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B-H "English" Paint comes in 48 artistic shades and is sold in half-pint, pint, quart, half-gallon, gallon and 5-gallon cans.

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Experienced painters will tell you that White Lead and Zinc properly combined are the only pigments that make a perfect paint.

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100% Pure Paint

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St. John's, Newfoundland

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## The Sound of Wedding Bells

### — OR — Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER VI.

She looks at him for a moment, then her head droops.

"You are very impolite," she says, with something like a pout, and with a pure forgetfulness of her own want of politeness, a want she has displayed throughout the whole long journey.

"I beg your pardon," he says, and his voice is wonderfully sweet, when it likes. "I did not mean to be rude. Will you keep it on to oblige me? I have not asked much of you since we started; I do ask this. Will you do it to please me? It cannot hurt you!"

"Yes, I will," she says, suddenly, and there is a look in her eyes, as she turns to him, which reveals something of the softer nature in her, but he happens to be looking the other way and misses it, and the next instant, as if regretting that look, she staggers away from him singing:

"A life on the ocean wave."

It is dusk before the train slackens speed at the Holme Station, and Mrs. Fermor, lying on the sofa in the Pullman car, is informed that they are near their destination. "Poor lady! she is nearly hors d'oeuvre. As she has assured Sir Hugh, nothing less than his kindness and constant attention would have kept her up; but the long journey has only added a touch of carmine to Dulcie's cheek, and the

excitement and curiosity has lent an additional sparkle to her dark eyes. They are large and inquisitive now, as she peeps out of the window, and Sir Hugh watches her with a curious interest.

"We are nearing home now," he says, at last. "You must be very tired."

"I am not tired in the least," she says. "When you say home, do you mean h-o-m-e, or Holme—Holme Castle?"

"I beg your pardon," he says, biting his lip; "I meant home. It is my home, you know, and may I trust, that you will feel that it is yours—while you are here?"

Dulcie flushes. "I did not mean that," she says; "I was only curious to know how you called the place—whether you called it Holme, or the Castle."

He laughs. "Both," he says—"the Castle generally."

"It really is a castle," she says. "So many places are called castles that are just large ancestral mansions."

"This is a castle, yes," he says; "I believe it dates back four hundred years."

"Really!" she says. "Then there is a dungeon, keep, and all that, I suppose?"

"Yes," he says, "where they put refractory individuals. Take care, Miss Dorrmore, we do not put you there, if you are obstreperous!"

"You may at once get it ready," she says, blandly, "for I am always obstreperous. At any rate," she adds, with candor, "I am quite sure you will all wish me there before twelve hours have passed."

He smiles as he looks at the beautiful, eager, impulsive face in the lamplight. "Shall we?" he says. "We shall see."

Then the train stops and a foot-

man comes hurrying up anxiously, and opens the door with respectful assiduity, touching his hat with a smile of honest welcome.

"Ah, Johnson!" says Sir Hugh, who has not seen the man for two years, but remembers him, for Sir Hugh never forgets a strange face, much less that of a faithful retainer. "Quite well, I hope? All right at home?"

"Yes, thank you, Sir Hugh. I hope you are well, Sir Hugh?"

Then Sir Hugh leaps out, and Dulcie follows, scarcely touching his hand, leaving him to assist Mrs. Fermor. By this time another footman is on the scene inquiring for the luggage, and Dulcie has time to see that the livery, though quiet and subdued, is rich and imposing.

All is bustle and confusion for a moment; evidently Sir Hugh Falconer is a king in his own county, but presently he comes up to her and offers his arm and leads her out to where a handsome carriage and pair stand waiting.

Dulcie notices that the coachman wears powder, and that the carriage is like unto those which she has watched roll by in the park, watched with envy and admiration; then she finds herself in the midst of the soft cushions, the door is shut noiselessly, and they are bowling along a country road.

"Is it far?" she asks, looking out of the window.

"Ten minutes," he says; "I shall be glad when they are over, for your sake, Mrs. Fermor."

"I am all right now, not at all tired," says poor Aunt Fermor, and she nestles back and eyes the carriage with admiring awe.

Suddenly Dulcie utters an exclamation. "What is this place? What are all those lights?" she asks.

The carriage has turned into a broad drive, and on her left she sees what, to her unaccustomed eyes, appears to be an immense building, with large windows, from which light is streaming on to the trees and paths. Sir Hugh leans forward a little.

"That," he says; "that is the Castle."

CHAPTER VII.

"The Castle!" For all her courage, Dulcie's heart flutters a little. Her acquaintance with castles has been limited to Windsor on a "free" day and the ruins of Pevensey; her mind gets bewildered by the rows of lighted windows, the tall trees of the avenue, the regular click, click of the horse's hoofs; and she leans back to gain composure and confidence. Not for worlds would she let Sir Hugh see that she is at all dismayed; she even hums a carnival air softly, and beats time to it with her gloved forefinger on the edge of the window. No! though she had spent her days in cheap lodging-houses, the high and mighty Falconer shall not see her confused or overwhelmed.

Notwithstanding which courageous resolution her heart beats still faster

as the carriage stops and the footman lets down the steps and opens the door—beats faster even yet when Sir Hugh, having assisted them to alight, ushers them into a large hall in whose half-dim extent can be seen the liveried figures of other servants.

It is dim with time-darkened oak and time-toned pictures—dim and awe-inspiring; but Dulcie draws herself to her full height, and even presses poor Aunt Fermor's hand as a sign of encouragement.

Sir Hugh says a word or two to the servants, notably to the tall and portly personage in evening dress, whom Dulcie knows must be the butler, and inquires where the ladies are.

"The ladies are in the drawing-room, Sir Hugh."

