POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JUHN, N. D., SATURDAT, NOVEMBER 10, 1001.

PITCHERS

BACKACHE KIDHEY TABLETS

The Eleventh Hour

Author of "The Red Chancellor" "The Fall of a Star" "The Heiress of the Season" etc.

see Sybilla; to settle the ecount with the sooner the better."

her.

It was but little after 8 o'clock when he reached the Hostel. The concert, which was taking place at the schools a few hundred yards away, would not be over till half-past nine. He could not well speak to Sybilla till the end, and did not want to see her till the time for speaking came. So he went up through the deserted building the Hascombe's room to wait there.

Ah! he could not beer the place. The

of speech with her again, till it was gone. His eyes were fixed on her till she reached her house and went in, she had never glanced back or even hesitalted; as he told had been saved from inglorious death only himself seemed to grow darker and more impervious at each step he took. He had been saved from inglorious death only

himself, he was a fool to expect somehow that she would. Then he turned and walked away up Park Lane as in a dream, carried along in a hopeless void, not knowing or, caring whither.

"At length he found himself back at the Hostel. How he arrived there he hardly knew, his vague idea had been to wander in an opposite direction. Yet somehow an indefinite, although active, purpose had led him there, and by degrees it took practical shape in his thoughts. It was to see Sybilla; to settle the account with

His eye fell on the butt of Grisedule's

there for an instant, then lowered the "I have something to do first," he said. "There is Miss Sybilla Caspari to see."

It was nearly half-past nine. He slipped the revolver into his pocket and went The concert was not over when he reach-

ed the schools, but the penultimate item had been reached. He went in and stood CHAPTER XVIII. (Continued.)

The took a sheet of paper and wrote a few lines on it. "Don't stop me, Paul. I must do it now. I will not live under this cloud a moment more than I can help. I have seen everything ready for tonight. You have nothing to do but to take it easy till 8 o'clock." He went up and laid his hand affectionately on Paul's shoulder. "You are not at the concert, Matron."

Tam so sorry you are not well, and am a secured by The Telegraph

The Telegraph

To a few moments at the back of the audience. A semi-professional comic singer was shouting a song in unabashed imitation of one of the stars of the music-hall finament. The audience were convulsed, and several of them on the benches near, looking round in their hilarity to see the effect on their neighbors, gave a second glance, this time of surprise, at Faucon-berg's set, frowning face. Next moment he had left them abruptly and gone round to the farther entrance which led to the room behind the platform.

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May I come in for a minute seen everything ready for comparison. "You are not take it easy till 8 o'clock." He went up and laid his hand affectionately on Paul's shoulder. "I am so sorry you are not well, and am a brute to gond you fagging for me, You must rost how, and I will take your work for the next week."

He went quickly to the door. "I haven't my fare," he said. "Lead me a few shil ilings just for this once. I wouldn't ask you if it wasn't se urgent, not seeing how I can ever pay you back."

"You are not at the conject, the went of you on the quiet about Mr. Has combe. I don't know—I am ever you if it wasn't se urgent, not seeing how I can ever pay you back."

"You are on at twent."

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"You are trust me," he returned the change in him?"

"You was trust me," he returned. "But I must put myself right."

So he went without another word. At Brook street he was told that Miss Evandale was not at home.

"Will you give this note to Miss Evandale!" he said insistently, taking the definal in its fashionable sense. "I have came from St. Cyprian's Hostel, from Mr. Hase combe, and it is most important that I should see her for a few minutes."

The man assured he has the returned. This assertion Fauconberg is not to the moment she returned. This assertion Fauconberg was forced to accept and turned, chaffing, from the door. He are the moment she returned. This assertion fauconberg was forced to accept and turned, chaffing, from the door. He are the moment she returned. This assertion fauconberg was forced to accept and turned, chaffing, from the door. He are the moment she returned. This assertion Fauconberg was forced to accept and turned, chaffing, from the door. He are the moment she returned. This assertion Fauconberg was forced to accept and turned, chaffing, from the door. He are the moment she returned that a complex of the m sertion Fauconberg was forced to accept account of Miss Caspari."

and turned, chafing, from the door. He walked moodily up the street towards the thoughts his interest was now compelled; she might have given him the slip. The



cure Constitution, Billousness, Tor-pid Liver, Billous Headaches, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, just as nature intended them to be cured—with

tion. A little more and she would be on her knees before him. But he shook his arm free, not roughly but with a resolute coldness which told her more eloquently burnt in him for her; that her wild hope was born to die; that his resentment, checked for a moment, had now returned as strong as ever. Without waiting for him to speak, she drew herself up and feil hade from him.

back from him.
"You hate me," she said steadily, all the "You hate me," she said steadily, all the passion now driven from her voice, "be cause I know your secret."

"Not for that," he returned, wearying of the discussion and determined to get to the end. "But because you have wantenly drive me a course way to have been a course when the color of the color of

to the end. "But because you have wantonly done me a cruel wrong, you have ruined my hie-my life? That is nothing; I hold it cheap enough, Heaven knows. But you have robbed me of the only thing I ever really cared for; to get warch I would have given my very soul: the love of a woman who had changed this whole carth for me, who would make me—though that's nothing—a better man. I was waitthat's nothing—a better man. I was waiting for heaven's gate to open, and you have thrust me back into hell. That is

dropsy, irritability ney troubles of old en other remedies blame me."

of trouble with my back, nat settled in the Kidneys. Then followed a silence. Sybilla broke ing smoke.

They had not been long thus engaged.



whelt I did, only that I hated myself for having to hurt you, dear?" She had clasped his arm with both hands, and was looking imploringly into his face as though to read her sentence. Her attitude was almost one of supplication. A little more and she around he are FATALLY SHOT

Hunting

Coroner Macfarland Decides Inquest Unnecessary---Unfortunate Man Had Side of Head Shot Away by Discharge of Gun.

have thrust the back anto hell. That is why I hate you, Sybilla Caspari."

He spoke quietly, scarcely above a whisper, but with an intensity which left no doubt of the bitter sincerity of his words. Yet, useless as it manifestly was to propose the season Sybilla, could not resist a Charleston through the season Sybilla, could not resist a Charleston through the season Sybilla, could not resist a Charleston through the season Sybilla could not resist a Charleston through the season Sybilla could not resist a Charleston through the season sybilla caspari."

At an early hour Thursday merning, the season of the season sybilla caspari. ong the scene, Sybala could not resist a Charles street, and Mr. Hamm, of George street, both respectable citizens of Fair for what I felt was everything to me. You for what I felt was everything to me. You would have done the same in my place."

"Perhaps," he replied indifferently. "No doubt."

"You may hate, but you can hardly blame me."

He gave a short disdainful laugh. "Not the converge but myself. I am suffer again in some small growth that had been again in some small growth that had been the convergence of the convergence I. Nor any one but myself. I am suffer again in some small growth that had been ing less from a woman's vindictiveness than from the consequences of my own ing a sheltered spot the men sat down on

The control of the co

VALUABLE RING

Is fourteen companions who arrived on the steamer St. Croix from St. John Monday afternoon. The men were all Nava Sections, hailing from Halifax county, and were bound for Boston, from which city to some lumbering section. They are confined in the city lockup pending instructions from headquarters as to their toos from headquarters from headquarters Bangor for examination before the com-missioners in that city in the proceedings instituted against the gentleman who is suspected of hiring them in violation of the law. Our Catalogue tells the story. Send for it,



"And yet," he rejoined, following a natural argument, "your doubt did not kill your love."

"No, John," she answered simply. She stopped there. She did not tell him that she had never believed him guilty of the man's death; that her head as much as her heart had acquitted him there. The wild hope of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her, and with the region of the struggle turning in her fayor was growing within her and and que
**Calais. Nov. 16—Immigration Inspector Arrests Them t she had never believed him guilty of the man's death; that her head as much as her heart had acquitted him there. The wild hope of the struggle turning in her accumulated enough wealth to take a variation trip to China and he took his departure wednesday. He expects to be back in four months.

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