

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1907.

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## "AS A MAN SOWS."

BY HELEN WALLACE

THE GREATEST OF THESE "THEIR  
HEARTS DESIRE, ETC.

(Continued)

"Will you tell me what I am to do—what I can do? Now that I am better I want to do you longer than I can help. There must be something in the world that I can do, some place I can go—anywhere from here, it does not much matter where."

"What can you do?" echoed Sir David, as if he hardly understood her. "We can do nothing now but go on with it—there is no other way."

It was Isabel's turn now to stare at him, uncomprehending.

"Go on with it—what can you mean?"

"What I mean," reiterated Sir David impatiently, the uncomprehending irritation of overstrained nerves always ready to burst into flame. "We have no choice left—you cannot go away—you must surely see that—we must go on with it."

"We—we—what have I to do with it?" cried Isabel, flushing from dull white misery into a blaze of scorn which transfigured her. "How can you—how dare you think so meanly, so miserably of me? Am I to blame?—is it my fault that I am here? Do you think because I have been tossed aside among the waste and strays of life that I am ready at your bidding to act such a lie? To act it? To be an inmate in every breath, every word, every look? No, no, no—it would be like selling my soul. I can take no hand in it. Whatever I may be, I have at least my own self to be true to."

"It is not for my own sake," he said, rather faintly. "God knows I have no right to ask anything from your hands—for her sake—my wife's sake."

"But that is the dreadful part," cried Isabel, her passion mounting with her words. "It's that I can't bear to go on cheating that good, sweet woman. Oh, how good she is! I didn't know there were women like her. Since—since I know, it has been horrible. I have felt like a murderer—the judge every time she looks at me—and when she calls me her darling, her dear child, and when she kisses me—burns," and she struck her self on the mouth, "and it burns here. I thought she was my mother—to know that she is not is the cruellest loss of all, but I can't go on with it. I have kept silence till now because I was too lost, too bewildered to speak, but a hundred times over, when she's been so patient and good to me, I've nearly screamed out the truth—I've no right to your love, to your care, I'm not your child, I'm not your Isabel." Suddenly she stopped in mid-breath. "Where is her own child—

where is she?" her voice dropping to a half-frightened whisper.

It was his one and only plea, and he knew it. The outward appeals, the glittering baits of ease and luxury, name and rank and station, those deadly lures for souls, these would not move this girl whose portion had been black poverty, to whom shame had been as a sword in her bones. So far, at least, he had understood her.

Isabel stood stone-still, her hands so tightly locked together that hours afterwards she wondered vaguely at the marks left by the pressure of her fingers, but at the moment she was wholly unconscious of it, for she was feeling helpless in a deadlier grip—the grip of the inevitable. Her mind was working with merciless clearness. It did not need Sir David's words to put the situation before her.

"It seems so dreadful," she said in a hard whisper, making a last despairing, unavailing effort against the all-controlling, all-compelling power of Circumstance, which was forcing her on, inch by inch, over the brink. "So dreadful to make me leave my life or set purpose a deliberate lie. I would loathe myself, and what good could come of it? Though I watch every word I say—some day I shall betray myself, and then—oh, my God, what then?"

"But you mustn't betray yourself," with one of his swift alterations of mood to a sudden harsh peremptoriness. Now that you know you will be on your guard, you can avoid these outbreaks that have surprised people."

Isabel shook her head. "Oh, it's that that makes it harder," she said miserably. "They had always plenty to blame me for, but at least they could never blame me for selling lies—no, not even to save myself."

"But to save someone else," implied Sir David. "Isn't her happiness worth the sacrifice?" He could say no more.

Through the falling autumn dusk, Lady Stormont's eyes seemed to shine out upon Isabel with that kindling light which awoke only for her.

"I'd give my life for her," she cried, with a gust of tears, the first which had relieved the dry aching of heart and eyes, and which seemed to sweep away her resistance with them. "I'll do even this dreadful thing if it will make her happy. When it is for her sake, surely I shall be forgiven," she cried brokenly, as she flung herself down amid the cushions.

### CHAPTER XXI.

"AND THE CHILDREN'S TEETH ARE SET ON EDGE."

"Here you are, at last; I've been hunting for you everywhere. So the great



question is settled," exclaimed Basil Conyers, as he came upon Isabel leaning over the balustrade of the garden terrace, her eyes wandering listlessly over the formal Italian garden—a changed scene now, for the lingering summer had fled before the autumn frosts, which had laid its glories low.

