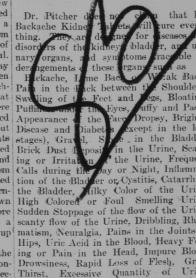
POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1904.

The Eleventh Hour

The Eleventh Hour

If a state of the control of the



Maybe your folk may have met him there."

She said yes, that they knew him in town.

"They do tell me," the man went on, "that he's overshot the mark; can't make tongue and buckle meet, as they say. And to my mind it looks like it from the way the said. "Thank you," Fauconberg replied with the subdued light, to smile grimly on bis act. With a touch of bravado he raised the glass to them.

"They do tell me," the man went on, the subdued light, to smile grimly on bis act. With a touch of bravado he raised the glass to them.

"Thank you," Fauconberg replied with the same air of proud indifference. "And I presume that by having as I hope, totally destroyed that picture, or any value of R.

LOGAN AT MONCTON