



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

CHAPTER XIV.

"All right," assented Austin Ambrose; "you didn't, then. But I was going to say that another advantage is that Sefton is on the main line, and that you start from the church to that place in Devonshire where you are to be happier than ever two mortals have ever yet been. What is the name of it?"

"Appleford," said Blair.

"You will be there about five o'clock," continued Austin Ambrose. "Just in time for dinner."

"What do you say, Madge?" asked Lord Blair, in a low voice.

Austin Ambrose rose and strolled toward some flowers.

"I say as you say, dearest," she answered, with a little sigh.

He looked at her.

"Just give me half a hint that you don't like all this secrecy—" he began; but she stopped him, raising her eyes to his with a trustful smile.

"We won't open all that again, Blair," she said. "Yes, Sefton will do."

"And you won't mind doing without the bridesmaids and the white satin dress, and the bishop, and all that?" he asked, with half anxious but wholly loving regard.

Margaret returned his gaze steadily and unflinchingly.

"I care for none of them," she said, quietly. "If I could have had my choice I should have liked my grandmother; but we haven't our choice, and so nothing matters, Blair."

"You are the best-natured girl that ever breathed, Madge!" he said in a passionate whisper. "All my life through I shall remember what sacrifices you made for me. I shall never forget them! Never!"

"Have you made up your mind?" asked Austin, coming back.

"Yes; it is to be Sefton," said Madge herself.

"Very well, then," he answered.

"Then, all the rest of the arrangements I can make easily."

And he was as good as his word.

He went down with Blair to get the special license; he engaged a sweet little cottage at Appleford; he saw the parson's clerk, and informed him

of the date of the wedding; he even went with Blair to his tailor's to order some clothes.

The day approached. Margaret had made her preparations. They were simple enough, wonderfully and strangely simple, seeing that the man she was going to marry was a vicar, and he to one of the oldest coronets in England.

"Don't buy a lot of dresses, Madge," Blair had said. "We shall be going to Paris and Italy after Appleford, and you can buy anything you want at Paris, don't you know?"

She gave notice to quit to her landlady, and wrote a line or two to some of her companions. She did not say that she was going to be married, but that she was going for a long stay in the country, and she did not add what part.

The morning—the wedding morning—was as bright and even brilliant as a real summer morning in England can be—when it likes; and the sun shone on the new traveling dress—which was to be her wedding-dress as well—as bravely as if it had been white satin itself.

All the way down to Sefton, Blair looked at her with the loving, wistful admiration of a bridegroom, and seemed never tired of telling her that she was all that was beautiful and lovable.

Austin Ambrose had gone into a smoking carriage and left them to themselves, but when the train pulled up at Sefton he came to the door.

"Are we going to walk?" inquired Blair.

"No, there is a fly," said Austin, and he led them to it quietly and got them inside.

Blair laughed.

"Poor old Austin! Upon my word, I think he enjoys all this mystery! He'd make a first-class conspirator, wouldn't he? I say, he was right about the place, though, wasn't he?"

It is dead and alive.

Margaret looked through the window. There were a few scattered cottages, one solitary farm, and at a little distance, half hidden amongst the trees the old dilapidated church.

"It is quiet," she said; "but it is very pretty."

"Quiet!" and he laughed. "I'd no idea there were such spots near London. Austin must have had some trouble in finding such an out-of-the-way place."

And he spoke truly. Mr. Ambrose had taken a great deal of trouble.

The fly drove up to the church door and Austin Ambrose got down from the box.

"You need not wait," he said to the flyman; "we are going to take a stroll through the church. It looks interesting."

The flyman pocketed his fare—the exact fare—and concluding that they were eight-seen, drove sleepily away.

"Come along," said Austin Ambrose in a matter-of-fact fashion, and they followed him.

But the door was locked, and there was no sign of parson, or clerk, or pew-opener.

Austin Ambrose bit his lip, then laughed.

"I know where the old fellow lives," he said; "I'll roust him out."

He went to a little ivy-grown cottage just outside the churchyard, and presently returned with the ancient clerk.

"Mornin' miss; mornin' sir," he said, touching his battered old beaver. "I begs ten thousand pardons, but I quite forgot as how there was a wedding this mornin'; but I desay the parson have recollectet. Howsomever, I'll open the church," and he unlocked the door and signed for them to enter.

Margaret tremblingly clung a little closer to Blair's arm and he murmured a few words of encouragement.

