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MEN'S FANCY TWEED SUITS, regular \$10
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Union Clothing Company,

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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 Ceremon-
ies," "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 Dances of that morning, minus his little white moustache, and flourishing his pack of cards, suddenly appeared at the window with "Success to your ladyship, and may you win every race! You'll buy a few c'reet cards of Dandy Dinny, the only original purveyor of—"

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

"C'er'ay, my noble doctor; but you'll buy a c'reet 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 outpated.

"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 landlady, with his pencil between his lips watching him keenly.

"I shan't dine here, Simpkins," he said. "Very good, sir. So I heard."

"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?"

"What?"

"What?"

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. Dandies send us this princess jumper in a soft but heavy weave of linen, simply but very effectively trimmed with hand embroidered 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.

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 to her heels."

"That's it, sir."

"But why? What's the reason?"

"No joke, sir. Ladyship's man's down—accident, killed, or ill, or some't. 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."

"If 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 rank 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 lady, turning pale. "Is there another crash?"

"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 been killed, believe me."

"Oh, booh! 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—"

"Very 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 go to ride the mare?"

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

"Lady Tilborough, you've made me a happy man," cried 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."

"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.

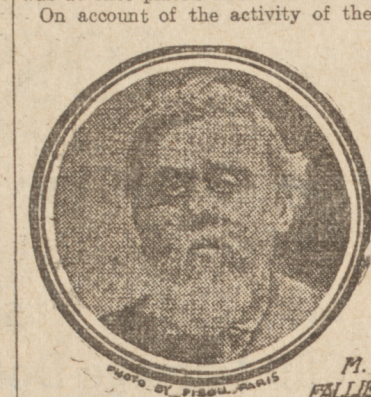
"Oh, bother! Well, what is it?"

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

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



M. FALLIERES

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 cuirassiers had safely emerged from the Bois de Boulogne, where the anti-militarists had stationed themselves with the intention of shooting the president, and were descending the broad Champs Elysees amid the acclamations of the crowd.

The president, who was shouting "Vive Fallieres," "Vive l'armee," when at the corner of Lesseur street, Maillie, 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 carriage stopped. The diplomatic corps 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 Maillie, who made no resistance, but the police with difficulty prevented the irate crowds from lynching the prisoner until a cordon of reserve came up and conducted him to the station. There Maillie refused to give any reason for his act, saying:

"The revelations I have 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 Maillie 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 Maillie arrived here from Rouen only last night.

Maillie 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-militarist 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.

secured a bucket of water and extinguished the blaze.

The firemen responded promptly to the call and Eekel 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 Gosseline 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 she was lying on her back, 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 the house and gone into 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 yes-

terday 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.

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, of S. S. 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.

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, 1837, 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 Bow Head for orders.

On Saturday night last the steamer Yale took away more than 600 passengers for Boston, a large number from the city going on a vacation. George Dunlavy, of Robert Reed Co., was a passenger, going on a well earned holiday.

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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.

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Made by Pabst at Milwaukee And Bottled only at the Brewery.

Richard Sullivan & Co., 44-46 Dock St. St. John. Phone Main 533.

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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.

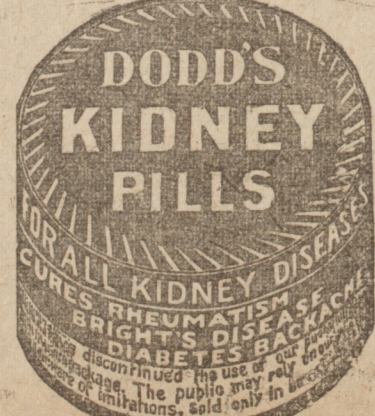
Physicians who have examined the formula of Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake and Butternut Pills say no medicine could be better.

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. E. A. 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 marvelous 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.



Denis J. McManus, eldest son of the late Felix McManus, of Carleton, died Friday at his home in Carleton Place (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.

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