STORE OPEN TILL 8 P. M.

Union Clothing Company,

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Old Y. M. C. A. Building. 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.)

But, oddly enough, the night bird did not examine his injury, but placed the boots as if ready for cleaning—of which they were very much in need—in the very lightest spot he could find; that is to say full in the afore-said lambent light.

Then he began to muse.

"Soft as a hair cushin in a horsepittle," he muttered. "Now, I could jest lie down, kiver myself with this soft counterpin, and do my doss like a prince. Nobody at home but the servants and them gals. The two ladies gone off with the doctor in one kerridge, t'other one waiting at the Talbot, and the boss and the young squire sleepin' it off at Sam Simpkin's. The on'y one I'm in doubt about is Marky Willers, and that there black looking crockydile in the white choker.

"Hah!" he sighed, taking out a steel tobacco-box and knife, and cutting off a bit of pigtail. "Mustn't smoke," he mused, "and I mustn't sleep, for it's ten to one I shouldn't wake til someun found me, and there'd be a squawk and a 'Dear me! I on'y come in by mistake ,thinking it was my own room.' Well, that's the beauty o' a bit o' pigtail. Now then, I s'pose I'd better get to work. That's the beauty o' my profession. Down to a race here and a race there, and a call or two on the way to do a bit o' trade with a dawg, and a look round for any bit or two o' rubbish that wants clearing away. Don't want anything heavier than a silver inkstand, say. Clocks is so gallus cornery, and a racing cup or anything o' that sort won't lie flat without you hammer one side in, and that's a pity, and it's half-round even then. Presentation inkstand's my fav-rite, for one can button it up in front or behind, while you can leave the bottles in case the people wants to write.

"Nice bit o' plate here, I'll bet," said the man, with a yawn, his jaw grinding slowly away at the quid, "but I'm not on plate, thankye. Now then, where's that there flat, old-fashioned inkstand? Let's see; but if that there blessed dawg howls there won't be no dawg when I gets out."

The man rose in the moonlight, fumbled for and drew a matchbox, opened it, and was in the act of striking a match when a clock in the hall performed a musical chime loudly four times, with every bell sounding silvery and clear, and then paused.

"What a ghastly row!" muttered the man; and then he raised the match again, when—

Boom! boom! boom! three heavy strokes deliberately upon a deep-toned spring, produced a wonderful effect.

There was a sharp ejaculation, a loud rustling sound, and a bump as of someone springing to their feet, while in the moonlight something like a hugely thick short serpent crawled over the couch and turned on reaching the floor into a quadruped, which crept silently into the conservatory and disappeared.

"Well!" exclaimed a voice. "Think o' me sleeping like that! Three o'clock—lamp gone out—nobody come home even now. What a shame! This is going to the races, this is, and leaving up poor unprotected woman all alone in this big place, and not a man near but the gardeners, and them so far off that you might squeal the house down before they'd hear. Well, I shall go to bed. Ugh! I feel quite shivery, and the place looks horrid in the dark. I don't like to go into the pantry for a light. I know; her lady-ship's writing-table."

Jane Gee stepped quickly into the moonlight, caught sight of something on the carpet, and uttered a fearful shriek, just as a figure passed the French window, turned back, stopped short, and began to tap.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Coming Home.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the girl; "it's Mark! Oh, oh, oh!" she kept on in a peculiar sob. But she tottered to the window and undid the brass latch with trembling hands, when Mark pressed the glass door open, sprang in, closed the leaf, fastened it, and, flinging one arm round the sobbing girl, clapped a hand over her mouth.

"Hold your row, you silly fool! Couldn't you see it was me?"

"Ye-ye-yes, Mark. Oh, I'm so glad you've come."

"Seems like it—squealing everybody else out of bed to come and ketch me."

"Oh, oh, oh, Mark dear!" sobbed the girl. "Take care," and she clung to him.

"Why, of course, I will," whispered the groom. "My word! I didn't know you could come hysterics like that,' 'and as he spoke he tried to comfort the trembling girl, succeeding to some extent, while another singular thing took place in that certainly unhaunted room.

For the big ugly pair of boots began, not to walk according to their nature when set in motion, but to glide in a singular way in the moonlight, following their tightened strings, passing round the head of the quilted couch and into the conservatory, but without a sound.

"Oh, oh, Mark!" sobbed the girl, with a shudder.

"What, beginning again? What a little silly it is!"

"But come away."

"Well, I'm coming away. Come on."

"No, no; not that way. Oh!"

"Be quiet, or you'll be waking someone,' 'whispered Mark.

"I can't help it," sobbed Jane. "It wasn't you that frightened me, Mark, dear it was the burglars."

"The what? Where?"

"Oh, I'd dropped asleep, Mark, and the lamp burnt out, and the clock woke me up, and then I saw it. Oh, horrid!"

"Be quiet, I tell you. What did you see?"

"That great big pair of boots in the moonlight there."

"Where?" cried Mark, doubtingly.

"Down there, by the blue couch."

"Stuff! There ain't no boots—old boots nor any other boots."

"Ain't there, Mark? Oh, there was, there was."

"Bosh! You've been dreaming."

"Have I?" said the girl, after a long stare about the moonlit carpet. "I thought I saw them." Then, with a quick change: "Wherever have you been?"

"Oh, only to the races with the guv'nor."

"But you ain't been racing till this time o' night?" cried the girl, suspiciously.

"Well, not quite. Some on 'em—bookies and jocks—got up a bit o' dinner."

"I don't believe it. What for?"

"All along o' settling up, and that sort of thing."

"Settling up? What's that—paying up?"

"Yes, my gal."

"I know what that means. Now then, out with it."

"Wait till the morning," said Mark, grinning.

"How much was it? No keeping it back. If you do, it's all off, and I'll never speak to you again. Now then, let this be a lesson to you. I will know. How much have you lost?"

"Guess."

"I won't guess. It's too serious a matter."

"So it is, my lass; so it is, and I'll make a clean breast of it, Jenny."

"Yes, you'd better."

"I've won!" he cried, catching the girl in his arms.

"What! I don't believe it."

"I have, and enough, with what the brewers would advance, to take a nice little country pub—one we can make into a hotel."

"Ah, well," said Jane, primly, "it ain't no time to be talking about no hotels nor public in the middle o' the night like this."

"Why not?"

"Because it ain't proper. Look here; is Mr. Trimmer coming home?"

"What, ain't he at home neither?"

"No, nobody's come back but you. What about master? Is he long with her ladyship?"

"No; he was took bad just afore the race, but Dr. Granton give him a pick-me-up that kep' him going till he'd won the race."

"Her ladyship had given him a talking to, I suppose?"

Mark grinned, winked, and lifted his elbow in a peculiar way, suggestive of drinking.

"O-h-h!" exclaimed Jane, in a half whisper. "What a shame!"

"Sh! whispered the groom. "Not a word. Don't say a word to a soul. I wouldn't have trusted anyone else with it, Jenny. I believe it was only a glass or two of fizz on the top of a bucketful of excitement because he was going to ride."

"But there it is, you see, Mark; horses and racing lead to drinking, and I mean to think twice before I tie myself to anyone who drinks and gambles. Is master with her ladyship now?"

"No, I tell you; he's badly, and stopping at Simpkins's, with Master Syd taking care of him; and her ladyship was took bad too, after a rumpus at the hotel."

"Oh, how disgraceful!" interrupted Jane. "Her ladyship stooping to do that, and master getting tipsy and running races. I shall give notice, Mark. I've got a character to lose."

"You'd better! You don't leave here till—you know."

"Oh, no I don't; and now I'm going to bed. But tell me, where did you say her ladyship was?"

"How many more times?" cried the groom, impatiently. "I've told you five or six times."

"You haven't, Mark."

"I have. Her ladyship was took bad at the hotel when she found the guv'nor looking quite tight after he went off to win the race, and only just in time to get up to the scratch. Then as soon as it was over the doctor had to physic him and see to her ladyship, and the doctor and Lady Tilborough takes her to Oakleigh."

"Why didn't they bring her home?" said Jane, sharply.

"How should I know? Because Lady Tilborough thought perhaps that master would join 'em there and make it up. But I dunno. Had too much business of my own to 'tend to."

"What business?" said Jane, suspiciously. Getting along with a bad set of touts, drinking, I suppose."

"Get out! I was making sure of the money I'd won while I could. That's right; hang away from a fellow! Just like a woman! Think you're going to ketch something?"

"That will do,' said the girl, coldly. "You smell horrid of beer and smoke. Oh, Mark!" she whispered; and he had no room for complaints of a want of warmth, for the girl flung her arms about him, clinging tightly, and placed her lips closely to his ear. "There," she cried, in an agitated way; "hark! Is that fancy? There are burglars in the house."

Mark drew the girl more into the shade near the fireplace, and softly picked up the brightly-polished poker from where it lay. For he had distinctly heard a soft rattle as of a latch-key, the opening and closing of the hall door, and then as he stood listening there was the scratch of a match which faintly lit up the hall as far as they could see through the drawing-room door.

Directly after there was a click, as of a candlestick being removed, an augmentation of the light, which approached, and in the full intention of—to use the groom's own words—"letting 'em have it," Mark thrust the girl behind him, and made ready to bring the poker down heavily upon the burglar's head.

But he did not, for the head and face looking yellow and ghastly by the light of a chamber candle, were those of Lady Lisle's agent and confidential man.

Possibly from weariness, there was no spasmodic start, Trimmer staring glassy-eyed and strange, and with his black felt hat looking battered and soiled, while in their revulsion of feeling Jane and Mark found no words to say.

"What are you two doing here?" said Trimmer at last, speaking in rather a tongue-tied fashion, but as if in full possession of his faculties.

"Waiting up to let you in, sir," said Jane, sharply.

(To be continued.)

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

Dr. Hamilton Gives a Full and Satisfactory Explanation.

Look at your tongue!

Sometimes it's heavily coated, sometimes it's clear and red.

Study this out and you'll find some interference with the functional activity of the body.

This means the bowels are not regular, the liver is sluggish and the blood is contaminated.

Strong cathartic pills act so destructively on the intestines as to provoke deathly sickness; this often frightens people from taking medicine when they badly need it.

To the multitude of dangerous purgatives now on the market, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a notable exception, they neither gripe, cause sickly feeling or headache, yet they cleanse and purify the entire system in one night. No other laxative acts with such mildness and certainty. Giving proper stimulus to the liver and kidneys, strengthening the stomach and lending valuable aid to digestion, it's small wonder that such marvelous results accompany Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Mr. Geo. O'Hogarty, of Amherst, N. S., writes: "Last winter I worked in a lumber camp and neglected my health. I was dreadfully constipated and had a headache that fairly made me reel at times. I was sick and miserable, and hadn't the slightest ambition to work or stir around. I felt heavy and dull and had a bad taste in my mouth. I sent into the city for Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which I knew were good for my condition. They fixed me up very quickly and have kept me in good condition ever since. There are other men in the same camp that use Dr. Hamilton's Pills also. They say they wouldn't be without the pills for ten times their price."

Every dealer in the land sells Dr. Hamilton's Pills—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.



ON THE BEACH IN HER JUMPER.

Very sensible mothers add joy to the playtime hours of their small daughters by dressing them in those very comfortable jumpers of linen or gingham, which are slipped on over the little under waist and panties, thus doing away with any frills or furbelows of dress or pettiskirt. These little jumpers are made in one piece; that is, the waist and the bloomers are cut in one, and the bloomers are finished at the bottom with a band that buttons around the knees, or is run with elastic. The sleeves are cut comfortably large, though long; this is a protection against the heat of the sun; the neck is finished with a flat, round collar. Sandals or strap slippers and socks and bare legs, and a dainty sun-bonnet complete this playtime outfit.

THE MINERS WILL STRIKE

Springhill Men Refuse to Accept Award of Conciliation Board.

Springhill, N. S., July 23—The board of conciliation under the Lemieux bill has failed to adjust the issues between the Cumberland Railway & Coal Company and the miners employed by them. The men had asked for a board of conciliation to decide two points.

One was regarding work in No. 14 chute, where peculiar conditions prevailed, but where only half a dozen men were engaged. The other was regarding the rate to be paid for stone in pillar work, which affected a larger number of the miners.

The board decided the first point in favor of the men, but the second was in favor of the company. On the first point the board were unanimous. On the second the representative of the men declined to sign the decision, so that it came in as a report of the majority.

Tonight Pioneer Lodge, P. W. A., held a large meeting, at which the case was rejected and a strike was ordered, to go into effect in August. Springhill people expect that the struggle will be long and bitter. It will affect about 1,600 employes of the mines. This strike will add another to the long list of labor conflicts in this mining town.

A BLIND MAN ROUTED BURGLARS

THOUSAND ISLE PARK, N. Y., July 23—Totally blind and with his 14 year old son armed with a tiny yacht cannon as his only aid, Robt. M. Jones, of New York, a summer resident, routed a band of burglars. Mr. Jones discovered fire men attempting to enter the house early Monday morning, and calling his son, Walter he told the boy to get the little cannon which was used for saluting passing vessels. Blank shells were used, but the burglars fled pell mell at the sound of the first shot.

RAISE FOR STEAMBOAT MEN

It was reported in Bangor Monday that an agreement between Luther B. Dow, of New York, general counsel of the American Association of Masters, Mates and Pilots, and the Eastern Steamship Co., had been reached, raising the wages of the masters, mates and pilots on all the vessels of the company. The advance to men on the company's ships, whose home port is in Bath, affects about 12 vessels, including the City of Rockland and the Camden.

