

STORE OPEN TILL 8 P. M.

# Union Clothing Company,

26-28 Charlotte Street

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ALEX. CORBET, Mgr.

Men's Soft Bosom Shirts, Regular 65c  
Values, Now 43 cents.

FANCY SUMMER VESTS  
Regular \$1.50 Values, Now \$1.00.

MEN'S HATS, Regular \$1.35 Values,  
Now 98 cents.

Boys' Shirt Waists, 29 cents

Boys' Wash Suits, 49 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.)

## CHAPTER XIX.

While Time Was on the Wing.

"Have you got 'em, Sir Hilton?" said Molly, going close up to his side.

"Round and round and round," said Sir Hilton, "and now zig-zag, zig-zag zig-zag."

He described the imaginary bees' flight with the point of his whip, and seemed not to have heard the words addressed to him.

But all of a sudden he caught sight of the bright colors of the girl's dress, and it took his attention at once.

"Hullo!" he cried. "What color—what color's this? Why, it's—what's the matter with my eyes? It's a pretty girl—it's—why, it's Syd's little sister!"

"Yes, Sir Hilton," said the girl, smiling. "Yes, uncle."

"Quit right, my dear. I'm Syd's uncle. My mother's horribly dry, my dear, but don't ask me to drink, because I'm going to ride for the cup, and it might attract the bees. But they're gone now, I say, I don't wonder at Syd. There, it's nature, I suppose. Boys will be boys; and you're the beautiful La Sylphide, so full of go. La Sylphide—yes, La Sylphide," he repeated, excitedly, and he gave a sudden lurch.

"Oh, mind, Sir Hilton!" cried the girl, catching at and supporting him. "He isn't fit to ride. I'll fetch father."

She made an effort to get free, but Sir Hilton clung to her tightly, to rebalance himself in the chair, the name of the mare, the bright color, and his attitude now combining to switch his mind off from the buzzing bees to the race, which now became dominant in his brain.

"Wo-ho! Hold up, little one," he cried. "Want to break your knees?"

"Of course I don't, Sir Hilton," cried the girl, indignantly. "You shouldn't talk like that."

"These girls don't seem quite right enough, my beauty," muttered Sir Hilton. "Never mind; I can keep my balance. Give you more room to breathe. Wo-ho!—How she pulls! Steady! Come, don't shew your temper with me!"

"Of course not, Sir Hilton. Oh! I do wish Syd would come!"

She made an effort to free herself, but as she did so Sir Hilton enfolded at the little figure gliding through his hands, but only caught a couple of long ribbon streamers depending from the back of a flowing robe.

"Oh, my frock—you'll tear it!" cried the girl, half in tears; and she tried to drag herself away, but not vigorously, for fear of damaging the diaphanous fabric to which the ribbons were attached.

"Father! Father!" cried the girl, faintly, but the trainer did not stir, and the maids who looked on only glanced at one another as if saying, "It isn't my place."

All passed very rapidly, as Sir Hilton, in imagination, rode away, talking rapidly the while.

"Steady, my beauty—steady—that's good—bravo, starter—a capital line—now then flag down—no false start—that black beast Jim Crow—yes, I'll make him jump to another time. Now then, once more—good—flag down—now—go—well over! Bravo, my darling!" he cried, making play with the ribbons, just as Lady Lisle returned, consequent upon, as the police said, "information received," and stopped short, literally stunned, at the picture before her, while Molly caught sight of her and tried to get away, but in vain.

"Steady, darling, steady!" cried Sir Hilton who felt the tugging at the reins. "Don't get in a hurry. We shall win in a canter. Bravo pet! Easy—easy, beauty! Don't tug like that—I don't want to hurt your dear tender mouth. That's better. We're going now like the Bravo—that's the way!"

"Oh! Sir Hilton; can't you see? Please, ma'am—my lady, it ain't my fault."

"That's right," shouted Sir Hilton, through his teeth. "Good—good—splendid—now then—we're nearly level—that's it—level—half a length ahead—now then—we're clear—bravo, little one! There, I've

### WHY ARE YOU SICK?

#### Join the Ferrozone Health Club

These clubs are springing up all over the country. They embrace careful diet, fresh air, water drinking and the use of Ferrozone.

Thousands have been cured—raised to health from a condition of nervousness and semi-invalidism.

First of all Ferrozone is a blood former. Thin, colorless blood in a single week shows a great increase in red cells and coloring matter. This is why Ferrozone makes thin, colorless people glow with ruddy health. When the nerves are taken into account, Ferrozone shows its marvelous power. Morbid thoughts, depression and sleeplessness disappear as mist before the sun. The nerves are made strong, given energy that withstands the wear and tear of hard toil and worry.

