

The Eleventh Hour

BY SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY, BART

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

CHAPTER XVIII. (Continued).

Hascombe rose. "This is right and brave of you, Jack," he said, his face lighting up as the reflected brightness of a good action. "But are you sure—"

"Sure? I am sure; that there is a girl who might be a lady, a sensitive, refined girl, forced through my shuffling and sin of omission to go through the ordeal of the parish, and to live in a wretched room which makes me sick to think of."

"Thank God for one thing!" he ejaculated. "If I am damned for this time, I have got over the maddest that have ever sent me to hell. I am a thousand times richer now, for my wants are few enough today."

"I have gone up in your good opinion," he replied, glowing with delight, hardly daring to realize his good fortune. "I am more, far more than simply repaid. You would believe that if you knew I would rather have one approving word from you than praise from all the rest of the world."

"I have been in for the last hour," he said. "I have seen Miss Evandale."

"Yes, she has just gone with Miss Caspari," he said. "I have seen her."

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chief advantages is that it can afford to leave itself at the disposal of the public. Impulsively he stepped nearer and caught up her hand. "Barbara," he said, "how good you are to me!"

As he was raising her hand to his lips she snatched it away, and looking up at her face in disappointment and contrition, his eyes, guided by hers, to the door. It had opened, and Sylvia Caspari stood in the room.

Her face except perhaps to Fauconberg's accusing fancy, bore no expression of any kind. The greeting between the two girls, who had a slight acquaintance, was pleasant enough to pleasant, Fauconberg thought, on Sylvia's side; as for Barbara, she was unshakable as for any reason why it should be otherwise.

"I must apologize for walking in unceremoniously," Sylvia said in a tone of apology, "but I might find him here, and as I am rather in a hurry to get back to the West-end, I ran up quickly."

"I have the carriage here," she said. "I will take you home."

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STORM WRECKS NEW HOSPITAL BUILDING

(Continued from Page 1) The gale which blew all Sunday night and through the greater part of Monday, was assisted in its work of destruction by a heavy fall of wet snow, which clinging to the wires, by its weight broke the lighter ones in many places, and put such a strain upon the whole line that in many place long stretches of poles and wires lay on the ground, with wires tangled and grounded.

The gangs now at work will be reinforced at daylight, and there is an excellent prospect for the resumption of traffic a little after noon of today with Boston, Montreal and all western Canadian and American points.

The Telephone Service. The New Brunswick Telephone Company did not suffer very severely in the city beyond the swinging of the wires, and this trouble did not last very long, and a good city service was maintained.

The men on river boats, when they reached Indiantown Monday reported one of the worst storms Sunday night on the river for years.

The steamer Prince Rupert remained in port as there was a tremendous sea in the bay.

FEARFUL ON RIVER

Steamers Had Rough Time-- Waring Had Boat Swept From Deck and Disabled Rudder. The men on river boats, when they reached Indiantown Monday reported one of the worst storms Sunday night on the river for years.

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Stop Coughing with the help of the favorite family remedy... JOHNSON'S BROTHERS' LINIMENT

THE RETURN OF THE MOOSE

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

"To the best of my knowledge there ain't been no moose since this side the river three eighteen year back."

The speaker, a heavy-set, long-legged backwoodsman, passed in his hand a long-handled digging fork and bit of a liberal chew from his plug of black tobacco.

The woods, a long array of erect, black, fire-carred rampikes, appeared to scowl the very significance of solitude against the lonely afternoon sky.

There was your moose after these eighteen years," said the other.

Standing out clear above the dead forest, and staring curiously down upon the two potato diggers, were three moose--a magnificent black, wide-antlered bull, an ungainly brown cow and a long-legged, long-eared calf.

"Keep still now, Sandy," muttered the first speaker, who was wise in the way of wood-folk.

The men were watching the moose for a couple of minutes, and the moose came from the open in order to get a better look at them.

By this time, of course, all the little settlement was out, and the flight of the cow and calf down the field had been followed with eager eyes.

"Seems to me," he said to Lije, "that seem as the moose had been so long away, we hadn't traded even just right when they come back. I feel like we'd ought to make up to the little fellow."

Designing of Cup Challenger Dead. (Glasgow, Nov. 12--George Lenox Watson, the yacht designer, died this morning, aged 53.

British By-election. London, Nov. 12--The election yesterday in the Honsham division of Sussex resulted in the return of Lord Turnour, Conservative, by a majority of 784.

None can have a Well-Balanced Constitution without BEECHAM'S PILLS. All people subject to bilious attacks, or who suffer from Splanchnic disorders, should never be without a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS.