

In scrubbing floors
Old Dutch
makes the brush
go a lot easier

Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt

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

CHAPTER XV.

"But that is just what I mean to do," he said. "I don't want you to be bored, even for a moment; and I should feel happier myself if I could see you with your beloved paints and turpentine. You shall make a sketch of Appleford—and we'll hang it up wherever we go, and look at it when we are quite old, so that we may remember that we were 'too happy,' eh, Madge?" and he put his arm round her and kissed her.

At this moment, the landlady, Mrs. Day, came from the cottage behind them. She was still a young woman, and her appearance was rather above that of the ordinary Appleford fishwives. She had an intelligent face that rather impressed one.

Margaret had taken to her at once, and for Margaret Mrs. Day had a warm admiration, which expressed itself in her dark eyes and a smile which shone in them when Margaret spoke to her.

Mrs. Day generally had some knitting in her hands, and the needles were glistening in the sunlight as she approached. She had evidently not seen them, for while her hands were busy her eyes were fixed on the boat, which was gradually making its way across the bay.

Suddenly she lowered her eyes, and catching sight of her lodgers she started slightly, and, with a quick glance from them to the boat, turned to retrace her steps, when Blair called to her.

She came up to them with a little bow, that was almost a courtesy. "Sorry to call you back, Mrs. Day," said Blair, in his genial manner, which won all hearts; "but I want to know the best way to get to Ilfracombe?"

Mrs. Day's needles stopped. "The boat's out, sir," she said, "or you could have gone by that."

"Yes, I know that she is," said he, pointing to it; "Day's gone fishing, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Day, promptly and placidly. "There's no train now till the evening, and it's too far for Mrs. Stanley to walk."

"Mrs. Stanley isn't going," said Blair. "I'm going alone."

"Then you could ride, sir," said Mrs. Day; "I could borrow Farmer

Tonsillitis, Sore Throat, Chest Colds, Can be Cured Over Night

They Vanish Quickly if Nerviline is Well Rubbed In.

When the throat tickles, when it hurts to draw a long breath, when you feel as if a knife were stuck in your side, it's time to draw out the congestion that will soon become pneumonia.

An ordinary cough syrup has no chance at all—you require a powerful penetrating liniment.

Nothing is known that possesses more merit in such cases than Nerviline. Rub it liberally over the sides and chest—rub it in hard.

The warm, soothing effect of Nerviline will be apparent in five minutes. Nothing like it for quick relief—

Jones' colt, if you cared—"The very thing," said Blair, at once.

Mrs. Day inclined her head respectfully.

"I'll go and send for it, sir," she said, with the promptness which had struck Margaret as rather uncommon in a woman of Mrs. Day's class.

In about twenty minutes she came back to them.

"The colt is here, sir," she said, simply.

"Mrs. Day, you would make an excellent aide-de-camp," said Blair, with a laugh, as he jumped up. "Good-bye, Madge; I shan't be long. I can't bring all the things, but I'll bring some of them, and they shall manage to send the rest."

Margaret put her arm round his neck. Mrs. Day had retired.

"Don't go, Blair," she said, with sudden and unexpected earnestness. "I don't care about the painting; I would rather—"

"No, no!" he said, steadfastly; "you only say that to save me a little trouble, and all the while I'm feeling glad to be able to do something for you, Madge! Trouble; the ride will be rather jolly. I'll tell you what Ilfracombe looks like, and, perhaps, you'll feel inclined to tear yourself away from your beloved Appleford, and make an excursion."

Margaret turned her face away. A strange and sudden presentiment had taken possession of her, and she was ashamed of it.

"Well, go then!" she said, forcing a laugh; "and if you do not come back, why I shall think Ilfracombe has proved too fascinating."

"All right," he said; "but I think you'll see me back by dinner time."

At the corner of the lane he turned in his saddle and looked round for a last glance at Madge—his wife, his darling—and was rewarded by a wave of her white hand.

