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buying a new suit or an extra pair of trousers you will find better value at the UNION than elsewhere.

UNION CLOTHING CO.,

Old Y. M. C. A. Building,

26 and 28 Charlotte Street.

ALEX CORBET, Manager.

"AS A MAN SOWS."

BY HELEN WALLACE

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVI. A COUNTERSTROKE.

"Basil what happened yesterday evening after I left the tapestry room?" asked Lady Stormont, anxiously, as Conyers entered her morning room, to which she had summoned him as soon as breakfast was over.

The morning room was bright and pleasant, its well-filled book shelves and well-used writing table, with its orderly piles of letters, reports, papers, and the samples of art work and carvings for schools and classes, bearing witness to the full, busy lives which large-minded, large-hearted women lead nowadays. It was on the sunny side of the house, and overlooked the Italian garden, where the formal beds were now a gorgeous tapestry of late autumn flowers—the year's last blaze of splendor, which the first nip of frost would quench in blackness.

"What I hope won't happen again," said Conyers hotly, pausing in the deep window recess and staring moodily at the garden. "But what was it?" repeated Lady Stormont more urgently, the old lines which in the last two weeks, had sunk out of sight, now appearing once more round mouth and eyes like invisible handwriting starting to light again.

"Oh, it was nothing so very much. I hope you haven't been worrying over it," said Conyers uneasily, and tossing the heavy blind-tassel to and fro. "I said something that vexed Isobel. I seem to have a knack of doing that nowadays," gloomily, "and she began talking in an excited way about her portrait—that she was beginning to hate it—as her father, every one compared her and all she said or did with it and what she used to be—and she caught up that big Turkish paper knife—you know the one? She was quite overwrought, of course, but any fool—any one, I mean," hastily, "might have known that she wouldn't have touched that canvas, but Sir David luckily came in at that moment, and he caught her hand, and—well, he seemed rather excited, too; he pushed her back," he wound up lamely with a depressing glance at Lady Stormont's anxious face.

"And that was all—I would rather hear everything," she said, rather falteringly. "All?" echoed Conyers. "Well, it seemed to me enough." Then, as Lady Stormont sat for a moment in pained and puzzled silence, he burst out: "I can't bear it any longer. I was to marry Isobel, I was always fond of her, but now—now I love her! It's life or death to me now, and I must know where I stand. I must see Sir David. He must either give me back my promise or he must give me some better reason for it. It's asking too much of any man. If I may not speak to Isobel, I must leave Stormont."

"Let me speak to my husband first, Basil," said Lady Stormont anxiously. "I can be quite frank with you, so I may say that I cannot sympathize with the position he has taken up." "I—I think it extreme; but I fear he is ill this morning; the business which took him away so suddenly seems quite to have upset him. Indeed, I think, now that the first relief is over we are all suffering more than we realize from the strain. I have just been telling Isobel my plan—that we should all go away to the south for a quiet winter, so that we might get back to our old ways and our old selves, too; and by and by, if you are still of the same mind," smiling into the young man's clouded eyes, "we might all go, and I who thought a little while ago that I had lost all, shall have a son to welcome, as well as a daughter," stretching an impulsive hand toward him.

ASSERTS SOUL IS MATERIAL

It Can Be Weighed

A Boston man says the Soul can be weighed. He knows this because he has tested a lot of cases before and after death.

The weight this investigator gives for an average human soul is two ounces. This is the sort of fool science that some men give us. It is more to the point to tell us how to maintain a healthy body—how to get well if sick, and how to be able to do good work and keep everlastingly at it.

Poor health is the result of poor blood. If you let your blood get pale and thin, then all the organs of the body are sure to get weak.

Ferrozone is the remedy. Ferrozone is the quickest, surest body and blood builder; thousands have been restored from failing health or complete nervous prostration by Ferrozone, which builds up tired nerves and helps you to get sound, refreshing sleep every night.

Ferrozone gives an appetite as sharp as a razor. There is lots of pleasure eating when you take Ferrozone.

Rosy color comes back to your pale cheeks and plenty of strength with it because Ferrozone is the greatest body-builder ever discovered.

For a tonic to lift tiredness, weakness and ill health, you can't find the equal of Ferrozone. Get a 50c. box from any dealer and see if this is not so.

Conyers caught it in both his and kissed it.

"I'm a brute to add to your bother, Lady Stormont; you've enough of your own without me bringing mine, too; but—but—" with a shamefaced look, "I sometimes think it's what women like you were made for. But you'll do what you can for me with Sir David," intreatingly, as Lady Stormont drew away her hand with a flush on her face and a wet gleam in her eyes.

She opened the library door and stood stock still on the threshold.

"Good heavens—what is the meaning of this?" she exclaimed in blank amazement, followed by a quick sense of hurt and angry affront, for she was of a warm and generous, but by no means of a placid nature. "David, how could you do such a thing? Surely I might have been consulted—this is no small matter—who knows how serious it may be?" her mind ranging dismayed through a crowd of conjectures.

Fronting her over the great, carved chimney-piece in place of the scarlet robe and flowing peruke and the keen sagacious face of the Lord Chief Justice Stormont of a century back was the slim white figure and the pale face of her daughter—the change of light bringing out more fully the enigmatic expression of the eyes. The portrait hung awkwardly, too, which emphasized the change and still further invited comment. Being a full length, it was too tall to fit properly into the space above the high mantel-piece and rose above the book shelves on either hand to the cornice of the lofty covered ceiling. Of course, there was no other place where a large picture could hang, but why—why bring it here at all? Lady Stormont's eyes roamed in mute bewilderment round the book-lined walls before they sought her husband.

He was sitting at the big writing table, and when the door had opened he had been leaning forward, his head propped upon his hands, so absorbed apparently in something lying upon the table before him that but for her startled exclamation he would not have noticed her entrance. There was a gleam as of gold or something bright as at the sound of her voice he hastily swept what he had been gazing at out of sight, but in her amazement she took no heed of the swift, stealthy movement.

"David, why have you done this?" she exclaimed angrily, reproachfully. "You are punishing your poor child's little spirit of excitement last night far too cruelly, when, God knows, it should be easy for us to overlook anything; and, while I hope I have no foolish fear of 'what people will say,' I see no use of going out of one's way to set their tongues wagging, as—forgive me—I fear this change will do. For my part, I can't imagine the tapestry room without Isobel."

"I want the picture here," said Sir David curtly; "and it is Isobel's wish beside. She says she hates it; she can't bear to see it—she gave proof of that last night—well, she won't see it so much now that it's here." "Oh David, you are taking a few hasty words far too seriously. Old Lady Cuthbert and some others I know have been talking unwisely about her portrait to Isobel, and in her present state she is very sensitive, and no wonder, to any reference to 'her old self,' as she says, poor child. In fact, I think all our nerves have gone rather the better of us," trying to smile. "I think we'd be very much the better of a change of surroundings, something new to see and to think of." And Lady Stormont again unfolded her plan, dwelling fondly as she had already done in thought, on the delight of opening a new world to Isobel, of seeing her fresh joy in the sight of Alpine snows, of the dreamy blue curves of the Riviera, of immortal Italian towns, of marble villas with their storied walls.

Sir David listened, or at least he did not interrupt her; but every now and then as his wife spoke of Isobel he cast a glance upward at the pictured face.

"I think it is a very good plan," he said at last, "for you and Isobel, that is. Indeed, I think it's the wisest thing you could do to take her away for a while; but—" shifting some papers as he spoke, "I don't see my way to leave home at present, and—I think you would be better by yourselves. You must see that yourself. There is no company," with a sorry attempt at a laugh.

"It used to be," said Lady Stormont, briefly and curtly. "The words and all that they recalled showed but too clearly the breach between the past and the present, between her husband's mind and hers. That with their child restored to them in brilliant health and beauty, and with quickened mental powers, save in one direction, he should so brood over the loss of memory and the change in her mind and manner was to her, in her deep, abounding thankfulness, wholly inexplicable, shocking even. Loyal wife as she was, she was conscious of a certain shrinking."

"Well, there is another plan," she said, after a moment's silence, "and perhaps even a better one. I could not be happy to go away even with Isobel, and leave you alone—I don't think you are very well, David," hesitatingly. For all their twenty years of married life she felt that was trading upon unknown ground. "I believe you are right," she went on, with an effort; "we three—you and I and

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE HIGH ROUND CROWN AGAIN THE FASHION.

Crowns are higher again this season than they have been for several years, and the round crown is very much in evidence, especially so in hats with wide brims. It is very often concealed by the abundance of trimming which is set on the front or at the side, and consequently it is not as trying as where the whole crown is visible, high crowns not being universally becoming. This model is a soft white French felt trimmed with velvet ribbon in a castor shade in a huge rosette on the under brim, where this portion of the hat turns up rather sharply, and around the base of the crown in the form of a ruche. A huge bird with white body spreads its brown wings over the crown and left brim, and the long yellow beak points down over the narrow front brim. This hat is to be worn with a semi-dressy tailored suit in the same castor shade with trimmings of white broadcloth embroidered in brown and gold threads.

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WISE PARENTS

Guard Their Children's Health by Giving Them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The health of the growing boy or girl should be carefully guarded. During the growing time there is a danger of the blood becoming poisoned and the health seriously impaired. The blood should be kept pure and the child will grow strong, healthy and active. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an ideal tonic for the young.

They never fail to bring color to the pale cheeks and strength to the growing body. To a reporter of L'Avenir du Nord, Mr. Jos. Provost, of St. Canute, Que., tells how these pills saved his daughter Marie from a life of misery. He says: "A year ago my daughter, a girl of thirteen, was very weak. She was so ill that I feared she was going into consumption. Though I tried remedy after remedy she remained in this weak state for several months and I began to think she never would get better. I read of the good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had been in a case of anemia, so got some for her. Soon she began to improve; her appetite returned; she grew strong; color came into her cheeks and today she is as healthy as any young girl could be. I firmly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved her life."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are equally successful in bringing those of mature age back to health as they are in building up the young. They make pure, red blood—that is why they banish anemia, rheumatism, St. Vitus dance, heart palpitation, indigestion and the secret ills of girlhood and womanhood. But you must get the genuine bearing the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. All other so-called Pink Pills are imitations. If your medicine dealer does not keep the genuine pills they will be sent at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE A HELPLESS INVALID

He Returns to Canada With Left Side Paralyzed and Cannot Walk Without Assistance.

Montreal, Aug. 16.—Hon. Edward Blake has returned to Canada, not in the fullness of his vigor and activity but an invalid who cannot move without assistance.

Attached to a special C. P. R. train which arrived at the Windsor station this afternoon bringing the saloon passengers of the Empress of Britain was the private car Alberta. In it traveled Mr. Blake and his party and A. C. Creelman, C. P. R. solicitor, and his family. After the other passengers had alighted the Alberta was switched on to another track at a side platform, and your correspondent was admitted to the car and was received by Samuel C. Blake, the son of the distinguished statesman.

Edward Blake was reclining but Samuel Blake said his father had stood the voyage extremely well, although the rail journey from Quebec had been somewhat fatiguing. So far as the ocean voyage is concerned, Mr. Blake enjoyed it extremely and was frequently carried to the deck, where he took evident enjoyment in watching the pastimes of the passengers and discussing the ordinary events of life on shipboard.

"Mentally my father is as vigorous as ever," said Samuel Blake, "although, of course, he cannot walk without assistance, the paralytic stroke having taken away the use of his left side entirely. The doctors are, however, hopeful that the effects of the seizure will pass away gradually, although, of course, it will take some time for a complete restoration to physical activity."

"Edward Blake has come back to Canada to live and will take up his residence in Toronto. It is possible he may make an occasional visit to England but his home in future will be here."

Mr. Blake added that his father had freed his mind of all political responsibilities and his main object now was to take a complete rest in hope a change of air and environments would result in a speedy recovery. Mr. Blake is still a member of the British house of commons.

Fun Fizz.



NATURALLY HOT.
Prospective Father-in-Law — Why this office is as hot as an oven.
Young Lawyer—No wonder, sir. It's here where I make my bread.



HE WORE BOOTS.
Ajax defied the lightning.
It was an easy bluff.
He knew for insulation.
Rubber boots were just the stuff.



IT WILL BE BLOWN.
Thaw—Well, I've got something to blow Shaw—What is it?
Thaw—My new straw hat.



THE DIFFERENCE.
The Boss—It's been my rule to be at my desk early and late—
New Clerk—Same with me. Sometimes I'm early and sometimes I'm late.

To Cure Dysentery and Summer Complaint

No prescription gives such instant relief as "Nervine"—it's a wonderful specialist in such troubles. Moral—Never be without Nervine.

Eating Carelessly

frequently causes stomach troubles, but careful eating will never right them. When your stomach is out of condition, it needs help that no food can supply. It must be thoroughly cleansed, settled and strengthened. Food never does this.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are the greatest stomach medicine human skill ever compounded. Don't attempt to cure your stomach by dieting. You will half starve and get little benefit. Give Beecham's Pills a chance and you will again know the pleasures of a sound digestion. Appetite will return and the stomach again work without any discomfort. The skin will clear, the face plump out, while people will remark "How well you're looking." These are facts, not fancies. Prove it yourself.

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
Sold by all Druggists in Canada and U. S. America. 12 boxes 25 cents.

You

will be STRONG and HEALTHY if you take before each meal a wine glassful of

Count St. Michel Tonic Wine.

Wholesale by McIntyre & Co., Ltd., Comeau & Sheehan, Richard Sullivan & Co., J. O'Regan and all Wholesale Druggists.

HARRIMAN CHEERFUL

(New York Commercial.)

A man heavily interested in the Harriman properties is authority for the statement that nothing of an unfavorable nature, so far as the Union Pacific and Mr. Harriman himself are concerned, will result from any attempt to force the latter, to answer certain questions in connection with the investigation of the Harriman lines, made some months ago. The whole story has been told, so far as it applies to the Union Pacific and Mr. Harriman, according to this authority.

THOROUGHLY INFORMED AS TO THAT.

(Chicago Tribune.)
"Is anything known concerning the exact location of Babylon?" asked the teacher at the night school.
"You bet!" said the shaggy haired pupil. "Babylon is on Spoon River, down in Fulton county. I've fished there hundreds of times. You can't fool me on Babylon."

DO YOUR LOOKS QUITE SATISFY YOU?

Is your color fresh and rosy? Does the glow of health shine out in your cheeks?

Do your eyes glisten with health, or are they dull, dark-circled and tired? Alas—your bloodless face indicates trouble. Your watery blood menaces your health. What you need is the tonic, cleansing assistance of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They will clean out the overplus of bile that makes your skin so murky—they will put new life into the stomach, brace up digestion and make you eat sufficient food to get a blood supply ahead.

Good blood always means more strength and vigor—that's why Dr. Hamilton's Pills are so successful in building up weak, thin folks.

You'll feel better at once, your looks will improve and that half dead, lazy feeling will depart, because Dr. Hamilton's Pills enliven and fortify every ailing organ in the body.

Ask your friends, your neighbors—most anyone can tell you of the enormous good done by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, but beware of any substitute.

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?

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



WILSON'S FLY PADS
Kill them all. No dead flies lying about when used as directed.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES
10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c.
Will last a whole season.