



The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XXX.

"Well, then, hesitatingly, "I don't think Sir Hugh would mind so—very much."

"No!" he exclaims, his conscience suddenly relieved.

"Sir Hugh is a devoted son," she goes on, in a low voice, "and—and I think he meant to marry me as much to please his mother as to please himself."

He starts, and his voice clears.

"It is a comedy instead of a tragedy!" he says, "and that hap-hazard suggestion of mine is the right one. We will fly. Come, say yes, my dear girl!"

"If you think—" she falters.

"I do—I do," he answers, eagerly. "It is the best way of solving the problem. See how easily it can be done! I will go down and get a license—I can, I think—yes, and you can meet me some day! Why not to-morrow?"

Her heart beats, her lips part with barely suppressed eagerness. He has fallen into the trap so completely that it seems almost miraculous.

"To-morrow!" she exclaims, with a little pant.

"Why not?" he says, eagerly. "Every day you remain will but confuse matters, and make them worse. If you so dread an explanation—and I can quite understand it, my dear girl!—why not seize the opportunity to escape from your false position at once? Come, Lucy, my dear Lucy, let us take the leap; it is not in the dark, for I feel that you love me, and my love for you is not of yesterday's growth! Come, say yes, my dear girl!"

"Must I?" she murmurs, and he presses her to him.

"Yes," he says, pondering. "And

now, dearest, you must meet me somewhere. Mind, there must be no mistake! Let me see—suppose I met you at the church to-morrow?"

"Stay," he says. "Find some excuse for getting out, say ten o'clock, and go down to the end of the street. I will have a brougham there, and the man shall drive you to St. Michael's."

"Oh, must I?" she breathes again.

"Indeed you must," he answers; then he pats her hand pityingly.

"My poor girl, it is hard that you should have to give up the little fuss and ceremony which you all hold so dearly, but never mind! After all, it is the only way out of the difficulty. Will you come, dearest Lucy? Hush! there is some one outside! Speak! Quick! Ten o'clock to-morrow."

"Yes," she says in a whisper, "if it must be, dear duke!"

"May I seal the compact?" he says, and with courtly grace he stoops and kisses her.

There is barely time for him to do so before Maud's voice is heard in the hall.

"Hush! there is Maud!" she says; then she smiles. "Duke you must be very attentive to her, and—and don't let her suspect anything from your manner." And she glides away from him.

He nods, and so it happens that when Maud comes in she finds Lucy sitting at a great distance from the duke, and intent upon her antimacassar, and the duke coming forward to receive Maud, throws so much impressiveness into his greeting, that poor Maud's tell-tale face is crimson with sanguine hopes and expectations.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"The town is nearly empty; the country is just at its best, got its autumn tints on, and all that, you know. There isn't an auction sale once a week, aunt; and as to the clubs, a fellow cannot go into them without getting his coat splashed with whitewash."

It is Archie who is speaking—Archie, in his white waist-coat and the stiff, stand-up collar which the tyrant, Queen Fashion has decreed we shall all wear—Archie, in his well-cut clothes, and with his handsome face more handsome even than of old in its reflection of his new-born happiness—and he is arguing that they should all leave London.

"Well, but," says Lady Brookley, "you know your uncle never will go out of town, unless it is to Homburg or Wiesbaden. And surely you don't want to go there?"

"No," says Archie, "not yet." And he glances at Dulcie, as she leans over a table arranging some flowers, and humming an air from the last new operetta. "Not yet," he says, a little louder, "not till—ahem!—I go there for our honeymoon. Did you speak, Dulcie?"

"Nary word," she says, without looking round, but with a little dash of crimson in her cheek, for she has caught the word. "What is he trying to persuade you to do now, aunt?"

For by this title Lady Brookley has insisted upon being called by the girl whom she has learned to love as a daughter. "Don't listen to him, dear; he will tempt you into all sorts of

The one and only

H.P. sauce

is different—quite different from any other kind of sauce.

Get a bottle to-day.

All Stores sell H.P. here.

wild courses. Oh, dear! how warm it is this morning."

"There!" exclaims Archie, extending his hands triumphantly—"there! I told you so. It is hot—awfully hot; and I'm sure Dulcie looks pale. I've noticed—"

Dulcie turns her face over her shoulder, and laughs at him with defiant contradiction.

"What an awfully thin excuse, sir!"

"No. I don't really think that will do," says Lady Brookley, as she gazes at the beautiful face so eloquent of youth and health. "Try something else, Archie."

