The Day After

the rush---Labor Day--get busy looking at our Fall and Winter SUITS and OVERCOATS.

UNION CLOTHING CO.

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ALEX. CORBET, Manager

"AS A MAN SOWS."

BY HELEN WALLACE

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

(Continued)

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Way of Escape.

Evelyn Ashe here ! At Caux his presence might have been accident, but not here. Now, what was she to prepare for? was Isobel's swift thought as she replied calmly to his "I am afraid I startled you, Miss Stormont."

"I certainly did not expect to see you here."

"No? But this wonderful autumn has tempted one back to the mountains. Some other Joshua seems to have commanded the sun to stand still this year," said Ashe, carelessly, though with keen appreciation of the girl's courage. For one moment he had surprised her with the mask of conscious effort laid aside, but now she was once more the conventional young lady, as point de vise in manner and expression as was her very correct and dainty travelling dress. She was a foe well worth conquering; not a mere weakling to be made use of.

At Caux she had played her part well. When he had uttered the name which he was now certain must unlock for her a grim past, after a moment of white silence she had stepped back into the shadow of the palms, where the stare of light and shadow were a more baffling screen than even the dusk.

Thistlethwaite," musingly. "What a funny, difficult name to say," lisping a little over the final "th." "Have I ever heard it before? Ought I to remember it? for, if so, please enlighten me, for though I tell people till I am tired that I can remeber nothing—nothing, they somehow expect that I will remember them. I think they have every right to be offended if I don't," and he felt rather than saw that she was looking straight and dauntlessly at him. It was admirably done, but before he could take up the glove she had fearlessly cast down, Lady Stormont had appared and she had noted the girl's nervous grip of her arm as she had pressed up to her side. The two ladies had soon withdrawn, and the next morning the Stormonts were gone.

"M. Sir Stormont he find it too gai, and after Scotland—perhaps. I have been there—ah, it is triste!" said the manager with a shrug as he had delivered Sir David and Lady Stormont's adieu.

But Ashe was not lightly to be turned from his purpose, as if he were merely an unwelcome acquaintance to be discouraged, and a party travelling with maids and courier is easily followed up.

"Then your Joshua has not done his work very thoroughly," replied Isobel, lightly, "for every day is shorter than another, and when once the sun goes behind the Matterhorn it seems to be night at once, and the paths here are certainly not suitable for walking in the dark." She rose as if to go.

"No, nor for talk, since two can't well walk together." The faint smile vanished as he decided upon immediate action. "You know that I have followed you to Zermatt, to have this talk, and you know, too, I fancy, what I have to say. You cannot, I think, have forgotten that afternoon by the river at Stormont."

In the clear afternoon light he could read her face better than in the sunset glimmer or the electric glare at Caux, and the change could not escape these eyes, which noted everything. Pain, pride, anger, affront, trouble, a growing dread, all those had been in her look that day amid the falling leaves by the river side, and were now dawning again in her eyes, but it was none of these which had wrought the change. Since he had seen her beside the Alder Pool something had gone—something had come; but of all who had noted the indefinable change, Ashe alone had the true reason for it. She knew! The old child-like unconsciousness, glad or sad by turns, was wholly gone; she was feeling her way in a new world no longer.

"That afternoon at Stormont," said Isobel. "Yes, I remember. I have not lost my memory a second time, though I have been ill. You were good enough, I remember very well, to offer me your help in some possible trouble. If that is what you wish to speak of now, I can only make you the same answer, that I know of no trouble," steadily, "and even if there were, I should need no help but that of my friends."

"You would set me outside the pale, then?" said Ashe, a sudden gleam in his eyes. "You are wrong, Miss Stormont; it is as your friend I speak; I am your friend, believe me."

'Oh, dear me," said Isobel with a sudden change of tone. "To speak as one's friend is almost as bad as to be spoken to for one's good. I have learned that already, but really the friendliest thing you could do would be to let me say good-bye now. If I am much later my father and mother will begin to imagine that I have undertaken a glacier expedition unguided. You could speak to me 'as a friend' at our hotel, surely, which, I fancy, will be yours also, as it is the only decent one open," a glint of mockery in her eyes.

"You have learned a great deal of late, I have no doubt," said Ashe gravely. "I am distressed if I inconvenience you, but I must ask you to hear what I have to say. It is still quite early, and it is better here than at the hotel. We can go inside if you are finding the air chilly. We are not likely to be disturbed; the populace does not seem to be distressingly devout."

Isobel shrugged her slight shoulders in mock resignation.

"Well, Mr. Ashe, what have you to say to me which cannot be said in ordinary circumstances. 'Needs must when—' I won't finish the proverb, however—my latest acquirement in my mother tongue."

"Your mother-tongue," said Ashe, with slow significance; and though the eyes looking into his did not flinch, the color wavered up and sank again in the delicate face.

"Yes, my mother-tongue,' 'in the same hard, light, half-bantering tone. "If you imagine that I am not proud of being Scottish on both sides of the house—"

"I think that is where the difficulty comes in. About Miss Stormont's mother-tongue there might be no doubt, but yours—"

Isobel stared. Then, like one resolved to treat an inexplicable aberration lightly, she laughed.

"I am not Miss Stormont, then?"

"No," steadily. "I do not think that you are, and, more, you know that you are not," risking his great throw.

Now the blood flamed red over face and neck.

"Mr. Ashe, you must let me go—you must be ill—or—or something is wrong. I can't conceive that you would willingly detain me here only to insult me," and she cast a quick glance around the empty valley, as if seeking some help or calculating her chances of flight. "Am I alone here with a madman?" her look and tone seemed to say.

"No, I am not in the least mad," said Ashe, with the flicker of a smile, "and the truth is by no means so impossible as it would doubtless appear to the many friends who congratulated Sir David on the restoration of his only daughter—a daughter who, though with a marvelous resemblance to the Stormont family, and a great physical likeness to the lost girl, differed from her in mind and character and disposition in every possible respect—"

"Really," broke in Isobel impatiently. "Is all this mystery founded upon that wearisome old story of the change in me?"

"No, there is more tangible proof. You remember that that afternoon by the Alder Pool I asked you if you had ever seen a little Testament, which was found in your pocket when you were brought home, and which Sir David has never allowed you or any one to see since."

"It did not occur to me to ask to see it, and I am not aware that it was any other one's concern," coldly.

"But you have seen it since?"

"And if I have?" She was acting a lie—she was all a lie—but she could not utter the direct one needed now.

"Then, if I am wrong, you will be able to set me right. The inscription on it is —'To Elsie, from her mother'—and there was a torn envelope enclosing a lock of reddish hair in it," with a glance at the bright waves under her hat. "That is the case, is it not?" The opaque eyes were fixed pitilessly on hers.

"Yes." She threw the single word at him.

"You know, too, of course, that I was told of this, and a great deal more by Mr. and Mrs. Thistlethwaite at Caux, who were greatly excited by your extraordinary likeness to a certain luckless protege of theirs indeed I had a good deal of difficulty in convincing them that you could not be she."

"While they in turn seem to have convinced you that I must be—really, it is rather funny. But after all, what is there in a likeness? Some people will see one everywhere, and then, of course, they talk."

(To be continued.)

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Kitchen, of Fredericton, are at the Royal.

WHOLE SYSTEM SUFFERED FROM STAGNANT KIDNEYS

Experience of a Man Who Almost Died Through Neglecting His Kidneys.

Severe and numerous are the aches and pains that warn us of kidney trouble.

RHEUMATISM.—Almost sure to come in damp or changeable weather.

HEADACHES.—Blurring before the eyes, dizzy and faint sensations very common.

BACKACHES.—Sharp stinging pains when bending, throbbing dragging weakness over the spine, lameness in the morning.

ACUTE PAINS.—Urinary and bladder disorders causing inconvenience day and night.

Such were the conditions through which Mr. McKee, of 24 Hurd street, Halifax, had to live. "Every day I suffered sharp pains across my loins, my back seemed strained and overworked. I was pale and looked haggard and sick. Such mental and physical discomfort was dreadful to endure. Nothing relieved till I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills and they put life into my kidneys at once. I grew stronger and felt better while using Dr. Hamilton's Pills and can recommend them as positive cure in advanced kidney trouble."

Dr. Hamilton's Pills always set the kidneys right, always remove the ache, stop the bladder complications and make you well.

For Kidney, Liver and Stomach troubles no prescription ever written gives the sure results of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Sold in 25c. boxes by all dealers.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



SILK AND TAN COAT FOR GENERAL WEAR.

It is true that dark blues, black and browns may be more serviceable than the lighter tans and grays, but they are not half so pretty in themselves, nor as becoming to the small wearer as tan or gray in an outer garment. It need not necessarily be a light gray or tan, rather a medium tone which goes well with practically every color of dress and is becoming to almost every type of child, blond or brunette. The new fall models are quite devoid of trimming, except in the way of applications of self bands and smart stitchings. This is especially true of the more practical garments for everyday wear. They are loose fitting from shoulder to hem, have medium size full length sleeves, and are double breasted with roll collar and revers like a man's coat. This model has strappings of the cloth running from the shoulders to the hem, both back and front, the back straps overlapping the front seven inches below the shoulder seam. The coat is a medium weight cloth and while perhaps not heavy enough for the severest weather, may be made so by the addition of an inner lining, or the wearing of one of those serviceable sweaters.

WEDDED IN KANSAS CITY

Rev. W. J. B. Stewart and Miss Elizabeth Margaret Strauchon Made One.

A beautiful wedding was celebrated Aug. 27, in St. Mark's Episcopal church Kansas City, at 11.30 o'clock, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Margaret Strauchon and the Rev. Joseph Westra Barnes Stewart, of Trinity church, St. John. The service was read by the Rev. B. G. McKinnon.

The church and altar were beautifully decorated with palms, ferns and white asters. Miss Hartley played the wedding marches and during the betrothal the intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana.

The bride wore an exquisite creation designed in cream chiffon taffeta. A yoke and bertha of rose point lace formed the bodice, which was further enhanced by Byzantine embroidery carried in folds down the length of the gown. Over this strinkingly handsome gown was worn a full length draphanous veil of tulle, arranged on the hair with cream rosebuds. In place of the conventional wedding bouquet she carried a prayer book bound in the same material as her wedding gown. The matron of honor, Mrs. John M. Kelley, who returned after her bridal tour abroad a fortnight ago, wore a chiffon organdie in white, made over silk and trimmed with lace ruffles and insertions, and wore a large picture hat covered with white plumes. She carried an armful of pink asters. The little ring bearer, Corinne Strauchon, of Ottawa (Kas.), wore a pretty white lace trimmed frock and carried the ring in an American beauty rose. John M. Kelley was the best man.

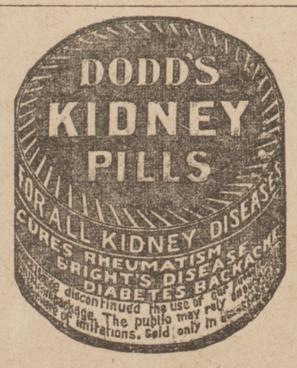
Only relatives and very close friends attended the church services, and a wedding breakfast for the bridal party and relatives followed at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Strauchon, 2639 Forest avenue. The reception room was decorated in white asters, while pink hydrangeas were used in the library and golden cannas in the dining room. Suspended above the centre of the table was a floral ship, significant of the fact that the courtship of the bride and groom began on shipboard. The place cards were miniature hand-painted ships. Rev. and Mrs. Stewart left for Waterdown (Ont.), and after an extended wedding journey, will be at home 17 Orange street, St. John, where the parish of Trinity church will give its pastor and his wife a reception on the evenings of October 9 and 16.

LABOR PARADE AT HALIFAX

Halifax, N. S., Sept. 2.—Labor Day was observed in Halifax by an absolute cessation from business. The labor day procession was one of the best, if not the best ever seen in Halifax. The longshoremen alone paraded more than 500 strong and the whole procession was a mile in length. The attendance at the Labor Day sports was materially lessened by the circus, which drew many thousands to its tent.

In the various towns of the province there were sports. In Windsor the opening round of the ladies' golf championship of the maritime provinces took place. There was to have been a cricket match at Westville between the cricket team of that town and Halifax, but the Halifax eleven missed the train.

Douglas Black, city editor of the Fredericton Gleaner, was in St. John yesterday.



THE NICKEL HAD A BIG RECORD BREAKING DAY

More people saw the Nickel's big programme of motion pictures, illustrated songs and specialties yesterday afternoon and evening than on any other day since the popular house of entertainment opener on the five cent plan. It was a record-breaking day, and every man, woman and child that attended left the theatre thoroughly satisfied and pleased. No more valued testimonial of merit could be given than this fact.

The list of motion photographs was led off with a most heart-interesting story of a labor difficulty in the great blacksmithing works of the government foundries in France. One earnest man seeks to break the strike, but in a rage he kills an aggravating fellow laborer. The arrest, the court scene, the liberation, the return to his bereaved home and his interview with his old employer are most realistic and dramatic. The humorous films, The More Haste the Less Speed, and Wanted, A Wife, caused roars of laughter. These pictures will be shown for the last time today.

Miss Felix, by request, repeated her hit-song of the latter part of last week during the afternoon. It was Alice Where Art Thou Going? During the evening E. Joe Brown sang H. H. Taylor's song Since Nellie Went Away, and later in the evening the ballad success entitled Yesterday. Mr. Swaney's banjo selections were received with much favor. A special feature of the performance was the showing of a large number of stationary views of the city of St. John and the St. John river, especially selected for Nickel spectators. These views will be shown again today.

FIRE PICTURES SHOWN AT HAPPY HALF HOUR

All day yesterday crowds kept pouring in and out of The Happy Half Hour to see the special new programme, and the tremendous applause that greeted the pictures, and the singers—the latter frequently had to respond to encores—was a strong indication that the programme was a good one. One United States fireman said: "The best I have ever seen, and it's worth a quarter."

The Village Fire Brigade is a comedy, and at the same time shows a crack city corps who are called on to assist. This picture made a great hit, as did Put Out the Fire, another comedy picture. A Bad Boy's Dream caused nothing but laughter. A Big Nocturnal Fire is a photograph of an actual fire and is very realistic. It shows the turnout of the fire department, the rescue of a child, and its mother jumping from the top of a building into a life net. This picture was greeted with cheers.

When the Firemen Fight their Foe was excellently sung by LeDomino Rouge and Harry R LeRoy, and made a tremendous hit, illustrated as it was by actual fire scenes. The twenty-five pictures, handsomely colored, of the local fire department made a big hit. Pictures of No. 3 station and company taken during the visit of the present king; of No. 2 station and company, taken in 1865, and pictures of the various companies, taken in different years, completed a most entertaining programme.

Two pictures that created great interest were the old engine presented by King George III to Shelburne (N. S.), and the oldest engine in the world, and a horseless engine. At the request of a number of local and visiting firemen, and other visitors, The Happy Half Hour will run a morning show, starting from 10 o'clock. It is well worth seeing.

ST. JOHN WINS AT TENNIS

A team of Fredericton tennis players came to St. John for a match with the St. John club yesterday and they returned home in the evening badly beaten. The score was 22 to 5.

Play was carried on morning and afternoon and while the St. John players were easy victors the match was much enjoyed. Luncheon was served on the grounds by the ladies of the local club and at the conclusion of the match tea was served, also on the grounds.

Verner L. O. L., No. 1, will meet in the Orange Hall, Germain street, this evening. All the visiting brethren in the city as well as members of the city lodges are invited to be present.



ON THE OCEAN BLUE.

Virginia—When the storm was blowing the other day. I just threw up my hands in despair.

Howard (grimly)—Well, something got the matter with me too, but I didn't—er—er—I didn't throw up my hands.

DOCTOR FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Summer Complaint and all Fluxes of the Bowels are recognized by everyone as exceedingly dangerous.

These diseases are too serious, too rapidly fatal, for you to experiment with cheap and dangerous imitations of the genuine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, a remedy that has been used in thousands of homes during the past sixty-two years.

When you ask for Dr. Fowler's be sure you get it. Don't let some unscrupulous druggist palm off a cheap imitation on you.

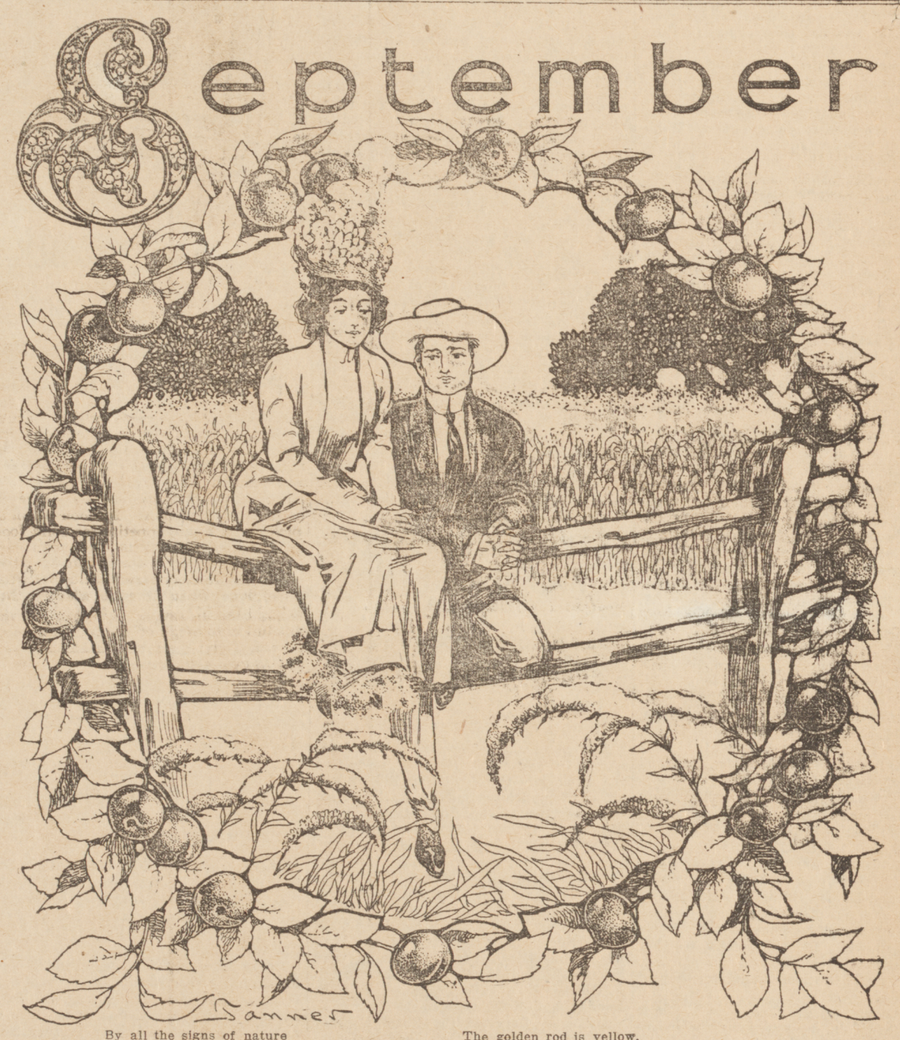
Mrs. G. Helmer, Newington, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for diarrhoea and never found any other to equal it.

'There are many imitations, but none so good as Dr. Fowler's.'

Manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SCARCITY OF COAL ON INTERCOLONIAL

FREDERICTON, N. B., Aug. 30—Officials of the Intercolonial Railway in this city say that the road is feeling the effects of the strike at the mines of the Cumberland Coal and Railway Company at Springhill, N. S., and they place that as the cause of bad coal now in use on the Canada Eastern branch. "The Intercolonial is hard pressed for coal of any kind now," said an official of the road this morning.



By all the signs of nature
September days are here,
With autumn's best of weather
And autumn's best of cheer.

The golden rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

HOME PAPERS

THE TELEGRAPH AND TIMES

THESE PAPERS are delivered to St. John residences BY CARRIER. They are taken into the homes of responsible and desirable people who pay for the privilege of reading them.

An advertisement in The Big Papers will place you in company with the most prominent local and general advertisers in Canada.

THE TELEGRAPH and TIMES enjoy a greater advertising patronage than any other two papers in New Brunswick, and if business is any indication of ability to deliver results, then The Big Papers are always "making good."

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