



**The Sound of Wedding Bells**

**Won After Great Perseverance!**

CHAPTER XXXVI.

There is wild excitement not only in Armfield, but for miles around. And, after all, it is a simple occasion enough. A few gentlemen have arranged to run a steeple-chase, simply for the love of sport, and their own and their friends' amusement; but such little matters cannot be done in the dark, and great as has been the care to avoid all fuss and publicity, the news of the intended meeting has reached town weeks before.

Paragraphs have appeared in the society papers, setting forth the names of some of the horses and their riders, and there has actually appeared in the sporting papers a list of the betting.

So it comes to pass that, in addition to the few friends who have been invited by the owners of the horses, a few thousands of the neighboring townsfolk put in an appearance, coming up in every description of vehicle, and gayly dressed as for one of the great public races.

The railway company have found it necessary to put on specially advertised trains, and early on the morning a few more thousands of sporting and racing men, and "book-makers," men who make their living by betting, come from the little railway station and wind their way to the course—where, pinned in a space specially set aside for them, they shout and bawl to their heart's content.

That Sir Archibald Hope's horse, the Cricket, is the favorite there can be no doubt, and it is known that very large sums have been laid upon it; but there is a tolerably fair contingent of the crowd which thinks well of our Sultan, Sir Hugh Falconer's horse, which is to be ridden by Lord Hartfield. The other horses are scarcely considered, and the choice seems to rest between these two.

Eleven o'clock is the time fixed for the start, but long before that hour the crowd has collected, and is awaiting more or less patiently, making anything but a bad picture in the autumn sunlight which pours genially down upon the scene.

At about a quarter to eleven the

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Get 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) from any good drug store, pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Here you have 16 ounces—a family supply—of the most effective cough syrup that money can buy—at a cost of only 50 cents or less. It never spoils.

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"gentry" begin to put in an appearance, coming up in all sorts of vehicles, from the high dog-cart with its red wheels and spruce tiger, to the heavy barouche, with its spanking, sleek-skinned pair; there are even one or two drags in evidence, and the crowd amuses itself by recognizing, and occasionally cheering, the occupants.

Of course all the county families are represented, from the grave lord of many acres to the radical M.P. and his wife.

Almost as fine as Goodwood, the stand—which is too small to be called "grand"—looks, with the beautiful toilets which the ladies have donned for the occasion; and Armfield generally begins to hold up its head and look proud.

"Not bad for a small place like ours," says the M.P., standing up and focusing the scene through his field-glass.

"Quite a brilliant gathering! There's Lord Hartfield just come up," he adds, as a neat dog-cart and a beautiful pair of grays driven tandem, comes up.

"Looks as fresh as paint and as cool as a cucumber," is the general comment as the languid Hartfield gets leisurely down and strolls off to the saddling tent, with his eyeglass in his eye and his hands thrust in the pockets of his long light overcoat, and followed by the curious and approving glances of the crowd on the stand.

Meanwhile where is Archie, for whose appearance the gathering is waiting impatiently?

Nine o'clock has been fixed for breakfast by Lady Brookley, and she and the earl are, for a wonder, punctual to the minute.

There is a look of excitement on the old lady's face, for all her pretended indifference to the coming event. And as for the earl, he can scarcely stand still; he is dressed in his usual semi-nautical jacket, but he has tied a bit of blue-and-white ribbon in his button-hole, and would, if Lady Brookley did not set her face against it sternly, have worn a blue-and-white ribbon round his hat.

"Come, come!" he exclaims, as the clock strikes nine. "Where are the young people? We shall be late, you know. The boy ought to make a good breakfast. Always feed your men well before you take them into action! And where's Dulcie?"

"Here I am," says Dulcie, entering at the moment, and at sight of her a cry of surprise and delight rises from the old couple's lips, for she is dressed not only to perfection, but in Archie's colors. She wears a blue-and-white dress, there are blue-and-white in her bonnet, and her gloves are the blue shade which forms his colors.

"Well," she says, standing before them with a little blush and rather downcast. "Shall I do?"

"Do, my dear!" roars the old man; "you look beautiful, Dulcie. By Jupiter, there won't be a lass in the cruise that will be within sail of you. And the boy's colors! He'll jump for joy when he comes down. Turn round and let me look at you."

