

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1904.

The Eleventh Hour

BY SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY, BART

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

Exclusive Copyright for This Province Secured by The Telegraph

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

Perhaps had Fauconberg been a man of greater experience in the world and knowledge of the springs of motive which influence men's actions he would not have overlooked one potent factor which was bound to go far towards frustrating his desperate attempt at enlisting Lord Davenham's sympathy and help. It was this. The time honored position and tenure of the Fauconbergs was a standing reproach to the mushroom peer with his recently purchased estate. Fine as it all was, and compelled as the country families were to accept the man who, with considerable éclat, had come among them, and whom for the sake of his enterprising hospitality, they could not afford to ignore, yet they all, great and small, felt in their hearts a contempt which they dared not show. For men with sporting sons and marriageable daughters are forced to do many things of which without those restless incentives they would not dream: few are so short-sighted as to let a prejudice stand in the light of an enjoyable present and a possibly brilliant future. And if men are so mentally dyspeptic, why, they have ever a wholesome corrective in their wives. But when, among themselves, the worthy settlers in the country found an opportunity of relieving their feelings with regard to the lord of Scotwick, it was to Fauconberg of Gains that they pointed in spitefully triumphant contrast. Lord Davenham, of course, knew that this must be so—that plain Fauconberg of Gains was thought more of, even in this age of upstart pretentiousness and status worship, and held a higher position than his own Right Honorable and noble self. This Fauconberg was one of several thorns in his flesh, a thorn which his thick skin did not prevent from pricking him. That this one was going to fall out of its own accord was a satisfaction to him; but that view occurred to Fauconberg he would scarcely have asked the sufferer to victimize himself by pushing it in again.

CHAPTER VII.

"I'll no more of these good things; there's a crack somewhere, something that's unsound I'll rattle!" Fauconberg walked out of the house with a mind full of bitterness, such bitterness as he would not, a few days before, have believed himself capable of. If only he had had the presence of what his punishment would be! But now it was too late. He went off towards the stables with the intention of leaving the party, for he was too sick at heart to stay longer. He saw his man lounging in the yard and told him to put to. Then he remembered his appointment with Sybilla Caspari, and went off moodily to the lower and comparatively deserted garden where he was to meet her. In half an hour he had said. He had no idea whether the time was past, and was careless whether she might be

waiting for him or not. But there she was, sitting on a rustic bench just off the winding path. In the curious struggle between recklessness and a sense of desolation that was going on within him, there was room for a touch of satisfaction that one person, at least, did feel interest and sympathy for him, however futile it might be. "I need not ask you," she said as he stood before her. "You have not succeeded."

He forced a laugh. "I was an utter fool over to expect I might." She rose, and the action brought her close to him. "Poor fellow," she said, in a tone little above a murmur, "I am so sorry for you—so sorry."

"The situation and the mood were both dangerous; there is no shorter cut to folly than recklessness piloted by sympathy. He looked away, halting between impulse and indifference. "It is as very good of you," he said almost mechanically. "I'm afraid, though, there is not much use in troubling about a fellow like me."

"But what are you going to do?" she asked. "You are not going to let your self drift to—"

"Oh, his, of course," he answered. "I never had an idea worth speaking of." "Then this is one. Tell me."

He shook his head. "Not even you, Miss Caspari."

His manner was thawing again now. "I am sorry," she said, "you don't consider my interest in you warrants that."

"Oh, yes, I do," he returned hastily. "Only I cannot tell you this, and you would not thank me if I did." She was puzzled and her face hardened again. "I suppose I must not ask Mr. Lydford?" she inquired with affected carelessness.

"I advise you not to," he replied, though not very convincingly. "We had better be strolling back."

Fauconberg asked himself whether it did not look as though he had rather snubbed her, at least whether he must not appear violently ungrateful in her eyes. With the blank in front of him, his features seeming to be bounded now at the distance of a few hours, the things of the world took extraordinary aspects; proportion and significance were so to speak, in abeyance; nothing seemed to matter much, for the end was at hand to put all things right again, and consequences could be of no account. He laid his hand on the girl's arm as she moved away.

"Miss Caspari—Sybilla, don't think me horribly ungrateful; if your interest is thrown away upon me, there is not my fault; I mean, it is hardly my fault that it is not more effectual." She had stopped, and now, after a glance at his face, stood looking away from him. "There is not much left," he went on, "but to say goodbye; and then when I'm gone you must not think any more of me—I mean, to worry about what neither of us can help. I've had a good time, I've got to pay the bill, and mustn't whine about it. Only let us part friends. If I am to be just a memory, don't let me be an unpleasant one. May it not be so?"

