

The Good Health Glass
—a Blooming Cheek
—and a Sparkling Eye
—are assured to Girls
—who daily try
—a Glass of
Abbey's Effer-Salt
for Nerves take
ABBEY'S VITA TABLETS
50 Cents a Box

The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XIV.

"Oh, but I've broken it again," she says, serenely.

"Nonsense," says Hugh, almost pushing her toward Sir Archie, and the next moment he has the satisfaction of seeing her whirling round in the arms of the handsomest man and the best waltzer in the room. And his satisfaction, if it be satisfaction, does not stop there, for having granted the dance, Dulcie is powerless to refuse others, and for the rest of the evening Hugh stands by and plays the part of spectator, looking on with wistful misery at Dulcie radiant and happy, and forgetful of her good resolutions.

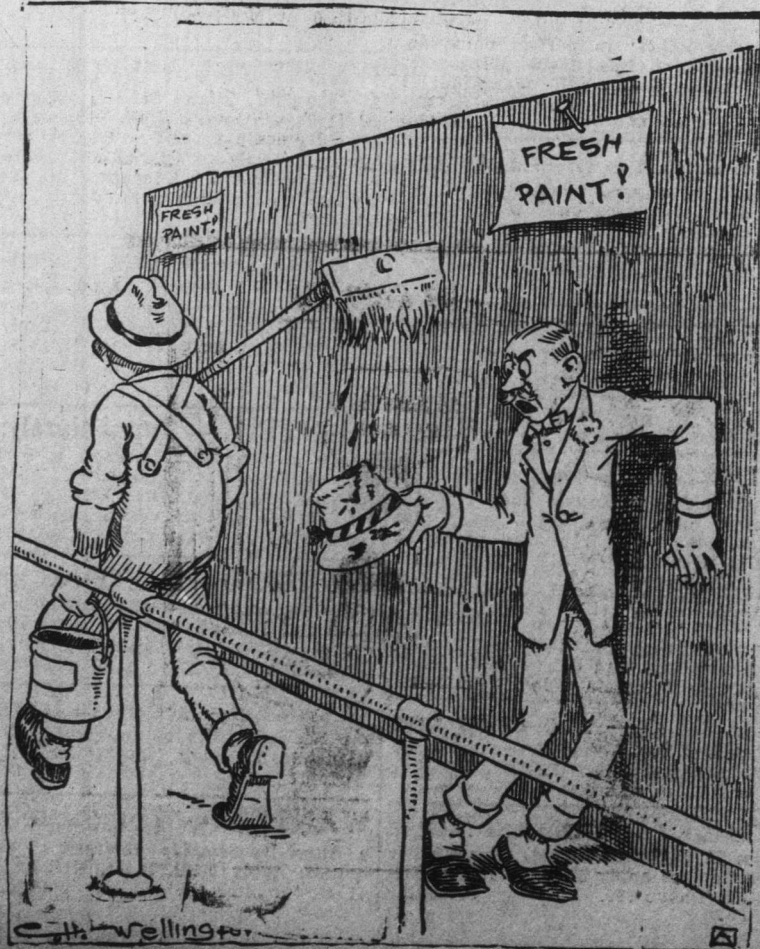
And while he walks about, talking with his lips, but with all his mind and heart centered on that tall, graceful figure fitting here and there, with radiant face and laughing eyes, he has the further satisfaction of hearing the by-no-means whispered comments of the other spectators.

It is, "Wonderfully pretty girl! Such freshness and spirit. Wonder where she comes from? Never heard of her before. Make a big sensation in town next season."

And then again he hears the rumor, whispered behind fans with significant smiles:

"Oh, a clear case! They say Sir Archie met her abroad somewhere. Well, it is a remarkably good match for an unknown girl. He is really smitten; he has danced with her three times."

And the Worst is Yet to Come



Go where he will he hears Dulcie's name, and always coupled with Sir Archie's, and he longs, with all a strong, jealous man's impulsiveness, to cry aloud:

"You are all wrong. She is mine, not his! Mine! Mine!"

Not another chance does he have of speaking with her that night; until the guests depart she is in constant demand, and if she is not dancing she is surrounded by men eager to exchange a word with a girl who can be both beautiful and witty.