"Hang it, Austin!" he said, aside; "it scarcely seems as if we were going to be married. It only wants a haire—"

Austin laughed.

"Nonsense. It is just what you want. They have forgotten you are to be married, and they'll forget all about it half an hour after it is over. Here is the parson; I did his memory an injustice!"

The old gentleman came shuffling up the porch and blinked at them over his spectacles.



"Good-morning, Mr. Stanley," he said.

Blair stared, then, remembering that that was the name he had arranged to assume, returned the greeting.

The pew-opener, an ancient dame, with a "front" slipping down nearly to her nose, now made her appearance, and the party went into the church.

The clerk assisted the clergyman into his surplice, and got out the register, and Blair, pressing Margaret's hand, walked up to the altar.

Austin Ambrose paused a moment before accompanying, and whispered to Margaret:

"You will take care not to address either of us by name?"

She made a motion of assent, and, pale and trembling, followed with the pew-opener and clerk.

The service began. It was scarcely audible; at times the old clergyman was taken with a cough that threatened to shake him, and the book he held; and, indeed, the church itself, into pieces, but he struggled through it; and in a few minutes Margaret found herself leaning upon Blair's arm, and heard him murmur—with what intensity of love!—"My wife!"

"Now, if you'll sign the book," said the clerk. "Lemme see; what is the name?" and he peered at the license.

"Here is the name!" said Austin Ambrose. "It is rather a long one, and I've written it down," and he handed him a slip of paper.

Blair, to whom the remainder of the formalities was cavalier, was bending over Margaret at a little distance, and buttoning her gloves.

"Ah! yes! ahem! thank you!" said the clerk. "Now, if you'll sign, please."

They signed, the old clergyman peering down at them with a benign and utterly senile smile.

He had never heard of Lord Ferrers or of Lord Leyton; and this string of names might belong to some young shopkeeper's assistant for all he knew or cared; but he did inquire for the license.

"I put it in the book," said Austin Ambrose. He had got it in his pocket.

"Oh, very well! Yes, thank you! Well, I trust you will be happy, young couple; yes, with all my heart. You have got a beautiful morning; and where are you going to spend your honeymoon?"

"In France," said Austin Ambrose, blandly. "So we must hurry away. Good-morning, sir," and slipping their fees into the hands of parson, clerk, and pew-opener, he made for the door.

"My wife!" said Blair again.

"George! I can scarcely believe it is true!" and he looked round with a

half-dazed glance; but it changed to one of triumph and happiness as he drew her arm within his and pressed it to his side.

"Yes, you are man and wife," said Austin Ambrose, "and I echo the good old clergyman's wish, 'May you be very happy,' and he held out his hand."

Blair seized it and wrung it.

"Thank you, Austin," he said simply, but with a ring of deep feeling in his voice. "You have been a true friend to us both, eh, Madge?" and he pressed the hand on to her.

She took it and looked at the owner. Then suddenly she started and drew back. For a moment—in his secret exultation—Mr. Austin Ambrose had been off his guard, and there shone a light in his eyes that almost betrayed him.

It was gone in an instant, however, and with the pleasant, friendly smile, he pressed Margaret's hand.

"We mustn't try her too much, my dear Blair," he said. "It has been an exciting morning. Would you like to rest, or will you go on, Lady Leyton? There is just time to catch the train."

Margaret started. Lady Leyton! Blair laughed.

"Margaret doesn't know her own name," he said. "Which will you do my lady?"

"Let us go on," she murmured, a desire that was almost absorbing possessed her—the longing to get rid of Mr. Austin Ambrose. It was very ungrateful, but so it was.

"All right," said Blair.

They walked to the station. As Austin Ambrose had said, there was just time to catch the down train to Devon, and in a few minutes it came puffing up.

A faithful friend to the last, Austin Ambrose got them a carriage, and tipped the guard.

"Good-bye," he said, standing on the step and waving his hand; "good-bye, and Heaven bless you!" and there seemed to be something really like tears in his eyes.

And, indeed, he was paler than usual as he walked up and down the platform, waiting for the train to London.

Sometimes our very success frightens us.

The train reached Waterloo pretty punctually, and Mr. Austin Ambrose sprang out and got into a cab.

(To be Continued.)

"Cascarets" for a Cold, Bad Breath or Sick Headache

Best for liver and bowels, for biliousness, sour stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now.

Furred Tongue, Bad Colds, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel.

That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating.

