STORE CLOSED AT 11 P. M.

Union Clothing Company,

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

Men's Suits, regular $12 values now $9.93

Men's Pants, regular $1.50 values, now 91c

Boys' Suits, regular $2.50 values, now $1.98

Boys' Sailor Suits, reg. $1.25 " now 70c

Men's Half-Hose, regular 20c values now 2 pairs for 25 cents

Sir Hilton's Sin.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN, Author of "Black Blood," "A Woman Worth Winning," Master of Ceremonies," "The New Mistress," "The Meeting of Greeks," "Drawn Swords," Etc.

(Continued.)

"Yes," cried Sir Hilton; "then, before I knew where we were, and without waiting for the starter, away we went. Parliament-street was passed in a stride—the mob scattered right and left. Charing Cross and the lions—Cockspur-street—Pall Mall—whirr—buzz—away we went, with the bees swarming round my head. Just at the corner of the clubs I wrenched her head round, and she bounded up St. James's-street. A drag to the left, and we were in Piccadilly. A road-car was in the way, but she cleared it in a bound. Cabs strewed the earth, for the strike was over; but she took them all in her stride as we dashed on, just catching a glimpse of the houses to the right—the Green Park to the left. Then, clearing a penny 'bus at Hyde Park Corner, we nearly rushed into the hospital doors. Again I wrenched her head, turning in my saddle in time to see a passenger on the knifeboard pick up his hat. Then down Constitution-hill we swept as if gliding along a chute. In my wild excitement, as we darted by the Palace, I yelled out, 'God save the King!' But he was not at home, and we were urging on our wild career pass the barracks, along the Birdcage Walk. The ducks whirred up from the pool, the people shrieked, as we scattered perambulators, nursemaids, and children, flying like leaves upon the wind. Storey's Gate was closed, but the mare laughed—a loud, weird laugh — as she cleared it, and we dropped in Great George-street, where a newsboy yelled 'Winners!' with the Parliament house in sight. 'We win—we win!' I cried, for it was the goal. 'Give her her head!' the people yelled, but the mare took it. She stretched her neck right into infinite space, my silk swelled out like a bubble, and feeling that I must steer now I drew on the reins, hand over hand — hand over hand—to feel her head; but it was half-a-mile away. At last I got a bite. She took the bait—the bit in her teeth, and I struck, turned her, and we dashed through Palace Yard again straight for the great Hall doors. 'M.P mustn't pass!' shouted an inspector, throwing out his arms. 'Head of the poll!' I yelled, and the mare went through him like a flash, as we reached the Lobby once more. There was a straight run in, and holding her well in hand I lifted her over the gangway and settled down to win. How they cheered! Opposition to right of me, Government to left of me, and the Speaker ahead of me, waving me on. 'The Ayes have it! The Noes! The Ayes! The Noes!' They volleyed and thundered. 'Vide—'vide—'vide—'vide!' and the mare 'vided them as we still tore on, nearer and nearer, till the curls in the Speaker's wig grew clear, and then the whites of his eyes. Nearer and nearer in the mad excitement of the race, till with one final rush we passed the Mace, the Irish party rising as one man, and ran past the winningpost right into Parliament to the roaring of their wild hurroo!"

"Bravo! Hurroo!" shouted Syd, as his uncle stopped, panting heavily again. "That was how you did it. You won; only you've got it a bit mixed. But you're coming round. I say, you feel ever so much better, don't you, for getting rid of that?"

"Oh, it's all over my lad," cried the trainer. "Did you ever hear the like?"

"It's only excitement," said Syd. "Look at him; he's calming down now beautifully. You see, he'd got two things on his brain—the race and the election—and having been a bit screwed with the bad stuff you let him have, he naturally got himself a bit mixed."

"Mixed?" said Sir Hilton, turning upon the boy sharply. "Wasn't I talking about something just now? But look, look at that man Simpkins rolling his eyes about. Is he going mad?"

"Not a bit o' it, Sir Hilton; it's you as is mad. Ain't it enough as I've lost what I have?"

"You lost, too?"

"Yes, uncle," cried Syd, shaking him; "but you haven't. You won—for all of us. I turned that ten you gave me into a century."

"I—won?" stammered Sir Hilton, with his hands pressing his temples.

"To be sure you did. You sitting all of a jelly, and the game was nearly up; but Doctor Jack Granton gave you a drench, just as if you'd been a horse. Then we got you into the air, and you came round directly and ran between us to the saddling paddock, where we set you on to the mare just in time, and you led the field from the beginning. You won in a canter. Can't you recollect?"

"No—nothing."

"Don't you remember nearly tumbling off the horse after you'd passed the post?"

'N'o."

"Nor getting into the scales, saddle and bridle and all?"

"No; nothing whatever."

"Oh, Sam Simpkins, you must have given him a dose!"

"Yes, I remember that—that champagne. It did taste very queer and strange," cried Sir Hilton, turning upon the trainer, whose red face looked piebald with sickly white, so strangely was it mottled.

"I'd had it a long time, Sir Hilton," stammered the man. "P'raps it was a bit off."

"Oh, hang that!" cried Sir Hilton. "Tell me again, Syd, my boy; did I win?"

"In a canter, I tell you, uncle," cried the boy.

"Hah!' sighed Sir Hilton, with a look of intense relief. "But it must be kept from your aunt. She has such—"

"Kept from auntie?" cried Syd, staring. "Why, she knows all."

"Knows all? You've told her?"

"No-o-o-o. Don't you remember? No, you recollect nothing. She got to know you were off to ride somehow, and came after us to the hotel."

"What?"

"That's right, uncle, Lady Lisle came and saw him, didn't she, sam?"

"Yes, sir," growled Sam, still mopping his face.

"But not dressed—not in my silk and boots?"

"Oh, yes, uncle. Didn't she, Sam?"

"Yes, sir; that's right enough."

"Horror!" groaned Sir Hilton. "She'll never forgive me."

"Worse than that, uncle. She saw that you were tight."

"You young villain, it's not true!" roared Sir Hilton. "How dare you say that!'

"Because it's true," cried Syd, lightly. "Isn't it, Sam?"

"Yes, sir," faltered the man. "Very screwed indeed."

"Tell me the rest," groaned Sir Hilton in despair.

"Fainted away, uncle; but I didn't stop to see. I had to look to you and the race. But afterwards Dr. Jack Granton went back to the hotel and physicked her. Didn't he, Sam?"

"Yes, sir, 'long o' Lady Tilborough; and they took her away in her ladyship's carriage to Oakleigh."

"And then brought her home?"

"I s'pose so, uncle. I dunno. I stuck to you. So did Sam."

"Thank you, my boy—thank you. Simpkins. I'll talk to you another time. But, you see, I'm quite clear and well now."

"Yes, Sir Hilton—thank goodness!" said the trainer, hoarsely.

"Then, now, you had better have a glass of something and drive— What's that?"

"Wheels, uncle. There goes the gate."

The click, click, click came very plainly, and the next minute there were the steps of Jane and Mark in the hall.

"Stop a moment," cried Sir Hilton. "What is it? Who is it come?"

"Her ladyship, I think, Sir Hilton," cried Jane.

"What! I thought she was at home."

"No, sir. She went to Tilborough after you."

"Uncle," cried Syd, "whatever shall we say?"

He shrank back with his uncle into the dining room, and the door swung to, while the next moment they heard the front door open and Lady Lisle's voice.

"Has Sir Hilton returned?"

"Yes, my lady," replied Jane.

"Hah!"

Lady Lisle hurried into the drawing-room with stately stride, but she looked round in vain, and faced Lady Tilborough and Doctor Granton, who had followed her in, for the late occupants of the room had disappeared.

So vast is woman's power over man.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Further In.

The sound of his wife's voice had a wonderful effect upon Sir Hilton for the moment, and turning sharply, he rushed out of the drawing-room and down the passage leading to the servants' portion of the house.

"Here, Sam," cried Syd, "come on and stop him. He's going into another fit."

The boy dashed after his uncle, closely followed by the trainer, and they overtook him in the pale light of the kitchen, whose window faced the east, standing panting hard, with his hand upon the table, where he was collared by one on each side.

"What are you doing that for?" he cried.

"Never you mind, Sir Hilton. You've got to stop here."

"That's right, uncle. Come, steady! No larks."

"Larks, sir? Let go. I insist. Let go, I tell you. I'm going to meet your aunt, Syd. I must have some explanation with her about all this."

"Well, if you come to that, Sir Hilton, that's what I want too about my gal. If it's all the same. I'll go back first."

"That you don't," cried Syd, shifting his hold from uncle to father-in-law. "There'll be row enough without having that in the mess. Hark! Can't you hear talking?" he whispered. "Aunt's having it over with Molly. Let them settle it before we go in."

"Look her, don't you talk like that, my boy, to one old enough to be your grandfather," protested the trainer. "You're not standing up for my gal's rights as you should do, and if you don't, I must."

"But one thing at a time, old man. Let's get uncle quieted down first."

"Quieted down?" cried Sir Hilton. "What do you mean? Here, Syd, my throat's on fire. Fill that jug at the tap."

"Won't hurt him, will it?" whispered Syd.

"I d'know, my lad; I'll charnsh it now."

The jug was filled at the tap over the sink and handed to Sir Hilton, who drank long and deeply, setting it down with a loud "Hah!" just as a familiar voice rang out loudly:

"Hilton ! Hilton! Are you there?"

(To be continued.)

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

IMPROVE YOUR COMPLEXION

Give Up Cosmetics and Seek the Cause of Your Bad Color.

When it's so easy to bring back the bloom of youth, to remove the blemishes and fill the hollows, isn't it foolish to plaster on cosmetics?

Sallowed skin and fallen in cheeks are produced by disorders of the alimentary canal.

Remove the cause—correct the condition that keeps you from looking as you ought. Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills and very soon you'll have a complexion to be proud of.

Just imagine how much happier you will feel when those pimples and murky look have gone.

Dainty looks came to Miss Vrooman, a well-known resident of Belfast, from using Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Read what she says:

'My friends all admit that I have a very delightful complexion. This I owe positively to Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I used to look so yellow I thought it might be jaundice. There was simply no color in my cheeks at all. Today my skin is clear and never gets that murky, dull appearance it had before. Dr. Hamilton's Pills have also given me a good appetite and improved my general health also."

Not only the complexion, but every organ of the body is strengthened, cleansed and made healthy by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Buoyancy, vim and a feeling of vigor invariably follow their use. Sold in yellow boxes by all dealers; 25c. per box or five boxes for $1.00, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



A TRIO OF SMALL BELLES.

Of the many charming modes for small girls this season, that of the illustration may be taken as a striking example of what is best in the high class ready made garments. The centre figure, a girl of some 12 years, wears a frock of white Persian lawn, the very full skirt finely tucked in groups of four quarter inch tucks, inset and frilled with a narrow val., shirred to the full baby waist with a deep round yoke tucked and lace inserted and outlined with a handkerchief bertha elaborated with lace. The sleeves are full puffs to the elbow and finished with a wide lace edged ruffle. This dress may be worn with or without a ribbon sash, and a lingerie hat of eyelet embroidery is very attractive headgear when such a dress is worn with white stockings and black or white slippers. The little maid of seven at the left wears a dress of white pique with long French waist and pleated skirt. There is a vest effect of eyelet embroidery, and this is outlined with revers of the pique with a finish of embroidery which continues around the shoulder and forms a sailor collar on the back. The short puffed sleeve matches this collar effect in trimming, and a ribbon sash is drawn around the waist through the straps on the under arm seams and tied in a square bow at the back. The seated figure wears a little tailored frock of blue linen in Russian blouse style with trimmings of white embroidery.

ANXIOUS MOMENTS

Thousands of Little Ones Die During the Summer Months.

Every mother of small children knows how fatal are the summer months. Dysentry, diarrhoea, cholera infantum and stomach troubles are alarmingly frequent at this time and too often a precious little life is lost after only a few hours illness. The mother who keeps only Baby's Own Tablets in the house feels safe. The occasional use of Baby's own Tablets prevents stomach and bowel troubles, or if the trouble comes unawares the Tablets will bring the little one through safely. Mrs. Geo. Robb, Aubrey, Que., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles with the best results. I feel quite safe when I have the Tablets in the house." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c. a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A WARNING.



Three little boys in a rowboat,
And only room for two—
Boat upset and they got wet,
And didn't know what to do!

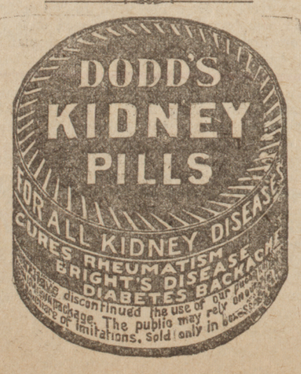
One cried: "Oh, my mama!"
Then waded straight to shore,
The other two did likewise,
And I saw the three no more.

M. W.



AYH

China is establishing a modern police service and modern courts of law, and has notified her people to prepare for a constitutional government.



THE N. B. PETROLEUM CO.

(Moncton Times).

M. Lodge, secretary of the New Brunswick Petroleum Co., who has been in England for the past six months, negotiating for the sale of the oil industry in this county, is on his way home, and is expected home in a few days. There was a rumor on the street that Mr. Lodge had been successful in interesting English capitalists and that the work of development would be resumed. F. W. Sumner, president of the company, when spoken to last evening concerning the report, said he knew nothing of it. Mr. Lodge, it is understood, is accompanied by a gentleman coming to look over the field, but further than this, nothing is known as to the intentions of the company for the future.

PEOPLE OF NOTE



Truman H. Newberry

Assistant Secretary Truman Handy Newberry of the Navy Department has been connected with the naval administration since early in 1905. Mr. Newberry was born in Detroit, November, 5th, 1864, and was splendidly educated, taking the degree of Ph. B. at Yale University in 1885. He married Miss Harriet Josephine Barnes in Brooklyn, N. Y. on Feb. 7th, 1888, shortly after being elected president of the Detroit Steel and Spring Co. Mr. Newberry has always been interested in naval affairs and served on the U. S. S. Yosemite throughout the Spanish-American war. He afterwards published his experiences under the title of "The Log of the U. S. Ship Yosemite."

She Struck Twice

"Speaking about the seeming mania for strikes," said the fatherly-looking man on the end seat—"I had a woman who had been in my employ as cook for seven or eight years. I was paying her $18 per month, and she seemed well satisfied up to a few weeks ago. Then she waylaid me one day to say:

"Mr. Blank, I must have twenty dollars a month."

"But I can't pay tyenty," I replied.

"'It's twenty or out I goes.'

"'Then you'll have to go.'

"And next day she went. I got a woman to replace her, and after two weeks she returned to say:

"'Mr. Blank, I struck on you to marry Jimy O'Neill.'

"'Yes, I heard you had got married. Does your husband give you more than eighteen dollars a month?'

"'He don't, sir.'

"'Well?'

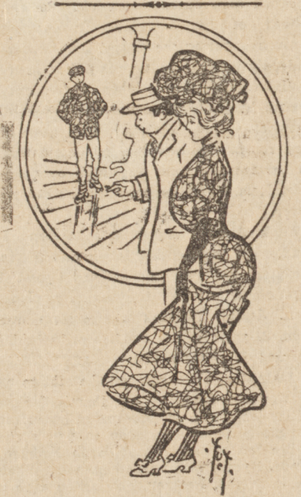
"'Well, I wants my old place back, at old wages.'

"'But you struck on me.'

"'I did, sir, and I'm now ready to strike on Jimmie O'Neil and make one strike offset the other.'

"She was installed in her old place next day," said the fatherly man, "and as to what Jimmie O'Neil is going to do without a wife is a matter that isn't worrying me a bit."

JOE KERR.



Bessie—Do you care for roller skating? Tom—Not me! The only time I ever tried it I skated beautifully on my head. Bessie—The wheels must have come in handy.

Why Your Throat is Weak

All winter you have been hacking and coughing, and now your throat needs strengthening. Use Catarrhozone, it cures huskiness, removes catarrh and prevents throat weakness. All dealers sell Catarrhozone.

About $50,000 is annually spent for cigars and wines consumed in the large clubs of New York city.

Frank J. Gould has given $1,000 to endow a chair for modern languages at the Randolph Macon college, Ashland, Va.



See if you can draw this without lifting your pencil.

Skin Disease is Blood Disease

"Fruit-a-tives" clean the blood of all Impurities and clear the Complexion.

Pimples and Blotches—Redness—Boils—Eczema and other inflammations of the skin—mean Impure Blood.

A person with a bad complexion always suffers from poor digestion — non-action of the bowels (or Constipation) and often the kidneys are weak.

These unhealthy organs cannot rid the system of the waste matter. It is this waste—taken up by the blood and carried to the skin—that ruins the complexion.

"Fruit-a-tives" cure all skin troubles because they cure the kidneys and bowels.

"Fruit-a-tives" cause the eliminating organs to do their proper share of the work of ridding the system of waste. This purifies the blood — and instantly the pimples and blotches disappear, and the complexion clears.

"Fruit-a-tives" are a wonderful cure for Pimples and Blotches on the skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" cure skin troubles when everything else fails.

"Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices, intensified, and combined with valuable tonics and antiseptics.

They are without doubt the greatest blood purifier in the world. 50c. a box—6 for $2.50. At all druggists.

Fruit-a-tives

(OR FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.) 110

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