



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

CHAPTER II.

"Well, Mr. Stibbings has spoken of him. Mr. Stibbings—a perfect gentleman, my dear—is good enough to drop in and take a cup of tea some-times, and he has told me about young Lord Blair. You see, he has been in the family a great many years, and knows all its history. He says that the earl and the young nephew never did get on together, and that the young man is, oh, very wild indeed, my dear. The earl and he have only met two or three times, and then they quarrelled—quarrelled dreadfully. I daresay the earl feels the loss of his son, and that makes it hard for him to get on with Lord Blair. But he is really a very wicked young man, I am sorry to say."

"What does he do?" asked Margaret.

"The old lady looked rather puzzled how to describe a young man's wickedness to an innocent girl."

"Well, my dear, it would be easier, perhaps, to say what he doesn't do," she said at last.

Margaret laughed softly.

"Poor young man," she said gently. "It must be bad to be so wicked!"

The old lady shook her head severely.

"I don't know why you pity him, my dear," she said.

"Oh, I don't know," said the girl, slowly. "Perhaps some people can't help being bad, you know, grandma! Oh, here are my things coming, now I can show you one of my pictures, and she jumped up gleefully, and commenced unfastening the brown-paper parcel.

"I did think of carrying it, but I am glad I didn't, for it was warm, and I met with an unpleasant adventure on the road, when the parcel might have been in the way. Oh, I didn't tell you, grandma! I saw such a terrible fight—a fight! think of it—as I came here."

"A fight, my dear!" exclaimed the old lady.

"Yes," nodded Margaret; "between two men; and what made it worse, one was a gentleman."

"A gentleman, Margaret! Gentlemen don't fight, my dear."

"So I thought," she said, naively; "but this one does anyway, and fights very well," she added. "At least, he knocked the other one down—a great tall fellow—as if he had been shot."

"Bless my heart! where was this?"

"Oh, just in the village here. The man—he was an ill-tempered fellow, I'm sure, with such a dreadful face—

kicked a poor dog, and the gentleman, who was near, fought him for it."

"Good gracious! And, of course, you ran away?"

"The girl laughed rather strangely. "No, I didn't, grandma. I ought to have done so, I meant to do so, but—well, I didn't. I wish I had, for the creature had the impudence to speak to me!"

"What—the man?" aghast.

"The gentleman. He came across the road and begged my pardon. I'd got the poor dog in my arms, you see, and I suppose—well, I don't know why he spoke, but perhaps it was because, being a gentleman, he felt ashamed of himself. If he didn't at first, I think he did when he went away," she added, with a laugh and a blush, as she remembered the words that had flown like darts of fire from her lips. "Oh, it was shameful! His face was cut, and there was blood"—she shuddered—"on his collar! He was a very handsome young man, too. I wonder who he was. Did I tell you he came down by the same train as I did?"

Mrs. Hale shook her head.

"No one I know, my dear," she said. "None of the gentry hereabouts would fight with any one, least of all a common man. A tall man, with an ugly face—"

"Oh, very ugly and evil-looking—I think they called him Pyke."

"Pyke—Jem Pyke!" said Mrs. Hale. "Oh, I know him; a dreadful bad character, my dear. I'm not surprised at his kicking a dog, or fighting either. He's one of our worst men—a proacher and a thief, so they say. I wonder he didn't get the best of it!"

"He got the very possible worst of it," said Margaret, with an unconscious tone of satisfaction. "There's the picture, grandma! And where will you hang it?"

It was a clever little picture; a bit of a London street, faithfully and carefully painted, and instinct with grace and feeling.

The old lady of course did not see all the good points, but she was none the less proud and delighted, and stood regarding it with admiring awe that rendered her speechless.

"You dear, clever girl," she said, kissing her, "and it is for me, really for me? Oh, Margaret, if your poor father—"

Margaret sighed.

"Get me a hammer and a nail, grandma," she said, after a moment, "and I'll put it in a good light; the light is everything, you know."

A hammer and nail were brought, and the picture hung, and the two went out into the garden, and presently the girl was singing like a nightingale from her over-brimming heart. But suddenly she stopped and looked in at the window of the room where the old lady had returned to see the unpacking and uncreasing of the clothes which had traveled in the unpretending Gladstone bag.

