MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

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.)

"I don't understand you, my lady."

"Then I'll speak more plainly, Simpkins. I am not disposed to lay my man open to temptation."

"What! Does your ladyship mean to insinuate that I'd do anything that wan't quite correct?"

"I insinuate nothing, Sam Simpkins. I only go so far as to say that you are not my servant now, and that I would not trust you in the least."

"Hark at that now!" cried the trainer, turning up his eyes to the sporting trophies on the walls, and unconsciously letting them rest on the grinning mask of an old fox. Then, "Ain't you got a word to say for me, Sir Hilton? I has my faults, I know, but no man living would say I couldn't be trusted. You allus found me right, Sir Hilton."

"Always, Sam, when it suited your book."

"Well, I am!" exclaimed the trainer.

"Yes, Sam, an awful old scamp," said Lady Tilborough laughing. "Thank you, my man. You've got your favorite, I've got mine, and the man to ride her straight an square as an English gentleman should ride an English horse."

"All right, Sir Hilton. All right my lady. Sorry I tried to give advice gratis for nothing; only mind this, both of you, if La Sylphide breaks down or Sir Hilton here loses his nerve through being out of training, don't you blame me."

"Don't be alarmed, Simpkins," said Lady Tilborough, in a tone which made the trainer draw back a step or two. "Here, Hilton."

"Yes."

"A horrible thought. What about your weight?" she whispered.

"Went straight to the scales and tried," he replied, in the same lowered tone. "Right to an ounce."

"Hah!" ejaculated Lady Tilborough, with a sigh of relief and a glance back to see if the trainer was out of hearing. "Now then, off to your room and get into your silk. Mind, you must keep cool and you must win."

"I'm trying my best. But I can't help thinking. My wife!"

"Oh! Kiss your wife, man—when you get back. Never mind her now."

"But if by any chance she hears?"

"Let her hear when the race is run. She must hear afterwards, of course. Wives and husbands are out of court now. Remember your four thou."

"I do," said Sir Hilton, with a groan.

"Ah! would you!" cried Lady Tilborough. "You've got to face the thing anyhow, and listen, here's your position: It's meeting the poor severe darling with the race lost, or meeting her with it won. Which will you do?"

"Of course," cried Sir Hilton, eagerly. "I see."

"You're yourself again. Now, one more word—that man has backed Jim Crow heavily. You understand?"

"Of course."

"And Jim Crow's rather a dangerous horse; but if you keep cool, and in your old form, the race is ours."

"Yes; I feel it now."

"Then you know. Keep her clear, and let her have her own old way."

"Then I'm off yonder. You'll meet me there. I've a hankering to be at her side, for fear of the possibility of anyone getting at her even now."

"No fear of that. Off with you!" Lady Tilborough held out her hand, and Granton entered quickly.

"Silk ho!" he cried.

Sir Hilton nodded shortly, and ran actively up the stairs.

"Bravo!" said the doctor. "Hilt looks his old self. Cool as a—you know."

"Don't say another word to me, Granton, till the race is over," said the lady, pleadingly.

"I understand," he said, and they went off straight for the paddock, while as soon as the chamber door in the gallery had been shut sharply upon his master by Mark Willows, Simpkins slipped out of the bar entry, looking flushed and strange.

"Too late to do anything now he groaned to himself. "My head seems to be going—all of a buzz. Hedge heavily or chance it. Which? Which? Oh, what in the name of thunder shall I do?"

"No. If I could should I be sitting here jawing? Tried it on, and failed."

"Think of your five thousand pounds."

"I tell you you can't get at the mare."

"C'rect cards, gents," came again from without, in Dandy Dinny's raucous voice. But his cry was unheard within, where Trimmer, with a peculiar Mephistophelian smile upon his face, gave another glance upwards at the gallery, before leaning forward till his lips were quite close to the trainer's great red ear, into which he whispered:

"No, of course not; but you could get at the man."

