

JUST ISSUED

1917-1918

## "Investors' Reference"

A BOOKLET EXPLAINING THE PROCEDURE IN THE MAKING OF PURCHASES AND SALES OF SECURITIES AND GIVING THE LATEST AVAILABLE INFORMATION ABOUT THE MORE PROMINENT CORPORATIONS WHOSE SECURITIES ARE LISTED ON THE EXCHANGES OF CANADA.

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## The Sound of Wedding Bells

### Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XII.

He can scarcely speak for a moment, but stands wringing her hand and staring at her with all his impetuous soul in his frank, blue eyes. At last he manages to stammer out the commonplace inquiry as to her health.

"Not that I need ask," he says, in an undertone, and with a shy gaze of admiration. "You look—look simply the picture of health—and—and—beauty, he would like to say, but he is afraid, under the direct gaze of the dark, smiling eyes—and all that," he winds up, feebly.

"Thanks," says Dulcie, withdrawing her hand, and feeling rather than seeing, Hugh's eyes watching her with his grave, quiet regard. "I can return the compliment; and have you been all round the world?" she says, a little hurriedly.

Why will he stare so fixedly, so so enamoredly at her? All the other eyes in the room are watching theirs, she knows.

"No," he says; and he lowers his voice confidentially. "I haven't stirred from Rome. You see, I hoped that—that the invitation would come, and I didn't want to miss it. How can I thank you?" he adds, fervently.

Dulcie colors. This is a just punishment for her little piece of deceitfulness when they last parted.

"I—I don't want any thanks," she says, hurriedly, and sidling away from him.

"Oh, don't say that," he says, pleadingly. "I have been hugging the hope that it came through you."

"Then don't hug it any longer," she

says, almost sharply; "it didn't." And before he can recover from this straight rebuff she goes off to Lady Falconer.

"I'm afraid we're late, but Miss Fairfax hasn't arrived, has she? You are waiting for her, I hope."

"Miss Fairfax is in the room," says Lady Falconer, sepulchrally.

Dulcie starts and looks round, and sees for the first time a small, a very small young lady, standing beside Maud and Edie. Not only starts with surprise at seeing her, but at seeing what she is. She expected to see a small, soft little woman, but had pictured her in her own imagination with much prettiness and all sorts of charms; and this, the real Miss Fairfax, is not even pretty. She is pale, has yellowish, sandy hair, and—positively green eyes. She looks—well, insignificant; a plain black dress, a little white collar, not a particle of jewelry, not an ornament.

A sudden rush of—alas! satisfaction and relief runs through Dulcie's frame; and she feels inclined to laugh at all her old fears, and doubts, and smothered jealousy. All this has passed through her mind in a second. Sir Hugh comes up beside her, and says:

"Let me take you to two ladies acquainted," and she finds herself opposite the slim figure, and inclines her head, but with a little smile Miss Fairfax holds out her hand.

"Oh," she says, "I hope Miss Dorrmore and I may be more than acquaintances! I have heard so much of her, that I seem to know her already."

Then in an instant Dulcie understands it! Lucy Fairfax silent and in repose, and Lucy Fairfax smiling and speaking, are two distinct and different beings.

The green eyes grow grey and brilliant with a feline but strangely fascinating expression; the voice is soft and flexible as a flute at the lips of a master; the plain, pale face suddenly becomes transformed into an eloquent speaking one, and the whole is a sud-

den transformation, magical, wonderful—and to Dulcie, appalling!

Suddenly she becomes conscious that she herself is dazzling, that the best Worth dress is too pronounced, that the rubies are too fiery, that she herself is too tall—and she wishes with a pang that she had put on the quietest, dowdiest frock in the wardrobe instead of the bewildering Parisian costume.

For almost the first time in her life she feels non-plussed and overborne.

She, "a daughter of the gods, supremely fair, and divinely tall," is conscious of the power that the little green-eyed, red—yes, it is red—haired girl can wield.

"Dinner, my lady!" murmurs the butler, with sad reproach in his tone, and they file in two and two before Dulcie has uttered a word.

By accident, or is it design? Dulcie's chair is next to Sir Archie's. As she sits down she looks up with an instinctive foreboding. Yes, beside Hugh's tall, noble-looking figure is the little one in the plain black dress.

It is absurd, it is unreasonable, it is downright childish, but for the life of her she cannot suppress a sigh, a throb of jealousy! Is it to be always thus? Are those two going to sit together every evening during that fair girl's stay?