"Oh, grandma, I beg your pardon! I forgot! Perhaps the earl won't like my singing?"

Mrs. Hale laughed.

"The earl! My dear, he is right at the other end of the building and could scarcely hear a brass band from here! But come in now, Margaret, and have some supper. You must go to bed early after your long journey, or you won't sow the seed for those roses I want to see in your cheeks!"

She found herself presently and quite suddenly in a short corridor, at the end of which a stream of varicolored light poured from a stained window; there was the reflection also of gilt carving and velvet hangings, and rather awed, Margaret was for turning back, when she saw a footman pass with noiseless footsteps across the thick Oriental carpet at the end of the corridor.

She called to him, and hurried after him, but before she could reach him, he had disappeared as if by magic, evidently without hearing her suppressed voice, and she found herself standing at the entrance to a magnificent picture gallery, which seemed to run an interminable length and lose itself in a distant vista of ferns and statuary.

Margaret literally held her breath as she peered in through the velvet curtains.

There, line upon line, hung what

was a doubt one of the finest collections of the kingdom—and she, within the threshold of it.

Her mouth, metaphorically, began to water; her large dark eyes grew humid with wistfulness.

What cream is to a cat, water to a duck, pate de foie gras to a gourmet, an Elviver to a bookworm, that is a picture gallery to an artist.

She could resist the temptation no longer. The place was crowded, as it were, with silence and solitude; no one would see her or know that she had been there, and she would only stay five—ten minutes.

Ever could not resist temptation—being doubtless fond of apples; Margaret could not resist, being fond of pictures. And yet, if she had known what was to follow upon this visit to Leyton Court, if there had only been some kind guardian angel to whisper:

"Fly, Margaret, my child! Fly this spot, where peril and destruction await thee!"

But, alas! our guardian angels always seem to be taking bank holiday just on the days when we most need them, and Margaret's angel was silent as the tomb.

Pushing the heavily-bullioned curtain aside she entered the gallery, and an exclamation of surprise and delight broke from her lips.

It was a priceless collection: Rubens, Vandyke, Titians, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Cuyt, Jan Steen; all the masters were here, and at their best.

The soul of the girl went into her eyes, her face grew pale, and her breath came in long-drawn sighs, as she moved noiselessly on the thick Turkey carpet, which stretched itself like a glittering snake over the marble floor before the pictures.

What jewels were to some women, and dress to others, pictures were to Margaret.

She was standing rapt in an ecstasy before a head by Guido, her hands clasped and hanging loosely in front of her, her lovely face upturned, a picture as beautiful as the one upon which she gazed, when she suddenly became aware, without either seeing or hearing, but with that sense, which is indescribable and nameless, that she was not alone, but that some one else had entered the gallery.

The consciousness affected her strangely, and for a moment she did not move eye or limb; then, with an effort, she turned her head and saw a tall figure standing a few paces from the doorway.

It was that of an old man, with white hair and dark—piercing dark—eyes. He was clad in a velvet dressing-gown, whose folds fell round the thin form and gave it an antique expression, which harmonized with the magnificence and silence of the gallery.

The eyes were bent on her, not sternly, not curiously, but with a calm, steadfast regard, which affected her more than any expression of anger could have done.

She stood quite still, her heart beating wildly, for she knew, though she had never seen him, that it must be the earl himself.

(To be Continued.)

MORE DIPHTHERIA.—Another case of diphtheria is reported from Stephenville. Dr. Bethune, of St. George's, is attending to the sufferer.

FLORIZEL'S CREW SIGNING.—The s.s. Florizel is now signing her crew of 270 men. She will sail from here for the north on Monday next.

INVESTIGATING THEFTS.—The police are now looking for evidence in connection with a series of thefts which occurred in the city recently.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.—Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c. fr.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—Though suffering from an injured toe, Edward P. Doyle, of this city, enlisted recently. Yesterday he entered the general hospital to have the defect removed.

