

Sept. 16, 1907

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UNION CLOTHING CO.

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"AS A MAN SOWS."

BY HELEN WALLACE

Author of "THE GREATEST OF THESE," "THEIR HEARTS' DESIRE, ETC.

(Continued) The wife hung over the dead face. "Oh, David, my husband, is this how we meet again? There is nothing between us now; you need no words now. Can you see?—do you know?—do you understand?" And as she gazed, something of the profound calm, of the deep repose of the still features already composed for their eternal rest, poured over her own spirit. He had sinned, but how grievously he had sinned. In that moment of exaltation, she could forget herself, and even feel thankful that the tortured spirit was at rest at last.

As she sank on her knees beside the still form the wells of memory opened again and poured out their seething tides, and now the sweet waters overflowed the bitter. It was the man whom she had loved with a lifelong, single-hearted love, the husband of her youth, the father of her child, who lay there—his sins and his sorrows might well be hidden to stand aside for a while. For the time it was a resurrection—a reunion, rather than a parting, for in that first rapture of grief the man at his best and highest was restored to her again—she must face the other side by and by, but not now—not now.

As she raised her head from that merciful trance of healing memories the late afternoon sunlight was streaming in through the uncurtained window, touching the marble features and the closed eyes which would "behold the sun" no more. Instinct prompted her to rise and to screen out the light, when, lifting her dazzled, weary eyes she saw between her and the light, and stepping over the dead, a pale ethereal face, set in the golden glory with which devout tradition enhances the heads of the saints triumphant. She was so uplifted and carried away from earthly things that it seemed no strange thing that the vision of her daughter in bliss should be vouchsafed to her—the pure soul of the child greeting the weary, sin-stained, wayward man. For one long breath's length her sense of being seemed suspended as she gazed in rapt awe and wonder. Oh for one look from those radiant eyes before the vision was withdrawn.

"Isobel—my child," she breathed. The sound scarcely stirred the silence, but the eyes were lifted from the dead face, and met her in mute appeal. "Mother!" cried a voice, charged with a passion of grief and entreaty, through which a trembling hope thrilled. Ah, that voice! The shock forced her to her feet. This was no celestial visitant—no bright spirit in her daughter's form. Her daughter, her child, her Isobel was lying lonely, forsaken, despoiled in a nameless grave amid the dreary sands, thrust underground by the wretch

who had robbed the poor clay, and this—this— She stood breathing quick and hard—the revulsion was too sudden, it flung her back on that primal instinct which underlies all motherhood, the fierce, savage impulse to protect or avenge its young. Had ever woman been so foully, so cruelly despoiled and deceived, and now there stood her dead child's suppliant, who to her disordered fancy seemed to have robbed her Isobel of her very form and features, as well as her name and place and the love which should have been hers. How could her own mother-heart, her mother instinct have been so cunning as to accept so blindly this brilliant counterfeit of the gentle dead?

Isobel fell upon her knees and stretched out imploring hands across the silent figure which lay between. It had come at last—that which she had been dreading during the long hours of Lady Stormont's absence behind that locked door, and when no summons had come to her to join her mother in their common sorrow. It was the last Isobel's mother burning with grief and outrage who faced her now—her mother no longer.

"I know—I know," she cried in a voice that pierced, "the very sight of me must be terrible to you—that I should be alive—here—while—while she is—no. I would give my life to bring her back, and it would be no great gift, for death could be more dreadful than that moment when I learned who I was—and who I was not! I never knew what love was till I knew you, and when I found that I had no right to it—" Her voice broke. "But I would not knowingly have taken what was her due—not one look—not one kiss—if—" Her eyes fell upon the dead face, and it silenced her. "Can you forgive me that I did?" she pleaded humbly. "It is my one sin against you. No, with sudden passion, "my very existence is a sin against you, my presence here a wrong done you. I should not have come and yet—be is my father—and you have so filled my heart with love that it is hard to empty it all at once, and through this long dreadful day—" She stopped abruptly, looking timidly, yearningly into the face which had always brightened to her glance before. "I will go; but—oh if you can forgive the dead—have mercy on the living; if you can—forgive me."

