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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.)

CHAPTER VI.

The Lady in the Case.

"Blue Books! Blue Books! Confound the Blue Books!" cried Sir Hilton, as he marched up and down the breakfast-room long after he had heard the wheels of the departing victoria and the tramp of the handsome pair of horses die out. "Who's to study Blue Books? Who's to practise speeches with the weight of four thousand pounds on his mind?

"Speeches!" he cried, angrily, after a few minutes, and he waved his hands wildly. "I want no practise, after making such a speech as I did to Jack Granton. I must have been mad. I can't go to the course without being found out, and if I could it's too late—too late—too late!

"But is it?" he said, after a few minutes' restless walk like that of the lone wolf up and down its cage at the Zoo.

"Oh, yes," he groaned; "Jack was always like lightning at planking down. He'd ride straight away and get every penny on. There, I'm getting in a regular fever. Out of training. I never used to worry when I stood to lose five times as much, and I won't worry now. I won't think I stand to lose four thou, but only that I stand to win forty, as I must, for with Josh Rowle up, the Sylphide must win in a canter. There's nothing been foaled yet that can touch her in these little races. There, Laura's out, and I'll have a cigar and calm down. Forty thou! She'll never know—at least, I hope not, and it will make me independent for a bit. But I won't be tempted again. It would be tempting fortune; but with that extra in the bank I can stand my ground a little. Laura's a dear good woman, but too strait-laced. There's too much of this parish twaddle and charity mongering. She's quite insane upon such matters, and with the independence that money will give me I can afford to stand my ground a bit better. She talks about weaning me, and I've given up the hunting and the racecourse to humour her, so now she must drop some of her fads to favor me. We shall be a deal happier then."

He dropped into a chair, feeling easier in his mind, and went on musing.

"Yes," he said, "there's a lot a fellow ought to do, and the first thing after settling day I mean to attack this stewardship business. I'm about sick of that long, lean, lizardly humbug Trimmer. Hang his white choker and sanctified ways! He's a wolf in sheep's clothing, I'll swear I saw him leering at our pretty Jane, but if I told Laura she'd take his part. Ha, ha, ha! Capital!" he said, half-aloud, as he indulged in a hearty fit of chuckling. "What a splendid idea. I can't quite see my way, but Mark's dead on the little lassie, and if I'm right, and the lad can be enlightened, my word, I should like to see the fun! Judging by the way Mark can handle his fives, and the fire such a notion would give him, I shouldn't like to be in Master Trimmer's shoes, to wear the phiz he would have when the lad had done with him. Yes, that would settle Master Trimmer, if, of course, I am right, and he is the confounded mawworm I believe him to be.

"Well, that would be an improvement. Then there's Master Syd. That young dog's gammoning his aunt shamefully, I'm sure. But it's all her own fault. She treats him as if he were a child instead of a lad of eighteen, and it isn't natural for a boy to be dragged into these parish meetings, and to be set to read reports of this society and that society, and checked in his desire for a bit of honest manly sport. Why, if that boy could have had his way he'd have been at the races today. Going fishing, I suppose. Well, that's not so bad, but I almost wonder he's allowed to do that.

"Hang it all!" he muttered, springing up and going to the window, where he looked out, and carefully cut and lit a cigar, to begin smoking, so that the fumes should pass out into the air, "how that money does keep buzzing in my head. My pulses are going like fun. Ah! there, I won't think about it. La Sylphide is safe to pull it off for us. Do Granton good, too. Make him more independent over his suit with the widow. Hah! There's nothing like a good cigar to pull a man round. I'm better already; but it's miserable work, this having to steal a smoke in one's own house. I feel quite a coward over it, or like a boy learning. Like Syd did when I caught him having a weed in the stables. One of mine, too! He confessed helping himself to one out of that box in the study cupboard.

"Well, I wasn't very hard on him. Boys will be boys, and they pay pretty dearly for their first smoke.