"Are you offended with me?" murmurs the musical voice beside her. She turns with a start; she had quite forgotten him.

"Offended! What do you mean?" His face lights up.

"Oh, nothing," he says, eagerly. "I thought—of course it was my fancy—that you were rather annoyed at me reminding you of your most gracious promise when last we parted.

She colors, but laughs. "Don't ever rely on my promises," she says; "they are worse than piecrusts; they are not substantial enough even to be eaten."

"Yes, of course! Have you forgotten what I told you about them?" "Forgotten!"

"Poor old Hugh!" he goes on, his golden head still nearer her raven one; "he is simply infatuated; and mind, I can quite understand it! That sort of little woman is very biting when you get bitten by them. She is not my style—you know," hesitatingly—"extremes attract, similars repel. I—I?" with a shy, eager glance, "I like dark women."

Dulcie's eyes are fixed on the other pair; she is scarcely listening; it's a matter of supreme indifference to her whether Sir Archie prefers black women, or pink, or blue. But if she is not attending to him, other people are. The eager glances, the murmuring voice, are not lost; under his dark, frowning brows Hugh watches the two.

"Already!" he thinks, grimly. She had promised him that she would not flirt with Sir Archie, and here she is, shamefully, openly breaking that promise. His face grows dark, and his hand closes over the stem of his wine glass; then, afraid lest his emotion should be noticed, he pushes into the other extreme, and pulling himself together, turns to talk to his neighbor with a smile.

And Dulcie sees it, misunderstands it, and joins in the game of cross-purposes. With something like abruptness she averts her eyes—she will not look at them, she vows inwardly—and turns her attention to Sir Archie.

"Oh!" she says, with a little laugh, "that is why he looks so happy? Yes, I remember, of course! And she is so fascinating, as she?"

"Quite too killing," he rejoins, in the slang of the day, "for those who like her style, you know; which old Hugh does. Haven't you remarked that men of his type always 'go for' little women with mousy ways and 'telling' faces?"

"No," says Dulcie; "but no doubt you are right; and I've no doubt you will prove it in the most forcible way; you will be at her all-conquering feet in a day or two, I suppose."

"Shall I?" he says, with a significant emphasis. "I think not; you know I shall not unless—a pause—"I am driven in despair by somebody else's ill-treatment."

(To be Continued.)

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

and a nod, "old Hugh looks happy enough. Never saw him look better. I hope you haven't quarreled much; it looked rather as if you would, didn't it?"

"Did it?" she says, bending over her soup.

"Yes," he says, all unconscious; "I remember him when you started; he looked bored to death, just as he does when he is in line of his queer humors. Not much of a lady's man, dear old Hugh!" he murmurs on; "he always said that ladies and children ought to be carefully packed in bales and given in charge of the guard when they travel. But he looks as if he had got over his journey; never saw him looking chipper. I suppose, though," with a lower voice and the soft, musical under-laugh, "that's easily to be accounted for."

"What—what do you mean?" she asks, her face scarlet, her lip caught in her teeth.

He chuckles softly, as over an excellent joke.

"Well, considering who is his next door neighbor, he ought to look pleasant."

She looks across the table; at that moment he is bending down—he has to bend down—to ask Miss Fairfax whether she came down comfortably. Nothing more than that; but he asks it with a pleasant smile, and the green eyes turned up to him are eloquently grateful for the commonplace inquiry, those eyes can look just what their owner desires them to express. That is all, but it appears to Dulcie as if it were so much more, and she grows pale with the effort to fight down the sudden pang of jealousy.

"Do you mean," she says, trying to speak carelessly, and pausing to examine an orchid in the specimen glass by her plate; "do you mean because he has Miss Fairfax next him?"

He nods, and murmurs behind his serviette:

"Yes, of course! Have you forgotten what I told you about them?" "Forgotten!"

"Poor old Hugh!" he goes on, his golden head still nearer her raven one; "he is simply infatuated; and mind, I can quite understand it! That sort of little woman is very biting when you get bitten by them. She is not my style—you know," hesitatingly—"extremes attract, similars repel. I—I?" with a shy, eager glance, "I like dark women."

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(To be Continued.)