She knelt a moment longer, her face a prayer more eloquent than the broken, pitiful words, while slowly, hardly, the storm in the mother's breast died down as across her dead she looked at her husband's child, and that last despairing appeal rang again in her ears—"If I cannot pray for myself, I can beg for pity for my child, she is innocent." What had suffered the greater wrong, herself or that poor young mother, driven to despair and death, or the child flung helpless on a cold, grudging world, and now so mar-

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



HAND EMBROIDERIES RUN RIOT OVER ELABORATE DINNER GOWN.

An exquisite quality of rayon velvet in one of the new subgines or elegant shades is used for this costume. The beauty of the material is still further enhanced by elaborate hand embroidery. The skirt and bodice are attached, although cut and modeled as separate pieces. The skirt comes well above the waist line in what is known as the baby princess effect. The front, back and sides have full panels of embroidery, and the lower part of the skirt is laid in three

hand run tucks. The bodice portion is of a matching shade of chiffon, with a small yoke and deep vest of white chiffon or lace. There are skeleton bretelles of the velvet embroidered as is the skirt, and tucked elbow sleeves of the chiffon. The chiffon bodice is very full and houses slightly all the way round. The hat worn with this costume is a felt of the same shade as the velvet, and is trimmed with American Beauty roses run in the shades of purple and red, and has a scarf of the subgine velvet.

velously brought back to the place which was hers by right? Lady Stormont was a devout as well as a just woman, and as she looked from the father to the child, brought together at last, an awe fell upon her.

"My poor child, you have little need to beg for forgiveness," she said at last. "What you did was for my sake and—falling—I know it would have been hard for you to do otherwise. But you have been sorely sinned against—can you forgive that? He said you found it hard to forgive—can you forgive your father now?" with a look toward the silent witness, who in the majesty of death seemed to belittle the brief strife of hot human hearts, so soon to be stilled even as his.

Isobel's tears came with a rush. "If you can forgive me," she whispered and with their dead between them the wife and the child drew together again. There was a long, sacred stillness, and at last Lady Stormont said, with a faint smile:

"We shall learn to know each other anew, but I wish you to read this," drawing out Sir David's letter. "It will explain much, and it will help you to understand your father, as well as to forgive him."

Isobel slowly and lingeringly withdrew and left husband and wife alone together. Lady Stormont had been kind, gentle, pitiful. What more could she expect? That the doubly bereaved woman could even bear the sight of her was a marvel, but—though she might find a friend by and by, she had lost her mother!

A few steps down the corridor she encountered Conyers, who had, indeed been waiting for her. One glance at her face made him take her hands gently into his in silence. Father and daughter, he knew, had added but little to each other's happiness in these past weeks, but such consciousness only embitters the blow when at last it falls. There was something so lost, so forlorn about her air that he would fain have taken her to his arms and comforted her if he could, but her sorrow hedged her round and for a moment he could only stand clasping her hands in silence, he could find no words, while

back in his mind there rushed what had been driven from it only for a short time—the memory of yesterday's strange scene with Ashe, of Isobel's unexplained words. Was that weighing upon her now as well as her natural grief? Well, she had no father to stand by her now, he the trouble what it might; she must let him help her, he thought with a leap of all his pulses, as at last he said in a low voice—"Your father didn't suffer and he is at peace. It is you and your mother we must think of now. Isobel, you must let me help you, you will let me serve you—now!"

As he spoke she suddenly drew away her hands; a wave of some strong, revivifying emotion or of some great resolve seemed to pass over her. Like an unstrung bow drawn taut again, her figure drew erect, her head rose, a flash of light and warms and color sprang to her face and eyes.

"I have been standing beside the dead," she said with the intensity of a compelling, overmastering impulse. "There is no need there—no place there for any 'refuge of lies.' I must escape from it now whatever happens. He was my father, yes—though I am nameless, homeless—motherless; the last words were almost a sob. 'It is all there—read it, then you can help—serve if you will, and,' with a sudden darting recollection of what already seemed far away in the past, 'it will explain—yesterday.'

She thrust some loose papers into his hands, and would have eyed away, but he caught her wrist and held her fast. "Stop, Isobel!" feeling like a man on whom a sudden light is breaking, which, at first confuses rather than enlightens. "What do you mean?"

"You need not force me to tell it," in a flash of young hot pride. "It is all there—you have only to read—I want you to read it; I insist on your reading it," passionately.

