POOR DOCUMENT

A MASTER OF MEN By E. P. OPPENHEIM

GHAPTER XXXII.--(Continued).
There was a short, tense silence. The diamond star upon her bosom rose and fell. Lady Malingcourt did not recognize herself in the lea.t. Only she knew that he at any rate had been swift to recognise the wonderful transfiguring change which that moment of self-revelation had wrought in her life. But for that she knew that his self-control would not have been drifting farther away. I seem to have been drifting farther away from you every day up here. It's a hateful place."
"Think I want a holiday," Strone said quely. "The session is just over. We'll go down to Bangdon if you hke." "Enoch! Do you mean it?"
"You had better not tempt me to be otherwise," he answered.
"Why not life.__to be cheristis ad jealously, even when death came.
"Why not?"
"Because I love you. Because you know it. You have filed my life. You have the deat her salvation.

"Because I love you. Because you know it! You have filled my life. You have made everything else of no account. I "ove you!"

Mr. Garvan, Assistant to Mr. Jerome, Accusing

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N B, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1907

Thaw of Murder



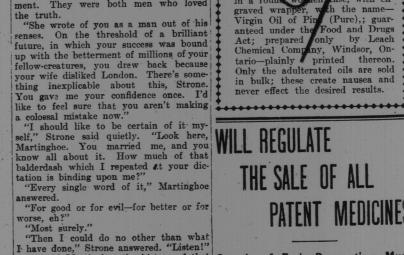
abrubtness which took the other by surprise, asked him a blunt question "Why did you give it up, Strone?" Strone moved uneasily in his chair. Martinghoe watched his cigar smoke in

"Don't tell me unless you like. It isn't exactly curiosity which makes me ask. Only the pity of the thing strikes home

sometimes." "Ay," Strone repeated as though me-chanically, "the pity of the thing." "Not that your work here isn't some-thing to be proud of," Martinghoe con-tinued. "Only one feels that you've been doctoring a single patient when you've had a remedy for the whole race. I un-derstand, too, that the present Govern-ment were most favorably disposed to-wards you." "You heard that from your sister,"

"You heard that from your sister," Strone asked quickly. "Yes."

Martinghoe hesitated—only for a mo-ment. They were both men who loved



by Leach

TO CURE A COUGH

