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Men's Suits, regular $10, now $6.43

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"AS A MAN SOWS."

BY HELEN WALLACE

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

(Continued.)

Accustomed, therefore to rule her own family socially with a rod of iron, and having established herself as a personage in her own set. Miss Rudgeley resented the consciousness that there were still certain circles in which she could obtain no sure footing. Of course, in time-honored fashion, she declared that such society was stodgy, dull, behind the times, not worth the trouble of conquering; still, the knowledge rankled, and specially so Balachallan, where she was always reminded of it by Lady Stormont's courteous, but steady, evading of her boldest advances.

The absent were not without their champions, however. Young Bob Lane was not so versed in the world's ways as to have learned that it is always wiser to agree with your hostess, and too honest to affect juvenile cynicism. He rolled round upon his other elbow again.

"Oh, I say, Miss Vi, you're awfully down on them. Conyers is an awf'lly decent chap, and the girl's a nice little thing, with not a bit of harm in her—saw her once or twice in town; and when I heard of this, I thought it a beastly shame that anything should have happened to her, that she should be dead or drowned, and nobody know anything of it—horrid, you know. I was right down glad to hear that she had turned up again."

"Of course you would, Bobby; a good child like you is sure to think what is right and proper," said Vi patronizingly patting the uncovered curly head. "I never said there was any harm in her, indeed. I doubt if there is anything at all in her, good or bad," shrugging her handsome shoulders. "She's so well brought up,' everybody says. Well, all I can say is, you men ought to be devoutedly grateful that times are changed It must have been precious dull when we were all well brought up. Thank goodness, no one can accuse me of that. I should like to have seen the mater try her hand at it." and Vi laughed again as she lit her cigarette at the glowing tip of Mr. Ashe's cigar.

"What's the truth about this Stormont affair?" he asked, taking advantage of the brief check to the torrent of Miss Vi's volubility—the only means, as a rule of carrying on the semblance of a conversation with her. "Of course, I've seen the girl—"

"At a distance—like the rest of us," broke in Vi, with a laugh, "as we saw her picture in the crowd on Private View day. I don't suppose you were any more privileged than the rest of us. We're not good enough yet, it would appear for Lady Stormont."

If Evelyn Ashe did not altogether relish being thus ruled out, even though it were in the company of his hostess, he was careful not to show it.

"I have merely spoken to her. Being so young and already engaged, they did not take her about much," he said, suavely. "She struck me as being very shy and timid, though I know some people go further, and hint—"

"That she wants something of the shilling." Vi finished the sentence for him with her usual loud laugh.

Mr. Ashe found this method of getting information without committing himself to direct questions or statements a very useful one.

"Oh, no, of course not; dear Isobel, as you say, is very shy and timid," she said rolling her fine eyes upward to the faint blue film of her cigarette smoke. "But I should like to know," sitting more erect and speaking with sudden rancor, "what induced her to leave home in that extraordinary fashion, or, since I understand that she'd walk into the river if any one bade her do it, perhaps I should say who induced her?"

Young Lane, who had the entry into that charmed circle on the verge of which his hostess was still uneasily hovering, had been captured by a mature lady who coveted youthful homage, so that Vi could unbridle her tongue—not that she ever subjected it to much restraint.

"If I were Basil Conyers, I'd like to know that," she went on; "but perhaps he thinks it wiser not to ask too many questions; for, if he wants Stormont, he's got to take her with it—not that he needs it. for he's got plenty of his own; but that never hindered any man that ever I knew from wanting more," said Vi, shrewdly.

And how much more eagerly a man wants it if he has nothing, and how much more excuse for him there is, Evelyn Ashe may have been thinking as he lay lazily back amid the dry, springy heather and plied Miss Rudgeley with questions, which, to the limit of her knowledge, and far beyond it, she was but too ready to answer, and the story lost nothing in suggestiveness by passing through Vi Rudgeley's mind and passing through her lips.

"Why, is it time that we were making a move already?" she exclaimed, with genuine surprise and regret, as the keepers began to hustle suggestively about, and the men got up with more or less alacrity from the heather.

Ashe was one of those who lingered a little. He could afford to lose a little of that golden afternoon, for he had spent what might prove to be a most profitable hour, and, though the knowledge might not be very flattering to his self-love, he was conscious that by simply encouraging her ill-natured gossip and her railing against Stormont pride and Stormont exclusiveness, he had made more progress in Miss Rudgeley's good graces than by his most skilful and carefully prepared advances.

And to progress in Vi's good graces was of the utmost importance to the Hon. Evelyn Ashe—some people laid a slightly ironical emphasis on the courtesy prefix. Of the great army of those who live by their wits, the skilled practitioners devote themselves to a special class—the young, the old men or women—and it was among the last that Mr. Ashe found his subjects, and for his chosen walk in life he was well equipped. An effective personality—a tall figure, slight and graceful without being unmanly; a well-featured face, with somewhat remarkable eyes of an opaque slaty, grey, which could look melting or mournful or mocking as occasion required, but which were always, as one of his friends dubbed them, "inscrutable," a definition which, as supplying a touch of mystery, added sensibly to his stock in trade. That hint of mystery had been judiciously heightened by vague rumors of some romance, some quixotic conduct which had hindered his advance in life. How such reports had originated it might be uncharitable to inquire; but fortunately for Mr. Ashe, "hawks do not pyke oot hawks' een," and, though a good many men despised him, and still more disliked him, those who knew did not take the trouble to disclose how baseless these floating fictions were.

In his own class he was well enough received because of his birth and connections, while amid the great and ever increasing army of the "nouveaux-riches" and the would-be smart he posed as an authority upon the great world, and his services were eagerly sought after as guide, and adviser in its untrodden ways. Of course, his El Dorado was a wealthy marriage, but rich women are too well watched, or proved themselves, as Vi Rudgeley had as yet done, much too wary and too well aware of the price they could command.

Now, as the autumn afternoon burned away in its brief glory, his thoughts were busy, though he showed his usual excellent form as a shot, not only for his own credit and pleasure, but to pay for his own invitation in recognized fashion by running up the total of a big bag. Vi Rudgeley's talk, half heedless, half malicious, had suggested what appeared a very profitable opening for his special talents.

He topped a long slope, and as the wide view burst upon him he stood still. Far away in the sunny distance he could see the great house lording it over the broad valley, and at the thought of all it implied he drew a deep breath. For a moment he let his racing fancies have full play, then cool, calculating reason pulled them up. He had better have something to go upon before he played Alnaschar; meantime the first thing was to get a footing at Stormont, and then to feel his way with the girl herself.

A bird rose, though almost beyond range. He took a swift and steady aim, and as it came pitching earthward a mass of ruffled feathers, which had been a thing of life a minute before, his thin but well-cut lips drew to a reflective smile, as if he had brought down more than a bird on the wing.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE TERRACE.

"Then she remembers nothing—nothing at all! It seems impossible. Of course, one has heard of such things, but I always thought it was story-book rot."

"So did I," said Lady Stormont, "but Dr. Purves says it is by no means uncommon, and so does Sir Hugh Weston. I did not write to you that we had had him here,' as Conyers started slightly at the mention of the great brain specialist. "I thought if I did that you might fancy things were much more serious than he thinks them to be."

'And what does he think?" eagerly.

"He says that this loss of memory, like the loss of speech, is only temporary, and has likely been caused by some shock, a fall, perhaps, and that like the other it may soon pass. She speaks with perfect ease now, so that makes me very hopeful. But even if her memory should not return for some time, he says that we must not regret it; that it is far better that she should forget what she has passed through. It is giving her mind an absolute rest; she is making a new beginning—starting life afresh, free from all morbid fancies. I see a great change already, and I am sure it will strike you, too. But she knew no one—not even her father nor me."

"That is hard. How does Sir David take it?'

Lady Stormont's face clouded.

"He is taking it dreadfully to heart. He can't see it, as it seems to me, that after all it is a comparatively small price to pay for a great permanent good. It was terribly strange at first. She had to be shown her way about the house and among her own little possessions as if she were the veriest stranger. Her whole life—everything—is a blank to her before that moment when she opened her eyes in the hall, but she is so grateful for kindness, for affection. It goes to my heart," the quick tears starting to her eyes, "when she thanks me for a word, or a look even, which she would never have noticed before, she was so passive often, poor child, but now it is quite different. Sometimes I say to Sir David," smiling through the unshed tears, "that if I did not know she was my Isobel, I should think it some one else in her likeness. Her very voice seems a little changed, but Sir Hugh says that will soon wear off; that by some freak of memory she has retained the accent she has been hearing last, though everything else has gone truly," with a shiver. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made; indeed, one hardly likes to think of the tricks our faculties can play us.'

"But she is better—really better?"

"In health, you mean? Yes, I think she is perfectly well. I thought she would have had some terrible illness after all she must have suffered, but she reminds me of nothing so much as a child waking, fresh and happy from a long sleep. But you would like to see her?"

"If I may; but—but she won't know me—how shall I—what shall I—'

"She knows of you, at least, and" (smiling) "I think she will guess the rest. There are other gifts besides memory—instinct, for example—with which you men are always so ready to endow us," with a laugh, "but perhaps I had better go first and tell her—"

"No—stop," putting out a detaining hand. "Unless you think it might be a shock to her, would it not be better if she were not prepared? Perhaps it might bring something back—might waken some memory."

Lady Stormont looked at him with rather a wavering smile.

"You will think it very strange of me, Basil, but I do not know if I am very anxious that the past should return to her, for a while at least. At first it hurt me terribly that she did not know me. I felt as if some changeling had taken the place of my Isobel, and I fear that that is what Sid David is still feeling! but now when I see her so sweet and happy I can hardly bear to disturb her peace. However," with a sigh, "perhaps we ought to try; you will find her on the south terrace."

"Don't be afraid, I'll be very cautious!" and with a reassuring nod Conyers turned and hastily left the room.

(To be continued.)

The Methodists of Red Deer are arranging to build a new church which it is estimated will cost in the neighborhood of $40,000.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

THE INDISPENSABLE LINGERIE FROCK.

The lingerie frock fits in to so many occasions that the fashionables seem loath to give up this charming bit of feminine apparel, even though it has been in for several seasons. Each year it seems to have grown more beautiful—finer laces, sheerer fabrics and more exquisite embroideries and handwork have been put into it until it has become a creation of such daintiness that women are willing to pay hundreds of dollars for what they call "a simple little lingerie frock." The princess mode is still followed, but the most popular development, in the simplest as well as the most elaborate dresses, is the baby princess. Usually there is a front panel extending from neck to hem like the model pictured, which is of Irish crochet lace in combination with the sheerest of batiste inset with narrow entre deux of Valenciennes. Four lace edged ruffles headed with insertions make a pretty foot trimming, and the very short sleeves are built to match, being composed of four ruffles, lace edged and headed like those on the skirt. The dress buttons in the back with tiny wash crochet buttons from the top of the high fatherboned collar to the end of the placket.

GREAT LINGUIST'S TONGUE IS SILENT

Father Erasmus Hering Knew Ninety Different Languages and Their Dialects.

MUNICH, Bavaria, Aug. 7—Father Erasmus Hering, a greater linguist even than the famous Cardinal Mezzofanti, has just died in Landsheet, Bavaria.

Father Hering, who should have been interpreter in the Tower of Babel, could read, write and speak perfectly thirty-three languages and their dialects.

Besides the good Dominican priest, who was seventy-nine years old, could converse in thirty-seven older languages and of yet nineteen others he had what he modestly called a smattering.

The eighty-nine languages and dialects with which Father Hering was acquainted have thirty-seven different alphabets, with which he was familiar. He spoke even Basque, the tongue of that mysterious remnant of a nation wedged in the valleys of the Western Pyrenees. He spoke six Indian languages, was conversant with three dialects of Chinese, could talk in the Malay tongue and in two patois of the South Seas, including the Maori. He longed for other linguistic worlds to conquer and was making a comparative study of the rude dialects of the North American Indians.

WHAT A PITY

That ambitious people through hard work invariably neglect health. It is pitiful to look into their pale, tired faces and see plainly written there the evidence of transgressed law.

The penalties of over-work are as easily seen as they are hard to bear—sleepless nights—tired mind and body—hearts that flutter and cause all sorts of uncomfortable feelings.

