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**D & S CORSETS**

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

CHAPTER XV.

It was a week after Margaret's wedding in the moldy and dilapidated old church at Sefton, and she and Lord Blair—she and her husband!—were sitting on the cliff at Appleford looking out upon the sea, which lay at their feet like a level opal glistening in the rays of the morning sun.

The history of these seven days might be epitomized in the three words—They were happy.

Happy with the happiness that few mortals experience. Lord Blair had been in love before his marriage, but he was—and, believe me, dear reader, what I am going to state is not too common—he was more in love now, after these seven days, than before.

Margaret was not a girl of whom even the most fickle of mankind could tire easily, and Blair was not the most fickle.

He had often declared that his Madge, as he delighted to call her, was an angel; he married the angel, and discovered that she was a lovely and lovable woman, and I make bold to say—that for sublimity purposes—that is better, from a husband's point of view, than an angel.

"With each rising sun some fresh charm comes to view," says the poet; and Lord Blair found it so with Margaret.

Under the spell, the witchery of her presence, Lord Blair seemed to grow handsomer, younger, more taking, and to Margaret more charming. Oh, why cannot such epochs last forever, until they glide unconsciously into that eternity where all is love and happiness?

On this morning Blair lay stretched at her feet, near enough to be able to touch her hand, to put his arm round her waist. He was dressed in his flannels, she in a plain dress of some soft comfortable material which, while it showed the deliciously graceful outlines of her figure, enabled her to move about freely and without hindrance.

The light of love and happiness played like sunlight on her beautiful

face, and glowed starlike in her eyes, which had rested on the glorious view, and now sought her husband's—and lover's—face.

"Madge," he said, after a long silence, during which he puffed at his pipe. "I am going to pay you a big and an awful compliment, and yet it's true—you are the only woman I ever met who didn't bore me!"

"Indeed!" she said, flashing a smile upon him which seemed like a sunbeam.

"It's true," he said with lazy emphasis. "Some women are pretty, and are content with that, and think it's good enough for you to sit and look at them; others are clever, and consider that if they talk and you listen it's all right. But you—why, you are the loveliest woman I know, and you are the cleverest. Madge, dear, I have no right to get the whole thing like this. There are so many better men who deserve it more than I do."

Margaret laughed.

"We don't get our deserts, Blair," she said. "You, for instance, might have married a dragon of propriety, who would keep you in order by the terror of her eye; or a plain heiress, who would bring you a large fortune to waste, anything but a foolish girl, who has no money and no family to bless herself with. There's that boat again! Where is it going?" she broke off.

He raised himself on his elbow indolently.

"That is the Days' boat," he said drowsily. "I don't know where it is going. Fishing, I suppose."

"They can't fish on this tide," said Margaret, who, though she had been only a week in Appleford, had learned more about its ways and habits than Blair would have gleaned in a year.

"No," he said, carelessly. "I can't quite make these Days out. They let us these lodgings, and they make us very uncomfortable, but I've a kind of feeling that they have some other way of getting their living that I don't understand. Now, why should he go out to sea this morning if he isn't going fishing?"

"The ways of Appleford are mysterious," said Margaret with a laugh, "and it would take a clever man to fathom them."

"Austin, for instance," he said, drawing a little nearer so that he could take her hand.

A slight cloud crossed Margaret's brow.

"Austin, for instance," he said, drawing a little nearer so that he could take her hand.

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By Use of Dr. Chase's Ointment—Also a Bad Case of Eczema Just Reported Cured.

Eczema and Salt Rheum are different names for practically the same disease. Small pimples or vesicles form in groups, break and run watery matter, a crust is formed, itching is intense and the disease shows a strong tendency to spread over the body.

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Mr. Geo. E. Compton, Brooklyn, Lot 61, P.E.I., writes:—"I suffered for two years with Salt Rheum. Though I consulted three different doctors and tried many medicines, it was all to no effect. A friend advised me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I am glad to say that when I finished the sixth box the Salt Rheum was all gone. There can be no doubt that the cure was entirely due to the use of this ointment, and I want other sufferers from Salt Rheum and Eczema to know about it."

