

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1907.

One Reason Why

The Union Clothing Co. sell clothing at lower prices than other dealers is, they import the cloth direct from the mills and manufacture all their clothing except Progress Brand.

UNION CLOTHING CO.

26 and 28 Charlotte Street
ALEX. CORBETT, 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 Titian 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, Basil Conyers, who had been 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 the complete answer to her description has been seen with a band of gypsies.

In one of the pockets of her gown is found an old Bible, 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.

CHAPTER VI—(CONTINUED)

He had but newly returned to Stormont after a few days' absence. Having been assured that there was no cause for anxiety in his cousin's condition, Isobel had left him leave parents and child alone to gather. The "business" which he pleaded as a reason for departure was no mere pretext, as that hard-worked word frequently is, but he experienced a most unusual difficulty in giving his mind to it, and his agent found his employer very pre-occupied and indifferent. Possibly the young man found his state of mind somewhat puzzling to himself. He had been engaged to marry his cousin; therefore, of course, he loved her, he would have said, if he had ever thought about the matter; but he had been content when separated from her, and in a way, before the terrible news came, had in truth thought very little about her.

But now Isobel's face when she had raised her head from his shoulder, Isobel's look when her eyes had met his, haunted him, and brought back that strange tumult of the blood, that thrill and jar through all his being, as of some new force coming into play which until that night had been unknown to him.

From the sheltered south terrace the Italian garden, with its formal beds, its quaintly trimmed shrubs, its fountains and urns and statues, sloped down to the river, which sparkled by broad and swift and shallow, a contrast from the black, sullen depths of the Alder Pool. Here, when there was sunlight at all, it seemed to linger, and to heighten the alien, exotic charm of the old-world garden, which on this placid, tranquil autumn afternoon seemed steeped in ethereal peace.

At the farther end of the terrace some warm-lined rugs were spread, and a basket chair or two, heaped with cushions, stood suggestively about. Conyers glanced at them first, expecting to see a slim, languid figure reclining in one, but they were empty, and Isobel was standing straight and tall beside the mossy balustrade, and with her head turned away, was gazing out across the river.

Some slight sound broke her dream. She turned, and stood for a second like some startled sylph, poised for instant flight, then the gray eyes, clear as sunlight,

water, met his. As there flashed into then a quick radiance as of fulfilled expectancy, the young man's eyes were opened, and he knew—knew what that vague, sweet turmoil of unrest had meant, for now he knew what love meant. Now he knew that he loved this girl, who was no longer his little cousin, to be cherished with a placid kindness, but a young divinity newly revealed, and claiming his homage, a claim which soul and spirit and body to the inmost fibre recognized as just and right and rose up joyfully to greet. He had been blind—now he saw!

In that strange, sweet delirium of the spirit and the senses Basil had much ado not to claim his former rights—rights which had never yet been waived—and take her in his arms then and there as his promised wife; but true love is reverent, and now he stood in awe before the girl whom he had known all his life, but whom today he seemed to be seeing for the first time. Good God! how had he been so blind—so dull—so dead! Was he the same man—was this the same woman?

No, whether he realized it yet or not, it was not the old easy-going, light-hearted Basil Conyers who made a hasty step forward and exclaimed in a shaken voice: "You know me, Isobel!"

"You must be my cousin, Basil, I think; but I do know you—I have seen you before."

"Where? When?" cried Basil. Had the sudden sight of him really awakened that sleeping memory?

"I know now that it was your face I saw first of all, before even I saw my mother's," said Isobel, softly. "It was like waking and falling asleep again, or a sudden, vivid dream. I saw the hall quite plainly. I knew it again as soon as I saw it afterward; then I saw you; you were bending over me—you did not speak, but my mother did, and then it all vanished again."

As she spoke the sweet young blood came and went in her face like the aerial chase of sun and shadow.

"But it has all come back again—come to stay—and I—I am here, too," said Conyers, with the blundering commonplaces and the contradictory, before the terrible news came, had in truth thought very little about her.

The light left them as the sunlight vanishes from rippling water.

"Oh, don't ask me to think," she said, almost piteously. "There is nothing. It is as if my life began that moment when I opened my eyes in the hall. It is like being born quite grown up, 'trying to smile again, 'for a blind man having his eyes opened, only the blind man would have heard of the wonderful world, and the autumn glories of the woods, the golden brown of the moors, an dthe faint, far blue of the sky. From these radiant heights her eyes fell to his again, and his shadow deepened. "Sometimes I feel as if there was something beyond—something in the darkness," she said almost in a whisper.

"No, no, you must not think that," broke in Basil, dreading some question and cursing his folly in leading to it. "Think of the sunshine only—please God there may be no shadow over it for you again, but for myself—trying after a lighter tone, while all the time he was thinking that Lady Stormont was right that this was a new Isobel indeed. When would she have spoken thus freely, showed such radiant joy?—for myself, I ought to be thankful that you don't remember me as a schoolboy, when, no doubt, I was a tiresome little beast—as all boys are, and that all that you know of me."

"I know at least that you saved my life," said Isobel, with a simplicity which held a certain solemnity—"saved it for this—again with that revealing glance toward the wide beauty around. "And that you saved my mother's happiness." Her voice and eyes softened to wistful tenderness. "Oh, Cousin Basil," stretching out impulsive hands toward him, "that makes me long to remember—to break through the wall of nothingness—to think that he should have loved me so, all my life, and that I could forget it."

The young man flushed a little. How much did she know? Not their former relationship apparently. It was as well, perhaps that she should have forgotten his black wooing—forgotten what a poor thing he had offered her in love's great name. He had not meant to speak at once, but her look, her tone upset the final balance of his resolve.

"Isobel!" he exclaimed, clasping her hands hard, "is there nothing more you know of? Am I only your Cousin Basil? If you have forgotten it is little wonder, for I know now how poor—how unworthy—"

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



PRINTED CHIFFONS AND SILKS IN EXQUISITE EVENING GOWNS.

The combination of two novel fabrics is rarely successful. An exception to this rule, however, is proven in this exquisite costume of printed chiffon combined with tulle silk in Pompadour design. The nature of the fabric makes it imperative that the simplest of modes be followed in their construction, otherwise the effect may be anything but pleasing. In this instance the long graceful skirt is quite full and trimmed with an inset of the silk just above the hem, this finished on either side with a narrow white silk applique. The border or foot trimming

car had caught the strain of doubt, of fear almost, in the girl's voice. Next moment it was forgotten as his eye fell upon her hands—Isobel's fragile, dainty little hands! If these terrible blank days had left her, as if by some miracle, scatheless, they had left their mark behind them there.

Isobel flushed, not the sweet maiden rose, but a vexed, smarting scarlet. "It distresses mother, so—and father, too," instinctively putting her hands behind her.

"Do you think if I take very great care and never forget my gloves they will recover?" she whispered.

It was the old Isobel, the little child-cousin again, for the moment Conyers caught at one hand and kissed it with a gay, reassuring laugh. That moment seemed to bring the girl nearer to him, a little, as good grace as he could.

"Well, Basil, you've got back again. Glad to see you. Plenty of work on the moors now," said Sir David, in an abrupt, doubtful glance from the one to the other.

With Isobel's exquisite girlish bloom before his eyes, with the recollection of Lady Stormont's face, to which happiness seemed to have given youth again, Basil had expected to see Sir David restored at least to something of his old self. Now he looked at him in genuine surprise and distress. The ploughshare of grief and anxiety had evidently gone too deep for the furrows to be so easily smoothed over to conceal the heavy hand of death would smooth out their traces.

From vigorous middle-life the man seemed to have taken a long step toward age. His manner had not yet lost its restlessness, his eyes the anxious questioning, furtive look. Well, it was little wonder. Conyers thought. A man could not go through such a furnace without at least the smell of the passing upon him. The marvel was rather that mother and daughter had so soon recovered their elasticity.

And what have you been doing with yourself? Sir David asked his daughter, with a slight suggestion of effort.

(To be continued.)

Constipation
Baked sweet apples, with some people, bring prompt relief for Constipation. With others, constipation is a chronic ailment. A sure remedy is found in the use of Lax-et's. It is a natural, safe, and effective remedy for Constipation. It is a natural, safe, and effective remedy for Constipation. It is a natural, safe, and effective remedy for Constipation.

Lax-et's
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
WEDDINGS
Galbraith-Cosline.

Wallace Galbraith was united in marriage to Miss Mary Cosline at the bride's home, Lorneville, on Wednesday evening last. Rev. C. G. Townsend performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by a large number of relatives and friends. The bride was given in marriage by her father, and the wedding was a most successful one.

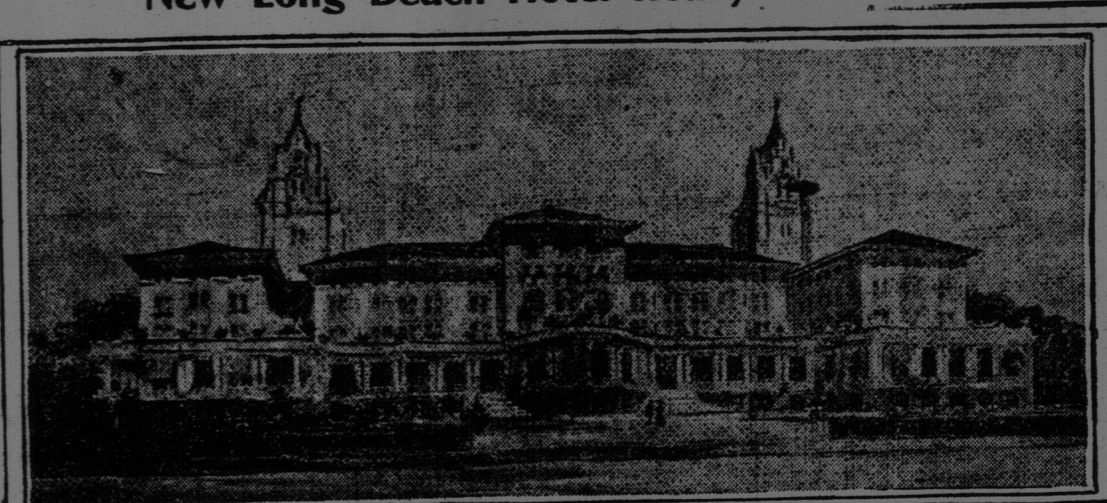
Wallen-Leatham.
The many friends of Miss Edith Leatham, in St. John, will be interested to hear of her marriage to William Wallen, of Somerville (Mass.), which took place at Somerville a week ago.

