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The Sound of Wedding Bells

— OR —
Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER I.
"I am victorious, you see!" he says, in his crisp, light-hearted tones. "But the enemy is the richer by a tourist hat and a pocket-handkerchief. Is Miss Dorrmore still outside?"
"Yes, still outside, Sir Archibald," says Aunt Fermor, reluctantly. "And I am afraid she will get cold. And how could you think of facing that awful crowd—and your hat! Oh, dear me, what a dreadful noise! What is it now?"
"Oh, they are just lighting up," he says. "It is all right. Now is the best part of the fun. By the way, persuade Miss Dorrmore to put on this wrap, and hasten her from a chair."
"Perhaps, you can," assents Mrs. Fermor, but doubtfully. "I have asked her to do so twenty times. She seems quite deaf."
Laughingly he goes out, lantern and wrap in hand, and is rewarded by the turning of a beautiful face, the flash of Dulcete's dark eyes, the child-like lilt of Dulcete's heart-whole laugh.
"Have you really got it!" she exclaims. "Really and truly? Yes! How good of you! No, I won't have the wrap. Please don't ask me; I'm too warm already. If aunt could have her way I should go about like an Egyptian mummy. Oh, look! they are lighting up the Square. Isn't it beautiful! Do you know, I have never known what happiness was until now. I told Aunt Fermor so, and she was shocked. You are not, are you?"
"I am never shocked at anything you say," he murmurs, his blue eyes open with ecstatic, admiring eagerness.
She laughs; compliments fall upon Dulcete's ears as water does upon a duck's back—harmless.

she says; "It shows how seriously your education must have been neglected. Do you think you could light the lantern?"
He glances toward the room; the girl laughs.
"Don't be afraid; aunt is so benumbed at my general audacity, that you might do anything—anything."
Thereupon he lights the lantern and gives it to her, and she stands swinging it on the end of its stick, all unconscious that its fitting light is falling upon her face and revealing its glorious beauty to the eyes of the crowd beneath.

CHAPTER II.
Not only to the crowd beneath, but to the young man by her side. Sir Archibald Hope is of a susceptible nature at the worst of times, and always open to the fascination of the other and fairer sex, but to-night admiration threatens to glow into the white heat of passion. His affairs of the heart, as the French delicately put it, have been both numerous and various; on an average he has fallen in love ten times in every year, and, considering his title and the extent of the Hope estate, it is a marvel that he has escaped the bonds of matrimony. To-night he is quite ready, if such a course were practicable, to rush into them and drag Dulcete Dorrmore with him, but for the first time in his life his tongue falters, his spirit quails. For all the frankness, perhaps because of the almost boyish frankness, he is afraid to utter the ardent proposal which trembles on his lips. In fact, this time he is really in love and is afraid. As it is, he keeps as close to her side as good manners will permit, and watches the beautiful face with that ardent wistfulness which can only be seen in the eyes of a lover—and a faithful dog.
All unconscious, the girl leans over the balcony, swinging the lantern to and fro, and humming a light air softly. Suddenly she breaks off and sighs.
"And it will soon be over," she murmurs, rather to herself than her companion. "A few days more only, and then a long, dreary vista of cheap lodging-houses at the seaside, or ditto ditto in Bloomsbury Square. Ay domi! as they would say below."
He sighs in sympathy.
"Why should it be?" he murmurs, eagerly. "Why do you go back? Why not stay, or say, go on to Florence, or—anywhere?"
She turns her head and looks at