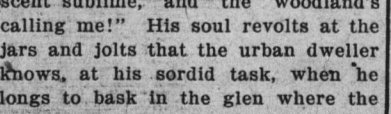
A Cascaret to-night will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then to keep their stomach, liver and bowels regulated, and never know a miserable moment. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a good, gentle cleansing, too.

SPRING THOUGHTS.

A man grows sick of the walls of brick, and the city's endless roar, when old winter goes, with its frosts and d snows, and the springtime's at the door. His soul rebels at the city's smells, and he says to himself, says he, "There are banks of thyme with a scent sublime, and the woodland's calling me!" His soul revolts at the jars and jolts that the urban dweller knows, at his sordid task, when he longs to bask in the glen where the cowslip grows; and he says, "Geowh! I am tired of biz, and sick of the sights I see, of the streak and strain for tawdry gain, when the woodland's calling me!" In all human lives, when the spring arrives, there riseth the wanderlust; and a fellow's dreams are of woods and streams, and the long road white with durt. And he heaves a sob as he views his job, from which he won't dare to flee; and he says, "By Hoyle! It is hard to toll, when the woodland's calling me!"

Facts for Health Seekers to Ponder Over.

Nearly every disease can be traced to clogged or inactive stomachs, livers or intestines. Indigestion, biliousness, headaches and insomnia all emanate from this cause. Keep these organs in working order and you'll have continuous good health. No case was ever treated with Dr. Hamilton's Pills and not cured; their record is one of marvelous success. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are very mild, yet they cleanse the bowels promptly and establish healthy regularity. You'll eat plenty, digest well, sleep soundly, feel like new after using Dr. Hamilton's Pills—one a dose—25c. a box everywhere. Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Hamilton's Pills, in a yellow box always.



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You would be Surprised at the Quality for such Low Prices.



CHILD'S DRESSES.
A nice lot asstd. styles, good quality. To fit from 3 to 6 years, 80 cents.

Larger sizes, a very smart lot, to fit from 8 to 14 years, 85c. to \$1.85.

CHILD'S WHITE SKIRTS.
White Longcloth Skirts, full length, to fit 2 to 8 years, 20c. each.

White Longcloth Skirts with band, to fit 10 to 15 years, 40c. each.

LADIES' KNICKERS.
White Longcloth, good quality, embroidery trimmed, 40c. to 70c.

CHILD'S WHITE KNICKERS.

Child's White Longcloth Knickers, with lace frill, to fit from 4 to 12 years, 15c. to 19c.

Same as above, with embroidery frill, 16c. to 20c.

White Longcloth Knickers, embroidery trimmed, to fit from 14 to 18 years, 37c. to 43c.

ROMPERS.
Strong Checked Gingham, 40c. Plain & Striped, 80c.

BOYS' WASH SUITS.

White Blouse with Tan or Blue Pants, buttoned at waist, 40 cents.
One-piece Suits, Check, Gingham and Striped Seersucker, 80 cents.

LADIES' WHITE UNDERSKIRTS—Embroidery Trimmed,
85c., \$1.30, \$1.50 and \$1.70.

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Spring is upon us, and Housecleaning too. We want to say a word in season relating to our Easy Payment Plan.

The Art of Home Furnishing

at low cost and easy terms, is an art we have studied long and deeply, and just now we are looking forward to a greater Spring business than ever in the furnishing of homes. The whole store is budding into its Spring commercial bloom, the pleasant suggestion of longer days and warmer weather meets the eye everywhere. If careful preparation and generous value giving count for anything, we shall have a Spring business that will tax even our splendid facilities. The keynote of our policy in selecting Spring Furniture and selling can be given in 5 words—

Reliable Goods at Moderate Prices.

From this on we shall be pleased to extend to people who value it the convenience of our weekly or monthly payment system. Our policy in this regard is reasonable and fair. This is a store for all the people. Drop in when up town and talk it over with us.

The C. L. MARCH Co., Ltd.,

THE POPULAR FURNITURE STORE.

290,000 Canadians Enrolled So Far.

Ottawa, March 30.—The government has always taken pains to ascertain the views of the Imperial authorities, especially the views of the war office, with regard to such matters," was the reply of Sir Robert Borden to an enquiry by Hon. Charles Macell in the house to-day, as to whether the decision of the administration to enlist 500,000 Canadians for overseas service was reached after conference with the British authorities.