"Yes, I feel ever so much calmer now. My word! How I should have liked to have the dog-cart out and drive Laury tandem to the raccecourse! She wouldn't have enjoyed it? Well, the boy, then, to see the Sylph win, and dropped in afterwards at the Arms. Had a chat with old Sam's pretty little lassie. Good idea that of his to name the little thing after the mare. How proud he is of her, and how proud he was, too, of the mare. Well, no wonder; it was a splendid bit of training. But hang him for an old fox! As big an old scoundrel as ever had a horse pulled in a race. Shocking old ruffian! Wonder what he's doing on the cup race; on heavily with La Sylphide, of course, and no wonder, for she is sure to win."

As he said these words Sir Hilton was sitting on the window-sill sending out his smoke in good, steady, regular puffs, perfectly unconscious of all sounds without and of everything but his own thoughts, till the door was opened suddenly, with strange effect.

For Sir Hilton Lisle, Bart., as his name was signed, made a sudden bound off the window-sill, sending his cigar flying, while the guilty blood flushed his face, as he felt that his wife had returned, and he had been caught smoking indoors.

But he turned pale with anger the next moment as he stood facing the little maid Jane, who was fighting hard to hide a smile which would shew, while her bright eyes twinkled with delight, as she said, quickly: "Lady Tilborough, sir."

And the next moment the widow of the late nobleman of that name, a round-faced retrousse-nosed, red-lipped, grey-eyed little woman of exquisite complexion, and looking delightfully enticing in her tall hat and perfectly fitting riding habit, which she held up with a pair of prettily gauntleted hands, hurried into the room.

"There, go away, little girl," she cried, giving Jane a playful tap with her whip, "and tell your Mark to give my pony's mouth a wash out. No corn, mind."

"Yes, my lady," cried Jane, beaming upon the natty little body, and taking in her dress with one glance.

"Here I am, Hilt, dear boy," cried the visitor, as the door closed. "Caught you all alone, for I passed your wife, and she cut me dead. Here I am!"

"Yes, I see you are," groaned Sir Hilton; and then to himself: "Temptation once again, and in its most tempting form."

CHAPTER VII.

A Diabolical Business.

If the old writers were right, so was Sir Hilton Lisle, as he drew a chair forward and placed it ready for his attractive visitor, who gave the long folds of her well-fitting riding habit a sweep, and then dropped with an elastic plump into the seat.

"Oh, Hilt, dear boy! Oh, Hilt!" she cried, bursting into tears.

"My dear Lady Tilborough!" he cried, catching her hands in his, as she dabbed her whip downed on the table with a smart blow; "what is the matter?"

"Don't, don't don't!" she cried, passionately. "Don't?" said Sir Hilton. "What have I done?"

"Called me Lady Tilborough in that cold formal way, just as if you were going to refuse before I asked; and us such very, very old friends!"

"Well, Hetty, then. My dear old girl, what is the matter?"

"Ah, that's better, Hilt," said the lady, with a sigh of relief. "We are such old friends, aren't we, even if you have married that dreadfully severe wife who looks upon me as an awfully wicked woman."

"Which you are not, Hetty," said Sir Hilton, warmly.

"Thank ye, Hilt dear. That does me good," she said, drawing away her hands and beginning to wipe her eyes. "I always felt that I could trust to you if I had a spill. Tilborough always used to say, 'If you're in any trouble, go dear to dear old Hilt, unless it's money matters; and in them don't trust him, for he's a regular baby.'"

"Did Lord Tilborough say that?" cried Sir Hilton, frowning.

"Yes, old fellow," sighed the lady; "and it's quite true. There don't look black. Hilty, dear old man. You know you ruined yourself, and so you would anyone else who trusted you with money."

"Lady Tilborough!" cried Sir Hilton, indignantly.

"Stop that, dear boy. No stilts. Be honest. You know it's true. Here, sit down and listen. I want your help."

"Hadn't you better go to some other friend?" said Sir Hilton, sinking back in a chair at some distance, crossing his legs, and kicking the uppermost one up and down angrily. "Dr. Granton for instance."

"You leave Jack Granton out of the case, stupid. He wants to marry me, though he has never said so. He's a thoroughly good fellow; but, of course. I couldn't go to him, even if he could help me, and he can't."