The trainer started to his feet, the cigar he had just lit falling from his gaping mouth, just as Dandy Dinny passed the window, leering in, and then hurried out of sight with his hawking cry, for there was the sound of carriage wheels approaching the hotel.

Trimmer rose, too, and laid his hand softly upon Simpkin's arm, as he gazed hard in his companion's rolling eyes, now directed towards the gallery.

"Eh?" said the trainer at last, as his eyes dropped to gaze in those of that were searching his, and he began to pass his big hand over his mouth again and again.

Then he lowered it, still gazing hard at the agent, and lifted it once more to his lips, but now closed as if it were holding a drinking vessel, which he made believe to hold to his lips and drink therefrom.

The look had now become questioning. A slowly given nod from Trimmer's head was the answer.

The big door-bell was pulled sharply, and gave forth a peal which made the trainer start.

"Someone coming," he said, rushing to the window and thrusting out his head, to draw it back sharply.

"The missus!" he whispered.

Lady Lisle!" gasped Trimmer, excitedly. "She musn't see me here."

"Come in my office. Quick!"

Simpkins half thrust his companion quickly through the door in the corner, just as the boots passed through to the porch and the barmaid came to her door, and the next minute Lady Lisle was ushered by the boots into the hall.

"I'll tell my master, my lady," said the man, and he went to the office, while the barmaid drew back into her highly glazed shell.

CHAPTER XVI.

Rather Equivocal.

Lady Lisle gave an angry, shuddering look of disgust as she glanced round the sanctuary of the high priest of sport, noting the pictures and hunting trophies, and then holding her highly-scented handkerchief to her delicate nostrils, which were sharply assailed by spirituous exhalations and the fumes of the noxious weed.

"Oh," she mused, "that it should come to this—a publican's daughter, a low-bred wench. Oh, Hilton, Hilton! But—ah! I am determined. I will see it to the end."

She was kept waiting quite five minutes, which she passed standing like a statue in the middle of the hall, till there was a husky cough, and Simpkins came hurrying out, trying with fat, clumsy fingers to thrust a little white folded paper, very suggestive of "the powder at night" into his waistcoat pocket, where it at first refused to go.

"Beg pardon, my lady," he said, after a quick glance up at the gallery. "Sorry to keep your waiting. Very busy today."

"Mr. Simpkins?" said the lady, haughtily.

"That's me, my lady,; but if you want accommodation I'm afraid we're full."

"My husband—Sir Hilton Lisle. He is here?" said the lady, sternly.

The trainer's jaw dropped, and, like lightnig a thought flashed through his brain:

The wife, to stop the gentleman from mounting the mare! It was salvation.

But the next moment the hope died out. In such an emergency the wife's appeal would be as so much breath. It would be like grasping at a shadow and letting the substance go.

"Do you not understand, my man," said Lady Lisle, impatiently. "My husband—he is here?"

"Sir Hilton Lisle, Bart?" said the trainer, who determined to stick to the substance and let the shadow glide. "Oh, no, my lady, he ain't here."

"Where is he, then?"

"I dunno, my lady," replied the man, coolly. "At the races, I should suppose."

"How could I find him in all that crowd?" murmured the unhappy woman. Then, setting her teeth hard to suppress the feeling of passion that was growing fast, she turned to the man again, and her voice was perfectly firm and cold, as she said, authoritatively, "You have a daughter, man?"

"That's right, my lady," said the trainer, and he smiled faintly. "Oh," he continued, "I suppose I know what brings your ladyship here."

And once more a thought crossed his mind as to the possibility of stopping Sir Hilton's jockeyship by setting his wife upon his track. But he dismissed it directly, to respond to his visitor's command.

"I suppose you do, sir," she said, haughtily. "Send the woman here."

"Woman, eh? Why, she's a mere gal, my lady."

"Don't speak to me like that, man," cried Lady Lisle. "Where is your daughter?"

"On the grand stand, I s'pose, along o' him."

"This is monstrous!" cried Lady Lisle, passionately. "Oh, man, can you stand there with that base effrontery and speak to me like this?"

"Can I, my lady? Yes. Why not? I'm not your paid servant, and I dessay if we totted up together and compared notes, I, Sam Simpkins, trainer, could shew as good a hincome as your ladyship. At least, I could yesterday," he muttered.

"Yes, yes, no doubt; but have you no sense of the moral wrong? Are you shameless, or ignorant of your responsibility to your child?"

"Well, you're a-pitching it pretty strong my lady; but I won't kick, for I dessay you did find it rather a bitter pill to swallow."

"Man, you are shameless!" cried Lady Lisle, and the trainer chuckled.

"Well, my lady, I'm not troubled much with that sort o' thing. Bashfulness is a bit in the way in my trade."

"I'll set it down to ignorance, then."

"That's better, my lady. I never set up as a scholar."

"Let me appeal to you, then. Have you done nothing to stop it?"

"Never knowed a word about it till this blessed morning, my lady," cried the trainer with a display of indignation. "Saucy young baggage! She kep' it dark enough."

"Hah! Then you have some feeling for your child."

"Feeling, my lady! Course I have; and I'd ha' stopped it if I'd known before it was too late."

Lady Lisle winced as if she had received a blow. "But, now—now," she cried. "You will immediately take proceedings?"

"Bah! What can I do?"

"Oh, think, man, of the wrong it is doing me."

"Tchah! It's of no use to talk now, my lady. Pride's a very nice thing in its way, but they say it must have a fall. Love and natur' my lady, gets the better of us all. You and me understands what it is, and you see now that you couldn't always have him tied to your apron-string."

"Man, you have no feeling?"

"Quite enough for my business, my lady."

"But I insist you shall stop it at once."

"Don't I tell you, my lady," cried the trainer, with a glance up at No. 1, "that it's too late? She'll be having him hear her directly," he added to himself. "There chuck it up, my lady,' he continued, "and go home. This place on a race day ain't sootable for you. Take my word, you'll soon get used to it."

(To be continued.)

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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

A PRACTICAL DRESS FOR ANY OF THE SUMMER SPORTS.

Where will this vogue of the jumper dress stop. It started in dressy costuming and now we have it in the line of midsummer sporting togs, not excepting the bathing suit. Even the shirtwaist suits, whose places it was thought but a short time ago could never be taken by any other type of dress, has been forced to secondary importance since this jumper dress arrived. Natty little dresses of gaily plaided and checked ginghams and delicately tinted linens suitable for morning wear are part of the sporting girl's wardrobe this summertime. Skirts of these dresses are simply pleated and of ankle length, sometimes banded and again plain. The jumper waist is built in a variety of ways, but always on simple lines. Frequently it is cut so that the dainty guimpe worn with it can be dispensed with the hottest weather. The waist of this particular dress is a Gibson model, three wide pleats set each side of the center front, fastened to the left side with three pointed tabs held down with white pearl buttons. The sleeves are quite full, but short at the elbow and slashed on the top of the arm where they are held together with two tabs matching those on the waist front. The hat with this dress of buff colored linen is of linen crash trimmed with brown and blue and white plaid ribbon. The crown is rather large and the brim droops becomingly all around.

A SCORCHING ARRAIGNMENT

Five Years for Man Who Used Religion and Charity as Cloak for Systematic Stealing.

(Montreal Star.)

J. E. Costin, the employe of the Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada, who pleaded guilty to defrauding the company of $3,000, was on Tuesday condemned by Judge Choquet to five years in St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary.

When brough up for sentence Costin pleaded for leniency because of his wife and family. Judge Choquet declared emphatically that by his conduct Costin had forfeited any right to mercy. His crime had not been a sudden falling from virtue, but a systematic carrying on of criminal acts.

