MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Union Clothing Company,

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

SPECIAL SALE OF

MEN'S BLACK SUITS

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.)

"No dear. I've got a new frock—lovely."

"Well, look sharp and run back, and I'll come over in the dog-cart with uncle, and come straight to your dad and give him a tip that will put him in a good temper."

"You will, Syd?" cried the girl, joyfully, "And confess all?"

"Every jolly bit. Quick! Kiss! Cut."

La Sylphide, of the Orphoean, Dudley-square, London, was quick as lightning. She kissed like a wife who loved her juvenile lord, and she "cut." In other words, devoid of slang, she vaulted out of the window, stagily, as she had been taught by a ballet master, sprang onto her bicycle, and went off like the wind; but rather too late, for the door opened, and Sir Hilton hurried in, closely followed by Mark Willows bearing a large brown leather Gladstone bag.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Lisle and her nephew Sydney, home from college, are discovered at breakfast. Lady Lisle married Hir 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 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-maid enters.

The groom, Mark Willows, who is in love with Jane, follows, and tells her he has bet on La Sylphide, and means to open a public house with the winnings. Breaking in upon a lover's interview, "dapper little Sir Hilton Lisle" enters.

Dr. Jack Granton persuades the squire to put on the horse the £4,00 his wife has placed to his credit for election purposes, just as the sound of Lady Lisle's returnig carriage is heard.

Lady Tilborough, an old friend, subsequently comes in haste to see Sir Hilton. "Temptation in its most tempting form," says Sir Hilton, as she enters the room.

Dropping into a chair she bursts into tears. The jockey who was to have ridden La Sylphide has been "got at." No one but Sir Hilton is left who can ride to win. Will he, to save an old friend from ruin, don silk and enter the race? The squire yields. That is Sir Hilton's sin. As the two go out by different doors, Sydney, with fishing tackle, enters by the window.

CHAPTER IX.

Syd Plays Trumps—and Wins.

As Sir Hilton entered Syd started from the window, whistling loudly to drown the click, click, click, clack of the swing gate, shuffled his creel round to his back, and seizing the fly rod, wincing though, and bracing himself up as he saw his uncle staring after the flying figure.

"Here, you, sir," he cried; what chap's that?"

"Schoolfellow of mine, uncle."

"You fibbing young dog, how dare you tell me that lie! Why, it's a girl, and I've seen her before somewhere."

"A girl, uncle, in knickerbockers?"

"Yes, sir, a girl in knickerbockers. None of your sham innocency with me. Here, I know; it's La Sylphide."

"La what, uncle?"

"Mary Ann—old Simpkins's daughter. That Tilborough barmaid girl. Here, speak up. What does this mean? Never mind; I can't stop to talk to you now, bug—go and slip that bag into the dog-cart, Mark, and see that it's ready."

"All ready, Sir Hilton. I told Jim to be sharp, and I heard the wheels."

"That's right. But you saw, Mark. Wasn't that Miss Simpkins?"

"Didn't see her face, Sir Hilton; only her back."

"Well, never mind now, I've no time. But look here, sir, I'll have this over when I come back, and if I find that you—you shrimp of a boy—have been carrying on a flirtation with that saucy music-hall hussy, I'll wale your jacket with one of the joints of that fishing-rod. A boy like you! What's that you say?"

"No, you won't, uncle."

"What!" roared Sir Hilton.

"If you touch me I'll tell aunt of the game you're carrying on with Lady Tilborough."

Mark said afterwards to Jane that the guv'nor looked as if you could have knocked him down with a feather.

But the baronet recovered himself.

"What!" he cried. "Lady Tilborough? Because that lady happens to call here when your aunt is out, you dare to—to insinuate—you vile young viper—that—that—"

"Here, tit for tat, uncle. I'm not a baby,' said the boy. "I know. Gammon! Lady T. don't visit with aunt, and I can see your little game."

"My little game, sir!" stuttered Sir Hilton.

"Yes; you're carrying on some game with her ladyship about the races. You told aunt you'd given up all racing."

"Of course, sir!" cried Sir Hilton.

"Yes, and Dr. Jack Granton's been here to take your instructions this morning; Lady Tilborough rides over to see you on the sly as soon as auntie's out; and Marky's had orders to get the dog-cart ready and pack your traps. Why, uncle," shouted the boy, as a sudden idea glanced through his sharp young mind, "you're going to ride!"

"Hush!" shouted the guilty man, seizing the boy and clapping a hand over his mouth. "Silence, you wicked young scoundrel!"

Mark rushed out with the bag to hide the guffaw ready to burst forth.

Then there was a short struggle, and the boy got his mouth free and began to roar with laughted, as he gazed merrily in his uncle's face.

"Here's a game!" he cried. "Bowled out, nunky. Look here, I won't split. I want to go to the races, too."

"How dare you say anything about races, sir!"

"There, chuck it up, uncle. I'm a man of the world, too. Give me a lift to the race, and shut your eyes, and I'll shut mine."

"You treacherous young viper!"

"Oh no I'm not. Don't you tell about Molly Simpkins—ahem!—coming here, and I won't say a word to auntie about Lady T. and the races."

"I'll make no such bond with you, you dog!"

"Oh yes you will, uncle; and, look here, I haven't done yet. You're going to give me a fiver."

"Money to bribe you? No!" cried Sir Hilton, firmly.

"No, to put on the winning horse. I want the right tip. What is it?"

"I'll make no such infamous contracts with you sir." cried Sir Hilton, furiously, "and I'm going out on business—business of vital importance."

"Of course, uncle. I understand," said the boy, mockingly.

"And I'm not going to leave you behind to make mischief between me and your aunt. Come along; I shall take you with me in the dog-cart I have waiting."

"All right, uncle. I know."

"And as a prisoner, sir."

"That's your sort, uncle."

"You wicked young wretch! Come along quick!"

"Quick as quicksilver, uncle," cried the boy, grinning, as, evading his uncle's clutch, he thrust his hand through his elder's arm. "Here, I may as well put the pot on as it seems to be something extra good, so you'll have to make it two fivers, uncle, and two make ten."

Sir Hilton uttered a wicked word totally unfitted for the ears of youth standing in such close relationship to him, and a few minutes later the dog-cart—with uncle and nephew in front, and Mark grinning to himself as he sat behind pressing the bag so that it could not drop off—spun out of the yard gate, and off and away by the back lanes for the Tilborough-road, now pretty lively with vehicles of all sorts, all bound in the same direction.

Fate plays strange pranks!

CHAPTER X.

How Jane Listened And Told.

Just at the same time Lady Lisle's barouche was getting very close to the swing gates and the carriage drive of the Denes, with her ladyship leaning back.

"Was not that a vehicle of some kind leaving the stable yard, Thomas?" she said to the coachman.

"Yes, my lady."

"Could you see what it was?"

"Not quite, my lady, but I think it was ours, with Black Nelly in the shafts, for I heard one of the clicks she gives when she oversteps with her off hind hoof."

Lady Lisle wondered, and started the next minute when she heard another click.

But this time it was the latch of the swing gate, half-drowned by the carriage wheels on the drive leading to the front door.

Then she fell to wondering again, and alighted to enter the house.

Just as she stepped down a telegraph-boy came up on his bicycle, smiling, and ready to touch his cap as he held out to her one of the familiar-tinted envelopes, with prophetic notions about Christmas-boxes in the future.

"A message!" she said, changing color for the moment, as thoughts of the possibilities so often hidden beneath one of those official envelopes crossed her mind.

"Yes, m'lady. Any answer?"

As head of the establishment of the Denes, bought and paid for with the money which formed her dowry, she took the message as a matter of course, and opened it without glancing at the direction, dropped the envelope on to the stone steps, and the pleasant breeze whisked it in among the shrubs.

She turned pale on receiving the telegram. As she read it she turned pink on finding it was a private comunication not intended for her eyes, and then scarlet with indignation and wrath.

"Why, this is dated yesterday," she cried, angrily.

"Yes, m'lady. We had such a lot o' racing messages, my Gee couldn't get 'em all through. But we've got a special gal on, and it'll be all right now."

"No answer!" said Lady Lisle, sharply, and she hurried into the hall, and from thence into the breakfast room, to stand with temples throbbing, reading the message again:—

"All found out at last. Do pray tell her ladyship. She won't be very hard upon us if you confess everything. Not sorry, after all, for it must have been known soon. Do, do come over, and face it out with me. Pray, pray come.—La Sylphide."

"Oh-h-h-h!" moaned the poor woman, in a quivering sob; and she stood rigid for a few minutes, crushing the message in her hand, suffering agonies from the awakening for the first time in her life of the passion known as jealousy. It filled her, so to speak, and over-mastered everything. There could be no other possibility—no doubt—the demon had her in its grasp, and everything now had some bearing upon the message. All passages in her life during the past few months tended towards proving that she had been basely, cruelly deceived.

Hilton had gradually been growing colder and more indifferent; he had grown moody and thoughtful. It had struck her that he was careless about the parliamentary business, and had not seemed to be grateful when, in a mingled spirit of generosity and vanity, she, the wife to whom he had sworn fidelity, had placed four thousand pounds to his credit in the bank.

Here was the reason.

"Stop!" she cried, mentally. "I will not be rash.'

(To be continued.)

WHAT A PITY

that ambitious people through hard work invariably neglect health. It is pitiful to look into their pale, tired faces and see plainly written there the evidence of transgressed law.

The penalties of over-work are as easily seen as they are hard to bear—sleepless nights—tired mind and body—hearts that flutter and cause all sorts of uncomfortable feelings.

Happily if these symptoms have not been so long established, as to be chronic, Ferrozone will cure them.

Its mode of action is very simple, its curative power very great. It makes people eat more because it creates a wholesome feeling of hunger.

If you want strength and endurance use Ferrozone—it will give it to you. No other tonic so full of nutriment and strength making properties.

Even one box will prove its enormous worth; try Ferrozone—50c. per box.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

A PARISIAN LINGERIE CONFECTION.

A very beautiful lingerie costume recognized at the races a few days ago as the bridal gown of one of the Smart Set's Easter brides is of sheerest white French mull with Irish crochet appliques and the finest of French hand work embroidery medallions. The creation is the product of a Parisian atelier, a fact apparent in every line and seam of the gown. It is a princess model built over a carefully boned foundation of white taffeta, the skirt with its panelling of lace and embroidery simulating a princess girdle, above which the Eton-like fronts hang loose, these fronts made entirely of lace and medallions and edged with fine lace pleatings. The bottom of the skirt is a series of tucked ruffles edged with lace, broken up by the insertion of large embroidered medallions surrounded with Irish crochet. A novel touch of color shows itself in the form of a palest blue Louisine silk, folded surplice-wise across the bustline under the jacket fronts, thus describing the popular empire waistline. This same line is followed in the sleeves, small puffs of the material elaborately trimmed with Val. lace showing a touch of the blue at the elbow. The hat worn with this costume was of natural colored leghorn with high crown and abbreviated front brim, the crown banded with pale blue velvet and a bit of Persian embroidery. A little to the left of the centre front the brim was tucked up close against the crown, apparently held in place by a single pink rose at the base of a pale ostrich feather. Long loops of blue velvet ribbon covered the hair in the back and the under brim was piped with blue velvet.

SCOUTS IDEA OF TROUBLE

Admiral Yamamoto Deplores War Talk Between U. S. and Japan.

New York, July 10—"I think the friendly relations of long standing between the United States and Japan should be preserved, and the passing storm disappear in the waters of the Pacific ocean. I firmly believe that this one incident cannot be thrown in the way of the present relations between the two countries, which began at the time of my birth."

Thus spoke Baron Gombei Yamamoto, Japanese minister of marine during the Japanese-Russian war, as a greeting to the American people today, on his arrival here, with his suite, on board the Cunard steamship Carmania, from England. Admiral Yamamoto has been inspecting the gun shops and shipyards of Europe, and while here he will visit the United States navy yards and shipbuilding plants. He was met upon his arrival here by Lieut. W. H. Henderson, representing Rear-Admiral Gooderich, commander of the New York navy yard.

Admiral Yamamoto made his arrival an opportunity to deny the reports from Tokio that the leadership of the progressive party would fall upon him on his return home, and that efforts would be made to overthrow the Saionji ministry. He declined to express an opinion on the intention of the United States to send a large fleet of war vessels from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The admiral will take luncheon with President Roosevelt on Friday at Oyster Bay.

Washington, July 10—From the state department and from the Japanese embassy here came swift and conclusive denials today of the accuracy of the statement cabled from The Hague to the London Daily Telegraph and reprinted in this country to the effect that Japan has made categorical demands upon the United States government for satisfaction in connection with the treatment of Japanese in San Francisco, and has served notice of her intention to deal with the Californians herself if the national government fails to do so.

At the state department it is said that the American public is fully aware of the nature of the exchanges that have taken place on this subject: that there has been no correspondence of recent date, and that there are no negotiations in progress between the two governments. This statement is fully confirmed at the Japanese embassy, where, moreover, it is positively stated that Ambassador Aokio is not going to Japan next fall, as was reported in a Japanese newspaper.

Crocker's educated horses, twenty-six in all, will arrive today by C. P. R. direct from Ottawa, where they have just completed a week's engagement at the Russell Theatre. Professor Crocker's horses have performed before the crowned heads of Europe and in every state in the union, therefore the St. John patrons of the Opera House can rest assured they will see once of the best equine exhibitions ever shown on any stage.

Pekin, July 10—It is understood that Russia and China have arrived at an understanding regarding the customs in Northern Manchuria, and it is expected that custom houses will shortly be opened there.

I'll stop your pain free. To show you first—before you spend a penny—what my Pink Pain Tablets can do, I will mail you free, a Trial Package of them—Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Period pains, etc., are due alone to blood congestion. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets simply kill pain by coaxing away the unnatural blood pressure. That is all. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Sold by all druggists.

PUNCH BOYS DINE THE REAL JOKER

London Humorists Entertain Mark Twain at Dinner.

LONDON July 10—The staff of Punch entertained Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), at dinner last night. The guests sat down at the famous dining-room table which is carved all over with the initials of generations of the most famous British writers. A pleasing incident of the evening was the presentation to Mr. Clemens, by little girls, of the framed original of a cartoon which recently appeared in Punch in which "Punch" is offering a toast to Mr. Clemens.

St. Petersburg, July 10—As a result of the recent mutinies at Kiev, Sebastopole and Tsarskoe-Selo, court-martials are in session in these cities, trying the mutineers. At Kiev 101 men are being tried, and forty-one are on trial at Sebastopol. Great secrecy is observed regarding the proceedings.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE
DIABETES
Discontinued by use of this package. The public may rely on the genuineness of this medicine. Sold only in boxes.

COBALT STRIKE IS SUSPICIOUS

General Belief That It is Being Manipulated by Stock Jobbers.

Cobalt, Ont., July 10—Miners here say that the international union is prepared to spend $100,000, if necessary, to win, should the mine owners elect to fight. Officers of the Western Federation are now on their way to the scene of the trouble though, of course, the organizers have been at work steadily for some time back. The fight is principally for recognition of the union though the wage question figures largely also.

There is serious suspicion in some minds that the Cobalt labor trouble is in some way traceable to powerful interests and are simply part of a campaign to give the stock market more bumps, the ultimate object being the accumulation of stocks and properties while the prices are depressed.

"Guggenheim," the bete noir of Cobalt since the famous Nipissing slump, is again mentioned in this connection though no one seems able to give any definite reason for bringing the big milling concern's name into the trouble other than the fact that the Guggenheims came into possession of western goldfields through labor troubles. The strike has been out only a few days, but already the depression is beginning to be seriously felt and many miners are leaving town.

"It will take Cobalt three years to get over the damage already done," said a prominent mining man today.

WEDDINGS

Parker-Cosman.

A pretty wedding took place at the home of the bride's father on Tuesday afternoon, when Fenwick W. Parker, accountant for the Canadian Oil Company, well known as a speed skater, was united to Miss Anna May Cosman. Rev. S. Howard performed the ceremony. The bride, who was unattended, was given away by her father. Her costume was of white silk, trimmed with baby Irish lace and hat to match. After a reception, Mr. and Mrs. Parker left by the steamer Yale to spend their honeymoon in Boston, New York and other cities. The bride's going away gown was of blue shot silk, with hat to match. The happy couple received many handsome presents. Among these was a substantial check from the groom's employers. On their return, Mr. and Mrs. Parker will reside at 49 Main street

Stewart-Cougle.

In Carleton Tuesday afternoon, Miss Gussie Wade Cougle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Cougle, St. James street, was married to David Robertson Stewart, of Wallasey (Eng.) The groom is superintendent of the fittings department of the C. P. R. Atlantic steamship service, with headquarters in Montreal, and is the son of Captain William Stewart, commodore of the C. P. R. fleet. The bride is the daughter of John P. Cougle, engineer on the Atlantic division of the C. P. R. Only immediate relatives were present, and the ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents. The couple were unattended.

After the ceremony luncheon was served and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart left for Quebec, and will proceed to Montreal to reside. Rev. H. R. Reid was the officiating clergyman, and was assisted by Rev. G. F. Scovil. The groom was tendered an address and gold watch and locket and a meerschaum pipe by the employes of his department in Montreal. The bride received many handsome gifts. Miss Stewart, of Wallasey, sister of the groom, came over to be present at the wedding.

OBITUARY

Woodstock, N. B., July 10.—W. Chipman Hazen, an old respected resident of this county, died at his home at Upper Woodstock early this morning, after a month's illness. He was in his 78th year and leaves a widow, who was a Miss Coutts, an English lady, and one daughter, Annie. The funeral service will be held on Friday afternoon at St. Luke's church.

Capt. John Purdy, aged 69 years, a native of Sackvilla (N. B.), died at Chilliwack, (B. C.), early in July. For nearly thirty years he sailed vessels out of St. John and other ports. In the eighties he settled at Vancouver. Capt. Purdy is survived by his wife, three brothers and two sisters. Captain R. Purdy, of the provincial jail, New Westminster, and James Purdy, of Vancouver, are brothers, while the third brother and two sisters reside in Sackville.

The death of James Scott, aged thirty-seven, occurred at 10.30 o'clock last evening at the residence of his brother John, 82 Broad street. Mr. Scott had been ill only three days with congestion of the lungs and news of his death will come as a shock to his many friends. He was an employe of the St. John iron works, and was much respected by his fellow workmen and liked by his employers.

He was unmarried, and leaves three brothers and one sister. The brothers are: Policeman Joseph Scott and John and William, of this city. Mrs. James Peacock, of Sandy Point road, is the sister. The funeral will be held on Friday afternoon from the residence of his brother John, 82 Broad street, where he boarded.

Mrs. Charles M. Gunter, a highly respected resident of Springfield, Kings county, died in her home there last Saturday. She had been sick for six or eight months, cancer being the cause of death. Mrs. Gunter, before marriage, was Miss Eunice Smith. She was a sister of the late Captain John Smith, for many years in the service of Messrs. Scammell. She is survived by two daughters—Mrs. James McMillan, of Bocabec, Charlotte county, and Miss Annie, at home. A large number of nephews and nieces also survive.

Captain Peter McIntyre, Rev. Dr. W. E. McIntyre and Dr. J. A. McIntyre, all of the North End, and George McIntyre, of Springfield, and Charles H. McIntyre, of Boston, are nephews.

The funeral was last Monday, interment at Hatfield's Point.

St. Andrews, N. B., July 10—A young Englishman, whose name is at present unknown, was arrested here tonight on a charge of stealing a horse and rubber tired buggy from a man named Lane at Red Beach, Maine.

He was trying to sell the horse when Marshal Rigby collared him and placed him in jail. The horse had been traced as far as Calais through having a shoe off. The man says he bought the rig.

WILSON'S FLY PADS
Every packet will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky paper
— SOLD BY —
DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES
10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

Fruit Cures Constipation

"Fruit-a-tives" cure Constipation because they are Fruit Juices in Tablet form.

Constipation means a disordered liver. When the liver is weak, bile is lacking. And it is the bile—which the liver excretes—that flows into the intestines and moves the bowels.

Fruit is the great liver tonic. It invigorates the liver and causes more bile to flow into the bowels.

Purgatives, powders and purging mineral waters, never reach the liver. They irritate the bowels and FORCE them to move. They generally do harm. They NEVER do any PERMANENT good.

"Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices—in which the medicinal action is many times intensified by the wonderful change which takes place when the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes are combined.

"Fruit-a-tives" have already proved a cure to many thousands of people in Canada.

"Fruit-a-tives" are free from calomel, cascara, senna and other bowel irritants. They are *concentrated fruit juices* with valuable tonics and internal antiseptics added.

"Fruit-a-tives" move the bowels regularly and easily every day — and thus cure Constipation.

50c. a box—6 boxes for $2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.
Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa. 108

Fruit-a-tives
OR (FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.)

SUPPORTS THE TREASURY BOARD

Common Council Yesterday Decides Against Increased Grant to New School.

The common council, at a meeting yesterday, by a vote of 15 to 1, upheld the decision of the treasury board that it would be inadvisable to agree to the request of the school trustees for the erection of a $60,000 school building on the Weldon lot. The general committee which subsequently met for the ostensible purpose of considering the gas investigation report was apparently intent on anything but business. The members talked in lighter vein on a variety of subjects—such as Union street, granite paving, an application from Chief Clark to attend a meeting in Montreal, and never reached the discussion on the gas investigation.

The chairman was requested to call a special meeting of the board of works at an early date, at which D. C. Clark will be asked when his wharf contract will be completed. The mayor occupied the chair and with the exception of Ald. Vanwart the full council was present, with the common clerk.

KING AND QUEEN VISITS IRELAND

Dublin, July 10—The first day of the visit to Ireland of King Edward and Queen Alexandra was a great success. The weather was fine and the city gave the sovereign a royal welcome. Both wore the national color of Ireland, the king a green necktie and the queen a moss green and mauve toque.

His majesty delivered brief speeches at the various functions of the day. He expressed his grateful thanks of the warm reception accorded himself and the queen, and congratulated the country upon the progress and prosperity indicated by what he had seen. His stay would be much shorter than he would wish, but he intended to make the most of it, the prosperity of the country and the happiness and contentment of the people being objects very near to the hearts of both himself and the queen.

Their majesties arrived here from Kingston this afternoon. After visiting the exhibition they passed in procession through the streets of Dublin to the vice-regal lodge, and everywhere dense crowds of people accorded them a hearty reception.

Yesterday afternoon as the steamer Aberdeen was coming down the river, her stern wheel struck a floating log, breaking off two of the paddle floats. The boat was consequently half an hour late reaching Indiantown.

Mrs. Christian A. Robertson returned from New York on Saturday and has taken up residence at 7 St. James street.

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."

RATES ARE NEVER CUT. One price to all. Telephone main 705 for The Advertising Dept.

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