The Premier responded in the negative to a question as to whether anything had occurred since the beginning of the year to induce the government to change its mind as to the number to be enrolled in the expedi-

tionary force. He said that the time required to prepare such a force for the field depended on conditions which could not be at present foreseen, and that reasonable regard should be had

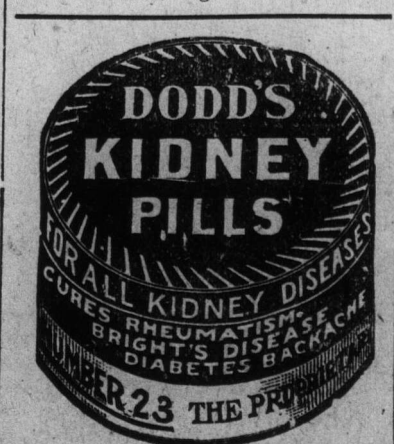
for the necessities of agriculture and other industries.

The period involved in getting troops ready for action had varied, six months might be taken as the minimum required to prepare infantry for the front. A longer time was needed for other arms of the service.

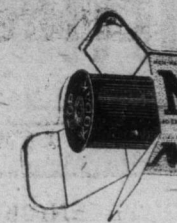
Sir Robert told Mr. Macell that since the war began 290,000 men of all ranks, making no deductions for casualties had been enrolled. There were approximately 112,000 men in England, and at the front, and approximately 135,000 still in Canada.

Casualties of every description amounted to 22,000 and wastage accounted for 21,900 men more.

The total expenditure of Canada for war purposes up to the end of February, 1916 was approximately \$187,000,000.



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PRICES

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Headquarters for Everything

Re-union at British Hall

The British Hall last night was the scene of a happy reunion for the members of the N.B.S. and S.U.F. After an appetizing menu was dispensed with the following toast list was taken up:

"The King"—Proposed by Chairman W. H. Goodland; Res. Jas. Rendell, P.M.

"N.B. British Society"—Proposed by W. McGillivray; Res. W. H. Goodland.

"S.U.F."—Proposed by W. H. Goodland; Res. Jas. Rendell, P.M.

"Our Guests"—Proposed by W. Mugford; Res. A. Osmond and A. J. Chalke.

"Our Boys at the Front"—Proposed by J. R. Chalke; Res. Rule Britannia.

Patriotic speeches were also made during the evening by Messrs. Lawrence and G. Cook. Songs were also rendered by some of those present.

The event was brought to close at 2 1/2 a.m. with the singing of the National Anthem.

Neptune's Turnout.

The s.s. Neptune, Capt. George Barbour, finished landing her seals last evening. Her turnout was 24,601 young harps, 327 old harps and 1 bellman, a total of 24,929 seals, valued at \$78,348.81 net. The crew of 194 men shared \$124.27. Gross tonnage 688 tons, 11 cwt., 1 qr., 7 lbs. The net weight of the catch was 653 tons, 12 cwt., 3 qrs., 8 lbs., the seals averaging 43 1/2 lbs. The captain's share was over \$3,100.

Doing Well.

The seal skimmers at the South Side are making fine wages this spring, principally owing to the recent increase in their rates, and partly due to the enormous quantity of young harps being brought in. Some seal skimmers have been averaging nearly \$20 a day since the first steamer arrived, but, of course, such only happens a few weeks out of every year.

Train Notes.

The incoming express left Port aux Basques at 3.15 a.m. to-day, and is due here about noon to-morrow.

The outgoing express left Crabb's at 5.50 a.m. to-day, and reached Port aux Basques at 10.45 a.m.

The Troopship train reached town at 11.45 a.m. to-day.

The local from Carboneau arrived at 1 p.m. to-day.

Official.

Via Fogo—Samuel Blanford reports her crew aboard last night, and all well.

Via Cape Ray—Viking, Ranger, Diana and Seal reports their crews aboard and all well.

W. P. A.

As the work rooms at Government House will close at the end of April, the Committee in charge request all those having work in hand to be good enough to return it (even unfinished) by the end of the month.

apr.13

A Certified Cure

Chronic Liver Trouble Was Entirely Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills—Endorsement

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 headaches, 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 every one who, like her, has 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

Blood was like Water Anaemia

You cut your finger and the wound is slow to heal. The blood is watery and fails to form new, rich, red blood. The lips and gums are pale. You are anemic.

This condition is best overcome by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. In this food cure there are combined in concentrated form the elements that go to form new, rich, red blood.

The appetite is sharpened, digestion improved, color and strength return, and you rid yourself of weakness and many annoying derangements.

50 cts. a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.



DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD