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are built in England and finished in Canada by makers of over three-quarters of a century's experience—built by the acknowledged leaders in the billiard table industry. Burroughes and Watts have been responsible for every important improvement in billiard table construction in the last 75 years, and to them is due the present high state of perfection to which the game has been brought.

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their bridge according to specification, no blame was attaching to the contractors. Not to protest it meant ruin. As Connelly said, it meant that the partnership would be dissolved. Just what stand the R. & S. O. would take in the matter puzzled him. He could not believe they would absolutely refuse the bridge. If so, he felt he must fight it out for the sake of the men who had backed him financially, since such a decision would utterly bankrupt the firm of Connelly and Lester.

He was still puzzling over this side of the question when the postman brought the momentous letter for which he waited—the refusal of the R. & S. O. Railway to accept the bridge, based on the grounds of failure to comply with that part of the specifications regarding solid rock foundation for the abutments.

It was late evening and Gracia sat upstairs in the little old rocker in which the baby's grandmother had rocked her babies to sleep a generation ago; sat and swung slowly to and fro in the dim light, still holding the baby in her arms for comfort, though he was long asleep. The week of the bridge disaster had worn to a close. Jeff had been in town all week. To-night it rained again, and the wind moaned and sighed in the elms outside the gable windows. Now and then a dripping leaf fluttered against the pane.

The sound of wheels on the drive heralded Jeffrey's home-coming; she heard Bob's greeting and his voice downstairs. She stood up to put little Bob on the pillows, then sat down again, holding him close. She would wait here for Jeff, here where they could be alone together. She heard his step on the stairs, a moment later he came across the room to her.

"Turn the light up, dear," she breathed, as he came, "it won't waken the baby."

The access of light threw into brightness the cosy, low-ceiled attic room with its white furnishings, making a background for the mother and baby—his! He had suddenly the quiet rested feeling that his wife's presence always brought him. He came over and stood behind her, leaning over the chair.

"Have you had dinner, Jeff?" she queried. It was not what she had meant to say to him first, but the sight of his weariness awoke her woman's instinct to make him physically comfortable.

"Yes, in town, with Mallison and Lester, thanks, Gracia."

"Are you dry?" She reached up a hand and felt his shoulder.

"Yes, quite."

"Are things—all right?"

"I don't know."

She reached up the baby toward him.

"Put him away, Jeff," she said.

She sat watching the little bundle being tucked away between the covers. Just now she didn't want him. She wanted to think only of Jeffrey.

When he came back she looked up at him smiling. "Shall we go down to the others?" she said.

"No; at least, not yet. It's nice and comfy and—quiet—here."

She did not answer and he drew the big old-fashioned foot-stool to her feet and sat there, his arm thrown across her knee, his face half-turned away watching the long shadows which the flickering light threw against white-washed walls.

Bye-and-bye he spoke—of trivial things, the house in the city, how he had found time to cut the grass on the tiny lawn, how he had met Amy Dennison, and her messages to Gracia, Pat McKilligan's visit to the office. Then a long silence fell between them.

"Gracia," he said, presently, "do you remember the day we climbed the mountain back at your home, and found the top all in a mist so that we lost the path? And how when it cleared away we were so glad to know just where we stood and how to go on?"

"Well, it's been like that. All the week has been a mist. I've never seen just what to do. To-night—to-night, up here, now—it's clear again and right."

"It's pretty black for us both, I'm afraid," he went on again after a moment, "but I can't see any other way—for me. I've tried to see it different for your sake—"

Gracia held her breath. Was the one thing she had dreaded coming true? Was he afraid of her not understanding?

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