



**Phyllis Dearborn**  
OR, THE  
**Countess of Basingwell**

CHAPTER XXXIX.  
He had seen her but once when he was under the spell of her sweetness, and after he had seen her a number of times he was as ready to die under her feet as under Sir Lionel's, and words could express no more for his devotion.

So it was a right, royal welcome that was given to them when they went down. And Lady Dareleigh smiled in the sad way that was hers now, and pointed out to Lionel that any one who could go about among her inferiors with such a dignity and grace could not be much in need of instruction.

And so it was afterward when the great county folk began to call upon her, and to give dinners and lawn parties and balls in her honor. She was as free and devoid of any hint of gauche as any lady reared in the very midst of such scenes.

Carrie was astounded at first at the quiet way in which Phyllis adapted herself to her new life, but presently she said to Lionel:

"I ought not to be surprised. It has always been just that way. Even Flora, who was the queenliest woman I ever saw, would yield to little Phyllis. I warrant if you could drop her into the very center of Africa you would find her having them all—I mean the natives—at her beck and call. She's a wonderful Phyllis."

"So she is, Carrie; but it seems to me you are doing very well yourself."

"Oh, yes. I'm getting along. I just sit in that magnificent chair Phyllis had made for me, and watch her, and I never find anybody who wouldn't rather watch her than talk to me. It is very easy."

Lionel laughed, as it was easy to do, at the droll way Carrie told things; but he knew the little creature had never been so happy in her life before. She did not object to the gay parties that came to the castle, and occasionally she would favor some one of the neighboring houses with her presence; but her greatest pleasure was in going among the villagers and doing good work among them.

Phyllis had set apart a pair of ponies for her driving, and it seemed as if they knew who held the reins when she took hold, for with all their life and spirits they would never give her the least trouble, but would prance gayly but gently through all the lanes and by-ways as it suited her to go.

Lionel told Phyllis that Carrie was just the right mixture to suit the country folk, for they were always best satisfied with what they could not quite comprehend, and certainly none of them were quick enough to

**A Certified Cure of Bilious Headache.**

Chronic Liver Trouble Was Entirely Cured by the Use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills—Endorsement by Justice of the Peace.

"Many people are habitually bilious. Mode of life tends to make chronic a torpid condition of the liver. The result is spells of biliousness with sick headache, stomach derangements and much irritability and depression of spirits."

"Too many neglect to take active means of curing biliousness. The bad spell passes over and for a time they are all right. But an unusually hearty menu upsets the liver and consequently the usual discomfort and suffering."

"The writer of this letter has broken up this habit of biliousness and is now enjoying the best of health. Her experience should prove of value to many who, like her, have suffered for years from bilious spells, and sick headaches."

Miss Cora Cochran, Salisbury, N. B., writes:—"I was nearly always troubled with headaches, and every two or three weeks would have to lose

follow the flashes of her wit, though she never went anywhere that folks did not warm up at once into better humor and be smiling before she had said ten words.

As for the little children—they worshipped Miss Carrie. Nobody ever seemed to get so near to them as she did, and her champions among the bigger boys were as numerous as the boys themselves. A happy, happy life she led, and there was no one but was the happier for knowing it.

Lionel and Phyllis did not wait long before they were married. Lady Dareleigh was the first to urge them to it.

"If Flora could make her wishes known she would say not to wait," she said to Phyllis.

The wedding was a quiet one, but the villagers were not to be cheated of their fun, nor was Carrie disposed to see them cheated. She supplied the funds, and the consequence was such a time as there had never been on a similar occasion in Basingwell. And it was a theme for talk until the day when young Lord Lionel was married.

For it came to that one day, but there was a good half-dozen left in the circle when young Lord Lionel went away with his bride. There were Flora, and Carrie, and another Phyllis, with four boys, of whom Lord Lionel was the oldest.

THE END.

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

With a smile the young man seemed to think that it was time to end the little drama, and planting his left foot firmly forward, he delivered one blow straight from the shoulder.

It fell upon the bulley's forehead with a fearful crash, and the same instant, as it seemed, he staggered and fell full length to the ground. A murmur of consternation and admiration—for the blow had really been a skillful one—arose from the group of onlookers, and they crowded round the prostrate man.