"Well, then, say I'm getting pale," he retorts, desperately. "I am indeed; and I'm getting thinner. I assure you my waistcoat hangs on me like a rhinoceros skin, I've no appetite—"

Lady Brookley holds up her hand. "Remember you dined here last night, sir!" she remonstrates.

"Yes, but that was only a fictitious appetite; I didn't like to alarm you."

And he shakes his head with a self-sympathetic smile.

"No, but seriously," he goes on; "why shouldn't we all go away? Somewhere out of this awful dust-heap, which is, by courtesy, called London. I'm like the little boy in the ballads, dying for a mouthful of grass, and a sight of the fresh air."

"But where shall we go?" says Lady Brookley, after the laugh with which this sally is rewarded has passed. "Your uncle is so particular. He hates the sea-side, because it reminds him of the 'jolly days,' as he calls them, when he was in active service—and he doesn't like the usual places inland."

"Look here," says Archie, with a weak attempt at unpredemption; "why not go down to Armfield? You haven't been there for a couple of years. It's a nice little place—will just be near enough to London for uncle if he must run up, and—"

"And it happens to be within a few miles of the place where a certain young gentleman is going to ride a steeple-chase," puts in the old lady, with a short smile.

Archie nods and laughs.

"That's it," he says, candidly. "I'll own to being selfish, if you like."

"It's quite unnecessary," murmurs a sweet voice at the table.

"I must go down there and see that the nags are all right, and—and—"

"It would be very nice to have one's sport and one's sweetheart both at once," finishes Lady Brookley, laughing.

"Well, why not?" he says. "I should like Dulcie and you to see the race; it is good fun, and we've exhausted everything in town, haven't we, Dulcie?"

"Yes," she says; "everything, I think," and she laughs as she recalls mentally the long list of outings which Archie has organized and carried through. "Even the Zoo begins to pall upon us."

"Well, you must speak to your uncle," says Lady Brookley, with a smile.

"No, Dulcie's the one to do that," he says, shrewdly. "He'd go to Kamchatka if she asked him. Why don't you leave those flowers and join in the confab?" he says, with a weak air of complaint.

"I leave you to settle it," says Dulcie; "but," with a little shy glance at Lady Brookley, "I should like to see the race."

"There!" exclaims Archie, trium-

phantly—"I told you so! That does settle it."

"Well," says Lady Brookley, "you can both attack your uncle after lunch—mind, after lunch—and if he consents, you can write down to old Mrs. Strong, who has charge of Armfield, and tell her to get it ready."

"That's all right," says Archie, as he goes up to Dulcie and puts his arm round her waist. "After all, I think you'd better leave it to me, Dulcie; but mind, don't you put a word in to contradict me; and if you can, manage to make a poor lunch, and sigh once or twice, to say nothing of looking pale."

At which Dulcie laughs mockingly. "I shall do nothing of the sort, sir, and if I see Lord Edward doesn't like it, I sha'n't let him go." Don't Archie, I shall never finish these flowers."

Does one need to say that these two are happy? Every word, every look of Archie's proclaims his felicity, and surely there must be some reason for the new light which beams in Dulcie's eyes, and the bright, tuneful music which, as in the old days, springs from her lips from early morn till dewy eve.

And she is happy. Not with the wild, delicious happiness of the old days at Holme Castle, but happy with a deeper, more firmly rooted joyousness.

The fact is that Archie has discovered the secret. He has found the way to woo her, and that secret is comprised in as devoted an attention and in as unselfish and patient a worship as ever man lavished on woman.

As he himself declares, he has become absorbed in one great study, and that is—Dulcie. To learn her wishes, her looks, her inclinations, is the task he has set before him, and he is on the road to success.

It is his ministrations—his whole-souled love—that has brought the roses back to the once pale face, and the music to the once silent lips.

And Dulcie, for her part, has learned something too.

She had once called Archie a dolt—a lovely dolt, it is true, but still a dolt.

But she has changed her mind of late, for she has discovered that a man may be as beautiful as an Apollo, and yet possess intelligence and manliness.

Then, again, she has had an opportunity of seeing the estimation in which her betrothed is held by the world at large, and that estimation is a high one. Wherever they go together, she finds herself regarded as a particularly fortunate girl.

Sir Archibald Hope is rich, beyond the dream of avarice. "He is the representative of an old and honored name," as poor Aunt Fernor used to say, and Dulcie is looked upon with envy by every single woman whom she meets.

But this is not all. Lady Brookley had declared that no woman could see much of Archie without loving him, and Dulcie has recognized and acknowledged the spell.

(To be Continued.)

