

There is No Doubt The H B K Shirt

for working men is the best
shirt made. We handle them
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UNION CLOTHING CO.

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"AS A MAN SOWS."

BY HELEN WALLACE

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

(Continued.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Isobel Stormont, daughter of Sir David Stormont, wealthy Scotch country gentleman, disappears without leaving the slightest trace. She was a quiet, retiring girl with only one distinguishing feature—a 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, he finds Isobel, almost dead, 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 she completely captivates Basil, whose affection for her herebefore has been more of the cousinly kind.

In one of the pockets of her gown is found an old Testament, 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 Ashie, a fortune hunter, who meets her at a charity fete given at her home. Meanwhile Sir David extracts a promise from Basil that he will not renew his engagement until Christmas which is four months away. Then to complicate matters further, Ashie sends Isobel from being run over by an automobile, and discovers that the old Testament which is in Sir David's possession may contain a clue to the mystery of her seemingly dual identity.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Empty Place.

A night of deep, dreamless sleep often sets such a gulf between the emotions of the night before and our waking recollections of them that, looking back across it, they seem to have faded and dwindled almost to insignificance. Worn out, Isobel had slept long and late, and when at last she rose and looked over the heavy dew of autumn to the now familiar scene of hill and wood and river, half-sleep through a gauzy veil of vapor, it seemed hard, especially to eighteen summers, to realize that life as well as this fair world should not be "very good."

With that wide, restful beauty outspread before her she readily thought that her passion of shocked pride and hurt feeling must have been exaggerated. Surely she must have taken her father's hasty words and action as much too seriously as he had apparently regarded hers. Of course, it had been very silly of her to lose her temper and behave in such a childish fashion, especially before her cousin Basil, and at the thought her radiant morning face clouded. "They might make some allowance for me if only they knew what it is," she murmured half consciously; but though she used the vague plural pronoun it had likely a much more definite significance. Still the sun was shining, sweet airs were blowing, and young blood was stirring within her, and when at last she came down stairs she was ready again to look upon that night's happenings almost as a bad dream.

The great house was very silent as she passed through the hall. Lady Stormont was with Basil Conyers in her morning room, and every one had gone about the business or amusement of the day. Isobel

James Schrum of Dartmouth Makes Valuable Discovery

Says the Most Obstinate Case of
Stomach or Liver Trouble Is
Quickly Curable

Dartmouth, N. S., Aug. 19.—There is a strong moral in the statement. James Schrum, of Pleasant street. Like thousands of people, he was failing in health because his stomach and digestive organs were out of repair. His vitality was slipping away, he was losing ground every day.

"I could not have held on much longer. I was wasting away simply because no remedy I used gave the tone and strength to my stomach that it craved for. The vital forces of my system seemed dead. I was advised to try Dr. Hamilton's Pills. What hidden weakness they searched out I don't know, but in a miraculous way they have made a new man of me. My stomach troubles are cured, rich blood runs through my veins—clear skin and unmistakable evidences of health and vigor I feel every day. Dr. Hamilton's Pills have certainly mastered the secret of curing the sickly emaciated man and I strongly urge everyone in failing or lost health to use this grand remedy.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut are purely vegetable—all the ingredients coming from the great storehouse of Nature, they can't help but Heal, Strengthen, Cure.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE ALL-WHITE HAT IS IN HIGH FAVOR.

Among the very early Fall models there are a great number of attractive all-white hats, many of which are intended for the younger set of society. They are built along tailored lines, and trimmed with huge wings and ribbons. The smartest of these are medium in size, because a hat with a brim extending out over the face and the full coiffure is very much more becoming to the youthful face than a close fitting hat. In the picture the brim turns up half an inch all around the edge and the left side lifts a little in cavalier style.

quick flash in her eyes seeming to dry her tears; "I wish it were, but you can't deny it."

"No, I don't deny it—not altogether," said Basil. "But will you let me say something, or try to say it, for I'm no good at putting things into words."

"Oh, say what you like, but to most people it is not difficult to find fault. I have learned that much already," in a light, hard tone.

The Evils of Substitution Exposed

A dealer substitutes because he makes more profit on an inferior article. A local citizen was induced to take a substitute for Putnam's Corn Extractor, with the result that the substitute burnt his toes and failed to cure. Putnam's contains no acids and is guaranteed. Always get Putnam's—no other.

PROSPECTS POOR FOR THE FARMER'S

Backward and Rainy Season Will Make Light Crops.

Reports on the state of the crops would seem to indicate that 1907 will be a poor year for New Brunswick farmers. The hay crop is light, grain it is feared will not mature before the frost arrives, and while potatoes are reported to be a good crop the price has now fallen to \$1 a barrel. There are indications that this will also be an off year for apples.

The fine weather which prevailed last week throughout the province generally was very welcome to the farmers, as it gave opportunity for progress with the harvesting of the hay crop, which has been retarded much this season by the wet weather. A great deal of hay was placed in the barns during the week.

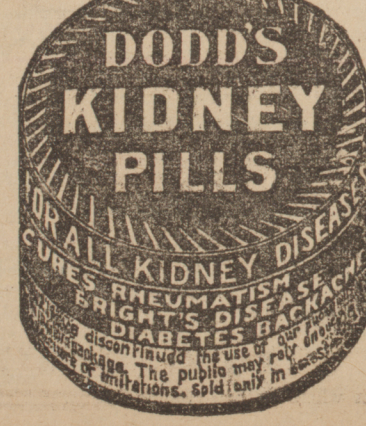
Reports, however, from upriver say the hay crop is exceptionally light. Large tracts were winter-killed and the cold backward spring prevented growth. In June there was too much cold weather and not enough rain. The wet weather of July and August augurs hopes that the crop would strengthen up but reports say that the yield is very light and in some places a famine is anticipated.

The intervals, the product of which many farmers depended upon for the supply, have been covered with water for the last two or three weeks and the situation in some quarters appears to be serious.

There is grave danger that the grain crops, being late, will not mature until the frost sets in and prevents further ripening. Fields of oats which in average years would be whitening at this time are still in the green or milk stage and if frost comes as early as usual the prospect of a shortened grain crop will be realized. The late spring and the absence of warm sunshine during July are given as reasons for retarded development.

Potatoes are said to be a good crop, though there is great danger of rust. Last week large quantities were brought down on the river boats and the supply was greater than the demand. The price fell to \$1 a barrel and on Saturday large shipments at the May Queen warehouse could not be sold even at that price. The prices in the American markets have been falling and if the Ontario market fails the Carleton county farmers who have increased their potato output enormously will, it is thought, be in a bad way.

Farmers say that this is an off year for fruit and that the apple crop would be small even if the frost had not blighted the blossoms, which was the case in some sections of the country.



The back brim is the same width as the front, though the sides are a trifle wider. The crown is rather high, banded with white satin ribbon and trimmed directly in the front with a short looped bow so arranged that it quite conceals the crown. Under the left side of this bow are set two broad white wings, springing backward over the left brim. There is a very shallow cache peigne which aids in fitting the hat properly to the head, but does not lift it off the head. This is swathed in maline, the color of the hair.

OBITUARY

Miss Johanna Cullinan

Mrs. Johanna Cullinan, widow of Edward Cullinan, died on Saturday at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. M. L. Peters, 17 Peters street, aged 82 years. About nine weeks ago deceased met with an accident by falling down stairs and injuring her right side. She had been confined to her bed up to the time of her death.

Mrs. Cullinan was a native of County Clare, Ireland, but came to this city with her husband many years ago. She is survived by two daughters and one son. They are, Mrs. Julia Kelly and Mrs. Annie, wife of M. L. Peters, both of this city, and Peter Cullinan.

The funeral will take place this afternoon at 2.30 o'clock from 17 Peter street.

Robert H. Austin

Robert H. Austin, a well known resident of Carleton, who for years was driver of one of the coaches plying from the ferry, died on Saturday at his residence, 119 Rodney street, after a four months' illness, aged 63 years. Deceased was born and lived all his life in the west side. He had won and kept the respect and confidence of all who knew him. Besides his wife he is survived by three daughters—Amelia, wife of Policeman William R. Lee; Ada, wife of John Pollock, and Miss Nellie Austin, at home. There are also two grandchildren.

Mrs. Rachel Harris

Mrs. Rachel, wife of Harris Gilbert, 68 Union street, died yesterday afternoon at the residence of her husband, aged 47 years. Deceased, who had been ill for the past nine months, came to this city five years ago with her husband from Montreal, to which city the family had moved from England twenty years previously. Besides her husband, Mrs. Gilbert is survived by three sons—Harris Gilbert, Joseph Ernest and Samuel, all of this city; and three daughters—Annie, Harrie and Betsy, at home. Mrs. Gilbert was well known in Montreal, where many will regret to learn of her death.

