

# The Sound of Wedding Bells

## Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER X.

"It is true," she says. "But—with a swift transition from despair to passionate eagerness—"Hugh, I will try and be good, I will, indeed; I will try and be all that you like—quiet and demure and 'mousey,' I will, indeed. You shall see! I'm clever at some things, and I can tutor myself. Hugh, you shall have my beautiful face—you said it was beautiful, you know—with Lucy Fairfax's gentle temper and meekness."

He starts and reddens, but he laughs.

"For Heaven's sake, don't drag her name in," he says. "Thank you very much, but I prefer you as you are; my Dulcie, and no other. As I said before, I like a bad temper."

"And Hugh," taking no heed of his interruption, "I will learn to crochet and sew, learn the piano, if you like, and to sit upright in my chair like your sister Maud—"

"Great Heavens!"

"And to play chess. And I'll visit the poor with a little basket of tracts, and, oh, Hugh! I will be good and quiet, quite different if you will love me always as you promised! Hugh!" leaning back that she may fix her big, dark, solemn eyes on his face, "Hugh, swear to me that you will always love me, and never, never throw me off!"

His face flushes.

"With all my heart," he says, "but," a smile passes on his lips, "it seems to me that it is you who should take that oath! It is much more likely that you should tire of me than I of you. I fancy, with the same smile, but a little questioning light in his eyes, "that you are not the most constant of your sex, Dulcie!"

She hangs her head.

"Alas! If he could know the many hearts she has broken.

"Hugh, that is nonsense," falteringly.

"And that you are rather given to flirting," with a low laugh.

Her face grows redder still and she hangs her head, then suddenly looks up.

"All that's past," she murmurs



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eagerly; "mind, I don't say I did flirt, I may have done so, perhaps," remorsefully. "I did a little! but I won't now! Never again, Hugh! Why should I?"

"I don't know," he says, "but I'm glad to take that promise, Dulcie, for I'm rather jealous. 'I suppose,' with a little laugh, 'most men are.'"

She nods eagerly.

"Are you really? Well, that is rather nice. I should like you to be jealous, because then I should know you loved me, but I promise, Hugh, I will never flirt any more!"

He smiles and draws her to him, and there is silence for a moment.

Overhead a bird stands upon a bough and looks down with amused interest, a squirrel stops in his scamper across the heath and stares; the voice of the spring sings softly to itself as it passes through the opening leaves; an air of exquisite peace and joy seems to penetrate the woods; and Dulcie is, for the first time in her life, supremely and perfectly happy, with the happiness of first love.

At last—is it after moments or hours?—he looks up, and smiles.

"After all," he says, "it is not a bad finale to the little comedy of the will."

She starts. Do her justice. Not till this moment had a thought of the money and that wretched will crossed her mind.

"Not at all bad," he says; "my mother will be delighted!"

She starts. Do her justice. Not till this moment had a thought of the money and that wretched will crossed her mind.

"Hugh!" with an anxious intensity.

"Well, what's the matter now, darling?"

She looks up at him with a smile in her eyes.

"Do you really think your mother will be delighted, Hugh?"

"Of course," he says, with an attempt at the careless tone of certainty. "How could she be otherwise?"

"Hem!" says Dulcie. "I was thinking, Hugh—"

"That?" coaxingly—"that, don't you think it would be better if we—"

"What are you going to say now?" he asks, with a smile.

"Hugh," drawing a little nearer, "don't you think it would be as well if we—we gave your mother a little time to get used to me?"

"What for?" he demands, but thoughtfully.

She colors, and looks away from him.

"You see," she says, suggestively, "it's rather sudden! Rather!" with vehemence, "it's shamefully sudden! Why, Hugh, we have only known each other a few days!"

"Is it a few days?" he says, laughing. "I thought it was months, years."

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**Helped Every Year by Common Sense Suggestions Given Free by The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.**

For forty years women suffering from all kinds of female ills have been writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., for advice.

