

# The Sound of Wedding Bells

— OR —  
**Won After Great Perseverance!**

CHAPTER XVII.  
 "To release you from the engagement which no doubt you have found irksome," her head sinks lower, but she does not speak. "I deeply regret, with a regret that will haunt me, that words such as have passed between us should have been spoken under this—my roof; but—but—your sent for me!"

Yes, she had sent for him—to explain, and plead for forgiveness!  
 "I need not say that I shall leave here at once—in half an hour I shall have gone, and—and—need I say that it will be some alleviation of my unhappiness if I could still think of you remaining here in friendship with my people?"

She does not smile, but he seems to feel that her staying is impossible.  
 "In any case," he says, "I trust—beg that you will believe that I am still anxious to be of any service to you. If you wanted a friend at any time I would wish to be that friend, in however slight and humble a capacity."

Friendship where he gave his love! Still she does not smile; her heart is too heavy even for mockery.

He looks at her with knitted brows, his heart yearning toward her, his handsome head bent sorrowfully.

"May I speak one word more?" he says.

She makes a movement with her head.

He hesitates for a moment, then, in a low voice, he says: "Archie and I have been friends since we were boys. I think, I am sure, that he knew nothing of the engagement between us. He is the soul of honor. I have spoken lightly of him at times—I may not have given him credit for steadfastness; I own my mistake. If ever a man loved with all his heart and soul, he loves you. I—with a bitter smile and a sigh—"watched him in that accursed play"—with sudden passion—"and I saw that it was more than play to him—that it was life or death. If—if it is possible, I would ask you to spare him, as you have not spared me!"

It is almost more than she can bear—her whole soul rises in revolt; she must cry aloud—

"What have I to do with him—with

## When the Kidneys Fail.

Poisons Remain in the Blood, Which Cause Pains and Aches. Read Here of the Surest Way of Setting the Kidneys Right.

Brockville, Ont., October 24th.—If you have headaches, backaches and rheumatic pains you have reason to suspect the kidneys. Pain is caused by poisons in the blood, and poisons only remain in the blood when the kidneys are defective and fail to do their work.

This Brockville lady has reported her case because she believes that a great many people are suffering as she did without knowing the cause or cure.

Mrs. Frank Noyes, 9 Stuart street, Brockville, Ont., writes: "For years I became very nervous, was easily worried and had frequent headaches and neuralgic pains, especially through the back. I had indigestion, poor circulation of the blood and often was bothered with weak spells. I commenced using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and had only taken two boxes when I felt greatly relieved. I continued the treatment, however, until I was completely cured. In all I took about ten boxes, and have not been troubled in this way since. I highly recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I think also that the Plasters and Ointment can't be equalled."

Here is another letter to show how rheumatic pains disappear when the action of the kidneys is awakened by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills:

Mr. John May, Walkerton, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with rheumatism in my legs and I became so lame that I could scarcely get around. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills were recommended to me, and so I commenced using them. After I had been taking them for awhile I was delighted to find that my rheumatism had left me, and to-day I am as sound as a bell, able to get around and attend to business. I have made use of Dr. Chase's medicines in many ways for the last forty years, and cannot speak too well of their good qualities."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. You cannot expect such results from substitutes. Insist on getting the genuine.

any one man in the wide world but you, but you whom I love?"

But she cannot speak, her tongue seems to cleave to the roof of her mouth. The awful conviction that he has ceased to love her has taken possession of her. How could a man talk as he talks if he still loved her? She does not see the quivering lips, the haggard face, the despairing passion in the dark eyes.

"That is all," he says; "I fear you will think me presumptuous in saying it. If so, forgive me. And now—good-bye!"

And he turns away. But suddenly he comes back to her again, and holds out his hand.

"Let us—let us," he says, hoarsely, "let us part as friends, at least."

But she cannot move; the awful thought that he is going forever—forever!—benumbs her, and turns her to a stone.

He waits a moment, then his hand drops to his side, and with a sigh and a last lingering, wistful look at the beautiful face, whose every feature will haunt him till he dies, he turns and leaves her.

No sooner has he gone than the spell seems broken.

With a low cry she springs to her feet and holds out her arms, gleaming whitely in the dimness.

"Hugh! Hugh!" she sobs. "It is all a mistake! Don't leave me! Don't!"

But there is no response; he has gone beyond sound of the pleading voice, and, with a despairing cry, she sinks back, spent and exhausted.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

Five—ten minutes pass, and she sits there wrestling with grief and despair. A weird idea seizes her that it is all a dream—that she will wake and find things as they were; Hugh still hers, and life still a beautiful vista stretching out before her.

Then suddenly she is aroused. A light footstep sounds on the marble mosaic, and a woman's dress rustles amongst the ferns.

