Good Trousers

JUST HOLD UP YOUR TROUSERS when you remove them tonight and take a good square look at them. If you think your dignity would be benefitted by a new pair, we want to say we have just received as fine a lot of ready-to-don Trousers as it was ever our good fortune to see, and we have marked them at prices that should effect a speedy clearance.

PRICES FOR THESE FINE TROUSERS:

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UNION CLOTHING CO.

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Old Y. M. C. A. Building. ALEX. CORBET, Manager

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.)

Oh, you!" cried the girl, with scarlet face and flashing eyes, in which the tears began to rise, making her dart out of the room so that they should not be seen.

"Checkmate, Miss Dustpan!" said Sydney, with a chuckle. "What a sharp one she is, though. My word! I never liked old Trim before. He's off on some game of his own. Artful old beast! He isn't such a saint as he pretends. Can't be going to the races, can he? No, not he; not in his line. Spree in London's more his way. A beast, though, to talk like that. Knows too much about such matters. I wish I could find out something and get him under my thumb, as I have saucy Jenny. How the beggar made me jump!"

He glanced round at the vase he had nearly broken, then at the door, and directly after at the window, to which he ran and looked out, for there was the grating sound of wheels on the drive, but growing fainter and fainter.

"My word! Isn't the old girl quick at putting on her hat and scarf! She's safe for the day. Bravo, old Trimmer! Just when I was done up for an idea to slope off. Fish rising? Yes, I'll rise 'em. Cookie'll have hard work to fry all the trout I catch today. Phew! There goes another brake. Blow up, you beauty! Why, auntie would have just met them tittuping along. They must have scared the ponies into fits. She can't half hold them."

He turned from the window, listening the while, though, to the rattle of wheels and the trotting of horses down the road, and after a glance at the door, through which the little maid had passed, he drew a note from his pocket and began to spell it over in a low voice.

"'My dear darling Syd'—why, this is three days old. I didn't notice it before —'Here's nearly a week and you haven't been to see me. Do come. I want to say something so particular. If you don't come before, of course you'll be at the races. I've got a new frock'—without a k—'new frock for the occasion'—Ha, ha! What a rum little gipsy she is! Put the k she dropped in frock into occasion—'I say, do tell your aunt and uncle all the truth'—Likely!—'and then I can tell dear dad'—Jigger dear dad!—'I feel so wicked. He must know soon.'—What did she put two thick lines under that for?—'That's all naw, because the dressmaker'—with only one s—'has come to try on my frock. I say, do tell your dear aunt. She'll be awfully cross at first, but when she knows all—that's all, dear.—Your affeckshunt for ever and ever. Lar Sylphide'—Lar la—Yar! Yar! Tell auntie—phew! Talk about all the fat in the fire, and me with it. Uncle's parlous state won't be nothing to mine. Ugh!"

The boy jumped as if he had received a blow, and turned towards the window. For the door was opened suddenly, and Jane reappeared.

"Not gone then, Impidence?"

"No, I'm not gone yet, Saucebox. Why don't you tell my aunt?"

"Never you mind. What was that you were scuffling into your jacket pocket? Worms for fishing?"

"Of course."

"Was it? I know better. I heered the paper crackle; it's another letter for her."

"What!" cried the boy, changing color. 'What her?"

"Her as you write to. I saw you scribbling,and watched you sneak off down to the village to post it."

"You're a wicked fibster, Jenny."

"Oh, no I'm not. What did you give the postman five shillings for?"

"I did'nt said the boy, flaring up.

"Yes you did, and it was to bring letters for you on the sly. I shall write and inform the post-office people."

"Yes, you do, and I'll half kill you and poison old Mark."

"There! I knew it. Who is she?"

"You be off."

"No, nor I shan't be off, neither. I believe its Dan Smart's girl, who's gone to London. Oh my! what a wicked one you are Master Syd. for such a boy. Your sangwiges is ready. Shall I bring 'em here?"

"Did you get the flask?"

"Yes."

"And filled it with milk and sherry?"

"Yes, but you don't deserve it, for threatening to get poor Mark the sack."

"Then you shouldn't threaten to tell tales."

"I won't, Master Syd, if you won't."

"All right, then, it's a truce. Here, I must be off."

"What without your sangwidges and flask?"

"No; to get my fishing-rod."

"Then, you won't tell?"

"Tell? No. Here give us a kiss, Jenny."

"Shan't they're all for Mark."

"Must," cried the boy, seizing her round the waist.

"Pst! Someone coming."

Syd dashed out of the window, and the girl began to move out some of the breakfast things, but was interrputed by the entrance of a sharp-looking young groom with very closely-cut hair, and trousers so tight in the leg that the wonder was how he put them on and pulled them off.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Mark?" said the girl, tartly.

"Me it is, Jenny. Think it was the boss?"

"Maybe. Here's a pretty time in the morning to have breakfast things about."

"Pretty time? Of course, it's a pretty time. Eat when you're hungry. When the gov'nor wants his corn he'll come down to the sally manger, as they call it."

"But look at the time!"

"Oh, hang the time! A man ain't a locomotive, made to live up to a time-table. I believe her ladyship has a time for everything, down to sneezing and cleaning her teeth. It's orful, that it is."

"Ah! you're a pretty pair."

"We was in the old days, Jenny," said the young man, with a smirk, "before we began to go off and look seedy, him with being married to her ladyship, and me pulled down, fretting about you."

"Get along with your nonsense! I know. You were a pair of regular rackety rakes, and her ladyship has done wonders for Sir Hilton."

"Well, ain't you done wonders and improved me, dear? You know I ain't like the same chap."

"Oh, I don't know. I sometimes feel I'm very stupid to think about you. You're always talking about your old ramping, scamping days."

"But the wasn't any harm in 'em, Jenny. Only a bit of sport—a race here, a steeplechase there, and a turn at hunting in the winter. Ah! they was times. Jenny, my gal. Reg'lar old English gentleman sort of life. Go to bed when you liked; get up when you liked. Breakfast in bed or out of it. None of your tea-and-toasting, but a hock and seltzer for a start; nice little devilled something after, and there you were, fit as a fiddle. None of your time-table life, like it is here."

"Yes, you were a nice pair."

"We were, Jenny, and we're not to be sneezed at now; but you're a bit hard on us, Jenny, both of you."

"I'm too soft on you, Mark, and you know it."

"Well—say sometimes, my dear; but you know you are orful nubbly now and then, and you say things to me that buzz in my ears like bluebottles in a stable window. I don't grumble, but I'm sorry for the gov'nor, that I am."

"Ah! he has a deal to grumble at. Wasted as good as three fortunes."

"Woho, my lass! Steady there! Not wasted. Spent 'em like a noble English baronet, and he always had his money's worth. Yes, we did."

"We indeed! Wasted everything, he did, on the Turf, and then was sold up disgraceful. Just like a pore man might be."

"Gently, my lass, gently!" cried Mark. "Sold up, and disgraceful? Nothing of the kind. The luck was again' us, and we can't quite meet our engagements; so we lets the things come to the hammer. Old fat knocks 'em down to the highest bidder at High Park Corner, and we pays like gentlemen as far as the money goes. What more would you have till the luck turns and we pay up again?"

"Ah! you're a nice pair. It was time you were both off the Turf. Neither of you ever cared."

"Don't say that, my lass. I cared a deal, and when I see my satin-skinned beauties knocked down——"

"Your what?"

"'Osses, my gal, 'osses—the tears quite come in my eyes."

"I dessay," said Jenny, tartly, "I believe you think much more of a horse than you ever did about me."