"Now, my young friend," he said, addressing the colt, who was rather frisky, "have your little game by all means, but when it's over let us get on, for I'm anxious to get back to that young woman on the hill behind there."

Margaret stood until Blair had disappeared, then she sank onto the ground again.

After all, it had been foolish of her to let him go, or why had she not gone with him? She had had half an idea that the change would be good for him, it was not wise to keep a man tied to your petticoat though he love you ever so truly, and so she had given him his liberty. Well, he would come back at dinner time hungry and gay after his ride, and would love her

more than ever.

Luncheon was laid in the neat little room, and she took off her hat and light jersey jacket and sat down with a wee little sadness. It was the first time she had sat down to a meal without Blair since their marriage; and Blair was a person likely to make his loss felt. The little room seemed desolate without his light, musical voice and his quick, ready laugh. Margaret looked round cheerfully, and thought she wouldn't have any lunch, then she felt ashamed of her weakness, and dreading the look of surprise and astonishment with which Mrs. Day would be sure to view the untouched sole, forced herself to make a "pretending" lunch.

And as she chased a minute piece of fish round her plate with a fork and slice of bread, she fell to thinking of her great happiness, and the difference it had and would make in her life.

She was Blair's wife! Soon all the

all the more dearly for the short separation.

After a time she put on her hat and went down into the little fishing town, which clustered on the hill rising from the point where the sea and the two rivers met. It was a quaint old town, quite a hundred years behind the rest of the world, and the people, fishermen and sailors, were supposed to be rather rough; but they had never been rough to her, had never failed in that rustic courtesy which springs from the heart and is much better than the imitation which is manufactured so cleverly in towns.

She wandered to the beach and stood there for awhile, the women looking after her with a smile, the children gazing up at her, as they drew near, with that frank admiration for her beauty which did not always confine itself to looks, for she heard one child say to another:

"That be pretty maiden from London, that be."

An old man was seated on an up-turned boat mending a net, and Margaret, feeling lonely, gave him good-evening.

"Good-evening, miss," said the old man, touching the wisp of white hair that shone like snow against his tanned face. "Be 'e going out for a sail?"

"No," said Margaret. "I am only strolling about."

He nodded approvingly.

"Well, you be wise. Better on land, miss. We're goin' to have a shift in the weather."

Margaret looked at the cloudless sky and smiled down upon him with gentle incredulity; the old man shook his head.

"Oh, it be bright as a new penny now, miss, surely," he said, smiling back, "but it bea'n't going to last. There's a wisp in the wind as threatens a storm. It 'll come before night; a tough 'un, too."

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Margaret. "There are some boats out at sea. Will they be safe?"

"There bea'n't many," said the old man.

"Mr. Day's boat has gone," said Margaret.

"Ay," he returned, slowly, and he looked steadily at his net. "She'll be safe enough. She's a stiff 'un, and used to rough weather, miss, and he laughed. "We always have it rough 'a'most when there's a high, strong tide, and it's very high to-night. You see that rock, miss?" and he pointed to a dark mass that rose on the black line at a little distance from them.

Well, the tide will cover that rock to-night. People won't allus believe it. There was a gentleman and a lady washed off that rock two year ago; they thought themselves safe, and was up there to watch the tide come in; they never saw it go out!" and he chuckled grimly.

Margaret shuddered.

"Do you mean that they were drowned?" she said.

"I 'spect," he replied; "leastways, they were never seen again."

"But I thought people who were drowned always came back?" said Margaret.

He shook his head.

"Not hereabouts, miss. There's sands here, miss, as is unreliable and hungry as a wild beast; things they gets hold of they sticks to."

Margaret, not being desirous of continuing this cheerful conversation, wished him good-day and turned toward the cottage on the cliff.

