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UNION CLOTHING CO.

26 and 28 Charlotte Street,
Old Y. M. C. A. Building.
ALEX. CORBET, Manager

"AS A MAN SOWS."

BY HELEN WALLACE

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

(Continued)

Conyers' words were purposely as insulting as a blow, but Ashe only answered easily. "It would be a bad thing for most of us if we got what some of our friends think we deserve," said Basil, hotly. But what could the cur have got hold of that made him take a threat which held such consequences so lightly? He dared not think. He would not think. "I've played the game square," he went on. "I'd have let you alone, but if there's any more of this I won't spare you. There are some things a man can do and more things he can't if he's to keep his name on at his club, Isobel," turning suddenly to her with a change of voice, "you've had enough of this. The people here are afraid of a storm. Sir David and your mother have started for Zermatt, but you will soon overtake them, and Mr. Ashe and I will have our little talk out."

The primitive man was let loose for the moment in Conyers. "I hope the cad will show cheek enough to justify me in pounding him," was the uppermost desire the rest of the tangle might be dealt with after that one supreme satisfaction.

"It is for Miss Stormont to decide, I think. Her champion has perhaps shown more zeal than discretion. Miss Stormont do you bid me leave Zermatt today?" said Ashe coolly. Face and eyes by nature and by training usually served as an admirable mask, but no effort could now keep the triumph out of the look he fixed upon Isobel.

Conyers resolutely averted his eyes. It seemed the one thing left he could do for Isobel. As for Ashe, if he looked at him he might kill him.

Isobel had maintained a cold silence. Her face was as white as the dead blank of the wall behind her, against which her hair showed like the glory encircling the head of the saint thronged above the altar. Her eyes did not flinch before Ashe's look, but the position was horrible. Was ever woman in a sorer strait between the man she loved and the man she loathed? What could Basil be thinking of her—if only she could see his face, but he was staring hard at the square of cold gray light framed in the open doorway. She must speak; already the silence seemed to have lasted beyond all thought, the triumph in Ashe's eyes was unconcealed.

"It does not depend on me, Mr. Ashe. You must do what you think best," she said in a cold contained, almost indifferent tone.

Ashe looked at her.

"You mean that?"

"Yes."

"And that is your last word. I have been very patient, but I may not give you another chance to change your mind."

It might be sheer rashness on her part, or some lingering hope that even yet the worst might not come; but if the girl's attitude enraged Ashe, he had at least the satisfaction that even yet she was spoken with gall and wormwood—the very bitterness of death to the young man standing still and impassive between them.

"I have nothing more to say," said Isobel.

"Then I shall have to go to Sir David after all," said Ashe, with a coldness he had preserved all through; "but I think he will expect, as fathers have a way of doing, that his daughter will play Iphigenia to his Agamemnon."

"There's been enough of this," broke in Conyers with some roughness—a man on the rack does not use courtly phrases.

"Have you anything more you wish to say to this—Mr. Ashe?" to Isobel. "No! Very well, then, it is time we were getting back to shelter," and without another look at Ashe he drew her in front of him, and followed her out of the chapel.

They had threaded their way through the village again, and were descending the rocky track before Isobel was fairly conscious of her surroundings again. She had dared the lightning; indeed, now when would the thunderbolt fall? Whether she had a right to it or no, she had surely established some claim to the staunch old motto of her house, "I dare," she may have thought as with leaden feet she trod the stony path, with the frozen mountains around, the boding sky above and Conyers' footfalls behind ringing out through the silence. Each one seemed planted on her fainting heart. Would she ever be able to set herself right in his eyes? Ever be able to explain how she had become in-

volved in this hopeless coil? He did not seem inclined to afford her any opportunity. For a time they walked steadily on in silence; now and then a snowflake floated slowly down from the iron sky, and the footstep behind her would quicken a little, as if urging her to hasten—hasten.

Suddenly, as the path turned the shoulder of the hill, a blast swooped down upon them like an eagle from the icy heights, and went shrieking up the valley, letting loose the storm. The sky seemed to descend upon the mountains, from the gorges mists whirling up to meet the clouds, the whole was one choking flurry of stinging snow. So sharp and fierce was the assault that Isobel, blinded breathless, bewildered, swayed before the blast and staggered back. Next moment she felt the strong support of Conyers' arm, heard his voice in her ear through the uproar.