Every suit has its belt, but it is always a narrow belt.

Velvet and fur is the warm, fashionable combination.

A favorite sports hat is the soft velour in pastel shades.

WHY PAY MORE

For an inferior SUIT for your boy, when you can buy one for

\$8.75

that has the

Top Notch Style and Value

that distinguishes it from these sold elsewhere.

Smyth's

ESTABLISHED 1875

RAINBOW FLOUR

\$1.15 PER SACK

Rainbow

\$1.15 PER SACK

FLOUR

Bakes

BEAUTIFUL

Bread

\$1.15 PER SACK

\$1.15 PER SACK

FLOUR

XMAS House Cleaning.

Here are a few items which will help you to make Housecleaning very easy.

BANNISTER BRUSHES.

O CEDAR MOPS. **HEARTH BRUSHES.**

O CEDAR DUSTLESS MOPS. **FLOOR WAX.**

O CEDAR OIL in all sizes. **FURNITURE POLISH.**

FEATHER DUSTERS—Long and LINOLEUM POLISH.

Short Handles. **BRASS POLISH, ETC.**

N.B.—Try a box of **ELECTRO-SILICON** for your silver plate. Nothing better, only 15c. per tin.

MARTIN ROYAL STORES HARDWARE CO., Ltd.

(Successors to Martin Hardware Co. & Royal Stores Hardware)

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

For correct and reliable lubrication for your particular make of engine consult our Chart of recommendation for marine motors at our station on the South Side or any reliable merchant throughout the island and learn the proper grade of GARGOYLE MOBILLOILS suited for your engine.

GARGOYLE MOBILLOILS sold in cans, steel barrels or wooden casks.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY

Limited

Agents for Vacuum Oil Co.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

Tells How to Stop a Bad Cough

Surprising results from this home-made syrup. Easily prepared and costs little.

If you have a severe cough or chest cold accompanied with soreness, throat irritation, hoarseness, or difficult breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with croup and you want quick relief, just try this pleasant tasting home-made cough remedy. Any druggist can supply you with 50c ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth). Pour this into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Thus prepared, you have 16 ounces of really remarkable cough remedy—one that can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief at all times.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. It loosens and raises the phlegm, stops throat tickle and soothes and heals the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes with such promptness, ease and certainty that it is really astonishing.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract and is noted for its speed in overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest colds. Its millions of enthusiastic users have made it famous the world over.

There are many worthless imitations of this noted mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask for 42 1/2 ounces of Pinex with full directions and don't accept anything else. It is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Advertise in the "Telegram."

of this famous... sent to the... at the front... If you have a... parcel or letter... package of... ing confection... world.

Sealed tight... Kept right

The Fla

Trade Supplied by... PUT WRIGLEY'S... BOX. It costs little... Not only a long-lasting... quencher, a pick-me-up... some WRIGLEY'S GUM.

Here and There.

When you want... lops, try ELLIS'.

STORM BOUND.—The... Nova put in here yesterday... stress of weather.

When you want... why—get ELLIS'; there's... best.

DETAINED BY WEATHER.—A... large sail of craft are... from various outports... orable weather to discharge.

CHOIR PRACTICE.—The... Street Choir meets for... at 7.45 this evening.

EXPRESS DELAYED.—In... the Government the outgoing... did not leave till 2.30... afternoon.

When you want... Roast Veal, Roast Mutton... Pork, try ELLIS'.

ORPHANS INVITED.—This... noon, on invitation of the... Orphanages will visit the... British Hall.

Stafford's Liniment... Rheumatism, Lumbago, ... and all Aches and Pains.

AT IT AGAIN.—Corp. Geo... this city, who was severely... at the battle of Ypres... with the Canadians and has... operated on nine times, is... in France and when last... he expected to go up the...

Stafford's Prescription... Cure for diseases of the... Stomach: Indigestion, Dyspe... Gastritis and Nervous... Dyspepsia.—nov6,17

RETURNS TO BOSTON.—W... Morton, representing the... and Hastings Co., of Boston... who was here in the inter... firm purchasing coal oil... oil, left by to-day's express... secured a sufficient supply... firm's requirements.

Most things can be... Gift. Your Portrait is... ively, exclusively, yours... PARSONS, Bank of... BUILDING.—nov17,17

RETURNED SOLDIERS.—A... ED.—A number of wounded... invalided soldiers, whose... ed in the Telegram yesterday... the city by to-day's express... were given a hearty welcome... the Ladies' Reception Commit... Dr. Lloyd and a large gathering... citizens.