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POOR DOCUMENT

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MEN'S FANCY TWEED SUITS, regular $10 values for $7.98.

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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.)

CHAPTER XII.

The Floating Cloud.

"Oh, there you are Simpkins! You must make room for my carriage. Order them to give my coachman a separate stable. Lock up. Ah, Dr. Granton, I thought you'd come and see my mare win."

"I came down on purpose to see you. Lady Tilborough," was the reply, given with a warm pressure of the hand. "But, of course, I am longing to see your mare carry all before her."

"Thanks, doctor, thanks," said the lady, with a meaning smile which made the doctor thrill. "Yes, I mean to win. There are some nice people staying at the court. I'll introduce you on the stand, if I have time. But you'll come over afterwards and dine?"

"Oh, thank you, yes," cried the doctor, flushing with pleasure. "So good of you. Can I do anything? Let me see that your horses are properly put up."

"Oh, no, no no the coachmen will see to that. I could not think of troubling you."

"Trouble?" said the doctor, with what was intended for an intense gaze full of meaning. "Don't talk of trouble, Lady Tilborough, when you know."

"Yes, I know that I am full of anxiety about my mare, and in no humor for listening to nonsense, so hold your tongue Oh, here's that dreadful man again."

For the visitor to the Denes of that morning, minus his littel white mongrel, but flourishing his pack of race-cards, suddenly appeared at the window with: 'Success to your ladyship, and may yer win every race! You'll buy a few c'rect cards of Dandy Dinny, the only original purveyor of——"

"Get out, you scoundrel!" cried the doctor, fiercely.

"Cert'ny, my noble doctor; but you'll buy a c'rect card of——"

He did not finish, for the doctor threw a coin quickly out of the window, and the wretched-looking lout rushed to field it, before he was outpaced.

"Poor wretch!" said Lady Tilborough, "But that was very nice of you. But there don't follow me—now."

She walked off quickly, and the doctor drew a quick breath.

"Bless her!" She never spoke to me like that before."

He turned full of elation, to find the landlord, with his pencil between his lips watching him keenly.

"I shan't dine here, Simpkins," he said.

"Very good, sir. So I heered."

"Splendid day for the race."

"Yes, sir, and the ground's lovely. Made a good book sir?"

"Oh, yes, capital."

"Glad to see her ladyship bears it so well."

"Bears it? Oh, she never gives way to excitement. She'd be cool, even if she felt she would lose."

"Oh, yes, sir; I know well enough what spirit she has."

"Rather a big field, though, Sam."

"Yes, sir; but there's only one as can stay."

"Exactly. La Sylphide, of course. By George! I'll take the liberty of making her namesake a present."

"Very good of you sir, but she's out of it."

"What?"

"Jim Crow's the horse, sir. First favorite now."

"Bah!" cried the doctor.

"What! Ain't you heard sir?"

"Heard? Heard what?"

"Lady Tilborough's mare won't run."

"You don't mean it?" cried the doctor, turning pale."

"Fact, sir. I never plays tricks with gents, I knows. Honesty's the best policy. sir; and you know as you can trust Sam Simpkins."

"But—but—— Good heavens! What does it mean? Lady Tilborough never said a word. Then that's why I couldn't see any sign of her people down by the paddock."

"That's it, sir."

"But why? What's the reason?"

"No jock, sir. Ladyship's man's down—acciden,' killed, or ill, or some'at. Anyhow, he can't ride the mare, and as you well know, nobody else can."

"Oh!" groaned the doctor.

"Why, you hain't put anything on her, have you, sir?"

"I have, Sam, heavily, and for a friend as well."

"Then you're in the wrong box, sir, and no mistake. That comes o' gents going on their own hook instead o' taking a honest agent's advice."

"Give me yours now, then, Sam, and I shall be for ever grateful."

"Anything to oblige an old patron, sir, —All right, I'm a-coming," cried the trainer, in answer to a call from one of the servants, who came out of a side door. "What is it?"

"Wanted by one of the men from the stables."