"How can I, Lady Tilborough?"

"Hetty!" said the lady, sternly.

"Well, Hetty then."

"That's better, Hilt, old man. Here I'll tell you directly. Look at me."

She paused to fight down a passion of hysterical laughter.

"My dear little woman!" said Sir Hilton, springing up.

"Keep away!" Don't touch me!" cried his visitor.

"Have a glass of wine—some brandy?"

"No, no; no. no! I shall be better directly. There, did you ever see such a silly woman? That's got the better of it. If I hadn't let myself go then I believe I should have had a fit."

(To be continued.)

HE IS CORRECT

Dr. Hamilton Proves That Piles Are Caused by Constipation and Strong Cathartics.

Knowing the frequency with which people suffer from this ailment, Dr. Hamilton made an exhaustive study into the cause of piles.

He found that the lower part of the bowels is like a network of blood-vessels, and if subjected to persistent pressure, a section will bulge out and form what is commonly known as piles.

The only effective mode of curing this trouble is the regular use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which can be taken before retiring. Next day will bring wonderful relief.

"I suffered up to about the limit of human endurance with piles," whites Miss Lueders, from Cornwall, Ont., "I was employed in a factory here, but for a while had to give up work till I got better of this trouble. I read in the Montreal Herald about Dr. Hamilton's Pills. and after using them for two weeks was cured. I can recommend these pills very highly; there are none better. They at once relieve and prevent a constipated condition of the bowels, and from my experience can be depended upon as a perfect safeguard against piles. Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, I am sure, would be a benefit to every girl or woman."

Take Dr. Hamilton's Pills and your system will be regenerated, revitalized, and made proof against disease.

Good for men, excellent for women, and most effective for children. All ages and both sexes find Dr. Hamilton's Pills a marvelous medicine. Although active, they do not gripe or cause inconvenience, still they cleanse and purify the system, thereby maintaining a high standard of health. Sold by all dealers, 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00, or by mail, from N. C. Polson and Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

LINGERIE FROCK IN BABY BLUE NET.

While we on this side of the water are wearing lingerie frocks of finest batiste, lawn and mull, elaborated with fine laces and embroidery. Paris is showing the new lingerie models in a fine, soft net. One of these recently imported to these shores is shown in the picture. It is a very fine baby blue net mounted over a soft chiffon silk in the same delicate tone. The dress is a baby princess, the skirt and waist joined by the girdle made of lace insertions. Being a French model, the skirt is quite long, even in the front, and from the knee down is elaborately trimmed with insets of all-over lace outlined with insertions in the form of medallions. These rows of medallions are set between clusters of tucks. The skirt is pleated into the waist, and the blouse with its lace inserted cape-like sleeve is eased gracefully into the top of the lace girdle supported with fine featherbones, as is also the high lace collar. The under sleeves, reaching over the elbow are made of numerous rows of narrow Val. on a foundation of plain white net. The hat is the fashionable sundown shape in white chip with trimmings of pink roses and black velvet. Long black gloves add a Frenchy touch to this dainty costume.

A WRINKLE FOR CAKE MAKERS.

If you are your own cake baker—and surely you are—you perhaps have noted the difference there is in flour.

There are two principal constituents in flour—starch and gluten. All wheats contain both, but in varying quantities. Ontario fall wheat is rich in starch, while Manitoba spring wheat contains a large percentage of gluten. By combining the two kinds of wheat scientifically a flour is made that gives delightful results, whether for cake, pastry or bread.

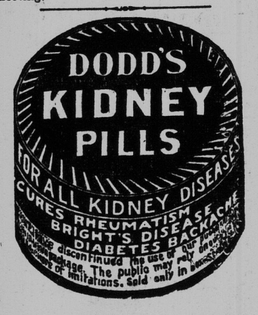
Millers are now blending these two kinds of wheat in such a way that the rich delicacy of the first is combined with the strength of the second—making an ideal flour.

Expert cooks have given Blended Flours exhaustive tests, and they are one in the opinion that no other flour can make such white, light, wholesome cake, pastry and bread.