She looked up at him now, putting her hand on his, which still touched her arm. "Of course," she answered in a low voice. "I hoped."

Lydford, called to him as he made his way towards the crowd of carriages in the drive.

"You, Goodbye," Lydford said with refined callousness. "The man's callousness stung even through Fauconberg's apathetic mood. "You mean you hope you won't," Mr. Murray Lydford, he retorted dryly. "You mean you're afraid that I shall trouble you. At least fate will put a bar between me and each devoted friend as you represent."

He whipped up his horses; he plunged forward, and in a few steps had rounded the corner of the drive, taking Fauconberg out of sight—for ever, as Lydford hoped, the quasi friend who had begged his hospitality but a few hours later. Lack of heart will not prevent a man, otherwise suitably equipped, from being the most popular in town.

"Mr. Lydford," Sybilla Caspari said, coming up to him a few minutes later, "I have been looking for you."

Lydford, called to him as he made his way towards the crowd of carriages in the drive.

"You, Goodbye," Lydford said with refined callousness. "The man's callousness stung even through Fauconberg's apathetic mood. "You mean you hope you won't," Mr. Murray Lydford, he retorted dryly. "You mean you're afraid that I shall trouble you. At least fate will put a bar between me and each devoted friend as you represent."

He whipped up his horses; he plunged forward, and in a few steps had rounded the corner of the drive, taking Fauconberg out of sight—for ever, as Lydford hoped, the quasi friend who had begged his hospitality but a few hours later. Lack of heart will not prevent a man, otherwise suitably equipped, from being the most popular in town.

"Mr. Lydford," Sybilla Caspari said, coming up to him a few minutes later, "I have been looking for you."

Lydford, called to him as he made his way towards the crowd of carriages in the drive.

"You, Goodbye," Lydford said with refined callousness. "The man's callousness stung even through Fauconberg's apathetic mood. "You mean you hope you won't," Mr. Murray Lydford, he retorted dryly. "You mean you're afraid that I shall trouble you. At least fate will put a bar between me and each devoted friend as you represent."

He whipped up his horses; he plunged forward, and in a few steps had rounded the corner of the drive, taking Fauconberg out of sight—for ever, as Lydford hoped, the quasi friend who had begged his hospitality but a few hours later. Lack of heart will not prevent a man, otherwise suitably equipped, from being the most popular in town.

"Mr. Lydford," Sybilla Caspari said, coming up to him a few minutes later, "I have been looking for you."

(To be continued.)

Presentation to Father Joyner.

Chatham, N. B., Oct. 17.—(Special)—Rev. Henry T. Joyner, parish priest, who is about to be transferred to Grand Falls, was presented yesterday after benediction with a gold watch from the C. M. B. A., of which he is president and chaplain, a gold locket from the R. C. T. A., of which he is chaplain, and a purse of two hundred dollars from the congregation, accompanied with addresses expressing esteem and regret at his departure. Father Joyner appropriately expressed his surprise and appreciation. He will leave tomorrow for his new field of labor. During his twenty-one years here he has become very popular with all denominations.

Mrs. De Bangs—"What makes you think you will inherit all of papa's property?" Mr. De Bangs—"I have been playing poker with him."—Chicago Journal.

Teacher (in spelling class)—"Johnny spell 'fall.'" Johnny—"I can't." Teacher—"You can't spell that simple word? Why not?" Johnny—"Cause you told me there was no such word as fall."—New Yorker

Man wants but little here below, but he isn't willing to pay cash for it.

Cancer, Its Cause and Cure.

To more fully study this subject, a student of the world must become a student of the blood. There is a peculiar condition of the blood which favors the growth of the cancer and until this condition is changed by a constitutional treatment, the cancer will continue to grow. Send 6 cts. for full particulars. Dept. 6, Stott & Co., New York, N. Y.

The Demand for MANITOBA FLOUR

Has Been Steadily Increasing in the Maritime Provinces

The People Find That it is More Profitable to Purchase Flour Made From Manitoba Wheat

KEEWATIN

"FIVE ROSES" FLOUR

Is the Best Flour Made From Manitoba Wheat

It is Manufactured by the

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED