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ALEX. CORBET, Mgr

FOR SATURDAY--Special
Sale of Mens and Boys Suits,
Trousers, also Boys Wash
Suits and Shirt Waists.

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.)

"Oh, yes, I forgot; and my manners, too. How is her ladyship?"
 "Oh, well—very well, Jack," said Sir Hilton, in a mournful way.
 "That's right, old chap. Well, trot her out."

Sir Hilton frowned.
 "I beg your pardon, old man. Presuming on old brotherly acquaintance, I shall be glad to see her, though."
 "Of course, my dear boy; but the fact is, she is out."
 "She is? Hang it all, then, I've come at the right time. Have a day off with me at Tilborough, and we'll dine afterwards at the hotel. We can get a snack of something."

"No, no; you misunderstand me. My wife is only having a morning drive in the pony chaise. A little business in the village."

"Oh, I see; Lady Bountiful—district visiting—buying children of the old women, and that sort of thing."

"Yes—exactly."
 "Ah! I've heard that Lady Lisle does a deal in that way. Takes the chair at charity meetings, eh? Primrose Dame, too?"

"Who told you that?"
 "Told me? Let's see. Oh, it was Lady Tilborough."

The conversation ceased for a minute or two while Jane entered with a tray, busied herself, and then departed, leaving the visitor quite ready to shew that his eight o'clock breakfast was a thing of the past.

"I say, though," he exclaimed, with his mouth half full, "I didn't mean this. I've left my horse hitched on to the gate."

Sir Hilton rose, stepped to the window and returned.

"Not there. Mark would see to it, of course, and give it a feed in the stables."

"That's all right, then. Yes, Lady Tilborough was talking about you the other day."

"Was she? What did she say?"
 "Oh, not much. Only that it was a pity you had given up hunting and the turf."

The baronet sighed—almost groaned.
 "Anything else?"

"Well—er—no—o—o—o. Oh, yes; a little bit of badinage."

"Er? What about? Nothing spiteful? No, she wouldn't. She's a dear good creature, bless her!"

"Good boy! So she is—bless her!"
 "Ah! I once thought when the old man died that—"

"Oh, did you? Well, you didn't and you've married well enough to satisfy any man."

Sir Hilton sighed and his visitor looked at him out of the corner of his eye.

"Come, old man, you don't seem to care for your corn. You didn't have a wet night?"

"Hot coppers this morning? My dear boy, no! Why, I lead as quiet a life as a curate now."

"All the better for you."
 Sir Hilton sighed again.

"Then it's true?" said the visitor, smiling.
 "What's true? What have you been hearing? Did Lady Tilborough say—"

"Oh, nothing; only a bit of chaff about you."

"Tell me what the widow said."
 "Oh, it was all good humored—a bit of her fun. You know what she is—wouldn't hurt the feelings of a fly."

"Yes, yes, I know; but she has been laughing at me. She has—"

"Nonsense—nonsense! Don't make your coat rough, old man. She only said it was a pity."

"What was a pity?"
 "That dear old Hilt should be ridden with his curb chain so tight—by George! I didn't know how hungry I was."

"Yes," said Sir Hilton, sadly; "the curb is a bit too tight sometimes, Jack; but someone means well, and she has a right to be a bit firm. I always was a fool over money matters."

"Nonsense, old fellow! You were a prince, only you were unlucky, and were obliged to make a clear up; but you're all right now."

"Yes," said the baronet, "I'm all right again now." But his voice sounded very doubtful.

"It was thirty—thou—year, wasn't it—I mean, isn't it?"
 Sir Hilton nodded.

"She got the title and you got the tin. Quick pro quo!"
 Sir Hilton nodded again, and then made a desperate effort to turn the conversation back upon his friend.

"Lady Lisle has always taken an interest in parish matters and the poor, and it pleases her. She would not, of course, like me to take an interest in racing affairs."

"Of course not—of course not, my dear boy," said the visitor, helping himself to the marmalade left by Sydney.

"But what about you?"
 "Me? Oh, I'm doing capitally," was the reply, rather thickly uttered.

"Nonsense! I mean that affair. How do matters go with the widow?"
 "Hah!" sighed the visitor, laying down his knife.

"Hah! Not off, is it, old chap?"
 "No, not off, Hilt, but I'm just where I was. Like the farmer over the claret, I don't seem to get a funder."

"Well, you must be a duller, Jack."
 "I suppose I am, old man. Pluck enough in some things, but I'm afraid of her."

"But haven't you spoken?"
 "No; I dare not, for fear she should laugh at me and the whole affair be called off."

"I say, Jack, you're dead hit."
 "I am, old man—dead. Bless her! She's an angel! But I'm afraid, after her experience with that old ruffian Tilborough, she has made up her mind never to run in double harness again."

"Nonsense! Pluck up, old fellow; a woman likes a man to be manly, and if she accepted you—"

"Ah, if I did, if—"

"She would, or I don't know her—I should like to see it come off, for there wouldn't be a better matched pair in England. Go in and win."

"Well, hang me if I don't! I've been playing a shilly-shally waiting game, and now I'll come to the point. But I say, what's this about you in the papers—election news?"

"Oh, it's the wife's wish. She won't rest till I have 'M. P.' at the end of my name."

"Good thing too. You're getting mossy here. Go into Parliament, and it will soon be rubbed off. The poor dear lady is spoiling you. Too much apron-string. She's stopped your racing and hunting, but you must do something. Go in and win your seat."

"I don't care much about it."
 "More fool you! Think of the chances it will give you of a little life. The House—there you are; an excuse for everything not quite in running order with the ideas of such a lady as madam. Club? Best in London. Late hours? Sitting till two, three, four or milktime."

"Yes, I never gave that a thought."
 "An excuse for everything, dear boy, and your wife proud of you. Oh, I should enter for those stakes, certainly. It will cost you something though."

"I suppose so; but, between ourselves, Lady Lisle has placed four thousand to my credit for election expenses."

"Brave little woman! The widow's all wrong."

"How? Why? What do you mean?"
 "She said her ladyship kept the cheque-book, and saw to the estate money, only allowing you a little pocket money when you were a good boy."

"Tell Lady Tilborough to mind her own business, Jack," said the baronet, tartly.

"My dear Hilt, I'd share my last fiver with you, or I'd back any of your paper with pleasure; but I'll be hanged if I'll do that. I say, though, come on to the race track today."

Sir Hilton shook his head.
 "Nonsense! Think of it. Your old filly. La Sylphide, first favorite. I saw her a week ago. Lovely! Lady Tilborough told me she wouldn't take four times as much for her as she gave at your sale."

"The beautiful gazelle-eyed creature!" sighed Sir Hilton.

"That she is."
 "Who is up?" said Sir Hilton.

"Josh Rowe, your old jock, of course. The widow told me that she wouldn't— I mean the mare—let anyone else go near her."

"Just like her, Jack. She had a temper, but she was like a kitten with me. Came ambling up the paddock when I whistled and she'd rub her head against me for all the world like a cat, and fetch bits of carrot out of my pocket, or whinny for sugar. Ah! those were dear old days. Yes, she'll pull it off for certain."

"Come and see her run."
 "I couldn't, old man. I couldn't bear it. No, I'm entered for the House of Commons. Lady Lisle says I'm to be a Minister some day."

"Bravo! Be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and keep the purse. But I say, do come. You must be hungry for a race after fasting so long."

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



A DRESSY COSTUME SEEN IN THE ENCLOSURE.

All sorts of costumes are seen at the races, everything from the severest smart mohair or serge tailor-made to the most elaborate toilette of silk, chiffon or some such dressy material. Double chiffon in a periwinkle blue shade made one of the most attractive of the colored costumes seen recently in the track enclosure. The very full skirt pleated into the waistband over a foundation of tulle, in a lighter shade of blue was very elaborately trimmed with rouspouse lace flouncings and galloons with narrow ribbon in the blue shade. The trimming extended downward from the knees, and the drop skirt ruffle was frilled with many rows of the narrow blue ribbon, making a pretty

foundation for the lace flouncing. The bodice was an elaborate affair of the chiffon and lace with frillings of the narrow ribbon. The back of the bodice was quite as elaborate as the front, and back and front of the high girle built in one with the waist were finished with large white pearl buttons, centered with knots of blue cord. The white lace had a band of blue satin around the edge, with trimmings of white ostrich and osprey, and the dainty coquette who wore this confection carried over her shoulder a sunshade of white tulle with printings of violets. Her feet were incased in patent cord pumps, and when she lifted the long train one caught a glimpse of open-work lace hosiery.