"We'll have to make a fight for it; there's no shelter here."

And step by step they battled on against the furious wind through the suffocating smother of snow. It was still early in the afternoon, but so heavy were the laden clouds, so prodigious the downfall of snow, that what light struggled through was wan and dim, like fading twilight. Had they had darkness to contend with, too, their plight would have been hopeless. As it was, it was desperate enough, for the path in many places was built up with huge rough blocks along the edge of the ravine, and a false step amid the muffling snow would hurl them then the depths of the gorge, when the writhing mists parted, they could catch a glimpse of the jagged black spikes of the pines.

"Are we in danger?" Isobel asked once in a low voice.

"Well, a slip here would be rather awkward," said Conyers as cheerfully as he could.

With one arm he was supporting Isobel, with the other hand feeling for the path with his stick, which he devoutly wished had been an alpenstock.

"If only you can hold on, we shall soon be past the worst of it," he added. But cold and fatigue were doing their work, and to Isobel at that moment the swift downward slide through the soft yielding snow seemed the easier part—no more questions, no more struggle, Basil with her, not doubting nor wondering any more.

"You getting tired. I wish you'd let me carry you a bit," Basil's voice seemed to come from a long distance off, and she roused herself to shake off the deepening stupor.

"Carry me! You couldn't. It is only in stories that full-grown young women are picked up and carried like featherweights," with a valiant effort to make light of the situation.

"I carried you once, dear, and for a good way, too," said Conyers, and suddenly the choking hand about his heart gave way. It is not easy to maintain a hard and critical attitude toward the beautiful woman of your love when facing a common danger together, your arm upholding her and clasping her little warmth to your side.

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(To be continued.)

THE STRIKE AT ANTWERP

Delay in Settling It is Affecting Trade—Situation Grows Worse Daily.

ANTWERP, Sept. 6.—The delay in reaching a settlement of the strike is beginning to affect the trade with American ports, and each day the situation grows worse. The loss to general trade, so far, has been alarming and industries throughout the country will be seriously hampered until the difficulty is solved.

One hundred Dutch strike-breakers today demanded an increase of twenty cents in their daily wage, and when this was refused they quit work and proceeded to a large Socialist meeting.

Four hundred tallmen employed on the docks went out today and the clerks in shipping houses are showing a disposition to join the movement. The Belgian shipowners have resigned from the Maritime Federation and M. Steinmann, the president of the federation, dares not stir out of his house without an escort ofgendarmes.

The Allan line turbine Virginian was reported off Halifax at 8 a. m. last Friday, having made the remarkably fast time of five days and eighteen hours from Rimouski to that point.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE BLACK CLOTH COAT IS ALWAYS MODISH.

The black cloth, three-quarters or full length coat, is a staple as it were in the feminine wardrobe. The loose fitting, graceful marchioness is the most attractive model in these all black garments which serve, not only as street wraps for dressy afternoon wear, but also as evening garments for those who cannot afford the expense of a separate day coat and an evening wrap as well. They are lined with white or gray satin, and like the pictured model, trimmed with handsome braid or embroideries, and the collar and cuffs with velvet. A very lustrous, medium weight broadcloth is the material used in the original of the picture, and the trimmings are black velvet with black silk braid and hand-embroideries in the three shades of

old blue. The cape effect over the shoulder depends from beneath the shoulder straps of the cloth, which is outlined with a pleating of black Hercules braid and further ornamented with large embroidered velvet buttons. The collar is of embroidered velvet, and the sleeves very full and three-quarters in length are gathered into a cuff of embroidered velvet. Black satin ribbons finished with cord or nament ends hang from the neck almost to the hem or are tied loosely below the bustline. An attractive hat to be worn with such a coat for evening is of Copenhagen blue felt with a crown of black velvet shirred over heavy cords and trimmed with shaded blue ostrich feathers set under the left side of the undulated brim.

BISHOP REMOVES FATHER GAYNOR FROM PRIESTHOOD

Accused Priest Suspended by the Head of the Diocese --- In a Letter He Protests His Entire Innocence.