And she turns a pivot, with her hands folded demurely.

"My lady," chuckles the old man, "somebody will run away with her; they'll snatch her away from the boy, see if they don't. By Jupiter! if I were younger and hadn't a wife of my own, I'd have a fling with her myself."

"There, do sit down, you two," says her ladyship, smiling, "and get some breakfast."

"Where is Archie?" asks Dulcie, quietly.

"Not down yet, unless he has gone to the stables," says her ladyship.

Hadn't—hadn't we better send up and see?" says Dulcie. "He was very tired last night."

But she stops suddenly, for she hears his well-known steps on the stairs. But this morning it sounds very slow and heavy, and there is none of the humming or whistling which generally announces his approach.

(To be Continued.)

When making yeast rolls add one cup cornmeal to the sponge with the shortening, then finish with white flour.

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PROLOGUE.

OVER THE BAR.

"Bravo, he's a brave youngster!" muttered one of the others approvingly.

"What happened then?" asked Wynter, grimly.

"Griley carried me into the house, and uncle—" Again he paused; then Wynter, with a quick movement, ripped the jacket and shirt off the child's shoulders. It told its own story; over the thin body great scarlet weals were fast becoming black and contused. With a cry of horror, the men jumped to their feet, while one of the women drew the thin little figure into her arms with unpeaking tenderness.

Wynter turned to the others. "Look at that, boys! That's your fine gentleman's work—a gentleman that sits on the bench to judge us poor players as vagabonds."

As he spoke, there was heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and, at an imperious gesture from Wynter, the woman who held the child in her arms disappeared quickly and quietly into one of the tents.

She had scarcely gone, and the men had scarcely had time to assume an air of indifference, when a horseman rode up. He was of middle age, thin and big-boned of figure, with a stern, repellent face. In the hard curve of the mouth and the steel-gray eyes, arched with heavy, forbidding eyebrows, was set the seal of greed, envy, and cruelty, and his whole appearance indicated a narrow mind and a grasping, unscrupulous nature.

He looked down now with insolent contempt on the mis-shapen figure of Wynter.

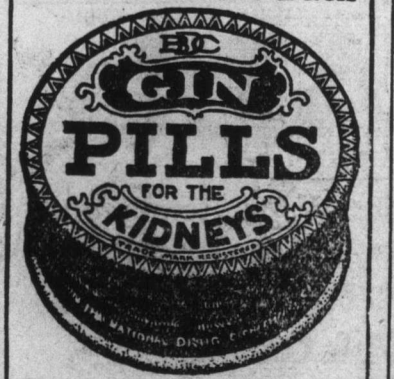
"I've lost my nephew, Ernest Verner, a young child," he said, harshly. "Have you rascals seen him?"

Wynter looked at him steadily.

"No," he replied, with calm deliberation.

With an oath, Mr. Verner spurred his horse forward, and a less active man than Wynter would have been trodden under the animal's hoofs; as it was, the child, who had been watching and listening in a very agony of fright, lest Wynter should give him up to his persecutor, "betrayed his presence by a cry of distress."

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may, Mr. Verner, with a shout of triumph, set his horse straight at the tent whence had come the cry.

"Stand aside!" he cried harshly.

"He is here, I heard him."

He raised his whip, as if to lash the crowd of men around him from his path, but Wynter was too quick for him. Catching up a flaming torch, he leaped in front of the tent and struck the horse full between the eyes. The poor animal, half blinded by the smoke and trembling with fear, swerved aside and was held by the willing hands of two of the men.

Mr. Verner's face crimsoned with anger, and oath after oath rolled from his lips.

"You ruffian!" he cried; "the brat's there, and I'll have him! Do you dare to try and keep him from his lawful guardian? You shall go to prison for this, you—you rogues and vagabonds!"

He tried again to spur his horse onward, but found it impossible to do so, for Wynter waved the torch again before the eyes of the frightened animal, saying:

"You talk of prison—you, who flogged a child like that. Come an inch farther and I'll flog you myself, mis-shapen and deformed as I am. I'll do worse, for, as I'm alive, make one effort to regain that child, and I'll hale you before the justices myself and show them how you are trying to murder the child that stands between you and his inheritance! I know you, John Verner, though you have forgotten me. It was you who, years ago, made me what I am. Have you forgotten John Wynter?"