"Dang me if I don't think he's killed 'im!" exclaimed the ostler, lifting Jem Pyke's head on his knees.

"What do you say?" said the young fellow, and, pushing them aside, he bent down and examined his late foe. "No, he's not dead. See, he's coming to already. Get some water, some of you—better still, some brandy. That's it. There you are!" he added, cheerfully, as Pyke opened his eyes and struggled to his feet. "How are you? You ought to have countered that last shot of mine, don't you know? You don't box badly, a little wild, perhaps, but then you were wild, weren't you? and that's always a mistake. Well, one of us was bound to win, and there's no harm done, though you've got a bump or two, and—putting his hand to his own face—"my figure-head isn't improved. There," and under the pretense of shaking the man's hand, he slipped half a sovereign into the wry palm. "Get yourself a drink—and good-morning."

and with a laugh and a nod he was striding across the road, when, seeing the pump at the head of the horse trough, he called a boy to work the handle, and with his pocket-handkerchief washed his face and head, coming out of the impromptu bath with his shert chestnut hair all shining like a Greek god's.

Then he strolled across the road, and—for the first time became aware that the young girl from the station had been a spectator of the scene.

He pulled up short within a few paces of her, and the two stood and looked at each other. She had the dog in her arms, and on her face and in her eyes was an expression which baffles my powers of description. It was not fright or disgust, nor admiration, nor scorn, but a little of each skillfully and most perplexedly mingled. Women hate fighting, when it is inconveniently near to them; on the other hand they love courage, because they have so little of it themselves, and they adore a man who will stand up in defense of one of themselves or a dumb animal.

The girl, without looking behind her or vouchsafing even a glance of farewell, walked on until she reached the great iron gates. There she rang the bell which hung like a huge iron tear, within reach of her hand, and on the lodge-keeper coming out, inquired if Mrs. Hale were in.

"Mrs. Hale? Yes, miss; she is up at the house," said the woman. "You are Miss Margaret, I expect?"

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

**GinPills**  
FOR THE KIDNEYS  
**Why They're Sold**

WINNIPEG, May 19th, 1912.

"In the autumn of 1911, I suffered with a continual pain in the back. As a druggist, I tried various remedies without any apparent results. Having sold GIN PILLS for a number of years, I thought there must be good in them, otherwise the sales would not increase so fast. I gave them a fair trial and the results I find to be good."

GEO. E. ROGERS.  
50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all drug stores. Free sample sent if you write the

**National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.**

ing the pump at the head of the horse trough, he called a boy to work the handle, and with his pocket-handkerchief washed his face and head, coming out of the impromptu bath with his shert chestnut hair all shining like a Greek god's.

Then he strolled across the road, and—for the first time became aware that the young girl from the station had been a spectator of the scene.

He pulled up short within a few paces of her, and the two stood and looked at each other. She had the dog in her arms, and on her face and in her eyes was an expression which baffles my powers of description. It was not fright or disgust, nor admiration, nor scorn, but a little of each skillfully and most perplexedly mingled. Women hate fighting, when it is inconveniently near to them; on the other hand they love courage, because they have so little of it themselves, and they adore a man who will stand up in defense of one of themselves or a dumb animal.

The girl, without looking behind her or vouchsafing even a glance of farewell, walked on until she reached the great iron gates. There she rang the bell which hung like a huge iron tear, within reach of her hand, and on the lodge-keeper coming out, inquired if Mrs. Hale were in.

"Mrs. Hale? Yes, miss; she is up at the house," said the woman. "You are Miss Margaret, I expect?"

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

him on his legs. "He ought to have some of his ribs broken, but he hasn't! I'm glad of that, poor little boggart," and for the first time his voice softened.

The girl looked at him with grave displeasure.

"I'm afraid he is the best Christian of the three," she said, severely.

"By George, I shouldn't wonder!" he muttered, with the ghost of a smile.

She gave him another glance, then, without a word, raised her head loftily and passed on.

He lifted his hat and looked after her, then tugged at his mustache thoughtfully.