Luncheon was laid in the neat little room, and she took off her hat and light jersey jacket and sat down with a wee little sadness. It was the first time she had sat down to a meal without Blair since their marriage; and Blair was a person likely to make his loss felt. The little room seemed desolate without his light, musical voice and his quick, ready laugh. Margaret looked round cheerfully, and thought she wouldn't have any lunch, then she felt ashamed of her weakness, and dreading the look of surprise and astonishment with which Mrs. Day would be sure to view the untouched sole, forced herself to make a "pretending" lunch.

And as she chased a minute piece of fish round her plate with a fork and slice of bread, she fell to thinking of her great happiness, and the difference it had and would make in her life.

She was Blair's wife! Soon all the

Spent Countless Nights Unable to Rest or Sleep

Was Run Down and in Terribly Nervous Condition—By Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Gained Regularly.

In this letter is told once more the story which comes from many thousands of women. It is the story of exhausted nerves, of a run-down system and of all the accompanying misery of sleeplessness, headaches and loss of energy and vigor.

But there is a silver lining to this cloud. There is the light of new hope and courage which comes with the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

This letter is so representative of the kind we are daily receiving that you can judge from it what you might expect from this treatment under similar circumstances.

Mrs. Conrad Schmidt, R. R. No. 1, Milverton, Ont., writes: "Two years ago last spring I was run down, had nervous prostration, and was in a terribly nervous condition. I could not sleep or eat. Could scarcely count the nights that I passed without sleep, and if I did eat I had sick headaches and vomiting spells. My limbs would swell so badly that it hurt me to walk. I would jump up in bed,

awakened by bad dreams; in fact, I was so bad I thought I could not live, and started to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food without much hope.

"It was not long before I began to improve under this treatment, and I can truthfully say it has done me a world of good. It took some time to get the nervous system restored, but I kept right on using the Nerve Food regularly and gradually gained in health and strength. I have a fine baby boy now. He weighed 12 lbs. at birth, and though my friends were anxious after the condition I was in, I got over that fine, and now weigh 120 lbs. Before using the Nerve Food I was a mere skeleton."

You are not asked to expect miracles from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. But if you are willing to feed back your exhausted nerves to health and strength you can depend absolutely on this great food cure to produce the desired results. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

world would know it, and they would be drawn away from this quiet spot, which was like a placid pool in the whirling vortex—they would be drawn into the river, and be one of the giddy, rushing throng. If they could only always remain serene and happy outside the tumult of the great world!

How surprised everybody would be. The earl, her grandmother, her old companions at the art school! She could almost see her grandmother weeping and laughing over her with loving pride. Then she sighed. With all Blair's flattery she felt so unfit to be a grand lady, a viscountess who would some day wear the Ferrers' coronet!

"If we could only stay as we are," she thought, girl-like. "It is Blair I want, not the title or the money. I would rather live with him here until we die, than be the mistress of Leyton Court. What a pity it is he is not a fisherman! I could have mended nets, and knitted his jerseys, and

stockings, and cooked his dinner in time, but to learn to play the part of viscountess!—oh, it frightens me a little!"

But she laughed even as she sighed. For, after all, would not Blair be at her side to guide and protect her, and envelop her with his great, strong love?

She got up and went to the window, and as she did so she picked up a pipe of Blair's and kissed it, though the caress was followed by a grimace.

There was still some long hours to be got through before Blair and happiness came home to dinner, and she was thinking rather desolately of another walk when the door opened and Mrs. Day entered.

"There is a lady to see you, ma'am," she said, hesitatingly.

"A lady to see me!" said Margaret, with surprise; then thinking that it might be one of the residents, who had come to pay her the compliment of a call, she said, quickly:

"Oh, I am very sorry. Will you say I am not at home, please, Mrs. Day? But are you sure she wishes to see me?—it is so unlikely."

"Yes, she wants to see you, ma'am. She said Mrs. Stanley quite distinctly. And it's no saw saying not at home, because she saw you at the window."

Margaret smiled at the unsophistication which was not familiar with the conventional white lie.

"By not at home I mean that I don't want to see her," she said. "She will understand, I think, Mrs. Day."

"Very well, ma'am," said Mrs. Day, and she went out. She was back again in a couple of minutes, however.

