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Sir Hilton's Sin.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN, Author of "Black Blood," "A Woman Worth Winning," Master of Ceremonies," "The New Mistress," "The Meeting of Greeks," "Drawn Swords," Etc. . . . . .

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Lisle and her nephew Sydney, home from college, are discovered at breakfast. Lady Lisle married Sir Hilton when his finances had come to a tragic pass, and paid his debts. Sir Hilton had been forced to sell racers and hunters, and her ladyship, who holds strict views, saw that he "turned over a new leaf," and prevailed on him to stand for Parliament. When the local races are due, the agent Trimmer asks for a day off, as he says, to see his aunt. Before he goes he mentions that the publican's daughter, Mary Ann Simpkins, has made a great success on the London music-hall stage as La Sylphide, the same name as the wonderful racer Sir Hilton sold to Lady Tilborough. As Miss Simpkins's name is mentioned, an ornament which Syd is fingering upon the mantelpiece falls over with a crash. As Lady Lisle goes out the parlour maid enters.

The groom, Mark Willows, who is in love with Jane, follows, and tells her that he has bet on La Sylphide, and means to open a public-house with the winnings. Breaking in upon a lover's interview, "dapper little Sir Hilton Lisle" enters.

Dr. Jack Granton persuades the squire to put on the horse the $4,000 his wife has placed to his credit for election purposes, just as the sound of Lady Lisle's returning carriage is heard.

Lady Tilborough, an old friend, subsequently comes in haste to see Sir Hilton. "Temptation in its most tempting form," says Sir Hilton, as she enters the room.

(Continued.)

"Hah! You quite frightened me. Now then, Hetty, old lady, what's the matter?"

"That's our old friend Hilt talking like himself again," said the visitor, with a sigh of relief. "There, I'm myself again, ready to take every obstacle that comes in my way. Hilt, old man, a horrible disaster."

"Yes? Yes?" cried Sir Hilton, turning white, as if he already saw the shadow of what was to come.

"Your dear old mare."

"Not dead?" cried Sir Hilton wildly.

"No, no, no; but it's as bad. She was to run for the cup today."

"Yes, yes; I know."

"Thought you had done thinking of such things."

"I have—I haven't—oh, for goodness' sake, woman, go on! She hasn't been got at?"

"Not directly, Hilt, but indirectly."

"But how—how? Go on. I'm in torture."

"Hah!" cried Lady Tilborough, with a sigh of satisfaction. "I knew you would be, Hilt, for your old friend's sake."

"Will you go on, Hetty?"

"Yes, yes. I can't prove it. I daren't say it, but Josh Rowle has been a deal at Sam Simpkins's this last week or two."

"Yes?"

"And I'm as good as sure that the old scoundrel has been at work on him."

"No; you're wrong. Josh is as honest as the day. I always trusted him to ride square, and he always did."

"And so he has for me, Hilt."

"Of course. I tell you I always trusted him."

"But not with a bottle, Hilt.'

"Eh? No; drink was his only weakness."

"That's right; and I believe Sam Simpkins—the old villain!—has been at him that way to get him so that he can't ride."

"What!"

"The miserable wretch is down with D. T.'s—in an awful state, and the local demon can't allay the spirit. To make matters worse, Jack Granton, who might have helped him, can't be found."

"Jack was here just now. Gone on to the course."

"What! Oh joy! No, no; it's no use. Too late. Nobody could make poor Josh fit to ride today."

"But this is diabolical."

"Oh, it's ten times worse than that, Hilty, old man. I had such trust in the mare that I'm on her for nearly every shilling I possess. If she doesn't win I'm a ruined woman."

"Oh!" cried Sir Hilton, getting up and stamping about the room, tearing at his hair, already getting thin on the crown.

"Thank you, Hilt dear, thank you. I always knew you for a sympathetic soul. Can you imagine anything worse?"

"Yes—yes!" cried Sir Hilton; "ten times worse."

"What?"

"I'm on her too!"

"You?"

"Yes, to the tune of four thousand pounds."

"You, Hilt!" cried the lady, with her eyes brightening and instead of sympathy something like ecstasy in her tones. "I thought you had 'schworred off.'"

"Yes, of course—I had—but the—mare—short of money—such faith in her—I put on—lot of my wife's money. Hetty, how could you have managed so badly with Josh Rowle? What have you done? Oh, woman, woman! You always were the ruin of our sex! Why did you come with such horrible news as this? I'm a ruined man."

"Yes, Hilt, and I'm a ruined woman."

"Do you know what it means for me, Hetty?"

"Yes, Hilt, old man—four thou."

"Of my wife's money? No, it means locking my dressing-room door, and then—"

"Yes? What then?"

"Revolver. No, haven't got one—a razor."

"Tchah!"

"While you, Hetty—"

"Not such a fool," cried the lady, "Life's worth more than four million millions, squared and cubed. Pull yourself together, you dear old gander."

"Pull myself together!" groaned Sir Hilton. "Oh, why did you come with this horrible news?"

"Because I knew you could help me, stupid!"

"I—I—help you?"

"Hold up, Hilt, or you'll break your knees. It's an emergency—no time to lose. La Sylphide must come up to the scratch."

"Oh!" groaned Sir Hilton. "Impossible. Try to put another jock on her, and she'll murder him. You know what she is. There, pray leave me. I must do a bit of writing before I go."

"Hilt!" cried Lady Tilborough, flushing with energy, as she sprang up and snatched her whip from the table, to swish it about and make it whistle through the air. "You make me feel as if I could lash you till you howled. Be a man. Suicide! Bah! You'll have to die quite soon enough. Now then, listen. This is the only chance. In the terrible emergency I've come to you. Now, quick, there isn't a minute to spare. You must help me."