Thus they receive common sense suggestions drawn from a vast volume of experience, and thousands of sick women have been saved from untold suffering, as letters like the following clearly show:

Newark, Ohio.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman. Your Sanative Wash is just the thing to overcome female weakness. I have told young mothers as well as older ones about your remedies, and what they have done for me. I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, as my health was very bad when I wrote you, but now I can do my own work and have not had a sick day since I began taking your remedies. I keep the Compound and Liver Pills on hand all the time."—Mrs. Geo. Thompson, 24 Sherwood Court, Newark, Ohio.

Why don't you write for free advice? Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

"I am quite sure that at present your mother detests me."

"Now—"

She shakes her head and smiles at him.

"Hugh, women never make a mistake about each other. Your mother right down hates me. You see, naively, 'you could not expect her to fall in love with my face like a man, and as for the rest of me—why—' and she shrugs her shoulders."

"Well, well," he says, "of course it's all nonsense, but have it as you like. And we are to be a couple of conspirators!"

"Only conspiring for good," she says. "Why, Hugh, it can't be a pleasant thing to look forward to—a scene with—"

He laughs.

"My mother never makes scenes." "Of course not," reddening; "she is too highly bred—I forgot. Well, have it your way. Let us go in and say, 'Mother, behold your daughter,' or words to that effect, and if she doesn't make a scene, at any rate she will make it extremely unpleasant for me."

He bites his lip.

"Dulcie," and his voice is grave. "I never knew concealment of this sort to end without a contretemps a general smash-up. I hate deceit."

"So do I," she says. "But I also hate being a firebrand in a family, and that's what I shall certainly prove. Never mind; it shall be as you say. I am quite ready to ask her blessing, but—I wish I may get it," and she laughs. Then her tongue alters, and she turns to him, all obedience and tenderness—it is these sudden transitions which help to make Dulcie's charms: "After all, what do I care so long as you love me? I can bear any amount of snubbing and sitting upon. I don't care! I don't care in the slightest! You are quite right."

"As how?"

"Well, you see, I'm—I'm going to reform, Hugh, and be—as the tracts say—a different girl; and—and the first thing I shall aim at in my new life will be to get your people to care for me."

"I see," he says; "well, that won't be such a hard task," with infinite pride and fondness.

"Won't it?" she says, concisely.

"Hem! I don't know. At any rate I will set my mind on it, and—perhaps—I shall succeed. Then—if I do succeed—it won't seem hard to your people, will it, Hugh?" coaxingly. "Do let me have my way in this! It doesn't matter. We won't be engaged if you like!"

Hugh. We will have no concealment."

"I don't know," he says. He has been thinking. "After all, perhaps your suggestion is the best, and what does it matter? Of course I should have liked to have handed you round and gloated a bit and—"

She puts her hand upon his arm and presses it, and her lips are dangerously near his.

"And shown off the beautiful captive of my bow and spear. But I can wait. I shall know all the while that you are my captive, and that is something."

"Yes," she says, with a little wistful smile. "Ah, yes, that is just it! I am your captive, Hugh; I, who fought so hard against it. Your spear has smitten me deeply, to the death of my own will. Hugh, you will never know how much I love you!" and with a sudden surrender of her old pride and self-reliance, she raises her head and presses her lips to his.

CHAPTER XI.

"I mean to be very good!" This is what Dulcie has been repeating to herself night and morning, and several times during the day, for the last week.

It is a week since the wreck of the log-cart and the plighting of troth in Holme Woods; just a week, and to Dulcie's surprise, the world rolls on very much as before; and yet not as before, for is she not in possession of her first passion, and is not the object of it in the same house with her? It is true that their engagement is not known, and that their love-making has to be done by stealth, but that secrecy and stealth only add a piquancy to the business. It is nice to have this love to one's self, and Dulcie hugs it to her as some miser might hug his hoarded gold from the eyes of the outside world.

It is so delicious to feel that there is no one to share her secret—that for the present it is Hugh's and hers, and that they are two conspirators with one object in view, one mutual interest. Sweet is the stolen kiss, when they meet alone in a room or he passes her on the stairs; sweet the few whispered words of endearment, but sweeter than all the knowledge of the fact that, hate her as she may, Lady Falconer cannot rob her, Dulcie of the lord of Holme Castle.