him. There is infinite grace in the pose, infinite candor in the half-scornful, half-indignant face.
"Why? What a question to ask. Do you not know, have you not already surmised, Sir Archibald, that we—Aunt Fermor and I—are emphatically that kind of persons for whom the proverb, 'Beggars mustn't be choosers' was invented? We are both of us as poor as church mice, and this little trip of ours will have to be atoned for by a long course of economy and self-denial—in other words, dinners of cold mutton and cheap sherry, and toilets principally consisting of turned dresses, and last season's bonnets."
He mumbles something.
"Very sorry, did you say? So am I—most intensely, most emphatically sorry. Did it never occur to you that it is always the people who don't know what to do with money that have so much of it, and that some who really know how to make the most of it always have so little? Now you—I suppose you are very rich?"
She asks the question with the most charming air of naturalness, just as she would ask him if he liked dry champagne in preference to sweet, or whether he thinks it will rain tomorrow, her dark eyes fixed on his face meditatively.
"I?—yes, I suppose so," he answers, his eyes chained to hers.
"Just so," she assents; "and I feel convinced that you don't know what to do with it. Of course your being here argues that you do; but I'll be bound you won't stay here—that you'll go back to that horrid London for the season, and stifle and choke in the heat and the dust, while you might be—ah, where might you not be! Oh, to be a man, and a rich one!"
And she sighs again.
Now is the time for him to say: "I am rich, share my wealth with me." But he cannot. He knows, he feels that it would bring those dark eyes upon him with a look of bland surprise, of girlish mockery, perhaps a sudden anger; and instead he fidgets his watch-chain and stares at the bracelet on her white, rounded arm.
"Now, if I were a man," she goes on, after a moment's silence—Dulcete's silence seldom lasts more than a moment—"do you think I should be shut up here in this hideous balcony, like a wooden image, eating my heart out with longing to be down there, below us?"
"I don't know," he says. "I'm a man, and I'm not eating my heart out to be anywhere but where I am. I am quite content," he repeats, emphatically and significantly; but his significance is lost upon her.
"That's because you have been out," she says, decisively, "and I haven't. I wish—" She stops suddenly, and glancing over her shoulder, she continues in a low voice, "I wish I could go; just for a little while, you know. Where would be the harm?" argumentatively. "It wouldn't be wrong, would it?" coaxingly.
He glances toward the window.
"Not at all," he says, "if you were protected. Would you like to go?"
"Would I?" she stops, and the color mounts to her face, and her eyes sparkle. "Will you take me, really?"
"What will Mrs. Fermor say?" he asks.
She makes an impatient gesture, then she laughs, and averts her eyes quickly.
"Aunt would probably go into a fit—if she knew; but," this insinuatingly, "why should she know?"
He stares at her.
"You couldn't drop from the balcony, you know!" he says.
She laughs softly.
"Will you take me? Not just out into the street, but down to the Square; I want to see the fountains and hear the singing."
"I'll take you to the other end of the world if you like," he responds, warmly.
"Thanks," she says, quite coolly, "the end of the Square will do. Well, you go down and wait at the door, and I will follow you in—say, five minutes."
"Right," he says, and is preparing to depart with alacrity, when she stops him with a soft, amused laugh.
"How stupid you are! Do you

think if you rushed off like that, that aunt wouldn't see at once that you had planned some mischief?"
"I?" he says, with a smile.
"Well, I, both of us, what does it matter? No, you must saunter in, say something about your hat, and make your adieus in a proper manner."
"I see," he says. "Yes, it was stupid. Well, five minutes. You will be sure to come?"
She does not reply, except with a confident smile; and he goes into the room, and plays his part, and disappears.
Five—three minutes afterward, as he stands at the door, eagerly watching the stairs, he sees the tall figure clad in the domino, and with the "little absurd" mask held closely to her face, gliding down the stairs.
With her red lips parted with an eager smile, and the dark, beautiful eyes glowing through the mask-holes, she puts her hand on his arm, and with many "I beg your pardons? Will you permit me?" Sir Archie forces a way through the group at the door.
The streets are still full—indeed, they will be full till dawn breaks over the city—and for a moment Dulcete clings rather nervously to her companion's arm; but presently her courage comes back—it is never very far off at any time—and she begins to enjoy herself.
(To be Continued.)

