



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

CHAPTER IX.

But he did hear it, and leaning forward, caught her in his arms and drew her to him until her head rested on his shoulders, her face against his. Then, as his lips clung to hers in the first love kiss that man had ever imprinted there, she drew back, started and trembling.

"Margaret, dearest!" he exclaimed, in tender reproach, attempting to take her in his embrace again.

"No, no!" she panted. "Not yet—not yet! I am not sure—"

"Of me, of my love, dearest? Not sure?" he murmured reproachfully.

"Not sure of myself!" she said, locking her hands together. "I—must think, I cannot think now. Ah, you have bewitched me—"

She put her hand to her brow, and looked down at him with a far-away, puzzled look. "I want to be alone, to think it all over. It seems too—too wild and improbable—"

"Think now, dearest. Give me your hand. I will not speak, I will not look at you!" he said, soothingly.

"No, no!" she said, almost fearfully, drawing her hand from him; and rising, she stood as if half-giddy.

"You will leave me," he said, piteously, "with only—"

"I have said—I will try!" she answered. "I will go now."

He sprang to his feet.

"Let me come with you—to the house, my dearest," he pleaded. But she put up her hand.

"No; go now! We shall meet again—perhaps—soon."

"Yes, yes!" he responded, catching at the slightest straw of encouragement, like a drowning man. "I won't hurry you, or harass you, Margaret! I will try and be gentle with you. I will be a changed man from now. You shall see. But you will let me come again soon? You will meet me here—tomorrow, Margaret?" he added, anxiously.

"The—day after," she faltered. "Good-bye!"

He took her hand and held it to his lips, then she drew it away, and seemed to vanish from his sight.

At twenty paces she stopped, however, and holding up the hand he had kissed and pressed against his heart, she looked at it with a curious look, then laid her lips where his had touched it.

Poor Margaret!

CHAPTER X.

Austin Ambrose had chambers in the Albany. He was not a rich man, as he had remarked, but the rooms were comfortably, even luxuriously furnished, and the taste displayed in their ornamentation and decoration was of the best. There were good pictures, rare china, and bronzes, that if not priceless, were curious enough to be reckoned as valuable.

How Mr. Austin Ambrose lived was a mystery, just as he himself was somewhat of a mystery. He was supposed to have a small income, and he was known to play an admirable hand

at whist, and to wield a remarkably good cue at billiards.

He was also a capital judge of a horse, and it was conjectured that he added to his certain income by these usually uncertain adjuncts.

On the evening of Blair's avowal in the Leyton Woods, Austin Ambrose sat over the dessert which followed his modest dinner.

A bottle of very fine claret was on the table, and he was sipping this in silent abstraction, when the door burst open, and Lord Blair rushed in.

Austin Ambrose looked up without a particle of surprise but with a faint smile of irony.

"House on fire?" he said.

"My dear old chappie!" exclaimed Blair, laying his strong hand on Austin's shoulder, "I've such a lot to tell you! Austin, I've seen her!"

"Seen her? Seen whom?" said Austin, raising his brows as if trying to recollect, whereas he had been thinking of the "her" as Blair rushed in.

"Oh, the young lady, Miss—Miss Hale."

"Of course, of course!" exclaimed Blair, pacing up and down the room.

"Austin, old fellow, I don't know where to begin. I've only just come back from Leyton, and from her! Austin, she is an angel!"

"I dare say," was the cool comment. "And so you have been to Leyton. Another fight, Blair?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Lord Blair. "Be serious, old fellow. My heart is bursting with it all."

"Perhaps it will burst all the easier—at any rate, you will be more comfortable—if you sit down," said Austin Ambrose, dragging a chair forward without rising. "Sit down, man, and don't wear my carpet out. I'm not rich enough to afford another, you know."

Lord Blair sank into the chair and took the wine which the other man poured out for him.

"And so you have been down to Leyton, Blair, have you? 'Pon my word, I didn't think you were so hard bit!"

Lord Blair made a gesture of impatience.

"I told you that I loved her!" he said, almost savagely.

Austin Ambrose shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows.

