

FATS-DIRT
CLEANS AND DISINFECTS

GILLETT'S
FAT-SOLVENT
MADE IN CANADA

SOME OF ITS USES:
For making soap.
For washing dishes.
For cleaning and disinfecting refrigerators.
For removing ordinary obstructions from drain pipes and sinks.
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG, TORONTO, MONTREAL

The Sound of Wedding Bells

— OR — Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER IX. CHAPTER X.

In one mass of confusion the dog-cart and its wild team collapse. Sir Hugh finds himself thrown out on to the mossy bank, and scrambles to his feet, shaken, but unhurt, perhaps because he is used to being hurled from his horse and otherwise knocked about. He scrambles to his feet and looks round with a sudden sinking of his heart, that dull throbbing of apprehension and terror which most of us have felt.

Where is Dulcie?
The leader is sprawling on the ground, entangled in the traces, the wheeler stands trembling and flicking the foam from his mouth; the dog-cart, minus a wheel and with broken shafts, lies over on its side. But Sir Hugh scarcely regards the total wreck, for there, lying with her head upon her arms, is the tall, slim figure, fearfully limp and straight, terribly still and—yes, dead-looking!

Hugh has seen many a comrade prone and dead upon the field on the morning after the battle, and has not shrunk, though full of sorrow, to approach him; but he shrinks and stands appalled a moment before this graceful, girlish form, and his heart falls him; but it is only for a moment; the next he turns to her, and kneeling down raises her in his arms. The face is white, the eyes closed, but "thank Heaven!" he murmurs, "she is alive!" Then infinite pity takes the place of infinite fear, he presses her closer to him and looks round eagerly for water.

Alas! there is no sign of even a ditch; and the groom! Where is he? With something like a groan, Hugh still holding her in his arms, rises and looks round. There is a keeper's cottage within a little distance, but for the life of him he cannot bring himself to lay her down and leave while he fetches assistance. There are no wolves, no ferocious animals of any description in Holme Woods, but he cannot force himself to relinquish the girl who, when conscious, is so proud and willful, now that she is unconscious and helpless—lies so trustfully and quietly in his arms.

No! he will carry her. After all, she is not heavier than a soldier with

his accoutrements, and he has often carried a fellow comrade off the field. So raising her that her head may rest upon his breast, he strides slowly and carefully away, bestowing not even a glance upon the horses—for all he cares, they may bolt to the moon; he has only one thought, and that is of Dulcie.

"Would to Heaven," he mutters, "I had not persuaded her to come! Has she come to Holme Castle to meet her death? That cursed will! Poor girl! poor girl!"

In the new-born pity which floods his heart, he loses all remembrance of the pettish willfulness, the downright ridicule which she had treated him to. She looks so still, so placid, so peaceful, and so exquisitely lovely, with her white face upon which the dark fringes of her lashes lie black and sweeping that all the past is forgotten, and for the present there are only infinite pity and tenderness. For all her slowness, she is no light weight. She is tall, and an inert figure is so much dead weight, and he pauses a moment to get his breath.

As he does so a slight shudder runs through her form, and he feels her heart throb against his; the next instant she opens her eyes and looks at him, dazed and bewildered, but conscious, and in his sudden thankfulness and joy he murmurs her name.

"Dulcie, my dear! Dulcie, my darling! Are you better? My poor darling!"

She does not understand for a moment, then her face flushes slowly, and she closes her eyes, and he fears that she has fainted again.

"Dulcie!" he whispers, kneeling on a rising bank and holding her in his arms, "are you hurt? Are you in pain? Speak to me if you can! Oh, my darling, I am so sorry!"

The words, the tone, the look, are so full of tenderness and love that Dulcie lies still, half-bewildered by the change in him. Can she be dreaming? Is this the stern, grim Sir Hugh, the soldier with the Victoria Cross? Dulcie does not know much of the poets; she has never read the line, that pregnant line:

"Staunch as a woman, tender as a man."

And the change in his manner startles her. Then she realizes that she is lying in his arms and on his heart, and the white face grows carmine.

"Where am I?" she asks, rather faintly. "What has happened?" and she makes an effort to liberate herself and rise, but Sir Hugh still holds her firmly, tenderly.

"Thank Heaven!" he murmurs, with a breath of relief. "Are you much hurt? Are you in pain anywhere? Try and see. I am terribly anxious." She looks up at him, and as the remembrance of the accident comes back to her, a smile breaks upon her lips and shines in her dark eyes. "Dulcie would smile at the stake—and with the smile a strange shyness and embarrassment. Why does he hold her so tightly?"