"Oh, very well," says Sir Hugh; "tell them we have arrived. Stay, I will go to them presently."

Then he turns to Dulcie. "You would like to rest a little while?" he says.

Dulcie nods. She does not want to rest, but she does not wish to make her debut in the Castle drawing-room covered with dust and travel-stained.

A maid-servant, dressed in black, and wearing a white cap which is large enough to be a mob one, comes forward and offers to conduct them to their rooms.

Sir Hugh stands looking round for a moment, then he says: "I will wait here for you," in his grave fashion.

"Very well," says Dulcie. She does not thank him; though she knows that it is a piece of delicate attention on his part, and that he is doing it to save her from the embarrassment of entering the room alone.

"Very well," she says; "I shall not be long. Aunt"—and she looks at poor Mrs. Fermor, pale and very weary and limp—"Aunt will not care to come down to-night, if Lady Falconer will excuse her."

He nods. "Certainly," he says, "she will quite understand. Mrs. Fermor, I am afraid you are quite tired out!"

They go up-stairs—broad, and dim, with the glitter of still men in armor breaking the dimness at intervals, with flags and banners hanging above their heads, with stained windows, blank now and half-screened by curtains, but which pour a flood of vari-colored light over the hall in the day-time—and follow the maid along a wide and thickly carpeted corridor, with more pictures, more men in armor, and here and there a marble statuette gleaming, whitely against the paneled wall; and at last, after what seems a mile of wandering, the maid opens a door, and lo! it is suddenly a transformation from dimness to light, from antique mysticism to modern luxury and elegance.

Dulcie looks round, and a thrill of admiration and enjoyment runs through her as her eyes wander from the draped walls to the costly carpet, from the old—really old—and curious cabinets to the modern, luxurious, and dainty chairs and settees. Never in her life has she imagined such a room, least of all seen one; but she suppresses her sensation of surprise and delight, and sinks down into a chair with outward calm and composure.

"Your boxes will be here in a few minutes, madame," says the maid, addressing Mrs. Fermor, but looking at Dulcie. "Her ladyship wished me to say that I am to assist you in case you did not bring a maid."

(To be Continued.)

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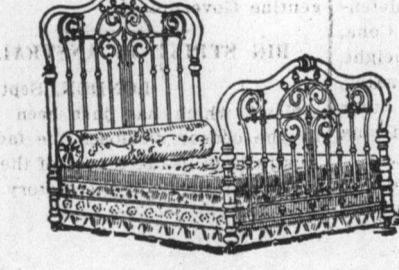


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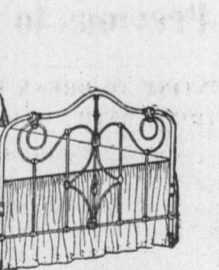
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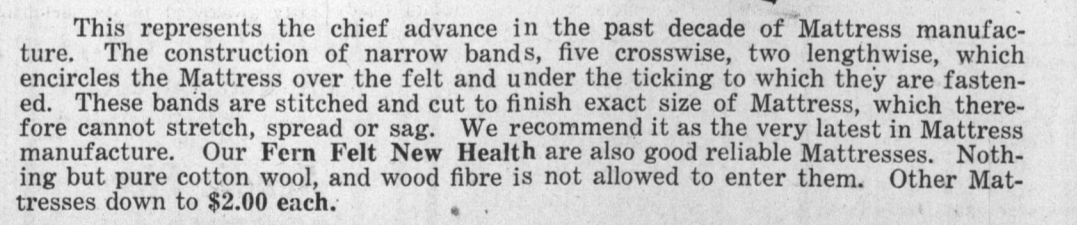
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An allowance is the best safeguard against the habit of extravagance, if a child is taught to spend the money judiciously and to keep a strict account of all expenditures. It is absurd to think that a boy is not capable of buying his own neckties or a girl her handkerchiefs. What if they do make mistakes. They can be taught to profit by them and they must learn to rely upon themselves sooner or later.

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## War News

Messages Received  
Previous to 9 A.

ARGENTINE TO BREAK OFF RE-  
TIONS WITH GERMANY.

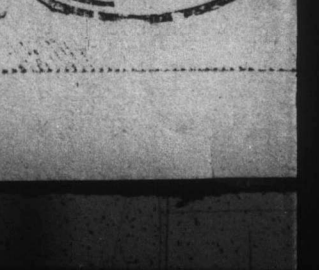
BUENOS AIRES, Sept. 19.—  
The Argentine Senate by a vote  
23 to 1 today declared for break-  
ing relations with Germany. The  
solution now goes to the Chamber  
Deputies. There is a strong pre-  
siding in favor of its final passage.

ON ALL FRONTS.  
NEW YORK, Sept. 19.—  
Bombardment by the British  
tillery of the German lines in  
Ypres sector in Flanders, conti-  
to be most intense, but no in-  
movement is in force. An attack  
a larger scale than the usual  
raids is probably imminent. It  
apparently is much exercised over  
ever-increasing volume of shells  
the British big guns. From Houth-  
wood northeast of Ypres to the  
Lys on the Belo-French border.

In reports, the British fire has  
destructive. Field Marshal Haig's  
tillery increased its volume of fire  
drum fire several times.

As to the front in Flanders and  
tois, there has been no major op-  
tions on the French portion of  
Western front. At several points  
from the Aisne Valley to Lorraine  
French have carried out raids into  
German defences. Here, too, the  
penditure of ammunition is great  
pecially on the Aisne front and  
east of Verdun.

The Italians have been more ac-  
on the Trentino front, harassing  
enemy with raids and strong arti-  
fire. In the forward movement  
Cargano in Sugana valley east  
Trent, the Italians captured 200.



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