"I have received a number of petitions on your behalf," declared the judge. Many of the religious authorities have signed these petitions in which they declare that you have always been a model living man, that you have practiced charity and good works. I must reluctantly come to the conclusion, however, that you practiced such a life merely to deceive these people. I could understand that a man might, under the impulsion of sudden want, fall from grace and commit a crime to secure a sum of $3,000. There is nothing like that here, however. You systematically made out papers that demanded attestation by a justice of the people, a commissioner and the declarations made therein were made as if under oath. This makes it the more serious. You made out forged applications and later killed off your supposed customers and forged medical certificates and clergymen's certificates of burial.

"The companies doing business in this city must be protected from the rascality of such men as you have shown yourself to be. I am told that you spent much money on charitable works, and that every day you dispensed charity. It is very easy to be charitable with other people's money. I find, however, that you spent your money in taking great comfort, and that with your wife you made a tour of Europe. At the very time you were receiving the admiration of the religious world through your widespread charities you were plotting to rob your employers.

"I find it necessary to exercise severity towards you. Your crime is all the more serious because you are well educated and inteligent. For reasons that need not be recited here, however, I will not give you the full sentence that I might. At the penitentiary, by your good conduct, you can obtain remission of a portion of your sentence, but the need of protection for employers and for honest men makes it an obligation to impose a sentence somewhat commensurate with the offence. I condemn you to five years in the penitentiary."

Costin stood with his head down, his face sheltered by his Panama hat, and turned without a word as the judge ceased speaking.

Chatham, N. B., July 18—The case of Richard Yeo for assault came up today before Magistrate Connors. R. A. Lawlor, K. C., for the crown, dwelt on the enormity of the prisoner's crime and the magistrate sent him up for trial at the September court. The prisoner maintained an almost defiant manner throughout.

Montreal, July 18—Lovell's Montreal directory, issued today, gives the population of the island of Montreal as 434,000, as compared with 405,000 last year, and the population of the city proper as 360,000, as compared with 352,000 last year. There are 119,000 names in the directory.

STINGINESS IN OUR SCHOOLS

Principal Falconer Gives Spirited Address to Halifax Canadian Club.

Halifax, N. S., July 18.—President Falconer, of Toronto University, addressed the Canadian Club at luncheon today. Before the address the club elected him an honorary member. The resolution authorizing this was beautifully engrossed on parchment and bound in a portfolio of Russia leather. It will be signed by the membership of the club which now is considerably more than 300.

Dr. Falconer's subject was "The Place of the Maritime Provinces in the Life of the Dominion." He spoke first of the physical importance to Canada of the Maritime Provinces, commanding as they did the sea. Without these provinces confederation would have been impossible and our present national life, with the sense of security and completeness given by free access to the ocean, could not be.

He believed the Maritime Provinces would constitute part of a great trade from east to west. Dr. Falconer then proceeded to say that our greatest contribution to Canada would lie in the quality of the men produced. Are they full of control, masterful, rising to the solution of problems, with the power to do? He believed the type of manhood developed in these provinces would show itself for good in the life of the dominion. He thought there was an individuality in these provinces that helped in the production of the kind of men that Canada or any country most needs.

He urged that everything in our power be done to develop the intelligence of the people, because in that, in a great measure lay our strength. Protect the schools, he said, and remove the folly of stinginess to education.

In conclusion Dr. Falconer laid stress on the importance of character, on which the future of the country depends and said, "as long as the springs of our people's life rise in the lofty sources of truth, obedience and reverence and while in the dust and heat of the common day on the plains we seek to live in sympathy with Him who sat by the well of Sychar at high noon and did not disdain the outcast, we shall have a people whose face is radiant with moral health, whose eye is clear to see afar, and whose nerve will be strong to guide our nation in the way of wisdom.

Rheumatism

I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will straighten the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible. But I can now surely kill the pains and pangs of this deplorable disease.

In Germany—with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected, dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I successfully treated many, many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, it uniformly cures all curable cases of this heretofore much dreaded disease. Those sand-like granular wastes, found in Rheumatic Blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, these poisonous wastes freely pass from the system, and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need—no actual excuse to suffer longer without help. We sell, and in confidence recommend

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

IAN MACLAREN'S WILL

LONDON, July 18—The will of Rev. Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren), who died at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, May 6, leaves an estate valued at $288,500 to his widow and family, and invests the control of all published and unpublished works in the trustees for the benefit of the estate.

F. E. Dennison, of Campbellton, was registered at the Royal yesterday.

LONDON PHYSICIAN DESCRIBES NEW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Dr. E. F. Martin Tells How the Scavengers in the Blood System of the Human Body are Stimulated to Destroy Disease Microbes.

(Montreal Herald.)

An exceedingly interesting discovery which has been proved to achieve remarkable results in regard to certain tuberculosis diseases and which may turn out to be the long-looked for panacea for the great white plague, consumption, was discussed today at the C. P. R. general offices with a Herald representative by Dr. E. F. Martin, a physician of Guy's Hospital, London, who is here on a tour through Canada as far as Banff Springs, and who will later on deliver short courses of lectures on the subject at Chicago and several other university centres in the United States.

Dr. Martin has been associated with Prof. A. E. Wright, of London, the discoverer of what is known as the opsonin theory, which was recently communicated to the Royal Society of London.

In brief the theory means that there are substances in the blood plasmo of the human body that cause the lencocytes or white corpuscles—sometimes called the scavengers of the circulatory system—to devour the malevolent microbes with which the human system is attacked.

It was not easy to persuade Dr. Martin to discuss a subject which is at present practically only known to the elect in the medical profession, but as it was urged that he is to deal with the matter at semi-public gatherings in the United States very shortly he consented to describe the principal features of the discovery.

According to the distinguished London physician the gobbling powers of the white corpuscles in the blood can only be stimulated until the blood reaches a temperature of sixty-five degrees centigrade. "The whole opsonin content of the blood is," said he, "destroyed so far as microbe slaying is concerned, if the blood is heated beyond that point.

"The importance of the discovery lies in the fact that the opsonin content of the blood can be augmented; in other words, the power of the body to resist certain malevolent diseases can be increased by inoculation up to a certain point, and Dr. Wright has invented an opsonic index which enables the physician to judge when this is required and how far the process can be carried.

"A remarkabe series of tests have been made in London," said Dr. Martin, "and the discovery promises to be one of the most fruitful of all recent developments in the medical world."

The development of opsonin in the blood is carried out on the same principle as antitoxin in the case of diphtheria, and it is accomplished easily by the injection of dead microbes.

The process has been standardized, and the emulsions of dead microbes are injected subcutaneously. "Where patients have been found defective in the production of opsonin they have," said the physician, "been inoculated with as many as twenty thousand million dead microbes. I have myself inoculated a patient with as many as five million dead pneunocci."

"But how do you manage to count them, doctor?"

"Oh, of course, there is no counting; it is a process of standardization by which the proportion of the dead organisms to the fluid measurement is known."

"And is this to prove the real final cure for consumption?"

"I cannot say that with certainty yet. The experimetns have been extremely successful in cases of persistent and long continued boils, facial lupus, tubercular sores, and localized tuberculosis in skin and bones.

"As regards pulmonary tuberculosis, phthisis, or consumption, the results have been eminently satisfactory where the disease was low, but it has been fluctuating where it has secured a firm grip. Of course, the treatment is only in its infancy yet, and the principal difficulty that has to be contended with is the evolution of the patient's own focus of infection. This may be overcome by variations in the treatment. At all events, the discovery is assuredly the most important that has been made since Prof. Koch produced his tuberculin fifteen years ago.

THE "ALL RED" LINE PLAN

Final Decision on Subsidy Has Not Yet Been Reached Despite Announcements Made.

