

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Magic Baking Powder costs no more than the ordinary kinds. For economy, buy the one pound tins.

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

CHAPTER XXX.

"No—stay," she said, with a frightened, nervous glance. "I—I have something to tell you! Oh, if I only knew how! Don't be angry with me more than you can help. Punish me if you like, but don't say much to me. I've done the cruelest thing that ever one woman did to another, and I deserve to be shot—" At the word she started up, and flung out her arms. "What is the time? Is it morning? Not morning! Do not tell me that! Oh, great Heaven, how long have I been lying here? Oh, too late, too late!" and she rocked herself to and fro.

"Why are you too late, and for what?"

"To save him! To save Blair! Didn't I tell you? It seems to me that I have been raving about it for hours! He and the Prince Rivani are to fight this morning. This morning! It is light now!"

"Blair—Lord Leyton; your—your husband!" said Margaret, holding on to the bed to support herself.

"My husband!" Lottie almost shrieked; then she laughed wildly and hysterically. "No! not my husband, but yours!"

"Mine!" said Margaret, her eyes fixed on the flushed face and desperate black eyes.

"Yes; yours, yours, yours!" cried Lottie. "Oh, can't you understand? No! You are so good and true, that you cannot believe there are such fiends in the world as me and Austin Ambrose!"

"Austin Ambrose!" was all that Margaret could utter.

"Austin Ambrose!" The cruelest, cleverest scoundrel on earth!" cried Lottie, tearing at her clothes and flinging them on as she spoke. "It was he who tempted me to go down to that place in Devonshire, and pass myself off as Blair's wife—"

"Pass yourself off as— Then—then you are not his wife?"

"No, and never was!" cried Lottie.

"Then— Oh, stop!—give me a minute! No!—don't touch me! I'm not going to faint!" for Lottie had sprung forward to catch her. "I will not faint; only give me a minute. I am Blair's wife!—Blair's wife! Say it again!" and the poor soul, white and red by turns, held up her hands to the wickedly veiled and erring Lottie.

"I'll say it a thousand times; I'll beg your forgiveness on my knees; I'll do anything to atone for what I've done—but not now!" she exclaimed fiercely. "For while we are talking here, murder's being done; for it is murder to pit a man against Prince Rivani, and that's what they have done with Blair—Lord Ferrers, I mean!"

"Ah!—Margaret caught her breath, and pressed her hand to her heart for a moment; then she snatched up her cloak and flung it round her, and sprang to the door.

Lottie had just succeeded in getting on her ragged clothing, and put out a hand, humbly and imploringly to stop her.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

Margaret put her hand away with simple dignity, and, looking at her, replied:

"To save my husband!"

Mr. Austin Ambrose left the boudoir a happier man than he had ever been before during the whole course of his life.

There is a keener joy in the anticipation of success and victory which the actual success and victory themselves cannot produce. In his mind's eye he saw himself—as he had pictured to Violet—lying at her feet in some sunny, vine-clad villa in Spain. Those two by themselves, with no one to share or dispute his claim to her! With Blair either dead or Prince Rivani's rapier thrust, or away in England with Margaret! Yes, success had come to him at last. Not only would he have won the woman he loved with a passion which he had nourished and fostered and secretly fed during all those long and bitter months, but he would have secured wealth as well, for he had not managed Blair's estate for Blair's benefit alone, but had contrived to feather his own nest pretty considerably; besides, Violet still held her own money, and it would now become his!

He was so filled with the ecstasy of anticipation that he could have stopped on the great staircase, and raised the house with his exultant laughter, had there not been still something to do before he could admit that all was ready.

Always looking forward to this supreme moment, he had arranged with one of the drivers of the pair-horse carriages to expect a summons from him, and, slipping on a cloak, he went out to the corner of the street and gave the man his instructions. He was to wait at the corner of the cathedral until he, Austin Ambrose, arrived with a lady. The man was then to drive to the station as if for life, and regardless of anything. Then he returned to the palace, and hastily packed a small portmanteau. He had scarcely finished it when Blair's valet knocked at the door, with General Trellani's card.

Austin Ambrose slipped on a dressing gown over the traveling suit, for which he had exchanged his other clothes, and received the general with calm serenity and dignity.

