The Sound of Wedding Bells

— OR —

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER VI.

Dulcie drops a courtesy—an aggravating, exasperating courtesy — and smiles.

He reddens.

"I am merely giving you the contents of the will," he says. "It is not my will."

"No," she says; "you would make a more sensible will."

"With all respect to my late friend, I think I should," he says, fervently.

Mrs. Fermor hastens to make peace.

"I am sure it is a very considerate provision," she says, and Dulcie is very grateful. You must not take her literally, Sir Hugh," and she smiles apologizingly, "and I think, if she will allow me to decide for her, that we shall be very glad to go to Holme Castle."

Sir Hugh looks at the beautiful girl, but she maintains a forced silence, and taking that for consent he inclines his head.

"Very good," he says. "I am very glad. I should have been disappointed if you refused. Perhaps you would not mind going with me. I can start later to-morrow; in fact, any time you choose. I might be of some use to you going over. It is scarcely convenient for two ladies to travel alone."

"We came out alone," says Dulcie, in an undertone.

"Thank you very much," says Mrs. Fermor, for the twentieth time. "That is very good and very kind of you, Sir Hugh. Yes, we shall be quite ready to-morrow."

"Very well, then," he rejoins. "If you will allow me, I will make all arrangements; don't trouble about anything. I will see to it, and we will start at midday."

"Oh, any time will suit us, will it not, Dulcie?"

"If we are to go, yes, any time will suit," says Dulcie, grudgingly.

"Then I will not keep you up any longer," he says. "Good-night," and he shakes hands with Mrs. Fermor in a very friendly manner, and bends over Dulcie's white hand in a very formal one.

"Exit the martyr!" exclaims Dulcie, almost before the door closes.

"Oh, my dear Dulcie, how could you treat him so, the very pink of courtesy as he was! and not at all a martyr, though you tried him most severely."

"Yes, he is a martyr, and if I did not dislike him quite so much, I should pity him from the bottom of my heart," says Dulcie, beginning to pace the room. "Poor Sir Hugh! to be saddled with a wife—and such a wife!—that is bad enough; but to be compelled to have her at the Castle, with his mother and sisters for six months, oh, it is very bad indeed!" and she laughs. Then she stops suddenly in front of Mrs. Fermor, and looks down at her with a thoughtful smile.

"Aunt, is this a dream? Are we, you and I, who have spent all our lives in cheap lodging-houses, in the effort to make both ends meet, actually and really going to live in a castle! A castle! And his mother, Lady Falconer, of course! What will she be like? A grande dame, I suppose, who will be only a great deal more disgusted with Miss Dulcie Dorimore than her son was! And the two sisters! Prim, aristocratic damsels, brought up in the strictest propriety, stiff and starchy! Aunt!" a pause. "Permit me to prophesy. I don't often indulge in it, but I must to-night. I prophesy that there will be a most tremendously unpleasant time of it at the Castle Holme for the next six months. I foresee that I shall quarrel with the whole family, Sir Hugh and the two sisters especially."

"My dear Dulcie, I do trust——"

"Yes, I will try and be on my best behaviour; but that isn't promising, is it dear? For if ever I made a special effort I always fail and do worse. Never mind! After all, England is a free country, and if we don't like Holme Castle we can leave it. After all, I don't know that we will go. It would serve my most high and potent seignor right if I sent word to-morrow that I would stop where I am. Poor Sir Hugh!" and with this expression of sympathy or mockery, she takes her bedroom candlestick, kisses the bewildered aunt and retires to bed, pausing, however, at the door to bow in a very good imitation of Sir Hugh, and to wake the echoes of the corridor with her silvery laugh.

However, no message is sent to Sir Hugh, and on the morrow at midday they are ready.

At the foot of the stairs stands Sir Archie, pale and apparently heart-broken. Never has his perfectly handsome, boyish face looked so melancholy and despairing.

"Is this possible, Miss Dorrimore?" he says, staring wistfully at Dulcie's face, shadowed by her dainty traveling deer-stalker. "Is it really true that you are going—actually going?"

