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"AS A MAN SOWS."

BY HELEN WALLACE

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

(Continued)
CHAPTER XXV
A RESPIRE.

"Isobel, my dear little cousin, what is it?" said Conyers, as after one wild cry of "Basil!" Isobel clung speechlessly to him, shaken by tearful sobs. He was shaken himself by the relief, the unmistakable gladness in her voice. He was not altogether unwelcome then! "You've been too long alone. You've got scared by the cold and darkness, and this is what the Stormont folk would call an 'unco place' with a glance around the gorge, now black pit of thundering noise. 'Your mother was getting anxious about you, so I thought I'd better take a look around for you. I'm afraid I startled you coming so suddenly upon you, but I thought you'd hear me on the bridge, though the water does make a row,' he went on to give Isobel time to recover—an unconscious Orpheus, had he known it, who had brought his Eurydice back from the very brink of the shades. To the girl's disordered fancy she seemed already to have overstepped the boundary, and the familiar tones striking across 'the voice of many waters,' the sudden transition from the chill touch of Death to this warm human clasp was for the moment too bewildering.

"Has anything happened? Did any one venture to—?" began Conyers, a sharper note in his voice. His new fear struck her somewhat excessive even for the natural 'ecriness' likely to beset a girl alone in the falling dusk in such a creepy place, as he mentally styled it; yet there seemed nothing else to account for it.

"No, no," said Isobel, mastering her sudden hysteria, as a new fear struck her. Unless Ashe had returned to the village by the lower bridge, which was not likely, it being the longer way, he must be close behind them now. In the first enormous relief of finding that it was not he but Basil who stood beside her, she had been incapable of any other thought or sensation; but now she began to wonder what had brought Conyers so suddenly upon the scene, and to realize how infinitely more difficult his presence would render her position. True, he would stand between her and Ashe, but what would Ashe do—how long would he hold his hand? Till there was no smallest chance of gaining his desires of making some profit of his knowledge, so long—but only so long, she was quite keen enough to divine; but meantime the one thing to do was to prevent the two young men from meeting immediately.

"Let us go back to the hotel," she said hurriedly. "For once I won't object to the electric light glaring among the queer old chalets; I want light and plenty of it," turning away with a shiver from the loud water and the dim world beyond it, to which she seemed to have drawn so near.

And Basil was quite inclined to follow her lead as long as he could. He was no more inclined to wear his heart upon his sleeve, or to court another rebuff, than the average man; but while there was nothing of the coxcomb about him, there lurked down deep in his heart, the result perhaps of old association, the belief that Isobel was not absolutely indifferent, that somehow she still belonged to him. Nor could he rid his mind of the thought, that if it were not for her father's "moral meddling," as he derisively styled it, he might even yet win love for love. But whether such a consummation of earthly desire were possible or not, Isobel would never lack help if he could give it. Something in the tone of Lady Stormont's letters struck him as unsatisfactory, and when he heard of Ashe's appearance at Caux, the natural man could stand no more.

"Well, I hope they won't be in too great a hurry shutting up shop, now that I've come. There wasn't very much going on at home. One can't always be shooting, and when I heard you were coming up here I thought I'd renew my acquaintance with some of these jolly old chaps," with a comprehensive nod toward the majestic peaks far up among the stars. "It's too late in the season, I know, but if the weather holds, one might do some good work yet."

"I'm afraid you won't be able to coax or bribe a guide to go with you. My father has been trying it. He feels, like me,

I think, too much shut in here, and always wanting to climb up and out of the valley. But the guides say there is too much fresh snow; they are cautious itself, and I suppose it's better so," Isobel was saying, catching at a safe subject, when the click of a falling stone caught Basil's ear and he glanced behind.

They had passed the first of the electric lamps, considerably placed on the outskirts of the village, and in the circle of a strong, blue-white light, which deepened all the shadows beyond, Ashe's tall, slight figure, the easy carriage of his handsome head, were at once recognizable. Basil paused.

"Do you mean to say that that fellow has had the cheek to follow you here?" he exclaimed.

"He is here, at least," said Isobel, involuntarily quickening her step a little. A sudden thought struck Conyers. Could the fellow have had anything to do with Isobel's extreme agitation on the bridge? There had been more than mere alarm in her sudden cry: "Let me go!" Could Ashe have met her—have ventured—his hand closed very tightly on his iron-shod stick.

I know you think I have a prejudice against Ashe," he said, although a former experience warned him to leave the subject alone, "but then I know—something of him at least. I hope—hasn't—worry you today." For the moment he could hit on no other word to express his sudden fear, and its grotesque inappropriateness to that encounter under the chapel portico forced an odd, desperate laugh from Isobel. They were passing another lamp, and Conyers looked at her in uncomfortable surprise.

"Worry me—why should Mr. Ashe worry me?" she said with her head a trifle higher. "By the by, we needn't give him the impression that we are running away from him," delicately slackening her pace a little. Basil must not imagine that she was afraid of the man behind, whose shadow, elongated by the glaring lamp, almost touched their path. But Ashe made no effort to overtake them. He had provided "Miss Stormont" with quite sufficient food for thought, and while at first he was somewhat surprised to see her with an escort, he was by no means ill-pleased to recognize Basil Conyers. The drama on which the curtain had now been fairly rung up would be played with a fuller stage; that was all. His triumph would be the more complete since it would be witnessed by the once-favored rival, the husband almost of Miss Isobel—Stormont. He could afford to let him have his brief innings now.

(To be continued.)

A Minister Who Knows

Rev. Mr. Blanchard, of Clairmont, knows what he says in stating the only sure cure for Hay Fever is Catarrhazone. "For the space of the year for ten years I suffered. Catarrhazone cured me so perfectly that the disease has not returned. Others in my parish I know have been permanently cured by Catarrhazone, which I strongly recommend for Hay Fever, Asthma and Bronchitis. \$1.00 at druggists.

ANOTHER ROYAL WEDDING

Princess Victoria of England and Russian Grand Duke.

COPENHAGEN, Sept. 4.—Reports of the engagement of Princess Victoria, of England, and the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, of Russia, are revived, and in responsible quarters are confirmed. The Grand Duke will accompany his mother, the Dowager Empress of Russia, on her coming Scandinavian cruise, when he will meet Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria. A number of Russian detectives have arrived here as a body-guard to the Dowager Empress during her visit. They are quartered at a villa within the castle grounds. Their presence is due to the colony of Russian fugitives here, which has increased rapidly since 1906, and now numbers 2,000, including several adherents of the Terrorist organization.



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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



A BELMORE TOP COAT.

Various models in nobby top coats for the ensuing fall and winter are already being shown, and perhaps the most attractive of these are the belmore, a garment of three-quarters length with semi-fitting back, the waistline of which is dropped about three inches below the natural waistline, giving the back of the garment a very mannish effect and one which

is strikingly becoming to slender figures. These coats are seen in all sorts of novelty fabrics used in plain tailored suits and separate coats this season. The skibo serges in their novelty mixtures are specially smart. Being a severely tailored garment, the sleeves are long and moderately full, the fronts double breasted and the neck having a turnover notched collar like a man's coat.

MOORS TROUNCED IN A SEVEN HOUR FIGHT

Serious Battle in the Vicinity of Casablanca on Tuesday—French Casualties Light.

Casablanca, Sept. 4.—Eight Frenchmen were killed and seventeen wounded in an engagement yesterday outside the camp. The dead include Major Prevost, of the first battalion of the foreign legion, and Lieut. Benizias, of the second battalion of Algerian Sharpshooters. The Moors concentrated the largest force they had yet mustered in this vicinity and returned to the attack again and again after encountering the deadly fire of the French artillery and machine guns. The enemy's losses are described as enormous. The fighting opened at 5 a. m. and lasted seven hours. Major Prevost conducted a scouting expedition, which was the actual cause of the battle, the object being to locate the enemy and prepare the way for an extensive offensive movement later. The major advanced about eight miles in a southerly direction meeting only with scattered bands of Moors which were easily dispersed. He then gave the order to return and it was when nearing the camp that his force was assailed by hordes of Moors. Prevost formed his men in hollow squares with the irregular Algerian cavalry in front. General Druce quickly reinforced Prevost and the engagement immediately developed into a desperate conflict, from which the Moors retreated only after their ranks had been decimated by a deadly fire which it was impossible to withstand.

FLAGS FOR RURAL SCHOOLS

Ontario Department of Education Will Purchase Canadian Ensigns.