"The lady says she has come a great distance on purpose to see you, and begs that you will see her, if only for five minutes, ma'am," she said.

Margaret changed color. Could it be her grandmother?

"Is—is it an old lady?" she asked.

"No, ma'am, quite young. I should think; she has kept her veil down. I'll send her away if you like, ma'am; after all she shan't bother you. If you don't want to see her, though she be so pleading."

The last words decided Margaret—and sealed her fate.

"Oh, well—then, I will see her," she said, reluctantly.

"She's in the parlor, ma'am," said Mrs. Day, still hesitating; and Margaret, after that glance in the glass without which no woman ever goes to meet another, passed into the little passage. But she paused, even with her hand on the handle of the door.

After all it was only some stranger come to beg a subscription to one of the local charities; and yet she had come from a distance! Determining to get rid of her as soon as possible—

for she knew that Blair would not wish her to see anyone—she opened the door and entered the room.

A woman—Margaret's quick eyes saw at a glance that she was young—was seated with her back to the window. She was dressed very simply, and yet tastefully, in clothes that were almost, if not quite, mourning, and she wore a veil.

As Margaret entered, a faint color mounting in her lovely face, the visitor gave a scarcely perceptible start, either of surprise or admiration, and the hand that held her sunshade trembled.

"Do you wish to see me?" said Margaret, in her musical voice, which seemed to affect the visitor as her face had done.

(To be Continued.)

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.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



1650.—Girl's Dress with or without Over Blouse, and with Two Styles of Sleeves.

This would make a very attractive dress for party or best wear, for graduation or for dancing school. Silk and crepe or crepe de chine could be effectively combined in this model, also chiffon and net or tulle. The dress may be finished without the overblouse. The sleeve in wrist length has a new cuff. In short length the sleeve is in puff style with gathered ruffle.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3½ yards of 44 inch material for a 10 year size for the dress, with 1½ yards for the overblouse.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SPLENDID STYLE FOR BUSINESS OR AFTERNOON WEAR.



Waist 1648.—Skirt 1656. In linen, gingham, cheviot, jersey cloth, shepherd check or plaid suiting, taffeta, crepe poplin or voile, this style will be very lovely. The yoke skirt is especially attractive, and adapted to any figure. The right front of the waist is shaped at the closing. The neck edge may be in high effect, or rolled low in convertible style.

The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 7½ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. The skirt measures about 3½ yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

Size.....

Address in full:—

Name.....

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern cannot reach you in less than 15 days.

Minard's Linctum Cures Distemper.

Closing of Northern Sealfishery.

The arrival of the S. S. Samuel Blandford will witness the closing of the northern sealfishery. Messrs. Job Bros. & Co. had a wireless last night from Capt. W. Winsor stating that the Samuel Blandford was on her way home. The ship was then thirty miles north of the Funks and the weather was thick and snowing. The ship is expected to arrive here sometime tomorrow. She hails for 20,000, which is considered a heavy trip, as a couple of thousand are old seals. The approximate for the eight ships which prosecuted the seal fishery north is 220,000.

What Are You Doing for that Eczema?

"Nothing; I've about given up trying to cure it."

"That is not wise. Do as I did and you will probably be cured in a short time. I used Zylex and Zylex Soap with it and my Eczema began to improve at once. A couple of boxes cured. You can get Zylex at your Druggists."

Zylex, 50c. a box; Zylex Soap, 25c. a cake. Zylex, London. eod.t

A Rare Treat.

Mr. Harry Shortis will lecture on "Heroes of Newfoundland," at St. Joseph's Schoolroom, Hoyestown, on Wednesday evening, the 26th inst. The subject is popular and one that appeals to all, and in such capable hands will, undoubtedly, be done full justice to. The proceeds will be devoted to a worthy object.

Earn Money Knitting at Home. It is a fact at the present time that many ladies operating Auto-Knitters at home are making from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day knitting hosiery. The work is pleasant and easily learned, and gives you steady employment at home the year round. Write to-day, to Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Dept. 260 D, 257 College St., Toronto, for full particulars, as more workers are needed at once.

