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"AS A MAN SOWS."

BY HELEN WALLACE

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

(Continued.)

"Isabel, darling, don't you know me—your mother?" her voice rising to a wail, the outward composure she had maintained so long in the face of agony, and, harder still, perhaps under the shock of bewildering overmastering relief and joy, breaking down pitifully under this unlooked for blow.

Dr. Purves hurried forward. "My dear Lady Stormont, you've set us all such a good example, you mustn't fail us now. We've cause enough to be thankful that we have got Miss Isabel home alive. The rest will follow all in good time—all in good time," soothingly, "and the first step toward it is to get her quietly to bed and as quickly as we can. It is no wonder that the poor child is all astray yet."

Dr. Purves, a skilled and solid, if, as some young men fresh from college and hospital might have thought, a slightly old-fashioned practitioner, knew at least the sovereign properties of "something to do" as an outlet for anxiety and over-charged feeling. Basil was relieved of his light burden, and Isabel hastily conveyed to her room, that dainty maiden bower, the aching emptiness of which Lady Stormont had not dared to face for days past. The doctor soon followed, saying:

"Go and get a sleep, Mr. Conyers; you need it; and you, too, Sir David. If you'll take my advice, my news will keep till the morning, but I've every hope it will be a good report."

"The two men were left alone together. They looked at each other with a faint smile."

Sleep!—the young man was perhaps dimly conscious that he was at last only awakening. What had happened? He did not understand, did not even realize the change which a moment had wrought. The train had been laid during these long days of feverish anxiety and suspense, of deepening pity, of growing dread, and now the needed spark had fallen, and kindled it. He vaguely felt that Isabel was no longer only his little cousin, but the girl whom he was to marry, and whom he had rescued. Beyond that he did not yet go as he sat, gazing into the glowing heart of the fire, seeing again that new light awakened in her transparent eyes, feeling again the strange, sudden thrill of their meeting glances, while Sir David walked restlessly up and down the long room.

At last, as if he could forbear no longer, the older man paused. "Basil, you don't know what you've done for me," he said; "I've never thanked you."

"I don't need any thanks. It means too much to me," said Conyers quietly.

Sir Donald laughed harshly, strangely. "Do you think I meant to thank you? My God, would a man thank another for lifting him out of hell? You don't know what you've done for me; you don't only given me back my child—no, no, I must speak—as the young man tried to stay him—'you've given me back my hope in life, my hope in God—God who will have mercy—who will forgive—not a remorseless fate to whom repentance is nothing, amendment nothing, which visits the sins of the fathers upon the children, which tortures you through the innocent, which demands payment in kind, but defers that exacting, cruel, de-luded wretch thinks he has paid in full, that he has suffered enough, that the past is past, that though he can never forgive himself, he may be forgiven—and then, and then—"

The light grey eyes under the heavy reddish brows blazed with wild excitement, the tall figure was strung tense, the hands nervously working. Suddenly he pulled himself together, passed his hand over his eyes with a long breath, like a man awaking. "What was I saying, Basil? If it was nonsense, forget it. I'll be myself again soon. Life has been a horror, a nightmare these past days, but, thank God—and thanks to you—that is over."

The door opened, and Lady Stormont came swiftly and lightly in. The burden of these terrible days, which still weighed so heavily upon her husband, seemed to have fallen from her. The cruel lines which suspense and anguish had drawn upon her face were lost to sight in the radiance of a deep and pure joy. "I came away for a moment, though I could hardly bear to leave her. She is sleeping—really sleeping," in a whisper, as if she feared to disturb that blessed sleep. "You must come and see her, David; it will do you good and, oh, Basil, what do we not owe you?" and she turned.

ed to the young man with swimming eyes and outstretched hands, and for a while there was silence, for a mighty gladness, like a great grief, makes for itself a deeper, wider channel than our poor speech can ever afford.

"I have put aside the dreadful old clothes she was wearing, poor child," said Lady Stormont after the pregnant pause had lasted for a time, as if unconsciously she felt that emotion could not long remain at such altitudes, but must be helped back into a more normal level. "They may help us, by and by, to find out who it was befriended her, for Dr. Purves says we must not press her with questions, that it would be better if she could forget these past days altogether for a time. I am afraid that she must have fallen into cruel hands at first, for her rings—your ring, Basil—and any little trinkets she was wearing are gone, as well as her own clothes; but I think she must somewhere have met some kind people, some good people, for see what I found in her pocket—the only thing in it indeed. Don't laugh at me," tremulously, "but I feel as if this had been a sort of amulet, a talisman, for—for it is a mother's gift," her voice breaking in a sob of thankfulness as she held out to her husband a pocket Testament with the old-fashioned brass clasp. "See," she said, "showing him the fly-leaf. 'I feel as if some poor mother who may have lost her own child had had pity on me and mine.'"

On the yellowed paper was written in a feeble, pointed hand, "To my dear Elsie, on her fifth birthday, from her mother," with a date some five-and-thirty years back.

Sir David caught it from her hand with a muttered sound between a gasp and an exclamation, and stood staring at the feebly traced lines. As he did so, something white fluttered from between the leaves. Sir David made an instant snatch at it, but Conyers, at whose feet it fell, had already stooped.

"Only the corner of an old envelope," he said. "No, there's hair in it."

"The mother's hair likely," said Lady Stormont.

"No. It's more like a man's hair," said Basil, showing a short, thick lock of reddish-brown hair, which that bleached lock which hair which has been long ago cut off assumes.

"Let me see," said Sir David, taking lock and paper almost forcibly from him.

"There's a postmark on the corner, isn't there? That might lead to something," said Conyers.

"No, nothing," said Sir David, hastily, in a thick, hoarse voice, putting both back between the leaves and snapping the clasp again. "I'll keep it meantime, it may help to throw some light by and by, but though your idea is the prettier Marian, I am afraid it is more likely that this has been lost or forgotten long ago."

His hand closed tightly over the worn little book, the difficult utterance broke off. With his free hand he caught at the back of a chair. Conyers made a hasty step forward, fearing that he might fall.

"You are ill, David; let me send for Dr. Purves," cried Lady Stormont, her own face blanching at the sight of the gray pallor which had overspread his.

"No, no," he cried, in the same choked voice, waving them both back. "Don't bother Purves; I'll be all right directly. I—I think it's the reaction. I—I'm hardly myself yet—I don't know what nonsense I've been talking to Basil," with a ghastly attempt at a smile. "I shall be better alone for a little."

And he left the hall with rapid, unsteady steps, the shabby Testament clutched tight in his hand.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Evelyn Ashe.

"So the 'Romance in High Life,' as the local papers call it, is all over, all save the last chapter and the traditional wedding bells. I suppose we can call it 'All's Well That Ends Well,' or, would it be more honored variant, 'Much Ado About Nothing,' be more suitable?" said a man's voice, with the faint flavor of a sneer under its suave tones.

"And a jolly good thing, too, not only for the poor child's sake, but perhaps we'll get a chance of a shoot over the Stormont moors now. It's a rotten shame that nobody's handled a gun on them yet but a keeper or two. What a bag one might make! There must be hundreds of birds fairly crying out to be killed," said a fresh sunburned lad, turning over on his elbow and gazing enviously across the valley to the rolling slopes of moor beyond, where the withered bracken burned golden in the late August sunshines, and far away the rugged peaks of mighty Ben Vair seemed softly traced in pearly gray against the blue.

"Well, if you call it 'nothing' for a girl to be away, goodness knows where, for nearly a fortnight, and to be unable to give any account of herself when she was picked up like a beggar on the roadside, you can, if you like. She's lost her memory very conveniently, it seems to me. Of course, we can all swallow a good deal nowadays, and Basil Conyers can perhaps swallow that for the sake of Stormont, but you may have your wedding bells after all, Mr. Ashe," said a girl's voice, loud, vigorous, decided—Miss Vi

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



A NEW USE OF LACE IN MILLINERY.

We have been treated to such novel and striking effects in millinery this season that it seems as though nothing could come in the way of a surprise. Yet the pictured hat is a model which attracts immediate attention and makes friends for itself at first sight. The shape is of leghorn in the natural yellow shade, the crown rather high and round and the brim quite wide. This, of course, is wired on the other side. By the feature of the hat is the mounting of finest princess

lace, fitting smoothly over the crown, the brim deeply scalloped and shaped to this portion of the hat. The crown and brim joining of the lace is covered with a simple wreath of small white flowers and green foliage, and at the left side of the crown are posed three beautiful white Prince of Wales ostrich plumes which nod and dip over the high crown and brim. The headsize is fitted with a half inch cache peign swathed in white malines through which fancy headed hat pins are inserted.

Rudgeley's voice, whose shooting guests were now grouped upon the heather at lunch, the men lounging at ease after a good morning's work; the women trying to appear so, as far as the latest thing in garments "for the moors" would permit them.

Strictly speaking, the guests were not Miss Vi's, but those of Jonathan Rudgeley, Esq., and Mr. Rudgeley, of Park street, Mayfair, of Hornley Manor, Haris, and of Balachallan, Heathshire, N. B.; but to most of the party that great commercial magnate and his spouse were little more than names. Mr. Rudgeley apparently only lived to make money—the money which had decorated the garish house in London, had turned the beautiful, old-world home of a decayed family into a show place, and had transformed a simple Highland shooting lodge into a "Scottish baronial" castle, with as many turrets and crenellations as the architect's ingenuity could work in the money, in a word, which had launched Miss Vi into a society which asks few questions so long as its sense and appetites are lavishly enough pandered to. In that society Mrs. Rudgeley might have played her part, too, for she was at the age when a certain type of modern woman is at her giddiest; but she had been born in a class in which gay grandmothers do not exist, and in which the matrons retire early in favor of "the young folks," and had never been able to adapt herself to any other.

KAISER AND CZAR

Their Meeting Reported to Have Been Most Cordial.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 6.—A semi-official statement has been issued here concerning the meeting of Emperor William and Emperor Nicholas. The meeting is said to be the return by Emperor Nicholas of the visit paid him by Emperor William at Bjorko in July, 1905, and it is described as having been most cordial. Prince von Buelow, German imperial chancellor, and M. Isvolski, the Russian foreign minister, discussed various political questions, but without any definite aim. It was agreed by both sovereigns that neither in Europe nor the Far East is peace in any way threatened. The occasion in Morocco will occasion no complications. The new Russo-Japanese agreement and the projected Anglo-Russian agreement, both conduce to the maintenance of peace and furthermore the statement continues, the Swinemunde meeting will have been most upon the existing alliance between Germany and Russia and other powers, while it will tend to strengthen the traditional friendship between Russia and Germany.

WHAT MANY MEN NEED

Dr. Hamilton Has a Prescription That "Sets" You Right Up.

When a man has lost ambition to "dig in" and stay at things—when he complains of headaches, fullness in the right side, pains in the shoulder blade—it's purely a case of "Liver."

These symptoms invariably indicate a clogged, inactive liver. The body can't get rid of its wastes and the whole system is half paralyzed.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills stimulate the liver into activity in one night. Being a mild vegetable laxative they produce results in a few hours. The bilious headache and constipation are cured, spirits rise, complexion clears, animation returns. Nothing in the calendar so efficient for that tired lazy feeling as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Very mild, don't interfere with work, invariably do lots of good. Try a 25c. box, all dealers.

John Williams, eleven years old, of the North End, had a very narrow escape from drowning at the Eastern Steamship Company's wharf last night. He was on the wharf watching the boat coming in, and suddenly fell into the water. William McMullen, who was bugler for the first South African contingent, seeing the lad's danger threw off his coat and jumped after him. William had sunk twice before McMullen reached him. The rescuer supporting the lad struck out for the shore, and both were picked up by the tug Lillie and brought to land.

Edward Carlin, of New York, has returned home.

SPLENDID CONCERT

Walter H. Belding's Entertainment for Every Day Club Playground Fund Was Great Success.

The concert in St. David's church school room last evening under the direction of Walter H. Belding was a pronounced success from all standpoints. The proceeds were devoted to the Every Day Club playground fund. There was a large audience present and they thoroughly enjoyed the following splendid programme:

Male quartette..... Messrs. Hopkins, Brown, Belding and Stillwell.
Vocal solo..... DeWitt Cairns.
Reading..... A. E. McGinley.
Trio—Violin, cello and piano..... Messrs. W. Phasagat, G. Taylor and Prof. Wilbur.
Vocal quartette..... Miss Edwards.
Mixed quartette..... Misses Margaret Seaton and Blenda Thompson, Messrs. H. Shaw and DeWitt Cairns.
Violin solo..... Walker Phasagat.
String trio..... Miss Mae DeCue.
Miss Carrie Baillie, Mrs. G. C. Davidson, and G. L. Davidson.
Vocal solo..... W. H. Belding.
Reading..... A. E. McGinley.
Male quartette..... Messrs. Hopkins, Brown, Belding and Stillwell.
The accompanists were D. Arnold Fox, Prof. Wilbur and E. Vernon Eville. The selection sung by Mr. Belding was accompanied by the composer, E. Vernon Eville, of New York.

Every number of this programme, and the responses to encores, were so finally rendered that each might fairly be made the subject of highly complimentary comment. The soloists and the readers were very heartily encored as was the mixed quartette. The two numbers by the male quartette were charmingly sung. The instrumental trios were also of exceptionally high merit.

The varied character of the programme made it all the more delightful. Mr. Belding heartily thanked those who had so generously come to his aid, the trustees of the church for the use of the room, and the audience for its high appreciation of the concert. The national anthem closed the proceedings.

WOODSTOCK IN DARKNESS

Every Electric Light in Town Was Shut Off Last Night to Save Insurance.

Woodstock, N. B., Aug. 6.—For a score of years this town has not been placed in the position in which it is this evening. A hurried search has been made in warehouses and storage rooms for lamps and candles to be used in dwellings and business places, and only such crude lighting will be available for some weeks to come. The Woodstock Electric R. L. & P. Co., which has absorbed the Woodstock Electric Light Company, this afternoon issued the following circular which speaks for itself:

NOTICE.

"Notice is hereby given that, on account of the action of the town council, and from the fact that Mr. Clinch, the representative of the insurance companies, told a committee of the directors of the Woodstock Electric Railway, Light & Power Company this morning, that if their plant were started this evening he would recommend that all insurance in the town be immediately cancelled, the companies have decided to shut down the entire electric light systems of the town until such time as satisfactory arrangements can be effected and the re-wiring of the town completed."

"We are sorry to be compelled to take this unnecessary course, as all power and lights above and above Elm street, in Connell street and south of the bridge, excepting Broadway, could be operated in perfect safety, but we cannot take the chances of having the insurance of our patrons cancelled."

Norman McIntyre, colored, was before Magistrate Dibble today on charge of beating his wife, but was given his liberty after a severe lecture by his honor, and a promise to do better. There is still a fine of \$100 and six months in jail hanging over him.



Summer Luncheons

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is the ideal summer drink. It is cooling, satisfying and refreshing. It makes the enjoyment of the outdoor luncheon complete, for it is a food as well as a drink.

Pabst brews for food qualities as well as for purity and flavor. Pabst found the only way to get all of the food-values out of the barley-grain was to follow Nature in making the malt, by growing it slowly and scientifically, and he therefore perfected the Pabst Eight-Day Malting Process. Pabst Malt is richer in nutriment than other malts.

Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

is a more healthful, wholesome food than other beers. The Pabst Perfect Brewing Process blends the rich food values of Pabst Eight-Day Malt with the tonic properties of the choicest hops under conditions that insure positive purity, while reducing the percentage of alcohol to the minimum—less than 3½%.

Pabst Blue Ribbon is the ideal family beer, because of its food values, its purity and its remarkably small amount of alcohol, making it a truly temperance drink.

When ordering beer ask for Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Made by Pabst at Milwaukee

And Bottled only at the Brewery.

Richard Sullivan & Co.,
44-46 Dock St., St. John,
Phone Main 839.

HOME PAPERS

THE TELEGRAPH AND TIMES

THESE PAPERS are delivered to St. John residences BY CARRIER. They are taken into the homes of responsible and desirable people who pay for the privilege of reading them.

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."

RATES ARE NEVER CUT. One price to all. Telephone main 705 for The Advertising Dept.

COMBINED CIRCULATION OVER 15,000

The Thorne cup contest will be played on the local links on Saturday. This is the annual match, twenty-seven holes, medal play. The present holder is George McAvity, the club's president. There is likely to be a brisk assault upon Col. Bogy this year, but Mr. McAvity's chances of retaining the cup are thought to be good.

Don't Howl With Neuralgia

Cure it—drive it out for all time. Rub on Nerviline, its quick death to Neuralgia, cures it permanently. Large bottles of Polson's Nerviline for 25c. at all dealers.

No further particulars regarding the death of Thomas Day, who was killed at Brownville Junction (Me.), on Tuesday, have been received. Charles Kennedy, brother-in-law of the deceased left last evening for the scene of the accident and will likely bring the body to St. John.

WEDDINGS

Strang-Strang.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Strang, 22 Argyle avenue, Montreal, was the scene of a pretty wedding last week when their youngest daughter, Laura Blanche Ruby, was married to Edgar Phinney Strang of Winnipeg, by Rev. E. E. Scott, of the Dominion Square Methodist church. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Strang of Sydney (N. S.), who were present at the wedding. The bride's cousin, Miss Eva M. Taylor, was bridesmaid. Leonard A. Strang, brother of the bride, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Strang are spending their honeymoon in the maritime provinces and will proceed via Boston to Winnipeg, where they will reside.

Seymour-McFarlane.

A pretty wedding took place at Kingsley, in York county, in the home of Mrs.

Henrietta McFarlane on the 17th ult., when Jennie, second daughter of the late Alexander McFarlane, was united in marriage to John Seymour, of Plaster Rock, Victoria county. The Rev. James Crisp, of this city, president of the Methodist conference, performed the ceremony. Only the immediate relatives and friends were present. The bride was the happy recipient of some very substantial and valuable presents. With the good wishes of all the happy couple left for Fredericton, St. John and other points before settling in their new home at Plaster Rock.

A meeting of the St. John Dramatic Club was held in the mayor's office yesterday afternoon. In the absence of his worship, A. C. L. Tapley presided. It was decided to put another play in rehearsal at once, to be produced early in October. Committees were appointed to secure a suitable room for rehearsals, and to choose a play for production. The selection of the cast was left in the hands of R. E. Walker, the stage manager.