Happily if these symptoms have not been so long established, as to be chronic, Ferrozone will cure them.

Its mode of action is very simple, its curative power very great. It makes people eat more because it creates a wholesome feeling of hunger.

If you want strength and endurance use Ferrozone—it will give it to you. No other tonic so full of nutriment and strength making properties.

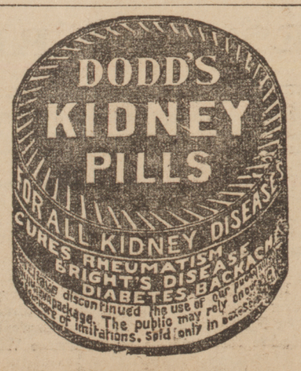
Even one box will prove its enormous merits; try Ferrozone—50c. per box.

STRIKERS ARRESTED

Twenty-three Striking Iron Workers Arrested at Duluth.

DULUTH, Minn., Aug 6—Twenty three iron strikers were arrested at Hebbing last night, charged with threatening to blow up an Austrian boarding house. There was a clash between the deputies and the men, but all were landed in jail. Two strikers were arrested at Eveleth, charged with intimidation. Printed proclamations have been distributed among the strikers at Eveleth by the Western Federation of Miners approving the proclamation of Governor Johnson calling for peace, and commanding obedience to its mandates.

Clarence J. Eaton, the guest of Mrs. R. Morton Smith, and his friend. Geo. P. Bagby, both of Baltimore (Md.), who have been spending a two weeks' vacation at Renforth, have returned home.



KING AND PREMIER HAD A DIFFERENCE

Campbell Bannerman Was Insistent, However, and Carried His Point.

LONDON, Aug. 7—King Edward and Sir Henry-Campbell-Bannerman have been at odds recently over a matter which, while not very important in itself, was regarded as of considerable moment by both His Majesty and the Liberal Premier.

For some time past changes in the royal household had been impending, and there was a good deal of gossip as to the reasons why the announcements of the new appointments, which were made only this week, were so long delayed. It was generally supposed that the reason for the delay was the difficulty in finding a Liberal peer for the post of Lord Steward of the Household, this appointment being a political one and always going to a nobleman attached to the party which happens to be in power.

That, however, was not the stumbling block. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had his candidate selected long ago, but it so happened that the King also had a candidate, and, as His Majesty's choice did not happen to be a Liberal peer, there was a clash. King Edward was stubborn, so was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The King said he would leave the post vacant, and the premier would not budge an inch from his uncompromising attitude.

The King wanted to appoint Lord Farquhar to the post. "C. B." had no objection whatever, personally, to Lord Farquhar, but the appointment, he said was a political one, and a political one it should remain. Mr. Gladstone had had to hold out against Queen Victoria in a somewhat similar matter, and it was even more difficult to disregard the wishes of a woman. The party in power has always jealously guarded its prerogatives in the matter of court preferment, and "C. B." did not mean to create a precedent which might be dangerous under a monarch less careful of his constitutional role than the present King.

In the end the Premier won the day, and this week Lord Beauchamp was gazetted as Lord Steward of the Household. To King Edward's credit it must be said that whatever political preferences he may have as between Liberals and Conservatives, he never allows them to appear, and his espousal of Lord Farquhar in this instance was due entirely to personal, not political reasons.

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 rumbling 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.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

RODE WRONG GOAT IN RIVAL LODGE ROOM

Prospective Oddfellow Loses Chance to Join Order of His Choice.

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 7—While the Odd Fellows lodge members waited two hours for Arthur Whitney, a prominent business man, to keep his engagement and appear to be initiated, Whitney was riding the goat in the rooms of the Fraternal Benefit League, next door.

He stumbled into the wrong lodge rooms in Fraternity Hall, where several organizations have their headquarters.

"Who goes there,' called the outer guard. "A candidate," responded Whitney. He was summoned inside and initiated by the members, who were awaiting another candidate.

The initiation was nearly through when the mistake was discovered. Whitney agreed to finish the programme while some of the Fraternal Benefit League members went to the Odd Fellows to explain matters.

The Odd Fellows wanted to initiate Whitney when he completed his other programme, but he said that he was completely done up.

