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UNION CLOTHING CO.

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ALEX. CORBETT, Manager

"AS A MAN SOWS."

BY HELEN WALLACE

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

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Isobel Stormont, daughter of Sir David Stormont, a wealthy Scotch country gentleman, disappears without leaving the slightest trace. She was a quiet, retiring girl, with only one distinguishing feature—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 heretofore has been more of the cousinly kind.

In one of the pockets of her gown is found an old Bible, 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 Ashe, a fortune hunter.

CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED

He had but newly returned to Stormont after a few days' absence. Having been assured that there was no cause for anxiety in his cousin's condition, instinct bade him leave parents and child alone together. The "business" which he pleaded as a reason for departure was no more than a pretext, as that hard-worked word frequently is, but he experienced a most unusual difficulty in giving his mind to it, and his agent found his employer very pre-occupied and indifferent. Possibly the young man found his state of mind somewhat puzzling to himself. He had been engaged to marry his cousin; therefore, of course, he loved her, he would have said, if he had ever thought about the matter; but he had been quite content when separated from her, and in Norway, before the terrible news came, had in truth thought very little about her.

But now Isobel's face when she had raised her head from his shoulder, Isobel's look when her eyes had met his, haunted him, and brought back that strange tumult of the blood, that thrill and jar through all his being, as of some new force coming into play which until that night had been unknown to him.

From the sheltered south terrace the Italian garden, with its formal beds, its quaintly trimmed shrubs, its fountains and urns and statues, sloped down to the river, which sparkled by, broad and swift and shallow, a contrast from the black, sullen depths of the Alder Pool. Here, when there was sunlight at all, it seemed to linger, and to heighten the alien, exotic charm of the old-world garden, which on this placid, tranquil autumn afternoon seemed steeped in slumbrous peace.

At the farther end of the terrace some warm-lined rugs were spread, and a basket chair or two, heaped with cushions, stood suggestively alone. Conyers glanced at them first, expecting to see a slim, languid figure reclining in one, but they were empty, and Isobel was standing straight and tall beside the mossy balustrade, and with her head turned away, was gazing out across the river.

Some slight sound broke her dream. She turned, and stood for a second like some startled sylvan creature, poised for instant flight, then the gray eyes, clear as sunlight,

water, met his. As there flashed into then a quick radiance as of fulfilled expectancy, the young man's eyes were opened, and he knew—knew what that vague, sweet turmoil of unrest had meant, for now he knew what love meant. Now he knew that he loved this girl, who was no longer his little cousin, to be cherished with a placid kindness, but a young divinity newly revealed, and claiming his homage, a claim which soul and spirit and body to the inmost fibre recognized as just and right and rose up joyfully to greet.

In that strange, sweet delirium of the spirit and the senses Basil had much ado not to claim his former rights—rights which had never yet been waived—and take her in his arms then and there as his promised wife; but true love is reverent, and now he stood in awe before the girl whom he had known all his life, but whom today he seemed to be seeing for the first time. Good God! how had he been so blind—so dull—so dead! Was he the same man—was this the same woman? No, whether he realized it yet or not, it was not the old easy-going, light-hearted Basil Conyers who made a hasty step forward and exclaimed in the shaken voice:

"You know me, Isobel?"

"You must be my cousin, Basil, I think; but I do know you—I have seen you before."

"Where? When?" cried Basil. Had the sudden sight of him really awakened that sleeping memory?

"I know now that it was your face I saw first, of all, before even I saw my mother's," said Isobel, shyly. "It was like waking and falling asleep again, or a sudden, vivid dream. I saw the hall quite plainly. I knew it again as soon as I saw it afterward; then I saw you; you were bending over me—you did not speak, but my mother did, and then it all vanished again."

As she spoke the sweet young blood came and went in her face like the aerial chase of sun and shadow.

"But it has all come back again—come to stay—and I—I am here, too," said Conyers, with the blundering commonplace and the constrained laugh in which overcharged feeling often finds relief.