Mr. Verner started.

"No, I can see you haven't. Well, mark my words—I've not done with you yet, and Providence has shown me a way to revenge my wrongs. You shall never harm the child again, or see him till he is old enough to claim his inheritance. Now go, or, as there is a Heaven above, I and my friends here will tear you to pieces." He swung round on the listening crowd, and, waving his torch, cried, "Boys! The man who strikes a child isn't fit to live—let him die!"

The men took their cue from him as if the whole scene had been from a play; with a hoarse shout, they raised their staves on high and rushed forward. White, and quaking in every limb, John Verner freed his horse and tore away at a fierce gallop as if for very life.

Late that night, beneath the silver moon, the little camp was broken up silently and swiftly—no longer would it be safe to try their fortunes in Wrenstead; they must get on to the next town.

Meanwhile, Wynter went to the tent where the innocent cause of all the trouble lay sleeping, with the calm trustfulness common to childhood. The man's face darkened as he gazed on the child, and looked back on his own life. Twenty years ago he had been as straight as John Verner himself. He, then a young man, down on his luck, had been engaged by the squire, the present Verner's father, as a kind of companion servant. In this capacity, he had come into contact with both William and John Verner, and had grown to hate the latter for his cruelty and hypocrisy as much as he loved the former for his manliness and good nature. After a prolonged struggle, the ill will between John Verner and his father's servant had culminated in a fight, in which the former, unknown to the squire, had inflicted such injuries on Wynter as to make him almost deformed. From that time onward, he had earned his living in divers ways, and with but one object in view—that of revenging himself on the man who had so injured him. At one time he had had thoughts of stealing Verner's own son, but had recoiled from visiting the sins of the father on the innocent boy. Now it seemed as if Fate had played into his hands, for he knew it would be a far deadlier revenge on John Verner to preserve his brother's child. In this way, Verner would never know when he should be called upon to deliver up his charge, and account for the moneys he had spent.

(To be Continued.)

Many frocks have wide sashes tied in the back.

The one-piece fashion is likely to find favor for a good while yet, simply because it makes women look youthful.

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Blue serge was used for this model. It makes a natty suit for business or home wear. The Waist Pattern 2239 is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt 2235 in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 36 bust measure will require 7½ yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

LADIES' HOUSE GOWN OR LOUNGING ROBE.



2248—Cape, percale, cashmere, albatross, serge, batiste, dimity, dotted swiss, silk and satin, are nice for this style. The skirt is shirred to the waist and finished with a heading. The neck and sleeve have a smart collar and cuff finish.

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

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**War News**

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

LONDON, Dec. 4.

(Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency)

Telegraphing to-day from British my Headquarters in France, Reu correspondent says yesterday at was a big and determined effort to our railway communication in making our salient probably un- able. The attempt definitely in The Germans retain some gains, not sufficient to exercise a pac- effect on the situation. Our our attacks were so vigorously pre- home that the northern line is all- wholly restored, while in the as- beyond occupying the village of G- lieux, lying deep between two r- the Germans have little to show their costly attack. They took some prisoners, but it is- lieved that such gains as had- abandoned under pressure of the- rush were blown up, so that- proud claim that the German- not taken a single gun intac- the beginning of the Somme offen- technically still holds true. The- my losses are known to have- very heavy. The southern attack- on a front of twelve thousand- Apparently the enemy employ- assailing divisions. By ten- the enemy was well into G- court. About mid-day we del- counter attack, and by three- the afternoon the enemy had- thrown right back out of the all- higher ground and the railway- is really important. The fight- still in progress. We have- our way back through G- the very outskirts of G- desperate effort to retake- Wood which our airmen at on- reported as being hard press- finally broken up with heavy- losses from our intense artill- concentration. At one time yester- looked as if the enemy was gain- inflict a serious reverse upon- thanks to the extraordinary gen- of our troops and the dogged- with which they opposed the- odds the enemy's success was- largely neutralized. The w- mainly fine and the visibility

Our unusual success in production of Children's traits has been very favora commented on. Come in a them. J. C. PARSONS, Bank Montreal Building.—nov17,17

SIR I CAN TELL YOU TO OL JAWN I LOOKED BIRD WOOLWORT