

AS A MAN SOWS

Copyright, 1907, by the North American Company.
BY HELEN WALLACE,
Author of "The Greatest of These," "Their Hearts' Desire," Etc.

CHAPTER XXVI. Iphigenia.

It was not only Lady Stormont who had wondered uneasily at Isobel's sudden variations of mood. Conyers had observed them too, and his deep inward discomfort was forced to attribute them in some way to Ashe's presence, though he had to admit that the latter strolled along to all appearance little affected by them. The truth was that Isobel's endurance was reaching the breaking point. Since she had flung her last taunt at Ashe, that meeting under the chapel portico might have been a bad dream for all the reference he made to it—in words at least. But his presence was a veiled menace, his smile, the little ordinary courtesies he tendered, made her tremble. The sword which was hanging over her head must fall soon; but still he chose to speak who could not reopen the subject—pride and the position she had taken to treat his allegations as wild, incredible flimsies, both rendered it impossible now she was torn between the rocky horror of what must come and a reckless longing for anything even the worst, to happen—at least it would be over.

Basil had lingered a little, talking to a man, as rough-looking as his very primitive abode, but who had a few words of English—as who has not in that tourist-ridden land? They were discussing the weather, and the possibility of further climbing that season; and then, as the man showed a good deal of knowledge of the subject, a scheme which Basil had been revolving of crossing the mountains into Italy and rejoining the Stormont party there—provided always they were safely reached. The peasant promptly pronounced the idea to be madness, which roused Conyers to argue on behalf of his project, till at last, looking round, he found himself apparently left alone. A glance down the rocky track showed him only two figures, winding slowly down. Isobel must have gone further on then—and with Ashe.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



4266

4266—A PRETTY AND SERVICE-ABLE FROCK.

A smart little dress for either school or home wear is here sketched. Navy blue serge was used for modelling, tartan silk being chosen for the collar, cuffs and belt. The long-waisted blouse is constructed on the popular Gibson lines, the wide box-pleats, stitched to yoke depth, adding apparent length to the figure and width to the shoulder. The reverse, which gives a pleasing effect of jauntiness, may be omitted if desired. The skirt is straight, side-pleated model, attached to the blouse under the belt. The dress is appropriate for modelling in any of the seasonable materials, 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch goods being needed for the 8-year size.

4266—Eight sizes, 5 to 12 years.
The price of this pattern is 10c.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name

Street Address

Town

Province

Measurement: Bust Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

CAUTION—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 22, 24, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

Address—
PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
LONDON ADVERTISER.

eyes by nature and by training usually served as an admirable mask, but no effort now could keep the triumph out of the look he fixed upon Isobel.

Conyers resolutely averted his eyes. It seemed the one thing left he could do for Isobel. As for Ashe, if he looked at him he might kill him.

Isobel had maintained a cold silence. Her face was as white as the dead blank of the wall behind her, against which her hair showed like the glory encircling the head of the saint throned above the altar. Her eyes did not flinch before Ashe's look, but the position was horrible. Was ever woman in a sorer strait between the man she loved and the man she loathed? What could Basil be thinking of her—if only she could see his face, but he was staring hard at the square of cold gray light framed in the open doorway. She must speak, already the silence seemed to have lasted beyond all thought, the triumph in Ashe's eyes was uncoiled.

"It does not depend on me, Mr. Ashe. You must do what you think best," she said in a cold, contained, almost indifferent tone.

Ashe looked at her.

"You mean that?"

"I do."

"And that is your last word. I have been very patient, but I may not give you another chance to change your mind."

"I might be sheer rashness on her part, or some lingering hope that even yet the worst might not come; but if the girl's attitude enraged Ashe, he had at least the satisfaction that each word spoken was gall and wormwood.

—the very bitterness of death to the young man standing still and impassive between them.

"I have nothing more to say," said Isobel.

"Then I shall have to go to Sir David, after all," said Ashe with the outward coolness he had preserved all through; "but I think he will expect, as fathers have a way of doing, that his daughter will play Iphigenia to his Agamemnon."

"There's been enough of this," broke in Conyers with a look of roughness—a man on the rack does not use courtly phrases. "Have you anything more you wish to say to this—to Mr. Ashe?"

Isobel. "Not!" "Very well, then, it is time we were getting back to shelter," and without another look at Ashe he drew her in front of him, and followed her out of the chapel.