"Stafford's Phoratox," the best Cough Medicine for all kinds of Coughs and Colds. Price 25c. Postage 5c. extra.—jan5,tf

AUXILIARY SCRUBS.—We learn from a reliable source that there is a movement on foot to purchase several Lunenburg schooners and fitting them with auxiliary engines for the purpose of freightage to this country.

MILNARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.



Busy Workers

Men and women workers should keep themselves provided with OXO CUBES. Taken with a slice of bread or a biscuit a cup of OXO makes a quick hot meal at once strengthening and satisfying.

OXO CUBES are as inexpensive as they are convenient. Used in your household for one week you will find a difference not only in the health and wage-earning power of your family, but in the saving of food-expenditure.

A CUBE TO A CUP

Tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100 Cubes.



When she woke in the morning with the scent of the honeysuckle waiting across her face, Margaret could almost have persuaded herself that Leyton Court was a vision of a dream, and that she should find herself presently on her way to the art school at Kensington amidst all the London noise and smoke. To most Londoners the country in June is a dream of Paradise; what must it have been to this young girl, with the soul of an artist, with every nerve throbbing in sympathy with the sky, the flowers, the songs of the birds?

Like a vision herself, her plainly made morning dress in a soft, dove color and fitting her slim young shape with the grace of a well-made garment that can afford to be plain, she ran down the oak stairs into the parlor. But Mrs. Hale was not there, and Marg, who glanced with shy admiration at the lovely face and pretty dress, said that she had gone to see the butler.

"You will find her in the pantry, miss, if you like. It is at the end of this passage, to the right. You can't miss it, miss."

But Margaret did miss it, for her idea of a pantry was a small place in the nature of a cupboard, whereas the pantry at the Court was a large and spacious room, and Margaret, seeing nothing to answer to her idea, opened a door, entered, found herself before another door, opened that, discovered that she was in a round kitchen of a lobby surrounded, like Blue Beard's chamber, with other doors and all at once learned that she had lost herself.

It was a ridiculous position to be placed in, and an annoying one, for she felt that her grandmother would be vexed by Margaret's venturing out of their own apartments.

But she did not know what to do; it was impossible, having turned round in the circular lobby and lost count of the door, to regain it again, and in a semi-comic despair, she opened the door opposite her, intending to walk on until she met a servant of whom she could ask her way back to Mrs. Hale's wing.

She found herself presently and quite suddenly in a short corridor, at the end of which a stream of varicolored light poured from a stained window; there was the reflection also of gilt carving and velvet hangings, and rather awed, Margaret was for turning back, when she saw a footman pass with noiseless footsteps across the thick Oriental carpet at the end of the corridor.

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GET IT FIRST—NOT LAST

When a cold grips your system it is convincing proof that your condition is weakened—remember that. It is risky indeed to simply trust your strength to throw it off, because neglected colds have brought more serious sickness than any other one thing, while weakening cathartics and stimulating syrups are often depressing and dangerous.

The one best treatment for any cold—the one so often relied on when others fail, is the powerful blood-nourishment in Scott's Emulsion, which feeds the very sources of bodily strength to suppress the present cold and generate strength to thwart further sickness.

Get Scott's first, not last—and insist on the genuine—always free from injurious drugs. No advanced prices.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 15-13

Obituary.

MRS. A. GLASCO.

There passed peacefully away yesterday morning at her residence, Mrs. Annie Glasco, widow of the late John Glasco, one time butcher in the city. Deceased up to a few days was in the best of health, when she was suddenly taken ill. Although she received the best of attention the call came yesterday morning. There is left to mourn the sad loss of a beloved mother, two daughters and two sons, one in the city and one in Boston. To the sorrowing relatives general sympathy is expressed.

MISS MAGGIE LANG.

Yesterday death visited the home of Mr. Charles Lang, of the Boot and Shoe Factory, and Mrs. Lang, and claimed as its victim their eldest daughter, Maggie. After such suffering the end came peacefully, but not unexpectedly. Miss Lang previous to her illness was a pupil of the Presentation Convent and was a general favourite with her associates. Private James Lang, of the First Newfoundland Regiment, is a brother, having resigned from Bowring Brothers office to fight for King and Country; also there are several sisters and brothers, including the parents to mourn their loss. To the bereaved ones deepest sympathy is offered.

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