The funeral of John Lowry, of the customs service, took place yesterday afternoon from his late residence, Ludlow street, Carleton. The services were largely attended, many members of the customs staff walking behind the hearse, in addition to the friends and relatives of deceased. Besides his wife Mr. Lowry is survived by one sister, Mrs. A. McDonald, of Erin street, this city.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY OUTING

In spite of the unfavorable weather of Saturday a party of thirty attended the outing of the Natural History Society at Long Island, Kennebecasis. The I. C. R. train was taken to Renfrew where a large sail boat was in waiting. F. A. Dykeman, with his gasoline launch, towed the party to a favorable point on the river where Dr. Matthew gave an address on the fossils found in the rocks of the vicinity, and described the trilobites and their allies.

A return was then made to Mr. Dykeman's house where refreshments were served, after which William McIntosh described the expedition which he and Mr. Leavitt recently made in search of Indian relics.

Senator Ellis, W. F. Burdette and others present discussed the subjects presented in an able manner.

Mrs. Matthew then gave a humorous recitation after which hearty votes of thanks were tendered Mr. Dykeman as host and Dr. Matthew and Mr. McIntosh for their interesting contributions which were fittingly replied to.

The following officers were elected at the fifth annual session of the Grand Council of the Maritime Provinces of the Royal Ancestral, at Kentville: Representative to Supreme Council, J. H. McQueen, Dorchester; alternate, F. Powers, Lunenburg; J. H. McQueen, G. R.; F. Powers, V. G. R.; G. D. Martin, St. John, orator; H. Goudy, Yarmouth, chaplain; G. F. Allison, Sackville, G. S.; C. W. Burnyeat, G. T.; G. H. McAndrews, St. Stephen; G. G.; J. D. McKay, Fredericton; Sidney Gray, Charlottetown; William Crowe, Halifax; trustees; F. L. Blair, Amherst; S. P. G. R. The Grand Council will meet next year in Sackville (N. B.)

THE FAIRIES VISIT GRACIE

BY MAUD WALKER.

Gracie sat on the ground beneath a big tree, playing with her dolls and picture books. Pretty soon, to her great astonishment one of the picture books opened—a book of fairy tales—and out stepped one of the daintiest fairies in all the book's pages. She was the princess Lala, and Gracie had read of her dozens and dozens of times, never finding the story dull. As Gracie was on the point of speaking to princess Lala another page of the book flew open and out walked Hop-Over-My-Thumb, just as funny and as real as Gracie had ever seen him in picture and story. Then, as fast as they could lift the book-leaves and step forth upon the soft grass, came all the fairies of the book, making a beautiful and entertaining company. Gracie, now almost too much surprised to believe her eyes, looked from one to the other of her strange callers, saying in a fluttering voice of excitement: "Well, how did this ever happen? But, it is lovely, perfectly lovely, for you to come to life and make me a visit. Will you all be seated? I am sorry I can only offer you a seat on the grass."

"Oh, my dear Gracie," said the fairy queen, who was a white-haired, pretty little old fairy dame, "it is we who should apologize to you for coming so unexpectedly. If one isn't invited, one must be grateful for a seat on the grass—or in a tree's limb."

"Sure, in a tree's limb," exclaimed Hop-Over-My-Thumb. And instantly the impish fellow—he looked really impish in real life—gave a bound in the air and seated himself on the limb of a tree. There he sat, dangling his legs to and fro, humming a merry tune. And soon many of the other fairies—the youngest ones—followed Hop-Over-My-Thumb's example, and the fine old tree swarmed with fairy life.

"Well, why shouldn't we turn some of these little pebbles into chairs and divans?" asked the princess Lala. "What is the good of being a fairy if one doesn't use the fairy's power?" And as she spoke she waved her hand about her and there rose from the pebbles scattered about on the ground, easy chairs and comfortable divans. Then the entire company—which must have comprised fifty fairies in all—found seats.

"We've come to tell you how much we appreciate your love for us," said one of the fairies, smiling on Gracie. "We don't know of another child in the whole surrounding country who enjoys us more than you do."

"And I enjoy you in real life much more than I do in that big book," declared Gracie. "And every day I read about you to my dolls Sissy and Mabel. You see, although my dolls do not talk they can understand me," she added, seeing that several of the fairies looked at Sissy and Mabel who were lying on the ground, addressing Gracie.

"Oh, that would be perfectly lovely," Gracie cried, running to Sissy and Mabel and sitting them up against the tree. "There you must be more lady-like when in company—and such distinguished company, too—is present," she said in a motherly, chiding tone.