They had threaded their way through the village again, and were descending the rocky track before Isobel was conscious of her surroundings again. She had dared the lightning; indeed, now, when would the thunderbolt fall? Whether she had a right to it or not, she had surely established some claim to the staunch old motto of her house, "I dare," she may have thought as with leaden feet she trod the stony path, with the frozen mountains around, the boding sky above and Conyers' footfalls behind ringing out through the silence.

Each one seemed planted on her fainting heart. Won she be able to set herself right in his eyes? Ever able to explain how she had become involved in this hopeless coil? He did not seem inclined to afford her any opportunity. For a time they walked steadily on in silence; now and then a snowflake floated down from the iron sky, and the footstep behind her would quicken a little, as if urging her to hasten—hasten.

Suddenly, as the path turned the shoulder of the hill, a blast swooped down upon them like an eagle from the icy heights, and went shrieking up the valley, letting loose the storm. The sky seemed to descend upon the mountains, from the gorges mists swirled up to meet the clouds, the whole air was one choking flurry of swirling snow. So sharp and fierce was the assault that Isobel, blinded, breathless, bewildered, swayed before the blast and staggered back. Next moment she felt the strong support of Conyers' arm, heard his voice in her ear through the uproar.

"We'll have to make a fight for it; there's no shelter here."

And step by step they battled on against the furious wind through the suffocating smother of snow. It was still early in the afternoon, but so heavy were the leaden clouds, so prodigious the downfall of snow, that what light struggled through was wan and dim, like fading twilight. Had they had darkness to contend with, too, their plight would have been hopeless. As it was, it was desperate enough, for the path in many places was built up with huge round blocks along the edge of the ravine, and a lase step amid the muffling snow would hurl them to the depths of the gorge, where far away down when the writhing mists parted, they could catch a glimpse of the jagged black spikes of the pines.

"Are we in danger?" Isobel asked once in a low voice.

"Well, a slip here would be rather awkward," said Conyers as cheerfully as he could.

With one arm he was supporting Isobel, with the other hand feeling for the path with his stick, which he devoutly wished had been an alpenstock.

"If only you can hold on, we shall soon be past the worst of it," he added. But cold and fatigue were doing their work, and to Isobel at that moment that swift downward slide through the soft yielding snow seemed the easier part—no more questions, no more struggle, Basil with her, not doubting nor wondering any more.

"You're getting tired. I wish you'd let me carry you a bit." Basil's voice seemed to come from a long distance off, and she roused herself to shake off the deepening stupor.

To Be Continued.

URGE KING TO APOSTASY

Dresden, Nov. 1.—The Dresden Journal publishes an open letter to King Frederick Augustus of Saxony, signed by a great number of persons who were formerly in favor of the princess, now Mme. Toseh. The following is an extract from the letter:

"If the Pope will not break the marriage which counts have annulled, make a sacrifice for your country and people, who are indissolubly bound to you. Enter the Evangelical Church of your country. All obstacles will then disappear, and you will be able to give a Queen to your people."

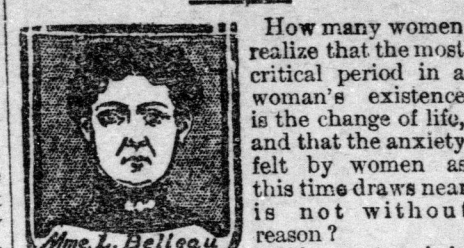
The Prince Augustus, of Saxony, became a Catholic to obtain a crown. Do you now make a sacrifice? Abandon Rome and give your people a mother."

A great sensation prevails throughout Saxony.

A CRITICAL PERIOD

INTELLIGENT WOMEN PREPARE

Dangers and Pain of This Critical Period Avoided by the Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



How many women realize that the most critical period in a woman's existence is the change of life, and that the anxiety felt by women at this time draws near is not without reason?

If the system is in a damaged condition, or she is predisposed to apoplexy of any organ, it is at this time likely to become active and, with a host of nervous irritations, make life a burden.

At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to begin their destructive work. Such warning symptoms as a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, dizziness, headache, drowsiness, palpitation, sounds in the ears, faintness, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and incontinence are promptly headed by intelligent women who are approaching the period of change.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the world's greatest remedy for women at this trying period.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound invigorates and strengthens the female organism, and builds up the weakened nervous system as no other medicine can.

Madame Louis Belleau of 17 Ramsay St., Quebec, Que., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Your Vegetable Compound assisted me to pass the change of life with but very little sickness and pain, and I am pleased to give it my endorsement, for I feel that it is the medicine which every woman should take. I am the mother of three children, and when I reached the age of fifty, naturally I felt more nervous and irritable. I feel sure that I had not taken your Vegetable Compound I should not have passed the climax safely. I took it and now find that I am in splendid health and strength and feel younger and better than I did ten years ago. Much thanks to your medicine, and may all suffering women learn of its value.

For special advice regarding this important period, women are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. She is a daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge. Her advice is free and always helpful to ailing women.

GREAT GATHERING OF ROYALTIES

Kings and Princes By Dozen at Windsor During Kaiser's Visit.

London, Nov. 3.—On the occasion of the visit of the German Emperor to England next week there will be a remarkable gathering of the royalties of Europe at Windsor. Four sovereigns and their consorts and three crown princes will be present.

England will be represented by King Edward, Queen Alexandra and the Prince of Wales; Germany, by Emperor William and Empress Augusta Victoria; Norway by King Haakon, Queen Maud and Prince Olaf; Spain by King Alfonso, Queen Victoria Eugenie and the Prince of Asturias. Not since the funeral of Queen Victoria has there been a similar gathering of royalties in England.

The Queen of Portugal also will be visiting in this country this month. The two royal children who are visiting London are the idols of the hour. Prince Oskar, a handsome and conspicuous scion, is a merry youngster, and evidently is enjoying his popularity. The Prince of the Asturias is not old enough to take notice of the sensations he causes when he appears in public.

Another event of the month that will bring together many royalties is the wedding of Don Carlos of Spain and Princess Louise of Orleans, which takes place at Wood Norton, the English home of the Duke of Orleans, the head of the Bourbon-Orleans family. The King and Queen of Spain, the Queen of Portugal and the Duke and Duchess of Aosta will all be present at the ceremony and receptions, for which elaborate arrangements are being made.

A staff of several hundred workmen are busy in and around the historic riverside home of the British sovereign, and have already greatly altered the appearance of the grounds and building.

A series of the most elaborate entertainments has been arranged, including theatrical performances and great state banquets, at which the German Emperor will meet many of the leaders of Great Britain's social and political worlds. The banquet, if plans do not miscarry, will surpass in splendor anything of the kind before attempted here, for, in this, as in all other respects, King Edward is desirous of showing the greatest honor to his nephew, in the hope of forging another link in the chain which is to draw the two countries closer together.

The days will be spent by the Emperor and King and the other guests in hunting in Windsor Great Park, which is well stocked with game, but the royal visitors will have to spare one day from sport to pay a visit of state to the City of London and be entertained by the Lord Mayor at luncheon.

This visit to the city is the cause of some apprehension, for a section of the English Socialists have declared their intention of making hostile demonstrations along the line of the procession from Paddington station to the Guildhall. The police, having been forewarned, will make every effort to prevent their carrying out their intentions, but it may prove a matter of some difficulty. The general public may, however, be relied upon to give the grandson of Queen Victoria a warm welcome.

DON'T USE THE KNIFE.

That's the barbarous way of treating corns; dangerous, too. Any corn can be removed painlessly by Putnam's Corn Extractor in 24 hours. Try it.

"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money."

Our Mill-End Sale Makes It Possible to Save Largely On Winter Underwear

Everybody is right on the verge of throwing off their summer underwear and donning the warmer woolen garments, so this Great Mill-End Sale happens "just in the nick of time." Couldn't wish for a more fortunate occurrence, could you?

Buy all the underwear the family will require until at least next spring. This is the kind of underwear you will enjoy wearing. It's made by the well-known Puritan Mills, which is a guarantee of its reliability and goodness. To be sure, the garments are odd lines and seconds, but why seconds you will be puzzled to see in hosts of instances. And the lowness of the prices hugely overbalance in your favor any slight defects that may be visible in the underwear.

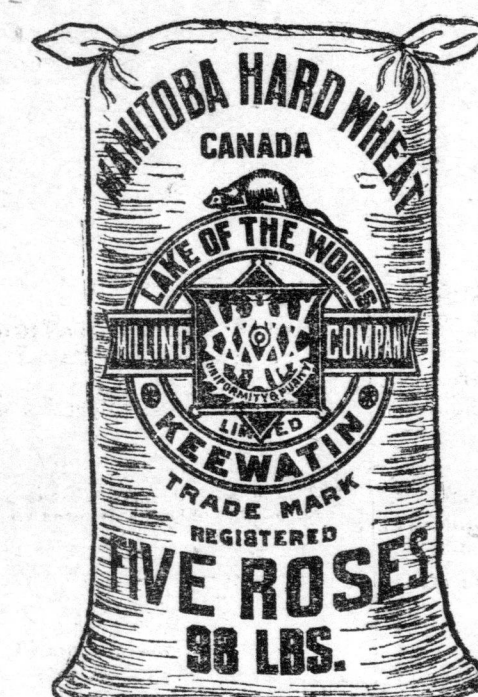
Here is a brief summary of the lines on sale:

Ladies' Combination Suits in gray. Worth \$1.50 for 98c; worth \$1 for 79c; worth 75c for 59c.
Ladies' Vests and Drawers in gray. Worth 50c for.....39c
Ladies' Vests and Drawers in black, white and gray. Worth \$1.00 per garment. Mill End Sale Price.....69c
Ladies' Natural Wool Vests and Drawers, Regular \$1, for.....79c
Ladies' Vests in gray only. Regular 25c garment, for.....19c
Children's Underwear in gray, white and black. A big variety of lines and prices. Values are something astonishing.

Mill Ends of Linens, Flannelettes, Cambrics,

Towelings, Gray Cotton Sheetings, Diapers and Table Napkins. We are not quoting prices, but can promise you the most generous kind of savings. Our advice is to pick up what you require at the earliest possible moment.

150 Dundas and Carling **GRAY & PARKER** 150 Dundas and Carling



Trifles Make Perfection But Perfection Is No Trifle.

It is only by the most careful attention to every trifling detail in the milling of "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR that we have been able to bring this brand up to its present state of perfection, and are able to maintain it. Every single bushel of grain which enters our mills, every single bag and barrel of flour which leaves them is tested and re-tested at every stage of the milling, in order to insure the absolute purity and uniformity for which "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR is noted the world over.

This attention to trifles is costly, but it enables us to maintain a reputation for perfection, which is no trifle, and users of "FIVE ROSES" can rely upon getting the "flour of perfect quality" for all household uses.

Ask your grocer for it.

Lake of The Woods Milling Co.,

MONTREAL.

Limited.

Local Office, Canadian Bank of Commerce Chambers, London, Ont.

WEDDED 100 YEARS AGO

Two Old People Always Lived in Native Village.

Vienna, Nov. 3.—There has just been celebrated in the little village of Isenbogl the anniversary of a wedding which occurred just 100 years ago. All Hungary is interested and the Emperor has asked the authorities to forward him official particulars so he can personally congratulate the couple.

The long-wedded couple are named Szathmari. The husband is 120 years old and his wife 118. They have hundreds of descendants in and around the village.

A score of years ago there was a celebration in honor of the man's 100th birthday, and application was made to the Hungarian Government for a pension. It was granted after the records of the village had been examined and the man's age verified. Four years later the woman also was granted a pension.

The old people live in a modest cottage and are well looked after by relatives. They are nearly blind and deaf, and sleep nearly all the time. The man, however, still enjoys his pipe and a glass of wine, and neither is bedridden.

It is a strange fact that in all their years they have never left the village, and know nothing of the great world outside of Isenbogl. They were both born there and have lived continuously a quiet and peaceful life.

The celebration of their 100th wedding day was participated in by the entire village, which is proud of having established without any doubt, a



SPRAINS, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, CUTS AND CONTUSIONS

There are many complaints where immediate assistance is required to avert and check disease action. In cases of this kind R. B. Relief is an important and infallible assistant. In many cases curing the patient before the doctor reaches the house. Croup, Diphtheria, Influenza, Croup, Spasms, Burns, Scalds, Acidosis, Bruises, Falls, Gunshot Wounds, Poisonous Bites of Dogs, Snakes, Stings of Insects, etc. In a few moments the wonderful properties of the Ready Relief are exhibited, and the disease arrested and exterminated before it is developed.

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.
Be sure and keep handy Radway's remedies, for they have done good service for the past 50 years and are household words everywhere as they should be, for they have saved many a life and many a doctor's bill.

Radway's Ready Relief
For Internal and External Use.
IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE.

Sold by all Druggists. RADWAY & CO., Montreal, Can.

MAGIC



SODA

OR SALE STATUS IS THE BEST.
E.W. GILLET LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

A Bad Stomach

Lessens the usefulness and mars the happiness of life.

It's a weak stomach, a stomach that can not properly perform its functions. Among its symptoms are distress after eating, nausea between meals, heartburn, belching, vomiting, flatulence and nervous headache.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures a bad stomach, indigestion and dyspepsia, and the cure is permanent. Accept no substitute.