Montreal, July 18.—The Star's London correspondent cables:

The acute character of the conflict among the ministerialists over the All-Red project is reflected in the statements and counter statements regarding the government's action. Lloyd George and other ministers favorable to the project are much annoyed at their own organ's announcement yesterday of a refusal of the subsidy, especially seeing that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has not yet sent details upon which their final decision is supposed to partially rest.

All that today's official statement means is that the government's decision is not to be formally announced for several weeks. Free trade opponents still maintain that the decision must be hostile, unless the ministry is prepared for heavy squalls. On the other hand ministerial imperialists like the Chronicle maintain that this is the Liberal premier's effective alternative to tariff preference. Nevertheless the Unionist attitude is generally favorable. The Pall Mall Gazette says today: "So long as the subsidy is granted the government's motives matter very little. It is an instalment towards a larger policy of union with the colonies. It cannot stand in the way of either preference or tariff reform."

Mr. Balfour's contribution to the colonial preference debate received no mention in the Times, the Morning Post or the Telegraph. Radicals satirically claim Mr. Balfour has once more eluded the grip of the tariff reformers. The Morning Post says: "Mr. Lloyd George was content to treat the whole business as nothing more than an attempt on the part of the tariff reformers to chase Mr. Balfour into their camp. Apparently he cannot realize that there is a growing body of public opinion, to which no politician on either side is an object of any importance whatever except in so far as he has power to further obstruct the great national interest."

The Chronicle says: "The majority of the Conservative party are angry with their leader for declaring so decisively against the only means by which colonial preference can be obtained, namely, a tax on food."

Mr. Balfour, however, certainly declared decisively in favor of colonial preference.

THE GREAT CAVOUR

In her reminiscences of diplomatic society in Harper's for July, Madame de Bunsen, the widow of the distinguished German diplomat, gives a vivid little picture of the famous Count Cavour as he appeared at a reception in Turin in 1857.

"Cavour was doing the honors very amiably in a much-embroidered coat. His round, good-natured face and spectacles, as well as his short, stout figure, always seem to me slightly disappointing. It does not answer somehow to one's idea of a great Italian statesman. He always makes me most gracious bows, however whenever I meet him in the street, which I do frequently, as we do not live far from the Casa Cavour. M. de Stackelberg was there; I like him very much since a long visit he paid to me.

"Cavour's niece, the Countesse Alfieri, did the honors at the ministere. She makes the most wonderful curtsies I ever saw, really going down into the floor and coming up again in a most surprising manner."

The United States schooner Hiram, fifty-six tons register, cleared from this port yesterday for Portland (Me.) The Hiram is one of the oldest vessels afloat, having been built in 1849. Captain J. D. Cook is in command. His grandfather was her first captain and the vessel has been sailed by the Cook family for the past fifty-eight years.

FOLLOWED HER MOTHER'S EXAMPLE.

AND KEPT DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY IN THE HOUSE.

Mrs. W. J. Wilson, Tessier, Sask., tells of her experience in the following words: "I wish to tell you of the good I have found in DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY. Last summer my little girl, aged two years, was taken ill with Summer Complaint, and as my mother always kept DR. FOWLER'S in the house, when I was a child, I seemed to follow her example, as I always have it also. I at once gave it to my baby as directed and she was at once relieved, and after a couple of doses were taken was completely cured."

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY imparts a healthy tone to all mucous surfaces, corrects and heals all forms of canker and counteracts all tendency to pain and inflammation, while it gives tone to the debilitated system when weakened by exhaustive discharges and fluxes of whatever nature, thus making it the best and safest remedy for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Pain in the Stomach, Sea Sickness, Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus and all Summer Complaints.

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Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is therefore an active aid to digestion, and consequently an enemy of dyspepsia. Drink Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer regularly at meals and between meals—your digestion will be better, your health better and your strength greater.

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