And she keeps her promise—she does try "to be good." She sets a brittle on that too-ready tongue of hers, and is careful to avoid slang; she takes an interest, or tries to, in Maud's crewel work and district visiting, and listens with demure attention to Lady Falconer's long-winded stories of the house of Falconer and the surrounding county families. She even goes down to the village shop and buys an assortment of colored silks, and begins an antimacassar in olive-green and dead gold, in imitation of Maud's. But the pattern doesn't seem to grow much, and the oatmeal cloth back ground gets to look cramped and disreputable before she has been at it a couple of days.

But still there is a change, a change which makes poor Aunt Fernor wonder—and tremble; tremble because, according to her experience, and unusual and unnatural quietude on Dulcie's part means brewing mischief. Lady Falconer is surprised too, and remarks to Maud, with stately placency, that the air of refinement in a place like Holme Castle, and the companionship of "ladies," have their natural effect even upon a nature and disposition like Miss Dorrmore's. But Edie is more surprised than all the rest put together, and not only surprised but disappointed. After all, then, Dulcie wasn't going to be so "nice" and "jolly" as she promised—she was going to settle down into the humdrum state of things with the rest of them.

"I can't think what has changed you," she remarks to Dulcie one evening, as she sits with her hands upon her knees, watching Dulcie, bending laboriously, and with knitted brows, over the sage-green antimacassar.

(To be Continued.)

If you need stylish, perfect-fitting and well-made clothes—in Suit or Overcoat—and reliable Cleaning and Pressing, call or phone SPURRELL, 365 Water Street. Phone 574.—cod,tf

## Corp. Coughlan, M. M.

Mr. and Mrs. James Coughlan, of Prescott Street, have received word that their son, Corporal Gerald D. Coughlan, C.E.F., one of five brothers fighting with H. M. Forces, won the Military Medal for gallantry on the battle field, Gerald was studying at McGill University before enlisting. In August last when the Canadians took Hill 70 he won the distinction, being mentioned in despatches. He has since been in hospital. His Commanding Officer, writing to his parents, says:

842,282, Corp. C. D. Coughlan, 24th Canadian Battalion, V.R.C.  
Dear Corporal Coughlan—

I have great pleasure in giving you the news that you have been awarded the military medal for the splendid work you did on the 15th.

From all I hear you earned the honor well and have carried on the best tradition of D. Company and the 24th Battalion.

With hearty congratulations, Yours sincerely, P. L. HALL, Major.

## In Five Minutes! No Indigestion, Gas Or Sour, Acid Stomach Hr. Grace Notes.

The moment "Pape's Diapepsin" reaches the stomach all distress goes.

"Really does" put bad stomach in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars worth of satisfaction, or your druggist hands you your money back. It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of a sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach regulator in the world.

**Llewellyn Club.**

**ANNUAL MEETING.**  
The annual meeting of the Llewellyn Club was held in Canon Wood Hall last night, the attendance being large.

The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were presented and showed a marked increase in all branches of the Club. Mr. H. Y. Mott was moved to the chair and conducted the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

President—Rev. Dr. Jones.  
First V.P.—Randell Jeans.  
Second V.P.—P. F. Harris.  
Secretary—F. R. Clark.  
Treasurer—A. Carnell.

Committee—Messrs. C. E. Hunt, T. Hallett, Robt. Pike, J. Billard, F. M. Sterling and Geo. H. Cook.

It was ordered that the President—Rev. Dr. Jones—and Secretary, Mr. F. R. Clark, draft letters to His Excellency Sir W. E. Davidson who had been a member of the Club, expressing regret at his departure and also to His Lordship Bishop Jones, Hon. President and Patron, on his retirement.

Rev. Henry Gordon, of Cartwright, Labrador, gave an interesting account of his work, particulars of which appear elsewhere in this issue. At the conclusion of his address he was voted \$100 from the funds of the club to help along the mission.

## McMurdo's Store News

FRIDAY, Oct. 5, 1917.  
The Nursery Talcum par excellence is Lazell's Babykin, which is the finest and softest of Talcums, one especially soothing to the delicate texture of baby's skin, and sweetly perfumed. Though a nursery talcum it is quite suitable for general use, and resembles Lazell's famous Massatta Talcum, which we believe is not to be had in the city at present. Price 25c a tin.