The brilliant many-hued mosaic of flower beds lay a waste of shriveled blooms and blackened stalks, while the statues of nymph, or goddess, or frolicsome faun, laughing Hebe, rose-garlanded Flora, or beautiful Ceres—alien shapes under that cold, overclouded sky—seemed gazing in forlorn wonder over the desolation around.

And Isabel's gaze was as forlorn as theirs, while over her young beauty an indefinable change had passed, as real, if not as outwardly devastating as the frost-blight over the garden. With her proud, delicate face set in the ruddy glory of her hair, she must always be beautiful, but something was gone from face and eyes, something which could never be restored—the something perhaps which Urdine lost when, to her sorrow and her salvation, she found her soul. The sheer, unquestioning joy of youth, which had made the girl's whole personality so radiant was quenched—that zest in mere life which makes of common food a feast, of each returning day a new beginning, all of fresh promise, and which gives edge and point to all existence—the first spark of life and effervescence off the cup—that was gone, and what had taken its place?

Conyers could no more have answered that question than he could have analyzed the change which, like Lady Stormont, who had been quick to notice it, he was ready to attribute to the effects of Isabel's illness. It would soon pass away, he tried to assure himself; but when she turned toward him there sprang up before him, in sharp contrast with her altered look and the weary autumn scene, that glowing day when the garden was in all its glory, and when for the first time, with opened eyes, he had looked into his love's face. After all, it was only that brief illness which had wrought the change, he was wondering doubtfully, wistfully, as Isabel answered indifferently:

"Yes, I believe we are to start next week."

"The sooner the better; you'll be glad to get away from here now, I should think," looking over the miller river to the half-seen hills, dim under rainy cloud-fringes.

"I shall, indeed," she answered with such sudden emphasis and fervor that Conyers was somewhat surprised.

"Well, you're a great time before you," he said heartily. "Switzerland—Italy—Venice—Rome, that's the program, isn't it?"

"Yes; but, of course, they are only names to me yet."

"The reality will seem all the more wonderful then, and you'll be able to lay in again a whole new stock of first impressions. I am to come and try if I couldn't see things again through your eyes. I might serve as escort sometimes when Sir David wants a day off. He has decided to go, too."

"Yes," answered Isabel.

Conyers was silent. Was this the reason why the girl's joyous expectations seemed so wholly quenched? He had been surprised to hear that Sir David was to be of the party, though since her illness he had shown a careful, scrupulous courtesy towards his daughter, such as is never needed where there is real understanding and affection, and to which Isabel had responded with only too evident effort. Now Basil wondered afresh, as he had done often before, what could have been said that day in the library which had so evidently deepened the breach between the two and brought this cloud over Isabel's life.

"Then you would not object if I turned up somewhere on the way?" he asked

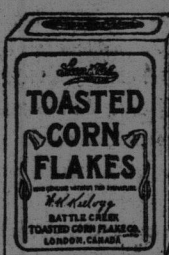
### Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



A PRACTICAL DRESS FOR THE GROWING SCHOOLGIRL.

Between the ages of twelve and fourteen the school girl grows so fast that it is almost impossible to keep her in clothes of the proper size. Her skirts seem to grow shorter daily, and waists take on a snug fit that is neither attractive nor comfortable. To obviate this, very practical dresses, which might be called variations of the Russian blouse—are considered the best form of dress for girls of the above-mentioned years. Made of some serviceable fabric, such as mohair or panama, the material is cut in one piece from the neck to hem and laid in deep box pleats, either pressed or stitched to the waistline, and from thence they spring out to form the

skirt fulness. The under-arm seam flares from the waistline and the bottom of the skirt is finished with a deep hem for future alterations. The back of the dress is made the same as the front, and there is a tailored belt which fastens in the front through a strap like that on the under arm seam, through which the belt is run. A yoke effect is created in this model with light blue cloth braided with black soutache, and the neck is cut round. The material of the dress is a navy blue serge. Full sleeves, puffed to the elbow are gathered into a wide stitched cuff of the serge trimmed with two bands of hercules braid.



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as Isabel added nothing to her last monosyllable.

"If I should I?" with rather forced animation. "But I fancy you'll be better employed. You won't want to leave the pleasant and the foxes to wander about picture galleries. You think I am rather lackluster about it all," before Conyers could utter any disclaimer, "but it's strange how sometimes a thing seems all that you want until you get it. I daresay I shall get more excited about it by and by, and ought to, for when I remember—"

She stopped short, with a quick indrawing of the breath.

"You remember!" exclaimed Conyers, eagerly.

(To be continued.)

## CONSERVATIVE MEETING WAS A DECIDED SUCCESS

Opera House Filled and Much Enthusiasm Was Aroused by Messrs. Borden and Bergeron—The Audience Also Insisted on Hearing Mr. Fowler, and Gave Him a Great Reception.

A big crowd filled the Opera House Tuesday night to hear R.L. Borden, the Conservative leader and J.G.H. Bergeron, who are touring Canada in the interests of their party. Mr. Borden, when he appeared and when he finished was most heartily cheered, and throughout his speech, which occupied about an hour and a half, he was frequently applauded. He spoke with telling deliberation, and besides outlining the platform of the Conservatives and dwelling effectively upon each plank of the policy, he launched a detailed and severe indictment against the Liberal administration, charging it with violating its pledges, encouraging corruption, and deliberately shielding the malefactors who were robbing the people of Canada.

Mr. Borden's references to the equipment of national ports, to an effective transportation and cold storage policy, and to the necessity for a quick, cheap and adequate freight service to Britain and Europe, commanded close attention. He referred upon some of his critics in effective fashion, and closed by urging the party to put its best men forward as candidates and by predicting victory for the Conservative party when the government goes to the country.

Mr. Bergeron made a rattling speech and laughter and applause greeted almost every sentence.

Dr. Daniel, M. P., who introduced Mr. Borden, spoke at some length and was accorded a fine reception.

George W. Fowler, M. P. for Kings-Albert, who sat on the platform, responded to insistent calls from the crowd when Mr. Bergeron had finished. Mr. Fowler made a fighting speech of his own peculiar kind and evidently was much appreciated by the crowd, judging by the demonstration it evoked.

St. Mary's Band gave the Conservative leader a musical reception at the entrance to the Opera House last evening, where he was received by the committee and members of the Borden Club. The interior of the Opera House was gay with flags and streamers, the work of the Borden Club, and appropriate mottoes such as "Our leader Canada's next premier" were hung round the balcony. The horses and stage were also artistically decorated. The Opera House was well filled at 8 o'clock and a large and representative gathering of Conservatives not only from St. John but from other constituencies occupied seats on the stage. Among those on the platform were:

Senator Josiah Wood, G. W. Ganong, M. P., Gerald White, M. P. (Renfrew), R. D. Wilton, M. P., G. W. Fowler, M. P., Wm. Bayard, Dr. Silas Alward, W. H. Thorne, Dr. R. F. Quigley, J. D. Hazen, M. P., P. Dr. A. W. Mackay, R. Harvey, M. P., J. de Wolfe Spry, L. P. D. Tilley, W. W. Hubbard, O. S. Crockett, M. P., Dr. J. W. Vanwart, Dr. O. E. Moorhouse, Mayor H. F. McLeod, Fredrickson, Jas. H. Crockett, C. H. Thomas, Thomas Robison, James Pinder, ex-M. P., M. G. Teed, W. S. Fisher, ex-M. P., M. P., Dr. Hunter White, H. H. Pickett, R. B. Emerson, Leon Keith, Donaldson Hunt, J. N. Harvey, H. A. Austin, J. E. Wilson, Archibald McLean, William Lewis, Fred Lewis, E. F. Greeney, Dr. G. G. Melvin, Dr. J. C. Mott, H. H. Mott, P. A. Dykeman, H. A. Powell, C. C. R. L. Gerow, Geo. A. Blair, Geo. Elliott, D. R. Ramsey, Andrew Myles, R. McLeod, G. V. Belyea, G. Fred Fisher, James Myles, J. McKinney, Miles E. Agar, H. W. Woods, W. D. Turner, J. S. Tait and A. B. Maggs.

The entrance of Mr. Borden accompanied by Dr. Daniel, J. D. Hazen, M. P., P. Dr. B. Bergeron and others brought a cheer from the audience, followed by three and a tiger for the Conservative leader.

Dr. J. W. Daniel, M. P., in opening the meeting, said he was very much pleased to greet the leader of the Conservative party and of his majesty's opposition in Great Britain and the United States. He would not say that examination was the best system, but it was better than the system now carried out in Canada. At present nine-tenths of the time of the members of the party in power were taken up with appointments which was unfair to the people.

