

The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER IX.

"Don't let us speak of it," she says "not now. Let us be happy."

"But," she says, "it is my fault, not theirs. I told you, I think—or if I didn't, you have found out—that I am not a favorite of women."

"Whom do you mean?" she asks. "Glances at her, and flips the wheeler before answering."

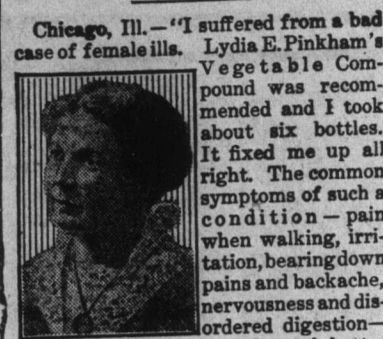
"To be blunt," he says, "I was thinking of Archie Hope."

"Poor Sir Archie!" she says. "Why 'poor'?" he asks, but with a smile, as if he enjoyed it.

"He is quite lovely," says Dulcie. "And as good as he looks."

MRS. MAY'S LETTER TO WOMEN

More Proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieves Suffering.



Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered from a bad case of female illia. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended and I took about six bottles. It fixed me up all right."

one would be envied by every girl in the country—as you say."

"I hate a man who is recognized as a professional flirt," he says, after a moment's pause; "I like a man to—to love one woman and stick to her."

"He bites his lips, and the red flush struggles with the tan; he is silent for a moment, then he says: 'I don't know.'"

"I had heard—really, it is no business of mine!—that you admired her very much."

"Yes, I know," says Dulcie, laughing, as the vision of Sir Hugh as a boy rises before her.

"No," says Dulcie, with delicious coolness. "I don't suppose she calls you her little—or big—husband, now."

"Great Heavens!" he exclaims, "when shall we understand each other? Fancy Lucy calling me 'her husband!'"

"Yes," he says; then he sighs and pulls at his mustache. "Yes, it is all Holme property. We are in the middle of it about now."

"Why did you sigh?" she asks. "Does its immensity weigh on your mind?" she laughs.

"No," he says, gravely and concisely; "it is the mortgages that weigh upon it. Look," he says, and he points with his whip; "you see beyond there—right away to those hills?"

"I don't think there are a couple of thousand acres unencumbered," he says. "My father and I cleared those by dint of hard economy, the rest—the rest—" he stops suddenly; but Dulcie is sharp.

"The rest would have been 'clear sd,'" she says, in a low voice, "will Mr. Trevenion's money, but for me! I understand!"

"He reddens, angry with himself. 'Why do you say that?' he says. Then his voice grows still lower;—they have been speaking in an under-one all through, because of the groom, and he adds: 'It may be now—'"

"No, he is running." Hugh smiles. "He will have to run fast to be in with us," he says, between his teeth.

"You are not frightened?" he asks, glancing at her. "Hold tight!" She smiles and holds on by the rail with tightly clinched hand.

Silent and grim he maintains the struggle, though the reins seem cutting into his flesh. The road is straight and smooth for the present, but there is a terrible fear in his heart, not for himself, but for her!

"You are not frightened?" he says. "She shakes her head. She is not even pale, and there is a lustrous fire in her eyes instead of the appalled look of fear that should in all reason be there."

"No," she says. "Is there any danger?" "The words are jolted out, but the voice is clear and calm; and even at that moment of supreme anxiety, his music falls with a welcome sound on his ears. He will not lie to her."

"I understand," she says, but there is a strange look in her eyes and about her mouth. "If he had not got the bit between his teeth!" mutters Sir Hugh. "You shall turn, my friends, if I pull you over! Ah! Now!" he shouts, as the leader, unable to bear the strain of the strong hand, swerves and turns.

"Now! Jump! Great Heaven, why don't you—!" for seditious immovability, with the same smile on her face. The next instant there is a lurch, a crash, and all in one confused mass, horses, man, and woman, and the tall dog-cart, lie in the road.

"Don't be frightened," he says, with a smile; "it's all right. I can keep them straight. George, get down when I pull them up, George!"

List of Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Sept. 26th, 1917.

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Women's Association

Lady Davidson's Farewell. The W. P. A. annual meeting, held on Saturday afternoon in the Grand Hall was very largely attended.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS. This is the fourth annual meeting and we will follow our usual custom of first presenting to you the report of the various branches of work done during the past year.

It is most gratifying to note the sustained increase in our out-put and also an increase in the variety of our work. I will not waste time in dwelling on this now, as when you have heard the reports, you can judge for yourselves and may also be justly proud of your share in its production.

The Outposts have been and are doing splendidly. They deserve great praise. Their work is of excellent quality and comes in steadily. I do not think I am far from when I say it is about equal to that done in St. John's. This is a very great credit to them, as the majority of our branches are little isolated places round the coast, that do not hear much war news, and would be small blame to them if they failed to maintain sustained interest in the war-work. This, however, is not the case here in Newfoundland, which is loyal to the core all the country through.

I have now been in Newfoundland for very nearly five years, and have travelled all round the Colony stopping at the majority of the Outposts, and the most striking feature is the bits of old Devonshire and old Dorsetshire or old Ireland, that one finds settled down here and there quite unchanged; and the charming pride they retain of their old far-off homes in the Mother Country. And it is from such homes as these that the young men of our Newfoundland Regiment have come. It is little wonder that they have done so well and made such a splendid name for themselves and their country. They come from the best of stock and from their infancy they have had difficulties and hardships to contend with, and while yet in their teens they often have to face dangers, such as we, who live in towns, little realize. They have won an imperishable fame for their homeland—the name of Newfoundland stands high and is now a household word to every one all the Empire over.

Now that your men have done so much for the honour and glory of Newfoundland, it behoves the women to continue to do their part. I do not desire you for one instant to imagine that I think the women of Newfoundland have not done their patriotic duty. Far from it,—our reports alone show the splendid work you have all done, and I salute you one and all my good friends of the W.P.A., and I congratulate you on your share in contributing to Newfoundland's fame as one of Old England's most staunch supporters. But as I said at the beginning, we are now entering on our fourth winter's work, and there is likely to be some who might think they had done enough and would like to drop out. To those I say most emphatically—Please Don't! Stick to the work and help to increase the output this winter still more and more than it was last,—for the Glory of Old Newfoundland.

I have to drop out,—and let me assure you, this is a great grief to me. I had so ardently hoped that I might be here to the end of the war, and with our work up to the finish, but this not to be. The authorities have willed it otherwise, so, to my great regret, I must go. But that will not in any way affect the good work of the W.P.A., the organization being in such able hands, and running so automatically that it is of little or no account as to whether my name or that of some other and probably more

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