"All right. Here, you look out and hedge all you can, sir. Jim Crow's your game."

"The rark horse," groaned the doctor, wildly; "he must be black. Ah, poor darling, there she is!"

For Lady Tilborough came back, in her quick, eager way. "Ah, doctor, still here?" she cried. "Where's that scoundrel, Simpkins? Hallo! What's the matter? Bad news?"

"Yes, horrible. I didn't know. It's ruin for me; but I don't care; I'm in agony about you and the losses it means to you."

"What!" cried the dady, turning pale. "Is there another crux?"

"Yes," cried the doctor, catching her hands, and the genuine tears stood in his eyes.

"Don't shilly-shally, man," she cried, angrily. "Out with it, and get it over."

"La Sylphide!"

"What about her? Some accident?"

"Yes. I'd have given anything not to be the bearer of such hideous news."

"Let me have it at once, and I'll bear it like a woman, doctor. I'm not one of your hysterical sort."

"No; the bravest lady I ever met."

"Then let me have it. What has the mare done?"

"Thrown your jockey or something. He's half-killed, I believe."

"Oh, bosh! Stale news. You mean Josh Rowle?"

"Yes. How can you bear it like that?"

"Bear it?" cried the lady. You should have seen me a couple of hours ago. Mad, doctor, mad."

"While now——"

"Merry as a lark, man; I've got another rider."

"You have? Oh, thank goodness! Thank goodness ! Don't take any notice of me, Lady Tilborough. I was quite knocked over."

"On account of my losing?"

"Well, yes. I was heavily on, too, for myself and poor Hilt Lisle."

"Oh, you did the business for him, then? I knew he was in to the tune of four thou."

"But your man, Lady Tilborough? Can you trust him to ride the mare?"

"Trust him! Why it's Hilt himself."

"What! Hilt goin to ride the mare?"

"Yes, my dear boy; and he'll save the race."

"Lady Tilborough, you've made me a happy man," cred the doctor.

"Have I?" she said, drily, and with a merry look in her eye. "Well, be happy, for I don't think you'll lose, Granton," she said softly. "I can read men pretty well. Long experience. That was real. You were cut up with the thought of my losing."

"Cut up?" he cried, earnestly and naturally. "It made me forget poor Hilt and myself."

"Thank you, dear boy," she said, quietly. "I never thought you so true a friend before."

She glanced at her watch.

"Time's on the wing," she said. "Hilt Lisle ought to be here by now; he was to meet me at the hotel, but I must have a look at the mare."

"May I go with you?"

"If you wish to," was the reply, and joy began a triumphant dance in the young doctor's brain, for there was something in the way these words were uttered. None of the light badinage, laughter and repartee, for Lady Tilborough seemed to have suddenly turned thoughtful and subdued, as she passed out, unconscious of the fact that the trainer had entered the hall and was watching her keenly.

"Beg pardon sir," he said, following up Granton.

"Oh, bother! Well, what is it?"

"Sorry to see her ladyship so down in the mouth now. You should put her up to a bit of hedging on Jim Crow."

Granton gave him a peculiar look, full of perfect content, and laughed aloud.

"Moonshine!" he cried, and dashed after the sporting Countess.

CHAPTER XIII.

"My Daughter and My Son-in-law."

"Moonshine!" said the trainer, with a puzzled look after the departing doctor. "Laughing like an idiot. Rum how it takes different people. Here's my stepping lady looking as if she meant to take pyson in her five o'clock tea, the doctor regularly off his chump, and I dessay someone'll go home by train to-night, load a revolver, and—click! All over. Well, they shouldn't meddle with what they don't understand. Reg'lar gambling, and they deserve all they get. Hullo! You here again?"

This to the pink-coated tout, who came smiling and cringing up to the door.

"Brought yer a tip. Something good, Mr. Simpkins, sir."

"Yah! Rubbish! My book's chock."

"But it's the tippiest tip, sir, as ever was," whispered the man from behind his hand. "Worth a Jew's eye."

"I'm fly, Dinny," said the trainer, with a wink. "Tell it to someone else. I don't trade today."

