POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1904.

The Eleventh Hour

Author of "The Red Chancellor" "The Fall of a Star" "The

the last of a line whose home it has been for centuries. You can give me a measter with the continuous of good advice, Paul; no man better; out you can't give me back the acres what I and my fathers have squandered on our pleasures; you can't soften the heart of the Shylcek who is impatient for his tors, or draw off from his veins the black drop which he drew from his out you can't give me back the acres that

years ago has left me with heart trouble, and my doctor hints that my life, at any rate as I live it, will not be a long one. But I must go on till I drop. My life, my second life, was a loan for a purpose. I am sure of that. Now, John, my dear friend,"—he dwelt with almost tenderness upon the words—"to whom, after the Season" &c.

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old place will have passed away from me, the last of a line whose home it has been for centuries. You can give me a meassure of mod action. The standard despairingly.

I must trouble, unsatisfying frankness of a cynical nature. There are there in a bad way, one decemt care to believe all one hears, especially about one's friends. Tophalm Sitgave teld me you were finding the last of a Star" "The dark! Now, John, my delighted when an open-handed fellow the sting set man in town is always delighted when an open-handed fellow the sting of indifference. "But what would something; he wendered whether the something of indifference. "But what would something; he wendered whether the something of indifference whether the something; he wendered whether the something; he wendered whether the something of the word learned times greater," Hascombe observed with a smile. Lydford unexpectedly accepted the comment. "Perhaps," he saw the word of the when an open-handed fellow of the word of the

father's or his mother's life?"

"Yes. The end has come at last. The glory of the Fauconbergs has been growing dimmer and dimmer, till now its last flicker is reached. And so—the end. Let us drink to King Finis. May he crown the work, at feest pleasantly."

The gloom of the great mediaeval dining hall, with its shabby, faded curtains and furnistite. Apply illustrated and em and finity in the shaded candles at the end of the long table, where hasized the young man's words. Such its," he added quickly, as though to discuss the end of the long table, where has a subject he dared not speak for extravagance bequathed by some foel of my line—that fine fellows work, at feest pleasantly."

The gloom of the great mediaeval dining hall, with its shabby, faded curtains and furnistite, aptly illustrated and em has companion sat, suggested the same and a superior where the fine is the trouble?"

The gloom of the great mediaeval dining hall, with its shabby, faded curtains and furnistite, and a proportion of the fine vitable, and at least point again a better man from the buried green of your dead self. For the thought again a better man from the buried green of your dead self. For the thought again a better man from the buried green of your dead self. For the thought again a better man from the buried green of your dead self. For the thought again a better man from the buried green of your could practically command a title. The first the farm of the rook is the trouble?"

The gloom of the great mediaeval din land to will, with the shabby, faded curtains and furnisties—"Captain Aluxed Fauconberg, the sound and the room—"an old name and"—the glained room the specially companies as the trouble?"

The gloom of the shabed work, at least not just yet."

The trouble is that I am ruined."

"No, no." Fauconber great he sate of the trouble?"

No, no." Fauconber great he stanct of the prediction of the shabed to mane. The dead to the trouble?"

The gloom of the great mediaeval din land to will with the shabby, faded curtains and furni

candles at the end of the long table, where the and his companion sat, suggested the neglected decayed state of the apartment; that is gone, the stone is of little account it showed the nearest of the dull portraits in the panels, the rest stretching away into obscurity beyond, as their or value."

"We are like jewels; most of us it?"

Before Fauconberg could answer the door opened, and as he turned round in annoyance at the interruption, the butler announced—

"You must get a second wind."

Fauconberg laughed. "It would take a clever man than any of us three to raise it."

"We really comprising the intrinsic announced—

"Mr. Lydford."

"Mr. Lydford." sumed an expression of mingled incredulity of glaring canvases fresh from the Acad



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