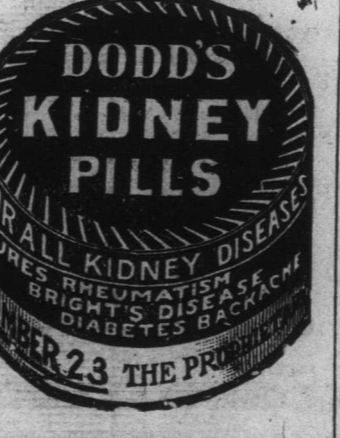
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MARRIED.
On September 5th, 1917, at the Oratory of Our Lady of Good Counsel, Cathedral Square, by Rev. Dr. Greene, Miss Bridget Murphy to Michael J. Fitzgerald.

DIED.
On the 4th inst., after a long illness, Emily, beloved wife of Thomas Spurrell, aged 26 years, leaving a husband, two children, three sisters and a father to mourn their loss; funeral on Thursday, at 2:30 p.m., from her late residence, 46 Codner's Lane; friends please accept this, the only intimation.
Passed peacefully away after a long illness, Elizabeth L. A. Porter, leaving a mother, one sister, two brothers, three daughters and one son to mourn their sad loss; funeral on Thursday, at 2:30 p.m., from her daughter's residence, 48 Signal Hill Road; friends will please accept this, the only intimation.
This morning, Helen, darling child of George and Margaret Dodd, aged 6 months.



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Ladies' White Linen Skirts, Reg. 95c.	Now 65c.
Ladies' White Embroidered Dresses, Reg. \$8.50.	Now \$5.50
Ladies' Fancy Muslin Dresses, Reg. \$3.00.	Now \$1.95
Ladies' Striped Silk Muslin Dresses, Reg. \$1.75.	Now 98c.
3 only Ladies' White Lawn Blouses, Reg. \$1.25.	Now 90c.
2 only Ladies' White Silk Blouses, Reg. \$2.25.	Now \$1.50
Men's Negligee Shirts, short sleeves, Reg. \$1.25.	Now 98c.
Men's Large Straw Hats, Reg. 25c.	Now 10c.
Infants' White Embroidery Bonnets, Reg. 50c.	Now 25c.
Boys' Rompers, Reg. 75c.	Now 55c.


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Prohibition Case Dismissed.
The further hearing of the case in which Dr. McDonald was charged with giving a prescription for liquor which was not used for bona fide medicinal purposes was concluded before Judge Morris in the Magistrate's Court yesterday. The evidence in the main was that the defendant gave a script for a bottle of rum to a woman of Portugal Cove, who stated that the stuff was for her brother. Instead she gave it to another man, who was later found inebriated. The case was dismissed. Mr. Higgins acted


for the defence and Mr. Dunfield, who conducted the case for the prosecution, gave notice of appeal.
Swimmer Meets Accident.
While bathing at "Sliding Rock," near Long Pond, yesterday afternoon, a lad named O'Rielly met with a painful accident. He was walking on the bottom when he trod on a part of a glass bottle, inflicting a deep and ugly cut in his foot, which bled profusely for upwards of an hour. The lad, who was very weak from loss of blood was later driven by Cabman Drunken to the surgery of Dr. Burden,

who had to insert several stitches in the wound to close it.
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The Flavor

Grand Falls Patriotic Fund
Grand Falls, Sept. 1917
To the Trustees, Grand Falls Patriotic Fund, Grand Falls, Nfld.
Gentlemen,
I have the honor to submit to you the following Statement of Income and Expenditure of the Grand Falls Patriotic Fund, from the commencement of July 1916, to August 15th, 1917.
Income:
Contributions deposited in Bank to 15th August 1917 \$5,218.65

T. J. EDWARDS.
50 barrels
No. 1 APPLES.
100 lbs. VICTOR FRUIT
100 lbs. 5 ROSEN FRUIT
100 lbs. YERBENA FRUIT
Pork & Beans, No. 3, 25c.
Tomatoes, No. 3, 1 lb., 20c.
Lunch Tongue, 1 lb., 45c.
Karo Corn Syrup, 2 lb., 20c.
Golden Wax Beans, No. 3, 1 lb., 16c.
Green Beans, No. 2, 1 lb., 16c.
Selected Family Beans, 1 lb., net, 15c.
Asparagus, 1 lb., 15c.
Pineapple Cubes, 1 1/2 lbs., 15c.
18c.

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