"You'll repent it, Mr. Sam, sir," whispered the man, earnestly, and with many nods and jerks of the head, as he kept looking about furtively to see that they were not overheard.

"Of course. All right," said the trainer, contemptuously. "Down on your luck, eh, Dinny?"

"Terrible, sir."

"Want a drink?"

The man smiled, and drew the back of a dirty hand across his cracked and fevered lips.

"Go round to the tap, and say I sent you. Here, twist those cards round."

The man obeyed promptly, and after placing the point of his blacklead pencil to his lips the trainer scrawled laboriously, "One drink, S. S."

"Used to be private bar—once," muttered the man, with an eager, thirsty look in his bleared and bloodshot eyes.

"Thankye, Mr. Sam, sir, and good luck to yer. My word, what a beauty she have growed, sir! Lady T.'s nothing to her."

"Right you are, Dinny," said the trainer, smiling proudly, as his child came tripping down the staircase as light, flowery, and iridescent in colours as a clever, fashionable modiste and milliner could make her, regardless of expense, after being ordered to produce something "spiff" for the races. "She'll take the shine out of some of 'em."

(To be continued.)

HOUSE-CLEAN YOUR SYSTEM

Keep it Pure and Clean if You Desire Good Health

The inside of your body requires attention just the same as the outside.

A great accumulation of effete matter is clinging to the various organs, and must be moved off.

Some gentle laxative and tonic should be used.

The system must be relieved of its burden if you are to enjoy a happy, healthy summer.

Physicians who have examined the formula of Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake and Butternut Pills say no medicine could be better.

Whether ill or not, thousands rely on Dr. Hamilton's Pills which are truly marvelous in preventing debility and sickness.

Begin Dr. Hamilton's Pills without delay. You'll feel stronger, eat heartier, digest better, sleep sounder, and gain more in weight.

Mr. Ed. Maynard, an old resident of New Westminster, B. C., writes: "I don't say Dr. Hamilton's Pills will cure everything, but they made a quick job of building up my run-down system. I had kidney disease and constipation, and was wholly unfitted for work. Pains shot through my limbs and lodged in my back. Headaches often made me desperate. I had no appetite, an awful color, and felt despondent. Sometimes I was a little rheumatic. After a few days I began to mend and kept up Dr. Hamilton's Pills till I was restored to my present tip-top condition."

Can you afford to miss the benefit of this marvel-working medicine? Think of it. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00. By mail from N. C. Polson and Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

PRINCESS JUMPER IN HEAVY LINEN.

New and attractive forms of the jumper model are not lacking as the season wears on. Doucet sends us this princess jumper in a soft but heavy weave of linen, simply but very effectively trimmed with hand embroideries and hand made lace. The waist portion is run with the finest of pin tucks to over the hip line, giving the skirt a smooth fit at this point. Three ruffles with embroidered scalloped edges are set on the skirt below bands of the hand made lace, beneath which the material is cut away. Two rows of this lace are set in over the bustline, points up, and the double shoulder straps are also of lace with narrow Val. edgings. The original model is in a greenish blue shade with a mixture of white. The lace is white, as is also the embroidery, and the dress is worn with a white guimpe.

LESS PRINTER'S INK AND MORE FACTORIES

One View of the Project to Establish Another Paper in St. John.

(Campbellton Events.)

St. John is to have another daily newspaper. The "winter port," as it likes to call itself, will then have more daily newspapers, in proportion to its size, than any other city in the world. Is this an enviable distinction? We doubt it. What St. John needs is less printer's ink and more factory whistles. We venture to say that a promoter would find it a tough undertaking to float a company in Amherst for the purpose of publishing another newspaper in that town, out that if he wanted to start a manufactory there, the monied men of the town would unhesitatingly rally to his support; and Amherst makes cars, etc., out of hard pine and steel billets landed by steamers at St. John.

LIGHTNING DID MUCH DAMAGE

(Charlottetown Guardian, Thursday.)