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

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

- A**  
Avery, Mrs., card, Gower St.  
Andrews, A. W.  
Adley, H. J.  
Antle, John  
Anthony, Miss E. J., Prescott St.  
Anthony, Mrs. Solomon, LeMarchant Road
- B**  
Barrett, James  
Bambrick, Mrs., South Side  
Bambrick, Miss Annie, South Side  
Burke, Miss L., card, Prince's St.  
Bradley, Miss M., City Road  
Bailey, Miss M. M.  
Brenbrat, Miss Mary, 72 Patrick St.  
Brett, John  
Bennett, Jos., Newtown Road  
Burt, John, Military Road  
Benson, Mrs. E., Monroe St.  
Bernard, H.  
Byrne, Michael  
Brine, Miss Mary Ellen  
Bridge, Miss Effie, Queen St.  
Bishop, Edward, Monroe St.  
Brine, Wm. J., Job Street  
Burt, John, Military Road  
Brown, Wm., Gear St.  
Brown, Miss Martha, Woodbine  
Brookings, Mrs., Signal Hill Road  
Brown, L., late s.s. Glencoe  
Butler, Miss Elizabeth, Long's Hill  
Butt, Joseph, ret'd.  
Burgess, A.  
Burden, Capt. E.  
Burnett, James, Pine St.  
Burt, John, Military Road  
Butler, Samuel, South Side  
Blundon, Moses  
Bonny, Miss Mary, ret'd.  
Barry, Miss Mary, Military Road  
B., Gertrude, Osbourne House  
Bogden, Miss Annie T.  
Bishop, Christopher, Coronation St.
- C**  
Caldwell, John, Finn's St.  
Clark, Samuel  
C., Miss Alice  
Chance, Miss 46 Ronnie's Mill Road  
Cahill, Miss Nellie, Alexander St.  
Chafe, Mrs. George, card, Convent Square  
Campbell, Mrs., Osbourne House  
Clark, J., card, care G. P. O.  
Critt, Miss Mildred, LeMarchant Rd.  
Conway, Miss Maggie, card, Convent Lane  
Cooke, Douglas, Gower St.  
Cook, R., Water St.  
Colbourne, Mrs. Wm. M., Leslie St.  
Coffin, Mrs. Alandale, Road  
Cooper, Miss Lizzie, Gen. Hospital.  
Cory, Miss Prospect St.  
Culleton, Mrs., card, Newtown Rd.  
Curran, Miss Catherine, Waterford Hospital  
Cane, A., (P.), card
- D**  
Dalton, Patrick, late Gen. Hospital  
Davis, P.  
Davis, Miss Katie, Gower St.  
Davis, James  
Dawe, Mrs. L., Water St. West  
Dean, Thomas  
Dwyer, Miss L., "The Maples"  
Dewling, Mrs. A., card, Brazil's Square  
Driscoll, Thos.  
Downey, Mrs. Thos.  
Downey, Miss L., Springdale St.  
Doody, J. T., Mundy Pond Road  
Ducey, Miss H., Bond St.  
Dunphy, John, Dakota Square  
Dalton, M., South Battery
- E**  
Eady, John, care G. P. O.  
Evans, Thos. J.  
Evans, Mrs. Hagerty St.  
Earle, Mrs. Thomas, King's Road  
Earle, Albert  
Flemming, Mrs., Newtown Road  
French, Peter, Hamilton St.  
French, Miss Minnie  
Fitzpatrick, Minnie, ret'd.  
Fitzgerald, J. M., card  
Finn, M. J., Cookstown Road  
Fortune, Mrs. M.  
Forsyth, D., card, Theatre Hill  
Fowler, Robert, Gunner's Cove  
Forsey, Miss Mabel, Quidi Vid Road  
Ford, Wm. H., Noah Ford, c/o Reid Co.  
Fudge, Wm., New Gower St.  
Fraser, Mrs. Alex.  
Fleet, Robert J., (P. card)  
Grant, Miss Kittie, c/o Mrs. Wm. Power, Water St.
- G**  
Garland, Miss Jessie, Circular Road  
Gregory, Wm. J.  
Green, Miss J., Newtown Road  
Geehan, Timothy, ret'd.  
Gillingham, Mrs. E., Clifford St.  
Goss, John M., George's St.  
Gorman, Mrs., Lime St.  
Goss, Solomon, Barter's Hill  
Godley, P., care Reid Co.  
Gondil, Thomas, Hutchings' St.  
Gould, Nellie, Water St.  
Guy, Miss Mary Jane
- H**  
Haney, James, Queen's Road  
Harris, Jas. J., Water St.  
Halliday, Wm., Nagle's Hill  
Hartford, Miss B.  
Harding, R. A.  
Halford, Miss Hannah, Nagle's Hill  
Hancock, Mrs. Jas., Carter's St.  
Holmes, Miss H.  
Hearn, S., Water St.  
Hertle, Miss Bessie, Long's Hill  
Hegdin, Miss Sophie, Gower St.  
Howitt, Miss Carrie, Coronation St.  
Hill, Miss C.  
Hillier, Mrs. E.  
Hynes, Miss Elsie, care Dr. Mitchell  
Hiscock, Miss Francis, Simms' St.  
Hiscock, N. J., Gower St.  
Hiscock, Ada, John St.  
Hodder, J. G.  
Holmes, Miss H., card, King's Road  
Hooper, Thos., ret'd.  
Howell, Thos.  
House, James, care Robert House  
Hastins, Miss B., Franklin's Agency  
Humphreys, Thomas, Cabot St.  
Hougart, Wm. (P. card)  
Hurley, —, (R. card), Notre Dame Street
- I**  
Inder, James
- J**  
James, J. S. A. College  
James, Mrs., Hamilton St.  
James, A., Water St.  
James, James  
Jacobs, George
- K**  
Kampf, George  
Kin, Ambrose  
King, John  
Knight, E., card, Bond St.
- L**  
Lambert, Mrs. B.  
Lamb, Mrs. James, Freshwater Road  
Lynch, Roger, Spencer St.  
Lewis, Eli  
