

STORE OPEN TILL 8 P. M.

Union Clothing Company,

26-28 Charlotte Street

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.)

"It is not true," said the agent. "You must have known I could tell myself in. You two are holding a disgraceful clandestine meeting; and I shall consider it my duty to report these proceedings when her ladyship sees me after breakfast. I am called away for a few hours to London, and upon my return the whole house is in disorder."

"Thank ye, sir; then I shall speak to her ladyship myself as soon as she comes home," said Jane, pearly.

"What! Her ladyship not returned yet?"

"No sir; and I've got to sit up till she does."

"Eh—where has she gone? Someone ill?"

"Haw, haw, haw! Hark at that, Jane! He didn't see her ladyship's carriage at the races. Oh, no! He didn't go and see old Sam Simpkins, the trainer, and make a bet or two; not him! And I wasn't close behind him in the crowd when the governor came in a winner, and I didn't see him bang his hat down on the ground and stamp on it. Oh, no! You give me that hat, Mr. Trimmer, sir, and I'll brush and sponge it and iron it into shape so that it'll look as good as new."

The agent's countenance went through several changes before it settled down into a ghastly smile.

"Well, well," he said, I must confess to being attracted to seeing the big race, but I did not know you would be there. Mark. But you surprise me. Sir Hilton and her ladyship not returned? A great surprise, though. Mark—Jane. You know, of course? Sir Hilton returning to the old evil ways?"

"Yah! Chuck it up, Mr. Trimmer, sir," said Mark, in a tone of disgust, "and when you tell her ladyship you caught me and Jane here talking after she let me in, just you tell her how much you won on the race."

"Won—won—won, my lad?" said the agent, with loud, louder, loudest in utterance of the word. "I've lost; I'm nearly ruined. Oh, it has been a horrible day. Here, I'm ill. I must have a little brandy. I'm ready to faint."

"Sorry for you, sir," said Mark, as the ghastly-looking man turned to go back across the hall.

"Same here, sir," said Jane, with a grave courtesy; "but I don't see as it'll do you any good now you're ruined to try and ruin us."

"And if I was you, sir, I wouldn't touch another drop, sir," put in Mark. "I've seen chaps in your state before after a race—chaps who have lost every penny—go and fly to the drink."

Trimmer gazed vacantly at the speaker, passed his tongue over his parched lips, and said, feebly:

"Do I—do I look as if I had been drinking, Mark?"

"That's so, sir; and as if, seeing what a stew you're in over your losses, it hadn't took a bit of effect upon you."

"No, no," said the agent, slowly. "I don't feel as if I had had more than a glass."

"And all the time, sir, as the conductors say, you're 'full up,' and if you put any more on it you'll soon find it out, and come on with a fit of the horrors, same as some poor beggars have before there's an inquest."

The agent shuddered and unconsciously began to play with the extinguisher of the plated candlestick lifting it off the cone upon which it rested, putting it

back, and ending by lifting it off quickly, and, as if to illustrate the groom's meaning, putting out the light.

"Pat! Hark! What's that?" cried Jane, excitedly. "Here they are!"

"Trimmer started violently. 'Oh,' he cried, 'I can't meet anybody now. Mark—Jane—don't say that I have been out. I shall not tell her ladyship a word.'"

"Thank ye for nothing," said Mark, mockingly, as the door closed upon the departing agent. "How the dickens did he do that?"

"Jane—don't say that I have been out. I shall not tell her ladyship a word." Jane uttered a gasp.

But the next instant the front door bell was rung violently.

"Come with me, Mark," whispered the girl, and they both hurried into the hall, the groom to open the door, and Jane to busy herself with trembling hands striking matches to light a couple of the chamber candlesticks standing ready upon the slab.

CHAPTER XXII.

In the Fog.

"Murder! Now for a row," thought the groom, as, to his horror, he saw in the moonlight, instead of the baronet and pair, with Lady Lisle inside, the dog-cart, down from which Sir Hilton was stepping, helped by Syd, while a second dog-cart was coming up the drive with a lady on the seat and a big heavy man leading the horse, and the gate clicking loudly as it swung to and fro.

"Beg pardon, Sir Hilton," cried Mark, eagerly. "Didn't know you meant to come back tonight. Thought I'd run over and see if it was all right at home."

"Humph!" grunted the baronet, entering the porch, and reaching slightly, as he raised one hand to his head.

"Mind the cob, Mark. Lead him aside, but come back and take Mr. Simpkins's nag too."

The boy turned to meet the big, burly man, who drew his vehicle up to the door and stopped to look back.

"Can you help her down, youngster—my boy, I mean?"

"As, all right, sir."

"I can jump down, dad," cried the occupant of the seat. "Now, Syd, catch me; look out!"

The boy's attentions were admirable, and the young lady light; but, as Mark afterwards said to Jane, with a chuckle, when he knew all, "Master Syd wasn't up to her weight. For, as the young wife alighted, she was caught, but the catcher staggered back, and would have fallen but for the lady's agility, for she not only saved herself but clung to the boy's hands, so that he only sat down on the steps."

"Hoop-la!" she cried, striking a little attitude.

"Hullo! Hurt?" growled Simpkins.

"No, he's all right, dad. Ain't you, Syd dear?"

"Hurt, no," cried the boy. "But those stones are hard. Come along in."

"Wait a moment, my gal," growled the trainer, and he drew his child aside.

"What's the matter, dad?"

"Nothing. I'm going round to see the mare put up and fed. I shall be in directly. But look here, don't commit yourself before I come."

"Who's going to?" said the girl, merrily, as she seemed to take the nocturnal excursion as a capital bit of fun.

"Well, I only want you, my gal. Mind, you're as good as they are. Don't you let me begin sitting upon you because you've got a fine chance."

"All right, dad. I'm to be a different sort of furniture from that."

"I dunno what you mean, my gal—some of your larks, I suppose. But just you mind, don't put it in these here words, but when my orte lady begins on you, just you say to her, see you, 'None o' that! I'm as good as you.'"

"What's he saying, darling?" cried Syd, impatiently.

"Not much, young gentleman; only telling her to mind you have brought her home as she has her rights."

Syd caught his young wife's hands and hurried her into the hall, and from thence into the drawing-room, where he found his uncle impatiently walking up and down.

"Oh, it's you, Syd," said the baronet, impatiently. "Call Jane, there's a confounded cat in the conservatory. She's knocked down one of the pots."

"All right, uncle," said the boy. "You sit down there, Molly," he whispered, "and look here, you must help me when your father comes in. He would drive over, and kept on insisting to me that he couldn't let me come alone with uncle; but it was only to show off before auntie."

"Yes, I know; he's been preaching to me. Where is she?"

"Sitting up for us somewhere, pet," said Syd. "Here she comes. Back me up, and be nice," he whispered, "and then make your gun'vor take you home. You know how."

"Yes, Syd dear," whispered the girl; "but I'm awful tired, you know."

"Pet! Oh, it's you, Jane."

"Yes, sir, I'll light that lamp if you'll stand aside."

"Oh, yes, do. It's beastly dark."

Jane began lighting up and stealing glances full of admiration as she handled match after match slowly, every glance affording her satisfaction, especially when the hood of the cloak Molly wore was thrown back and the girl gave her a pleas-

Daily Fashion Hint for Timid Readers.



THE POKE IS THE PRETTIEST HAT OF ALL.

Children's hats are always, or at least, should be, charming concoctions of fancy straw, braids, flowers, ribbon or lingerie materials. The lingerie hat is seen extensively this summer for all kinds of wear. Simple embroidered linens, with lawn or ribbon bows for morning wear.

Very charming dressy hats are made in poke shape of organdy or mull over wire frames, with a topping of neapolitan, and trimmed with flowers or ribbon. That of the picture, is made of mull. Around the very flat crown are wreathed forget-me-nots, and at the left side is a huge rosette of white bousine ribbon. The brim narrows down considerably in the back, and at this point are attached long ribbon streamers, which may depend down the back or be tied under the chin in a bow.

ant, admiring smile, and showed a pair of laughing eyes and a set of pearly teeth.

"Why, it's master's biding young lady," said Jane to herself, in astonishment. "There'll be a row after this."

"Where's auntie, Jane?" said Syd, suddenly. "Not come back from Tilborough yet, sir," replied the girl snappishly.

Sir Hilton, who was still walking up and down, turned sharply at the words "auntie" and "Tilborough," but he said nothing, only passed his hand in a fidgety way over his forehead and continued his wild best like walk, muttering every now and then, to himself, till he stopped suddenly close to the young couple, who were whispering together.

"Tackle him directly he comes in, pet," Syd was saying.

"But dad's so obstinate. Syd. You give him a good talking to. Don't be afraid."

"Yes, he does look groggy," said Syd, suddenly. "I have not just a bit; but I don't want to have a row just at present."

"But it's got to be done, Syd, dear. You have a good go at dad. Tell him it's no use for him to kick, and he must make the best of it."

"Yes, yes, I will, pet; but in the middle of the night like this? I want to get uncle to bed. He's very queer yet."

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DALHOUSIE TO HAVE A BIG INDUSTRY

Cascapedia Trading Company Proposes to Start Million Dollar Mills There.

Yesterday the rate payers of Dalhousie by a vote of 162 to 2 decided to accept a proposal made to the town by the Cascapedia Trading Company, to establish a plant for the manufacture of lumber, to cost, it is said, in the vicinity of \$1,000,000. Hon. C. H. LaBaillois, chief commissioner of public works, who arrived in St. John last evening found a telegram awaiting him announcing the result.

Speaking to a Telegraph reporter, Mr. LaBaillois said he was very much pleased with the decision and regretted only he had not been able to record his vote before leaving. "If the town of Dalhousie," he said, "does not secure the new lumber industry which the Cascapedia Trading Company propose to establish in the Bay Chaleur section, it will not be the fault of the progressive ratepayers. The telegram I have received announces the ratepayers' decision, 162 yeas, and 2 nays." The company own 1,700 square miles of timber limits in Bonaventure county, and by their plans, it is understood, intend to erect a \$1,000,000 plant, including a long lumber saw mill, shingle, pulpwood and planing mills and dry kilns.

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—Ferrozine will supply it.

First of all Ferrozine 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.

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

THE C. P. R. AND SHORE LINE

After August 1st the Shore Line Will Use C. P. R. Station at St. Stephen.

St. Stephen, N. B., July 24.—D.W. Newcombe and Percy Wetmore were in town today and have made arrangements to have the Shore line trains run into C. P. R. station here, beginning Aug. 1st. An office is being fitted up in the C. P. R. freight building and the agent will be transferred from the present offices to carry on the Shore line business, for a time, in this separate department.

John King, second officer on the Frontier steamerboat Henry F. Eaton was drowned today on the daily trip from Calais to Eastport. The Eaton was carrying the Baptist Sunday school of Milltown (Me.), on their annual excursion to St. Andrews and had left the excursionists, among whom were Mr. King's wife and two children, at St. Andrews and was on her way to Eastport, when off Clam Cove Head, Deer Island, a cry was heard and Mr. King was seen struggling in the water.

No one had seen him fall over-board. The steamer was stopped and a boat put out, but as he could not swim, he sank for the last time before help reached him. Mr. King lived in Milltown (N. B.) and had been in the employ of the company for about three years. He leaves his wife and two small children. The body has since been found.

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.

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

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

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

MICHAEL McDADE LEAVES FREEMAN

Because of Ill Health He Resigns From the Management of That Paper.

Michael McDade, who for some years has very successfully conducted the New Freeman, has felt himself obliged to relinquish his work on the paper because of his health. For some time Mr. McDade has suffered from nervous trouble and, of late, it has become such that he finds it necessary to give up work involving mental strain, and he consequently has submitted his resignation to the New Freeman directors, to take effect at once.

Some years ago Mr. McDade took the management of the paper and at some personal and financial sacrifice has brought it to a prominent place among denominational journals and placed it upon a paying basis. "Onlookers" political articles have generally been credited to his pen and they have been followed week by week with much interest and looked for with special application to this section. It will be the hope of all that a rest from active duties will result in Mr. McDade's early restoration to a full measure of health and vigor.

The choice of a successor on the New Freeman has not been announced.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dunlop

Mrs. Elizabeth Dunlop, widow of James Dunlop, died last evening at her son's residence, 24 White street, aged eighty-seven years, after an illness of about three months. Three sons—George, of this city; Thomas, of Montreal, and James of Sydney, survive.

WOMAN'S PLEA IS FOR PEACE

The Address Presented to the Hague Conference in Her Behalf.

The following is the address sent to the Hague conference by the International Council of Women, and signed by Lady Aberdeen, the president, two vice-presidents and two secretaries of the International Council and the presidents or representatives of the National Councils of Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Great Britain, the United States, Canada, Tasmania, New Zealand, Victoria and Argentina. It ran as follows:

Mr. President and Members of The Hague Conference: We are here in the name of the International Council of Women, a federation of National Councils of Women in twenty different countries, each council in its turn being a federation of societies of women belonging to all creeds and to all sections of society, but all united by the bond of common desire to render service to humanity in one form or another. This organization, which is absolutely non-political and undenominational, is at the same time truly representative and democratic in its constitution and it adopts no propaganda which is not unanimously supported by all its National Councils.

The first such propaganda we adopted was that of peace and international arbitration in 1889, and ever since that date we have been striving to press the urgent importance of this subject on the women of our different countries.

So today we come on behalf of organized women workers in all parts of the world to assure you of our earnest resolve to support the great cause on behalf of which you are now gathered together, to the very best of our ability.

You are laboring for the highest good of all humanity, gentlemen, but it will be women the world over who will derive the greatest blessing from the success of your labors. Not only are women the chief sufferers from the effects of war, but it is on us that the burden of taxation for maintaining huge armaments and for the carrying on of costly wars presses most heavily. The struggle to keep the home together, which taxes the efforts and racks the brains of so many hard-working mothers at all times, becomes an impossibility when one impost after another is laid on the people.

And yet, we admit with shame that it has often and often been the women who have been most forward to fan the dominant war spirit into life, and who have been the first to send forth their best and their dearest to death because of some supposed insult to national honor.

We here undertake that it will be the earnest aim of our National Councils to infuse a higher ideal of what patriotism and national duty may mean, to lead women to teach their children that what is wrong for the individual cannot be right for the state, and to learn from the teachings of history that when troubles and suspicions arise between nations, the great object to gain is time to talk the matters over and if possible submit them to wise arbitration.

We are well aware that in order to make real progress towards peace and disarmament we must enlist widespread popular sympathy and enthusiasm with the movement in the different countries before the powers take action. We maintain this in order to form public opinion; you must have the women with you; the women aroused to a sense of the change that would come over the world if the competition between nations was centered on the ambition as to which could show the best citizens rather than on which can boast of the largest territories and the biggest armies and fleets to defend them.

Earnestly we pray that Heaven's blessing may rest on your deliberations and that you may devise means which will enable the nations to draw closer to one another in a universal fellowship of good will. It will be our strenuous endeavor to use our influence towards moulding and altering the ideas of the people to realize that in their international understanding of each other lies the highest welfare of every individual nation.

Mrs. M. O. Crossman

Dorchester, N. B., July 24.—(Special)—Mrs. Martin O. Crossman, wife of Martin O. Crossman, a well known business man of this place, died this morning after six months illness. Deceased is survived by her husband, three brothers and three sisters. Deceased was formerly organist of the Dorchester Baptist church.

Plans have been drawn up for a road system of 200 miles in length in Halton county, Ontario.

Hamilton is to get cheaper incandescent lighting rates from the Cataract Power company.

Brandon wants a bank clearing house and steps are being taken to establish one.

The Ideal Laxative for Children

Mothers cannot be too careful in what they give children to move the bowels. Calomel, cascara, senna, salts, cathartic pills, castor oil, and purging mineral waters irritate the bowels—upset the stomach—and eventually lead up to chronic non-action of the bowels—Constipation.

Fruit-a-tives

(OR FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.)

are the finest medicine in the world for children.

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