Altogether there is no remedy to equal Ferrozone. It builds up surely and effectively. For the weak, the sickly, those afflicted with nervous insomnia or languor, Ferrozone is a boon; try just one box and see the enormous good it will do. Sold by all dealers in 50c. boxes.

### Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



LITTLE SISTER'S ROUGH RIDER OUTING HAT

Very smart, though exceedingly practical and serviceable, are the children's wash hats of linen, pique and crash. For boys these have narrow rolling brims, but those for girls have wide stiffened and stitched brims which droop down over the face, turn up around the crown or are tucked up against the crown as in the pictured model in rough rider fashion. This hat is made of white pique and banded with white wash ribbon, the brim turned up a little to the left front and tacked

Still, when a window had been broken upon the ground floor, people in the country are only too glad to get the repairing done at any time that the glazier thinks proper to work, so that the weak spot in the domestic defences may as soon as possible be repaired.

But in this case the stout plate glass window was not broken, and the peculiar handy knife being used was not called upon to spread putty, but being inserted cleverly away from the glass and causing a clicking noise, shewing in connection with a wonderful degree of elasticity, that it was dealing with metal.

While its owner was at his busiest another noise arose, something between a whine and a squeak, whose effect was to make the operator leave off his task, take two or three steps, and kneel beneath a bush, to whisper words to something alive connected with its life—words which produced silence—and return to the window.

The faint clicking began again, and the extremely thin putty-knife did its work in the skilled hand so well that in a very short time the doorknob window yielded and uttered a groan as it turned upon its hinges.

"Poor thing! then! Did 'um disturb it in the middle of the night?" said the tradesman to himself, stepping softly in. "Just like em! Plenty to eat, plenty to drink, plenty of 'soft beds to sleep in, and too lazy to hyle a hinge. When I keep servants I'll—Here let's just shut 'um."

He carefully closed the window, before standing listening for a few moments and looking about till his eyes rested upon a softly-glazed couch, half-covered with a satin-lined Polar bear skin, bathed, as a poet would say, in the lambent rays of the moon, which in this instance came through the conservatory.

Towards this man stepped in the dark, and to his intense disgust, kicked heavily against a hassock. The words he uttered were unprintable, save the latter portion, which were something about the tradesman's "wusset corn." The next minute it appeared as if he was about to examine the damage done, for his figure blotted out a portion of the sofa's shape, and it, too, was bathed in the ambient light, as he busily unlaced and drew off, not only one, but two extremely big, ugly hunting boots, with starlike cuts in them, evidently to ease the "wusset" and other corns.

(To be continued.)

I will mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative and my Book on "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—weak Stomach weakness, all ways. And the Heart, and Kidneys are well, have 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 blood, 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.

### MOTOR CAR TEST

#### SAT SFACTORY

Moncton, N. B., July 22—The first I. C. R. motor car was given a test this afternoon by Locomotive Foreman Fred H. Moore. The run was made to Shediac and return, and those in charge say the test was satisfactory, with the exception of the springs not working just right. At Humphrey's a stop had to be made to fix the spring gear, but from that to Shediac and return the car is said to have run without a hitch. The return to Moncton was made in fifty-five minutes.

The car is lighted by gasoline vapor. It will seat fifty-two people, and was run today with four men—driver, fireman, conductor and brakeman. Three men, at least, it is said, will be required to run the car. Another car is expected to be ready in a short time. One motor built in Austria is expected here soon, and two more are about completed in the I. C. R. shops. Rhodes, Curry & Co., who are building the cars, are expected to have another ready in a short time.

Battle liner Mantinea, Captain Wright, sailed from Guantánamo for Philadelphia last Thursday.

### LORD STRATHCONA TO VISIT CANADA

#### The All-Red Project—Hopes That the New Scheme Will Go Through.

Montreal, July 22—The Star's London correspondent cables:

Lord Strathcona had arranged to leave Liverpool on Wednesday next for New York and Canada. He finds, however, that he cannot leave before Saturday. He will not discuss the object of the visit, but it is not improbably connected with the All-Red project, which he intends shall be the crowning achievement of his career.

Many contradictory statements are still current, and though it is obvious a stiff fight is in progress in ministerial circles, I am assured, on the highest authority by those who are most interested in the project, that everything is progressing satisfactorily. The ministers' decision may not be given until after parliament rises.

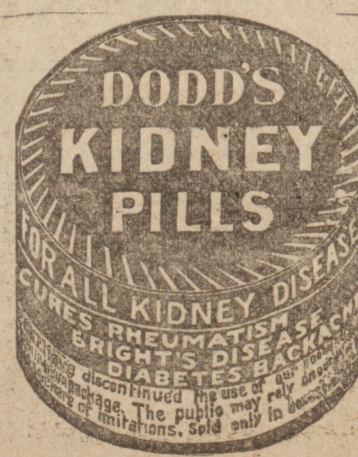
The three members of the ministry who are believed to be throwing cold water on the project are John Burns, Walter Runciman and Lewis Harcourt. They contend the route is subject to fogs, icebergs and dangers of that sort, making a twenty-five knot service impossible. They are also using the fact that they themselves have seen wrecks in the St. Lawrence, oblivious of the fact that the service is to be from Halifax, not Quebec or Montreal. Friends of the project suggest that Halifax would do well to send to London the fullest details to combat the fog and iceberg objections.

It is surmised that the one special object of Lord Strathcona's visit will be to deal with the attitude of the Canadian Pacific company, who seem to fear the proposed independent syndicate for the new Atlantic service, with Lord Strathcona and Mr. Sifton at its head, may tend to rob their new Empress liners and the Allan turbines of the cream of Canadian traffic.

Lord Strathcona today received a deputation of Indians from the Grisiwold reserve, Manitoba, who desired to lay a grievance before the king. They had, however, no sanction from the Indian department, without which the king certainly will not see them. They came on their own account and entirely without means and will have to be cared for by the high commissioner's office. However, despite their poverty, the Indians arrived at Victoria street in full and many-colored war paint and created no small sensation in the London streets. It is doubtful if the spectacles is calculated to do Canada good from the immigration point of view, as Indians in war paint suggest scalp to the untutored Englishman.

The moonlight excursion up the river, held under the auspices of Clan MacKenzie last evening, proved very successful. About 8 o'clock the steamer Victoria started with several hundred on board, and for four hours the beautiful scenery of the St. John was enjoyed by moonlight. Music and singing made the time pass more pleasantly and 12 o'clock, the hour for returning, came all too soon.

Ottawa, July 22—(Special)—R. R. Finn, representing the men, and H. Holgate, representing the Intercolonial in the freight handlers' dispute, have selected Prof. Walter Murray as chairman, and the minister of labor has appointed him. The board will proceed to deal with the matter tomorrow.



## WORST MARINE DISASTER IN HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA COAST

### Passenger Steamer Rammed by Another Vessel in Dense Fog—Many of the Passengers and Crew Were Asleep in Their Berths When the Crash Came—Over 100 Lives Lost.

Eureka, Cal., July 22—Of the 180 persons on the steamer Columbia which was run into and sunk early Sunday morning by the lumber laden schooner San Pedro, 144 were brought here today by the steamer Elder. Of these 107 were passengers and 37 members of the crew of the Columbia.

In addition to these four life boats are reported to have been picked up, one containing 13 people, one 18 and one 15. The number on the fourth boat is not given. San Francisco, Cal., July 22—In one of the worst marine disasters in the history of the California coast, between 100 and 150 lives were lost, as far as has been learned by a midnight collision between the steamer Columbia and the steam lumber schooner San Pedro in Shelter Cove, twelve miles southwest of Mendocino, Humboldt County line, between 12 and 1 o'clock yesterday morning. Only meagre details of the tragedy have been received, though every effort has been made to get the facts. Scores of telegrams to Eureka, the nearest point of importance remain unanswered. The few details known here were brought by the steamer Roanoke and the steam schooner Daisy Mitchell, which arrived in San Francisco this forenoon.

The Columbia, a three hundred foot steel vessel of the San Francisco and Portland S. S. Company, while bound from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon, with 180 passengers and a crew of 67, collided with and was rammed by the San Pedro, a 170 foot wooden steamer, southbound for this city. The sea was smooth but the weather was foggy. The San Pedro, looming out of the mist, a few ship lengths away, bore down on the Columbia at high speed despite frantic efforts to clear. With a grinding crash the San Pedro sank her stem fully ten feet into the Columbia's port bow.

Nearly all of the Columbia's passengers and many of her crew were asleep in their cabins and bunks when the crash came. As the San Pedro backed away the sea poured in through the ragged hole in the Columbia's bow above and below the waterline and in five minutes the Columbia sank to the bottom, the deep waters of Shelter Cove covering the tops of the steamer's masts.

The story of that five minutes is yet to be told and as it is told by some survivors the facts of the tragedy can be but guessed at. Shortly after the collision the steamers Roanoke and George W. Elder and the steamer-schooner Daisy Mitchell, all southbound, came on the scene and stood by. The Elder took the San Pedro in tow and the latest report announces their arrival in Eureka. The stem of the San Pedro was smashed to splinters, one of her masts was snapped off at the deck, she was tottering and had a heavy list when taken in tow.

Captain Hansen remained on board. The Daisy Mitchell offered assistance to the Elder but this was declined. She picked up a lifeboat and a raft of the Columbia and brought them to this city. Near the scene of the wreck the Roanoke picked up a life raft and found underneath the dead body of a passenger, supposed to be Edward Butler, of Portsmouth (N. H.).

The officers of the Merchants' Exchange in this city and of the various newspapers have been besieged since early morning by relatives and friends of the Columbia's passengers, but the insistent and fearful requests for information of the victims and the rescued remained unsatisfied. Beyond the reported facts that Butler was drowned and that Captain Doran went down with his ship no details of casualties have been reported.

Oakland, Cal., July 22—P. C. Walter, passenger on the steamship Roanoke, which arrived today from Portland, told in an interview of the havoc and the scenes of distress which were witnessed after the collision of the vessels. He said: "The Roanoke was bound south and at

noon Sunday we reached the scene of the collision which had occurred between the steamers San Pedro and Columbia at the previous midnight.

"The surface of the sea all around the scene of the collision was strewn with the wreckage.

"The steamship George W. Elder and two steam schooners were at the scene of the wreck. The Elder had a line fastened to the San Pedro, and her officers and crew were endeavoring to get a towline aboard the latter in order to tow her to port.

"The San Pedro's after mast had been broken off even with the smokestack. She was badly listed and waterlogged, and so low down at the stern that the sea swept the after-deck.

"While we drifted across the bows of the Elder, several members of the crew of the San Pedro and Columbia, who had been rescued by the Elder, requested us to report to their families and friends that they were safe.

"We noticed the shipwrecked passengers of the Columbia on the deck of the Elder, clothed in tablecloths and other temporary coverings and a large tier on the upper deck, on which the bodies recovered from the sea were piled and covered with an American flag.

"As the Roanoke could be of no service, she resumed her course southward.

"After we had proceeded several miles from the scene of the wreck we sighted two life rafts and two boats; neither had any living thing aboard. One of the life rafts was secured.

"The craft had been damaged as it was launched from the doomed steamship.

"When the raft was being raised to the Roanoke's deck, the body of a man floated from under it. This was secured and pulled aboard. A life preserver encircled the body, and the horrifying expression on the face indicated that death was not due to drowning, but to fright.

"He was fully dressed save for the head covering. He had evidently dressed himself hurriedly, for his test was put on inside out. He was a tall, slender man, and had very dark hair.

"They searched the body for something to identify him, and found a letter in one of his pockets addressed to — Butler, Portland. The initials I have forgotten. The oars and boat hook of the other craft were picked up but the life raft itself, which was in good order apparently, was on deck a keg filled with water, was turned adrift.

"We noticed afterwards that a white hulled schooner picked up the lifeboat and the raft.

"Everything about the scene of the disaster and the condition of the San Pedro indicated that the San Pedro had struck the Columbia squarely amidships, and the San Pedro's stem had suffered no damage, while the sea was littered with the wreckage of the lower cabins of the foundered steamer.

"No effort was made to transfer any of the survivors of the disaster from the decks of the Elder to the Roanoke. Perhaps this was due to the fact that the wind was blowing strongly and a heavy sea running at the time.

"The Roanoke had a full list of passengers and the dreadful experience witnessed off Shelter Cove unstrung the nerves of all of us, many remaining on deck all last night and everybody deserting their cabins as soon as the vessel entered the fog belt and began sounding the fog signals."

#### How's This?

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. 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.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### NEW CARS FOR CENTRAL RAILWAY

Senator King arrived in the city from Chipman Monday and is at the Royal. Speaking of conditions on the N. B. Coal & Railway Company's road, the senator said ten new cars had been purchased in upper Canada and were expected to arrive any day. The road, however, was greatly handicapped for want of increased freight facilities, and could use fifty cars if they could be obtained. Several times recently business had been tied up.

Application had been made to the I. C. R., but there were no cars to be had. The senator added that the I. C. R., apart from not being able to give any assistance, were causing delay and inconvenience by keeping the road's own cars fifteen days on an average.

Asked if the G. T. P. commission had taken any steps to award the contract for the eight miles near Chipman, the senator said nothing had yet been done. He understood, however, that work on the Moncton section would be pushed along rapidly and inquiries for railway ties were now being made.

It is not unlikely that Senator King will leave for Montreal today or on Wednesday.

Marcellin Poirier is appointed shipping master, and William Phalen portwarden of Glace Bay (N. S.)

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A dessert spoonful in a glass of tepid water.

Then there will be no Biliousness—no Headaches—no Stagnant Blood—no Danger of Typhoid Fever.

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