"Nay, you don't Jenny. You know better. Man's love for a hoss ain't the same as what he feels for his sweetheart. You know that. But a chap of the right sort as understands 'osses can't help loving the beautiful pets. I don't mind yer laughing. at me. I quite cried when our La Sylphide was knocked down and I had to say good-bye to her. I don't know what I should ha' done if I hadn't known she was going into good quarters with someone who'd love her. All right! It's gallus weak, I suppose, but I did, and you may laugh."

"I wasn't laughing, Mark," said the girl, holding out her hand. "I was only smiling at you. I like it. Shews your art's in the right place."

"Jenny!" And "business," as theatrical people say.

"Now, don't Mark. That'll do. Suppose Sir Hilton was to come?"

"Let him," said the groom, sharply. "I ain't ashamed of loving the dearest, sweetest little lass in the country, though she has got a sharp tongue that goes through me sometimes like a knife."

"All the better for you, Master Mark. You want talking to, for you've been a deal too wild."

"Nay, nay, nay, Jenny; 'ossy, but never wild."

"Let's see," said Jane, going on giving touches to the breakfast-table. "But stop a minute. What do you want here? Her ladyship wouldn't like it if she caught you."

"Ain't you gone out?"

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Well, Sir Hilton'll be down directly, and he'll ask you why you've come."

"No, he won't. I shall have first word."

"What do you mean?"

"Ask him if he wouldn't like the 'orse put in the dog-cart to run over to Tilborough."

"What for?"

"To see the race, my gal."

"What!"

"Our old mare La Sylphide's going to run."

"Onr old mare, indeed! Go to the race! Why, there'd be a regular eruption."

"So there would; but I do wish the guv'nor would risk it this once."

"He'd better! So that was the reason you came here, was it?"

"Well, partly, Jenny. You see. I thought I might get a minute with you alone."

"I don't believe it," said Jane, frowning, but with eyes looking very bright. "You pretend and pretend, and yet all the time you're sneaking off every chance you get over to Oakland."

"Well, I do, my lass; I own to that."

"There!" cried the girl; "and yet you have the impidence to talk to me."

"Of course. You know why I go."

"Yes; to see that showy lady's-maid that comes over to our church sometimes."

"Tchah! I go over to the stables to have a look at La Sylphide. Oh, Jenny, she is a picture now."

"Look here, Mark; 'pon your word, now, is that the truth?"

"Why, you dear jealous little darling, you know it is. Look here, Jenny; she runs today for the cup, and, with Bill Rogers up, it's a certainty."

"I know better than that, Mark. There's no certainty in horseracing."

"Oh yes there is, if you've got the right mare and the man who undestands her, as Bill does, when he isn't on the drink. The guv'nor and Josh Rawls are the only two men who can ride La Sylphide, and I tell you it's a certainty. I've put the pot on this time."

"What for?"

"Because I want it to boil."

"What, to make a what-you-may-call-it—a mash for La Sylphide?"

"Na-a-a-y! cried Mark. "What a dear innocent little darling you are, Jenny! We call it putting the pot on when we lay every dollar we can scrape together, and more two, on a horse winning.

"And that's what you've done?" said Jenny, quietly.

"That's right, little one; every mag."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mark."

"What!" cried the young man in dismay.

"Didn't you promise me that if I'd keep comp'ny with you, you'd give up all your old tricks you learnt with Master—Sir Hilton—and be steady?"

"And so I have been. Saved every penny, and thought of nothing but getting on for you."

"Yes, it looks like it," said the girl, sarcastically.

"Well so it do. This is only a bit of a flutter."

"Flutter indeed!"

"And what's it for?"

"To make a fool of yourself again, like your master."

(To be continued.)

HOUSE-CLEAN YOUR SYSTEM

Keep It Pure and Clean if You Desire Good Health

The inside of your body requires attention just the same as the outside.

A great accumulation of effete matter is clinging to the various organs, and must be moved off.

Some gentle laxative and tonic should be used.

The system must be relieved of its burden if you are to enjoy a happy, healthy summer.

Physicians who have examined the formula of Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake and Butternut Pills say no medicine could be better.

Whether ill or not, thousands rely on Dr. Hamilton's Pills which are truly marvelous in preventing debility and sickness.

Begin Dr. Hamilton's Pills without delay. You'll feel stronger, eat heartier, digest better, sleep sounder, and gain more in weight.

Mr. Ed. Maynard, an old resident of New Westminster, B. C., writes: "I don't say Dr. Hamilton's Pills will cure everything, but they made a quick job of building up my run-down system. I had kidney disease and constipation, and was wholly unfitted for work. Pains shot through my limbs and lodged in my back. Headaches often made me desperate. I had no appetite, an awful color, and felt despondent. Sometimes I was a little rheumatic. After a few days I began to mend and kept up Dr. Hamilton's Pills till I was restored to my present tip-top condition."

Can you afford to miss the benefit of this marvel-working medicine? Think of it. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00. By mail from N. C. Polson and Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



PRINCESS COSTUME WITH LACE DRAPERIES.

A very attractive dinner gown worn by one of New York's elect at a fashionable uptown restaurant a few nights since showed to advantage the fashionable combination of two materials in one frock; in this instance soft chiffon satin with mousseline de soie. The costume was a princess, the bodice made entirely of the satin tucked at the waistline and separated at this point by panels of the tucked mousseline which extend to the top of the foot flounce. Both the satin and the mousseline were white, while the ribbon appliques at the top of the flounce were in a delicate shade of pink mixed with threads of silver, and a very narrow silver sequin edging bordered the strappings of satin on the chiffon in the back breadth, likewise in the front panel. The bodice, cut in a point in the back and rounding in the front, was draped with point lace, which fell over the top of the arm and was caught up on the left arm with a band of black maline, the right arm being covered with a tiny puff of the lace. The foundation of this costume was a white taffetas princess, boned snugly to the figure and draped with a delicate pink chiffon. A dog collar of pearls with diamond clasps and a diamond chain bracelet were the only ornaments.

WEDDINGS

Britt-Hayes.

Miss Margaret Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes, was married on June 26 in Roxbury (Mass.), to Frank E. Britt. Rev. F. Sullivan performed the ceremony. The attendants were Miss Theresa Hayes and J. L. Hayes. Both the young people have many friends here who will be interested in hearing of their marriage.

McKay-Smith.

James Robert McKay, of this city, was married on Dominion Day to Miss Annie Smith, of the Eastern Passage. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Charles Ritchie, Dartmouth, by Rev. Mr. Geatorex, of Christ church. Mr. and Mrs. McKay left Halifax for their home here Tuesday.

Quigg-Flaherty.

Miss Bessie Flaherty, daughter of John Flaherty, of Charles street, was married in the Cathedral on Dominion Day to William Quigg, of Fairville. The bride wore a dress of violet grey eolienne, with large white picture hat, and carried a white prayer book. Miss Ethel Flaherty, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. She wore blue eolienne, with white picture hat. James Quigg, cousin of the groom, acted as best man. After the ceremony, the happy couple proceeded to the home of the bride's father, 2 Charles street, where wedding breakfast was served. Many useful and costly presents show how the young couple were esteemed. Mr. and Mrs. Quigg will reside in Fairville.

Higgins-Corless.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at Burleigh (Me.), when Mary Elizabeth Corless, of that place, was united in marriage to Herbert A. Higgins, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Higgins, of St. John. The bride's wedding dress was of white silk and Irish point lace, with hat to match. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses and maiden hair ferns. She was assisted by her niece, Miss Nadeau, who was gowned in white silk muslin. The groom was ably assisted by Millman Nadeau.

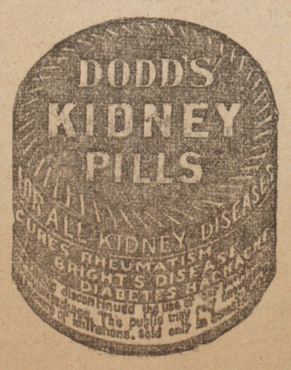
After the ceremony the happy couple left for a honeymoon trip to Toronto and Niagara Falls. They will return by way of St. John where they will visit the groom's parents. The many handsome and costly gifts received showed the esteem in which the young couple were held. The groom is an employe in the telegraph department of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad.

Hancock-Baker.

The list of June weddings was closed Sunday evening by a marriage service at Mt. Ashton, Coldbrook, when after evensong, Rev. Canon Hoyt, married Charles H. Hancock, of Staffordshire, to Miss Edith F. Baker, of Cheshire. Instead of the usual address, Canon Hoyt preached a sermon from S. Mat. xix, 5, in which, among other things, he alluded to the course which the young couple had adopted of having their banns published, as preferable, in every way, to the ordinary custom of purchasing dispensation from publication.

After the service Mr. Moreland, of Mt. Ashton, invited the wedding party to a marriage supper, and those who know Mr. and Mrs. Moreland in the role of host and hostess will be prepared to hear that they fully sustained their reputation for hospitality and kindness.

Everett W. Shumway, of the Boston Herald staff, was a welcome visitor yesterday to newspaper row, where he has several warm friends, and he also numbers quite a few others in St. John. He came to the city on the steamer Yale and returned last evening.



COLLINS TAKES STAND AND DENIES THE MURDER

Although He Was Forced to Undergo a Gruelling Cross-examination His Nerve Did Not Desert Him.

Hopewell Cape, July 2—The evidence was completed in the Collins case today and Hon. Mr. McKeown addressed the jury for more than two hours in behalf of the prisoner. Solicitor General Jones began his address just before the close and will finish at tomorrow morning session. The prisoner, Collins, took the stand in his own defence and denied killing Mary Ann McAuley.

The court house was crowded all through the day, every available seat was taken and crowds standing. Four witnesses for the crown were heard before the solicitor general announced that the evidence for the crown was all in.

Mrs. Ellen Moore, wife of David A. Moore, of Elgin, told of Father McAuley coming to her house on the arrival of the train at Elgin on the 20th of August where he remained as her husband's guests until the following day.

Mrs. Elizabeth Martin, of the same place, told of the prisoner coming to her house with Father McAuley and seemed to be suffering from heat or over exertion and shortness of breath. She directed him to the pump where he could get some cold water. He went out but passed around the house in the wrong direction and she did not see him again.

Charles Govang, of Hopewell Hill, told of passing Father McAuley's house about 6 o'clock p. m. on the August, and when about one mile and half west he met Father McAuley and James Doyle, Father McAuley going homeward. About one one hour later he returned and passing Duffey's house saw Doyle there with his team and when he reached Father McAuley's place he saw him walking up and down the road, his Newfoundland dog beside him. Father McAuley was watching down the road towards Duffey's.

Ernest W. Lynds, sheriff of Albert county, gave evidence of the arrest under the warrant at St. John and the bringing of the prisoner back to Albert county by him, that at Petitcodiac the station agent came in the train and recognized the prisoner, as he stated.

At the close of testimony the solicitor general announced that the crown's evidence was all in. Mr. Sherren, junior counsel for the prisoner, immediately opened for the defence, briefly criticising the crown's case as composed only of circumstantial evidence. He then outlined the evidence the defence would offer and then came the sensation of the whole trial when Mr. Sherren used these words: "We will put the prisoner on the stand and you gentlemen of the jury and this honorable court will hear his statement and he will fully explain to you satisfactorily, I trust, many of the points which may appear true."

The guard opened the dock gate and the prisoner stepped quickly out and over to the witness stand, the centre of every gaze. He told in a plain way his whole life. As a boy in Liverpool, he being one of a family of six children, three boys and three girls. His father dying in 1901, and a sister just a few weeks ago. He went to school some in his early boyhood and at the age thirteen began going to sea and in this way on the S.S. Dominion, early in June, 1906, reached the city of Montreal, staying around there about three weeks, then coming along by various stages on the I. C. R., he reached Amherst on the 4th day of August, 1906, which was his 20th birthday, and just one week later he landed from a scow at Marys Point, in the parish of Albert. He walked some six miles to Albert and had dinner at McAnulty's Hotel, when he met the late Father McAuley the same day and arranged to go with him to his home in New Ireland on the following Monday, when Father McAuley would return from his Sunday services at Hillsboro. That on Monday, the 30th of August, he with Father McAuley went to his home and commenced work in his service.

He told of each day's work during the week he was in New Ireland, how that on the following Friday the priest went away to Fredericton Road leaving him to do the work under the direction of the housekeeper and after the priest had gone, not liking the work, he made up his mind he would not stay there and on Sunday he made some preparations to go away quietly packing valises at odd times which he took away and placing them under his bed in his room. After Mary Ann had gone to bed he put on his pants and took a look around the rooms downstairs, picking up the things found in the valises. Monday morning he got up at 6 o'clock, took another look around and put some more articles in the valises, then made the fire and went out and fed the horse. When he got into the woodhouse he saw Mary Ann getting breakfast. She called him in and while he was taking his breakfast she went out where the horse was to the barn. A little afterwards he went out to the barn and she held the horse while he cleaned it. He said she again spoke to him about not getting more fish at the lake when he was there with Gross on Thursday and he, the prisoner, said to her if she did not stop talking about that he would go away. Mary Ann told him how to put the harness on the horse, explaining each piece as he put it on.

The horse was completely harnessed between them except the reins. Then Mary Ann told him to mind the horse and she took the new pail and went over to the spring behind the church, three rods away, for a pail of water and as soon as she was out of sight he put on his coat and took the two valises and went away, crossing the road in front of the priest's house and going through the graveyard on the north side of the road. He went towards Albert in the bushes about fifty yards and then came out on the highway.

To the judge, he said that from that time forward until his arrest his wanderings and statements as sworn to by the various witnesses were true.

To Mr. McKeown, the witness said: "I swear positively I did not commit the murder. I never laid hands on Mary Ann McAuley and when I left on August 20 she was living and well."

The prisoner was on the stand about two and a half hours, his nerve never failing him. The cross-examination by the solicitor-general was adroit and keen and the story of the prisoner was unmercifully attacked.

Herman B. Coonan, one of the constables who has been in charge of the jury, gave evidence for the defence somewhat startling the court by showing that he had been sent to make measurements of the priest's premises the day before the court opened.

Mrs. Isaiah Steeves was called for the defence, she being the woman who has taken such an interest in the prisoner, but was not present. The prisoner from the dock handed his counsel a letter from Mrs. Steeves, dated Hillsboro, this morning, in which she stated she was too ill to be present in court this morning, but about one hour later she arrived but was not called, as Mr. McKeown was addressing the court.

Mr. McKeown stated the defence now closed their case and began to address the jury at 3.35 p. m. and speaking for two hours and seven minutes. His address was a very able effort on which he was congratulated from all sides at the close of the court.

The solicitor-general began speaking at 5.38 p. m. and was still addressing the jury when the court adjourned at six

Catarrh

To prove unquestionably, and beyond any doubt, that Catarrh of the nose and throat can be cured, I am furnishing patients through druggists, small free Trial Boxes of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure. I do this because I am so certain, that Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure will bring actual substantial help. Nothing certainly, is so convincing as a physical test of any article of real, genuine merit. But that article must possess true merit, else the test will condemn, rather than advance it. Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure is a snow white, healing antiseptic balm, put up in beautiful nickel capped glass jars at 50c. Such soothing agents as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., are incorporated into a velvety, cream like Petrolatum, imported by Dr. Shoop from Europe. If Catarrh of the nose and throat has extended to the stomach, then by all means also use internally, Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Stomach distress, a lack of general strength, bloating, belching, biliousness, bad taste, etc. surely call for Dr. Shoop's Restorative.

For uncomplicated catarrh only of the nose and throat nothing else, however, need be used but

Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Stricken with partial paralysis, Alex. Patterson, sr., an aged man residing in Bridge street, last evening between 7 and 8 o'clock was unable to move from the shop of C. W. Higgins at 35 Main street, in which he had been assisting, and word was sent to his friends. About an hour later, however, Policemen Finley and Covay found the helpless man in an alleyway off Main street and they brought him to the North End police station in a car. His son being notified, a coach was sent for and he was taken to his home.

FREDERICTON

Tax Rate is $1.41---Other Interesting News of the Capital

Fredericton, July 2—The York municipal council met in semi-annual session here today but no business of an important nature had been transacted up to 5 o'clock, when adjournment was made until tomorrow morning.

A resolution was passed asking the government to enact legislation next session increasing the pay of petit jurors from $1 to $2 per day.

It was decided to affiliate with New Brunswick Union of Municipalities, organized last winter.

There was a long discussion over the establishment of a poor farm but as a majority of the board seemed to believe that results would not be commensurate with the cost of the undertaking the matter was finally shelved for another six months.

The monthly meeting of the city council was held this evening, Ald. Everett presiding in the absence of Mayor McLeod. The city clerk submitted a report from the board of assessors showing that the rate of taxation for this year under the new assessment would be $1.41 per $100. The value of assessable real estate was given as $2,720,604, an increase of $2,334 over last year. Under the new act property of widows, valued at $54,690, is exempt, so the gross increase over last year is really $57,014.

The assessable personal estate is now valued at $1,459,459, an increase of $211,534 over 1906. The amount assessable on income has been placed at $319,033, an increase of $69,706 over last year.

The number of polls is 1,660 at $5 each.

The rate per hundred for those living outside of the fire district is $1.00.

Application from the local improvement association for a grant of $25 towards cost of new bandstand on Parliament square was shelved but a committee was appointed to select a site, which will be given free.

The city clerk informed the council that the I. C. R. authorities were about to construct a siding in their yard here and extend the same across George and Charlotte streets. He thought the city should protest against any more level crossings as they were considered a source of great danger.

O. S. Crocket, M. P., was permitted to address the council on the subject. He said that upon learning that another siding was to be laid across George and Charlotte streets he at once wrote to Deputy Minister Butler protesting against this proceeding. He suggested that the city council and board of trade should endeavor to induce the I. C. R. and C. P. R. authorities to construct a union station in this city as the stations now used by these railways were wholly unworthy of the capital of the province.

After some further discussion the city clerk was instructed to communicate with the railway department in regard to proposed new sidings.

Ald. Hooper complained to the council of the large number of yelping dogs which disturb the slumber of uptown residents and gave notice that he intended to move at a future meeting for the appointment of a dog catcher.

Colonel Biggar, quartermaster-general of militia, was here yesterday and made an inspection of military property.

Word has been received here of the death of John B. Burnham at Santiego (Cal.) on June 23. He was at one time proprietor of the Queen Hotel here. He was a native of Houlton and had been in the west more than twenty years.

Wm. J. Noble's drive of 8,000,000 for Cushing & Co., which was abandoned at Seven Islands three weeks ago, will now be got out without difficulty. There has been a six foot rise of water in that section and the crew of men which had been held in readiness resumed driving operations on Saturday. It is expected that Noble's logs will be all in the upper corporation limits by tonight.

It is expected that the new assessment roll prepared under the act of last session will be out about the middle of July. Principal Assessor Johnston declines to make public the rate per hundred, but says that it will be lower than that of any town in Canada of the same population.

Judge Gregory held a session of the divorce court this morning but adjourned without transacting any business until Tuesday next. He will then deliver judgments in cases of Holmes vs. Holmes and McKenna vs. McKenna.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Fred Fisher and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Murchie, of the automobile touring party, returned to the city yesterday, having stayed in Calais and St. Stephen visiting friends on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sheehan arrived by the steamer Yale yesterday morning from Boston.

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?