His Lordship Bishop Casey, after due investigation, has degraded the Rev. Wm. C. Gaynor from the priesthood and suspended him from all clerical functions.

The Rev. Wm. C. Gaynor, who was absent from the city, returned a few days ago to his camp at Spruce Lake and yesterday sent the following to this paper for publication:

To the Editor of The Telegraph: Sir.—The Daily Telegraph of the 2nd inst. published under sensational headlines many things about me which I found unpleasant reading. I do not think it befitting or just in a great paper like The Telegraph, with its long series of honorable traditions, to give publicity to "rumor," "reports," and such unvoiced gossip where the character of a man in my position was at stake. It was, to say the least, unfriendly; I might call it barbarous; libelous is a meek term to apply to it. Where my absence was due to the wishes of others and much again to my own judgment, I was about the nearest attempt to injure a man that has come under my observation in many years. I did not think you would do it.

Your article brought me back from my vacation, two weeks of which I was spending with my sister in Presque Isle, Maine. I needed a rest very much, for I had been hard worked. You can imagine then, how dumbfounded and aghast I was when I read of the calamity which awaited me in St. John. The ingratitude that underlay it all hurt me most. I had labored long and faithfully in St. John, without encouragement; my ecclesiastical superiors judged, I had done and was doing good work; I had a place and utility in serving churchly ends which no other had, at least in my time, in reconciling controversial bitternesses and bidding bigger and better. I served the poor and preached the gospel of such service; there is scarcely a Catholic home in the South End of the city to which I have not brought solace and comfort in sorrow during the long years of my ministry there. You will find that I do not exaggerate.

In a broader and perhaps less intimate way I served the Catholic cause in St. John, of which service I am now free to speak. For years I edited the Freeman, and in this capacity I helped break down the barriers that so long and obstinately kept Catholics out of public office. If they are receiving recognition today, they can thank a few men with myself. Although a strong Conservative, I knew no party in that warfare for equal privileges. Throughout it all I gave the best I had ungrudgingly and received never a cent, not even a "thank-you," for my services. (The story of how the Freeman was legislated out of the hands of the men who by every right of justice should own it would make spicy reading. But it would be irrelevant here.)

Now, all the world knows that I am not mistaking the facts so far as my work in

St. John is concerned. You know it, the public knows it. Can you believe, then, that it was anything approaching "a square deal" to me, that there was any honest or generous impulse in the hearts of those people, lay or clerical, who countenanced and circulated reports damaging to my character for honesty, without a hearing, and when my absence was due to the implied wishes of my superiors? If you do, I don't; and the ordinary man will not. Fair play is fair play, and we live, not in medieval days, but in this twentieth century and under British law.

With the ecclesiastical authorities I have no quarrel, but then, that's not your business. And yet I should like to say a word of appreciation and admiration and, yes, love for Bishop Casey. In him I found a gentleman without malice, and—something greater—an ecclesiastical who can lift himself above the narrow circumscriptions of an autocratic office and understand men's minds when these depart from the ordinary mold. Herein is a premonition of true greatness. I might indeed find fault with the manner in which "investigations" were conducted; but I hold him blameless, though not always discreet in his confidences or wise in his choice of agents.

I am now back, right here on the ground, to meet all "rumors," "reports," and "stories" of malfeasance, abuse of trust funds, and the entire slimy line of falsehoods, in the only way a man can, by legal process. Messrs. Hamilton, Teed and Hamilton will look after that part of the business; and I invite "the working man" and his friends to show in open court in what and wherein I have injured him or them. They were quite free of speech in my absence; they have now the opening to make good.

As to the "scandal" itself, perhaps The Telegraph would like to investigate in an independent way for itself. It would get, I venture to say, most surprising and unexpected results.

I shall expect you to publish this letter. That much at least you owe me. I have not approached you with a request to protect me against anybody. This I purpose doing myself. I have no request or favor or privilege to ask at your hands, except the single one of fair and unprejudiced treatment. Can you afford to give me that? The public, perhaps better than I myself, will read your answer in the after developments of this case.

I remain, without undue resentment, Yours, very sincerely,

WM. C. GAYNOR.

St. John, Sept. 6, 1907.

The published statement that both His Lordship Bishop Casey and Very Rev. W. F. Chapman, V. G., had an interview with Father Gaynor Saturday morning is absolutely incorrect.

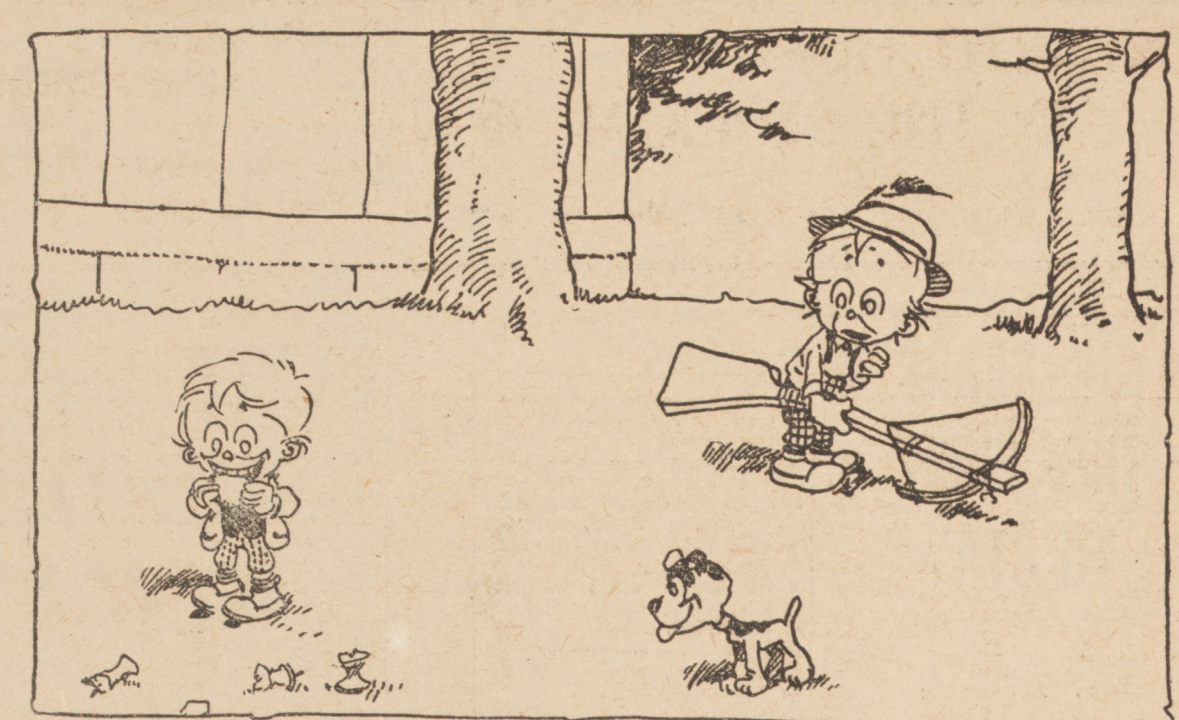
Cheap Form of Insurance

You are insured against corns and bunions by the use of a 25 cent bottle of Putnam's Corn Extractor. Fifty years in use and still the best. Insist on getting "Putnam's" only.

DARING ROBBERS

OMAHA, Neb., Sept. 6.—Three men who had picked the pockets of a number of Rock Island passengers at the station in Lincoln, and attempted to continue their thieving on the train, fought with Conductor Henry Duval on the Rocky Mountain Limited train near Alvo station early today. After standing off the conductor with a knife, the men leaped from the moving train and escaped in the darkness. Conductor Duval discovered the crooks attempting to rob men asleep in the chair car. His vain attempts to capture the thieves led to reports that the train had been held up.

Battle liner Cunaxa, Captain Starratt, sailed from Trapani, Aug. 28, for Gloucester (Mass.)



William Tell: "Doggone it! How'm I ever to git any practice if them kids keeps eatin' de apples?"

BIG MEETING AT FLORENCEVILLE

Opposition Speakers Drew Crowded House on Saturday Evening --- A Destructive Storm.

Hartland, N. B., Sept. 8.—The Conservative meeting at Florenceville on Saturday evening was so largely attended that every available foot of standing room was taken and many were unable to get admission. John V. Kearney presided.

B. F. Smith, M. P. P., spoke briefly but forcefully upon the road act, which he denounced generally, and specifically. He showed where he thought it could be amended in such a way as to have better roads at less expense and with less favoritism.

J. K. Flemming, M. P. P., went at some length into the matter of agriculture, outlining what in his view is a more progressive policy than the present local government carries into effect. He also advocated better and cheaper school books, explaining that both were available. Touching upon the Central Railway, he said the road had been obtained and was maintained at a large expenditure but with no appreciable revenue to offset it.

Mayor Munroe, of Woodstock, spoke briefly, giving his stand on the temperance question. He said he would advocate the readjustment of the present laws or enactment of any new laws that would effectually suppress the liquor traffic. And he was one who desired to see the present laws enforced.

Mayor McLeod, of Fredericton, spoke at length on the increase of debt and taxation, and gave in detail an outline of the opposition's policy. Mayor McLeod spoke with more than his usual force and visibly impressed the audience.

Fred C. Squires, principal of the Consolidated school, referred to criticisms that, through the local government organ, had been made of his appearance on the political platform. The government papers could say what they wished, but he was a free citizen and did not feel that his position was such as to debar him from a public expression of his political views. Furthermore, he could say that there was not a ratepayer in the district who raised the slightest objection.

The audience was attentive all through, and there was a generous sprinkling of government supporters present.

The opposition candidates will address meetings at Windsor and Carleton on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

The storm which passed over the central part of this county on Friday evening was in some respects the worst that ever visited the section. Fortunately it was very local. It was a veritable cloud-burst for the clouds seemed to have emptied their burden within a radius of three miles. In twenty minutes from the time the storm broke a tiny brook directly across the river from Hartland had swollen to a torrent ten rods wide and six feet deep, bearing away heavy rail fences that had been fixtures for more than a generation. A mile further north hail fell in such quantities that W. N. Raymond says at least a quarter of his grain is ruined and Odour Shaw's buckwheat will not be worth cutting.

In Hartland the rain was torrential and the wind a hurricane, but there was little hail. A few miles from here in any direction the reports are that the storm, while severe, was not remarkable.

The Boston gasoline yacht which has been up the St. John River on a veritable cloud-party, has returned and was at anchor off Reed's Point last night.

A Lucid Explanation.

"My dear," said Mrs. Smith as she laid down the evening paper she had been reading, "I don't want to bother you, but can you tell me what an alienist is? I thought it meant some one from another



"My dear, what is an alienist?"

country who had just landed, but I guess I'm wrong."

"You certainly are," replied Mr. Smith. "An alienist is a man who studies his fellow-man and makes up his mind whether he is insane or not. They call them in when they want expert testimony. As a

rule, they are superintendents of insane asylums."

"Oh, I see. They had some of them at the Thaw trial last spring?"

"Fifteen, my love."

"And that's the way they found out that Thaw was sane?"

"That's the way they didn't find out anything about it. Eight of them examined him and pronounced him as crazy as a loon. Seven others examined him and pronounced him as sane as Governor Hughes."

"But he must either have been sane or insane?"

"Naturally."

"And which was it?"

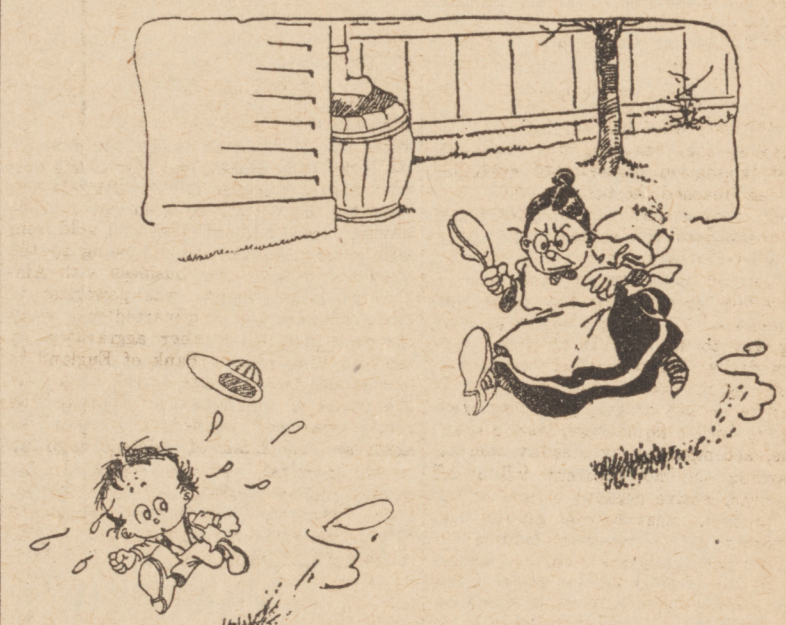
"They have never been able to decide. But something ought to be done, seems to me."

