



The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XXII.

"Such a awful waste you never see, miss," she declares to Dulcie, on the second morning after their establishment in the household. "They lives in the servants' hall, as they calls it, in the most extravagant fashion; and the butler, he drinks port for his dinner and sherry wine with his lunch; and the footmen smoke his lordship's cigars, and that dreadful boy steals the best biscuits. Oh, it's dreadful, miss. If your poor aunt lived here, she'd go out of her mind at the goings on. Why, Miss Dulcie, it must cost a fortune every year to keep the house in butcher's meat alone."

And Dulcie laughs. "It's no business of ours, Sarah," she says; "I am only companion, and you are only my maid. If you were housekeeper—"

"If I was housekeeper, miss, I'd make a clean sweep of the lot," says Sarah.

"And get a worse batch for your pains," says Dulcie. "At any rate, they all seem happy, and that is what they certainly were not at the Castle."

"And there's nothing to be done, miss?"

Dulcie laughs again. "Nothing. I should say, Sarah, you'd better help drink the port and eat the very best biscuits."

"Oh, miss!"

"Well, well," says Dulcie, "I'll speak about it to Lady Brookley, perhaps—I don't know; but, at any rate, you mustn't tell me any more about what goes on down stairs. I hate gossip."

And so Sarah departs, silenced, but still ill at ease.

It is a strange, a wonderful change that has come over Dulcie's life, and it is not before a week has passed that she can realize that it is not a dream. It is so strange to find that she is considered by some one in the world—to feel that some one is dependent upon her for amusement—that she is considered a something more than a willful, impulsive girl, whose whims are to be studied, and whose manifold faults are to be overlooked.

Lady Brookley is kindness itself. Before the week has passed she has learned to regard the beautiful girl with the dark, eloquent eyes, and the clear, musical voice as a friend rather than a dependent; and often, when Dulcie raises her eyes from the paper which she is reading, she finds the old lady's small, shrewd eyes fixed upon her curiously.

But Lady Brookley is more than a mere lady by title, and asks no questions. She notices the tinge of sadness in the beautiful face—the look of dreamy abstraction that comes into the dark eyes, the little restrained tone of her sad laugh—and is quite convinced that there is something more than her aunt's death that has troubled this high-spirited creature whom chance has cast in her way. But she asks no questions. Dulcie's references were satisfactory in the highest degree; the old lawyer answered emphatically to the respectability of his client, but he offered no information.

The old lady would have been not a little surprised could she have known that her companion had relinquished an immense fortune at the prompting of wounded pride and love.

Dulcie's duties were very light. She came down to breakfast, and was received by the old lady with a kiss, and by his lordship with an old-fashioned bow; then she sat down, and, after the first morning, presided over the coffee urn. Lord Brookley always had deviled kidneys and buttered toast, and read his letters and the paper between the mouthfuls. He monopolized the conversation, as a rule, making running comments upon what he read, and generally flying into a boisterous passion over some item in the paper. At first Dulcie used to watch him with an awful dread that he would have a fit of apoplexy, so purple did his round face get; but as she saw that her ladyship did not share her fears, and that his lordship always subsided in a few moments with no fatal result from his outbursts, she got used to it, and only smiled.

Gradually the old lord got into the habit of handing her his letters, and asking her to read them. They were mostly of a nature so "little private" that they might have been read aloud at Charing Cross; and then one day he begged her to answer one or two, and at last it fell to Dulcie's lot to answer them all.

"I'm very much obliged, my dear," he had got to like the girl whose beautiful face and cheerful laugh lit up his few hours at home. "It is very kind of you, and it saves me a deal of trouble and expense—"

"Expense?" said Dulcie.

"Yes," he explained. "Some of 'em make me wild, and I answer 'em

No more home-made Chutney or Tomato Catsup for me—

that is what everybody says when they have tried H.P.—the new sauce from England

Its delicious flavour makes it unique—quite unique. Wouldn't it be worth your while to try a bottle of



sharp; very likely call 'em rogues and vagabonds. Then they threaten me with an action for libel, the scoundrels! And my lawyer, who's a nervous old woman, 'settles it,' as he calls it. Confound him!"

After breakfast his lordship departed for his club, and Dulcie got the paper and read out the social news and the auction list to her ladyship, the old lady making comments on the fashionable intelligence, which never failed to amuse Dulcie.