"I believe so, Sir Archibald," says Dulcie. "It is a great pity, isn't it?"

"Pity! It's a—a shame!" he declares. "Hugh told me something about it last night. Don't quite understand it, though. Seems that Lady Falconer has invited you to the Castle. Think Hugh might have managed to stay another week, at least, not carry you off like this!" And he sighs and strokes his mustache with his white, shapely, womanish hand.

Dulcie smiles and shakes her head.

"It is all auntie's doings, not mine," she says.

Sir Archie stares reproachfully at Mrs. Fermor, who is surrounded by little packages, and looking anxiously for Sir Hugh.

"Awfully hard lines," he murmurs; "just as we were getting to know each other and enjoy ourselves! and now, who is to know when we shall meet again?"

Dulcie shakes her head with well-sumulated grief, but there is a twinkle in her eyes.

"The world is very small, Sir Archibald; you will be in England, perhaps——"

"Yes," he says, eagerly, coming up a step and standing close beside her, his blue eyes devouring her beautiful face. "Yes, of course I shall, soon too. In fact I think I shall go over at once. After all, Rome isn't everything, is it? I wonder," he adds, with sudden earnestness, "I wonder if Lady Falconer would give me an invite, just for a fortnight, you know?"

Dulcie can't say, and does not look so eager as she might, until suddenly she espies Sir Hugh coming down the hall in colloquy with a porter, then her manner changes, and with a little sigh that makes poor Sir Archie's heart beat, she says in a low voice, but distinct enough to reach Sir Hugh's ears:

"Oh, I do hope so! Shall I ask her? Would you really come?"

"Would I?" he exclaims, reproachfully. "Of course I would.

"Ah!" with a sigh. "That would be so nice. Promise me you will come!"

"I promise," he says, eagerly. "Indeed you will see if I get the chance. I"—with a little falter in his voice—"I shall be wretched until I see you again. But you don't care, do you? You will have forgotten me before you cross the Channel, Miss Dorrimore."

Then, Sir Hugh standing waiting on the stairs, Dulcie drops her voice till it grows sad and tender.

"Indeed, I shall not! Forget you! No, Sir Archie! Good-bye," and she gives him her hand and allows him to hold it, while Sir Hugh waits grimly, watchful and impatient.

"Now, if we are to catch the train," he says, impatiently.

Dulcie gives a little start as if she had not seen him.

"Oh, you are waiting? Must we really go?" with a sigh. "Good-bye, good-bye," and then she permits Sir Hugh to help her into the omnibus.

And so the journey commences. Long before it is over, and they reach their destination, Dulcie makes Sir Hugh's martyrdom very real and unquestionable. He is patience itself, and though she tries him to the utmost, he never loses his temper or retaliates.

In railway carriage or on board steamer he is always the same—attentive, considerate, and unselfish; and Mrs. Fermor is overcome with her sense of his worthiness, but Dulcie is stone itself. Nothing he can do touches her; she is sometimes icily polite, at other times gracefully impertinent. There is no guessing or anticipating her mood one minute to another. And he bears it all with the same grave, princely quietude which distinguished him on the first night of their meeting in the carnival mob.

He is anxious to reach England as quickly as possible, and without any stopping by the way; but Dulcie objects—she declares that she must stop at Paris at least three days, to "get things," and he submits.

At starting, he had handed Mrs. Fermor a check, so large in amount as to fill that economical lady with awe and misgivings; but Dulcie, long before the three days have expired, reduces that amount to four-fifths, and the result is at once apparent in the number of additional boxes.

"You will never wear all the dresses you have bought, my dear," remonstrates Mrs. Fermor; but Dulcie laughs.

"Would you like me to appear before the ladies of Holme Castle looking like a dowdy, aunt?" she asks.

"But at least there is no occasion for me to have so many," pleads Mrs. Fermor. "One good silk dress, and a stuff or two——"

"That's nonsense," says Dulcie. "You can't wear the same dress for six months. No, aunt, with whatever feelings Sir Hugh's relations regard us, shame for our appearance shall not be amongst them."