Ice Cream weather still! If you feel extra warm, step into our store and have a refreshing glass of Ice Cream Soda, of Lemon, Pineapple, Vanilla or Chocolate flavor. Or an Ice Cream Sundae, or a plain Ice Cream. Price 10 and 15 cents.

## Woman Broke Prohibition Act.

There arrived in the city last night, in charge of Const. Devine, a woman, of Colliers, who was convicted before Magistrate O'Toole of a breach of the Prohibition Act, and was fined \$100 in default of which she was to serve one month's imprisonment. She spent the night at the police station and this morning was removed to the Penitentiary.

## Wedding Bells.

RENDELL-ROWE.

Tuesday morning at St. Mary's Church, Heart's Content, Miss Marion Rendell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rendell, of Heart's Content, was united in matrimony to Mr. Allison Rowe, of the Western Union Cable staff. The ceremony was solemnized by the Rev. Canon Smart, Rector of St. Mary's Church. The bride, who was given away by her father, was prettily attired in cream satin and wore a wreath and veil of orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of sweet peas and maiden ferns. She was attended by Miss Leah Rendell, of St. John's, cousin of the bride, who was also neatly attired in blue silk and hat to match and carried a bouquet, while Mr. C. Rendell, brother of the bride, supported the groom. After the ceremony luncheon was served in the St. P. Hall which had been decorated for the occasion, where the health of the bridal pair was duly honored. The happy gathering was highly honored by representatives of the army and navy in the presence of Pte. Payne and Reservist Rendell, both of St. John's. At 1 p.m. the happy couple left via Carbonear for Kelligrew where the honeymoon will be spent. The presents were many and costly, including a silver tea service from the groom.

A load of herring is being landed here to the Shipbuilding Co.

The weather to-day is delightful and our people are busily engaged in digging their potatoes. The crop is said to be not up to expectations owing to blight, early frosts, and some other cause. Still the yield is fairly good.

Rev. Ernest Davis and Mrs. Davis left on Saturday morning for their mission at Little Bay Islands, N.D.B., taking with them the best wishes of our townspeople generally for a long period of great usefulness in their sacred calling.

Owing to the illness of Mr. W. Freeman, the operator at the Pleasure U Theatre, there have been no shows this week.

Pte. Kenneth Sheppard arrived from St. John's on Saturday and left again for the city on Monday. Pte. Sheppard made 8 attempts to join before being accepted. Try, try, try again seemed to have been his motto.

The shopkeepers of this town are very considerate for the convenience of our citizens generally. Owing to the scarcity of sugar only small quantities are being sold to each person. This of course to keep people from hoarding up large quantities to the disadvantage of those who are unable to put in a stock. This is very thoughtful, and if this could be backed up by selling sugar and everything else as low as possible we would all be heaping good words and blessings where we could on our business men.

Mrs. Albert Heath and her daughter Alma arrived from St. John's on Monday night on a visit. Miss Doris Heath who had been visiting St. John's returned the same night.

CORRESPONDENT.  
Hr. Grace, Oct. 3, 1917.

## Mother! Don't Fake Chances If Child's Tongue Is Coated

If cross, feverish, sick, bilious, clean little liver and bowels.

A laxative to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, Mother! If coated, or your child is restless, cross, feverish, breath bad, listless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation, poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

**From Cape Race.**

Special to Evening Telegram.  
CAPE RACE, To-day.  
Wind S.W., light, dense fog and raining. Bar. 29.45; Ther. 60.

Nyal's Assorted Talcums arrived to-day for Stafford's Drug Store, Duckworth Street and Theatre Hill.—sept,tf

TYPHOID FEVER.—A woman, suffering from typhoid fever, was removed to the Fever Hospital yesterday from Long's Hill.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

# 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.

## A CHARMING NEGLIGEE.



2197—This model in rose crepe, white or blue batiste, in figured crepe or China silk, will be very attractive. It is also nice for cashmere, flannel-ette, percale, lawn, dimity and dotted Swiss.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34 inches bust measure; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42, and Extra Large, 44-46. Size Medium will require 7 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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

## A JAUNTY COAT FOR GIRLS.



2192—This model has inserted pockets in pouch effect. The fronts are lapped at the revers edges, but may be rolled high, as in the small color view. The sleeve is a two-piece model. This style is nice for cheviot, zibeline and other coatings, also for velvet, corduroy and silk.