"No, I am not hurt; at least I don't think so. Certainly I am not in any pain, excepting a few bruises. My head—"

"Ah!" he says, anxiously.

"My head is awfully heavy and dull. Do you think it is broken?" and she smiles again.

"How can you jest at such a moment?" he says, with gentle reproach. "Are you sure you have not sprained your arm—your leg—"

Then she laughs again softly, and her eyes droop.

"How can I tell," she says, "while—while—you hold me?"

It is his turn to color now.

"I—I beg your pardon," he says,

H.P.
England's most popular SAUCE

There's economy in using H.P.—the odds and ends are made simply delicious with just a few drops of H.P. Sauce.

Of all Sauces.

and he withdraws his in-folding arms, but slightly and reluctantly. "Now," he says.

Dulcie rises and stands upright, and holding both his arms, and he, still on his knees, looks up at her; they make a charming picture, if they only knew it; but just now they are thinking of anything but graceful poses.

"No," she says, ruminatingly. "No, I don't think anything is broken, and I should know it, shouldn't I? But you?" with a swift, downward glance.

"I?" he says, impatiently. "I am all right, I fell on the moss; but you! I saw you lying there against that tree—and he stops with something like a shudder as the remembrance of the white face and still form comes back to him.

She laughs softly.

"I am afraid I must have hurt the tree," she says. "I remember knocking against it; I think it was my head. After all, there is an advantage in being stupid, isn't there? My school-mistress always said I had a thick head, and I am sure, now, that she was right. But," after a pause, "I feel strangely tired!"

"Sit down," he says, and he pulls her arm gently: "sit down. You have been terribly shaken. Rest here, while I run and get you some water. You don't mind my leaving you? I shall be only a few minutes. Where can that fool of a George be?"

Dulcie sits down, and after looking at her anxiously for a moment, he runs off. Left alone, Dulcie sits with her hands clasped, her eyes fixed on the wreck; the leader is on his feet now, and he and his companion are nibbling at the grass as if nothing had happened; but it is not of the broken dog-cart or the horses that she is thinking. Has she been dreaming while in that awful dead kind of trance—Dulcie has never fainted before in her life—or did she really hear the words, "My dear! My darling!"

She ponders on this for some moments, while the tell-tale flush goes and comes in her face.

"My dear! My darling!" No! Certainly Sir Hugh, the grim and cold, could not use such words, and especially to her; if he used them at all, it would be to the meek-faced, "mousey" young lady named Lucy Fairfax, not to her—Dulcie.

And yet—and yet! And then, why did he hold her so tightly?

Before she had done with the question Sir Hugh returns, walking gingerly, as people do when they carry a glass of water and want to hurry.

"Are you all right?" he calls out. Dulcie nods.

"Quite, thanks."

"Drink that," he says. "Stop! What an idiot I am. I quite forgot it."

And he pulls out a diminutive silver flask, and pours its contents into the water.

"What is it?" she asks. "Brandy? Ugh!"

And she shudders.

"Never mind—drink it," he says, almost imperatively. "I quite forgot I had it—in fact, I lost my head most unaccountably to see you lying there—"

And he glances at the spot, and is eloquently silent.

She sips the mixture, and disposes of about half of it then hands the glass to him.

"Please finish it, if you don't mind. I—I'm very sorry but I can't bear

brandy and water; it always reminds me of the Channel passage."

And she laughs.

He puts down the glass, and stands beside her, looking down at her as she sits with clasped hands. In the confusion, a coil of the raven-black hair has become unfastened, and streams down her back; her hat lies with the rest of the wreck. She makes, sitting there so quiet and still, a picture which he will carry with him to the grave, and which stirs his pulses now, while he is living, so that he can almost hear his heart beat.

There is silence between them for some minutes or so, a silence which somehow Dulcie feels an anxiety, and she breaks it without looking up.

"Haven't we better go now? How about those poor horses—"

"D—confound the horses!" he says. "Never mind them, think of yourself. I can't get the idea out of my head that you must be hurt. Are you sure you don't feel any aching pain anywhere?"

She shakes her head.

"I feel stiff, that is all—and that will soon go off. What a good thing that Edie didn't ride with you."

"Yes," he says, but not so heartily as he might. "Yes, quite so; but I wish to Heaven I had come by myself. By the way, why didn't you do as I told you?"

She looks up inquiringly, but her eyes droop.

"Why didn't you jump down when I gave you the word? You would have been all right then?"

She laughs softly.

"I don't think that have been rather mean?" she says—"something like taking to the boats before the others when the ship is going down? No, I couldn't do that."

"Good heavens!" he exclaims, "you don't mean to say that you were thinking of me?"

She is silent at this straight question, and plucks at the moss thoughtfully.

"What would it have mattered about me?" he says. "I should have been all right—I was, you see. I wish you had jumped. Do you never do what you are bid?"

He does not ask the question angrily, as he would have done an hour ago, but with a reproachful gentleness.

She shakes her head.

"Never!" she says. "Ask Aunt Fernor. I have never done as I have been told, and that is why I am always getting into scrapes. What will they say at the Castle?" she goes on.

"I am quite sure Lady Falconer will put it all down to my account, and not altogether unjustly, seeing that it was I who persuaded you to come through the wood. How she will love me!" and she laughs ruefully.

"What does it matter?" he says, with impatience. "The great thing is that you have escaped—if you have? Will you stand up?"

She stands up.

"Let us go," she says. "I suppose we can walk. Look at that fearful wreck! and those poor horses; they don't seem to mind much."

"Never mind the horses—confound them!" he says. "Take my arm. There is a footpath through here to the Castle. We must walk slowly. You must take my arm!" for she has not obeyed him.

She puts her hand upon his arm, and they set off; but after a few steps she stops.

"I feel awfully tired," she says. "Suppose I was to sit down here and rest, while you go on and tell them there that it is all right—I mean all wrong?"

"Certainly not," he retorts. "Sit down there, and he leads her to a bank. "Do you suppose I would leave you? Shall I go and fetch some more water? Would you like to go to the cottage? You need not walk. I can carry you."

As she remembers her late experience, a flush leaps up to her face.

(To be Continued.)

JOSEPH HOCKING'S LATEST WAR NOVEL.

The Path of Glory.

A story of the Turks in Armenia. Paper 65c, cloth 90c. Postage 2c.

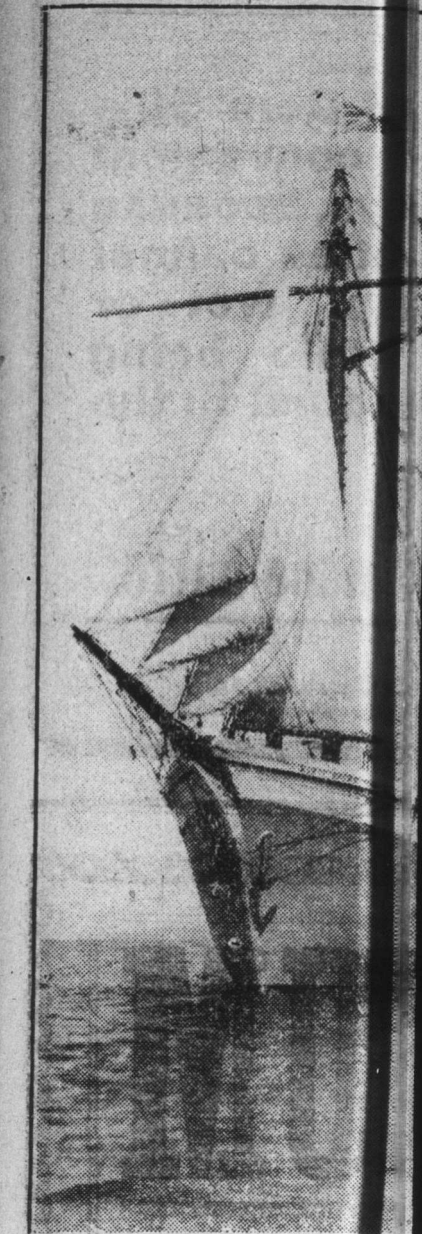
Garland's Bookstore,

177-9 Water Street East.

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

- A**
Avery, Mrs., card, Gower St.
Andrews, A. W.
Adey, H. J.
Anlie, John, W. J. Prescott St.
Anthony, Miss E. J. Prescott St.
Anthony, Mrs. Solomon, LeMarchant Road
- B**
Barrett, James
Blackler, Mrs., South Side
Blandford, M.
Bailey, Mrs. E. G.
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
Brown, L. late as, Glencoe
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
Brown, Capt. W., Prescott St.
Brown, Wm., Gear St.
Brown, Miss Martha, Woodbine
Brookings, Mrs., Signal Hill Road
Brown, L. late as, Glencoe
Butler, Miss Elizabeth, Long's Hill
Butt, Joseph, retd.
Burgess, A.
Calk, Wm. St.
Burden, Capt. E.
Burnett, James, Pine St.
Burt, John, Military Road
Butler, Samuel, South Side
Blundon, Moses
Bonnell, Miss May, retd.
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
Chancey, Miss Mabel, Alexander St.
Cahill, Miss Nellie, Mundy Pond Road
Chafe, Mrs. George, card.
Campbell, Mrs., Osbourne House
Clark, J., card, care G. P. O.
Crichton, Miss Mildred, LeMarchant Rd.
Creach, Miss Lizzie
Collins, Miss Jennie, card.
Convent Lane
Conway, Miss Maggie, retd.
Cooke, Douglas, Gower St.
Cock, Wm. St.
Colbourne, Mrs. Wm. M., Leslie St.
Coffin, Mrs., Allendale Road
Cooper, Miss, care Gen. Hospital.
Corney, Miss Prosser St.
Cullen, Mrs., card, Newtown Rd.
Culleton, John, Newtown Road
Curran, Miss Catherine.
Cane, A., (P.), card
- D**
Daltor, Patrick, late Gen. Hospital
Davis, F.
Davis, Miss Katie, Gower St.
Davis, James
Dean, Thomas
Dwyer, Miss M., "The Maples"
Dewling, Mrs. A., card.
Brazil's Square
Driscoll, Thos.
Driscoll, Mrs. Thos.
Downey, Miss L., Springdale St.
Doody, M. T., Mundy Pond Road
Dunne, Mrs. H., Bond St.
Dunphy, John, Disks Square
Dalton, M., South Battery
- E**
Early, John, care G. P. O.
Evans, Thomas J.
Evans, Mrs., Hagerty St.
Earle, Mrs. Thomas, King's Road
Elli, Albert
- F**
Flemming, Mrs., Newtown Road
French, Peter, Hamilton St.
Fitzpatrick, Minnie, retd.
Fitzgerald, J. M., card
Finn, M. J., Cookstown Road
Fortune, Mrs. M.
Forsyth, Dr., Theatre Hill
Fowler, Robert, Gunner's Cove
Forsey, Miss Mabel, Quidi Vidi Road
Ford, Wm. H.
Go Noah Ford, c/o Reid Co.
Fudge, Wm., New Gower St.
Fraser, Mrs. Alex.
Fleet, Robert J., (P. card)
- G**
Grant, Miss Kittie, c/o Mrs. Wm. Power, Water St.
- H**
Haney, James, Queen's Road
Harris, Jas. J., Water St.
Halliday, Wm., Nagle's Hill
Hatfield, Miss E.
Harding, R. A.
Hallyard, Miss Hannah, Nagle's Hill
Hancock, Mrs. Jas., Carter's Hill
Hillard, Joseph
Hearn, S., Water St.
Hertle, Miss Bessie, Long's Hill
Hedgin, Miss Sophie, Gower St.
Hewitt, Miss Carrie, Coronation St.
Hill, Miss C.
Hillier, Mrs. E.
Hynes, Miss Effie, care Dr. Mitchell
Hiscock, Miss Francis, Simms' St.
Hiscock, N. J., Gower St.
Hiscock, Adela, John St.
Hodder, J. G.
Holmes, Miss H., card, King's Road
Hooper, Thos., retd.
House, James, care Robert House
Humphries, 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.
Jacobs, James
Jacobs, George
- K**
Kampf, George
King, Ambrose
King, John
Knight, E., card, Bond St.
- L**
Lambert, Mrs. B.
Lamb, Mrs. James, Freshwater Road
Lynch, Roger, Spencer St.
Lewis, Eli
Louis, Eli
—, Miss Garrison Hill
Luffman, Pte. A.
Ludlow, Miss Lizzie
Langan, Miss Sarah J.
Lawlor, Mrs. Aurlah, 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 Bride
Mills, Miss Julia, Duckworth St.
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
Mack, Miss K., care George Mercer
- N**
McDonald, David, retd.
McIntosh, John, Bannerman St.
Mc—, William, 40 George's St.
- O**
Noseworthy, J. card, Gorman's Lane
O'Neil, Miss Nellie, Wickford St.
Norman, Mrs. H., 7 — St.
Norris, Miss G.
- P**
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
- Q**
Quinton, Miss Sarah, care G. P. O.
Quinton, Ed., Duckworth St.
- R**
Ryan, Miss N., Victoria St.
Reid, John
Richardson, Mrs. George, retd.
Ricketts, Mrs. Frank, 48 — St.
Roche, L. J., care Wm. O'Brien
Roberts, Mr., 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
Shave, Nelson, late Burin
Shaw, Miss Mary J., Water St.
Saunders, John C.
Saunders, Miss Jane, Long's Hill
Saunders, E. W., Pennywell Road
Sparks, B.
Saunders, Pte., LeMarchant Road
Shaw, Miss Mary, card, Water St.
Seaward, M.
Sheppard, Miss Mary, care G. P. O.
Stevenson, Mrs. J. C., Water St.
Steed, George, care G. P. O.
Smith, Miss Mary, Prescott St.
Smith, Miss B. C., Freshwater Rd.
Smith, Monroe, King's Road
Smith, Mrs. A., Cochrane St.
Smith, Philip
Strong, James
Scott, Miss B., care Judge Johnson
Snow, Miss Minnie
Strong, Jas. G., care G. P. O.
Soper, E. John
Southby, Robert, card, Colonial St.
Squires, Mrs. Pine St.
Squires, Uriah, Lane St.
Stuckless, Alld
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 Bride, 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.
Webster, 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.