"You expected me, doubtless, and I will not detain you with apologies for the lateness of the hour," said the general, a stiff and soldier-like old man, to whom duels were very ordinary matters indeed. "I may add that my principal, Prince Rivani, will not accept an apology."

Austin Ambrose bowed.

"The Earl of Ferrers has no intention of offering one," he said, quietly. The general inclined his head.

"As the person challenged, the earl has the choice of weapons," he said.

"Though, like most Englishmen, I am unfamiliar with the etiquette of the duello, I am aware of that. Lord Ferrers chooses swords."

The general looked rather surprised.

"Indeed! In honor, I am compelled to remind you, sir, that his highness is skilled with the rapier; if pistols would be considered more fair—"

"Thanks, general, but the earl has made his choice."

"Then nothing remains to settle but the hour and place," said the general, suavely.

"Will half-past five be too early?" asked Austin Ambrose.

"No hour will be too early for us, sir," said the general, blandly, "and I would recommend the field behind the hospital. It is quiet and secluded at that hour—"

Austin Ambrose assented, and the general looked at his watch.

"My mission is finished, sir," he said. "Pray convey my devoted respects to the earl."

Austin Ambrose bowed him out, and then returned to his room and completed his preparations. He sat down and wrote a short note.

"The meeting is for half-past five in the field behind the hospital. Do not wait for me. I have gone into the town and will join you to the minute. He rang the bell and gave the note to Blair's valet, then locking the door flung himself on the bed and closed his eyes, trying to force himself to sleep, but the effort failed for a time.

His acute brain was still at work picturing the incidents as he imagined them. At half-past five he and Violet would be speeding over the frontier. Blair would go to meet Prince Rivani; they would wait a quarter of an hour, half, perhaps; and then, the prince growing impatient, the general would offer to act as second for Blair; the two men would fight, and there would be no doubt as to which would fall. With pistols, Blair, who was a good shot, would stand something of a chance; but with swords, Rivani, whose skill was proverbial, must win. With his eyes closed he could see Blair lying stretched out upon the ground, with a thin streak of crimson creeping snake-like across the breast of his shirt, and at the vision a fiendish smile of satisfaction curved his lips.

Then he must have slept, for presently the sound of a church bell smote upon his ear, and with a start he sprang from the bed, and stealthily drew the curtains a little apart.

Yes, the dawn was breaking, the hour of his triumph was approaching.

Wrapping himself in his cloak, and with a fur over his arm for Violet, he caught up his valise, and with cat-like step made his way to the boudoir.

The door was ajar, as he had left it a few hours ago, but he paused and softly whispered her name.

There was no answer, and he crept in.

He had expected to find her there ready dressed, and waiting for him, but the room was empty. He went to the door of the bedroom and, knocking gently, cautiously called to her.

Still there was no answer, and after a moment's hesitation, he tried the door. It was unlocked, and he opened it and entered. The room was dimly lighted by a small shaded lamp, and for the moment he could distinguish nothing clearly, but the next he saw a figure lying on the bed. It was she. She was lying as if she had fallen backward in a fit of exhaustion, her pale face turned upward, one arm hanging by her side, the other thrown across the bed.

"Asleep? My poor darling!" he murmured. "But I must wake her! There is no time to be lost!"

Still she did not move, and he took her hand.

Something—its icy coldness, perhaps, or its irresponsive lifelessness—sent an awful pang of fear through him that was like the stab of a knife.

Still holding her hand, he caught up the lamp and held it above her head, his eyes scanning her face.

The next instant the lamp dropped from his grasp, and with a stifled cry, he reeled like a drunken man, and fell at her feet!

CHAPTER XXXI.

Blair wrote his letters—there were not many, for Austin Ambrose had so entirely undertaken the management of the vast estates that Blair knew very little about any business pertaining to them.

He commenced a letter to Violet herself, but after several attempts tore it up. He would see her before he started for the meeting, and say good-bye as cautiously as he could.

Then he went out, and, leaving the city behind, wandered into the country beyond.

Still thinking of Margaret and the picture which in so mysterious and strange a manner photographed her and her death, he returned to the palace, and was surprised to find that it was past four.

He went straight to his rooms, and there, on the dressing-table, found Austin Ambrose's note.

Blair destroyed the note, then had a bath, and dressed himself with more than his usual care, doing it with his own hands, and without summoning the valet.

