

Sept. 12, 1907.

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UNION CLOTHING CO.

26 and 28 Charlotte Street,

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

"AS A MAN SOWS."

BY HELEN WALLACE

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

(Continued)

CHAPTER XXVIII. AS A MAN SOWS.

The sun rose next morning upon a dawning wonder world, in which, in earth or heaven, there were but two colors, blue and white, but such blue and such white! Nothing could change the contours of the eternal peaks, but down in the valley every shape and outline was smoothed or wholly concealed by the muffled mantle of ineffable white. A keen frost had crisped the surface which, while it made walking possible, rendered the task of clearing the pathway all the harder, while the road was even more unfavorable for a carriage.

In any case, Isobel was, however, hardly fit to travel. Her adventure in the snowstorm—at least Lady Stormont supposed that to be the cause—had left her feverish and excited. She started at every footfall, every sound, as if she were on the strain of expectation.

"Is my father out?" she asked at last abruptly. "I have not seen him this morning."

"He went out early, but he may have come in again," said Lady Stormont, both surprised and pleased that Isobel should ask for her father. "If you will promise me to rest for a little, I shall go and see."

The great deserted place seemed more silent than usual as she went to Sir David's room in search of him. What had become of every one? she wondered. Convers had sent up a message of inquiry for Isobel, but she had seen nothing of him nor of Ashe that morning; though the latter was no cause for regret. The room was still empty, but conspicuous on the writing table was a bulky envelope, which to her surprise, was addressed to herself. She looked at it wonderingly for a moment before it occurred to her to open it.

After one glance at the first few sentences she swiftly crossed the room and locked the door. She would need silence and solitude for what lay before her.

"Marian, my dear wife, dearer than ever to me, though of late I have given you little reason to think so," the letter began, "will you read now what I once thought I would keep from you with my last breath, but now, whether I am doing right or wrong, I can keep it from you no longer. I cannot deceive you, cannot let you believe a lie any longer—your who have ever been the soul of truth and loyalty, and I can tell you now, as at last I know that, however I have sinned against you, I have not, as I dreaded, done you the last deep and deadly wrong, though God knows it would have been in ignorance. That burden, at least, has been lifted from me; had it been laid upon me, too, my punishment would have been, indeed, greater than I could bear."

"Marian, will you try to believe, though as you read this, it may well seem impossible to you, that all my life from the very first I loved you? A woman like you, who has but the one love to give, deep and true and lasting, can hardly comprehend the wanderings of a young man's fancy—how his eyes and his feeling are ensnared for a time, till he wakes up from the fleeting dream to realize again, to find, perhaps, that that brief madness had laid waste his whole life—if it were only his own! Try, in mercy to me, though, to think of this as you read."

"At first I did not understand my own heart. I was foolishly impatient, as a young man sometimes is, that was so thoroughly mapped out for me. Every-thing was so well arranged, so well organized, that though when the time came, and Sir David stepped into the place of Sir Malcolm, there could hardly be any change, the old traditions must be continued, everything would go on as usual. I seemed to see the life that lay before me to its minutest detail; even my wedding was planned for me. I was to wed my cousin Marian, and, dear to me though she was, and though I had the grace to know that I did not deserve my good fortune, I had the young man's passion for

the new, the unknown, the untold. I wanted something more than the future of joy-trot ease and comfort which seemed to lie before me. That autumn, perhaps you remember, I went to Switzerland. I wanted some deer-stalking, some wider sport than the Stormont moors could give, and there, in an evil day for her, I met Elsie Macleod.

"You have never heard of her existence; once my chief hope, my life effort, was that you never might; but you have seen her name—it is written on that Testament—the sole possession which Isobel brought home with her."

"When on one of those long, magical northern evenings I first saw Elsie start out from among the bracken by the side of a lonely moorland loch, she seemed like some shy creature of the wilds, akin to the cloudy hills and the silent glens like the fleet hinds. Next day I saw her sitting, prim and demure, in the empty, barn-like kirk, where her grandfather, good old man, half blind and half deaf dropped out his weekly sermon to some half dozen people. In the bare, dusty place, amid the one or two weather-worn old people, little Elsie, in her quaint frock and bonnet, which might have been her mother's, looked like some tender smelling blooming amid granite boulders—and she died despairing in a workhouse ward—truly we men know what we do! But she had wild, hot blood in her, too. Her father, a scapegrace lad, had run away from college and enlisted in a regiment bound for India; but he had the old Highland fighting spirit in him, and in the Mutiny he so distinguished himself that he was gazetted captain, and, further, so won the favor of his late colonel's daughter that they made a runaway match. Her family never forgave her marriage with a ranker, though he had some of the best Highland blood in his veins. Had he lived he doubtless would have made a name and a place for himself, but he was killed in an obscure skirmish, and the poor young wife went home to the old grief-stricken father and to the lonely manse amid the misty northern hills. Here she lingered out a sort of death in life for a few years and then the child Elsie was left alone with the old man and his old housekeeper about as infirm as he. She had never been at school. What she knew her grandfather had taught her. She had never had a friend of her own age, and she had the natural longing of youth for youth, and she would watch the long white road unrolling itself down the glen, wondering if she would ever fare forth upon it to the wonderful world beyond, or if some change—some one would ever come down it to her. Well—I came."

(To be continued.)

Stomach troubles, Heart and Kidney ailments can be quickly corrected with a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The prompt and surprising relief which this remedy immediately brings is entirely due to its Restorative action upon the controlling nerves of the stomach, etc.

A weak Stomach, causing dyspepsia, a weak Heart with palpitation or intermittent pulse, always means weak Stomach nerves or weak Heart nerves. Strengthen these inside or controlling nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly these ailments disappear. Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis., will mail samples free. Write for them. A test will tell. Your health is certainly worth this simple trial. Sold by all druggists.

COURT WYGOODY

The anniversary of Companion Court Wygoody, 473, was celebrated in a fitting manner in Foresters' Hall, Charlotte street, last night. There were addresses by H. W. Woods, H. C. R.; D. Lingley, F. W. Emerson, E. J. Todd and J. Ingram, besides a very enjoyable impromptu programme.

Mrs. Willis, O. R., read her annual report. She said that Wygoody was organized in August, 1901, with twenty members. Only eight of the original twenty are left but the membership now numbers forty. Mrs. Willis also referred to the death of Dr. Ormohatekha and to the high place which he held in the affections of the order of which he was a member. He was a special friend of the companion courts, all of which feel they have lost a sincere well wisher.

A most enjoyable evening was brought to a close by serving refreshments.

Henry Allan Johnson, who when he retired eight years ago was probably the oldest telegraph operator in the maritime provinces, was in the city yesterday. Mr. Johnson was for a long time of years telegraph operator for the Great North-western Company at Dalhousie, where he also held the position of postmaster. Having attained the age of sixty years he was superannuated and has been living in Boston. He has just come from Sydney, where he has been visiting relatives. After renewing acquaintances here, Mr. Johnson went to Woodstock, his former home.

A class for kindergarten teacher training is to be started in Portland Methodist church October 1. Young ladies wishing to take the course may apply to Mrs. W. C. Matthews, 39 Sewell street.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



HOW ONE FRENCH MAKER DEVELOPS THE PRINCESS.

This model is by Lebouvier, and has many novel points in its details. It is a shadow stripe English moiré, so fine and soft as to be readily mistaken for silk. In color it is a brilliant violet. The costume is cut on princess lines, the skirt having a straight back seam that at the waist curves in to a bias mitering, from which point it extends in bretelle shaped pieces over the shoulders and to the waist line in front. The back-side seams are laid in a stitched pleat set with covered buttons. The bodice proper is of chiffon of a shade matching the fabric, and it is

laid in inch tucks and accordion pleated giving a full and graceful effect. There is a flat collar of violet velvet, and an inner facing of white satin striped with velvet outlines the lace vest. The sleeves are quite three quarters length, and have full capes of chiffon and velvet over tight lace undersleeves. A rosette of the velvet, with a buckle, is set just above the waist line in front. It is noticed that the skirt of this costume is faced up to a depth of fourteen to sixteen inches with a soft silk, a way the Paris dress-makers have of giving their costumes the proper "hang."