In addition to what appeared in yesterday's Guardian, the following damages by the storm have been reported: At Pownal a barn belonging to Vernon Wood, was struck by lightning and burned, with $150 worth of machinery. A horse belonging to Atwood Jardine, was also killed at Pownal. The storm was severe in Cardigan, Souris and Georgetown, and the telephine in many offices were burned out. Yestedlay morning the Western telephone line, the Bonshaw line and the Montague line were out of business, but it is expected that communication will be resumed today. The Presbyterian church at Lot 40 was also struck by lightning and received considerable damage, and a horse belonging to Ephraim LePeer of the same place was killed. At Central Bedeque a house occupied by Mr. Hooper was struck and considerably damaged, many shingles being ripped from the roof. At North Tryon, a batten fence with a wire on top, and owned by Robert Muirhead, was struck and thirteen posts demolished. The storm was very heavy in the vicinity of Kinkora.

Golden Wedding

The golden wedding anniversary of Mr and Mrs. D. J. Seeley was celebrated on Saturday afternoon by a gathering of friends and relatives at their summer residence at Duck Cove. Of their five daughters all but Mrs. Stevens, of New York, were able to attend, but J. D. Seeley of this city, was the only son present, the others being in distant parts of the world. The proceedings were without formalities, but the congratulations of many friends were none the less sincere, and were evidently highly appreciated by the happy couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Seeley were married July 13, 1857, at Weymouth (N. S.), and have spent the greater part of their wedded life in St. John. Mr. Seeley is a native of St. George, and Mrs. Seeley, formerly Miss Charlotte L. Vail, is a daughter of John Vail, of Sussex, where she was born. Mr. Seeley is in his eighty-first year, and both he and his wife are in the enjoyment of excellent health.

Battle line steamer Arcola, Capt. Shaw, sailed from Halifax last Friday with a cargo of deals for Brow Head for orders.

On Saturday night last the steamer Yale took away more than 500 passengers for Boston, a large number from the city going on a vacation. George Dunlavey, of Robert Reford Co., was a passenger, going on a well earned holiday.

Is Your Back Lame?

Why suffer when relief is so easily secured by rubbing on "Nerviline." Penetrating, sinks to the core of the pain, eases from the first application. Try Polson's Nerviline, 25 cts. per bottle.

WEDDINGS

Murray-Smith.

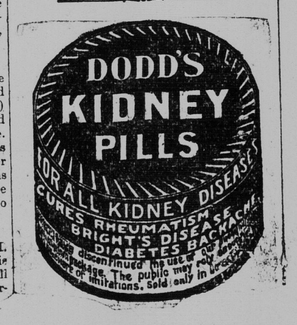
A pretty wedding was witnessed July 10, at the home of Mrs. Eliza Smith, Thomond, King's county (N. B.), when her daughter, Miss Agnes Elizabeth, was united in marriage to George R. Murray, of Pearsonville (N. B.) Rev. M. S. MacKay tied the nuptial knot at 7 p. m., in the presence of a large number of guests. The bride was beautifully gowned in blue silk with lace and white silk trimmings. The young couple received many valuable and useful wedding presents.

King-Northrup.

A very interesting event occurred July 9, at the residence of George I. Northrup, Bullmoose Hill, King's county, when his daughter, Miss Helen Eva, was united in marriage to Peter E. King, Brownsville, King's county. The ceremony was performed at 7 p. m., by Rev. M. S. MacKay in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom. The bride looked beautiful in a dress of white Swiss muslin trimmed with lace and insertion. They will reside at Brownsville, New Brunswick.

Denis J. McManus, eldest son of the late Felix McManus, of Carleton, died Friday at his home in Charlestown (Mass.) Mr. McManus had resided in Boston and was a member of the Boston police force. F. E. McManus, plumber, of this city, is a brother, and there are several other brothers and sisters. Mr. McManus is survived by a wife and six children. The news of his death was a great surprise to relatives and friends here.

The engagement of Miss Ethel M. Sproul to Charles Hartin, both of this city, is announced. The marriage will take place in the near future. Mr. Hartin is at present in the west.