Then he sighed. He could not go on this errand of life or death without saying "good-bye" to his wife. And yet he shrank from it as he now shrank from nothing else connected with the affair. But it had to be done, and he went into her apartments and knocked at the bedroom door which Austin Ambrose had closed after him. There came no answer, and Blair, after waiting for a minute or two, turned away.

He went to the writing-table, and taking out a sheet of the scented paper stamped with its gold coronet, wrote a line.

(To be Continued.)

Reids' Boats.

The Argyle left Placentia at 5 p.m. yesterday for Miramichi route.

The Clyde left Lewisporte at 12.40 p.m. yesterday.

The Dundee left Port Blandford yesterday.

The Glencoe has not been reported since noon Thursday, going west.

The Home left Lewisporte at 12.40 p.m. yesterday for the north.

The Kyle is due at Port aux Basques this afternoon.

The Petrel left Clarendville at 12.20 p.m. yesterday.

The Megie is on her way to St. John's.

The Sagona arrived at Bonne Bay at 7.45 p.m. yesterday.

The Ethie reached Port aux Basques early this morning.

TRAIN NOTES.

Thursday's outgoing express reached Port aux Basques at 6.10 a.m. to-day.

The incoming express with passengers will leave Port aux Basques after arrival of the Kyle.

The train from Trepassay reached town at noon to-day.

The local from Carbonear arrived in town at 1 p.m. to-day.

Nothing is nicer for a young girl than the shepherdess straw hat, with ribbon streamers and flowers.



Little Lectures by NURSE 'WINCARNIS' (Lecture No. 1)

Anemia

Our blood is composed of red and white corpuscles—the red to nourish the body, the white to fight disease. In Anemia—or bloodlessness—the red corpuscles are more or less deficient. Thus the blood cannot provide sufficient nourishment for the body. Therefore the face, becomes white and "pasty"—the eyes become dull and "heavy"—and a feeling of intense weariness pervades the whole system. To overcome Anemia, the blood supply needs recharging with red corpuscles. And it is here that



possesses such wonderful power. Because, being a blood-maker, "Wingarnis" creates a wealth of new, rich, red blood, which brings the roses back to the cheeks—gives a sparkle to the eyes and recharges the whole body with new vitality and new life.

Begin to get well FREE.

Send the Coupon for a free trial bottle—get a mere taste but enough to do you good. Regular supplies can be obtained from all Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

'WINGARNIS' IS MADE IN ENGLAND.

Free Trial Coupon

COLEMAN & CO., Ltd.,
Wincarnis Works, Norwich, England.
Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis'. I enclose six cents stamps to pay postage.

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Agents for Newfoundland—
Messrs. McNEILL, BROS.,
Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

IT IS COMING!
WHAT?
St. John's Greatest Sale.

Watch for the opening announcement of the World's Greatest Fair. Our Special Representative having visited the large centres of the United States of America, is returning to-day to give the people of St. John's and Outports

The Biggest Bargain Feast

ever it was our pleasure to give. It will pay you to wait for same, as goods are now en route and expected the coming week.

The C. L. MARCH Co., Ltd.,
ST. JOHN'S BARGAIN STORE.
Cor. Water and Springdale Streets.

Sunday Services

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
Cathedral of St. John the Baptist.—Sunday—Holy Communion at 8 a.m.; also on the first Sunday of the month at 7 a.m. and 12.15. Other services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Thursdays—Holy Communion, 7.15 a.m. Other Days—Matins 8 a.m.; Evensong 5.30 p.m. Fridays—9.30, with sermon. Public Catechising—Every Sunday in the month at 3.30 p.m. St. Michael's Mission Church, Casey Street—Holy Communion at 8 and 11 a.m. on the 3rd Sunday of the month, and 8 on other Sundays. Other services, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Sunday Schools—Cathedral, at 2.45 p.m. St. John's West. Cathedral Men's Bible Class, in the Synod Building every Sunday at 8 p.m. All men invited to attend.

PARISH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN.
St. John's West. Sundays—Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m.; also on the first Sunday in each month at noon. Fridays—Evensong and Sermon at 7.45 p.m. Holy Baptism—Every Sunday at 3.30 p.m. Public Catechising—The third Sunday in each month at 3 p.m. Sunday School—At 2.30 p.m. in the Parish Hall. Young Women's Bible Class—Every Sunday at 3 p.m. in the Parish Room. The Holy Communion with special Intercessions on behalf of the War is celebrated on the first Wednesday in each month at 10.30 a.m.

BROOKFIELD SCHOOL CHAPEL.
Evensong—Every Sunday at 3 p.m. Sunday School—Every Sunday at 4 p.m.

ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, THE GOULDS.
Evensong—Every Sunday at 3 p.m. **ASYLUM FOR THE POOR.**
Holy Communion—The first Sunday in each month at 9 a.m. Matins—Every Sunday at 9 a.m. St. Thomas's—Men's Corporate Communion 8 a.m.; Morning Prayer and Sermon, 11 a.m.; Preacher, Rev. W. E. R. Cracknell. Evensong and Sermon, 6.30. Preacher, The Rector. Subject: "The Vision of Holy Waters." Christ Church (Quidi Vidi)—1st Sunday in month, Matins at 11 a.m.; 2nd Sunday in month, Holy Communion 8 a.m.; 3rd Sunday in month, Evensong at 6.30 p.m.; 4th Sunday in month, Matins at 11 a.m. Evensong at 3.30 p.m. on the 1st, 2nd and 4th Sundays in the month. Sunday Schools.—At Parish Church at 2.45 p.m.; at Christ Church, Quidi Vidi at 2.30 p.m.; at Virginia School Chapel, 2.30 p.m. Virginia School Chapel—Evensong every Sunday at 3.30 p.m.; Public Catechising third Sunday in each month.

METHODIST.
Gower Street—11, Rev. F. H. Langford; 6.30, Rev. D. B. Hemmeon. George St.—11, Rev. W. H. Thomas; 6.30, Rev. N. M. Guy. Cochrane St.—11, Rev. C. A. White-marsh; 6.30, Rev. F. H. Langford. Wesley—11, Rev. H. Royle; 6.30, Rev. H. Royle. 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. S. Sutherland. Congregational—11, Rev. N. M. Guy; 6.30, Rev. W. H. Thomas.

Notice of Removal and Partnership

HON. R. A. SQUIRES, K.C., LL.B.,
Announces the removal of his LAW OFFICES to the New BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA Building at the corner of Beck's Cove and Water Street, and the formation of a PARTNERSHIP for general practice as Barristers, Solicitors and Notaries, with MR. J. A. WINTER, eldest son of the late Sir James S. Winter, K.C., under the firm name of SQUIRES & WINTER.
Address: Bank of Nova Scotia Building, St. John's.
January 3rd, 1916. dec31,t

Here and There.

READY FOR SEA.—The Danish schr. Thomas is now ready to sail for Mediterranean ports with a load of codfish.

FLORIZEL DUE.—The s.s. Florizel is due to arrive here direct from New York on Monday evening next, bringing a full cargo.

STILL IMPROVING.—James Yetman, the volunteer injured in a row, is said to be on the mending hand at the General Hospital.

IDEAL FOR FISH DRYING.—To-day was an ideal one for fish drying purposes and was taken advantage of by the different mercantile premises.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The Christian Brothers of Mt. Cashel beg very gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of \$20.00 from the Hon. Geo. Knowling.—adv.11

ANOTHER NEW PURCHASE.—The schr. Paragon, another new purchase of the F.P.U., arrived in port this morning from Boston with a general cargo.

Have you bought your tickets for the Grand Performance in Aid of Holy Cross Schools, Caylin Theatre, Wednesday, May 17th? Delay means regret. Do it now. Tickets at Atlantic Bookstore.—may13,11

Having enjoyed the confidence of our Outport and City patients for many years, we beg to remind them that we are "doing business as usual" at the same old office, 203 Water Street. Remember, Lehr's Teeth stand for durability and workmanship, combined with good fit. Full Upper or Lower Sets \$12.00 Good Clean Extraction Without Pain 25c.

A. B. LEHR,
(The Senior Dentist)
s,t,u,th,t 203 WATER ST.

Personal.

Hon. J. D. and Mrs. Ryan returned home to-day by the s.s. Stephano. Mr. J. J. Mully, who was abroad the past three months, most of which he spent at Nebraska, was a passenger on the Stephano to-day. During his absence he met many Newfoundlanders who have made good in the land of Uncle Sam.

REACHED SANDY POINT.—The schr. Strathcona has arrived at Sandy point from Halifax with a general cargo.