Housekeepers will find Blended Flours without equal, both for making dainty foods and substantial baking, and they will find Blended Flours most economical, too. 24

Carmarthen street Methodist church held their annual picnic at Lepreaux on Saturday. About 250 were present. An interesting event was a base ball match between the Carmarthen street boys and the Lepreaux Nationals. The Nationals carried off the honors, winning, 8 to 0. The feature of the game was the heavy hitting of the Nationals. Capt. Murphy, of the All-Stars, of Carleton, covered first base for the Nationals.

A meeting of the N. B. Temperance Federation will be held in W. C. T. U. parlors, Germain street, this afternoon at 2.30. The hour set for the banquet to Rev. Thomas Marshall, the retiring president, at White's in the evening, is 8 o'clock. There will be some forty representatives from outside points at the meeting.



BODIES REACHED HERE SATURDAY

Story of the Drowning Accident on St. Croix Lake.

The bodies of Harry Logan and Thomas Hilland, the two St. John men who were drowned in Maine on July 4, were brought home Saturday. Daniel Harrison, Logan's uncle, and Hilland's brother accompanied the bodies.

Mr. Harrison told the story of the drowning which appears to have been a remarkable one. Six employes of the Fish River Lumber Company, among whom were Logan, Hilland and Gough, the Fredericton man who was drowned, launched a new sail-boat on St. Croix Lake during Thursday afternoon. The sail was up and the wind was blowing pretty strong, but the men feared no danger at first. When some time had been spent on the water, it was found the boat was leaking and the occupants soon had to sit up on the gunwhales.

Four—three of them the ones who were drowned—were on one side, and two on the other. There being no ballast in the boat, when a squall came the boat tipped over and all six went into the lake.

The two who had been sitting on the light side of the boat came up all right and one of the other four escaped, but Logan and Hilland never came above the water, the survivors say. Gough's hand was seen just breaking through the water, and it is thought that all three became entangled in the sail and were unable to free themselves. This was the decision reached at the inquest held, and is the belief of Mr. Harrison, as Logan especially was a powerful swimmer.

The bodies were found fifteen minutes after the accident occurred, in twenty-five feet of water, but all signs of life had disappeared.

The funeral of Mr. Logan was held from his late residence, 115 Hilyard street, to St. Peter's church yesterday afternoon. The attendance was large and expressed well the sympathy of the friends of the young man's relatives. Mr. Hilland's funeral was held from his sister's residence in Sheriff street, to St. Peter's church, and the young men who had worked together a short time, and met death together, were laid side by side in the Catholic cemetery.

ANOTHER LINK IN CANAL SYSTEM

Big Liftlock of Trent Valley Waterway Opened Saturday

Ottawa, July 7—At Kirkfield, Ontario, on Saturday, the big liftlock on the Trent Valley canal was officially opened. By the completion of this work a waterway will connect the towns of Orillia and Barry with Lindsay, Peterboro and other points, making a 1,000 mile route for steamers through a populous part of the province. Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, was the principal speaker and M. J. Butler represented the railways and canals department.

Mr. Lemieux after reviewing the history of canal building on this and the European continent, said that the St. Lawrence system gave a stretch of navigation of 1,225 miles from Montreal to the head of Lake Superior. Besides this great waterway there were the Ottawa, the Rideau and the Richelieu. The Trent canal when completed would give a waterway of 200 miles, furnishing a second great channel for the trade of the west.

Mr. Lemieux predicted the completion of the canal at an early date. He spoke of the abolition of tolls on all the canals by the present government, and said that the produce of the great Canadian west would pour down in ever increasing volume through these waterways to the ocean and the motherland, while in return Ontario and Quebec would send westward their manufactures to an expanding and profitable market.

The Georgian Bay Canal was coming nearer and nearer. Canada was reaching a position when it would be prepared to undertake even that gigantic work, and those who are now middle aged men may live to see the day when the steamers of Liverpool will take their cargoes straight from Port Arthur to Liverpool and Glasgow. Every new avenue of transportation would be needed for the west. Canada's supremacy on the great lakes was as the very life blood to her, and was an ambition worthy of the country's best energies. The development of the canal system would help to counterbalance the increased cost of living.

