

Special Announcement

85 New, Fresh, Perfect Tailored Suits

Will Be Sold Today at \$7.98

Guaranteed Value up to \$10

This lot comprises all Suits made up last month, but, according to our custom, we carry NO SUITS IN STOCK over one month, so

Regardless of Cost These Goods Must Go Today

Union Clothing Company,

26-28 Charlotte Street
Old Y. M. C. A. Building. ALEX. CORBET, Mgr

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.)

The racing and the gambling into which he had been led by dissolute companions. But enough of this, my dear, I find I am being unconsciously led into details of a very unwholesome nature. Your uncle is now completely weaned from his old pursuits and happy as a model country gentleman.

"The dear boy" winked solemnly at the bronze bust of a great Parliamentary leader on the chimney-piece, and the lady continued:

"In a few days he will address his constituents at the head of the poll as member for Desborough." "What price Watcombe?" said the "dear boy," sharply.

"I do not understand your metaphor, Sydney, my child," said the lady, coldly.

"I mean, suppose Watcombe romps in at the race."

"Excellent, my dear boy, pray do not use that word. If you mean suppose his adversary should be at the head, pray dismiss the thought. Your dear uncle must win and take his seat in the House. Some day I shall see his nephew, my dear child, following his example. Think of this, Sydney, and learn to feel proud of descending from one of the manufacturing commercial princes of the Midlands, whose clever ingenuity resulted in the invention of a complicated instrument—"

"Improved devil," said the "dear boy" to himself.

"For tearing up old and waste woolen fragments into fibres and second-hand rags," said Sydney, slyly.

"The former being worked up again into cloth."

"Shoddy," muttered Sydney.

"And the latter utilised for fertilising the earth and making it return a hundred-fold."

"Gammion," said Syd.

"The whole resulting in a colossal fortune."

"Which the old hunk sticks to like wax," said Syd to himself.

"And of which you ought to be very proud, my dear."

"Oh, I am, auntie. But I say, how was it he and she went off to America?"

"Pray do not revive old troubles, my dear. My brother never agreed with your grandfather. I grieve to say he was very wild, and given to homing. Then he grievously offended your grandfather in the marriage he made clandestinely. Let me tell you, my dear boy, Papa behaved handsomely to John, and gave him ample funds to start a fresh career at the Antipodes, leaving you to my care—to be my own darling boy—to make you a true English gentleman; and I feel that I have done my duty by you."

"Oh, auntie, you are good," said the "dear boy." "I'm sure I try to do what you wish."

"Always, my darling, with a few exceptions. I have found that out."

"What, auntie?" said the "dear boy," changing colour.

"That my darling is a little disposed to be vulgar sometimes."

"Hah!" said the lady, with a look of relief.

"But he is going to be as good as gold, and grow into a noble gentleman of whom his country will be proud. There, now we understand each other. Mr. Trimmer is late this morning."

Cruel Backaches

The Trouble Usually Due to Poor Blood—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Cure.

There is a common notion that backache is a sign of kidney disease, but this is absolutely wrong. Not one backache in a thousand has anything to do with the kidneys. Hundreds of people die of kidney disease who never had a backache—and hundreds who suffer continually from backache have nothing wrong with their kidneys. By far the most common cause of backache is muscular rheumatism. Nearly all the rest of the backaches are due to weakness and poor, watery blood, or in the case of growing girls and women, to those secret ailments that make the lives of so many of that sex miserable. Don't let a backache frighten you into the belief that you have kidney trouble. What is really needed to cure the average backache is a tonic, blood-building medicine, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood-making medicine medical science has yet discovered. Every dose actually makes new, rich red blood, thus curing such common ailments as anemia, headache, backache, heart palpitation, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Mrs. W. Geo. Strathcona, Alta., says:—"I was a great sufferer from anaemia, I was completely run down and was tortured with headaches and backaches and dizzy spells. I doctored for a long time but was no better than when I began. Then I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they completely restored my health."

Get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Housatonic, Ont.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



A CREPE BORDERED NET VEIL FOR THE SUMMER.

The heavy nun's veiling and the crepe veils of the winter are now replaced by those of fine net. These net veils may be 2 yards or five yards in length, as one chooses, but the smartest are from 1 1/2 to 2 yards long and a half yard wide. The edge is finished with an inch band of crepe, two very narrow nigger's folds of the same material making the border, in all about 3 inches wide. Small hats are the correct readjuster for mourning, and around these are draped the net veils, which is drawn easily over the face and

the polished kerb and screwed up his mouth, listening with all his might.

"Yes, my lady, it is very sad. But I'm afraid that several of the better-looking girls in the neighborhood have had their heads turned by the great success which has attended a Miss Mary Ann Simpkins in London."

"Crash!"

"Good gracious me!" cried Lady Lisle, starting up at the noise.

"It's nothing, auntie," cried Syd, excitedly. "Foot slipped on the fender—nothing broken."

The boy turned with his face flushed and his voice sounded husky.

"But that vase you knocked over, my dear?"

"It was trying to save myself, auntie. It isn't even cracked."

"But you've hurt yourself, my child?"

"Oh, no, auntie, not a bit," said the boy, with a forced laugh.

"All right, auntie," said the boy, and he stooped down to begin rearranging the pieces and shovels, which he had kicked off the fire dog to clatter on the encaustic tiles.

CHAPTER II.

A Most Trustworthy Person.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Trimmer," said Lady Lisle. "Don't go, Sydney, my dear. It is as well that you should be present. You cannot do better than begin to learn the duties of a person of position—the connection between the owner of property and his, or her dependents."

"All right, auntie," said Syd, returning with a quick nod and a keen look, the obsequious bow of the gaunt-looking man in white cravat and pepper-and-salt garb.

"Sit down, Mr. Trimmer."

"Thank you, my lady."

The steward drew a chair to the table, and placed a particularly neat bag before him, which he proceeded to open, and brought out a packet of papers neatly pocketed and tied up with green silk ferris in quite legal fashion.

"What are those, Mr. Trimmer?" said the lady, assuming a gold-framed pince-nez.

"The reports upon the parliamentary canvass, my lady. Ditto those in connection with the village charities and your donations in town. If your ladyship will glance over them I think you will find them perfectly correct."

"Of course, Mr. Trimmer. I will read the latter over at my leisure."

At that moment the merry notes of a well-blown posthorn were heard, and Lady Lisle started, while Syd ran to the window.

"What is that?"

"It fancy it comes from a coach, my lady, passing the lodge gates."

"Yes, auntie. Drag going over to Tibborough?" cried the boy, screwing his head on one side so as to follow the handsome four-in-hand with its well-driven team.

"Tut-tut!" ejaculated Lady Lisle. "These degrading meetings! Come away, Sydney, my dear."

"Yes, auntie," said the boy; and as he was not observed, he leant forward, pressed his hand over the other as if taking a shorter hold of double reins, gave his right hand a twist to unwind an imaginary whip-lash, followed by a wavy something like the throwing of a fly with a rod, and then smiled to himself as he tickled up an imaginary off-leader, ending by holding himself up rigidly.

"That's the way to tool 'em along," he said to himself.

"Is there any fresh news in the village, Mr. Trimmer?"

"No, my lady, nothing particular, except—a little report about Daniel Smart's daughter."

"Mama, Mr. Trimmer. She has not returned?"

"No, my lady."

"Surely she has settled down in her new place?"

The steward coughed, a little hesitating cough.

"Nothing."

Lady Lisle stopped, and glanced at Sydney who turned away and became very much interested in one of the pictures, but with his ears twitching the while.

"Oh, no, my lady," said the steward, quickly, "only I fear your ladyship has been imposed upon."

Syd moved to the mantelpiece and began to examine the mechanism of a magnificent skeleton clock.

"Imposed upon? But the girl has gone to the situation in town?"

"Ahem! No, my lady; the report I hear is that she has gone to fulfil an engagement with some dramatic agent who trains young people for—"

"The theatre?"

"No, my lady; for the music-halls."

"Oh!" ejaculated Lady Lisle. "Dreadful—dreadful!"

Syd's face was a study in the mirror behind the clock, a she placed one foot on

BACKACHE

is a Sign Your Kidneys Are Diseased. This will Develop into Bladder Trouble, Rheumatism, Diabetes or Bright's Disease, Which Will Prove Fatal if Not Attended to at Once.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

is the only positive cure for all forms of Kidney trouble.

A TRIAL BOTTLE OF THIS GREAT KIDNEY CURE WILL BE SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE TO EVERY READER OF THE ST. JOHN EVENING TIMES WHO SUFFERS FROM KIDNEY, LIVER, BLADDER OR BLOOD DISEASE.

The kidneys are the organs that remove the poisonous material from the blood. If they become inflamed, congested or otherwise weakened in their action the poison remains under the eyes and the whole system becomes filled with uric acid.

The general symptoms are backache, loss of appetite, decrease in weight, puffiness around the eyes and in the ankles, sallow complexion, torpid liver, too frequent flow of urine, sediment in the urine, if any of all these symptoms are present you should at once commence taking Warner's Safe Cure.

Mr. Weston, of Sioux City, Iowa, recently wrote:

"I have been suffering with backache a plasterer by trade, and my backache got so bad I could not work. I purchased from my druggist a bottle of Warner's Safe Cure, and after using half of it my backache was entirely gone. I have used a great many preparations, but found nothing else that did me as much good as Warner's Safe Cure."

WARNER'S SAFE CURE is put up in three sizes and is sold by all druggists, or direct at \$1.00 a BOTTLE. Refuse substitutes which contain harmful drugs and injure the system.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE. To convince every sufferer from disease of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood that Warner's Safe Cure will cure, a trial bottle will be sent absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, postpaid, to any one who will write WARNER'S SAFE CURE CO., Atlantic and Pacific Avenues, Toronto, Ont., and mention having seen this liberal offer in the St. John Evening Times. The genuineness of this offer is fully guaranteed.

"GHOST" WITH AN APPETITE

Chinese School Teacher is Buried Alive—Coffin Accidentally Broken Open by a Horse Ten Days After Burial, and "Resurrected" Man Proceeds to Eat Ravenously.

(Toronto Globe.)

A "ghost" that eats has thrown the towns of the Siangfu district of China into a commotion. The facts as related in the North China Herald are remarkable. On March 27 the thirty-year-old son of Tsung, a school teacher, was thought to have died of typhus fever. His family being very poor, the body was placed in a frail wooden coffin and buried only a few inches under the soil outside the western gate of the town of Siangyang.

On April 6 a man put a horse to graze on the spot. The beast found good grass near the grave, and brought his foot down on the soil above the coffin, the lid of which was broken. In a little while the owner of the horse saw a gaunt white arm thrust up through the hole made by the horse's hoof.

Thinking that the dead man's "ghost" was about to rise to avenge the insult offered in the breaking of the coffin, the watcher hurried up and began shovelling earth into the hole to keep the "ghost" down. A muffled voice expostulated and begged to be freed, claiming to be the living son of Tsung. The watcher fled in terror to the town, where he told every one he met of what had happened. The "ghost's" father urged that the "ghost" should be left alone and not further disturbed.

A large crowd, however, went out of the city to view the wonder. The "ghost" kept begging piteously to be let out. One man had courage enough to unearth the cover of the coffin completely, and open it, allowing the "resurrected" man to sit up. Rice soup and wine were brought and ravenously devoured by the "ghost" still sitting upright in his coffin, embedded in the earth.

Finally the unhappy "ghost" was released and confined in a temple until he could prove himself to be a living man.

That WEARY FEELING

is a sure sign of stomach trouble. If your blood is carrying poisons drawn from your undigested food your system is clogged—stomach, liver and bowels. That is why you feel tired; even your sleep fast; refresh you. Mother Seigel's Syrup assists the stomach, liver and bowels. Begin today and take it after every meal. It will cure you.

MEANS INDIGESTION

"I had suffered for years and could not sleep at night and felt as tired when I got up as before I went to bed. I went to hospital, and also tried many remedies. At last I took Mother Seigel's Syrup and obtained miraculous results, and am now an entirely different man. Your medicine has cured me and I am grateful."

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP IS THE SURE CURE.

Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold everywhere. A. J. WHITE & Co., Montreal.

RUSSIA ISSUES BIG LOAN

ST. PETERSBURG, June 28—An Imperial ukase issued last night directed M. Kokovoff, the finance minister, to issue \$25,000,000 in four per cent rentes, for purposes set forth in the budget, including famine relief.

The council of ministers has invested the commandments of all the imperial palaces with exceptional powers.

MUTILATED THE CORPSE

Story of an Atrocious Crime Comes From China.

VANCOUVER, B. C. June 28—News of one of the most atrocious crimes ever heard of was brought to this city by passenger of the steamer Montague. It appears that a family living near the hsiang yamen, in Siangyang, China, recently died, leaving behind a wife for one of the sons. The wife was a girl of sixteen years of age. Shortly after her coming the father-in-law took sick, and the ignorant and superstitious mother at once put the blame on the little daughter-in-law, claiming that some mistake had been made in the eight characters, and that she, therefore, not being the one psychologically fit to marry the poor body had been brought bad luck and evil influences, which had caused the death of the old man.

The old woman pronounced the death penalty, and proceeded to execute it. She poured boiling oil over the poor girl, drove five big nails into her brain and two through her neck.

The mother-in-law was assisted in the cruel deed by a couple from the flesh portions of the body, but after this was done they locked the corpse to wrap the water carrier had brought. They made him do it, thereby letting him see how he would be punished if he did not do as they wished.

He called three others, and together they carried the corpse out at the south gate. The old woman had given the men some cash, but, having completed their job, they returned for more. She refused their demands, and threatened to send them to the yamen to be whipped, her son, the husband of the murdered girl, being employed in the hsiang yamen. This enraged the men, who started a row in which they made free use of their knowledge of the crime. The crowd which gathered heard it, and it spread like wildfire.

The story reached the ears of every official and citizen, and the hsiang was compelled to make an investigation. He tried the matter by making the water carrier bring the story he had given out. For this reason he had the gallows cage brought into court, and, pointing to it, told the man that he would be hung there if on examination of the body his story was proved to be false. Moreover, the official wrote out and sealed the death warrant. The water carrier did not deviate a hair's breadth from the story. He said: "Hang me if you like, but I will not take back one word."

So the hsiang had to make a trip to the south gate. The body was exhumed and the terrible story confirmed in every detail. Public feeling is running very high, and at the time the Montague sailed demands were being made for an exemplary execution.

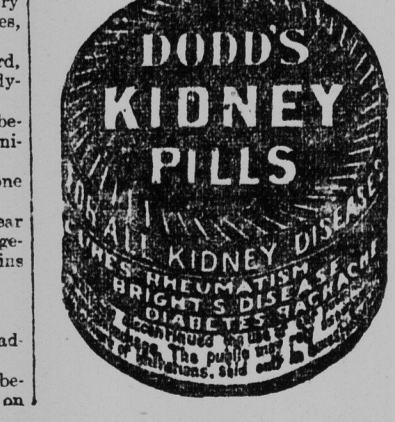
Looked Like Intended Suicide

The citizen who was seen brandishing a razor looking razor, says it wasn't suicide, but came that he was thinking about. Needless to say his wife bought him Putnam's Corn Extractor and hid the razor very wise, because Putnam's cures in twenty-four hours. Try it.

MARK TWAIN WAS PLEASED

OXFORD, Eng., June 28—Mark Twain yesterday was an interested spectator at the opening of the elaborate pageant illustrative events in the history of Oxford and the university, which occupied seven months in preparation, and fact performers engaged. The spectacle was favored by fine weather and most effective of the kind ever held.

Chancellor Curzon, with the members of the university, in a grand parade, including Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling, to the pagant ground. Mark Twain said afterwards: "It was beyond anything I had imagined. I never meant to journey over any sea again except at my own funeral but I would cross the Atlantic twice to see it."



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