Here and There.

NEW FISH CARRIER.—The Halifax schr. Ada Mildred has been purchased by Newfoundland parties to be used in the fish carrying trade.

If Your Blood is thin and you are easily exhausted, and frequently chilly try Ferrivin the invigorating tonic. Large bottles \$1.00. Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

PIT PROPS.—We learn from passengers on yesterday's express that for 1½ miles east of Bishop's Falls pit props are piled 7 feet high without a break in the line.

As Fire Spreads in dry grass, so does an inflammation in the throat grow down into the lungs. Deal promptly with a cold as with a fire, and when you begin to cough use Allen's Cough Balsam.

CITY COLLECTIONS.—Last week's collections were \$6,533.11 against \$82.75 for the corresponding week last year. The expenditure was \$1,509.24 and for the same period 1915, \$1,899.08.

LOGGING OVER.—On Thursday 55 men came out of the woods at Badger where they had been logging for the A.N.D. Co., and returned to their homes preparatory to the fishery.

HEALTH REPORT.—Only one case of diphtheria was reported to the Health Authorities during the week. There are now under treatment in hospital 21 cases of the disease and 2 patients being nursed at home.

FOR INSANE ASYLUM.—An inmate for the Insane Asylum from a northern outpost joined the express at Lewisport and was put off at Waterford Bridge, where the Asylum attendants took him in charge.

FOR SALE.—One Kohler Piano, almost new and very slightly used. Property of a person leaving the country. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply CHESLEY WOODS, 282 Duckworth St.—ap8.t

ANXIOUS TIME FOR TRAIN HANDS.—The mail special that left here last Monday experienced a terrific wind storm at South Branch. To guard against fire all lights on the train were put out, fearing the cars would leave the track.

WEST COAST FREE OF SNOW.—The western section of the railway from Humbermouth to Port aux Basques is now free of snow. However, there is sufficient left on the Topsails to make it uncomfortable for the railway men.

RESERVISTS RETURN.—Six Naval Reservists, who have completed their one year's service, returned by the express that reached town at 4 p.m. yesterday. They report one of their number, who became disorderly at North Sydney while under the influence of drink, was arrested by the police.

NEURALGIA
LAME BACK
LUMBAGO
STITCHES
HAZOL-MENTHOL
25c. and 1 YAR
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO.

Holland! May Go to War

Despite the Denials of the Torpedo Sank the New Liner, the Government of Windmills Will In Much Than Belg

By Joseph J. O'Neil, Staff Correspondent of the New York World, Who Recently Spent a Month in Holland.

The sinking of the Dutch passenger liner Tubantia, possibly by a German torpedo, within a few miles of the coast of the Netherlands, has brought up, more strikingly than anything else since the beginning of the European war, the possibility of Holland entering that conflict.

Until the present time no definite move in that direction has been taken. Germany has officially declared that some of its submarines fired the shot that sent the ship down, and has contended that it must have struck a mine. But Holland is not satisfied, and is determined to get to the bottom of the matter.

If it is found that it actually was a torpedo which sent the new, smart craft to the bottom, the entrance of Holland into the strife is not at all beyond the range of probability.

If Holland does enter upon the side of the Allies, it will be a very por-



"All Bosh—Tea and Coffee Do"

says the cynic—but, we live in a time of life many tea or coffee is "getting them".

Headache, nervousness, insomnia, etc., are often fee is getting in its work; a ledge of its true nature; a former tea or coffee drinker

INSTANT

This famous food-drink flavour, but is entirely free of harmful elements ever present. It is made of whole wheat, wholesome molasses, and pepper, to carry on her work, brain, nerves and muscle.

Postum comes in two forms. Postum Cereal must be boiled, requires no boiling—a level of hot water makes a delicious form, as equally delicious is about the same.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Canadian Postum Cereal Co.