"Such incidents as they were celebrating," said Mr. Lemieux, "was the making of Canada. Is it not better that we should be bending our energies and using our resources for such purposes than exhausting ourselves in the vain pomp of the militarism that presses so mercilessly on the people of Europe? Yet we hear now and then, far away echoes of that militarism in our land, and dim shadows of the armed camps that control the destinies of older nations. Let's have none of it in Canada but continue the practice of the arts of peace. Let conciliation be the watchword of the 20th century."

In concluding Mr. Lemieux said that the best imperialism was attained in the promotion of such works as they were then engaged upon.

Lieut. Col. George Guy, of the pay branch department of the militia and defence died yesterday after an illness of about a year. He had been connected since 1864 with the militia. He belonged to the civil service since 1889 and in 1904 was appointed chief paymaster at Halifax. Owing to failing health he was forced to retire from these duties about a year ago.

The German Development Company, of Montreal and Ottawa, which is financed by prominent men of Berlin, Germany, have sent out an exploring party into the Rocky Mountains, headed by the well known geologist Dr. Dowling. Reports have just come that big coal fields have been discovered by that party not far from the Yellow Head Pass, where the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern are planning to cross the mountains.

HINTS ON THE CARE OF PIGEONS

In the matter of pigeon culture many boys and girls over-do caring for them. Pigeons, to do well, should not be handled much. If you have but a few pairs they may be housed in the warm barn loft or provided with a coop such as is built for poultry. But their house should be warm in winter and secure from draughts, for pigeons are very susceptible to cold.

Those little toy pigeon structures that are perched on the tops of tall poles or on the sharp roofs of barns and outhouses are never satisfactory. In the first place they are too diminutive for the breeding of the birds and in the second place it is impossible to keep them clean, not speaking of the risk to the feathered occupants during the severe cold weather. So bear in mind that your pigeons must have large, well-ventilated, scrupulously clean houses. Provide tobacco stalks—if possible—for them to build their nests from. Hay or straw fosters lice.

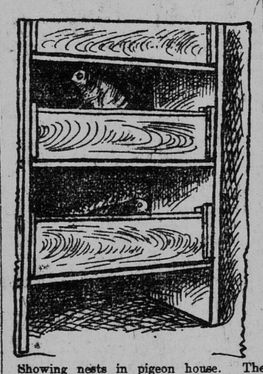
Pigeons must have plenty of flying room. If they are to be kept in a city or town where flying about as free as the air is not permissible there must be a flying pen erected for them. This pen may be built on the plan of a miniature tennis court, being roofed with close wire netting the same as the sides. About the sides of the pen place a six-inch board, about four feet from the ground, for the pigeons to roost on and sun themselves. Also have several shallow vessels of water about the pen that the fowls may drink and bathe at will. These vessels should be filled twice a day with pure fresh water. Never allow the vessels to become dirty. Feed boxes save the food and should be used always. A famous pigeon raiser gives the following dietary for pigeons:

"The best grains and the proper proportions to feed are—

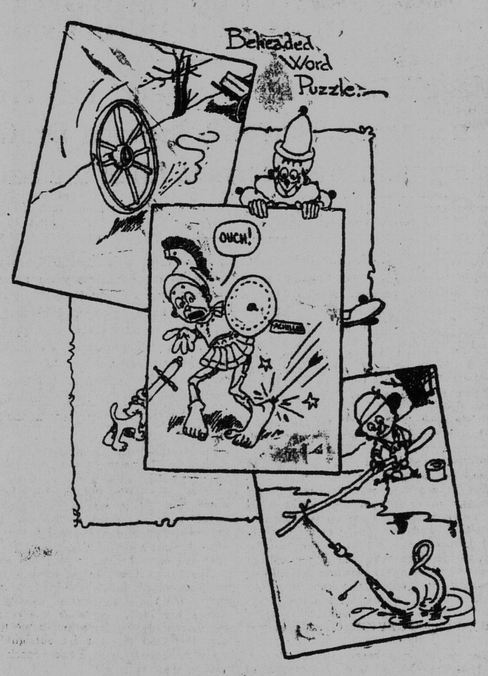
"Wheat, four parts; sifted cracked corn, two parts; kaffir corn, two parts; Canada peas, two parts; bird millet, one part, (every second day. Fine charcoal, two parts, (once a week)."