FETCHED HIGH PRICES.—Very little fresh salmon and codfish were in the local market this morning for sale. The demand exceeded the supply and in consequence the fish fetched fancy prices.

BOWLING'S SHIPS.
The s.s. Prospero left Herring Neck at 12.30 a.m. to-day, going north. With the ice disappearing the Prospero should get a good distance north. The s.s. Portia left Marystown at 8.45 a.m. to-day, going west.

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

LONDON

LONDON, April 10th, 1916.

"GINGER" IN POLITICS.
There has been a political trace in this country since the war began and Parliamentary seats as they fall vacant are not contested, each of the big political parties agreeing that the seat shall be refilled by a new member of the same political color as the old one. Where occasionally bye-elections are contested, this is owing to the appearance of a so-called independent candidate. At the same time in both the old political parties, Unionist and Liberal, there have been formed small groups who stand for more extensive military service and a general "gingering" up of the political control of the country. These are therefore called respectively the Unionist and Liberal ginger groups. The Unionist group wants an amendment of the Military Service Act so as to include compulsion for married men and the Liberal ginger group goes for the same thing even more strongly. As a result there has been formed anti-ginger groups of which an extreme case is the small section of the House that follows Sir John Simon. This particular Simonite group is out to throw obstacles in the way of ministers and to object not only to any expansion of the Compulsory Military system but seeks to prevent the present act being rendered fully effective. Amid all these cross currents the Cabinet will need to steer very warily but only on exceptional occasions can the various groups coalesce in the division lobby, and then on matters of purely Parliamentary tactics.

IVANOFF AND BROUSSILOFF.

General Ivanoff's resignation and the nomination of General Broussiloff in his place are most important, both from the political and military point of view. The military importance of the event lies in the personality of the two Generals. General Ivanoff is general of artillery, while General Broussiloff is general of cavalry. General Ivanoff is a man who studied much, who is well versed in higher mathematics, and for whom warfare presents itself as a more or less complicated mathematical problem. Devising a plan of operations he tries to leave nothing to chance. As a good chess-player he foresees all possible movements of the enemy, and has up his sleeve remedies to counteract them. His method is sure but slow. If General Broussiloff, on the other hand, has not such a big scientific baggage at his disposal, he is a man of initiative and, as his brilliant attack on Lemburg during the Russian offensive has shown, of quick decision. He believes in the individual element more than in tactical appliances. General Ivanoff's mind is moulded adapted for a siege warfare, while General Broussiloff will be very useful in a quick offensive is contemplated.

"THE BALKAN NEWS."

A friend at Salonika sends me a copy of "The Balkan News," the queer little daily newspaper of our army there. It is edited, I believe, by an Englishwoman. It is unexpectedly serious in tone, the staple of it being an excellently selected collection of articles on the Eastern situation, from home and Balkan papers. Like the naughty French book in Browning's poem, it is printed on "grey paper with bluish type." The original article in this number, "When Peace Returns," is a thoroughly democratic warning lest "an undue share of the price of victory will fall to be paid by those who can least afford it." A nursing sister contributes an interesting account of the tragic trek of the Serbian army and people before the Bulgar-German sweep southwards. She says that the Scottish nurses earned such a reputation for their vigor that they became known as "birzo sestros" ("the hurrying sisters"). There is a flavoring of mildly comic stories, and, by way of a reminder of soldiers' holidays, the advertisement of the Salonika kinema, where "Charlie Chaplin will appear, at the general request of the British Army."

CASTING THE STARS.

It is always diverting to get behind the scenes, but nothing so diverting has been known in theatrical quarters for some time as the astonishment of many prominent actors who saw their names announced for the star cast of the Shakespearean commination performance of "Julius Caesar" attached to parts of which in their long theatrical experience they had never heard. The "Committee," in order to fit in as many notable players as possible, has had recourse to the Folio text, which gives names of walking-partis, that have never appeared in any acting edition since the Restoration. Hence there will be a merry amount of chaff at the rehearsal. It

GOOD DIGESTION
When your digestion is faulty, weakness and pain are certain and disease is invited.

FOR 40 YEARS THE STANDARD REMEDY

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

FOR STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLE

As all Druggists, or direct on receipt of price, 50c. and \$1.00. The large bottle contains three times as much as the smaller. A. J. WATTS & Co., LIMITED, Craig Street West Montreal.