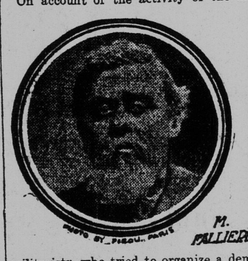


AN ASSASSIN TRIED TO SHOOT PRES. FALLIERES

Life of the President of France Was Attempted Yesterday by an Old Soldier.

Paris, July 14—The national fete today was marred by a dastardly attempt on the life of President Fallieres by Leon Maille, a naval reservist, of Havre, who, it is believed, is suffering from the mania of persecution. Maille fired two shots at the president, but did not hit him. He was at once placed under arrest.

On account of the activity of the anti-



militarists, who tried to organize a demonstration against the army throughout France today, exceptional precautions were taken to safeguard President Fallieres. The attempt on his life occurred on Avenue des Champs Elysees, while the president was returning to the palace from Longchamps, where he had reviewed the garrison of Paris in the presence of 250,000 enthusiastic people.

Premier Clemenceau and M. Banes, the president's secretary, were with the president in his landau, which was escorted by a squadron of cuirassiers. The carriages had safely emerged from the Bois de Boulogne, where the anti-militarists had stationed themselves with the intention of hooting the soldiers, and was descending the broad Champs Elysees amid the acclamations of the crowds thronging the sidewalks, who were shouting "Vive Fallieres," "Vive l'armee," when at the corner of Lesueur street, Maille, from the curb, fired two shots point blank at the president in quick succession. Miraculously no one was hit. President Fallieres was cool and collected when the cortege stopped. The diplomats who were following the president's landau alighted from their carriages, and hurried to the side of M. Fallieres. Finding that nobody had been injured, the cortege, by the president's orders, moved on.

In the meantime two policemen seized Maille, who made no resistance, but the police with difficulty prevented the irate crowds from lynching the prisoner until a cordon of reserves came up and conducted him to the station. There Maille refused to give any reason for his act, saying:

"The revelations I have are so grave and serious that I will only make them before a magistrate for transmission to the chief of state. It is a matter between the government and me. I am the victim of many villainies."

Some of the witnesses of the shooting said that Maille fired in the air. It is believed that the man participated in the recent seamen's strike and that his mind had been unhinged by fancied grievances. It is believed also that he aided in the revolutionary agitation of the general federation of labor and the anti-militarists. There is no reason to suspect a plot, as Maille arrived here from Rouen only last night.

Maille appeared before an examining magistrate tonight and the authorities only succeeded in extracting from him a rambling statement about family persecution directed against him. It was in order to draw public attention to his grievances, he said, that he fired the shots. The prisoner terminated the examination by announcing his intention to give no further explanations, as he believed that the magistrate would do nothing to remedy his wrongs.

President Fallieres has received numerous telegrams of congratulation from the rulers of many countries on his lucky escape.

The attempt on the life of President Fallieres probably will strengthen the government's intention to put a stop to the anti-militarists' propaganda, which already is demoralizing the army and becoming a menace to the republic.

Thirty-nine ring-leaders were arrested today for hissing soldiers who were returning from the review. Other arrests were made at the Place de la Concorde, where the League of Patriots held their annual ceremony.

THE AWFUL DEATH OF MRS. MORRISON OF WEST END

Aged Woman Burned to Death in Fire Saturday Night.

Mrs. Agnes Morrison, widow of Hugh Morrison, was found burned to death in her home in Queen street, Carleton, Saturday night about 11 o'clock. While carrying a lamp she evidently fell and her clothing caught fire. The house was not damaged much, only the floor and a door panel being burned.

Miss Mary Amos, who lives next door to Mrs. Morrison, left her home about 10.50 o'clock Saturday night to do some shopping. When passing the alleyway between the two houses she noticed the reflection of a fire in the pantry window of Mrs. Morrison's house, and hurried back to her house and called to her nephew John to look out and see if Mrs. Morrison's house was afire. From his bedroom window the young man looked and then ran outside, where he met Patrick Sullivan. They both went into Mrs. Morrison's yard and, looking in one of the windows, noticed fire on the floor.