"Yes, and something was done long ago. As neither side of the alienists would give way the people at large wisely came to the conclusion that the whole fifteen were crazy themselves and ought to be confined in the institutions they superintended."

"Then—then—?"

"Then that's all, except the alienists are alive to testify again. It's wonderful how some lunatics go around thinking that they are the only sane people outside of the asylums."

JOE KERR.



SOLICITUDE. Willie—"Ma, you shouldn't be out on this damp grass with your slipper off!"

WEDDINGS

Harris--Whitman

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S., Sept. 4.—An interesting nuptial event took place in St. Luke's church at three o'clock this

afternoon, when Miss Gertrude Whitman, eldest daughter of Frank C. Whitman, was married to Frank St. Clair Harris, manager of the Union Bank at Bridgetown. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. Henry Howe, in the presence of relatives of the contracting parties and a large number of invited guests.

The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by her sister, Miss Constance Whitman, Miss Charlotte Corbett and Miss Ivy Ray of Halifax, as bridesmaids, and by her little sister, Miss Elith Whitman and her cousin Katherine Whitman, as flower girls. The groom was supported by Percy Harris, of Halifax, while J. D. Harris, of Halifax, and Mr.

Starr, of Kentville, acted as ushers.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, and in the evening the happy couple left for Milford, and will spend their honeymoon on a canoe trip through the Milford Lakes.

The floral decorations of the bride's home were very beautiful, the house being filled with a profusion of flowers.

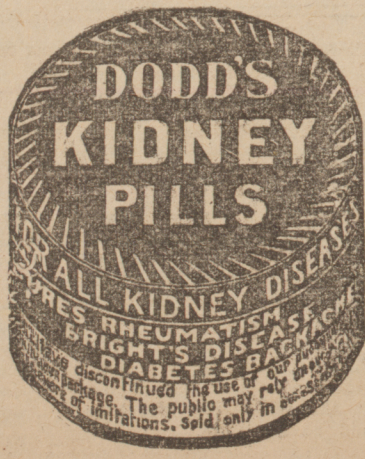
There were a number of guests from New Brunswick, among whom were DeWolfe Spurr and Mr. Cliff, of St. John.

WOMEN WHO FAINT

Must constantly live in dread of the next attack. When you feel nauseous and dizzy, don't take brandy or whiskey—try Nerviline. It brings strength to the nerves and restores the disordered stomach. By using Polson's Nerviline occasionally you can permanently cure any tendency to faint. Keep Nerviline on hand. 25c. for a large bottle at all dealers.

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?



Noted Evangelist's Experience

Irene, Ill., Sept. 2.—"I always praise the bridge that carries me over safe," said the words of J. Dimick Taylor, the great American evangelist, whose home is in Irene. While in Nova Scotia last winter I needed medicine and used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They helped me wonderfully and I recommend them to others. I send this testimonial because you remedy will work directly on the kidneys, and cures the urinal disorders that often give pain to the man and woman affected with kidney trouble. I have not found anything equal to Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake and Butternut Pills. I gave them to a man on Tan Cook Island that was suffering from the most horrible way and in a few hours he was relieved.

When a minister like Mr. Taylor comes forth in praise of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, it is evident their power is beyond the ordinary. For diseases of the kidneys, bladder, liver and stomach, they have no equal. Easy to take, very mild, sure to cure, 25 cents per box at all dealers.