Dulcie makes many friends to-night, but she also makes many enemies; every plain girl in the room, and not a few of the presentable ones, envy her and hate her; and the little pale-faced, red-haired girl, with the green eyes, sits and smiles as if the whole thing were a comedy, and she were rejoicing in the triumph of her dearest friend.

Yes, it has been a triumph, and Dulcie's eyes sparkle with pardonable satisfaction as she stands before her glass and dots her simple jewelry. After all, she has been successful. Hugh has no cause, to be ashamed of her, and by the time he comes back he shall find out that she has won over Lady Falconer and Maud, and—and then, perhaps—and a bright blush creeps over her face at the thought—they can tell their secret and be happy ever afterward, like the fortunate hero and heroine in a fairy tale.

Late as is the hour when she falls asleep, she is awake at the first sound of the stable bell—wakes with a little heavy feeling at her heart that puzzles her for a moment until she remembers that Hugh is going away.

Then she dresses quickly, and, opening the door cautiously, creeps down-stairs and out on to the terrace bathed in the morning sunlight. A groom is walking the dog-cart up and down slowly, but she keeps out of his sight and waits, and presently Hugh's step is heard, and he comes round the corner. There is a slight shade of disappointment on his face, and she keeps back for a moment, enjoying the anticipation of his surprise, then she comes on tip-toe and puts her hand on his arm.

He turns, and his handsome face lights up with the look a woman loves to see on the face of her lover, and takes her in his arms.

"Dulcie!" he murmurs. "Is it really you? My child, why did you get up? You can scarcely have time to fall asleep!"

"I said I would see you off!" she says, nestling to him and keeping an eye on the back of the groom.

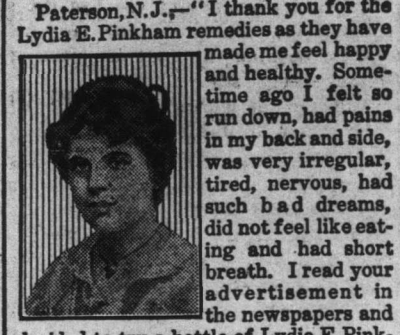
"Do you think I care about sleeping when you are going? Oh, Hugh, you won't be long away?"

"Trust me—no longer than I can help," he says. "How bright and fresh you look." He adds, with proud admiration, and he kisses her eyelids with infinite tenderness.

"A ball always does me good," she says, with a flush. "Hugh! that groom will see us in a moment."

BAD DREAMS ARE SYMPTOMS

Ill Health the Cause—Many Alarming Symptoms of Women's Ailments—How Cured.



Paterson, N. J.—"I thank you for the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies as they have made me feel happy and healthy. Some time ago I felt so run down, had pains in my back and side, was very irregular, tired, nervous, had such bad dreams, did not feel like eating and had short breath. I read your advertisement in the newspapers and decided to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It worked from the first bottle, so I took a second and a third, also a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, and now I am just as well as any other woman. I advise every woman, single or married, who is troubled with any of the above-mentioned ailments, to try your wonderful Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier and I am sure they will help her to get rid of her troubles."—Mrs. ELSIE J. VANDER SANDT, 7 Godwin Street, Paterson, N. J.

Women suffering with any form of female ills, or any symptoms that they do not understand, are invited to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. (confidential), and receive advice wholly free of cost.

"Who cares?" he says, defiantly; but she draws him out of sight.

"Dulcie, there must be no more concealment when I come back; it doesn't agree with me! I shall not be happy until I can call you my own in the eyes of the world."

Her eyes drop.

"So you shall," she whispers, "when you come back. I mean to win all their hearts, Hugh. I mean to be the best of good girls while you are gone."

"Do you—do you really?" he says, with a little incredulous smile.

She nods eagerly, and her warm white hands creep round his neck.

"Yes, you shall see!"

"Very well," he says. "And if you are really good, what shall I bring you back as a reward?"

She laughs up at him.

"Bring me back yourself, Hugh," she responds. "That is the only thing I want in the wide world!"

His eyes flash with a joyous light.

"Really!"

"Really!" she replies, earnestly, and with a little sigh. "I shall count the minutes till you come back! I shall sit and mope like a sick parrot!"

She shakes her head with a conviction too strong for suppression.

"I think not," he says, with a smile. "Not for long, Dulcie. Before the day has gone you will be laughing, and the merriest of them all, and Heaven forbid that it should be otherwise. Be as happy and merry as you can, darling; but—" he pauses.

