# Union Clothing Company,

**26-28 Charlotte Street**

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

SPECIAL FOR TUESDAY

## Men's Fancy Summer Vests

Regular $1.75 values for $1.25

Regular 2.25 values for 1.50

Regular 2.50 values for 1.75


# 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. . . . . .

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Lady Lisle and her nephew Sydney, home from college, are discovered at breakfast. Lady Lisle married Sir Hilton when his finances had come to a tragic pass, and paid his debts. Sir Hilton had been forced to sell racers and hunters, and her ladyship, who holds strict views, saw that he "turned over a new leaf," and prevailed on him to stand for Parliament. When the local races are due, the agent Trimmer asks for a day off, as he says, to see his aunt. Before he goes he mentions that the publican's daughter, Mary Ann Simpkins, has made a great success on the London music-hall stage as La Sylphide, the same name as the wonderful racer Sir Hilton sold to Lady Tilborough. As Miss Simpkins's name is mentioned, an ornament which Syd is fingering upon the mantelpiece falls over with a crash. As Lady Lisle goes out the parlour the maid enters.

(Continued.)

"Yes, my lady; the man's pretensions are absurd. Will you go through the estate accounts this morning?"

"Impossible now, Mr. Trimmer; the news you have given me is too disturbing, and, besides, Sir Hilton will be down here to breakfast. That will do now."

"Thank you, my lady—er—er—"

"Yes, Mr. Trimmer?" said the lady, looking up inquiringly.

"I am very sorry to make a request, my lady, at such a time, especially as there is a good deal requires looking over at the farm just now; but I should be greatly obliged if your ladyship could spare me for the rest of the day."

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Trimmer," said Lady Lisle, looking at her sedate steward so wonderingly that he felt necessary to make some explanation.

"I regret to say that I have a telegram from London, my lady—an aged relative—very ill, and expressing a desire to see me."

"Hullo!" said Sydney to himself; "the old humbug smells a legacy."

"Pray go at once, Mr. Trimmer."

"Oh, thank you, my lady. You always are so sympathetic in a case of trouble."

"I hope so, Mr. Trimmer. Can I do anything for her, or for you?"

"Oh, no, my lady. Your permission is all I want. I am in hopes that my presence will be of some benefit to her. I am her favorite nephew."

"Then pray go at once. You will return tonight, of course?"

"Oh, yes, my lady; but I fear that I shall have to make it the last train."

"Of course. Give Sir Hilton's man orders to meet you with the dog-cart at the station. I would say stop as long as is necessary with the poor old invalid were it not that I wish you to be on the spot to watch over the progress of Sir. Hilton's Parliamentary affairs. Just now they are vital."

"Exactly, my lady. Good morning, my lady, and thank you for your kindness."

Lady Lisle smiled and bowed raising her hand in a queenly way as if to hold it out for her retainer to kiss, but contenting herself by giving it a slight wave towards the door.

"Good-morning, Mr. Sydney. A delicious morning, sir; a nice breeze."

"Oh, was it?" said the boy, rather surly.

"Yes, sir; the trout were rising freely as I passed over the bridge in the lower meadows."

"Humph!"

"I thought I would mention it, sir. I fancy the May-fly are up."

Sydney nodded, and the steward reached the door, but returned taking out his pocket-book, after placing the black bag upon a chair.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon, but I omitted to shew your ladyship a paragraph I cut out of this morning's county paper."

Lady Lisle took the scrap handed to her respectfully. "Thank you, Mr. Trimmer. Oh! Yes. Listen, Sydney, my dear. Listen. This will interest you. Electioneering!" and she read aloud:

"'We understand that Mr. Watcombe the well-known London brewer——"

Her ladyship stopped and frowned.

"Yes, auntie; I hear," cried the boy—"brewer—?"

"'Is making strenuous efforts to gain the seat for the Tilborough division of the county. He is now in Paris, but upon his return he will commence his campaign by delivering a series of addresses to the voters. The first, we understand, will be given at the Tilborough Arms Hotel.'

"Pah!" ejaculated Lady Lisle, making as if to throw down the paper.

"Pray read on my lady."

Her ladyship rearranged her pince-nez and continued, beginning in a contemptuous tone of voice, which changed as she went on:

"'But the gallant brewer, whose beer finds but little favor in this district, will learn that he has an extremely dangerous rival in our popular resident squire of the Denes—Sir Hilton Lisle, of sporting fame, who, to deal in vaticinations, we consider will be the right man in the right place.'"

"He-ah, he-ah!" cried Sydney. "So he will."

"Yes, my dear," said his aunt, smiling at the boy's enthusiasm; "the editor means well, but it is very vulgarly written. 'Of sporting fame.' Bah!"

"But that's right, auntie. Uncle used to be very famous. Wasn't he Master of the Hounds six years ago?"

"Yes, my dear, to his sorrow," said Lady Lisle, reprovingly.

The steward shook his head, and looked up as he passed out, with studied deliberation, as if to let the lady see how marked was the resemblance between his action and that of the steward in Hogarth's picture "Marriage a la Mode," while the lady portion of his audience moved towards the other door.

"Going out, auntie?"

"Yes, my dear, for a short drive down the village. The pony-carriage will be round in a few minutes. I was going to the Vicarage, but my first call will be at the Smarts'. I should like you to go with me."

"Go with you, auntie?" said the boy, in a hesitating voice.

"Yes, my dear. Do you not wish to go?"

"I did, auntie, but after what Mr. Trimmer said about the trout rising, and the Mayfly—you see, they only come once a year."

"Oh, very well, my darling; I suppose I must not object to your liking to fish. Isaac Walton was quite a poet."

"Regular, auntie; and the Prince says fishing begets a love of Nature."

"Who does, my dear?"

"The Prince—the Principal, auntie. He's a regular dab at throwing a fly."

Lady Lisle winced again but screwed up a smile, and made no allusion to the dab, which seemed to strike her in the face like a cold frog—tree frog—and made her wince.

"You will be back to lunch, my dear?"

"Well, no, auntie. You see, the Mayfly only rise once a year, and I thought I'd make a long day of it."

"Then tell Jane to get you some sandwiches, and pray be careful not to fall in. You will bring us a dish of trout for dinner?"

"Oh, yes, of course, auntie if they rise."

"Oh, Hilton, how late you are!" sighed the lady, and her stiff dress rustled over the carpet as she moved forward in a stately way, frowning, and then smiling with satisfaction, for her nephew darted to the door to throw it open, catching directly at the soft white hand extended to him and kissing it. Then, closing the door, he indulged in a frantic kind of dance, expressive of the most extreme delight, one, however, which came to a sudden end, the boy stopping short in a most absurd position as if turned to stone, for the door was quickly opened and a head was thrust into the room.

CHAPTER III.

Four People's Skeletons.

"Hi! You, Jane, what are you always listening at the door for?"

"So as to be ready to see you coming your games," said the maid laughing. "Ha, ha, ha! He thought it was his aunt, ketching him on the hop!"

"That I didn't, old saucy one."

"Yes, you did, and I've a good mind to tell her what a beauty you are—there!"

"Do; and I'll tell her what I saw in the shrubbery last week. Mark my words; see if I don't. I will; mark my words.

"You tell if you dare!" cried the maid, with flaming face.

'Oh, I' dare."

"But you won't. You wouldn't be such a coward. I say, going out?"

"Yes, I want some sandwiches—a good lot. And, look here, get uncle's flask and half fill it with milk, and then fill it up with sherry."

"What for? What are you going to do?"

"The Mayfly's up."

"Up where?"

"Get out! Over the river. I'm going fishing."

"Don't believe you. You're going to the races,"

"Sh!" the boy hissed, and looked sharply round.

"There, I knew it!" cried the girl. "I'll tell her ladyship and stop that."

"Just you do. I'm going whipping the stream."

"Don't believe it. But she'll be whipping you for a naughty boy."

"Shrubbery and old Mark," said the boy, thoughtfully, as if speaking to himself. "Wonder what sort of a pair the new parlourmaid and groom and valet would be?"

(To be continued.)


## Are You Often Bilious?

**Read This and Learn How to Prevent Attacks**

Biliousness is merely a term applied to a condition that exists when the body is over-loaded with bile.

The complexion turns yellow, eyes look dull, pimples, itching and eczema break out, headaches are ever present.

Biliousness has two great causes, constipation and defective liver action.

When Dr. Hamilton's Pills are taken they not only correct the bowels, but act directly on the liver, regulating its bile secretion.

Unlike ordinary medicines which purge and give temporary relief, Dr. Hamilton's Pills remove the condition which causes biliousness; thus permament cures are effected.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills do cure biliousness and liver ills under all circumstances.

We prove this by the statement of Mr. Fenwick Luddington, of New Harbor (N. S.), who writes: "Three months ago I had no expectation of ever getting free from periodical bilious attacks. They were preceded by dizziness and dreadful headaches. If I stooped over my head would swim and a nauseous feeling crept into my stomach.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills fixed up my liver, drove all the bile out of my blood and made me a well man in a few months. Today I enjoy a good appetite, excellent digestion, and the best of health. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all."

Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills today. Sold by all dealers; 25c. per box or five boxes for $1.00. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.


## Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THREE PIECE COSTUME OF WHITE MOHAIR.

Among the very many three piece costumes which were noted at the Morris Park races of this season was a three piece costume of white English Mohair. The skirt, a circular model with long train, is trimmed in a novel fashion with fancy white silk braid and narrow and wide folds of white taffeta silk, these folds applied with rows of machine stitching, done with heavy silk which resembles a fine braid. The waist is a jumper model of mohair elaborately trimmed with the braid and silk, and built over a tight-fitting, well boned lining of taffeta. The guimpe is of all-over Normandy Val., and the touch of gold in the form of buttons which trim the jumper is complimented by the two tones of cream and butter colored lace frilled on the short puffed sleeve. The high girdle of this jumper bodice is built in one with the waist and worn on the outside of the skirt. Accompanying this costume is a hat of mauve colored chip trimmed with China asters in three shades of pink and mauve and a single 21 inch golden brown plume. The sunshade, (which when closed the wearer carries in the same fashion that maids of other days carried the empire staff) is one of the new empire models in mauve colored silk with a white enamelled stick and handle in the form of an owl's head.


## Poor, Pale, Anaemic

There is no beauty in pallor but plenty of weakness. Any exertion makes your heart flutter, your back and limbs ache, and altogether you feel the need of something to make you strong—Ferrozone will supply it.

First of all Ferrozone gives you an appetite and improves digestion. Rosy color comes in your cheeks. The thinness that makes you angular, and the tiredness that has taken place of your old time brightness disappear.

Ferrozone quickly makes you feel alive, it makes you want to do things. Ferrozone can help you do things without getting tired, because the new rich blood has nourished the nerves and strengthened your tired body. Use Ferrozone and you will be rosy, strong and happy. No tonic gives surer results. Sold everywhere in 50c. boxes.

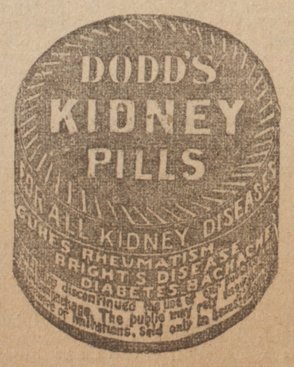

## A GOOD PICTURE SHOW AT NICKEL

It was a record day at the Nickel yesterday in two senses of the word—a record for attendance and a record for excellent views. All day long, from as early as 10 o'clock in the morning, the crowds came and went in hundreds. Everybody was "dee-lighted," particularly with the pictures in which the originator of "dee-lighted," President Roosevelt, figured. Roars of laughter greeted these views every time they were shown.

The Teddy Bears simply captured every crowd that attended all day long. It is perhaps the very best of all the films yet produced and a decided novelty—a creation of the famous Thos. A. Edison concern. It is a pictorial adaptation of Hans Anderson's famous fairy tale The Three Bears, and a modernized effect in which the new fad "Teddy Bears," the real Roosevelt himself and other features are most entertainingly introduced. More than 900 feet of film are used in showing this story, or about 10,000 different photographs, consuming more than fifteen minutes to run them off. The antics of the family of baby bears set the children wild with glee, and really mystified the grown-ups, being a very clever bit of trick photography.

Seaside at London shows a holiday crowd at Fulham Park in the great English city, and is a fine bit of foreign sight-seeing at home. The Catch of the Season depicts the adventure of an angler, a big bass and a tramp. The Fencing Master is a Parisian tragedy, the photographic story of a faithless woman, a broken-hearted lover, a duel and a death. Mr. Austin sings The Bird On Nellie's Hat, with gusto and humor.

Portland, Me., July 1.—The Cumberland county commissioners have rejected all bids made for the latest issue of $350,000 worth of county court house bonds. The highest bid was 90.69 by a New York firm of brokers.



## FOUR BITTEN BY DOG IN CARLETON

**Bull Dog Ran Amuck on Ferry Floats Yesterday Afternoon.**

Three boys and a girl were bitten by a bull dog said to be owned by Walter McLeod, of Carleton, Monday afternoon and while the animal was being beaten first off one and then another of those it attacked excitement ran high. Those injured are Roy Armstrong, Pearl Cox, Willie Harrington and May Coyle, daughter of John Coyle. All belong to Carleton.

The dog was on the 5.05 trip of the ferry steamer from the east side and on arrival of the boat in Carleton went bounding through the crowd on the floats. A number of young fellows had made a run up the floats and after them went the dog. Whatever the reason, it caught Roy Armstrong, tearing his trousers and inflicting a wound on his knee. Seeing the attack, young Harrington kicked at the dog and its attention was directed to him and the result was that he, too, was also bitten in the leg.

May Coyle, a 12-year-old girl, was close by at the time and started to run through the ferry gateway to overtake another girl going up Carleton. Seeing her running, the animal turned upon her and, leaping at her, the force of the impact knocked her down. She screamed for help as the dog sprang upon her and sank its teeth into her arm, and Pearl Cox and Edward Morrisey hurried to her aid.

Cox made an attempt to kick the dog and, as in the case of young Harrington, the excited animal turned from the girl and bit Cox in the leg. Morrisey, who is a son of Michael Morrisey, of the customs parcel post staff, attacked the brute with an umbrella and succeeded in ending the trouble temporarily.

Young Armstrong had his wound dressed in the ferry toll house and the others went home excepting Miss Coyle, who was taken to her home in Guilford street in J. Pollock's coach. When the dog saw her being helped into the vehicle and driven away he followed all the way to her home and on arriving there the driver had to use his whip to keep the animal away. The girl's right arm was quite badly cut and Dr. W. L. Ellis was called and dressed the wounds.

Dr. Ellis said last night that May Coyle's wounds were not of a serious nature and he does not anticipate any trouble from them. The skin is broken on her arm but he did not find it necessary to cauterize. The little one is suffering more from the fright of the experience than anything else and will be all right again in a day or two.

The matter was reported to Policeman Gosline and he and James Thomson secured the dog and it was drowned.

## HOTTEST COON IN DIXIE AT OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT

The Hottest Coon in Dixie, a musical comedy, which comes from Upper Canada with an excellent recommendation, will be the attraction in the Opera House tonight and Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The company consists of colored entertainers, headed by the well known colored comedian, A. A. Copeland, and includes some clever dancers and singers. The performance is described as clean, wholesome and high class and nothing to equal it in this line is said to have visited the city since Cole and Johnson,the colored comedians, made such a hit some years ago.

The Hottest Coon in Dixies carries its own band and a daily street parade will be given. There will be a matinee performance tomorrow.

New York, July 1—The search for John D. Rockefeller by United States Marshal Henkel and half a dozen deputies, who wish to serve him with a subpoena directing him to appear before Judge Landis of the United States circuit court in Chicago on July 6, is still unrewarded and Mr. Rockefeller's whereabouts are as much a mystery to Marshal Henkel as ever.

William Rockefeller, who is also sought, is reported to be in Europe.

# STEAMER SENLAC SUNK BY STEAMER ROSALIND

**She Was Rammed in Halifax Harbor During a Dense Fog --- Crew and Passengers Rescued and Wreck Towed to the Shore and Beached--- Was Valued at $100,000 and Well Insured.**

Halifax, N. S., July 1—Just off Meaghers Beach, within the limits of Halifax harbor, the steamer Senlac, bound out, came into collision with the steamer Rosalind, bound in From New York. A dense fog prevailed and the accident seems to have happened through some mistake in signals.