Amos went around the house and broke open the porch door and, on entering the inside door, the smoke broke out in clouds driving him back. After some of the smoke had cleared, he entered and was horrified to find a body lying on the floor burning. A broken lamp lay alongside the body.

On account of the smoke and darkness he could not tell who it was, and after moving the body across the floor out of the flames, he ran across the street and sent in an alarm from box 118. He then secured a bucket of water and extinguished the blaze.

The firemen responded promptly to the call and Ezekiel McLeod and John McAndrews were two of the first firemen to arrive. Amos told them that he put the fire out, but that there was a body lying on the floor inside and he could not see who it was. Mr. McLeod took a light from the hose cart and he, McAndrews and Amos entered the house and found that it was Mrs. Morrison who lay on the floor burned to death.

McAndrews covered up the body. Fearing that some one might be asleep up stairs the men then made a search, but found no one.

When the alarm was sounded it brought hundreds to Queen street, and they surged around, trying to get near the back yard to see what was wrong, until Policeman Gosline dispersed them.

Coroner F. L. Kenney was summoned, and viewed the body, and secured a statement from Mr. Amos.

The woman's left hand was badly burned and also cut from pieces of broken glass. Her body and chest and shoulders were also burned, and the right side of her face was badly scorched. Her bed was found with clothes lying around the floor as if she had been lying down.

Dr. Kenney decided that Mrs. Morrison had got out of bed and had gone out in the kitchen with a lamp, when she tripped over a mat, the lamp exploded and set fire to her clothing, causing her death. He did not consider it necessary to hold an inquest.

Mrs. John M. Bailey, who is a daughter of Mrs. Morrison, has lived with her since Mr. Morrison's husband died, but she left Mrs. Morrison alone in the house Saturday morning and went down to Spruce Lake to spend the day. A telephone message reached her Saturday night, informing her of the occurrence. Mrs. Bailey was yesterday almost broken hearted. She particularly regretted having gone away from home Saturday. She said that for the last few weeks Mrs. Morrison had complained of heart trouble, and that she might have had an attack.

Mrs. Morrison was seventy years of age and is survived by three children. Dr. A. S. Morrison, of Montreal, is her only son. Mrs. John M. Bailey, of Carleton, and Mrs. Walter Lowe, also of Carleton, are the daughters. Mrs. Morrison visited her son, Dr. Morrison, of Montreal, last month.

Pabst Purity

The way Pabst secures absolutely pure yeast for fermenting beer proves the care that surrounds every step in making Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer.

To secure an absolutely uniform fermentation, Pabst takes a single cell from its millions of fellows in the drop of pure yeast, and from this one cell grows or cultivates the yeast required for each brew.

Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

is fermented in hermetically sealed vats. From the time it is brewed until it is bottled it never comes in contact with the atmosphere or human hands. It is then properly matured or aged in air-tight, cold-storage tanks.

When ordering beer, ask for Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Made by Pabst at Milwaukee

And Bottled only at the Brewery.

Richard Sullivan & Co., 44-46 Dock St., St. John. Phone Main 889.

N. S. Lost Marathon Race

They explain that their favorite had a bad corn. All he needed was Putnam's Corn Extractor; it removes the worst corn in 24 hours—no pain—results guaranteed; try Putnam's.

CONFIRMATION

Seventy-one Children Take the Sacrament in Church of the Assumption.

In the Church of the Assumption, Carleton, last evening, His Lordship Bishop Casey administered the sacrament of confirmation to seventy-one children—forty-six boys and twenty-five girls. Assisting were Rev. E. J. Dolan, of Lynn; Rev. Fr. Duke, C. SS. R., of St. Peter's, and Rev. J. J. O'Donovan, pastor of the Carleton church.

After the children had been confirmed, Bishop Casey preached an excellent sermon on the sacrament. There was special music by the choir, and the church was crowded.

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."

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