"Are you there, Miss Dorrmore?" says a soft silky voice, and as she recognizes it Dulcie springs to her feet, and dashes the tears from her cheeks. It is Lucy Fairfax, come as it were to gloat over her misery! A wild, fearful passion seizes her for the moment, but with an effort she conquers it. She at least shall not see the wreck which Hugh has left behind him.

With a struggle she masters her voice.

"Who cries so loud?" she says, keeping in the shadow and fighting for composure.

"You are there, then! What a shame it is to disturb you!" said the soft voice. "You were resting, were you not? And indeed, you need it. I have been looking for you everywhere."

"What do you want?" demands Dulcie.

The green eyes leer at her curiously; she can feel them upon her.

"Oh, I have only come to thank you," says Lucy Fairfax. "I could not rest until I had thanked you. It was so kind of you, so very kind."

Dulcie puts her gratitude away with a gesture, and stares at her curiously; she can feel them upon her.

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tion it. I am glad you are better. I thought you would have been ill for

—for weeks."

Lucy Fairfax smiles. "Did I look very bad?" she says.

"Like death," replies Dulcie, shortly.

"I am so sorry and ashamed," goes on the soft, silken voice. "I am afraid Sir Archie will never forgive me. But are you not coming back into the room? They are all inquiring for you."

Dulcie moves to the door, and as she does so passes a mirror framed in living ferns and exotics. She starts, as the reflection of a white, strained face, with dark rings round the eyes, confronts her.

"I—!" and she stops short; "I don't think I will," she says, hurriedly. "I find that I am very tired. Perhaps," with a ghastly smile, "I am going to faint."

"Not really?" says Lucy Fairfax, eyeing her with greedy watchfulness.

"Let me get a glass of water—"

"No," says Dulcie, suddenly, sharply; "I hate water. I was joking. I never faint; but I think I will go upstairs now. Good-night," and with a nod she passes her quickly and goes out.

The green eyes follow her with the usual sympathetic smile for a moment, then the smile changes into an amused and triumphant laugh; soft and noiseless, but still a laugh.

"Poor girl!" she murmurs. "Really I could almost find it possible to pity her. And it was so easily done, too. Poor Hugh! He thought her clever as well as pretty. I wonder now whether I shall ever have the courage to tell him how I saved him, for, unless I am mistaken, he is saved."

At that moment the sound of carriage wheels penetrates the fernery, and she listens, her small sleek head on one side, like a mouse. "Yes, that is his brougham! He is saved! Miss Dulcie Dorrmore, your regime is over." And with a sweet, contented smile, she goes back to the salon.

And Dulcie! All unsuspecting, she drags her weary limbs up the stairs; but though her body aches with the weariness of exhaustion, her brain seems on fire, her heart beats like a wild bird against the bars of its cage.

She goes to her own room and stands before the glass; looking with a bitter, surprised gaze at the pale face, with its heavy eyes, that confronts her.

"Not even the duke would call me beautiful now!" she thinks. "And it is all over then. Our dream has passed. Like the man in the Eastern story, I have kicked over my basket of china, and nothing is left but the pieces—the memory. Ah, the memory! How long will it last me, I wonder? All my life as it seems to me to-night! Shall I never forget those few happy days—those two perfectly happy days? Oh, my love, my love!" and she hides her face in her hands, and does not cry. "Grief is but light that tears can wash away," says the poet, and no tears came to relieve the anguish that gnaws at her heart, to flood the emptiness of her soul.

Then there rises up the overwhelming sense of loneliness. There is not a being in the big house to whom she can go for a word—not of comfort, there can be no comfort—but of sympathy. Even Aunt Fernor is away; the gentle, timid soul who would, at least, have understood her misery.

What is she to do? She cannot stay here; if it were possible to get away to-night she would do it. In all the bitter words that Hugh has spoken, that bitter reference to his mother starts out most clearly. From the first Lady Falconer has been against her; has condemned her as mercenary and unprincipled. If she could but convince the proud, haughty, contemptuous old woman that she has wronged her!

Suddenly an idea comes into her head. Like most of Dulcie's ideas it is rash and desperate.

She goes to the writing-table, and seizes a sheet of paper, and, kneeling, writes, with a hand that quivers, try as she will to steady it:

(To be Continued.)

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARTERS IN COWS.

## 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.

### AN IDEAL WORK DRESS.



2207—This is a one-piece model with simple, comfortable lines. The fullness is confined at the waist by a belt, but could be drawn up through a casing with tape or ribbon. For service and practical features this design has much to recommend it. It is good for all wash fabrics, for serge, flannel, flannelette and brillantine. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires for a medium size, 6 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures 2 1/2 yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 70 cents in silver or stamps.