Mr. Geo. Hume, J. P., Brooklyn, Lot 61, P. E. I., writes:—"This is to certify

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Mrs. Allan Weber whose husband is proprietor of the Manitoulin Woolen Mills, Sheguandah, Ont., writes:—"I have had a bad case of Eczema on my right leg below the knee. I tried all kinds of ointments and liniments but to no avail, and was pretty well discouraged. Hearing of how Dr. Chase's Ointment is curing Eczema, I decided to give it a trial and I am glad to say that it made a complete cure. The sores healed up completely, and I have had no trace of the old trouble for over a year."

It takes a little patience to cure a severe case of Eczema or Salt Rheum, but you soon obtain relief by using Dr. Chase's Ointment, and you can see with your own eyes the benefits obtained once the healing process sets in. Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Limited, Toronto.

"I don't know that Mr. Ambrose even would fathom them," she said. "But I have discovered one thing, Blair," and she laughed softly.

"What's that, dear?" he asked.

"Why, that smuggling is not the extinct profession it is generally considered to be!"

"Smuggling!" he exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes," said Margaret. "I am certain that it is carried on here, and I have a shrewd suspicion that the landlord, Mr. Day, is engaged in it."

"Nonsense, Madge!" he said. "What a romantic child it is!"

"But my romance lies within reach of my hand," she murmured, touching his lips with her forefinger and receiving the inevitable kiss. "But I am sure of it. On Thursday night—do you remember how it blew?—no, you were fast asleep! Well, the wind woke me, and I went to the window to close it. As I stood there I heard Day and his son talking outside. They, of course, thought themselves unheard, or they wouldn't have spoken so loudly."

"And what did they say?" Blair asked, smiling.

"I did not hear all of their talk, but I caught some of it. There were words spoken about 'kegs' and 'brandy' and 'tobacco.' That I am sure of."

Blair laughed.

"Nonsense, darling, you dream it!" he said.

Margaret smiled.

"Perhaps so, but it was a very life-like dream then, and to put a touch of reality to it, I saw a keg of some thing—spirits or tobacco—in the kitchen the next morning. I asked Mr. Day what it was, and she said 'Water.' But there is a capital well just outside the door!"

"Upon my word you would make a first-class detective, Madge!" said Blair, with a laugh, in which she joined.

"Should I not? I had a great mind to ask Mrs. Day to let me have a glass of the water, but I felt that if I were right, the consequences would be too embarrassing."

"I should think so," said Blair. "And you imagine that Day and his son are going on a smuggling expedition now?" and he looked at the boat dancing on the waves beneath them.

Margaret nodded.

"Yes, I do," she replied lightly. "I think that presently Mr. Day, with his little boat, will meet one of those rakish-looking craft in the offing there, and then the rakish-looking craft—isn't that the proper nautical phrase?"

"First-rate!" he assented, languidly. "You would make your fortune as a novelist, Madge."

"—Will put a couple of small barrels on board of Day's boat," she said, pinching his ear tenderly. "Day will wait until the tide turns, and then, it being dark, will sail into Appleford harbor with a cargo of fish—and the two barrels. No one will suspect him, least of all the merry and comfortable coastguard; and those two barrels, after resting there for a night, will be sent off to Exeter—or somewhere else!"

Lord Blair laughed with indolent enjoyment.

"Bravo!" he said. "Well, Austin is better than his word. He said Appleford was pretty, but he didn't add that it possessed all the charms that you credit it with."

Once more the faint cloud crossed Margaret's happy face.

"Have you heard from him?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

Lord Blair pulled a letter from his pocket.

"Yes, this came this morning. I didn't read it through. Austin writes such awfully long letters. Read it yourself, darling, and tell me what it's all about."

Margaret read it.

"There is not much," she said. "He says that no one suspects what—we did at Sefton, and that he has told everyone that you have gone abroad."

Blair laughed.

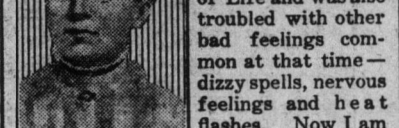
"Trust Austin to keep a thing secret," he said. "He is the best man in the world at this sort of thing."