"Bring your dolls to me," said the old fairy queen. Gracie obeyed her, placing Sissy and Mabel on the queenly lap. The dear little old fairy touched the lips of the dolls with the wee point of her tiny finger, and immediately Sissy and Mabel began to sing the prettiest little song you ever heard. Gracie's pleasure was great. She danced and laughed in

glee, telling the old fairy queen that she should never—never forget her and the great miracle she had wrought with her dear daughters, Sissy and Mabel. "Oh, how can I ever thank you enough?" she said, kneeling at the foot of the old fairy queen.

"All that we ask is that you do not forget us, said the dear little old dame. "It has become the fashion for children to not read fairy stories. They now read tales of fiction dealing with problems and questions much too old for them. In fact, the children of today are about as old as their parents, and if you tell them about us they'll shake their heads and say: 'There's no such people as fairies.' Now, you are not that sort of little girl. You delight in hearing and reading about us. And what is most gratifying to us is the fact that you honestly believe in us."

"Indeed I do believe in you," declared Gracie. "Should I ever come to disbelieve in fairies I should be quite unhappy. Why, there'd be nothing then but real people that do things just as I do them. No, I love the fairies and I'll never cease to believe in them."

"Now, shall we have a banquet?" called down Hop-Over-My-Thumb. "I'm getting awful hungry—even though I'm not a flesh and bone person."

"Yes, the fairies all have stomachs," laughed a big fairy, a funny fellow, who was always going about in the book disguised as a clown. "We've stomachs and—"

"Tongues to chatter too much with," put in a pretty little fairy, Miss who was seated beside the clown. "Now, will you remain quiet until called upon to speak, sir?" she added laughingly.

"A feast, a feast, a feast!" cried a chorus of voices from the tree limbs. "Queen Mab, give us a feast!"

The little old queen smiled indulgently on her band of fairies and waved her wand about in front of her. Immediately there appeared—as if rising from the very earth—a table spread with all the good things to eat that child or fairy could possibly wish for. And in another minute Gracie having been invited by the queen to act as hostess, the banquet table was doing the honors of the table. About her gathered fairies of every description, old, young, little, big and great. At her right hand sat Sissy, pouring nectar from a golden pitcher into tiny glasses, and on her left was Mabel who was serving strawberries rolled in powdered sugar and swimming in yellow cream. A great pyramid of cake and ice cream held the centre of the table and was piled about with fruits, candies and a dozen other kinds of delicacies so appetizing to children and faeries.

But just as Gracie lifted a plate of sugar and cookies to pass to her guests something hit her on the cheek. She half arose—looked about her in a dazed way. Then she rubbed her eyes and scratched the smarting place on her cheek where a nasty mosquito had bitten her a moment ago. But—where were the fairies? And where was the banquet table? Gracie again rubbed her eyes and then bethought her of the dolls. They were lying on the ground near her. She spoke to each in turn, but they made no reply. Then Gracie looked toward the big book of fairy tales. It was open at a page where she had been reading to her dolls just a little while ago. Ah, had she been—asleep? But, no, they—the fairies—had surely been there. It was that horrid old mosquito that had frightened them back inside the book-covers and stolen away Sissy and Mabel's voices. Slowly Gracie got to her feet and looked about her. Then with genuine feeling she said: "Well, I may have been dreaming, but I believe in fairies just the same."

Looseness of The Bowels.

It is very seldom during the summer months that most people are not troubled with "looseness of the bowels." Sometimes it only goes that far, but generally it develops into Diarrhoea, Dysentery or Summer Complaint and has a tendency to weaken the whole system.

When the bowels get loosened up in this way and you wish to check the unnatural discharge without bringing on constipation, there is only one remedy to use, and that one is Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY. This remedy is not an experiment as it has been used in thousands of families during the past sixty-two years.

When you ask for Dr. FOWLER'S be sure you get it, as many unprincipled druggists will try to palm off a cheap substitute on you.

Miss M. Hopkins, Roseview, Sask., writes: "I have used Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY and found it is all it is recommended to be for Diarrhoea and Summer Complaint. We would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

Manufactured by The Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price 35c.

Made-Over Old Rhyme.



One I jump; two I jump;
Three I jump, I say;
Four I jump with all my might
From on top a stack of hay.

Five I jump; six I jump;
Seven I jump and run.
Eight I jump right home to tea.
And find it is great fun.

Nine I jump up in my chair,
For supper on the table;
Ten I jump away again
When I've eaten all I'm able.

WHY MOUSEIE MOVED
A dear little mouseie lived in a shoe,
A hole in the toe served as a door,
But an ugly old cat frightened mouseie away,
And the dear little fellow lived there no more.



Out stepped one of the daintiest fairies in all the book's pages.

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 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?