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"AS A MAN SOWS."

BY HELEN WALLACE

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

(Continued.)

'Hout the road, sir, but I can't think she could 'ave the strength to go far—which I'd 'ave kep' 'er if I could, sir, but bless yer, she was hoff, as I says, like a shadder, but there's 'ardly an 'ouse for miles, and wot's to 'appen to the pore thing—eh, God bless ye, sir, for a kind 'eart and a noble gent; there's precious few think's o' the pore gypsy. May ye 'ave the grand fortune and hall ye want come to 'appen."

The rest was lost in a rising shriek of the gale, as, thrusting some silver into the woman's ready hand, Conyers turned away, and, stooping against the wind, splashed along the road, which, gradually ascending the shallow glen, stretched far before him, a long, straight, yellow streak.

"All you want come to happen," the wind whistling by sang the words in his ears. A comprehensive enough benediction, surely. Well, he must find this girl—beyond that he would not look. If only she had kept to the road it would be easy enough; any moving speck upon all its empty length could be seen a mile off so long as the light lasted. But if she had left it? He cast a doubtful eye over the waste of bog and heather, where here and there a sullen peaty pool glimmered wan in the fast-fading light. The trap overtook him, and he bade the driver go slowly, while he keenly scanned every clump of stunted bushes on the lee side of some hoary projecting boulder.

"There are some houses yonder!" he exclaimed after a while, with an upleap of hope, seeing through the thickening dusk some low gray gables on a slope a little way above the road.

"What was hooses," said the driver rather grimly. "Weel, I mind the day when there were bien folk and warm fireends yonder, but there's neither roof nor fire left in Achnagole."

A few minutes showed that the poor dwellings were little more than rough heaps of stones. In one or two of them the smoke-blackened "cabers" or rafters still showed gaunt and skeleton-like against the sky, and supported some fragments of shaggy thatch, but a "black hut," which seems as akin to the soil as an outcropping boulder, soon sinks back to it, if once abandoned to the weather.

"Stop!" said Basil suddenly. "I'll go up and take a look round."

In a little Basil struck the rutted track which led to the ruined village. Reason, common sense, possibility were flung to the winds now—in spite of them all, conviction had sprung to fierce and sudden life, and had him in its grip. It was no longer some poor waif whom he was seeking, and whom he would rescue, if he could for common humanity's sake, but Isobel, his little cousin, who, God knew why, was wandering alone and forlorn in this friendless wilderness, with no refuge for her weary feet, no shelter for her fair head from the night and storm—Isobel, lost and bewildered, yet vainly seeking her home with but one pitiful word upon her lips.

He set his teeth hard as he breasted the steep slope. She might have hoped to find some shelter among these tottering walls. It was the last frail chance, and he knew it. He was among the ruined houses now. One after another he searched within and without, but there was no sign of life, not even a nibbling sheep. Nettles breast high choked the roofless interiors, no human foot had crossed their thresholds for many a day. Despair clutched him as he stood amid these forsaken dwellings — a desolation deeper than the dread emptiness of the wide moors. He fairly trembled to enter the last, which stood a little apart from the others. If it were empty, too, if she were not there—the scourge of the wind, the loom of the clouds was answer enough. Then he vaulted the low, crumbling wall which surrounded it, and made one stride to the door.

Within it seemed dark as a cave, for the wind had not yet stripped it to the bone—the ragged thatch still clung about the roof-tree. Upon the threshold he paused. Above the wind he heard his heart murmur loud, and the sullen drip, drip of the rain in the puddles on the clay floor. With a long breath he stepped into the foul blackness, feeling for his matches, when suddenly the darkness lighted. The wind had torn a huge rent in the cloud roof, and through the gap a white wisp of crescent moon looked down, wan and mournful.

The pale, cheerless light stole in through the broken roof, showing with chill, unsparing distinctness the rough naked walls, the slimy floor, the yawning cavity of the chimney, and there on the cold hearthstone—Conyers' hand paused midway, his breath stopped for a moment—was a dark heap—a reddish gleam!

The hovel was not empty, then, like the others; but a new dread like a leaden weight made his step heavy, his brow damp, as he advanced and stooped over the huddling figure. With unsteady hands he gently raised the fallen head, and parted the ruddy mass of hair, streaming loose like sea-tangle cast up by the waves.

A little oval face, white as the cotton grass waving on every bog, looked out on him, the fixed, unseeing eyes turned, as if in vain, pitiful appeal to the blank, unheeding heavens. From the parted bluish lips came a faint sighing breath.

"Isobel!" he cried aloud.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOME COMING.

To his last conscious breath Basil Conyers would remember that moment, and the wild night drive which followed. Even as he had stumbled down the rough track, with his light burden—pitifully light—in his arms, he had swiftly debated on his wisest course. She needed shelter, warmth, every care, and yet to take her back to the scanty comfort of the village inn seemed a doubtful proceeding; better push on to Duncaird, or why not risk the remaining distance and take her home! And the thought of what that home-coming would mean made the young man's usually cool, equable brain well-nigh swim. He was intoxicated by his amazing, his impossible triumph. Even the stolid driver caught fire from Basil's suppressed excitement, and sent his horse along the climbing road at a pace which had never been exacted from that worthy animal before.

A mile upon their way the storm leaped upon them again. The sky was one cloud, the wind raved down from the lonely hills, the rain hissed in their faces, and churned upon the gravelly road, while ever and again the far-spreading moors were sheeted in blue spectral light, and the voice of the thunder lent its deeper note to the fierce cry of the wind. The turmoil around only fed Conyers' exultation. He could have shouted and sung as they strove against the wind.

A gleam of lamps on wet pavements—Duncaird at last, which meant warm, dry wraps for the unconscious girl, a closed carriage and fresh horses, the services of a doctor who had known her from childhood and whom Conyers carried off with them, and not least—a moment to flash the amazing news to Stormont. In the quiet old town the story spread like wildfire, and the deserted streets awoke, windows opened, lights sprang up, and the carriage rolled away amid a running fire of cheers.

And now every swift roll of the wheels was bringing them nearer and nearer to that home-coming which Conyers had been picturing through all the dark hours. Yet from the moment that the blaze of light from the great arched doorway dazzled his eyes it was all like a dream, a dream of crowding faces, of smiles, sobs, tears and broken words, for convention and discipline had been forgotten for the moment and the whole household had thronged into the great hall to see Miss Isobel brought home.

As Conyers stepped in from the darkness without, his head high, his eyes alight, the girl in his arms, her slight figure swathed in a great crimson wrap, her head upon his breast, and the warm glory of her hair overflowing his shoulders, the men broke into a cheer and the younger women burst into loud, hysterical crying.

Amid it all Conyers was conscious that some one was wringing his hand, till, as he found out afterward, the bones ached, while from a blur of light a face appeared, transfigured from its gracious comeliness by mother-joy and mother-love to an angel-beauty, as Lady Stormont bent over the waxen face on his breast, uttering broken, inarticulate sounds of pity and tenderness like the brooding note of a mating dove. As she stooped over the still unconscious girl her yearning love seemed to awaken some instinctive response, to touch one of Nature's chords which lie deeper than sense of sight, for a quiver passed over the pallid face, the long eyelashes, like the delicate arching brows, a shade darker than her hair, slowly lifted from the wan, sunken cheeks. She looked wonderingly up to the bosses and carving of the vaulted roof, and round at the old walls hung with the portraits of the men and women of her race, and decked with the armor and weapons which long-dead Stormonts had carried into many a well-fought field. Then she slightly turned her head, and her wandering gaze met Basil's and held it. A sudden light leaped into the great limpid eyes, a slight tremor passed through the slim body resting in his arms, while through the young man's every fiber there went a shock, a thrill, so swift, so keen-edged, that he could not have told whether it were pain or rapture. That gaze did not last a breath's length, but while it lasted, and to Conyers it might have been years or moments, it seemed to sunder him and Isobel from all the eager crowd about them, to set them more apart than even they had been when speeding over the hills in the black, empty night. Then the light failed, her head sunk back again.

"Where am I?" she asked faintly, but quite distinctly.

"You are at home, my darling, safe at home again, thank God!" said Lady Stormont, stooping nearer and feeling that the sight of her face would surely dispel all wandering fears or fancies. "At home, my own child," she repeated more urgently as the gray eyes gazed blankly into her own.

"Home!" repeated the girl, as if the word had no meaning for her. "Where is home? Who — who are you?" gazing blankly into the eyes beaming mother rapture into her own.

The poor mother fell back with a faint cry as if she had been struck.

(To be continued.)



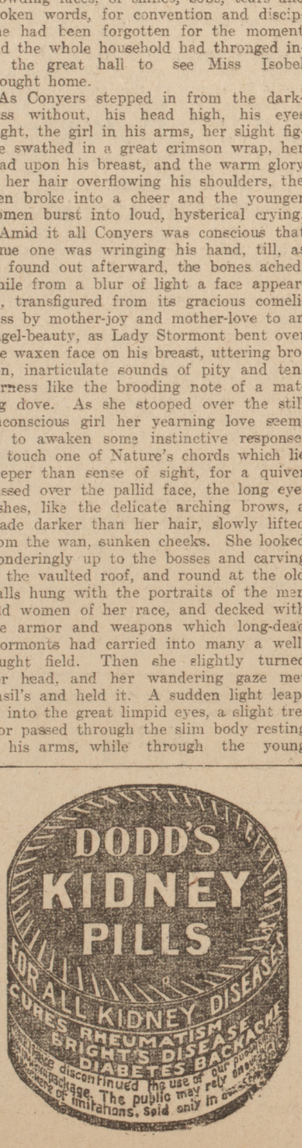
Then she slightly turned her head, and her wandering eyes met Basil's and held it.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



LANSDOWNE A FAVORED FABRIC FOR DRESSY COSTUMES.

The beauty of that very fashionable material, lansdowne, is well illustrated in this modish costume made by Drecoll, of Paris. In color it is the fashionable Copenhagen blue which is booked for much favor this fall. The shirt is remarkable for its plainness in direct contrast to the bodice, which, though simple in outline, is seemingly elaborate because of the materials of which it is made and the amount of handiwork which it carries. The Japanese sleeve drapery and stole effect cut in one are made of ecru Cluny lace, the design picked out in various shades of blue with silk threads. There is also a touch of yellow in this embroidery, the tucked undersleeves are of chiffon over white and the collar and chemisette are of the finest net shirred and inset with white Cluny medallions. The tassels which finish the stole ends back and front are Copenhagen blue and the high girdle of satin is in a matching shade. The white ship hat is wreathed with flowers of bluish red coloring and the ostrich plumes are of the same shade as the dress. Long black gloves complete this stunning toilette suited for afternoon carriage and calling wear or for informal evening occasions.



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 Ferrozone 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 Ferrozone. 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 Ferrozone has given your health; try it. Thousands use it every day, just one tablet before meals. 50c. per box at all dealers.

THE CANADIAN CLUB

Arrangements Completed for Earl Grey's Reception--Many New Members Join

A meeting of the executive of the Canadian Club was held in the Times building yesterday. There were present W. E. Earle, in the chair, Geo. A. Henderson, Dr. Bridges, Dr. T. D. Walker, M. E. Agar, J. N. Harvey, A. M. Belding.

Arrangements were completed for the luncheon, at which an address will be delivered by Earl Grey. W. L. McKenzie King, deputy minister of labor, wrote that he would address the club at an early date. Com. Coombs wrote relative to Gen. Booth, who is expected to address the club when he visits St. John. Rt. Hon. James Bryce cannot visit St. John in the near future. Sir Daniel Morris may come up from the West Indies in the autumn and if so will be asked to address the club.

The following new members were elected: Judge McLeod, Senator Ellis, Geo. Robertson, M. P. P., Dr. Silas Alward, Thos. P. Trueman, James A. Estey, Premier Robinson, Solicitor Gen. Jones, Surveyor Gen. Sweeney, W. Geo. Gray, C. N. Skinner, J. W. Daniel, M. P., Alex Watson, Geo. V. McInerney, H. H. McAvity, Rev. J. E. Revington-Jones, B. L. Gerow, F. T. Barbour, R. M. Magee, Rev. G. A. Ross, John K. Schofield, Rev. C. W. Squires, Chas. D. Jones, Thos Gilliland, W. F. Nobles, John A. McKay, Dr. A. A. Lewin, Dr. A. F. Emery, Homer D. Forbes, J. Boyd McMann, W. M. Kirkpatrick, H. W. Woods, Welsford; W. R. Miles, Clyde Dickinson.

In forwarding his membership fee, Premier Robinson wrote to the treasurer, Mr. Harvey: "I have watched with a great deal of interest the progress you have been making and read the reports of the many thoughtful and eloquent addresses which have been delivered under your auspices. I believe the work you are doing is a patriotic one and must result in stimulating public opinion and improving the standard of citizenship."

Lots of bills pass for genuine until they work up to the bank. Some sauces pass for the genuine Worcestershire until you try them. Then you know they are NOT.

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE

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COMBINED CIRCULATION OVER 15,000

HENRI BOURASSA MOBBED WHILE SPEAKING IN QUEBEC

Hooted and Pelted With Stones and Eggs in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Constituency.

Quebec, Aug. 5—Blood was shed, windows and electric lights smashed and five arrests were made in the course of a tumultuous meeting on Jacques Cartier place where Mr. Bourassa, M. P. for Labelle, before 20,000 people attempted to outline, hindered by hooting and a hail of stones and eggs, the programme which he mapped out since his entry into provincial politics.

The meeting will be memorable in the political annals of the country as one of the most largely attended and at the same time the most dramatic.

The disturbance, which started at the outset, was carried on by a set of about 100 young ruffians who stationed themselves near the speakers' platform on the south side. Armand Lavergne, M. P. for Montmagny, had no sooner opened the meeting than they began to hoot and sing so that only those nearby could hear the chairman.

Seeing that did not have the desired effect the disturbers threw a small bottle on the platform. Mr. Lavergne, nevertheless, kept on speaking, trying to raise his voice above the charivari in an attempt to deprecate such a conduct.

J. P. Simard, a member of the Quebec Trade and Labor Council, did the same and finally Mr. Bourassa took the platform. His appearance was greeted with cheers from the larger part of the crowd, which remained attentive, while others whistled and hooted.

He said he had not come to hurl invective at any one or to answer charges made against him, but simply to explain his programme. He knew very well that those who were trying to disturb the meeting did not represent the opinion of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's constituency. "If anyone is to regret these scenes," went on the speaker, "it will indeed be the prime minister himself, who always respects liberty of speech."

Mr. Bourassa then related how a set had attempted to break up a meeting in Toronto at which he was to speak against imperialism but the sensible majority of those present had prevailed and allowed him to go on. He hoped the same thing would take place on the present occasion.

Despite those arguments the disturbers kept up the noise, which grew so deafening that Mr. Bourassa had to stop speaking. There were cries of "Down with the platform," and suddenly the crowd began to sway to and fro. Sympathizers of Mr. Bourassa who were massed in front and on the north side of the platform began to shuffle in the direction of the disturbers and when they met there was a free fight, the combatants striking or tugging at each other.

Some thirty policemen under the command of Sub-Sheriff Walsh, who all the while had been watching the movements of the crowd, decided to interfere. They beat their way into the compact mass and after a sharp struggle, succeeded in landing three of the troublemakers in the cells.

This considerably angered the rest, and Mr. Bourassa resumed his speech, declaring that he did not hold either the Liberals or the Conservatives responsible for the disturbance. He was pelted with stones.

Dr. Dorion, La Libre Parole, and a man named Bergersen were struck on the head sustaining scalp wounds, which caused them to bleed profusely. Both men were almost stunned, the projectiles which inflicted the injury being fragments of rock the size of an egg. Ernest Tetrau, a Liberal barrister of Montreal, and three Montreal newspaper men, were also struck, the reporter of the Herald being so injured at the wrist that he had to drop his pencil.

The arclight above the platform as well as those on the square were smashed. Things got so bad after a while that the police made another charge and dragged two more disturbers to the cells.

Though the stones whistled about his uncovered head, Mr. Bourassa escaped injury. He addressed the gathering whenever the noise sufficiently abated to make himself heard if not from all the mass of humanity which thronged the square at least from those in the immediate vicinity, some of whom kept shouting during his moments of silence, "Speak on, Bourassa, speak on; let there be light."

A little after 10 o'clock the swaying of the crowd was followed by a scuffle on the south side, the seat of the disutrbances, and the word went round that Alexander Taschereau, who defended Hon. Mr. Prevost in the Prevost-Asselin case, and who also is the representative of St. Peter's ward in the city council, was trying to prevent the police from making arrests.

"I am told that an alderman is trying to stop the police from doing their duty," shouted Mr. Bourassa to the crowd.

"It's not true," vociferated Mr. Taschereau, coming to the front. The young lawyer was surrounded by friends who raised him on their shoulders, while the crowd pushed against the group of contrary manifestants.

Meanwhile Mr. Bourassa was attempting to make himself heard. When Mr. Taschereau's friends cheered the young lawyer the member for Labelle joined in and asked him to come up to the platform and speak like a gentleman. Twice he repeated this invitation but Mr. Taschereau did not come. He was carried off shoulder high instead, soon to be carried back again, and the disturbance became more annoying than ever.

Free, for Catarrh, just to prove merit, a Trial size Box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me send it now. It is a snow-white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucaliptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.

The names of John R. Kickham, Thomas Campbell, Edward Connoly and John R. Sullivan were inadvertently omitted from the list of the late members of the A. O. H. whose graves in the new Catholic cemetery will be decorated August 20.

NEW COIN FOR CANADA

Ottawa, Aug. 5—It is probable that, with the opening of the branch of the royal mint here in November or December next, a new nickel penny may be introduced into the Canadian coinage. It is felt that there is a need for a penny piece in Canada and a nickel coin worth two cents would not have the disadvantage in respect to cumbersome size and weight which necessitated the discarding of the old copper penny.

The use of nickel in the Canadian coinage would also afford another convenient market for the large nickel areas now being exploited at Cobalt. The new mint will employ about sixty men and will turn out between 16,000,000 and 20,000,000 coins a year. At present the British mint is turning out on the average of about 16,000,000 copper coins a year.

Wm. A. Carey, of Malden (Mass.), grand worthy recorder of the Good Templars of Massachusetts, will officially visit Victoria Temple of Honor this evening. All templars are requested to be present as the grand worthy recorder will have something to say regarding the working of the order in Massachusetts. Mr. Carey will visit Alexandra Temple officially on Thursday evening.

Toronto, Aug. 5—(Special)—Mohawks of Tyendinaga Indian reserve have elected Joseph Hill, jr., head chief in succession to Acland Oronhyatekha, who succeeded his father, the head of the Foresters, but died soon after his election.



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