Bonus for M of Ste



BRITISH COLUMBIA'S FIRST SHIP
H. H. Blanchet insert

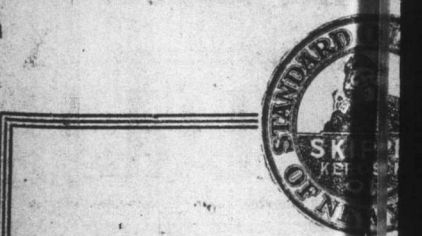
Mr. H. H. Blanchet, of Toronto, was in the city yesterday en route for St. John's, Newfoundland, where he will interest himself in wooden shipbuilding.

"While in Ottawa," said Mr. Blanchet, "I had an interview with Hon. J. D. Hazen, minister of marine and fisheries, during which I secured a promise from that gentleman to award a bonus that steel company in Canada which would build a mill to make steel ship-plates, after which I went to Montreal and interviewed Mr. Workman President of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company.

"My statement so impressed Mr. Workman that he told me he would go to Ottawa and have Hon. Mr. Hazen confirm this, and have this bonus set into effect."

Small Hope for Russia

The Times: In the West there has been far too much expectation of the miraculous restoration of Russian fighting capacity. We have been told that Russia is unlike other countries that her powers of rapid recuperation are exceptional, that she is capable of the most marvellous changes, that she has a resilience under adversity which Western nations do not possess. An experienced soldier has lately shared these rosy hopes, for armies which



No "Fair Weather"

Skipper Kerosene under any weather it is clean, powerful

SKIN KEROSENE

Every drop the sun power. Better climate than any oil and non-carbon carburetor content, the mile or by the

STANDARD OIL OF KENTUCKY
FRANKLIN'S

The treat that its lovers learn to expect from a cup of "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE, is always realized to the full for "Seal Brand" holds its aroma and flavour to the last spoonful in the air-tight can.

No. 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole-ground-pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.
CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

EUROPEAN AGENCY

Wholesale Indents promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including Books and Stationery.
Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metals, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Olives' Stores, etc., etc.
Commission 2½ p.c. to 5 p.c.
Trade Discounts allowed.
Special Quotations on Demand.
Sample Cases from \$50 upwards.
Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

WILLIAM WILSON & SONS
(Established 1814.)
25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.
Cable Address: "Standard," London.

Household Notes.

Dried wine grapes will yield sugar. Wet tea leaves will drive away roaches.
Peanuts have in them a great deal of fat.
Young carrots are best to choose for drying.

All the School Books for all the Grades all the time.

All School Books for the Primary Grade.
All the School Books for the Preliminary Grade.
All the School Books for the Intermediate Grade.
All Books for the Associate Grade.
All Books for London Metric.
All Books for all the Colleges.
All Books for all the Schools.
All Books for Home Studies.
Books temporarily out of stock supplied by mail direct from the Publisher.
ALL SCHOOL SUPPLIES, Viz: Pencils, Penholders, Chalk, Slates, Ink, Blotting, Exercise & Copy Books, Maps, Wall Pictures, Blackboards, Blackboard Cloth Slating, Globes, Seats, Desks, &c.
Right house, right goods, right prices.

GARLAND'S,
The Leading Bookstore.

The London Directory Co., Ltd.,

25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.