"My dear fellow, you have made the same interesting remark about so many women!"

"No!" said Blair, vehemently. "I have never spoken about any other woman as I have spoken to you about her, because I have never felt for any other woman as I feel for her. Austin, if you could see her! She is the most beautiful creature you ever saw, and so modest, so sweet, so refined, so—there, if I were to rave about her from now till midnight I should not give you an idea of what she is like—do you know that picture of Gainsborough, the girl gathering flowers—but there, what is the use of trying to describe her?"

"There is no use," said Austin, sipping his wine critically and lighting a cigar.

"No, and to you, especially!" said Lord Blair. "As well talk to a stone image. You know nothing of love or women."

Austin Ambrose smiled, a peculiar smile.

"Not the least," he said, cheerfully and placidly. "Love and women are not in my line. Wine and weeds and a good suit of trumps now—but tell me about her, for I know you are dying to. You saw her?"

"Yes, I saw her," assented Lord Blair, with a long sigh.

"And is that all?" asked Ambrose carelessly, but with a certain quick, attentive look in the corner of his cold gray eye. "Simply raised your hat and said 'good-day!'"

"No, by the Lord, no! I spent an hour with her—I think—I don't know—I lost all count of time, of everything."

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out of the mud with her pure white hand, I mean to go to the earl and say—"My lord, this is my future wife!" and he sprang up and began to pace the floor.

Austin Ambrose slipped his wine. "Hem!" he said, slowly. "I don't think I should do that, if I were in your place, Blair."

Lord Blair stopped.

"You wouldn't—why not?"

Austin Ambrose was silent for a moment, then he set down his glass and leaned back in his chair, but still looked just over Blair's head, instead of into his eyes.

"Look here, Blair," he said; "I don't know that I have any right to intrude my advice, or even my opinion, upon you, but I am, as you know, your friend."

"I should think so!" exclaimed Blair.

"Yes, I am your friend! I owe you my life! Ever since you picked me out of the Thames that August morning—"

"Oh, nonsense!" broke in Blair. "Any fellow would have done the same! You'd have picked me out if I had the cramp, and was going down 'stead of you."

"Well, we won't talk of it then," said Austin Ambrose; "but, of course, I don't forget it. When I look in the glass in the morning, I say to the not particularly handsome gentleman who regards me, 'My friend, but for Lord Blair's strong arm and good wind, you would not be outside the world's crust this morning.' Of course, I can't forget it, and as I owe you my life, I will continue to be a nuisance to you by offering my advice, and that is, Don't go to the earl and tell him you are going to make his housekeeper's granddaughter his future niece and the Countess of Ferrers!"

(To be Continued.)



**Little Lectures
by NURSE 'WINCARNIS.'
(Lecture No. 3)**

Run-Down

When your system is undermined by worry or overwork—when your vitality is lowered—when you feel "any-how"—when your nerves are "on edge"—when the least exertion tires you—you are in a Run-down condition. Your system is like a plant that is drooping for want of water. And just as water revives a drooping plant—so 'Wincarnis' gives new life and new vitality to a "run-down" constitution. Because 'Wincarnis' possesses a four-fold power. It is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all in one. Therefore

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"You talked to her? Did you mention that you had lost your senses—I mean your heart?"

"No chaffing about her, Austin," said Lord Blair, almost sternly, and with the look of passion that came so readily to his frank eyes. "Yes, I did tell her that I loved her!" he said, after a moment's pause.

Austin Ambrose looked over Blair's head without a particle of expression in his eyes.

"And may one ask how she took it?" he said, as carelessly as politeness would permit, but with his air of intense alertness on the alert, "what did she say?"

"I can't tell you all she said; I wouldn't if I could," said Blair, the color coming to his face, his eyes glowing with a rapid look. "She gave me no direct answer. I—I have to wait, Austin. Oh, how can I wait! The hours will seem years. Don't laugh, or I shall get up and kill you," he broke off blushing, but half in earnest. "Austin, if ever a man loved with all his heart, and mind, and body, and soul, I love her!"

"Yes," said Austin, slowly, almost gravely, "I think you do."

"There was a moment's silence."

"And you propose—what do you propose?" he said, quietly; "do you mean to marry her?"

Blair sprang to his feet and his face turned white.

"Tut, tut, man," remarked Austin Ambrose, with perfect coolness. "you don't always marry them!"

Lord Blair sank back into his chair with a look of remorse and shame that was of more credit to him than any other expression could have been.

"You hit me fairly, Austin," he said, almost hoarsely. "But—but—all that has gone forever. I hope! I—I turn over a new leaf from to-day, please Heaven! Do I mean to marry her? Yes, yes! If she will have me! If she will stoop, the angel, to pick me

Household Notes.

A fine grater is a good thing for removing the burned surface of anything.

The vinegar in which pickles have been preserved is excellent to use in salad dressing.

Dainty moccasins can be made for baby from the tops of pale-colored evening gloves.

The leather travelling bag will look clean and fresh if it is polished with linseed oil.

Dip the tops of the fruit jars in paraffine wax. It will make them absolutely airtight.

Always sift flour once before measuring and several times before mixing in a cake.

Cotton crepe table napkins are a convenience in the summer cottage. They require no ironing.

Rice fritters are a nourishing dainty. Make the same as any fritter, using the cooked rice.

A number of creamed soups can be made with the water in which vegetable have been boiled.

According to official German casualty lists which have reached London the total of German casualties for February was 35,198. This brings up the total for the war, as shown in these lists, to 2,667,372.

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Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

1628 - LADIES' CORSET COVER AND DRAWERS.

A popular easily and quickly made corset cover is here shown, which combines nicely with the comfortable and equally simple style of drawers. The models are good for lawn, batiste, all-over embroidery, dimity, crepe and silk. The drawers are cut without fullness at the waistline, and are lengthened by a ruffle that may be of lace or embroidery or of the same material as the body portions.

The Pattern for these two desirable models is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 3½ yards for a Medium size, in 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

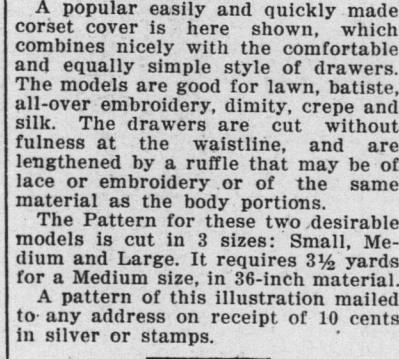
A DAINTY NIGHT DRESS.

1645

1645—This pretty model is nice for lawn, dimity, muslin, crepe mull or flanellette. It is made in square outline at the neck and with a bell-shaped sleeve slashed prettily over the arm. The gown may be made in loose kimono effect, or shirred at Empire waistline.

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War News.

Messages Received
Previous to 9 A.M.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

LONDON, March 24.
The enemy exploded mines last night and to-day near Calincly, just north of Le Basses Canal. No damage. We bombarded hostile trenches south of Comines Canal.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

PARIS, March 24.
Bombardments by French and Germans of positions in the woods of Malincourt and Avocourt both on the German and French positions, on all sides of Verdun, continue, according to a French official to-night. No infantry action has taken place, except in the Argonne forest, where the Germans entered the French first line of trenches, but were immediately expelled with the loss of some men taken prisoners.

ENTENTE ALLES DECLINE PROPOSAL.

WASHINGTON, March 24.
The Entente Allies replying individually to Secretary of State Lansing's suggestion for the disarmament of all merchant ships, have declined the proposal.

GENERAL MURRAY COMMANDS IN EGYPT.

LONDON, March 24.
Reorganization of the British forces in Egypt, following the satisfactory turn of affairs for the British, has been effected, it is officially announced this evening. The War Office statement says: The military position in Egypt being satisfactory owing to the failure of attempts on the Turks on the western frontier, reorganization of the forces of that country have been effected. General Sir A. Murray has assumed sole command in Egypt. General Sir E. Maund will leave for England to-day.

STEAMERS SUNK.

LONDON, March 24.
Another Danish steamship has

Many faulty mineral cyanide discs. Complicated necessary. This letter is