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ON

WEDNESDAY, 30th December, at 10 a.m.

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St. Lawrence	Lamaline	Fortune
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A STRONG MAN'S TRIUMPH

By Claribel Wilson.

JIM HALSEY, six feet two, broad, stalwart, was the most picturesque figure that ever went into Wall street. At the age of thirty-two he had come out of Alaska with a cool fifteen million, gained during a period of seven years that had elapsed since he went North from Illinois, a country storekeeper's assistant with a longing for adventure. The same qualities of nerve which had stood him in such good stead among the miners continued to accomplish much for him in New York. Finally, however, a combination was set on foot against him. And after a Homeric battle of seven days, in which stocks were slaughtered at a rate unknown before, Jim found himself with the price of his hotel bill, a ticket back to Nome and \$700 in bills.

"Jim" Halsey was wiped out. The evening newspapers announced it in red type. And Jim was pondering over the situation. For himself he cared nothing at all. But for Agnes McLaughlin he cared everything. And he had to tell her. McLaughlin had been a picturesque figure, too picturesque to be admitted into New York's elite; but the tenacity of the widow, aided by a million dollars, had won a way for herself and her daughter.

Mrs. McLaughlin had spent her capital like water. A million will go a good way in a three-years campaign, if it is supposed to be supported by other millions behind it. Nobody knew that the McLaughlin fortune was down to its last fifty thousand. But everybody knew that Agnes McLaughlin had been hawked round the eligibles of Europe and America during the last three years. Everybody that is, but Jim.

He was admitted to the rented house on Fifth Avenue. He thought the butler looked a little coldly at him. The menial, in fact, reflected the feelings of the household. Mrs. McLaughlin, who had considered Jim an excellent compromise in the light of previous failures and her dwindling capital, had a sense of a woman betrayed, or of a man who has staked his last penny on the favorite at the races, and lost.

The mother sailed into the room. She stood still, looking at Jim, and all her resentment flashed out in her bitter words. "Is it true, what the papers say, that you are a pauper?" she demanded in accents of indescribable vulgarity. All the veneer of 20 years had vanished, and she was again—well, the type of woman that she had been when McLaughlin, fascinated with her bold beauty, had married her.

"Yes, it's true," admitted Jim, with a smile. "But don't take it to heart, Mrs. McLaughlin. Of course, this will mean the postponement of our marriage, and I shall have to scrape together another fortune in Alaska. But—"

"Postponement!" shrieked the woman, coarsely. "Do you suppose Aggie is going to marry you now?" "Why, of course, I do," answered Jim, looking at the woman in bewilderment. "A penniless pauper!" she sneered. "Of course it is hard on her," admitted Jim. "But surely, Mrs. McLaughlin, there were no monetary considerations involved in our engagement."

Mrs. McLaughlin actually snapped her fingers under Jim's nose. "See here, young man, she said. "I don't know whether you're bluffing or just a fool, but I mean Aggie to marry a man with a wad of money. What do you think she took you for? For your good looks? Are you a fool, or what's the matter with you?"

Jim felt as helpless before this outburst of rage as a wild beast in a trap.

"If your daughter releases me, of course, I shall accept the decision," he answered quietly.

"Well, well soon see about that!" screamed the woman. She touched the bell and the butler appeared. Upon his face was a sneer hardly disguised. It was evident that he had been listening to the conversation at the door. "Tell Miss Agnes to come here at once," she said.

Agnes McLaughlin came in and her mother turned to her with a furious gesture. "This man is a pauper, Aggie," she said. "And he thinks he is going to marry you. He won't take the truth from me. Tell him what you have just told me, Aggie."

The girl turned to Halsey. "I cannot marry you," she said. "Please understand that finally. I never loved you."

"Then you—only wanted my money?" demanded Jim.

"Not for myself," cried the girl with a sudden vehement outburst. "For my mother. I have been on sale three years. Everybody has known it but you."

"Aggie! What are you talking about?" cried her mother in amazement. "I will speak now," answered the girl. "I have been taken round the matrimonial showrooms of Europe and America for three years. My mother has spent nearly a million dollars on me, in the expectation of getting it back, and more. You were the last chance, for our money is nearly gone—"

"How dare you speak like that!" cried Mrs. McLaughlin furiously. "Because it is the truth," replied the daughter. "Did I love you, Jim? I never thought of love. I only thought of doing my duty and repaying the money that had been advanced on me. We don't love, we of the fashionably rich class. We marry to sell ourselves to the men we can infatuate. That was why I accepted you."

"The girl has gone mad!" exclaimed Mrs. McLaughlin, with up-raised hands. "Timmons!"

But if Timmons was listening discreetly at the door, he evidently judged this an unpropitious moment to enter in answer to the call.

"That was why I became engaged to you, Jim," continued Agnes McLaughlin. "And I thought I was doing my duty. Ah, but—" her voice softened involuntarily—"it was only when I found that you were different, Jim, that I realized, that I began to realize my wrong. I was ready to break the heart of an honest man—for after marriage, Jim, I found me out after marriage. Jim, I was ready to do you the greatest wrong a woman can do a man. I realized that when I saw that yours was not the veneer accustomed, but the love of a good man. And many and many a time I was half-tempted

NOTICE

All Local Councils in Trinity District who haven't yet sent in their district assessment, will please do so before the end of the month to the treasurer, George Powlow, of Philip, Trinity East. J. G. STONE, D.C. Dec. 10, 1914.



AT HOME.

The Governor and Lady Davidson will be "At Home" on New Year's Day from 3 to 6 p.m.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,
ST. JOHN'S.
(Next door to F.P.U. office.)
Jan20,14,14, sat

to confess to you, and refrained. Now you know all, and there is no more to say."

