

All This Week

We will continue to dispose of our summer stock of Wash Suits for Boys, Children's Crash Hats and Men's Summer Vests. Not one will be carried over if price-cutting will sell it.

UNION CLOTHING CO.

26 and 28 Charlotte Street

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

Old Y. M. C. A. Building.

"AS A MAN SOWS."

BY HELEN WALLACE

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIV.

GROPING IN THE DARK.

The sunlight was staring in through the unshaded windows, making square patches of brightness on the walls, once painted drab perhaps, but now a neutral just color, and bare save for several arid-looking maps. It touched here and there, so, the rows of little figures seated at the vernal, ink-stained desks. The girls wore scanty dark stuff frocks and quaint bibbed holland pinafores, while the boys, stolidly enduring the discomfort of their broad, tidily starched Sunday collars, although this was the head and front of their grievance—this was not Sunday, but the opening day of the great endowed school at Duncaid—the Murray Mortification, and it was called, from that quaint term in Scots law for money set aside for charitable purposes, and which must surely have had its rise in the feelings of incensed and disappointed relatives.

Endurance indeed was the note of the youthful gathering, for the room, spacious though it was, was hot and stuffy, and the speeches were long. Except for a few, the excitement had already palled of gazing at the "gentry" on the platform, especially "the brave ladies," who, though the contrast was between the low-toned surroundings and that bright group, conspicuous amid which was Isobel Stormont, in her plainly falling white cloth gown. The similarity of expression and dress gave a curious look of dull uniformity to the little faces, though in detail they might be round and chubby, thin and pale, fair or dark.

Perhaps it was this which added to the strange sense of oppression of which Isobel was conscious, for endurance was by no means confined to the desks and the low benches. His Grace, who was at present dealing out excellent advice and well-worn platitudes, was at no time an unimpassioned speaker, but to how many "grown-ups" in a generation is the gift of speaking to children given? As he droned on, and the children stared blank and ruminant, and the gentry on the platform, in spite of the divinity that doth hedge a duke, yawned and glanced furtively at watch-bracelets. Isobel's eyes wandered over the great bare, colorless room, over rows of sleek, cropped heads and listless, vacant young faces in a growing distress, which with every moment she found it harder to conquer, even to conceal. What was the matter? Was she asleep or dreaming?

"Have I ever been here before? Did anything ever happen here?" she asked her mother in a strained whisper, which reached other ears beside those for which it was intended, notably Evelyn Ashe's seated close behind.

"Yes, dear, you have been often here with me," said Lady Stormont, looking uneasily at her. Her face was no longer merely pale, but white as her gown, while bluish shadows showed under the dilated eyes. "It is very hot, certainly," her glance following Isobel's which was measuring the distance between her and the door—a distance which seemed mysteriously to have increased; "but if you can bear it for a few minutes longer I think we shall all be released soon."

At last! A long breath, a scraping of chairs and a tapping of gloved fingers on the platform and a shrill hurricane of cheers from the benches, in which relief very fairly supplied the place of enthusiasm, under cover of which Ashe leaned forward, saying eagerly:

"I am afraid Miss Stormont finds the heat trying. May I not take her out to the garden for a little? I understand you have still to go through the dormitories or some fatigue duty of that sort."

Lady Stormont hesitated, "but before she could reply Isobel took the matter into her own hands."

"Yes," she said feverishly. "I will go anywhere—anywhere away from here."

"I shall join you in a few moments, then," said Lady Stormont reluctantly. As Ashe piloted his charge through the shifting group at the door he felt that his reward had come—his reward for his lost sport, and for those long dusty ten miles on the back seat of the Stormont barouche—long, it had to be admitted, even with Isobel's face before him.

The site of the Murray Mortification

Thoroughly and scientifically cooked, rolled into filmy cakes, and then toasted to a rich, golden brown,



SANITAS TOASTED CORN FLAKES

agree perfectly with the most delicate stomach. Tell your grocer to send you a box to-day and try it for yourself.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE NEW WINGED SAILOR.

The very broad brimmed fashionable straw sailor of the late summer with trimmings of huge wings is duplicated in the early fall showing in soft French felt bound around the edge with ribbon in self color, or finished with a stitched velvet edge. The dark felts are more often trimmed with light colored than dark wings, and a very attractive combination is that of white and the same color as the hat which the wings adorn. The wings are

posed on the front of the crown and in many cases so arranged that they completely cover the front and sides and extend out broadly over the front and side brim. Two and even four pairs of wings are used on a hat, and the smartest effects are gained when no other trimming is combined with these wings, unless it may be a couple of those large headed pins inserted through the wings as if to hold them in place.

When they reached the others good-byes were being exchanged—the group was dispersing.

"Too bad of Sir David to desert us today. I hardly remember an opening day without him." His Grace was saying to Lady Stormont.

"Perhaps he would think that a reason why he might be absolved for once," she said, smiling.

"He had to go to Eddleston on some special business. I expected he would have returned this morning, but he must have been detained, and at last we had to come away without him. However, I may safely tell him that his presence wasn't really required. It will be some consolation to him for not having been able to keep his word. I tell him he makes a sort of fetch of it."

(To be continued.)

Mothers Problems

Every mother knows that the happiness or misery, the success or failure of her children largely depends upon their physical strength.

Ability to study, and the equipment for the battle of life must be founded on a firm health basis.

If boys and girls are weak, bloodless, easily tired, what chance have they in the strenuous struggle for advancement or place?

Weakness spells failure and that means falling behind in the race, and often premature death.

Ferrozone should be taken to give youth the vigor that clear red blood will confer.

Ferrozone helps youth to sleep soundly, and gives the power of strength that clear strong brains and vigorous nerves afford.

Give the listless girl, the pale lady boy, Ferrozone, watch how it quickens the power of both mind and body.

Ferrozone gives appetite, brings bright color to the cheeks, makes you strong—it not only brings health but preserves it.

Ferrozone is a body builder, blood former, and nerve strengthener without an equal. Ferrozone cures that condition of weakness so common in young folks. It is harmless and efficient, 50c. per box at all dealers.

About Human Nature

"My frens," began Uncle Timothy as he stood up in meeting and gracefully leaned on the handle of his closed umbrella,

"when you meet up wid a man who knows jest whar' he kin borra a dollar—who has frens in boaf political parties—who gits invitashuns to all church festivities—who am allus spoken off as a good feller and am nebbet asked to hitch along from de end-seat of a summer street kyan, you have found a man who makes a study of human natur'."

"De student of anatomy carves up a caraver to diskliver how de bones am put together—whar' de muscles lie—how de vital organs am nailed on. De good feller studies de livin' instead of de dead—de mind instead of de body."

"De human mind am full of co'n's. Tread on one of 'em and dar am a back-axshun at once. If I should want a five-dollar bill airly Monday mornin', I should shup ober and ax Deacon Jackson fur it. His big co'n am de belief dat no one kin be saved unless he am baptized frew de ice in de ribber, and I have been keeful to walk all around dat co'n. I go ober to his house wid a jug of cider in one hand and baptisml arguments in de odder, and sometimes he feels so good dat he'd like to gib me his only Sunday shirt and dip me in de rain-bar'."

"If I wanted some onion seed I'd go ober to Elder Tiffs. De Elder's co'n am de belief dat he was bo'n fur a great preacher, and by steppin' around dat co'n 'stead of on it you kin have anythin' growin' in his garden. Elder Scott has a pet-co'n. He reckons on bein' a white man arter he gits to Heaben. Reckon wid him and he's your friend. Tell him dat change of climate don't change de complexion and ont you go."

"It's all in de study of human natur'. It's all in finrin' ont what de older man believes in and den believin' wid him. De man who goes widout bacon bekase he can't find ont whether de butcher believes dat de whale swallered Jomah or not, and den takin' sides wid him, won't git no pity from me when he comes to say dat he has been eatin' codfish so long dat he seems to be sittin' down on de banks of New Foundland."

JOE KERR.

"What's de latest train on the Swamp-hurst road?" asked Citiman.

"That's hard to say," replied Subbubs.

"They're all late, but they vary so in their lateness."

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COMET, 14 WHALES AND A WATERSPOUT

Passengers on Steamer Brooklyn Didn't Have One Dull Moment on the Trip from Porto Rico.

(New York Herald, Aug. 12.)

According to passengers who arrived yesterday on the steamship Brooklyn of the Insular line, from Puerto Rico, Captain McLean so arranged the ocean programme that there was hardly a dull moment during the voyage. On the second day out, when eight hundred miles north of the island, a school of fourteen whales was sighted and for two hours they disported themselves in full view. One whale, nearly sixty feet in length, was so near the liner that passengers threw blocks of wood at him.

Then a day after that a waterspout was sighted dead ahead and about five miles away. The huge column gyrated toward the ship, but broke when about three miles away.

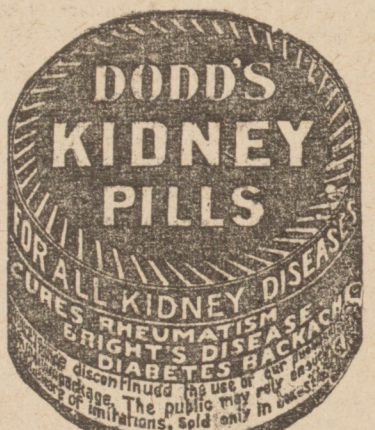
The stellar attraction—so it could well be termed—was left for the last two mornings of the voyage. Captain McLean announced day before yesterday that a comet had been seen in the east, low down, rising at about half past four o'clock. Everybody got up early yesterday, and at the stated time the flaming cloud could be seen. It appeared to be descending vertically.

I will mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative and my Book on either Dyspepsia, The Heart, or The Kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment, and not the cause. Weak stomach nerves—the inside nerves—mean stomach weakness, acidity, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, as well as their controlling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves, and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoop's Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy even claims to treat the inside nerves. Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write me today for sample and free Book. Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by all druggists.

LONG CANOE TRIP

Harry A. Watson, of Montreal, once agent of the Allan line steamers at this port, with his friend, J. F. Julian, also of Montreal, arrived in this city on Tuesday last. They made a canoe trip from Lake Temiscouata and the Madawaska into the St. John river at Edmundston, then down to the Grand Falls, thence to Woodstock, down to Fredericton, then to St. John.

The canoe trip lasted eight days and Mr. Watson said it was the most delightful he ever had. The water on the upper St. John is very high and this made the trip very easy down from the Grand Falls. Messrs. Watson and Julian are both members of the Montreal Wanderers Hockey Club. Mr. Julian left yesterday on the steamer Calvin Austin on a visit to Boston. Mr. Watson was in the city yesterday and was welcomed by many friends with whom he was very popular while stationed here.



He—And when we're married, let's spend every summer down here, dearest. She—Yes, dear, but I've already promised two other fellows the same thing.



FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Citiman—Aren't the mosquitoes pretty thick? Landlord Soakem—No, rather thin I should say, but they'll fatten up some when we get a few more boarders, I guess.

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.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

ADVICE TO GOLFISTS.

Our caddie lost all the balls at the picnic the other day, and only for an in-



spiration we should have had no game of golf.

What did you do? We used the hard boiled eggs from the lunch baskets.

INTENSIFIED FRUIT JUICES AN IMPROVEMENT ON NATURE

A Discovery that is Revolutionizing Medicine.

Remarkable Success Attends the Finding of a New Medicinal Compound by Combining the Juices of Apples, Oranges, Figs and Prunes.

Fruit helps to keep one healthy. Fruit, in itself, will not cure disease. The medicinal principle—or that part of fruit which has a curative effect—is in such infinitesimal quantities, that it is unable to overcome a diseased condition of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys or skin.

Just here is where science stepped in. An Ottawa physician did what nature could not do. He first found that some fruits were stronger medicinally than others—and that apples, oranges, figs and prunes contained all the healing properties of other fruits. There are two principles in fruit juices—bitter and sweet. After extracting the juices of the four fruits mentioned, this physician succeeded in replacing one atom of the sweet principle by one of the bitter. This resulted in an entirely new combination being formed. This new compound was many times more

active medicinally than the fruit juices. Where eating fruit only helped to keep one well, this compound actually cured disease.

To make it more valuable still, this physician added the finest tonics and antiseptics, and then, by evaporating the entire compound to a powder, made it into tablets.

This, in short, is the method of making "Fruit-a-tives"—these wonderful tablets—the most reliable cure for Constipation, Biliousness, Stomach Troubles, Kidney and Bladder Disease and Skin Affections. Being made from fruit, "Fruit-a-tives" may be taken by women and children without fear of ill-effect.

Don't take a substitute. If your druggist does not handle them, send 50c for a box to Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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The Question of Ownership

"Who is that?" "It is the President of the Tobacco Trust."

"But this is a small, retiring man. I thought the Tobacco King was a large, pompous individual, who owned the United States and simply rented a few acres of land to the rest of us."

"That was he six months ago, but now that Uncle Sam has camped on his trail he begins to doubt if he even owns Rhode Island."

"And who may the next man be—the one with such a puzzled look on his face?"

"Oh, that's the head of the Standard Oil Trust, with forty other trusts attached. Up to a few months ago he had Europe and America in his pocket. Uncle Sam has taken a twist at him and he's wondering what has dropped. When Chicago gets through with him he'll be in a condition to say 'Please, sir.'"

"And the third man—the one looking

over the fence with a far-away look in his eyes?"

"That's the Sugar King of a few months ago. The earth was his. He allowed the United States to run along simply out of good-nature. Five or six heavy fines for rebating have made him sweat his collar and set him to wondering what ails this old world anyhow."

"And this other?"

"That's a Railroad President. Up to a few months ago he held that the Lord created North America simply as a road bed for his lines. He felt that Kings, Emperors and Presidents ought to be glad to hang up his hat for him. Now he is hiring a cheap boy to do the hanging, and he isn't sure whether he is as big as all the Rocky Mountains or can find room for himself on a corner lot. There's a three ring circus on, my boy. With a clown in each ring, and it's going to be fun to watch the performance from now on."

JOE KERR.

Always on Hand

It was a hot day. The editor of The Bugle sat with his coat off and his feet upon the only other chair, and was wondering how he could escape the weekly stipend when Saturday night came, when in walked the advance agent of a circus.

"How much circulation?" he blandly asked.

"Two millions," was the prompt reply.

"By working Sundays, before and after church time?"

"You said two millions, I believe?"

"Two and a half, sir."

"And five hundred dollars?"

"Eight hundred."

Then the agent sat down and said it was a hot day. The editor replied that it was blazed hot. Then the agent asked how the buckwheat crop was coming on, and the editor said there'd be enough to give everybody the scratches. Then the agent wondered if Roosevelt would run again, and the editor said he didn't care a cuss whether he did or not. Then the agent whistled a few bars of: "I Have Loved and Lost," and said:

"I don't care about over five hundred circulation."

"That's twenty more than I have got."

"And I'll give you \$15 for the ad and five free tickets."

"Done!"

"Good-day."

"So long."

JOE KERR.

JOHN ROBERTSON

HAS ARRIVED IN THE CITY

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?