### A SIMPLE, BECOMING MODEL.



1944—Girl's One-Piece Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. Galatea, gingham, percale, serge, gabardine, velvet, corduroy and taffeta, linen, linene and lawn are nice for this design. It is easy to develop, comfortable and in good style. The belt is held in place by slashes made through the underfolds of the plaits. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 8 will require 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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**T. J. DULEY & CO.**  
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**EGG POWDER (whole) in 10-lb. Tins.**

Rose's Lime Juice Cordial. Welsh's Grape Juice Apple Cider. Lemon Squash. Salad Dressing. Wince Meal. Leaf Gelatine. Corn (in Glass).	Ice Cream Powder. Jelly Powder. Queen Olives. Worcestershire Sauce. Marachino Cherries. Maple Syrup. Moir's Cakes.	A Fresh Stock NEILSON'S CHOCOLATES—the Chocolates that are different—in fancy boxes and bulk.
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## War News.

**Messages Received Previous to 9 A. M.**

**FRENCH MAKE IMPORTANT GAINS.**  
 PARIS, Oct. 23.—The French forces of General Petain struck a mighty blow against the German line northeast of Soissons on Tuesday morning and made one of the most important gains since they threw back the army of the Crown Prince which was besieging Verdun. They captured more than 7,500 Germans, a large amount of war materials and 25 guns. The greatest depth of the drive was in the centre of the line, where the village of Chevegnen was captured after a violent fight, which resulted in the enemy fleeing pell-mell. Some of the best troops in the army of the German Crown Prince were endeavoring to hold back the onslaught, but their efforts were unavailing. For about a week the French artillery has been hurling tons of steel into the German line in front of them in preparation for the drive. When it was started, six havoc had already been wrought by the guns. In addition to prisoners taken, the Germans also suffered heavy casualties.

**ALLIED LINE INTACT.**  
 British Front in France and Belgium, Oct. 23.—The Allied line established in yesterday's limited attack astride the Ypres-Staden railway, was intact this morning with the exception of the loss in the southern fringe of Houthost Wood of one fortified farm, which the British were forced to evacuate last evening when the Germans delivered a heavy local counter attack. Yesterday's operations may now be recorded as a success. While only limited objectives were sought, their attainment greatly improved the Allied position. It was hard fighting at numerous points and the Germans lost heavily, especially in the region of Poelcapelle. Large numbers of enemy lying in front of the British advanced posts. Fighting was especially severe near the point of junction of the British and French forces. At one point north of the Ypres-Staden railway, British advanced posts were unable to maintain the most forward positions reached because of violent enfilading artillery fire. The main Allied line, however, was to-day well north of the strong line of German positions which skirted the outlying copse of wood. More rain fell last night and this morning.

**CRUISER AND DESTROYER SUNK.**  
 LONDON, Oct. 23.—The British merchant cruiser Orama has been torpedoed and sunk. It is officially announced. A British destroyer has also been sunk in collision. Two officers and 21 men were saved from the Orama. The Orama registered 13,927 tons gross, was 551 feet long and was built at Glasgow in 1911. Before being taken over by the British Admiralty she was operated by the Orient Steam Navigation Company of Glasgow. She was one of the small British squadron which in March, 1915, off the Chilean Island of Juan Fernandez, sank the German cruiser Dresden which escaped at the time the other vessels of the German Pacific squadron were destroyed.

**RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.**  
 PETROGRAD, Oct. 23.—The text of to-day's official reads: On the northern front, in Riga region, in the sectors of Staula, Hindenburg manor, Allazhi manor and Lemberg castle, our detachments advanced and occupied a first line of trenches which the enemy had left. On the western, southwestern and Roumanian fronts, the fusiliers reached certain intensity in Fokshman region. On the Caucasus fronts there is nothing to report. In the Baltic Sea no-



**A SELECTED LIST OF HOME REMEDIES**

obtainable from any dealer in medicines, which every housekeeper can purchase and use with confidence in their reliability for the purposes for which they are recommended.

**Perry Davis' Painkiller** for Chills, Cramps, Bowel Troubles, and externally as a Liniment for Sprains, Bruises, Sore Throat, etc. Used all over the world for 50 years. 25c. & 50c. bottles.

**Allen's Cough Balm** for common Colds in the Bronchial Tubes. Especially recommended for children as it contains no opium or other harmful drugs. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 bottles.

**"The D. & L." Hazol-Menthol Plaster.** A soothing and drawing plaster for the quick relief of Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Lumbago, Backache and Neuralgia. Combines the well-known virtues of Witch Hazel and Menthol. Each plaster in air-tight tube. Price, 25c. each; also supplied in 1 yard rolls, equaling 7 regular size plasters, \$1.00.

**Davis' Liver Pills** for Constipation and Sick Headache; gentle but effective. 40 pills, 25c.

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**Dylica Toilet Cream.** A delightful and effective liquid preparation for the Complexion, Hands and Skin. Preserves against wind and sun. Attractively put up, 50c. per bottle. Send 5c. for fac-simile trial size bottle to Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

**"The D. & L." Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil.** Invaluable to build up delicate women and children, restore the weight and vitality after attacks of Bronchitis, Colds, etc. Palatable as cream. 50c. and \$1.00 bottles.

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