The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires for a 14-year size, 4 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.

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

No. ....

Size ....

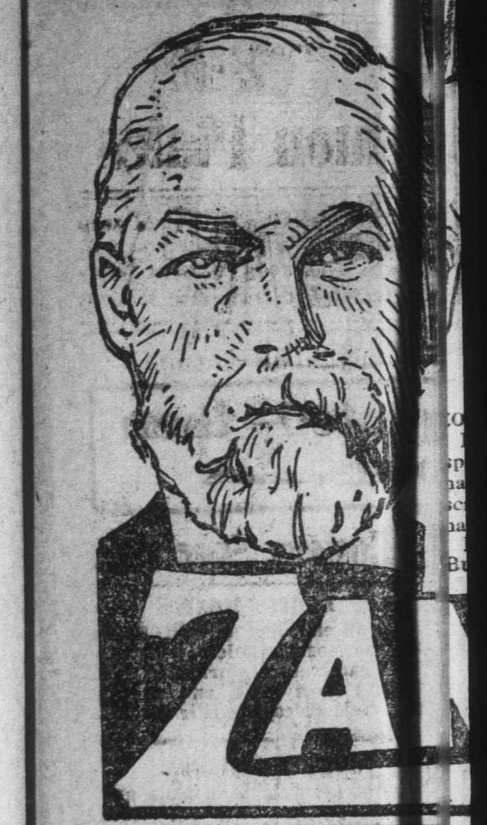
Address in full:—

Name .....

## POSITIVE SALE!

Extensive Timber Limit, together with Freeholds, on the waterside of South and West Rivers, Hall's Bay; apply early to **JAMES R. KNIGHT**

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GADGETS.



# Grand Falls ing

On Thursday, September 27th, the second annual exhibition arranged by the Grand Falls Gardening and Industrial Association took place under favorable conditions.

As the exhibits were somewhat crowded last year in the Town Hall, it was decided to house the industrial exhibits in the Hall of the Industrial Club. The results justified the decision for, in spite of six tables being provided instead of four as last year, all the space in the Town Hall was filled with produce of exceptional quality, and all visitors were surprised and delighted at the results of the increased gardening activities of the Grand Falls.

The services of Professor P. J. Shaw, the eminent authority on Truro Agricultural College, were again secured and the universal satisfaction with his decisions showed the care with which he weighed the merits of the various exhibits.

While the arrangements of the show, the arrangements of the show, showed that the Committee had endeavored to hear the lessons of last year, and only reflected the taste of the committee.

The walls of the stage were paneled with the British, French and American flags, while a wax figure robed in Union Jacks of various sizes held out an elaborate ribbon of the national colors.

Quite a festive appearance, while a large sign, "Our Second Year," was executed in white immediately above the stage informed visitors of the infancy of the association. In the decoration Mr. House was ably assisted by Messrs. W. Payne, R. Hiscock and Allan, while the erection of the table was, as usual, under the supervision of Mr. T. Brown and the result of their united labour must have been very satisfactory to these gentlemen.

The exhibition was formally opened at 4 p.m. by the moving spirit of the association, Wm. Scott, Esq., Manager of the A. N. D. Co. In a well chosen words he expressed pleasure at seeing so many in attendance, and intimated that Professor Shaw would lecture in the evening, and keen interest was shown in the identity of the prize winners, list of whom is appended.

The Hall having been cleared at 8 p.m., Mr. Scott took the chair at a lecture given by Professor Shaw, before introducing the lecturer he expressed the having a larger and better show than last year, and thought of the people of Grand Falls should congratulate themselves on having succeeded in this movement in favour of increased food supply just one year ahead of the rest of the Colony. The speaker said it exemplified what he heard in St. John's concerning the Grand Falls idea was: "Go and do it; don't talk about it." He urged the audience to see to it.

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