The agreement provides that the wages of the masters be raised from $125 to $150 a month. There is to be an advance of $15 a month for first mates and a proportionate advance for second mates and pilots.—Bangor Commercial, July 22.

It Does Cure Rheumatism

Nothing penetrates to the very core of the pain like Polson's Nerviline. Rub it in and ease comes at once. Results guaranteed. Sold everywhere in 25c. bottles.

UGLY WORK IS CHARGED

MONTREAL, July 23 (Special)—Serious charges of intimidation are made in connection with the strike of structural iron workers here. In one instance the gunnion pin was removed from a derrick with the result that chance only prevented men from being killed when it crashed down as the machine was started. At another time strike breakers were held up at revolver's point from going to the rescue of a foreman who was being beaten by toughs.

The old employes of the Dominion Bridge Co. are on strike for higher wages, and sympathizers are blamed for these acts of intimidation. Officials of the union have issued a detailed and direct denial.

The transparent glass ruler, an innovation, is of great assistance to draftsmen in their work.

Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in A hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing Hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help.

If you would have strong Hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves — re-establish them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TOM DAVIDD COMMITTED

The Assyrian Must Stand Trial on the Charge of Murder.

Fredericton, N. B., July 23—Tom David, the Assyrian charged with murdering his wife, was this afternoon committed for trial by Magistrate Marsh at the next term of the York circuit court, which meets in January. He was asked by the court if he had any statement to make and through his counsel replied in the negative.

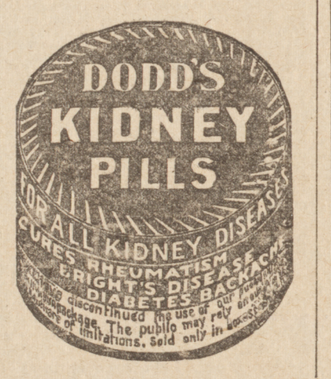


Proceedings in court today made it quite clear that the unwritten law and the brain storm theory will play a prominent part in the defence of the prisoner when the case comes up for trial. Four witnesses were examined by the prosecution today and the most important evidence brought out was that of an Assyrian named Andrews who under cross- examination swore that the murdered woman and a man named Charles Nicholas had roomed together at his house in Woodstock for several weeks prior to the shooting.

This afternoon Drs. W. D. Rankin and Wilson Grant, of Woodstock, gave testimony. They told of being called to attend Mrs. Davidd at Woodstock hospital and found her suffering from a bullet wound in the abdomen. Subsequently an operation was performed upon her and she died soon after. Peritonitis resulting from a bullet wound was given as the cause of death. Dr. Rankin conducted the post mortem examination, assisted by Dr. Griffin. It having previously come out in evidence that Dr. Grant had been called to attend Mrs. Davidd some days before the attend Mrs. Davidd some days before the shooting, Mr. Barry strongly protested against the admission of this evidence on the grounds that it did not concern the case. "Even," said Mr. Barry, "if this woman did leave her husband it would be no justification for his killing her. We are not going to introduce in this country such absurdities as we have been reading about in the United States papers the last six months."

His honor decided to allow the examination to proceed subject to objection. Dr. Grant, continuing, said that when he was called to see Mrs. Davidd he was under the impression that she was the wife of Nicholas. He attended her at the Vanwart house and Nicholas paid him for his services.

This concluded the examination and the prisoner was formally committed for trial.



FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.



I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.
I will mail, free of any charge, my **home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell **all** women about this cure — **you**, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men **cannot** understand women's sufferings What we women know **from experience**, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhoea** or **Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement** or **Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty** or **Painful Periods, Uterine** or **Ovarian Tumors** or **Growths,** also **pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles** where **caused by weaknesses peculiar** to our sex.

I want to send you a **complete 10 days' treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that **it will cost you nothing** to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address,** tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"**WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER**" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they **can** easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to **think for herself.** Then when the doctor says—"You **must** have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures **all, old or young.** To **Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really **cures** all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust **Just send me your address,** and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address

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Weakness and Debility

are generally caused by the poor or vicious atmosphere of the city, or by overwork, bad food, abuses, etc. Those dreadful diseases attack both sexes at different stages of life. But fortunately, nature has provided an infallible remedy to cure those diseases which are caused by poverty of blood

VIN ST. MICHEL

(St. Michael's Wine)

contains all the elements necessary for rebuilding an impaired constitution, strengthening the tissues, giving to the bones the necessary substance, and purifying and enriching the blood which is the source of life. St. Michael's Wine is perfect in the make up; it agrees with the most delicate stomach. St. Michael's Wine means health, strength and life.



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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?