"So I'm a savage, am I?" he said. "Well, I expect she's about right! What a beautiful girl! I'm a savage! By George, the old man will say the same if I present myself with this highly-colored physiognomy. I'd better go back to the inn, and turn up later on."

As he stood hesitating, the fly crawled up with the bag; the man had pulled up within view of the fight, and had enjoyed it thoroughly.

"Here, wait! I'll go back with you! I've decided to stay at your place for the night," said the young fellow; and he jumped in.

"Not hurt, I hope, sir?" said the man, as he turned the horse. "It was a right down good fight, sir; it was, indeed."

"Not a bit! There, hurry up that four-legged skeleton of yours! I'm as hungry as a—well, as a savage," he concluded, as if by a happy inspiration, and throwing himself along the cushions, he laughed, but rather uneasily.

CHAPTER II.

The girl, without looking behind her or vouchsafing even a glance of farewell, walked on until she reached the great iron gates. There she rang the bell which hung like a huge iron tear, within reach of her hand, and on the lodge-keeper coming out, inquired if Mrs. Hale were in.

"Mrs. Hale? Yes, miss; she is up at the house," said the woman. "You are Miss Margaret, I expect?"

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to the small gates and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

"Yes," said the girl; "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

**Fashion Plates.**

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

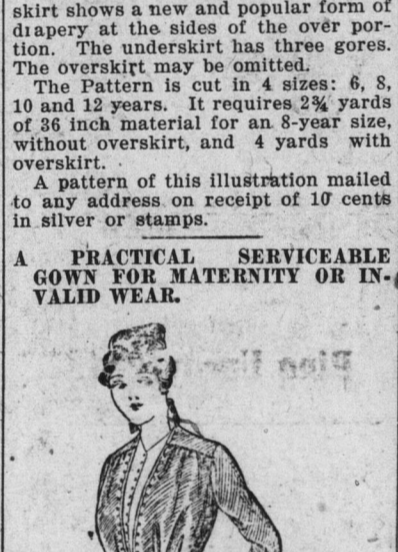
A QUAIN AND ATTRACTIVE FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



1611—Girls' Dress, with or without Yoke and Overskirt, and with Sleeve in either of Two Lengths. Dotted Swiss with "Val" face and insertion is here shown. The design is good for any of the soft fabrics now in vogue, batiste, crepe nun's veiling lawn and dimity. It is also nice for silk and cashmere and other light-weight woolen goods. The waist may be finished with the yoke portions, which could be of contrasting material, or it may be cut low as in the large view, and have the new sleeve with flounce. The long sleeve is nice if warmth is desired. It is finished with a deep cuff, that could be made of material to match the yoke. The skirt shows a new and popular form of drape at the sides of the overskirt. The underskirt has three gores. The overskirt may be omitted. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for an 8-year size, without overskirt, and 4 yards with overskirt.

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

A PRACTICAL SERVICEABLE GOWN FOR MATERNITY OR INVALID WEAR.



1599—This desirable model has new style features and is most practical in its make-up. The fronts are full under a square yoke, and open over a neat vest. An intarn on the vest allows for widening at the fronts and the fulness is comfortable and pleasing. The sleeves are in wrist length and dart fitted. A stylish collar finishes the neck edge. The skirt portion, the important part of this model, is made with gathered fulness over the hips, deep plaited panel portions in back and front, where it is finished with a tucked stitched intarn that may also afford added width if required. The model is so arranged that the fulness at the waistline is adjustable to any required waist size, without alteration on the garment, and allowance is also made for lengthening the front.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

As if it had sprung from the ground, raised by a magician's wand, rose Leyton Court. You can buy any number of photographs of it, and are no doubt quite familiar with its long stretching pile of red bricks and white facings; but Margaret had seen neither the place nor any views of it, and the vision of grandeur and beauty took her breath away.

Far down the line of sight the facade stretched, wing upon wing, all glowing a dusky red veiled by ivy and Virginian creeper, and sparkling here and there as the sunset rays shone on the diamond-latticed windows. The most intense silence reigned over the whole; not a human being was in sight, and the girl was quite startled when a peacock, which had been strutting across a lawn that looked like velvet, spread its tail and uttered a shrill shriek.

(To Be Continued.)

