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Men's Suits, regular \$10 values, now \$6.43
Men's Suits, regular \$12 values now \$9.93
Men's Pants, regular \$1.50 values, now 91c
Boys' Suits, regular \$2.50 values, now \$1.98
Boys' Sailor Suits, reg. \$1.25 " now 70c
Men's Half-Hose, regular 20c values
now 2 pairs for 25 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.)

For as the pair dashed out after Sir Hilton the door through which they passed closed with a dull, jarring thud, which seemed to bring down another floor-plate in the conservatory. But this was not heard by Lady Lisle, who entered the drawing-room excitedly, closely followed by Lady Tilborough and the doctor, all looking pallid and all-nightheaded in the yellow light of the candles mingled with the pale grey dawn stealing in.

"Now, pray listen to me, my dear Lady Lisle," said Lady Tilborough in a soothing voice, "Do be reasonable."

"I will not listen to you madam," cried Lady Lisle, passionately.

"Pray do now. For your own sake as well as your husband's."

"He is no husband of mine," cried Lady Lisle, excitedly.

"Be reasonable. Come, think, my dear madam. You cannot wish to have a scandal. Your servants are in the hall. You cannot want them to hear."

"They must hear—the whole world will hear. Oh, it is dreadful, dreadful!"

"Say a word to heaven's sake, Jack!" whispered Lady Tilborough; and the doctor stepped forward.

Yes, Lady Lisle, he said firmly, "I am bound to speak—as, temporarily, your medical attendant."

"Wretched man, why did you not let me die?" cried Lady Lisle, pacing up and down and wringing her hands.

"Because I wished to save an estimable lady for a reconciliation with an old friend; for really, my dear madam, when you calm down, you will see that you have been most unreasonable."

"Unreasonable? Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the unhappy woman, hysterically.

"Yes, my dear madam; most unreasonable. First in insisting upon leaving Oakleigh at this extremely early hour in the morning, after you had been suffering from a congeries of hysterical fits. Recall what you promised me!"

"I recollect nothing but my wrongs," cried Lady Lisle.

"Then, as your medical attendant, called in upon this emergency by my friend, Lady Tilborough, it is my duty to tell you that you gave me your word that you would be calm if I allowed you to return."

"Yes," said the suffering woman bitterly. "I promised because I could not bear to stay longer in that hateful woman's house."

"It seemed to me madam, that the lady whom you so wrong behaved in a very loving and sisterly way to you in an emergency."

"Yes, brought about by her machinations!"

"Oh dear!" sighed Lady Tilborough, "what an unreasonable darling it is! Why I only asked a dear old friend to help me and save me from ruin, and he responded nobly."

"Ruin? You helped to ruin him by luring him back to the diabolical horrors of the turf."

"There, there, my dear; I won't argue with you, certainly not quarrel. Pray pray try and calm yourself, or you'll be having another of those terrible hysterical fits."

"Yes," said Granton, "and worse than the last."

"I am glad. It will be my last. Infamous woman, why did you drag me to your house?"

"Because, my dear, I didn't like to see a lady in your position ill and suffering in such a place as the Tilborough Arms."

"And because, my dear madam, when I found how bad you were I begged Lady Lisle to save you."

"STOP THAT HEADACHE"

Foolish to Suffer when a Simple Remedy will Prevent and Cure.

Ever stop to think what caused your headache?

Probably not. Then look to the bowels and stomach and you'll find plenty of cause. Chances are you'll find constipation, liver is sluggish, stomach overburdened with half-digested food.

No wonder you are dull, tired, restless day and night.

Tilborough to save you from a long hour's drive home when your coachman was not to be found."

"But you lured my husband away, woman."

"Well, I have confessed to that, my dear madam, and I am sorry that you should look upon it with different eyes from mine. I don't think I have been such a terrible sinner, do you, doctor?"

she added, with a look which made the gentleman addressed fluster as regarded his nerves.

But he had the medical man's command over self, and he said quietly: "I think when Lady Lisle has grown calmer she will look a little more leniently upon her neighbor's actions. Now, pray, my dear madam, let me beg of you to—Ah! that's better. Don't try to restrain your tears. They are the greatest anodyne for an overwrought mind. Now, remember your promise. Let me ring for your maid. A cup of tea and a good long sleep and the racing escapade will wear a different aspect by the light of noon."

"Oh, doctor, doctor!" sobbed the poor woman, passionately, as she yielded to Granton's pressure, and sank into a lounge; "you do not know—you do not know!"

"Yes, yes, yes, I know; but pray think. I grant that racing is gambling, but I really believe my dear old friend Lady Lisle will for the future yield to your wishes and fight shy—I beg your pardon—religiously abstain from attending turf meetings."

"Oh, oh, oh, doctor!" sobbed the patient, who was at her weakest in the weakest hour of the twenty-four. "You do not know all. I could have forgiven that, but when I discovered the base disloyalty of the man in whom I had always the most perfect faith—"

"Dear me! Alas!" coughed the doctor. "I—"

"and he glared at Lady Tilborough. "Oh, hang it, no!" cried the latter, firing up. "Surely madam, you don't think that! Oh, absurd! Poor old Hilton! Oh, nonsense, nonsense! Why, the woman is jealous of me!"

"No, no, no!" cried Lady Lisle, excitedly. "I did not think—Oh, no, Lady Tilborough, I do not think that."

"Hah! That's some comfort," sighed the lady addressed; but she frowned angrily, and the look she darted at the doctor was by no means like the last, though his was of the most abject imploring kind.

"I can't explain—I can't explain," sobbed Lady Lisle, in her handkerchief. "I would sooner die, for it is all over now."

The others exchanged looks and a whisper or two, as they drew aside from the weeping woman.

"Oh, I don't believe it of poor old Hil't," said Lady Tilborough.

"Neither do I," cried the doctor.

"There is no one," said Lady Tilborough. "Unless—"

she added, as a sudden thought struck her. "No, no, no; he's too loyal to go running after a pretty little commonplace doll like that, Jack."

"I hope so," said the doctor, shaking his head. "Well, here is to answer for himself," he added, quickly, for the further door opened, and, clad in slippers and dressing-gown, and carrying a flat candlestick, whose light was not wanted, and looking quite himself mentally, but ghastly pale, Sir Hilton, briskly entered the room.

"What's the meaning of this?" he cried, stopping short, and looking from one to the other.

"Oh-h-h-h!" exclaimed Lady Lisle, in a long-drawn utterance expressive of her anger and disgust.

"Hil't, old fellow," cried Granton, "I thought you were ill in bed?"

"What brings you here, sir?" cried Sir Hilton. "But stop; I'll talk to you afterwards," he added, fiercely. "Now, madam, will you have the goodness to explain what this means?"

"Oh-h-h," ejaculated Lady Lisle again, in tones more long-drawn and suggestive of the rage boiling up within, her darting and flashing eyes telling their own tale of the storm about to burst.

"Oh, indeed, madam!" cried Sir Hilton, mockingly. "Really, I am very sorry to have to make a display of the soiled laundry of our establishment before our visitors, but I must demand an explanation. Here am I, called suddenly away upon very important business respecting monetary matters, and I return home late, to find that you have taken advantage of my absence to—to—to—here. I will not give utterance to my thoughts, but ask you, madam, to explain why I find you away, even at midnight, and not putting in an appearance till nearly four in the morning—four in the morning, and in a state that— Good heavens, madam! have you looked at yourself in the glass?"

Lady Lisle had not looked at herself in the glass, and her husband's words came so aptly, raising such a feeling of wonder in her, that she involuntarily turned sharply to glance in one of the long mirrors and see a reflection in the crossed light of the artificial and the real coming from candle and break of day, that she felt horrified and once more ejaculated "Oh!"

(To be continued.)

Corns? Have You Any?

If so you want to try Putnam's Corn Extractor; it is not a cheap ad hoc salve, but a genuine 25c. cure that does remove corns in 24 hours. Be sure you get Putnam's.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



A Dainty Bit of Femininity.

Little miladi's wardrobe may contain any number of dainty colored frocks, linens, Swisses, lawns, organdies, and they may all look charming, but there is nothing which equals the beauty and charm of the all white dress. A very pretty though extremely simple little dressy dress is made this summer of white embroidered flouncings, the flouncing forming the skirt to a long French waist, and a deep bertha outlining a yoke of tucked lawn and lace insertions. The little dress pictured shows a baby waist of fine white lawn joined to the flouncing skirt by means of a white embroidered beading, through which white wash ribbon is threaded, and tied in a many-looped bow at the back. The round neck of white is finished with a full of lace, and the cuff is of alternate rows of Swiss embroidery and val insertion. The bertha of embroidery is joined to this yoke with a narrower width of beading, also run with ribbon. Full sleeves of the lawn are joined to high embroidered cuffs, with ribbon run beading. The hat is a broad brimmed lingerie of accordion pleated organdie, with the top of neapolitan and trimmings of white blossom and white satin ribbon. And the small feet are encased in white socks and black patent leather slippers.

CONEY ISLAND SWEEP BY FIRE; LOSS IS \$1,000,000

New York's Playground Visited by Flames and Seven Blocks Destroyed

New York, July 28.—Coney Island, the playground of New York's millions, was visited by a disastrous fire early today and seven blocks in the amusement zone were destroyed. Tilyou's steppelchase park, and nearly a score of small hotels were wiped out and for a time the flames threatened destruction to Luna Park and Dreamland, two of the largest homes of amusement, and the scores of smaller places which fringe the water's edge. A lucky shift of the wind to seaward aided the firemen and probably saved the whole picturesque area, but not until \$1,000,000 damage had been done.

Three persons were injured, one of them, Gottfried Messerli, a fireman, probably fatally.

Only the advance guard of the 300,000 people who flocked to Coney Island today saw the fire, but the thrilling tales of the fearless rescue of San Dora, the armless and legless man, and the flight of Francesco, the fire eater, when the alarm was given, were told and retold along noisy Surf avenue and in the Bowers.

"The island," as New Yorkers familiarly call it, was just turning in for its early morning nap—the only sleep it ever gets—and the last thin line of Saturday night merry-makers was swinging gaily, if somewhat uncertainly up Surf avenue, when Geo. Frost, a watchman at Steeplechase Park, spied a wavering trail of smoke coming from the "Cave of the shout of fire in Coney is an ominous shout of the mouth of the cave. A patrolman heard the urgent cry of "fire, for Winds." Scarcely had Frost bestirred himself, and four alarms brought scores of engines and hose carts to fight the flames now being swept along under the smart west winds.

The inflammable character of the constructive material of the many attractions made fine food for the flames and the conflagration seemed to defy all efforts to check its course up the beach toward the Bowers, and to the many amusement places along Surf avenue.

The destruction of Steeplechase Park was a spectacular sight. Tongues of flame leaped hither and thither, licking up the scenic railway, the Razzle Dazzle, the dancing pavilion and the horse race railway. The little wooden horses, standing on steel tracks high in the air, looked like the flaming steeds of the Valkyries as they broke into blaze. The great bell tower flamed a bright beacon seen by incoming ships as they crept up the harbor in the early dawn. The Steeplechase Hotel and nearly a score of smaller wooden hotels, which fronted along the west end of the park were soon blazing.

Fire Commissioner Lanley, seeing that nothing could be saved in the park, ordered that all efforts be concentrated on the east side of the flaming blocks to keep the fire from getting into the flimsy buildings in the Bowers and thus making a fire trail to Dreamland and Luna Park. The firemen were massed at the entrance to the Bowers and although a Japanese skating rink, a small dance hall and a restaurant were destroyed there, the fire was checked at that point. The wind had, in the meantime, switched into the south and this favorable slant of breeze aided the fire fighters in confining the fire to seven blocks.

The alarm of fire woke up dozing Coney Island with a start and in a few minutes Surf avenue was jammed with excited frisks and frolics, chorus girls, snake charmers, animal trainers, performers, amusement employees—all the miscellaneous population of the island in fact. Clothed in a state of horror and little else, thousands sped through the streets, while the roar of the flames could be heard from one end of the island to the other. It seemed as though nothing could save the buildings of the island from destruction and hundreds of the inhabitants began to remove their household effects into the streets.

Inside the burning park all was excitement and confusion among the two score employees who slept in a house near the entrance.

entrance. Carrying grips and luggage they scurried to the street, and while the exodus was in progress a cry went up that San Dora, the armless and legless man, who eats a dozen meals a day just to show that he can do it without the aid of arms and legs, was missing.

Seizing a basket, two employees hurried back and found San Dora wiggling along the floor toward the door. "The wonder" was piled into the basket and although the flames and smoke threatened to engulf his rescuers, he was carried to a hotel where he remarked that his escape had been effected "without the loss of life or limb."

The hotels burned like tinder and a few minutes sufficed to wipe them out. When things are calm and placid Francesco eats fire and breathes it forth again, all for a livelihood. Sometimes he is advertised to bathe in tongues of flame but today's conflagration was too much even for Francesco.

The fire put many small dance halls and bathing pavilions out of business and many sandwich men and frankfurter purveyors who stored their stands and carts in nooks and crannies between buildings lost everything.

While the fire was at its height the police heard a loud wail from a Gypsy fortune teller who foresees fires and other calamities for a consideration. His tent had been destroyed and he was bemoaning the loss of \$10,000. Under police pressure the fire savings dwindled to \$10.

Arthur Lee, manager of Steeplechase Park, speaking for Mr. Tilyou, said that the loss on the park, which was completely destroyed, would reach \$1,000,000 and that the loss on the beach toward the Bowers and to the many amusement places along Surf avenue.

Estimates of the total loss made by the show people are in excess of the figures set by the police and fire department. The fire chief who directed the fight said later that "over \$200,000" would be a conservative estimate of the damage.

THE HARTLAND FIRE

McNally Arraigned Saturday and Remanded for a Week.

Hartland, N. B., July 27.—(Special)—Lorne McNally, accused of being implicated in the recent case of incendiarism, was further examined today and remanded for one week.

Asa Jones was the only witness called today. He is a watchman at J. K. Fleming's mill, where McNally formerly worked. A day or two after the fire McNally, in conversation with Jones, according to Jones' evidence, said it was gasoline, not kerosene with which the fire was kindled, and that he knew it was gasoline because he was the man that used it.

McNally denied this story, and said he was at the time referring to acetylene gas, with which he at one time was familiar.

It is generally believed that the next examination will result in the bringing out of facts leading to a speedy solution of the mystery of the recent fire.

London pays \$150,000 a year for the water which its milkmen put into the milk they sell as pure.

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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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Guest—Why do you call this the Sea View Hotel? You can't see the ocean from here. Proprietor—Oh, yes you can. We have a captive balloon that goes up five hundred feet. You get a magnificent view of the sea from there.



FOURTEEN LIVES LOST IN NEW YORK TENEMENT FIRE

New York, July 28.—An explosion, accompanied by fire, shattered an east side tenement late tonight and, with the crumbling walls at least twenty-four persons went down to death, while twice as many were probably fatally injured.

The wrecked building was at 222 Christie street, where a six-story tenement rose above the grocery store basement. An explosion, as yet unaccounted for, tore out the front of the building and the fire that followed caught the twenty families numbering about 100 people, while most of them were sound asleep. Not until the ashes have cooled will it be possible to recover the bones of the dead.

Of the injured, many jumped from the windows; others were caught by falling timbers; many half suffocated by smoke dragged from the hallways, while others received their wounds during the panic and made fight among each other for an exit.

Of the dead and dying the larger part are women and children. In the scramble for an exit and safety, the stronger in most cases survived.

When fire patrol No. 7 arrived on the scene Captain Albert Johnson saw how he could save some. In a sixth story window there were hanging a group of persons, women and children. Just across from them hardly three feet away was the window on the sixth floor of the tenement adjoining.

Accompanied by Detectives Connors and Johnson, he ran to the top floor of 224. There was a small ledge just below the window and on this the captain took his stand, with Connors behind him, holding him. Reaching as far as he could Johnson could just touch the hands of Tommaso Gazzano who, with his three children and his wife, had fled to the window.

The man was the first saved. He was swung around by the big fireman so that Connors could get him and drag him to safety. The others followed in rapid succession while the crowd below roared applause.

Fourteen bodies have been recovered.

tiary that Haywood had been acquitted Orchard said:

"Well, I have done my duty. I have told the truth. I could do no more. I am ready to take any punishment that may be meted out to me for my crime and the sooner it comes, the better."

After being out for twenty-one hours the jury, which at first had been divided eight to four for acquittal and then seemed dead-locked at 10 to 2, finally came to an agreement a little after the first faint streaks of the coming day showed above the giant hills which wall Boise to the north and east. Events moved rapidly enough after this and when at last the principal actors in the trial had been gathered into the court room at a few moments before 8 o'clock, the white envelope handed by the foreman to the judge was torn open and the verdict was read.

It came as an electric thrill to the prisoner, to his counsel, to the attorney for the state and to the small group of newspaper reporters and court officers who had been summoned from beds but lately sought or from offices where sleepless waiting had marked the night.

When Overpowered With Headache

You want a good dose of Nervine. Wonderful the change it makes. Headache disappears, stomach is settled and you feel better at once. Large bottles for 25c.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR DR. BAYARD

The St. John Medical Society, in planning for the observance of the seventieth anniversary of Dr. Bayard's entry into practice, which will fall on Thursday next, have decided to present to him on that day a resolution passed by the society for the occasion, suitably engraved and written on parchment.

It has been decided also that the president, Dr. T. H. Lunney, with the resolution committee and as many other members of the profession as can attend, will gather at Dr. Bayard's residence at 4 o'clock on Thursday, when Dr. Lunney will present the memorial scroll.

On account of Dr. Bayard's advanced age, the quiet recognition of his anniversary was decided on in preference to a banquet or other public function.

E. E. Prince, one of the instructors of the School for the Deaf, Lancaster, will leave on his vacation today. He will visit a number of New Brunswick towns. Mr. Prince is an expert photographer, and will combine business with pleasure.