Miss Leatham, previous to her departure from St. John, was the guest of the family of Cullen Lodge, L. O. B. A., and had a large circle of friends and acquaintances who wish her every happiness. She will reside in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stone, of Millidgeville, were surprised last evening by their many friends, it being the sixteenth anniversary of their wedding day. Presents suitable to the occasion were given, a dainty lunch was served, and after enjoying games and other amusements, the party broke up at midnight, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Stone many years of happiness.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASE
RHEUMATISM
GRAVEL
MIGRAINE
HEADACHE
BLINDNESS
DEAFNESS
STOMACH DISEASE
LIVER DISEASE
BILIOUSNESS
CONSTIPATION
PAIN IN THE BACK
PAIN IN THE SIDE
PAIN IN THE THROAT
PAIN IN THE EYES
PAIN IN THE EARS
PAIN IN THE NOSE
PAIN IN THE MOUTH
PAIN IN THE TONGUE
PAIN IN THE THROAT
PAIN IN THE EYES
PAIN IN THE EARS
PAIN IN THE NOSE
PAIN IN THE MOUTH
PAIN IN THE TONGUE

New Long Beach Hotel Ready Next June.



OCEAN FRONT, PROPOSED HOTEL, LONG BEACH, B. I.
NEW YORK, August 6.—To contain eight hundred bedrooms, each eighteen by twenty feet, and to cost \$1,000,000, the new Long Beach Hotel will be ready for occupancy on June 1, 1908.

Covering an area of two blocks, the new structure will consist of reinforced concrete and steel and will be absolutely fireproof. There will be broad piazzas around the building, part of which will be enclosed as a sun parlor. Tennis courts and Japanese tea gardens will be on the grounds. All bedrooms will have salt as well as fresh water baths.

The Sauce that makes an appetite and satisfies it,
LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE
The Original and Genuine Worcestershire.
Ask any honest grocer for THE BEST SAUCE—He is sure to give you LEA & PERRINS J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., (Established 1857) MONTREAL, Canadian Agents

Gilbey's "Strathmill" Scotch
Guaranteed Genuine Pure Malt Whisky
Six Years' Old, and Full Measure in Each Bottle
FOR SALE IN ALL THE BEST BARS IN CANADA
Ask for it, and Refuse Substitutes
Agents: MCINTYRE & COMEAU, LIMITED, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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THE TELEGRAPH AND TIMES

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An advertisement in The Big Papers will place you in company with the most prominent local and general advertisers in Canada.
THE TELEGRAPH and TIMES enjoy a greater advertising patronage than any other two papers in New Brunswick, and if business is any indication of ability to deliver results, then The Big Papers are always "making good."
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COMBINED CIRCULATION OVER 15,000

THE STEEL-COAL CASE
Steel People Closed Case Yesterday --- Some Talk of a Settlement.

Sydney, Aug. 8.—The steel company closed its case this forenoon and tomorrow afternoon it is expected that the coal people will commence to present their side of the question.
When court met today J. J. Ritchie asked for an adjournment until 10 o'clock Saturday to give the defendants an opportunity to prepare their evidence.

Judge Langley said that ordinarily such a request would not be listened to but in view of the vast interests involved he would partially grant the petition and would adjourn the court until 2.30 tomorrow.

W. B. A. Ritchie, on behalf of the plain tiffs said he thought in all fairness that the coal company should outline their defence before the adjournment was granted. His lordship thought so too, but Mr. Ritchie said that at the present time he was not prepared to give any of the de-

tails in connection with evidence to be offered by the coal people.
Much speculation is going on as to what method will be adopted to meet the evidence that has been introduced by the steel company, but no one is prepared to make any definite statement. Some say that the coal people will try to prove that in a large order like 1,000,000 tons, which the steel company take annually, a fair amount of bad coal would be perfectly justifiable, that is to say that if the whole amount of coal were mixed together the coal as a lot would be reasonably free from stone and shale, although a certain

portion of the coal, if used separately, might not come up to requirements.
There were rumors tonight that a settlement might be made before the court opened tomorrow afternoon but the rumors are not looked upon seriously.

During the month of July eighteen cases of diphtheria were reported to the board of health authorities. During the present month, however, from the 1st to the 3rd, no less than six houses were pleaded for the disease. This is regarded as a record. The cases are scattered all over the city, no one locality seeming to be more infected than another.

SWEET CAPORAL
CIGARETTES
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

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CIGARETTES
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