Lewis, Miss Garrison Hill  
Luffman, Pte. A.  
Ludlow, Miss Lizzie  
Langar, Mrs. Sarah J.  
Lawlor, Mrs. Auriah, Thorburn Rd.
- M**  
Matthews, Richard  
Mason, John, Pilot's Hill  
Martin, James, Newtown Road  
Martin, Uriah, care G. P. O.  
Martin, Heber, care G. P. O.  
Martin, Mrs., Prince's St.  
Martin, Miss Bridie  
Mills, Miss Julia, Duckworth St.  
Morris, H. L.  
Miller, Wm., Newtown Road  
Miller, Tobias, care G. P. O.  
Mills, Walter, care G. P. O.  
Moss, Miss Violet, Gower St.  
Morris, Mrs. Sarah, Livingstone St.  
Morris, Mrs. John, Livingstone St.  
Morris, Benjamin, Livingstone St.  
Moss, Bernard, McDougall St.  
Moore, Edwin, Bond St.  
Murphy, Mrs., Freshwater Road  
Murphy, Mrs., Prince's St.  
Murphy, Wm.  
Murphy, Nellie, care Horwood Hotel  
Murphy, Thomas, Gower St.  
Mason, Miss Alice B.  
Martin, Miss Bessie  
Mack, Miss K., care George Mercer  
Earle, Albert
- Mc**  
McDonald, David, ret'd.  
McIntosh, John, Banburner St.  
Mc—, William, 40 George's St.
- N**  
Noseworthy, J., card, Gorman's Lane  
Nol., Miss Nellie, Wickford St.  
Norman, Mrs. H., 7 — St.  
Norris, Miss G.
- O**  
O'Neill, Mrs. M.  
Osmond, Miss T., Circular Road  
O'Donnell, M. J., card  
O'Driscoll, Miss K.  
O'Brien, Miss M.  
O'Brien, Miss Annie, card, Forest Rd.  
Oakley, S. A., Osbourne House
- P**  
Parsons, P., Pennywell Road  
Parrett, Miss Mabel, 13 Moore St.  
Parsons, Stephen, Barter's Hill  
Parsons, Wm., South Side  
Paddock, Miss Pearl  
Paul, Miss P., 43 — St.  
Percy, Mrs. S., Flower Hill  
Parker, Mrs. Dr.  
Pike, Arthur, Long's Hill  
Peckett, A.  
Percy, E.  
Patton, George, Barter's Hill  
Penry, Miss May, New Gower St.  
Power, Miss E., card  
Pomeroy, Miss Ada, Murray St.  
Pike, Wm.  
Pitcher, Mrs. Wm., Hamilton Ave.  
Reid, John  
Phillip, Thos. R.  
Pidgeon, James, Patrick St.  
Piercy, Mr., Long Pond Road  
Price, Miss E., Monroe St.  
Pike, Capt. J., Monroe St.  
Parrell, W., Long Pond Road  
Parsons, Mrs. Fred.
- Q**  
Quinton, Miss Sarah, care G. P. O.  
Quinton, Ed., Duckworth St.
- R**  
Ryan, Miss N., Victoria St.  
Reid, John  
Richardson, Mrs. George, ret'd.  
Ricketts, Mrs. Frank, 48 — St.  
Roche, I. J., care Wm. O'Brien  
Rocks, P., Franklin's Agency  
Roache, Miss Elizabeth, care G. P. O.  
Rogers, Joseph, Springdale St.  
Roberts, John, Casey St.  
Roberts, George, Freshwater Road  
Rose, Mrs. Wm. J.  
Roache, Michael, Plank Road  
Ross, George, Mt. Sclo  
Rideout, Stanley, Long's Hill
- S**  
Shaw, Miss Mary, Convent Lane  
Shaue, Nelson, late Burin  
Shaw, Miss Mary J., Water St.  
Saunders, John C.  
Saunders, Miss Jane, Long's Hill  
Saunders, E. W., Pennywell Road  
Sparks, P.  
Saunders, Pte., LeMarchant Road  
Shaw, Miss Mary, card, Water St.  
Seaward, M.  
Sheep, Benjamin  
Sheppard, Miss Mary, care G. P. O.  
Stevenson, Mrs. J. C., Water St.  
Steph, George, care G. P. O.  
Smith, Miss Mary, Prescott St.  
Smith, Miss Florence, Freshwater Rd.  
Smith, Monira, King's Road  
Smith, Mrs. A., Cochrane St.  
Smith, Philip  
Stroop, James  
Scott, Miss B., care Judge Johnson  
Snow, Miss Minnie  
Strong, Jas. G., care G. P. O.  
Soper, E. John  
Southerby, Robert, card, Colonial St.  
Squires, Mrs., Pine St.  
Squires, Uriah, Lime St.  
Stuckless, Mrs. Agatha  
Searle, Miss Pauline, Freshwater Rd.
- T**  
Trimlett, James P., care G. P. O.  
Thomas, Mrs. C.  
Turner, Bryan, card  
Tiller, A. B., Methodist College  
Taylor, Miss A., care Mrs. W. Taylor
- V**  
Vokey, Alex., care Gen. Hospital  
Vokey, Miss, P. O. Box 29  
Verge, Miss N., Gower St.
- W**  
Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road  
Walsh, Miss K., Adelaide St.  
Walsh, Mrs. P., Adelaide St.  
Walsh, Miss Alice, care G. P. O.  
Walsh, Mrs. P., card, Alexander St.  
Walsh, Miss Mary, George's St.  
Whelan, Miss Bridie, Circular Road  
Wareham, Robert, care G. P. O.  
Wheeler, A., care Marine & Fisheries  
Whelan, Miss Agatha  
Wells, Mrs., Murray St.  
Webber, John, George's St.  
Webber, Walter G.  
White, Mrs. E., Notre Dame St.  
Willard, Mrs., Prince's St.  
White, Walter, care Reid Co.  
Wickers, Emily, Theatre Hill  
White, Miss Elsie  
Woodman, Miss R., Grove Hill  
Walsh, Mrs. Geo.  
Walsh, Mr., P. O. Box 571.
- Y**  
Young, Mrs. Peter, Springdale St.
- J. ALEX. ROBINSON,**  
Postmaster-General.

## War News

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

#### BRITISH TROOPS CAPTURE POELCAPPELLE.

LONDON, Oct. 9.—British troops have effected the complete capture of Poelcapelle, a village northward of the village. In the drive in Flanders to-day, according to a report from Field Marshal Haig, British operations were very successful. All objectives were gained and the number of prisoners taken is more than 1,000.

#### FRENCH CAPTURES.

PARIS, Oct. 9.—The capture of the villages of St. Jean De Mangelares and Veldwezelt with numerous blockhouses is reported in the French official statement of to-night, dealing with the operations of Tuesday in Flanders. The total advance of the French reaches a depth of one and one-quarter miles to the southern outskirts of the host Wood and on a front of more than a mile and one-half.

#### BRITISH ATTACK.

LONDON, Oct. 9.—The British attacked on a front northeast and east of this morning, the war office announced. Satisfactory progress is being made everywhere. The attack was made in conjunction with our

#### VICE-CHANCELLOR IN TROUBLE.

AMSTERDAM, Oct. 9.—German parliamentary circles are annoyed at Dr. Karl Hefferlich, owing to the day's events in the Reichstag. The General Anzeiger of Dusseldorf prints a report that Dr. Hefferlich was

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Speed Mustard Pickles.  
Sour Mixed Pickles.  
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