"But is that all you remember—think?"—forgetting caution and smiling into her eyes.

The light left them as the sunlight vanishes from rippling water.

"Oh, don't ask me to think," she said, almost piteously. "No, there is nothing. It is as if my life began that moment when I opened my eyes in the hall. It is like being born quite grown up," trying to smile again, "or a blind man having his eyes opened, only the blind man would have heard of the wonderful world, and have sighed for it, and for dear faces for years; but I—I awoke at once to this!"

With a swift rejoicing glance which took in the glowing garden, the silvery stream, the autumn glories of the woods, the golden brown of the moors, an dthe faint, far blue of the sky. From these radiant heights her eyes fell to his again, and the shadow deepened. "Sometimes I do feel as if there was something beyond—something in the darkness," she said almost in a whisper.

"No, no, you must not think that," broke in Basil, dreading some question and cursing his folly in leading to it.

"Think of the sunshine only—please God there may be no shadow over it for you again, but for myself"—trying after a lighter tone, while all the time he was thinking that Lady Stormont was right that this was a new Isobel indeed. When would she have spoken thus freely, showed such radiant joy?—for myself, I ought to be thankful that you don't remember me as a schoolboy, when, no doubt, I was a tiresome little beast—as all boys are, and that all that you know of me—"

"I know at least that you saved my life," said Isobel, with a simplicity which held a certain solemnity—"saved it for this"—again with that reveling glance toward the wide beauty around. "And that you saved my mother's happiness." Her voice and eyes softened to wistful tenderness.

"Oh, Cousin Basil," stretching out impulsive hands toward him, "that makes me long to remember—to break through the wall of nothingness—to think that she should have loved me so, all my life, and that I could forget it."

The young man flushed a little. How much did she know? Not their former relationship apparently. It was as well, perhaps that she should have forgotten his slack wooing—forgotten what a poor thing he had offered her in love's great name. He had not meant to speak at once, but her look, her tone upset the frail balance of his resolve.

"Isobel!" he exclaimed, clasping her hands hard, "is there nothing more you know of me? Am I only your Cousin Basil? If you have forgotten it is little wonder, for I know now how poor—how unworthy—"

A step sounded upon the flags of the terrace, heavy, and yet uncertain.

"It is my father!" exclaimed Isobel, with a little catch of her breath, and drawing away her hands.

Father, indeed—what had brought him here at this moment! But while, with the hot words checked on his very lips, Conyers was fulminating anathemas on the unconscious head of Sir David; his

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



PRINTED CHIFFONS AND SILKS

The combination of two novel fabrics is rarely successful. An exception to this rule, however, is proven in this exquisite costume of printed chiffon combined with taffeta silk in Pompadour design. The nature of the fabrics makes it imperative that the simplest of modes be followed in their construction, otherwise the effect may be anything but pleasing. In this instance the long, graceful skirt is quite full and trimmed with an inset of the silk just above the hem, this finishing ed on either side with a narrow white silk aplique. The border or foot trimming

IN EXQUISITE EVENING GOWNS.

extends only around the front and sides of the skirt, leaving the two back gores quite plain but for the applique which heads the hem. The top of the skirt is shirred to simulate a girdle and built in one with the bodice of the taffetas made over a tight-fitting boned lining. There is a vest effect of fine white lace applique. The roll collar and revers extending to the belt line are of white taffetas, embroidered in silver, and an oblong paste buckle set in silver fastens the rabat of lace at the bust line. The sleeve is a draped model of moderate size.

EARL GREY IN HALIFAX

In Address to Canadian Club He Advocates Colonial Aid to Imperial Naval Defence.

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 8.—Earl Grey made an excellent impression on the membership of the Canadian Club by his address at a luncheon given in honor of his excellency today, the most largely attended luncheon in the club's history.

He told the members of the great work for the empire that had been wrought by the fathers of confederation, of the noble accomplishment since then in Australia, of what is yet to be in South Africa, and on the bearing of it all on the great problem of imperial unity.

His excellency spoke of the sacrifices that had been made by the United Kingdom, by Canada and by the southern dominions beyond the seas, one-half of the empire at large, and the imperial idea, and he alluded pointedly and forcibly to the share yet to be taken up by Canada and the rest of Greater Britain, particularly in the matter of naval defence.

Speaking of sacrifices which one part of the empire may have to make for another, his excellency said that he felt proud to belong to that small portion of the British Empire which considered it a privilege to carry the whole burden of the naval defence of the empire so long as they were able. He warned them that, with the population of Germany fifty per cent, and the United States 100 per cent, above that of the United Kingdom, it was obviously impossible for the people of the United Kingdom to keep command of the seas unaided for ever.

The sacrifices that Canada made for the empire, more recently, the postal regulations which made it possible to bring British mails and printed matter to Canada at a lower rate, the expense being borne by Canada. A result was already shown in the fact that the mails from the United Kingdom for the month of May were double those of the preceding May, while for June they were three times as much as they were for June last year.

Speaking of the transatlantic mails, Earl Grey said it was a standing cause of amazement to him that the people on both sides of the Atlantic should have tolerated for so long this colossal imperial blunder which had caused the natural and geographical advantages of Canada to have been put aside and mails go by steamers plying to New York.

He rejoiced to believe that his majesty's government were in earnest in their resolution to bring the distant parts of the empire nearer to the centre and to make the empire more compact.

Tomorrow morning Earl Grey and party will go by the steamer Lady Laurier for an excursion to Chester, returning in the evening to witness the aquatic illuminations.

The new board of management of the Home for Incurables, at its meeting on Wednesday, re-elected Dr. T. Walker, president; Rupert Turnbull, vice-president; John V. Ellis, treasurer; W. C. Jordan was appointed secretary.

An automobile party from Maine, on an excursion through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, arrived in the city yesterday and are registered at the Dufferin Hotel. The party consists of John F. Hill, F. G. Kingman and F. Geigenham, of Augusta, and W. H. Ackhurst and Collector of Customs A. R. Day, of Bangor. They will leave for Nova Scotia this morning.

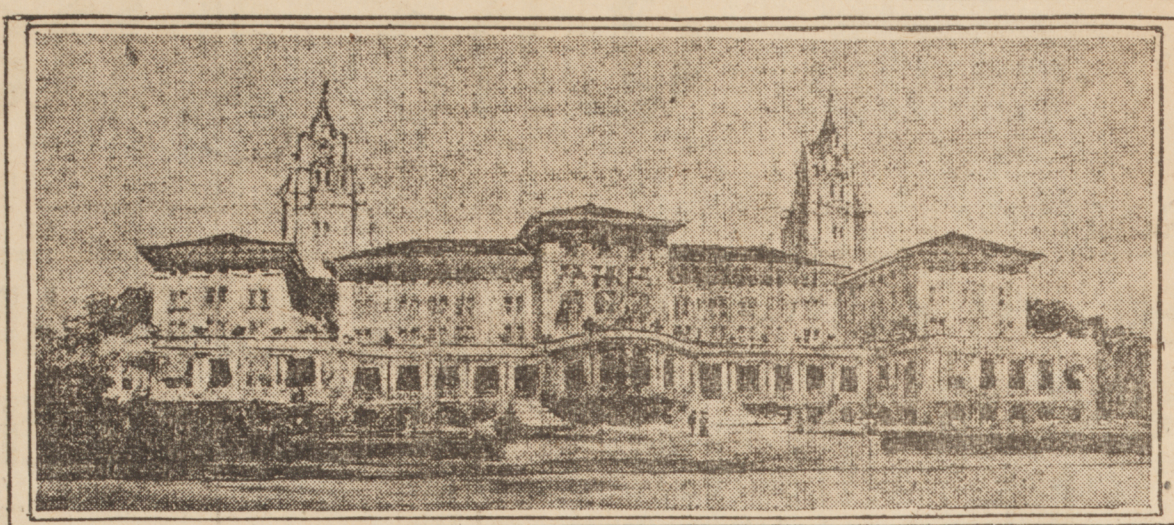
Wallen-Leathem. The many friends of Miss Edith Leathem, in St. John, will be interested to hear of her marriage to William Wallen, of Somerville (Mass.), which took place at Somerville a week ago.

Miss Leathem, previous to her departure from St. John, was a prominent member of Cullum Lodge, L. O. B. A., and had a large circle of friends and acquaintances who wish her every happiness. She will reside in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stone, of Millidgeville, were surprised last evening by their many friends, it being the sixteenth anniversary of their wedding day. Presents suitable to the occasion were given, a dainty lunch was served, and after enjoying games and other amusements, the party broke up at midnight, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Stone many years of happiness.

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MIGRAINE
HEADACHE
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PAIN IN THE SIDE
PAIN IN THE THROAT
PAIN IN THE STOMACH
PAIN IN THE LUNGS
PAIN IN THE HEART
PAIN IN THE SPINE
PAIN IN THE JOINTS
PAIN IN THE MUSCLES
PAIN IN THE BONES
PAIN IN THE NERVES
PAIN IN THE SKIN
PAIN IN THE EYES
PAIN IN THE EARS
PAIN IN THE NOSE
PAIN IN THE MOUTH
PAIN IN THE THROAT
PAIN IN THE STOMACH
PAIN IN THE LUNGS
PAIN IN THE HEART
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PAIN IN THE MUSCLES
PAIN IN THE BONES
PAIN IN THE NERVES
PAIN IN THE SKIN
PAIN IN THE EYES
PAIN IN THE EARS
PAIN IN THE NOSE
PAIN IN THE MOUTH

New Long Beach Hotel Ready Next June.



OCEAN FRONT PROPOSED HOTEL, LONG BEACH, L.I.

NEW YORK, August 6.—To contain eight hundred bedrooms, each eighteen by twenty feet, and to cost \$1,500,000, the new Long Beach Hotel will be ready for occupancy on June 1, 1908.

Covering an area of two blocks, the new structure will consist of reinforced concrete and steel and will be absolutely fireproof.

There will be broad piazzas around the building, part of which will be enclosed as a sun parlor. Tennis courts and Japanese tea gardens will be on the grounds. All bedrooms will have salt as well as fresh water baths.

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THE STEEL-COAL CASE

Steel People Closed Case Yesterday --- Some Talk of a Settlement.

Sydney, Aug. 8.—The steel company closed its case this forenoon and tomorrow afternoon it is expected that the coal people will commence to present their side of the question.

When court met today J. J. Ritchie asked for an adjournment until 10 o'clock Saturday to give the defendants an opportunity to prepare their evidence.

Judge Longley said that ordinarily such a request would not be listened to but in view of the vast interests involved he would partially grant the petition and would adjourn the court until 2.30 tomorrow.

W. B. A. Ritchie, on behalf of the plaintiffs, said he thought in all fairness that the coal company should outline their defence before the adjournment was granted. His lordship thought so too, but Mr. Ritchie said that at the present time he was not prepared to give any of the de-

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tails in connection with evidence to be offered by the coal people.

Much speculation is going on as to what method will be adopted to meet the evidence that has been introduced by the steel company, but no one is prepared to make any definite statement. Some say that the coal people will try to prove that in a large order like 1,000,000 tons, which the steel company take annually, a fair amount of bad coal would be perfectly justifiable, that is to say that if the whole amount of coal were mixed together the coal as a lot would be reasonably free from stone and shale, although a certain

portion of the coal, if used separately might not come up to requirements.

There were rumors tonight that a settlement might be made before the court opened tomorrow afternoon but the rumor is not looked upon seriously.

During the month of July eighteen cases of diphtheria were reported to the board of health authorities. During the present month, however, from the 1st to the 3rd, no less than six houses were placed under the disease. This is regarded as a record. The cases are scattered all over the city, no one locality seeming to be more infested than another.

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