Once or twice a week throw a handful or two of hempseed to the pigeons at noon. All other feeding should occur regularly at seven o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon. The quantity of food per pigeon cannot be given. You must watch their eating and be governed that way. There should always be food enough placed in the feed-boxes to supply the meal and leave some for eating later in the day.

Plenty of fine gravel and crushed oyster shells should be sprinkled everywhere about the flying pens and inside the feed-boxes as well. During the summer months some green food may be given to the pigeons, such as pepper grass, letuce leaves and perhaps some cabbage leaves. Also a bag—cloth sack—of salt should be placed inside a little wooden frame in the yard for the birds to pick. If the salt sack were open they might get too much salt at times for their own good, so it is better to let them pick through the coarse sack for it. In this way they'll get all they require.



Showing nests in pigeon house. The front boards are adjustable, slipping into grooves, thus permitting the cleaning of the shelves.



Bottom picture—A very slippery fish. Middle picture—Where the ancient warrior was vulnerable. Top picture—The missing part of the wagon. The last three letters of each word are the same, can you guess them?

NEW POINT IN WATER EXTENSION CLAIMS

At the adjourned meeting of the water and sewerage board Saturday morning the claims of the contractors on the water extension work were further considered. It is understood in connection with B. Mooney & Sons' claim for $29,000 that it was decided that F. A. Barbour and H. G. Hunter, with an accountant, should go over the firm's books and ascertain the actual loss under the contracts. When the board has received their report an effort will be made to arrive at an amicable settlement on the basis of the city paying part of the loss incurred.

Prior to this matter being taken up, an offer from Messrs. Mooney to accept a certain sum in settlement was placed before the board but was not entertained.

The question of making a further payment to McArthur & McVey, the contractors on Nos. 1 and 2 sections, was also considered. It was decided that before accepting the report and estimate of the consulting engineer the opinion of the recorder should be obtained in view of possible legal complications.

The board have already agreed to allow Messrs. Mooney a sum in compensation for Lake Latimer not being lowered to a certain point by Aug. 15, 1905. Beyond that point it is claimed by the city that under the contract McArthur & McVey are liable for not completing the outlet on section 2 in time to further reduce the level of the lake.

The recorder, it is understood, will be asked to decide if by paying McArthur & McVey on the engineer's estimate for completion of the work on Section 2 the city will be debarred from claiming damages against them in the event of a counter claim being brought by Messrs. Mooney.

AT THE NICKEL

Stationary stereopticon slides will give way to lifelike motion photographs at the Nickel the first half of this week in connection with the illustrated song part of the programme. This is a new feature in many parts of the United States, which is being inaugurated by the Keith people for their wide circuit of theatres. The song which Mr. Austin will introduce with moving views is Two Dirty Little Hands, a pretty writing of child life, and a loving mother. The novelty is sure to catch on quickly, and is but one of a large number of special features St. John people are to enjoy at the hands of the energetic management of the Nickel.

The major portion of the programme for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday will present one long descriptive film, The Pony Express, including thousands upon thousands of continuous photographs, beautifully clear and steady, and presenting to St. John people something most of them have never before experienced, the Comic Cartoons will, indeed, be comical, while A Troublesome Tenant and Moving Under Difficulties are designed purely and simply to excite the laughing sensibilities of every man, woman and child who sees them. The list is a long one, and each picture of generous time duration.

The Boston sailing yacht Athene, with her steam tender Tramp, arrived yesterday from Digby in command of Captain W. E. Haskill. Her owner, W. O. Gaynis, with his wife and child and Mr. Hodges are on board taking a pleasure trip. The yacht will leave this morning for Eastport and Bar Harbor and will return here with another pleasure party in about two weeks.

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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