The Natural Cure For Rheumatism

"Fruit-a-tives" remove from the blood the poison which causes Rheumatism.

Rheumatism means poisoned blood. The kidneys, bowels and skin should rid th system of waste matter. If either of these vital organs become weakened or diseased, the body cannot throw off this waste fast enough.

"Fruit-a-tives" will cure almost any case of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia.

One of these body poisons is UREA, which is eliminated both by the kidneys and skin. If the skin action is poor—if the kidneys are inflammed—urea stays in the system—is changed into uric acid—carried by the blood to the nerves and joints—and causes Rheumatism.

"Fruit-a-tives" cure Rheumatism because they eliminate urea, by increasing the action of bowels, kidneys and skin.

This is the only possible way in which Rheumatism can be cured to stay cured. And "Fruit-a-tives" is the only remedy in the world that completely eradicates the disease from the system.

"Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in which the natural medicinal action of fruit is many time increased by the process of combining them.

Then tonics and antiseptics are added and the whole made into tablets. 50c. a box—6 for $2.50. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa. 111

Fruit-a-tives
(OR FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.)

A PATHETIC DISCOVERY

Montreal Woman Found a Live Baby in Her Ice Chest.

(Montreal Star, Aug. 6.)

A pathetic discovery was made during the hours of darkness last night.

While lying in bed Mrs. Robertson, who resides at 111 St. Andre street, was disturbed and surprised to hear strange cries proceeding, so far as she could judge, from the yard in the rear of the house. This was about 2 o'clock in the morning. She lay listening to the sounds, which at times resembled screams and then sank down into feeble moans.

She determined to solve the matter and with this object in view dressed herself and proceeded with a light out into the yard. There was nothing to be seen on the ground, although she scanned every foot of it with extreme care. And then she came to the ice chest, and as she stood beside it the cries started louder than ever.

She raised the lid of the chest and found a tiny mite of humanity crying at the pitch of its feeble lungs.

With motherly instinct she picked up the little naked body and took it into the house. An examination revealed the fact that the child, which was a girl, was at the very most, four days old. It was apparently starving with hunger. Mrs. Robertson tended it carefully and this morning called at police headquarters and informed the authorities. As the child was naked there is no clue to its identity and it is unlikely that the inhuman creature who left it will be discovered.

I'll stop your pain free. To show you first—before you spend a penny—what my Pink Pain Tablets can do, I will mail you free, a Trial Package of them—Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Neuralgia, Headache, Tootnache, Period pains, etc., are due alone to blood congestion. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets simply kill pain by coaxing away the unnatural blood pressure. That is all. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Sold by all druggists.

"GEORGE" AGAIN

(Montreal correspondence of the Aberdeen Free Press.)

It would be difficult to exaggerate how much we are indebted to the kindness and courtesy of George Ham, of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. Ham delights in showing hospitality. Young and old, rich and poor, regard him with affection, and "George" as he is familiarly called, is the counsellor and friend of all. Mr. Ham speaks with much appreciation of the hospitality and kindness of the friends whom he met when in Aberdeen.

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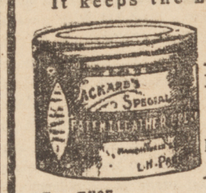
Use PACKARD'S "Special" PATENT LEATHER CREAM.

It keeps the Leather SOFT and PLIABLE



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AT ALL SHOE STORES At 25c. Per Jar

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WILSON'S FLY PADS

Kill them all. No dead flies lying about when used as directed.

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DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES
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Main 733 McNmara Bros, Fuel Factory, 469 Chesley.
Main 1731-11 Warwick, S. J., residence, 393 Main.
Main 1595-11 Webb, Hiram, residence, 81 Victoria.

A. W. McMACKIN,
Local Manager.

August 5, 1907.

RUB-A-DUB-DUB.

Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub
Set forth to sail on the lakes;
Let the wind blow a gale—
They'll be hearty and hale;
For their larder holds

Toasted Corn Flakes

"The Flavor That Grows in Favor."

Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes digests easily in the weakest stomach—good for the sick as well as the well. It has a flavor so different and so delicious that it tempts you to make a hearty meal of it.

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