She turned toward the door, and Jim, ignoring the mother, who stood apparently paralyzed, beside the table, followed her and caught her by the wrists.

"And now—you will sell yourself to some other man?" he demanded fiercely.

"Oh, I suppose so," she answered wearily. "That is, if the money—"

"If the money does not give out before mother can find one?"

Jim Halsey suddenly laughed, and it was at that moment that he showed best the qualities which had given him success. For in his laughter there was the challenge of a strong man who refuses to accept the buffet of fate, and rises supreme, to dominate it.

"You poor child!" he said tenderly. "Do you suppose that I am going to let this happen to you? I am going to marry you—do you understand that, Agnes? I am going to marry you, and I am going to save you from yourself."

"I came here to-night with the intention of offering to release you, and not believing that your love, in which I believed, was fair-weather love, I planned to tell you that in two or three years I could come back to New York with another fortune."

"I was going to ask you to wait two years. Now I am going to take you away with me, if—"

"Timmons! Timmons!" exclaimed the mother feebly, as she clung to the table. But Timmons did not come in fact, he was not even at the door. The discreet butler was

instead, recounting the incident in the servants' apartments.

"If what?" whispered the girl raising her eyes to his with an expression that Jim had never seen in them since he had met her.

"If you think that you can learn to love me some day," said Jim. "If you think you can do that, trusting to time. Don't I know what you have gone through? Why, many and many a man sells himself, too body and soul, in the struggle of life. But if you can love me, dear—"

"Oh, I can," cried the girl impulsively. "I—love you, Jim, I think I have always loved you. But I didn't know what love was until—you taught me, Jim."

And that was Jim Halsey's greatest of all triumphs, which he remembered afterward, when his name was upon all lips as that of the man who had "come back."

STEBAURMAN'S OINTMENT

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Bell Island, Sept. 25, 1913. I was laid up 3 years with my arms and had two doctors attending me, and they couldn't do any good for me. At last, mother hearing of Mr. Stebaurman's Ointment, thought to try it. After using 18 boxes, pleased to say it made a perfect cure of me.

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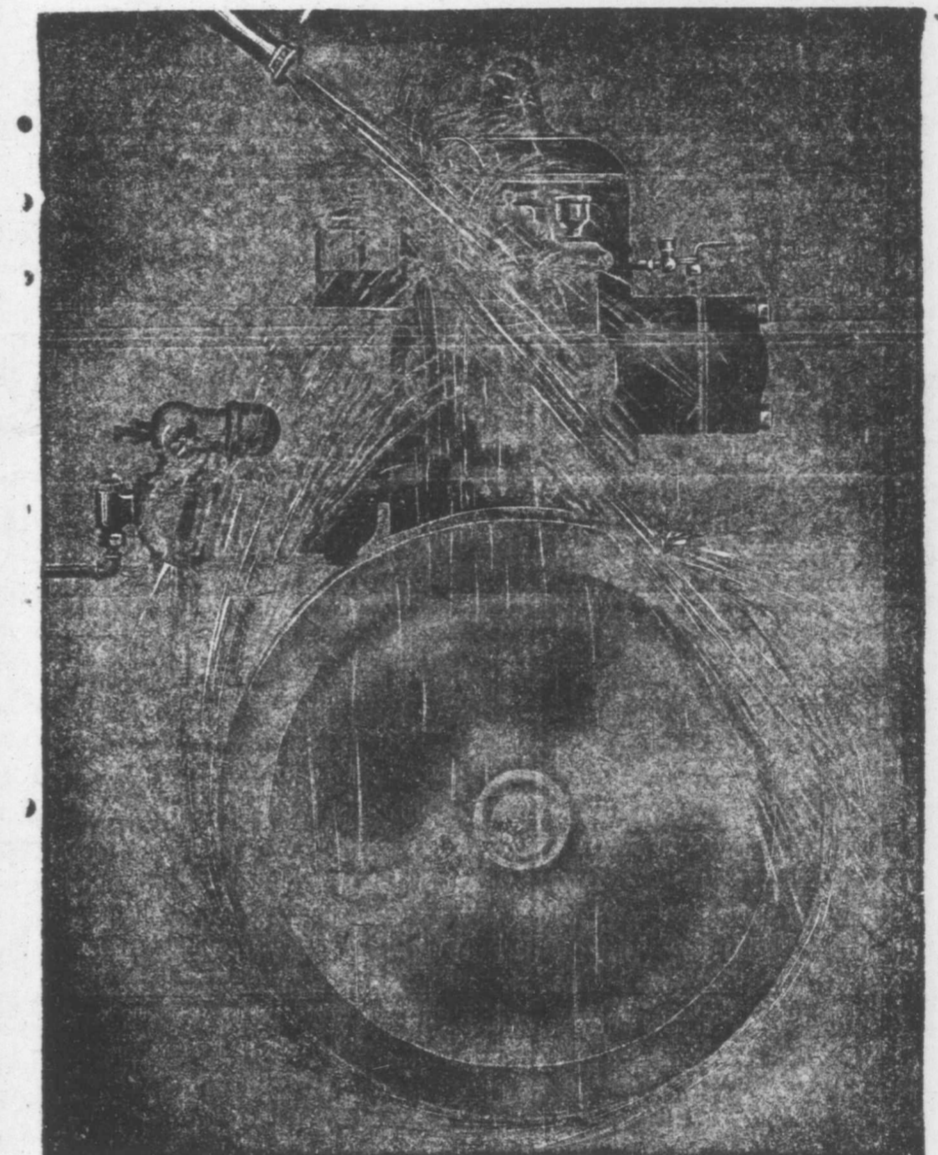
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