SEPTEMBER WEDDINGS

McDonald-Stevens.

The marriage of Miss Dora Haywood Stevens to E. Frank McDonald was celebrated last evening at 8.30 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Stevens, Metcalf street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. David Hutchinson. The bride, who was tastefully gowned in pearl silk with velvet trimmings, was given away by her father. She was unattended. Among those who received invitations were: Mr. and Mrs. Haywood, Mr. and Mrs. Day, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Eagles, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Lingley, Mrs. Isaac Stevens, Mrs. Rourke, Kendall Hall, Miss Madenbough, Miss Hunter, Miss G. Irene Vaughan and Miss Lulu Cosman. Many handsome and useful presents were received, including a substantial cheque from Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, handsome dinner set from Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Cowan, buffet from the St. John Street Railway in whose office the groom is employed; tea set from T. H. Hall's book store, with which Miss Stevens has been associated, and oak bed-room set from the bride's brother. Other presents were from relatives in Boston and New York. The groom's present to the bride was a very handsome gold watch and chain. After the ceremony the wedding party sat down to a dainty supper. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald will reside in Victoria street and will have the best wishes of many friends for their future happiness.

Morehouse-Lasky.

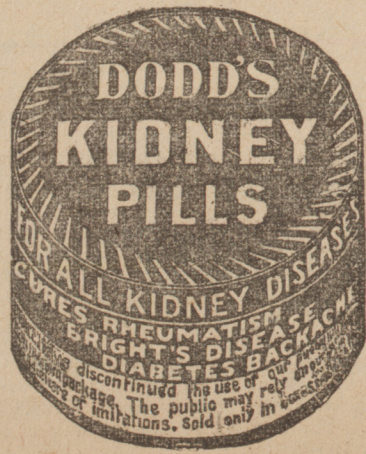
A quiet wedding was celebrated yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Mary Lasky, 248 Union street, when her only daughter, Hattie E., was united in marriage to Murray S. Morehouse, of Fredericton. Rev. Dr. Sprague, pastor of Centenary church, tied the nuptial knot. Only immediate friends were present. The rooms were tastefully decorated with potted plants, ferns and cut flowers.

The bride looked very pretty dressed in white silk, and carried a large bouquet of white roses. She was given away by her brother, Wm. Lasky, and was attended by little Miss Margaret Boyer, who was dressed in white and carried a basket of sweet peas.

After the ceremony a bountiful repast was provided. The happy couple left on the C. P. R. for Fredericton and other places. Both the bride and groom are very popular, as evidenced by the large number of presents they received. Their future residence will be in Fredericton.

Ingram-Keswick.

Harcourt, N. B., Sept. 10.—A very pretty wedding took place this afternoon in the Methodist church, when W. N. Ingram and Miss Kate M. Keswick were united in matrimony. Rev. Mr. Manaton officiating. The bride was handsomely attired in white broadcloth, with veil fastened with orange blossoms and carried a large bouquet of sweet peas and maiden hair fern. The bride was given away by her uncle, William Keswick. The church was beautifully decorated with evergreens, white asters and potted plants. The ushers were the Misses Marion Dunn and Helen Buckenfield. The bride's going away gown was wine colored broadcloth with a becoming hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Ingram left on the Ocean Limited for Montreal, New York and other American cities, amid showers of rice and



KEEPING BUBONIC PLAGUE IN EUROPE

Fighting the bubonic plague in Europe is one of the most costly health precautions on a large scale that is carried on anywhere in the world. Hundreds of men are permanently on the payrolls of various European governments whose sole duty is to understand just what to do to ward off the plague germs. Fortunately Nature so constructed the joining line of Europe and Asia that the vast plains and lofty snow covered mountains of the Caucasus effectively bar out plague germs by a land route. Thus it is through the various sea-ports that the only fighting opportunity lies for the bubonic plague to get into Europe.

This fighting is done under international supervision and a board of famous physicians see that the proper quarantine is carried out. For instance in Bombay the death list from bubonic plague is appalling. And in a dozen Asiatic port cities the plague is always active and it is only when the dead lie in the streets by the hundreds that the newspapers get special stories about its ravages among the natives. Now and then an isolated case of plague is reported in Europe. But usually such cases as do work their way through the rigid quarantine are not published broadcast in the public prints.

European health authorities, then, are always on the qui vive. There is always a terrible scourge to be dreaded and the quarantine against Asiatic ports is a perpetual and puyiding one. Even before a vessel is allowed to leave for Europe from an Asiatic port the health authorities take a hand. The passengers and crew must undergo a rigid medical inspection and the effects of all natives whether of the passengers or the crews are thoroughly disinfected. Just what this costs in time, labor and money would be difficult to estimate. But the work is done and done faithfully and no amount of bribes can get a ship out of these ports until the doctors have made a round up and can honestly issue a clean bill of health.

Even this does not end the work of the international health department. While the ship is allowed to sail, still a term of ten days is needed to make sure that no case is developing on board ship. After this time for incubation of the bubonic plague is past the physicians will issue the bill of health. Until then every passenger is looked after and must be examined each day. With the incubation period past the clean bill of health is given to the captain. When the vessels arrive at the Suez canal, the whole thing is done over again by the physicians at the mouth of the canal.

After going through the canal the ship reaches Port Said and here the conditions in Egypt must be taken up, for an outbreak at this point may seriously delay the vessel. With good luck the ship at last gets into the Mediterranean and with her papers in satisfactory shape finally reaches her port in Europe. Here a corps of doctors look the passengers over and if all appear healthy they can depart but must report at the end of ten days. Then if a single individual has the plague they are all rounded up and held as suspects until another ten days is past.

But not only the human beings are watched. For science has proved that the rats aboard vessels may carry the plague with deadly certainty. Where the plague is strongly suspected the entire hold of an enormous steamer is boarded up and sulphuric oxide is pumped in and millions of rats are suffocated yearly.

Thus it is seen that the supervision is most thorough and while it is very expensive it is well worth the money as even a slight outbreak might cost millions of dollars. The main points where the army of prevention of plague distribution is located are Bombay, Suez, Port Said, Marseilles, Gibraltar and all the important North Europe ports.

WILL SCORE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY

Royal Commission's Report on Operators' Grievances is Ready Now.

Ottawa, Sept 11.—The report of the royal commission to inquire into the dispute between the Bell Telephone Company and their operators is ready for distribution, but will not be given out until tomorrow morning. The commissioners were W. L. MacKenzie King and Judge John Winchester, of Toronto.

It will be remembered that the evidence of Mr. Dunstan, local manager of the Bell Telephone Company, given before the commission, was to the effect that the wages paid were not sufficient to attract operators or to meet the cost of living. And despite these facts the operators worked long and strenuous hours, their duties being of a peculiarly exacting kind.

For these and other reasons, which the report will no doubt show when issued, the commissioners deal severely with the company and make strong recommendations in favor of the position of the operators. It is also understood that the "listener" has been condemned. The commission held sittings in Montreal and Toronto.



COULDN'T FOOL HER.

Miss Wrinkles (proudly)—A dozen men offered me their hands in the mountains this summer.
Miss Cleverley—Indeed! How long have you been a student of palmistry?



PERMANENT

Staylright—I've been hunting for lo drings all the week!
Miss Weerigh—You seem to have fo und them at last!



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

SANTAS 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.

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?

NERVES IN ORDER NERVES UNSTRUNG

This is a nerve racking age—not a man in an office or behind the counter, striving hard to get on in the world, that does not feel the strain.

If nerves are in order a man is strong, alert and sleeps well. Unstrung nerves mean weakness, worry, sleeplessness and a general decay of bodily strength, inability to do good work or to do it long.

Most men are careless of their health, trust to luck and that sort of thing, instead of taking Ferrozone for a few weeks when they feel dull in the morning, sleep poorly or lose appetite.

Ferrozone quickly brightens up the mind. It creates an appetite and improves digestion. Ferrozone makes blood, quiets the nerves, makes muscle like steel and induces refreshing sleep.

Ferrozone is a body builder, thousands have proved it. If you are sick, or even out of sorts, use Ferrozone and enjoy the splendid reward it affords.

Permanent health, the greatest health giver in the world. Sold everywhere in 50c. boxes.