Beel flung the paper aside. It might be neither the time nor the place for it, but the man in him would be denied no longer. He, too, had his uplifting, conquering moment.

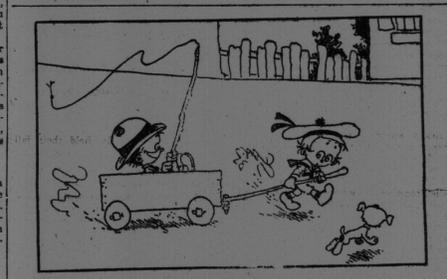
"Isobel, my dear love, it's you I want.

WHERE DOES THE PAPER GO? The first question asked by a general advertiser. The Telegraph and Times reach that class of people who subscribe and agree to pay for the reading privilege. These papers go first hand from the publishers by carrier and not through street boys to be left in office or store by purchaser after reading. Common sense teaches that every paper passed into homes direct will be read. The Telegraph and Times are home papers. Do they contain your advertisement?

Whoever you are, you are yourself—that's enough for me! Perhaps you think I should not speak now, but I must and will. My help, my service, all I am, all I have are yours now and always. Come to me now, dear, and— I'll read anything you please afterward."



DISASTROUS. Mrs. Upton (reading the paper)—Another railroad accident! Seventeen men killed! Isn't it awful, Bridget? Bridget—Yes, maam, and men so scarce! It's dreadful.



The kid in the wagon—"I tell you, Reginald, I wish you was twain! Wot a dandy pair I'd have to drive den!"



ENOUGH TO FLOAT A SCHOONER. Farmer Jones—I wonder how long this dry spell is going to continue? Foamy Flanagan—Well, I have an idea it'll continue till I can raise the small sum of a nickel!

SYSTEMATIC CATARRH HAS BUT ONE CURE. Lotions and Powders Will Never Help Unless the Blood is Given Attention. The way to radically and permanently cure catarrh is to cleanse the blood of the unhealthy secretions that keep the mucous membrane inflamed.

Catarrhal poison usually interferes with the stomach, kidneys and liver. These organs must be properly toned and strengthened, otherwise you feel sick all over. To go direct to the source of the trouble—to cleanse, nourish and purify the blood—where can you find anything so potent as Dr. Hamilton's Pills?

This grand medicine regulates the eliminating organs and completely drives the virus of catarrh out of the system. Thousands of cures prove this. Of course to clear the nose and head of mucous discharges, Dr. Hamilton recommends the use of Catarrhose Inhaler, which, if used with his pills of Mandrake and Balaugnat, cures the most obstinate case of Catarrh even known. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills in 25c boxes.

TWO SMASHUPS ON HALIFAX RAILWAY. Halifax, Sept. 15.—The Halifax & Southwestern railway had two accidents on Saturday, one of them serious, though no life was lost in either nor was there injury to passengers or train hands.

The minor accident occurred on the line between Bridgewater and Mahone Bay, and was chiefly confined to an engine which was being run tender first, and left the rails in either nor was there injury to passengers or train hands. The other affair was a bad smashup of the accommodation that left Halifax for Liverpool Saturday afternoon, and which left the rails four miles west of Hubbards. Ahead of a number of ordinary freight cars was an Imperial Oil Company tank car, containing 5,000 gallons of kerosene. This car broke down and five freight cars piled on top of it, three of them smashing into splinters. The merchandise they were loaded with was scattered, and the oil from the broken tank saturated everything.

SERIOUS STABBING AFFRAY AT TRURO. Truro, N. S., Sept. 15.—An incident took place this afternoon in John R. Murray's livery stable in which Allan Murray was badly injured. A man by the name of McCready, working in the woods near Truro, accompanied by a friend, engaged a horse and covered buggy from Murray, returning the same in a broken condition. Murray demanded payment for the damage, as well as the hire, and McCready refused to pay. Words ensued and McCready drew a dirk knife, stabbing Allan Murray three times in the back. He also slashed at J. R. Murray, but missed his aim, only cutting Mr. Murray's coat and inflicting slight injury to his hand. Chief Constable arrested both men.

Warts Disfigure the Hands but can be painlessly removed in twenty-four hours by the use of Putnam's Wart and Corn Extractor. Fifty years in use and still the best. Insist on getting Putnam's only.



"The storm in the mother's breast died down as across her dead she looked at her husband's child."