The Senlac had three passengers and 35 of a crew, all of whom got aboard the Rosalind in safety. Who is to blame for the collision is a question for the future to decide. After the passengers had boarded the Rosalind she continued her course up the harbor, having left the Senlac in the belief that she would soon sink and not sorry to get away quickly from her for fear of an explosion when the water should reach the furnaces.

Capt. McKinnon, after boarding the Rosalind, began to think that perhaps the Senlac had not sunk after all. The motor boat Buffalo came along and they prevailed on her skipper to take them aboard for a search for the damaged craft. They found her and concluding that she would remain afloat they came to Halifax and reported the facts. The tug A. C. Whitney was dispatched for the Senlac and passing a line to the derelict they brought her up. The sea was awash over her decks. She was taken to Mill Cove and beached. There was little cargo aboard and the hull being of wood she floated even though full of water.

The story, as told on the Senlac, is that the steamer had reached a point off Meaghers Beach. The fog was thick and they were blowing their fog horns. They heard another whistle and kept on in accordance with the signals they were giving. The whistle from the other steamer seemed to be farther off than events subsequently proved was the case. Suddenly the form of a large steamer loomed up and it crashed into the Senlac's starboard side, abaft the smoke stack. A great hole was made so big that a sample trunk floated out and also a bed from the steward's stateroom. At once the Senlac began to settle. The Rosalind threw a ladder over but the steamers lay together for a few minutes, long enough for her three passengers and the crew to scramble over the rail and aboard the Rosalind. The passengers were:

Miss Goodick, Purcell's Cove, for Shelburne; Miss Lisk, from the Deaf and Dumb Institution, for Lockeport; Mr. ——, Lunenburg.

The crew saved only what they stood in.

Miss Clemens, daughter of Mark Twain, accompanied by a friend, Miss Lyon, of New York, was a passenger on the Rosalind, intending to take the round trip to St. John's (Nfld.) Miss Clemens had not been feeling well and thought that a sea voyage would do her good, but the part she has had will be sufficient and she will probably return to Halifax.

Miss Clemens says it was very foggy from the time they left New York and she remained below during most of the passage. As they were nearing Halifax harbor she was preparing to come on deck, when she felt the shock of the two steamers coming together. She realized that something serious had happened. The rest of the story is told by Miss Clemens as follows:

"I took my hat and put it on, thinking that if matters came to the worst that I might as well face it looking as well as I could. As we came on deck they told me that we had struck a buoy, but I saw wreckage on the water and knew they were trying to allay our fears. At the same time we saw the form of another steamer sliding off and coming aboard the Rosalind over her rail."

Miss Clemens did not tell what followed, but it is vouched by one of her fellow passengers. The great humorist's daughter heard one of the Senlac's passengers say she was shivering with the cold. "Take my cloak," said Miss Clemens, hanging her fur garment over the less fortunate woman. Miss Clemens says she has been considerable of a traveler, but this is her first accident, and though it ended without serious results, she does not want a similar experience. She always had a little dread of the water and is surprised at the equanimity with which she went through this ordeal.

William B. Bray, of the Philadelphia Enquirer was a passenger by the Rosalind. Speaking of the collision he said the Rosalind left New York on Saturday and experienced fog all the way except Sunday afternoon when the sun shone for four or five hours. Yesterday morning he says he awoke and found the steamer enveloped in dense fog, and it was impossible to see the length of the vessel ahead throughout the day.

On the voyage the whistle was kept agoing at intervals until the course she shifted to make the harbor, which they knew had been made because of hearing the firing from the forts. The Rosalind entered the harbor at exceedingly cautious speed but blowing the whistle every minute. As they proceeded they heard the whistles on shore, and felt that they were well up the harbor. After passing the whistling buoy the steamer slowed down again, and was just moving, in fact, hardly more than drifting, when suddenly a steamer loomed up hardly her length away.

She was on the port side, and had she kept going would have passed clear. After the outlook had signalled to the captain the latter gave orders to reverse, but the Rosalind's progress had not been entirely checked when the vessels collided. Had there been a half minute longer to reverse the accident would have been avoided. As it was the Rosalind struck the Senlac amidships, carrying away part of the side, and exposing the officers' quarters and passengers' berths. At the time of the collision most of the Rosalind's passengers were on deck and the impact of the two vessels could hardly be felt. Those who were below in the saloon, however, felt a decided jar and were almost thrown down. One lady, who thought the steamer had struck a rock, got down on her knees and started to pray until she was assured that everything was all right.

Immediately after the steamers came together the captain of the Rosalind ordered a rope to be thrown to the Senlac. The steamers came together, and although on the Senlac everything was in readiness for the lowering of the boats, when those on board of her saw a chance to escape on to the Rosalind, they lost no opportunity to do so. They were assisted over the rail of the steamers and in less than five minutes after the collision everybody was off the Senlac. The captain was the last to leave, he climbing up a ladder onto the Rosalind. When all the Senlac's crew and passengers had been transferred the lines were cut off and the crowd on the decks of the Rosalind watched the doomed steamer through the mist. They saw the water pouring in the huge gap on her side and sinking slowly. Inch by inch the steamer sunk into the dark waters until the deck was awash. When the water reached the boiler the steamer whistle began to blow incessantly and as the Senlac disappeared in the fog the dismal sound of the whistle was heard like the wail of a dying elephant.


## Safest Medicine for Women's Complaints

Women certainly do neglect themselves. They work too hard—over-tax their strength—and then wonder why they suffer with diseases peculiar to their sex.

Most cases of female trouble start when the bowels become inactive—the kidneys strained—and the skin not cared for. Poisons, which should leave the system by these organs, are taken up by the blood and inflame the delicate female organs.

**Fruit-a-tives**

OR (FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.)

remove the CAUSE of these diseases. "Fruit-a-tives" sweeten the stomach—make the bowels move regularly every day — strengthen the kidneys—improve the action of the skin—and *thus purify the blood.*

"Fruit-a-tives" take away those distressing headaches, backaches and bearing-down pains, and make women well and strong. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices, intensified, with tonics and antiseptics added. 50c. a box—6 for $2.50. At all druggists'—or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa. 116


H. C. Ogden, druggist, of New York, said:

"I was standing well on the promenade deck of the Rosalind. The first thing I heard was a whistle and then saw a steamer suddenly come into view. The steamer blew twice and the Rosalind returned the same. The steamer was running very fast, while the Rosalind could not have been going more than three miles an hour. The Senlac came right across our bows. The impact of the collision was not felt much."

The steamer Senlac was built here in 1903 by the late David Lynch, was owned by the Senlac Steamship Company, Ltd., and managed Wm. Thomson & Co. The steamer measured 187 feet from stern to stern, 170 feet on straight keel, 32 1-2 feet beam and had a 16 1-2 feet hold. Her frame was built of Bay Shore spruce and the deck of hard pine. There were two decks, a main and a saloon deck. On the main deck there were 44 staterooms and on the saloon deck, the captain and officers had cabins at the bow end, while aft there was a large smoking room. The machinery was furnished by James Fleming, the steamer being of a propellor type.

The engines were of the fore and aft compound surface condensing type, having cylinders 20 inches and 40 inches diamter, 30 inches stroke. Steam was supplied by two Scotch type boilers 10 feet six inches diameter, 12 feet six inches long, with shell plates one inch thick.

The Senlac was sturdily built for the heavy work of the South Shore route and was nicely appointed for passengers. She was valued at $100,000 and was fairly well covered by insurance in English companies, though Messrs. Thomson could not say just how much last night.


Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for Piles, and its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.


Miss Hattie S. Comben sailed on Thursday last from Montreal on the steamer Cassandra for England to spend the summer with relatives.




WILSON'S FLY PADS

One packet has actually killed a bushel of flies.

— SOLD BY —

DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES

10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

HOME PAPERS

THE TELEGRAPH AND TIMES

THESE PAPERS are delivered to St. John residences BY CARRIER. They are taken into the homes of responsible and desirable people who pay for the privilege of reading them.

An advertisement in The Big Papers will place you in company with the most prominent local and general advertisers in Canada.

THE TELEGRAPH and TIMES enjoy a greater advertising patronage than any other two papers in New Brunswick, and if business is any indication of ability to deliver results, then The Big Papers are always "making good."

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