She puts on one of these new dresses—an evening-dress in the most perfect taste. Dulcie's taste, even when it had to expend itself on cheap sateens and washing silks, was always perfect; she puts on one of these on their last evening in Paris, when Sir Hugh takes them to the theatre. And as he stands behind her in the box, he sees a dozen opera-glasses directed to her, and hears that indefinable buzz which denotes that watchful eyes have found something to admire.

She looks ravishingly beautiful, and he stands and watches her with mingled feelings—feelings he finds it hard to analyze. What will they say at home to this beautiful wild animal he is bringing to them?

It is a bad passage across the Channel—rain and thunder, and a sea mountains high. Mrs. Fermor goes dow to the cabin and resigns herself to misery, but Dulcie will not descend, though he begs her with all the emphasis of his wonted grave, earnest manner.

"You will be very ill, and get fearfully wet," he says, standing beside her with his hands on the rail, her fresh face turned skyward with a wild, glad, life-full look on it. She shakes her head and laughs, and the music chimes in with the rattle of the ropes and the roar of the sea.

"No, I shall not be ill. I never am. And I like getting wet—such wet as this! It is beautiful! Go down below into that awful, close, oil-smelling cabin! No, thank you very much!"

"Better," he says, looking down at her.

She shakes her head and turns her eyes upon him with a bright, defiant smile.

"Have you not yet discerned that I am one of the most obstinate of mortals, and that the surest way to confirm me in a determination is to try and persuade me out of it?"

"If I have not," he says, "it is no fault of yours. Well, if you will not go——" and he leaves her, but he turns back presently with a rug and a sheet of tarpaulin, which she declines with a shake of the head.

But for once he exerts his will, and, taking her arm, wraps the rug round her and envelops her in the waterproof. She looks inclined to throw them off, but, for a wonder, does not, and stands beside him quiescent, watching the sky. Presently she turns her eyes upon him.

"Why don't you go below?" she asks.

Sir Hugh smiles.

"You will be ill! No! Then you will be wet—wet through."

"I like it," he says.

With a jerk she is about to throw off the water-proof, but he stops her, almost sternly.

"Do not," he says; "I cannot permit you to get wet. There is a long railway journey at the end of this, and you would be certain to catch cold. Keep it on, please; I insist."

(To be continued.)

Great Skin Cure Stirs Country.

A new scientific discovery for skin diseases is attracting the attention of all doctors in Newfoundland and Canada. This discovery gives **instant relief** to the most aggravated cases of Eczema and allied diseases and brings about **permanent cures** in a fortnight. It is called the **D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema.**

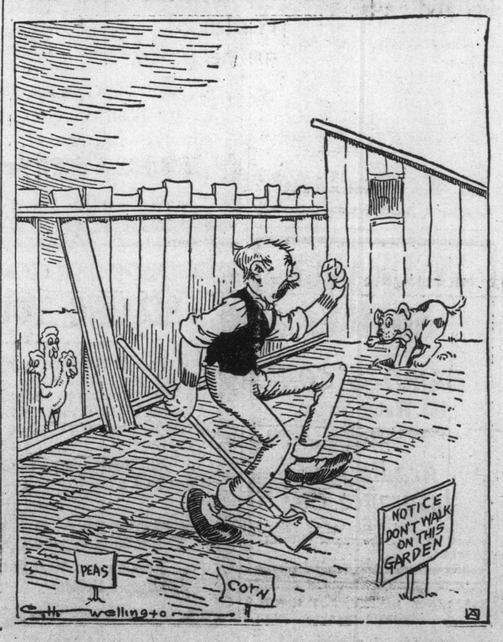
Apparently no case of eczema can stand against this simple remedy, **D. D. D. Prescription.** As soon as the first few drops of this cleansing, soothing liquid are applied, the itch is gone.

D. D. D. cures because it penetrates the skin and washes away impurities, unlike greasy salves which merely clog the pores and aggravate disease. **D. D. D.** penetrates to the disease germs, kills them and then soothes and heals the skin.

D. D. D. is being used with great success for all forms of Eczema, Bad Leg, Pimples, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Barber's Itch and in fact all skin diseases.

Test this great cure; don't delay. Get a bottle of D. D. D. Prescription to-day. Sold Everywhere. Recommended by T. McMurdo & Co., A. W. Kennedy, M. Connors, Peter O'Mara.

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



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.

DRESS FOR ELDERLY LADIES.

2191—This style is lovely for satin, silk, crepe, gabardine, serge and broad cloth. The fronts are finished with vest portions. The skirt measures 2¾ yards at the foot. It is gathered over the sides and back. The sleeve is new in its shaping.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 6⅛ yards of 36 inch material for a 36-inch size.

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

A SMART STYLE FOR AFTERNOON OR HOME WEAR.

2188—This model is good for cloth, serge, voile, linen, batiste and other seasonable materials. The fronts of the waist are full and gathered to yoke extensions of the back. The skirt is made with a heading at the top, which may be omitted, if not desired.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5⅝ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 2½ yards at the foot.

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

No. . . . . .

Size . . . . . .

Address in full:—

Name . . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Fads and Fashions.

Chilled water is safer than iced water.

Successful baking means careful measuring.

In hot weather water is an important food.

Warner's Rust-Proof CORSETS

are proving daily their trustworthiness.

Trusty for delineating a good figure; for service and comfort, and—by no means the least—their **rust-proof** feature.

It is a Corset that one may, if one wishes, launder as easily as lingerie. But Warner's Rust-proof Corsets are so moderately priced that oftentimes the luxury of a new pair cannot be resisted.

Price from $1.40 per pair up.

EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED.

Marshall Bros

AGENTS.

Woman Dies of Injuries.

Mrs. John McDonald, who met with a serious accident in company with her son, Michael, on Sunday last, died of her injuries on Monday evening last at Newbridge, Salmonier.

As previously mentioned in the **Telegram,** Mrs. McDonald and her son were driving home from church at St. Joseph's, on Sunday evening last. Passing Gulch Bridge, their horse became frightened and leaped over the bridge into the gulch, capsizing the carriage and spilling the occupants, who were dangerously injured, Mrs. McDonald suffering greatly from shock. Twenty-four hours later she succumbed to her injuries, without having regained consciousness. Her son, Michael, who was seriously injured about the head and side, is improving and his chances of recovery are good.

Mrs. McDonald was highly esteemed at Salmonier and was an affectionate wife and good mother. She is survived by three daughters and two sons to whom widespread sympathy will be expresed in their sad bereavement.

Chief of Police

Blacklists Objectionable Side Shows at Circus.

Inspector General Hutchings paid an official visit to the Circus at the Prince's Rink last evening, accompanied by Supt. Grimes and Detective Byrne for the purpose of putting a stop to some objectionable side shows which had been the subject of adverse comment. After being shown all the different shows and exhibitions, Mr. Hutchings ordered the blacklisting of the Wheel of Fortune and Palmistry Reading Camp; also an improvement to the Parisian Models and other "sides" contrary to our laws. The police then received instructions to carry out the orders, which were adhered to by the management of the Circus.

Suffering from Diptheria.

A patient who recently entered the General Hospital for medical treatment was pronounced ill of diphtheria last evening and was immediately removed to the Fever Hospital.

A young woman, 21 years of age, was removed to the hospital yesterday from her home on Carter's Hill suffering from diphtheria.

Motor Car Emergencies

Comparatively little skill and practically no technical knowledge are required to enable a person to drive a motor car under ideal conditions. The real test of motoring qualifications comes with the unexpected situations.

Recently an owner-driver stalled his engine on a busy New York street crossing. When he kicked his starting motor pedal the engine cranking mechanism failed to operate, due to a run-down storage battery. The frantic search that followed failed to disclose a hand starting crank in the tool box or under the seat. In disgust the traffice officer helped to push the crippled machine to the curb.

Just then a young man stepped out of the crowd and offered his assistance.

"If your engine is all right," he suggested, "I think I can start it for you."

"Go ahead, if you can," urged the owner dubiously.

Picking up a jack, the young man raised one rear wheel from the ground and threw high gear into engagement. Then he turned the jacked-up wheel in a forward direction, being careful to pull up and lean away from the car. In an instant the motor was humming, and after throwing the gears into the neutral position and removing the jack, the friend in need smiled his appreciation of the owner's copiouns thanks and went his way.

It was a simple plan, as most successful mechanical adaptations are when demonstrated.

Early this summer a New England motorist found himself on the road several miles from any garage with a flat front tire and no jack. Noting a rail fence at the side of the road, he selected a straight, sound piece of timber. Next he built a solid pile of stones two and a half feet high in the road in front of his car. Then he laid the rail on the pile so that it made an angle of about fifteen degrees with the road, and ran his car up against the incline with sufficient force to raise the damaged tire clear of the road, and permit an exchange of rims. Having his rear wheels on solid ground, it was a simple matter to back off from the improvised jack when the repair was completed.—Scientific American.

Portia Off.

The S. S. Portia sailed for western ports last evening with these passengers:—

A. H. Knight, M. Dawe, Miss Wagg, Miss Hartigan, J. Bungey, K. Hall, G. Kendall, Herb. Power, J. Jenson, L. Pike, Mrs. L. Pike, C. Smith, W. Gear, Miss Little, Mrs. Rolls, Miss Tapper, Constable Russell, Miss Sheppard, J. Keeping, G. Hillier, Mrs. J. Walsh, C. Facey, L. Pike, Mrs. Goodland.

LOADING AT BLANC SABLON.—The schooner Jose, Capt. Fred Coady, which was recently purchased by Job Bros. and Co., at St. John, N.B., is now loading codfish at Blanc Sablon.

CERTAIN-TEED

PAINTS and ROOFINGS

Guaranteed the best obtainable

GEO. M. BARR, Agt.

T. J. EDENS.

By Express to-day:
500 baskets
Preserving Plums
Red and Blue.

PICKLING TOMATOES, 5c. lb.
RIPE TABLE TOMATOES, 10c. lb.
GRAPE FRUIT.
CUCUMBERS.
APPLES.
LEMONS.
50 cs. CAL. ORANGES.

Bacon,
BEECHNUT.
KINGAN'S.
DIAMOND C.
LIBBY'S in Glass.
ARMOUR'S in Glass.

Butter,
BLUE NOSE, 1lb. and 5 lbs.
PURITY, 2 lb. prints.
NEW YORK CHICKENS.
NEW YORK CORNED BEEF.
FRESH COUNTRY EGGS.
NEW SALT FISH.
BONELESS FISH.
SHREDDED FISH.

T. J. EDENS.

Duckworth Street and Rawlins' Cross.

War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 P. M.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

LONDON, Sept 18.

The official from British headquarters in France reads: North country troops raided German positions in Inverness Copse this morning, and secured fifteen prisoners. Despite vigorous resistance we have improved our positions slightly east of St. Julien. Early this morning a hostile raiding party attempted to approach our line south of Mericourt, but was driven off with loss by machine gun fire. Hostile artillery has shown activity during the day in the neighborhood of Lagnicourt, Vimy and Nieuport. There was again great artillery activity on both sides in the Ypres sector. Despite lower clouds and very strong west wind a considerable amount of artillery work was carried out by us yesterday with airplane observation. Three hostile machines were driven down out of control in air fighting, but combats were few owing to the small number of German machines in the air. Three of our machines are missing.

CANADIAN COURAGE.

Canadian Headquarters in France via London, Sept 18 (By Stewart Lyon, Special Correspondent of the Canadian Press.)—Awards are being made for heroic conduct of sound judgment, that is almost as much a factor as modern warfare may dicate. Canadian courage never rea ed a higher point than in the battle Lens. Case after case is to be fou in authenticated records in which men performed prodigies of valor faced death in order that their co