Now, I should like to see the whole story to the first man I met; but Austin! Oh, Austin could keep his lips shut till he died!"

Margaret looked out to sea, and sighed.

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"Now, what does this mean?" he demanded instantly. "Are you tired? Would you like to go in-doors? Are you—unhappy?"

She laughed slowly and softly.

"I think I am too happy!" she said in a low voice. "Blair, it seems to me sometimes as if there were something wicked in being so happy! We are told, you know, that there is no real happiness in this world, and that joy cannot last. If it is true, then—"

she let her lovely eyes rest upon him doubtfully.

"Nonsense, my darling!" he retorted. "Don't believe it! We were all meant to be happy. Day to some of us have missed the way. I know what the matter with you."

"What?" she demanded, her fingers clinging to his lovingly.

"Why, you feel strange without your work. You are an artist, don't you know; and you haven't touched a brush for—well, for seven days. That's bad for you. Oh, I know. I am a simple idiot, but I understand all about this sort of thing. You want to paint. Well, do it," and he threw himself back with a confident air.

Margaret laughed.

"If I wanted to paint ever so much," she said, "I couldn't; I haven't any materials. No colors, no canvas."

He raised himself on his elbow.

"Oh, that's an easy matter; we can get all that at Itrafcombe. I'll go and get them; it's only a walk, or I can take the boat."

Margaret stopped him with a gesture of curiosity.

"Blair, there is that woman I spoke to you about last night," she said; "there, on that rock."

"What woman?" he asked, without moving.

"That young woman dressed in mourning," said Margaret. "I have seen her three times. I think she must be a widow."

"Oh," he said, lazily; "I dare say. Well, about these sad drawing materials. I'll walk into Itrafcombe, and get them. No; you sha'n't go. It is too hot, and you will get a headache."

"And do you think I will let you go all that way to gratify a whim which you have fastened upon me, you silly boy?" she said. "Seriously, Blair—don't trouble."

(To Be Continued.)

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ADDRESS BY MR. H. E. COWAN.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Jewelry Club in Cannon Wood Hall last night, a splendid address was given by Mr. H. E. Cowan, who spoke on 'Jewelry Paying a Warm Tribute to Those Who Have Answered the Call.' He explained the different methods of resorting in Canada and here and pointed out how far behind we were in many respects. The address was interesting and enjoyed by all present, and at the close a hearty vote of thanks was proposed and seconded by Messrs. J. Gault and E. H. Bennett, respectively. A short concert then took place, songs, speeches, recitations and piano selections being contributed by Miss Langue, Miss Rose, C. A. Moulton, H. J. Erie, Master Snow, H. W. Stirling, F. Emerson, Macklin, C. E. Hunt, McDonald, Hammond, A. Caswell, R. Doerden. The various items were nicely rendered and enjoyed by those present. The Secretary in closing paid a high tribute to Mr. Gault, whom he styled 'The Grand Old Man of the Club.' Next Thursday evening, Hon. R. A. Squires will deliver an address on Efficiency.

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**Henry Blair**

Down Grade.

The road down hill is easy, you get a brisk and breezy companionship and as you tread along it, the dead game sports who throng it will cheer you on your way. You will be the boss and flag on, and cheer the water wagon, the hydrant and the pump, and, laughing at the sorrow which will arrive tomorrow, you hasten to the dump. Your gait grows ever swifter, with willow-waist and spitzer four fingers at the elbow; with deeper you quarrel, and smear at all things mortal, and to the dump you go. Oh, faster yet and faster you speed on to disaster, and deeper is the slope; frigid, stop and look and listen, while yet in sight, there glisten the snowy robes of hope! Some turn around and scramble back through the rock and crumple a weary, racking climb; but there are hands to aid them, and though sore feet delayed them, they reach the top in time. But most of those who are left down hill don't try to scramble back to the heartful pump, back to the same existence they're leaving in the distance, but keep on to the dump.

**Public Opinion**

this family remedy by making its of any other medicine in the world, generations has proved its of indigestion, biliousness,

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