"Oh! so one of Lady Park Humphrey's daughters has gone off at last, has she? Humpf! That girl must be two and thirty. Who's run away with old Dalrymple's wife, my dear? Just what I expected. What does a man of eighty, who marries a school-girl, expect? So Bellington is to have a peagee! Upon my word, it will be quite derogatory to have a title soon! The whole peagee is sprinkled with wealthy carriage-builders and rich money-lenders!"

The paper skimmed over, the carriage was ordered, and they would drive off to some auction-rooms and spend the morning buying old china and bronzes. Her ladyship would insist upon bidding herself, and invariably gave twice what the article was worth. On these occasions Dulcie would stand back in a corner, with her veil closely drawn, and wait, unobserved, until the old lady had squandered enough, or was knocked up by the heat of the room and the noise of the company.

From the auction-rooms they went to the park, and here, too, Dulcie kept her veil down.

Often as the handsome carriage got into a walk, and hats flew off in salutation to Lady Brookley, she wondered whether any of the occupants of what seemed to her dream-land, would be amongst the throng and recognize her.

This is her dread. To forget that time, so full of delight and joy, was her one great feverish desire. To forget! She dreaded seeing some familiar face—Lord Hartfield, the captain, Sir Archie, or—ah, Heaven!—that noble, dearly loved face of the man whose lips she had kissed, whose image was still enthroned at her heart!

Presently the men, lounging on the rails or riding their sleek, well-groomed hacks, began to grow curious about the tall, graceful figure and the closely-veiled face.

"Who's that old Lady Brookley is carting about with her?" was beginning to be asked. "Looks like a young duchess disguised. Somebody says she's a companion, but I don't believe that. Shall look in at the China Shop," for so the mansion in Grosvenor Square was irreverently called.

And so it happened that the cards in Lady Brookley's plate grew more numerous, and my lord this, and the marquise of the other, dropped in at five o'clock tea, in the hope of seeing the mysterious beauty; but Dulcie always found an excuse for keeping out of the way, and Lady Brookley never insisted upon her presence. She was a shrewd old lady, and guessed that the heart of the girl had been recently wounded, and was still sore and aching. After a time the young gentlemen gave up the chase in despair, and contented themselves with staring at the graceful figure, and anathematizing the thick veil.

So the days wore on, but the wound-

ed heart still ached. Dulcie had not taught herself to forget! But do not let it be supposed that she wore the willow and filled the air with her sighs. Saving for, that half-sad shadow in her eyes, and the little pensive turn of the red, ripe lips, there was no sign of the troubled spirit, the awful aching void that made all seem so hollow and dreary.

She could laugh, if not with the light-hearted ring of old, with a musical brightness that made the old lord chuckle and smile approvingly, and caused Lady Brookley to wag her head and laugh in unison; but all the time the shrewd old lady was conscious of the dark shadow behind, and the old lord was not altogether blind to it.

"That girl's had trouble, my lady," he said one day. "I don't mean her mother's—or her uncle's—or was it her aunt's death! Something more than that. Confound it, I know there's something more! I catch her looking into nothing with a sort of sorrowful look on her pretty face. I wonder what it was. Some love affair, I expect. I wonder if some acquaintance has been treating her badly. If I knew and got hold of him 'madame'—and here he raised his voice and began to get purple—"I'd break every bone in his confounded carcass. I would, by Jupiter. You ask her, my lady, and tell her what I say. Do—promise me?"

"And she'll be sure to tell, of course!" said the old lady, with a wrinkle in her eye. "You are a foolish old person, Edward, and knows more about a martinspike—whatever that is—than a young girl's nature. Don't you know the worse a man treats a girl the better she loves him? It's always the way."

"Oh, it is—-is it?" retorted the gray old man. "Then, it's a pity I didn't treat you a little more badly, my lady," and he went off chuckling.

But at luncheon the same day, after his usual burst of fury, he drew a jacket from his pocket, and with a chuckle, pushed it to Dulcie.

"There, my dear," he said, "there's a little trifle in there that I saw in a shop window and fancied. The impudent vagabond behind the counter wanted he couldn't find it, and pretended to pass off another gimcrack upon me; but I threatened to throw him out of his own window, and he found it then, sharp enough. Take it, my dear, and wear it."

Dulcie opened it, and found a magnificent diamond ring, reposing in its velvet case, and was speechless for a moment; and the tears sprung to her eyes—a word or deed of kindness touched the sensitive heart in a moment.