"I am, Jack, I am."
 "Time, then."

"No, don't ask me," said the baronet; "my racing days are over."

"And you've burnt your jockey cap and silk, and the scarlet and blue stripes of the finest gentleman rider of his day?"

"By Jove! no. I keep them; leather boots, whip, and all, in a locked-up drawer. My man, Mark, takes them out to set them up and worship sometimes."

"Then you really won't come?"
 "No, Jack, I can't. It would break my wife's heart if I did, and she really is very fond of me."

"Very well; I won't press you, old man. But I say, you think La Sylphide will win?"

"It's a dead cert. Have you anything on?"

"All I'm worth, dear boy. Have you?"
 "I? Nonsense! I haven't made a bet these two years."

"Then now's your time."
 "No, no; I've done with that sort of thing."

"But, personally, you are not flush of money, are you?"

"I? Never was so short in my life."
 The doctor laughed. "Seize the chance, then to make a thou or two."

"Impossible."
 "Nonsense! You say yourself the mare's sure to win."

"Bar accidents, she must."
 "Then make your game."

"No; I have no money."
 "Why you said just now that her ladyship had placed four thou to your credit in her bank."

"For my electioneering exes."

"Bosh! To use. Put on the pot, and make it boil. Why, man, you could clear enough on the strength of that coin lying idle to set you up for a couple of years."

"I—er—er," said Sir Hilton, who began biting at his nails. "Might, mightn't I?"

"Of course. Why, you would be mad to miss the chance."

"It does sound tempting."

"Tempting? Of course. It isn't as if there was any gambling in it."

"Exactly. There would be no gambling in it."

"Of course not. If it were some horse whose character you did not know, it would be different. But here you are—your own mare, whom you know down to the ground. Your own jockey, too. Look here, dear boy, La Sylphide can't help winning. You'd be mad to miss this chance. I should say, go and see the run; but I give you to your scruples there; but when I see you chucking away a pile of money I begin to kick."

Sir Hilton rose and walked up and down the room, as his old friend and companion continued talking, and the visitor coming back to the table and bringing down his fist with a bang.

"Yes," he cried, "it would be madness to miss the chance. By Jove! I'll do it."

"Bravo, old man!"

"I'll put it in your hands, Jack. Get on for me all you can."

"Up to what?"

"All I've got in the bank. Four thou."

"Do you mean it?"

"Well done, old chap. That's Hilt up to the hilt, like in the old times."

"Pet! Someone coming," said the baronet, dropping into a chair. "We didn't hear the chaise. It's my wife."

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. SHEARER HAS RESIGNED

Leaves Lord's Day Alliance to Join Presbyterian Moral Reform Association.

Toronto, July 4.—While regretting the severing of his connection with the Lord's Day Alliance, for which he made a hard fight in the dominion house last year to pass the present Sunday act, Rev. Dr. Shearer has decided to accept the office of general agent of the newly organized Presbyterian Temperance and Moral Reform Association. In his present capacity Dr. Shearer has, in a measure, been cut off from the church, and has expressed himself as being anxious to be again united with the clerical body. The salary is \$2,500 a year and traveling expenses. This is a slight increase over what he is receiving from the Lord's Day Alliance.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

Many Victims Mark New York and Boston's Celebration.

New York, July 4.—Independence day ushered in with a bang, went out tonight in a blaze of pyrotechnics, the most imposing that New Yorkers have witnessed. A deafening roar maintained throughout the day by burning of millions of dollars worth of powder, gave way after midnight to the exhibition of fireworks experts.

Viewed from its brighter side, the holiday was truly glorious. A smiling sun and moderate temperature brought the tens of thousands to the beaches, the public parks and amusement resorts.

In the background the police and hospital surgeons went grimly about their work of removing the dead and ministering to the wounded. Tonight the police were reckoning the cost in casualties of the day's celebration. At a late hour the list was not complete, but it was known that this celebration had cost seven lives, that a half dozen persons were dying, and that hundreds of others were being treated at the hospitals for injuries ranging from slight burns with the possibility of tetanus to bullet wounds and lost limbs.

Of the dead, three succumbed in premature celebrations.

In an ecstasy of patriotism, Arthur Carrozo rapidly discharged a revolver in his back yard. One of the bullets entered the head of his aunt, Mrs. Alfonso Cucarino, and she was killed. The next bullet by design or accident, killed the celebrator.

Another person sent a bullet crashing through the brain of eighteen-year-old Nimpa Grizzanti, as she stood near the open window of her room dressing her hair.

Henry Engelhardt, aged four, dared to look out of the window of his home. A bullet killed him.

Jesse Gusevitor, twenty-one years of age, is dying from another stray bullet wound.

James Bonezo was all but burned alive when a fire cracker ignited his clothing.

John Graham, aged ten, was internally torn by a toy cannon. His condition is critical.

Arthur Carfoot, aged twenty-five, is one of a dozen whose hands were blown off.

Boston, July 4.—What is generally regarded as the quietest and most orderly fourth of July which Boston has ever seen, closed at midnight with a remarkably creditable showing in the matter of serious accidents, fires and arrests for violation of ordinances. The strict enforcement of the law forbidding use of firearms and the blowing of horns, and the confining the day's celebration to the hours between 4 a. m. and midnight, had much to do with the record of the day.

But one fatal accident was recorded. Augustine Daly, aged nine, of Roxbury, being frightened by the report of a cannon fire-cracker, tumbled down stairs and died of injuries before reaching the hospital. The second most serious accident of the day was the burning of Annie, the four-year-old daughter of Charles W. Weislander, South Boston, whose dress caught alight, causing injuries which may result in her death.

The total number of injured treated at the local hospitals, during the twenty-four hours of the day numbered 125. There were sixty fires to call out the department, none of which caused any considerable damage, and the police department was called upon to place under arrest fifteen persons charged with the violation of the city ordinances regarding the celebration of the fourth.

The remainder of the troops in camp will act as the garrison of Camp Sussex, under the command of Lieut. Colonel Harper, 74th Regiment, with Major J. R. Tompkins as C. S. O., and will place the camp grounds in a state of defence and be prepared to assist the Blue forces.

As regards the orders, all orders issued by O. S. C., the Red and Blue forces respectively, whether issued in camp or on the field, will be in writing. These officers are to keep copies of all such orders issued and these will be handed to the chief umpire in a closed envelope immediately after the close of the manoeuvres.

Twenty rounds of blank ammunition per carbine and rifle will be issued, and O. S. C. units are held responsible that each N. C. O. and man under their respective commands are thoroughly searched before the ammunition is issued.

The umpires selected for the bloodless combat are Lieut. Col. Geo. Rolt White, chief umpire; assisted by Lieut. Colonel Dibblee, Vince, Campbell, MacLaren, Caldwell, L. L. Murray, du Domaine, Armstrong, Chénie, Ogilvie, McLean and Major Shewen.

Strict orders have been given that the officers commanding the Red and Blue forces respectively, will be very careful to see that no trespass is committed on private property during the manoeuvre and thus not have the troops scattered by farmers with pitch forks.

It has been arranged that the firing between the combatants will close as soon as they are within 100 yards of each other.

The decision of the umpire will be given immediately after the battle is over and the smoke lifts and reveals to the umpire in chief the faces of those who will be held in death. The O. C. of the unit affected by the decision of the umpire will be held responsible that the decision is at once carried out.

THE SUSSEX SOLDIERS MUST STEER CLEAR OF PITCH FORKS

Ordered Not to Trespass Upon Private Property During Today's Sham Battle.

Sussex, July 4.—Tomorrow is the banner day in Camp Sussex, it being tactical day. The sun was very warm today and as there is not a cloud in the sky tonight there is every prospect of fine weather tomorrow.

There is unusual interest being manifested in tomorrow's battle by those under canvas, and during the past two days the soldiers have worked earnestly to have a good knowledge for Friday's battle.

This morning the 10th and 12th field batteries underwent a fine examination, given to them by Col. Ogilvie and the inspector of the medical department said that he had never seen better work done than that accomplished by the stretcher bearers this morning under the direction of Sergt. Major Atchison.