TORONTO, Sept. 3.—In pursuance of the plan formulated some time ago the department of education is calling for tenders for the supply of flags for the rural schools of Ontario. The ensigns are to be "Union Jacks, with the coat-of-arms of the Dominion of Canada." The offers of firms having such flags for sale will be received until Wednesday, Sept. 11. For the purchase of ensigns of this type the legislature voted an appropriation of \$5,000 as a beginning. Each rural school will receive a flag, which must be displayed in the classroom at the discretion of the trustees. The ensigns are to be flown on high days and holidays from the flag-staff. No provisions have been made for presenting them to the urban schools. That step may be taken later.

HAMPSTEAD NOTES

HAMPSTEAD, Q. C. Sept. 2.—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Van Wart of St. John are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Van Wart of this place.

Miss Lillie Watson (stenographer) who has been working in St. John is home for a week's vacation.

Last Wednesday night the people of this place spent a very pleasant evening while ice cream was served at Hampstead Hotel by Mrs. John McAfee, manageress of the hotel and Mrs. Fred Cameron and Miss Magee. After the arrival of the steamer Elaine at 9 p. m. each went to their different homes.

J. S. Van Wart and wife spent a few days here but have now returned home to Sussex.

The public school here is running now under the management of Miss Sadie Inch of Fredericton.

Miss Edith Fox has returned home after spending two weeks in St. John.

On Sunday Aug. 18th, a confirmation was held in the episcopal church at Queensdown and ten candidates were confirmed by Bishop Richardson. Mr. Sheven the parish rector was also present.

Mrs. Horace J. Peters of St. John, west, is spending the summer with Mrs. J. A. Dougan.

Mrs. D. B. Mayes & Son and Mrs. Fred Tins of St. John also spent Sunday with Mrs. J. A. Dougan.

The weather here is very cold and backward and the farmers find it very difficult to get their hay in, but the crops are looking splendid.

The first sod has been turned at Saskatoon for the new \$40,000 C. P. R. depot.

HARRY THAW'S NEPHEW BECOMES MISSIONARY

Young Stephen Thaw Takes Up Religious Work in Syria.

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 4.—Stephen Bows Thaw, nephew of Harry Kendall Thaw, has just arrived in Syria as a missionary for the Presbyterian Church. The fact that the young man has entered the missionary field came out only when letters were received from him announcing his safe arrival. He sailed three months ago, just after graduation from Yale.

Stephen Thaw, who is twenty-one, will be heir to one of the largest fortunes in Pittsburg, his father Benjamin Thaw, being immensely wealthy.

The killing of Stanford White by Harry Thaw is said to have affected the young man deeply, and since that time he has taken a greater interest than ever in church affairs.

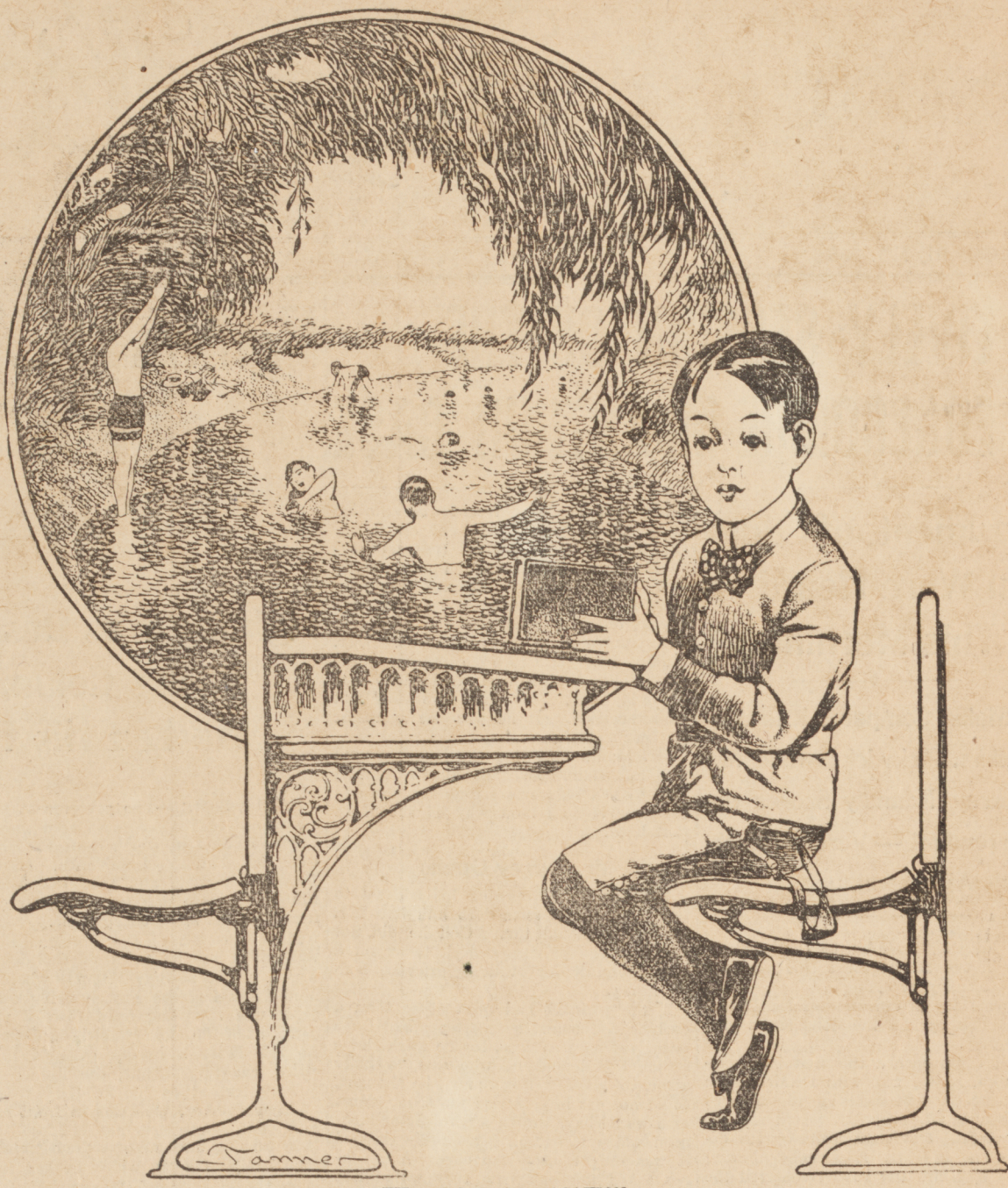
NEW DOGMAS FORCE YOUNG CLERGYMEN FROM PULPITS

CARDIFF, Sept. 4.—The Rev. R. J. Campbell appealed at Llandudno on behalf of several young ministers who had been driven from their pulpits in consequence of their acceptance of the New Theology. He wished that some means could be devised to help them, not as makers of schism—they did not want that—but to provide a platform for the utterance of their message despite the intolerance of the churches.

The opening of a fund was suggested and Mr. Campbell said there would be a consultation on the proposal.

FRACTURED HIS SKULL

Frank Peppard, who sustained a fracture of the skull by being thrown from a wagon on Monday, died in the general hospital yesterday. The deceased was a single man, 30 years of age. He was a member of the city police force for two years, and since leaving the force, a few



Where's the tread of restless feet
Yesterday so loud?
Where's the laughter in the street?
Where's the romping crowd?

THE CLOSE OF VACATION.

Lonely now the willows bend
O'er the swimming pool,
Gay companionships must end.
Johnny's back in school.

AN ERRING PRIEST

Italian Priest Disappears and Embezzles \$24,000 of Church Funds.

Rome, Sept. 4.—The Corriere d'Italia is authority for the statement that a priest attached to the Church of Santa Maria Maddalena, impelled by his desire to visit the United States, embezzled \$24,000 of the church funds and disappeared. He is supposed to have started for the goal of his desires. The wardens of the church have lodged a complaint against the priest with the local magistrate.

DEAF MUTES AT TRURO

The St. John members of the Maritime Deaf Mutes Association who have been attending the convention in Truro arrived home last evening. The convention is reported to have been a most successful one, more than seventy-five delegates being in attendance. The business part of the convention was opened on Monday last with an address by Mayor Murray, of Truro. G. S. McKenzie, of Moncton, the president of the association, replied.

The New Brunswick officers elected for the ensuing year are: G. S. McKenzie, Moncton (re-elected), president; S. J. Doherty, St. John (re-elected), 1st vice-president; William Baillie, E. E. Prince and Chester Brown, of St. John, directors.

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of Alcohol

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