**THEY REFUSE TO EAT**

At periods in most children's lives they fail to relish their meals and refuse to eat even the delicacies prepared to tempt their appetites. They lack ambition, and growth seems impeded, which causes anxiety and worry.

To compel them to eat is a grave mistake, because nutrition is impaired. Healthful exercise in fresh air and sunshine is important, but equally important is a spoonful of Scott's Emulsion three times a day to feed the tissues and furnish food-energy to improve their blood and nutrition and sharpen their appetites.

The highly concentrated medicinal food in Scott's Emulsion supplies the very elements children need to build up their strength. They relish Scott's—it is free from drugs. Avoid substitutes.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 15-24

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.

**JUST ARRIVED**

per Durango:

A splendid variety of Suits.

ings. No two patterns alike. These goods were ordered before the big

jump in Woolens and our Customers can have the

advantage of OLD PRICES

Our new style sheets for Fall and Winter just to

hand.



**Tempt the Appetite**

and satisfy it as well. You can do it when you eat good things bought of us.

**BUTTER**  
If you would be sure of always having good Butter on the table, use BLUENOSE, in 2 lb. slabs and 5 lb. tins.

**BACON**  
SWIFT'S PREMIUM. ELM CITY. HONEY. BACON in Glass.

**COFFEE**  
You would certainly like your morning cup rich and fragrant. Try SEAL BRAND or WHITE HOUSE & CAMP, in bottles.

**BUFFALO FLOUR**  
SAX—14 lb.—SAX.

**BISCUITS**  
Huntley & Palmer's, Jacobs, Carr's & Crawford's.

**CHEESE**  
English Cheddar, MacLaren's, Canadian, Ingersoll's (Pimento and Chilli). MOIR'S CAKES. Promenade Dates. Sliced Pineapple (Glass). Fruit Salad (Glass). Black Leicester Mushrooms.

**OLIVES**  
Queen, Stuffed, Ripe. LAZENBY'S PICKLES. Soups in Glass. Fish and Meat Pastes (Glass). Italian Tomatoes. English Cream.

**Bowring Bros., Ltd.**

332. GROCERY. 332.

**Ready for Your Selection**

are the most popular fabrics and smartest designs. Come in and see what attractive suits

**We are Tailoring for Men**

at this season. We know we could fit you correctly and satisfy you in every particular with our high-class work.

Let us take your measure this week.

**J. J. Strang.**

Ladies' and Gents' Tailoring  
153 Water Street, St. John's.



John Maundel TAILOR & CLOTHIER ST. JOHN'S, N.F. 281-283 DUCKWORTH STREET.

**Tempt the Appetite**

and satisfy it as well. You can do it when you eat good things bought of us.

**BUTTER**  
If you would be sure of always having good Butter on the table, use BLUENOSE, in 2 lb. slabs and 5 lb. tins.

**BACON**  
SWIFT'S PREMIUM. ELM CITY. HONEY. BACON in Glass.

**COFFEE**  
You would certainly like your morning cup rich and fragrant. Try SEAL BRAND or WHITE HOUSE & CAMP, in bottles.

**BUFFALO FLOUR**  
SAX—14 lb.—SAX.

**BISCUITS**  
Huntley & Palmer's, Jacobs, Carr's & Crawford's.

**CHEESE**  
English Cheddar, MacLaren's, Canadian, Ingersoll's (Pimento and Chilli). MOIR'S CAKES. Promenade Dates. Sliced Pineapple (Glass). Fruit Salad (Glass). Black Leicester Mushrooms.

**OLIVES**  
Queen, Stuffed, Ripe. LAZENBY'S PICKLES. Soups in Glass. Fish and Meat Pastes (Glass). Italian Tomatoes. English Cream.

**Bowring Bros., Ltd.**

332. GROCERY. 332.

**Ready for Your Selection**

are the most popular fabrics and smartest designs. Come in and see what attractive suits

**We are Tailoring for Men**

at this season. We know we could fit you correctly and satisfy you in every particular with our high-class work.

Let us take your measure this week.

**J. J. Strang.**

Ladies' and Gents' Tailoring  
153 Water Street, St. John's.

**1916**



ON SALE