"Is this really for me, my lord?" she said, with a smile.

"Yes, my dear."

And he nodded.

Lady Brookley's eyes twinkled.

"You are a highly-honored individual, my dear," she said. "That is about the only present Lord Edward has given for—say a hundred years."

And she laughed with simple pleasure.

"She's jealous!" chuckled the old sailor. "Never mind, my dear, wear it, and don't take it off when some one offers you a plain one."

(To be Continued.)

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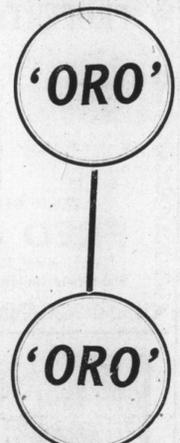


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MY CAR.



I used to have, in other times, a roll of greenbacks handy; I always could dig up the dimes to buy the kids some candy. And when my wife reared up and cried, "I have to have a bonnet," I stripped an X off and replied, "Go blow yourself, doggone it." But now I never have a plunk for anything we're needing; my money goes for costly junk to keep my auto speeding. But yesterday I soaked the tyre that I so long have hammered,

Household Notes.

Turnip roots may be left in the ground until frost. Potato soup is much improved by a few tips of parsley. Wooden plates or platters are handy to dry vegetables on. Spinach contains a great deal of the much talked about vitamins. Cereals are generally the most nourishing of the "paper foods." Stuffed eggplant makes a good main dish for a vegetarian dinner. Celery leaves may be dried, pulverized and bottled to use as seasoning. Beans, milk, peas, cheese and peanuts are substitutes for meat, in food value.

War News

Messages Received Previous to 9

DEVELOPING AS PER BERLIN, Oct. 31. The campaign in Italy is being developed in accordance with the intention of the German leaders, the war reports. The number of Italian prisoners by the Austro-Germans is increased to over 1,000,000. More than 1,000 guns have been taken.

UDINE RENEWED. LONDON, Oct. 31. Confidence that General will be able to hold his own in Italian military quarters here, capture of Udine caused no surprise as it is pointed out the Italian captured Udine some few days ago. German and Austro-Hungarian troops are driving through the plains Venetia towards the Tagliamento River, while another army is endeavoring to break through the Italian defense in the Carnic Alps in attempt to outflank the Tagliamento line. The Germans threaten a serious menace to the Tagliamento. Vienna reports the capture of Italian positions at Ponte near Ploekken Pass and at San Pa on the Austro-Italian border.

COVERING RETIREMENT. ROME, Oct. 31. There were various hill and engagements between the Italian and invading Austro-German troops yesterday, says the war office a nouncement. Italian covering units and cavalry permitted other troops continue to move towards their line.

ITALY WILL CARRY ON FIGHT. WASHINGTON, Oct. 31. Count Di Celieve, Ambassador of Italy to the United States, declares the people of Italy and the army as firm in their declaration to carry on the fight against the Austro-German invaders to a victorious end. His statement says: News from Rome says that the Austro-German coalition has attacked our army, but that our troops fulfilling faithfully and bravely the direction of the supreme command, stemming the advance of the enemy. The country is upholding the army with calm determination. From our allies we receive the support of their soldiers, and their arms. If the enemy of the first rush has succeeded in overcoming a few units of our army, numerous deeds of valor were accomplished. When the particulars will be known our country will find in them reason to rejoice.

BRITISH MINOR SUCCESSES. LONDON, Oct. 31. In Flanders the British have been successful in minor operations in the east of Ypres. Canadian troops were the bulk of the fighting in action near Passchendaele and Poelcappelle. A London despatch says the heavy terrain, rainfall and strong winds hampered attacks, but they reached their objectives, which included a further section of Passchendaele ridge.

FIRE IN BALTIMORE. BALTIMORE, Oct. 31. A disastrous fire which wrecked two Baltimore and Ohio railroad terminal piers at Locust Point and spread to a British steamship broke out last night causing between \$1,000,000 and \$4,000,000 loss before it was subdued. Five of the missing men were members of the crew of the steamship. Vice-President Davis of the Baltimore and Ohio, said it was the belief of the railway officials that the fire was of incendiary origin. Creditable witnesses state they saw flames at five points almost simulta-

BRINGING

