

New Clothing Progress Brand

Come in, Saturday, and look at our new lines of Suits and Overcoats. The prices are marked very close.

UNION CLOTHING CO.

26 and 28 Charlotte Street, Old Y. M. C. A. Building, ALEX. CORBET, Manager

"AS A MAN SOWS."

BY HELEN WALLACE

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

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Isobel Stormont, daughter of Sir David Stormont, a wealthy Scotch country gentleman, disappears without leaving the slightest trace. She was a quiet, retiring girl, with only one distinguishing feature—beautiful Elysian hair, which had been a mark of the Stormont family for generations.

Her fiancé, Basil Conyers, comes from London to aid in the search for her, and finally receives intelligence that a girl answering to her description has been seen with a band of gypsies.

Guided by a gypsy, he finds Isobel, almost dead, in an abandoned dwelling. Her clothes have been changed, and when she recovers she seems to be another girl. All memory of her experiences has been wiped out by the privations she has undergone, and she begins a new life. Her character is quite changed, and she completely captivates Basil, whose affection for her herebefore has been more of the cousinly kind.

In one of the pockets of her gown is found an old Testament, which Sir David appropriates and he seems unexplainably perturbed over her return.

Various stories of the girl's experiences are circulated, and attract the attention of Evelyn Ashe, a fortune hunter, who meets her at a charity fête given at her home. Meanwhile Sir David extracts a promise from Basil that he will not renew his engagement until Christmas, which is four months away.

Then, to complicate matters further, Ashe leaves Isobel from being run over by an automobile, and discovers that the old Testament which Sir David's possession may contain a clue to the mystery of her seemingly dual identity.

He shrewdly accuses the girl's curiosity, while she is yet nervous and mentally unstrung over the disappearance of her portrait from its place on the wall. She searches her father's desk and finds the Testament. What she discovers written on the flyleaf throws her into a faint and another spell of illness.

For the benefit of her health and of Sir David's the Stormonts go abroad. Ashe follows, and in Switzerland overhears the keepers of an English orphan asylum remarking upon the wonderful resemblance of Isobel to a runaway girl who had been in their care. He vainly attempts to force her to engage herself to him, and just after a painful interview she attempts suicide, and is rescued by Conyers.

CHAPTER XXVI. IPIGENTIA.

It was not only Lady Stormont who had wondered unceasingly 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 Isobel'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 confidence was reaching the breaking point. Since she had flung her last taunt at Ashe, that morning under the chapel porch might have been a bad dream for all the reference he made to it—in words at least. But his presence was a well-remembered, his smile, his little ordinary

courtesy he tendered, made her tremble. The sword which was hanging over her head must fall—and soon; but till he chose to speak she could not re-open the subject—pride and the position she had taken up, to treat his allegations as wild, incredible fictions, both rendered it impossible, still now she was torn between a shrinking 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 rid of Ashe. The peasant promptly pronounced the idea to be madness, which roused Conyers to argue on behalf of his project. At last, looking round, he found himself apparently left alone. A glance down the rocky track showed him only two figures, winding slowly down it. Isobel must have gone further on then—and with Ashe!

Well, the storm which the peasant said was brewing would be reason enough to insist upon her return. He pushed his way through the village, which could boast nothing that could be called a street, the crazy, tottering chalets standing shoulder to shoulder, as close almost as stacks in a stackyard. As he neared the further end, he was certain that he heard voices, but when he stood in the open again the wide, high valley, sweeping up to the cold, gleaming fangs of a glacier, lay empty in all its expanse before him. They must be somewhere about this hide-and-seek place then, but as he passed again by the tiniest and roughest of chalets, he chafed in among the chalets, Isobel's voice struck plainly on his ear, and to his fancy with a note of distress in it. Next instant his hand was on the rotting door, but before he could push it back he heard Ashe say calmly:

"I have not hurried you in any way, I have not pressed for an answer. I have given you plenty of time to think, but you must see that there is only one answer possible, and that what I ask, I must have—I will have." There was finality in the three slowly uttered words.

Conyers flung the rickety door back with a crash. The tiny, misty place within could have been spanned by his outstretched arms, and before the altar, under a rude figure of the church's militant saint, Ashe and Isobel were standing, the girl shrinking as far from him as the narrow confines would permit. But a better representative of the celestial champion in the eternal combat between darkness and light would have been found, in spite of his tweed shooting suit, in the young man who now burst in, his eyes aflame, bringing the breeze and joy of battle with him.

"Isn't this a quaint little place!" exclaimed Isobel, recovering herself after one low utterance of startled dismay, and with lightning quickness, and with a w-

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



TAILORED COATS OF CORDED SILK A NOVELTY.

In the new coat lines for fall are seen a number of very simple tailored coats of heavy corded silk which have been brought out for afternoon wear with costumes. These are shown in black and all the staple dark colors such as brown, blue and green, and show very little trimming, what is used being confined to the collar and cuffs. These coats are of evening length and semi-fitting, being gored on the under arm seams to give a graceful flare at the sides and back. The coat of the picture has a flounce almost half as deep as the skirt of the coat, cut slightly circular and set on the upper portion of the garment with a piping of plain silk of a shade lighter than the grey of the corded silk. Wide bands of the corded silk piped with the plain taffeta are arranged over the shoulders back and front and slipped through slots at the waist line where the pointed ends are buttoned down with a silk covered button. The same size as those which fasten the double breasted fronts with silk cord loops. The turn-over collar is of the plain taffeta embroidered in each corner in a conventional flower design and the edge outlined with a narrow silk braid in the same shade. The sleeves are full length and finished with a cuff of the same material. Taffeta silk in a dark grey shade lines the garment throughout.

At Forty

Some of the signs that life has passed its zenith appear. Exertion is followed by fatigues that are not quite worn off next morning, and the beginning of that slow decline is commenced which culminates at seventy.

At forty, men and women should be careful. Nature needs a little help, and no remedy equals Ferronze as a strengthening system builder. It renews health by producing new blood, by supplying food elements to rebuild the nervous system.

In this way the decline that sets in at forty is postponed by Ferronze. The vital fluid is renewed, surplus vigor is created, the nervous system is invigorated.

With increased appetite, sound sleep, and strong nerves you are bound to feel better—you will surely feel the enormous push Ferronze has given your health; try it. Thousands use it every day, just one tablet before meals. 50c. per box at all dealers.

FUNDS IN NEW YORK

Of Canada's withdrawal of \$1,000,000 gold from New York, the Wall Street Journal says:

"The situation in Canada is not unlike our own. Money, of course, is wanted throughout the Dominion, especially in the North-West for crop movement purposes, but it is also in strong demand in all industrial branches. The Canadian banks all report that business is good everywhere, but that there is an urgent request for funds all round. Money loans at 6, 7 and 8 per cent. The banks have to rely entirely upon their own resources to meet this demand, as the monetary system of Canada does not offer any recourse to the government treasury for assistance, for the reason that all government funds, except what is held as reserve behind notes, is all the time on deposit with the banks.

"Canadian banks with branches in New York must therefore always be prepared to meet calls from their home offices whenever the need of funds becomes urgent. For this reason these banks in New York always keep their loanable funds on call and make few time commitments."



The skin rids the system of more urea than the kidneys?

Nearly one fifth of the waste products of the body is eliminated by the skin. Suppose there is some unsuspected, unseen skin trouble—the pores are closed—the skin is unable to rid the system of its share of the waste.

Then the blood carries this waste product to the kidneys—immediately they are overworked—they strain to throw off the extra load. What the kidneys can't possibly eliminate, the blood takes up again and deposits on the nerves.

Then come the dull aches in back, hips and head—the nerves unstrung and irritated—the urine charged with impurities and highly colored—and you fear you have "Kidney Trouble."

Nonsense. Your kidneys are overworked—not diseased. What you need is "FRUIT-A-TIVES" to act on the skin.

Fruit-a-tives (or Fruit Liver Tablets)

open the clogged pores—start up healthy skin action—and let the skin perform its natural function. This instantly relieves the kidneys of overwork—the back-aches stop and the complexion is beautified. There is no excessive waste matter in the blood to bring dull headaches—the urine is cleared—the bowels are opened and regulated—and the kidneys strengthened.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" act directly on the three great eliminating organs—Skin, Kidneys and Bowels—make them well and keep them well. That is why "FRUIT-A-TIVES" cure so many cases of apparent kidney disease that are really skin troubles.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" are fruit juices—in which the natural medicinal action of fruit is many times increased by the secret process of making them. Valuable tonics and antiseptics are added and the whole made into tablets—the finest formula known to medicine.

Buy them—try them—and cure yourself at home. 50c. a box—6 boxes for \$2.50. At all druggists or sent on receipt of price.

FRUIT-A-TIVES Limited, OTTAWA.

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?

GREAT BOOM AT THE ANNAPOLIS IRON CO. MINE AT TORBROOK (Halifax Mail). Everything is booming at the Annapolis Iron Company's mine at Torbrook now, and the mine is in excellent shape. Num-

ber two shaft is down 150 feet, the D. A. R. extension to the mines is nearly completed and Number one shaft will be reopened in a few days, having been closed down whilst the Londonderry furnaces are under repair.

The Number two shaft, which is being sunk on what is believed to be the finest body of hematite ore in Canada, is looking very promising. The ore continues to be of a very superior quality, and officials at the mine are very well satisfied with it. When the shaft has been put down eighty feet one pair of levels was driven off it. Another pair will be driven when the shaft reaches a depth of 100 feet, and when eighty feet further down a third pair will be driven off. Thirty-five men are now working in this shaft.

For about two months the Number one shaft has been closed down because of the Londonderry furnaces being undergoing repairs. The furnaces are now nearly ready and will be blown in again shortly. Work commences at the mine about September 9th, and the management will want seventy-five men as soon as possible.

The extension of the D. A. R. to the mine shafts is now about completed and within a short time will be in operation. Recently Senator Drummond, of Montreal; Mons. E. Woodward, of Paris, and J. E. Parsons, C. E., Londonderry, inspected the property and afterwards visited Annapolis, where they examined several sites proposed for shipping piers for the company.

MASTODON BONES REACH VANCOUVER

Specimen of Prehistoric Animal Life Found at Skidegate B. C.—It Was of Enormous Size.

VANCOUVER, Sept. 4.—Picture a quadruped of such enormous proportions that if it sat on its haunches in Stanley Park it would cover an area of one thousand three hundred and seventy-five square feet and its head would rear three hundred feet in the air—a beast that could squat down in the midst of a dump of gigantic Douglas pines and nibble the tender top sprouts from all the trees within an acre of its position.

It requires a stretching of the imagination to conjure up a vision of such a monster—a specimen of prehistoric animal life which osteologists have never even dreamed of. That such a terrible creature once roamed about the wilds of the British Columbia coast two Vancouver men are now in the north attempting to prove. They are digging out of the earth the bones of the extinct animal and already several pieces of the skeleton have been shipped to Vancouver and have been viewed by a number of scientists and medical men who have been utterly bewildered at the spectacle.

Seven feet six inches across the forehead from eye to eye is the measurement of a skull which could not be placed in the biggest retail show window on Hastings street. The sockets apparently held eyeballs eighteen inches to two feet in diameter, with pupils the size of the lenses used in large automobile searchlights. Dr. George E. Bayfield is one of the Vancouver medical men who has inspected the specimen bones now in Vancouver. He is at a loss to even form an opinion of what manner of monster they belonged to. One of the bones is a rib over sixteen feet in length, another half a pelvic bone remarkably well developed. The bones were discovered near Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands, and the remaining bones are now being excavated for shipment to this city.



WILSON'S FLY PADS One packet has actually killed a bushel of flies. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES 10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.



"He did not even look at her as he stepped between her and Ashe."