The forces tomorrow will be known as the Red and Blue, each of which is mapping out its plans tonight for tomorrow's battle.

The Red force will be under the command of Col. Wedderburn, 8th Hussars, with Major McDougall, 8th Hussars, as C. S. O., consisting of: 8th Hussars (less B Squadron), under command of Major Lawlor, C. F. A. (Newcastle). One engineer officer, representing cavalry pioneers, half No. 8, Field Artillery, under command of Major Walker, No. 8, F. A., will parade at such hour as Lieut. Colonel Wedderburn orders.

The Blue force will be under the command of Lieut. Col. Mackenzie, 73rd Regt., with Lieut. Col. Chipman, 71st Regt., as C. S. O., consisting of: B Squadron, 8th Hussars; 10th Battery, C. F. A., under command of Major Good; 67th Regiment, under the command of Major Perkins; 71st Regiment, commanded by Major McLeod, and 73rd Regiment, under the command of Major Irving.

The S. C. A. Service Corps wagons will each carry a flag and will be fully horsed. Half No. 8, F. A., under command of

Capt. Weaver, will parade at such an hour as Lieut. Col. Mackenzie orders.

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Methodist Missions

Rev. Dr. Sutherland Tells of the Work in China and Japan.

In Victoria, B. C. last week, an address on the progress of Methodist mission work in China and Japan was delivered in the Chinatown mission house by Rev. Dr. Sutherland, general secretary of missions of the Methodist church of Canada, who had just returned from a visit to the

Orient, where he inspected the work being done by the missionaries of his denomination.

Dr. Sutherland said that in the province of Sz Chuan, in the western part of China, where Methodist influence is most felt, there is a demand for more workers. Last year there were fourteen missionaries in this province, and now twelve more are wanted, while it is estimated that more than one hundred will be required within the next five years. During the past five years there had been great changes, and more results had been realized than in all of two thousand years

previously. The missionary societies were endeavoring to keep pace with these changes, and their work was rapidly growing. In Chentu, the capital of Sz Chuan, the missionary society was building a hospital that would cost \$25,000, and was co-operating with other denominations for the purpose of securing the erection of a college for the education of Chinese.

Dr. Sutherland also gave good report of the work in Japan, and said that a general conference of Methodist churches in that country was being formed.

WEDDINGS

McBeath-Lingley.

A pretty wedding was solemnized at 8.30 o'clock Thursday evening at the residence of Rev. Gideon Swin, Cedar street, when Miss Bertha Pauline Lingley was united in marriage to Alex. McBeath, son of James McBeath, 80 Adelaide street. The bride was becomingly attired in white net of tulle, and carried a shewed bouquet of white roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Isabelle, and William Williams acted as groomsmen. A tempting supper was served at the bride's home after the ceremony. The many costly presents attested to the popularity of the young couple.

Thomas-McDonald.

Moncton, July 4.—A pretty wedding event took place last evening in St. Bernard's church, when Miss Emma McDonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry McDonald, was married to Herman J. Thomas, of the I. C. R. offices, a well known ball player, and son of Charles Thomas. Rev. Father Savage performed the ceremony. The bride was becomingly gowned in a traveling suit of brown, with hat to match, and was attended by Miss Mary McKenna, who wore cream silk with overdress of embroidered chiffon and hat to match. Walter McGinn acted as groomsmen.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT

Considerable Routine Business Transacted at Last Night's Meeting.

Fredericton, N. B., July 4.—The local government met here this evening, with Premier Robinson and Hon. Messrs. Faris, LaBillois, Jones and Sweeney in attendance.

Dr. D. R. Moore was heard in regard to the payment of the subsidy due to the York & Carleton railway, and M. Coll, of St. John, was heard re school matters.

The business was principally of routine nature.

James Barnes, M. P. P., of Kent, is in town, and it is said will be sworn in as a member of the government without portfolio.

The government will meet again tomorrow.



Romantic Rhoades—Ah, how quiet and restful is your peaceful homestead. Prosac Ploids—Aw, don't fool yourself! You'll find that jobs lurk in the most restful, innermost localities!

HOME PAPERS