"But what?" she asks, creeping a little closer.

"But don't flirt with Archie!" he says, with a little flush.

She pouts, and shakes her head impatiently.

"Is that all?" she says. "Give me something harder to do than that. Shall I tell you something, Hugh?"

He nods, caressing her hand.

"If you can't trust me, I will go upstairs and take to my bed until you come back."

He laughs.

"Don't do that," he says, "or I shall find my rose transformed into a lily, and I like roses best."

They stand for a moment in silence, in that exquisite silence which to lovers, heart to heart, is more eloquent than any language, then the stable clock strikes and Hugh starts.

"Good-bye, Dulcie! good-bye, my queen! Be as wild as you like, do what you will, but be happy. Good-bye!" And with a long, lingering kiss he leaves her.

With moist eyes and an aching void in her heart Dulcie watches the dog-cart rolling down the drive, then she turns, and at the same moment a face, pale and drawn with suppressed passion, disappears from one of the upper windows, from which a pair of green eyes have been watching the farewell of the two lovers.

If Hugh and Dulcie had been a little less engrossed, and chanced to look up, they would have seen a strange sight—no less than the face

of Lucy Fairfax, without its sweet and sympathetic smile.

CHAPTER XV.

"The question is," says Sir Archie, "who will take the parts?" and he looks around the room from face to face with his eager blue eyes until they reach Dulcie's countenance and rest there.

Three days have passed since the dog-cart whirled Hugh toward the station, and Dulcie crept back to her room feeling bereaved and desolate. Three days which may be divided out in something like this fashion: On the first she fulfilled her threat, and moped, dreamy-eyed and silent, thinking of the absent one, musing on his handsome face and kindly gray eyes, and going over all the small, tender speeches made by the deep, musical voice. During that day she avoided Sir Archie when she could, and snubbed him unmercifully when she could not. Moreover, she was particularly attentive to Lady Falconer, and begged Maud to "try her once more" with the antimacassar. On the second she roused sufficiently to take an interest in life, and laughed twice at Archie's "nonsense." On the third day she had contradicted Lady Falconer at breakfast; had tempted Edie into a romp in the garden, without her hat, and gone the round of the stables with Archie for guide, and enjoyed herself very much, though her heart ached round the black charger, and ached longingly as she would her thought of its absent master.

And now, on the evening of the third day, she is sitting with the rest in the drawing-room, listening to a daring proposal of Sir Archie's—listening with a keen sense of delight and enjoyment.

The party is rather larger than when Hugh left, for some fresh guests have arrived. Young Lord Hartfield, who, being one of the most rakety young men about town, is smitten with Maud's quiet primness; a Captain Gordon, an old friend of Hugh's; and the Reverend Bartholomew Blinn, a budding curate. These are the additions; the subtraction is supplied by the departure of Mrs. Fernor, who has departed for Caroline Street, leaving much good advice for Dulcie, and taking her distinct promise to behave herself with the most praiseworthy decorum.

It is the first parting that has occurred between them for years, and Dulcie's eyes were very dim when the train left the station, and the timid, nervous face at the carriage window was lost to her sight; but she is comforted with the reflection that Aunt Fernor has been pining for Caroline Street and that the good old lady is heartily glad to exchange the splendor of Holme Castle for the modest little parlor, with the copper teakettle on the hob and the cat on the hearth-rug.

"It is very nice and—and proper for you, dear," she had said, as Dulcie clung to her hand, utterly regardless of the impatient guard who blew his whistle and "ramped" up and down the platform. "It is quite right that you should stay and get accustomed to it all, because you will, I hope, be permanently an occupant of the Castle—in fact, its mistress; but I felt rather out of place; I'm too old for such grandeur, and I was rather in the way, my dear."

And as Dulcie, blushing and tearful, did not deny either statement, Aunt Fernor leaned forward and whispered:

"I'm not blind, my dear; I have seen how things are going, and I'm very glad. Be a good girl, dear, and don't flirt with Sir Archibald."

Like Hugh, this was her last word; and Dulcie, as she sits and listens to Sir Archie's proposal, and feels his eyes upon her, remembers the warning, and makes a resolution.

For the proposal is no other than that they should have some amateur theatricals. For the last three days, as if the skies were mourning Hugh's departure, it has rained, not "cats and dogs," as Sir Archie says, but "cows and elephants;" and the house full of young people have been driven to the verge of desperation.

