection." The singing was by the choir, and the solo "Hosanna" and the Antiphons, "Awake up my Glory," and "Death is swallowed up in Victory" by the choir, were exceptionally well rendered. The platform was beautifully decorated with choice flowers, the work of the floral committee of the Epworth League.

Wesley Church

The congregations were very large at both services. In the morning Rev. N. M. Guy, M.A., delivered a very able discourse from 1st Corinthians, 15th Chapter and 17th verse: "For if Christ be not raised from the dead then our preaching is vain." For the certainty of the resurrection, he showed that there was the same evidence as of all other historical events, that of eyewitnesses, of several appearances to many persons and recorded statements of personal interviews on those occasions. If the disciples stole the body from the tomb, why did they go early in the morning to enshrine it if the soldiers took it, why did they do the suggestion of priests blame the disciples, and why did not the Jewish authorities produce the body to disprove that Christ was alive, and the sepulchre empty, only because they had power to say "I am He that lives and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore." Then the importance of the resurrection—if we eliminate this truth and all its supporting vouchers, we must cut out all these precious promises of Christ to those who will come to Him, love and serve Him. We must consider all our hopes for immortality and reunion in heavenly home, crushed and gone. But it shall not be so—the proofs are infallible and atheism and infidelity can no more smash them than the enemies of Jesus could destroy his influence. The rise, power and permanence of the Christian Church is the greatest evidence of the risen Lord, the founder, for the symbol of shame, the cross is now a symbol of glory and triumph. At night, Rev. H. Boyle preached from St. John's Gospel, 21st Chapter, the direction of Christ to Peter "Feed thy Sheep." It was an earnest appeal to carry out the Divine Master's order and carry His name to every land. The antiphons at both services were fine. Mr. Pratt had his fine choir well trained, and Miss Evans, the soprano soloist, sang her words and notes very sweetly.

Everyday Etiquette.

"Should I thank my partner every time after a dance is finished?" queried May.

"After dancing the young girl does not thank her partner. She has conferred the favor and he should thank her," replied her sister.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.