Immigration, he said, was another point which required attention, and urged the necessity of peopling the west with the best class of settlers rather than with indiscriminate hordes.

Touching on the subject of the public domain, Mr. Borden contended that development should be for the interest of Canada and not the speculator. He referred to land deals by the government without forms of law or by tender had permitted the land to pass into the hands of speculators. The land for the settler was said to have been part of the Liberal platform but no article in the oblique faith had been more scandalously violated.

Dealing with public franchises, Mr. Borden said while the capitalist might be given a reward he should not receive all that arose from the growth of the country. He advocated that when the whole cost of bonds as in the case of the G. T. P. was guaranteed by the people of Canada some share in the common stock should be given in return. It would create an interest in the enterprise and be a safeguard against unjust legislation.

With regard to the control of public utilities, Mr. Borden referred to the support given the government in establishing a railway commission. He stood for reorganization of the commission with a larger personnel and jurisdiction. While the Conservative party would not ally itself with corporations, it would safeguard both capitalist and people.

The transportation problem was never

sentiment in this part of the country, and he agreed with the statement if it was made all over the country a great change in sentiment. "I allude to public opinion becoming tired of the rule to which they have been subject for the past eight or ten years. There is a noticeable change in public opinion throughout the length and breadth of Canada. (Cheers). The people have become tired of the scandals, the ever increasing scandals, not only in parliament but in the committees of parliament. They have become tired of the men in public life, ministers of the crown who stand up in parliament and attempt to hide and condone the scandals," said the speaker.

He referred to his having been likened to Sir John Thompson, and said he considered no greater compliment could be paid him, for when charges were laid the door of public departments under his administration he did not stand up and vote down an investigation and protect the criminals. That was not the course pursued by Sir John Thompson or the Conservative administration. How different a course is the present government pursuing! "How many times have I and my friends been seen on the treasury bench stand up and vote down investigation and resort to every trick to stifle it."

"The Conservative party," he said, "stand for elections being conducted without bribery and fraud, and while we stand for electoral reform and better enforcement of the law the Conservative party has an opportunity for doing great service by running elections in conformity with the law in future."

Mr. Borden went on to speak of the attitude of the Liberal party on the occasion when H. A. Powell, ex-M. P. for Westmorland county, was before the committee on privileges in 1898, and to the response of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to his (Mr. Borden's) motion that certain charges against a returning officer should be investigated. The premier had replied that all better matter could engage the attention of the house and the motion had passed. When they went before the committee the Liberal majority took the matter out of their hands and in spite of overwhelming evidence wasted time until the end of the session, when the hearing was adjourned. At the next session he contended no further investigation was necessary and the accused man went free.

"I say," continued Mr. Borden, "as acts like these by the Liberal government and its followers that have made possible the frightful election scandals which have prevailed since that time. (Cheers). I charge direct connivance in those frauds. That which we brought to light could never have gone on but for the act of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues in 1898."

Mr. Borden referred also to the election in St. James division, Montreal, which was stolen and for which only a light sentence was imposed and to what took place in London (Ont.) in the latter part of the year. In the latter case the Conservative candidate polled 105 votes against 144 for Mr. Hyman but it was shown that 102 of the 144 votes were bribed by payment of \$88 and the votes were handed over to each man after the election.

"Where did that money come from?" continued the speaker. "Whose money was it? When we consider the exorbitant prices paid to middlemen who must consider the money to buy votes comes from the end from the pockets of the people of this country. Are we to submit that men shall stand up in parliament who are not representatives of the true will of the people but of the money of the people? I say no. The people of Canada will not stand for it." (Cheers).

Mr. Borden proceeded to refer to the case of Wagner, the interpreter who after serving two terms in prison was prominent in an election campaign in the northwest where barrels of beer were given to voters. He spoke of the exposure of the case by G. W. Fowler, M. P., in parliament and of a demand for an investigation being voted down. The government's absolute disregard of the public trust was outrageous.

Taking up the question of civil service reform, Mr. Borden referred to reforms in Great Britain and the United States. He would not say that examination was the best system, but it was better than the system now carried out in Canada. At present nine-tenths of the time of the members of the party in power were taken up with appointments which was unfair to the people.

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(Continued on Page 7.)



"When it is for her sake, surely I shall be forgiven."

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