(To be Continued.)

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Patterns Cut. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SMART DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



2220—Linen, galatea, seersucker, gingham, percale, drill, voile, serge, plaid and checked suiting are all nice for this style. The waist closes at the side. The gathered skirt is trimmed with shaped pockets.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 years requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE GOWN.



Waist—2217. Skirt—2218. Satin, velvet, serge, mixed suiting, checks, plaids or Jersey cloth could be used for this model. The waist has the new cap shoulder to which the sleeve is joined. The skirt has smart attractive lines. The Waist Pattern, 2217, is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches' bust measure. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 8 yards of 27-inch material for a medium size for the entire dress. The skirt measures 2 1/2 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.

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

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Reliable, Unshrinkable
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We are now offering a full range of STANFIELD'S CELEBRATED WOOL UNDERWEAR for Men, Women and Boys at money-saving prices.

These prices cannot be repeated when this stock runs out. We booked this lot some time ago, since when, on most lines, the manufacturers' prices have advanced over twenty per cent., and further advances are likely.

Our Retail Prices are Low,
being based on our purchase prices arranged practically a year ago.

Remember, STANFIELD'S WOOL UNDERWEAR IS ALL ROUND RELIABLE UNDERWEAR. IT HAS A REPUTATION BEHIND IT. IT WILL NOT SHRINK OR GET HARD IN THE WASH. THE PRICE IS LOW.

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Henry Blair

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PURITY MILK
is made from Pure, Full Cream Milk, and nothing is added but finest granulated sugar. PURITY is away above the Government Standard for butter fat. INSIST on getting "Purity" the Full Cream Milk.

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However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.

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Tailor and Clothier, St. John's, Nfld.
The Evening Telegram
is The People's Paper.

War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A. M.

NEW WAR ZONES.

LONDON, Oct. 16.

According to news from Berlin, in a despatch received by the military press, Germany is expected shortly to declare war on the United States, Canada and Cuba as war zones.

HAIK'S REPORT.

LONDON, Oct. 16.

Marshal Haig's report from the front to-night says: Our patrolling parties were active during the day on the front, and brought in a few prisoners. There was considerable activity on both sides. As a result of clearer weather, much of the counter-battery work was done out by us. A small party of our South Midland troops entered the trenches last night in the neighborhood of Roesux and inflicted losses on the garrison. Another successful raid, in which we secured prisoners, was carried out by the night north of Lens. This morning a strong hostile party, which attempted to reach our trench to the south, were repulsed with loss by our machine gun fire.

During Monday morning successful artillery work was accomplished by our airplanes. Photos were taken and the enemy's activity was harassed by machine guns at low altitudes. In the course of the day two tons of bombs were dropped by us on a large German ammunition dump near Courtrai on hostile billets and hutments in the battle area. A number of bombs were dropped by night also on various targets in the enemy's forward line. In an air fight three German planes were brought down and two of them out of control. Three are missing.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

PARIS, Oct. 16 (Official).

The Alsine front after lively bombing the Germans launched several surprise attacks on our positions south of Courtrai. The enemy succeeded in gaining a footing in our advanced posts from which he immediately ejected him. In an attempt south of Ailles he failed. Artillery fighting was maintained in a very spirited fashion throughout the day in the region of Lens.

BRITISH RAID.

LONDON, Oct. 16.

West of Baillecourt early this morning, British troops carried out a successful raid, says to-day's official announcement. The enemy's lines showed considerable activity during the night in the neighborhood of the Ypres-Staden railway.

WAR REVIEW.

Apparently there has been no cessation in the hurried programme of the Germans to seize the Russian port of Oesel, at the head of the Gulf of Finland; but although their operations have now taken the greater portion of the island, the aid they expected from their fleet in putting down Russian opposition in adjacent waters is meeting with considerable resistance from Russian ships. The Russians are determined to throw their naval vessels into a general engagement with the Germans, fearing that the superiority to them which would result in loss of the Gulf of Finland, and in a small fleet with torpedo craft and possibly light cruisers the Russians have sunk two German torpedo boats and damaged two others to the north of Oesel Island, while the Russians themselves lost a torpedo boat destroyer. The Germans, which were

FETCHING UP

HE BREW MANS TASTES BEST OUT OF THE OLD TIN BUCKET!