"I? How?"

"Can't you see?"

"I'm stunned."

"Oh, what a man! You must ride the mare yourself."

"I?"

"And win."

"Impossible!"

"Nonsense. She will be like a lamb with you."

"But my wife; she wouldn't—"

"Oh!" cried Lady Tilborough, stamping, and lashing the air with her whip. "Divorce your wife."

"She'd divorce me."

"And a good job too! You must come and ride the mare."

"I can't—I can't."

"You must, Hilt."

"Out of training. Too heavy."

"Not a bit of it. You're as fine as can be, and will want weight. You look as thin as if you'd been fretting."

"I have been, woman; I have."

"Al lthe better.. Come on at once."

"I tell you I daren't. I can't, Hetty. It is madness."

"Yes, to refuse. Do you hear? It is to save your four thousand pounds."

"Oh!" groaned Sir Hilton.

"Your wife's money."

"With which she has trusted me for parliamentary expenses."

"Hah! Then you must ride and save it."

"No, no, no! My spirit's broken. I should funk everything."

"Nonsense! Come, you will ride?"

"No, no, not even for that money, and to save the shame. I can't—I can,t, Hetty."

"Then for your old, old friend. Hilt, dear boy, we were nearly making a match of it once, only you were a fool. I'd have had you."

"Would you?"

"Yes, if you hadn't been so wild. Now then, for the sake of old days and our old love, Hilt, for my sake. Do you want me to go down upon my knees?"

"No, no, the other way on, it you like. but the race—impossible. I can't, I can't. I don't know though. She'd never hear of it. But the newspaper. She never reads it though; calls it a disgustingly low journal. But, no—no, I couldn't—couldn't. Hetty, old girl, pray pray don't tempt me."

"It's to save yourself from shame, and me, a weak, helpless woman, from absolute ruin. Don't live to see me sold up, stock, lock and barrel. Why, Hilt, old man, I shall be as badly off as you. All my poor gee-gees, including the mare, knocked down, and poor me marrying some tyrant who will now and then write me a paltry cheque."

"Ha, yes!" cried Sir Hilton, drawing himself up as rigidly as if he had been struck by a cataleptic seizure, while Lady Tilborough stared at him in horror, and, unseen by either, Sydney, armed with mounted fly-rod and creel, appeared at the window, stopped short, and looked in in astonishment.

"Hah!" ejaculated the baronet again, drawing a deep breath, as he changed into the little wiry alert man, with a regular horsey look coming over his face, and tightening lips. "All right, Hetty," he cried. "I'm on."

"Hurrah!" cried Lady Tilborough, waving her whip about her head, and then stroking it down softly on first one and then on the other side of her old friend, before making believe to hold a pair of reins and work them about, jockey fashion. "Sir Hilton up—he's giving her her head—look at her—away she goes—a neck—half a length—two lengths! Sylphide wins! Sylphide wins—a bad second, and the field nowhere."

"Hah!" breathed Sir Hilton, with his eyes flashing.

"What about your silk and cap?"

"All right."

"Get 'em; come on, then, Hilt. I'll gallop back to the paddock like the wind. There'll be some scene-shifting there by now and the bookies working the oracle, for the news was flying when I came away that my mare was to be scratched."

"Hah!" cried Sir Hilton. "We'll scratch 'em, old girl. She must—she shall win."

"Three cheers for the gentleman rider!"

"But my wife—my election?"

"What! Win the race, and you'll win the seat, old man. Can't you see?"

"Only the saving of the money we have on."

"What! Not that the popular sporting rider who won the cup will win no end of votes today?"

"Ah, to be sure. Yes, of course," cried Sir Hilton, excitedly. "Be off. I'll join you at the hotel. My word! I seem to be coming to life again. Hetty. I can hear the buzzing of the crowd, the beating of the hoofs, the whistling of the wind, and see the swarming mob, and yelling of the thousand voices as the horse sweeps on with her long elastic stride."

"First past the post, Hilt."

"Yes, first past the post."

"Now, get all you want and drive over at once. I'll go round to the stables, shout for Mark, and tell him the news. Then I'll gallop back at once."

The "at once" came faintly, for Lady Tilborough was already passing through the door.

"Phew!" whistled Sir Hilton. "By George! it sends a thrill through a man again. La Sylphide. My first .old love."

He stood motionless, staring after his visitor for a few moments, and then literally dashed through the opposite door.

The next moment a fishing rod was thrust in at the window, dropped against the table, and Syd, with a creel hanging from its strap, vaulted lightly through the window into the room, to give vent to what sounded like the tardy echo of his uncle's whistle.

"Phe-ew!" And then he said, softly, with a grin of delight upon his features, "Auntie seems to be very much out. The ball's begun to roll, gentlemen, so make your little game."

(To be continued.)



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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



ALL BLACK DINNER G OWN OF COLEEN POPLIN.

All black dinner gowns are at their best when made of materials soft and semi-transparent, soft silks, poplins, lansdowne and such fabrics, which naturally adapt themselves to the modes for evening wear. Coleen poplin, a soft, clinging, lustrous weave, popular in the season's range of materials, makes this gown of princess persuasion. It is really made in two pieces, skirt and bodice, but so effectively joined that it looks to be a one piece costume. The skirt is tucked over the hips between panels of black lace applique bands, and has two deep tucks, below clusters of tiny pin tucks, between the hem and several inches above the knee. The decolette bodice, cut rounding in back and pointed in front, is a simple baby waist with simple trimmings of the applique, and short, very full puff sleeves, shirred and banded with the lace, and finished with a double frill of black chiffon. From the empire waistline in the back depends an empire sash of black chiffon. Long black glace gloves come well up under the short puff, so that none of the arm is visible between the sleeve and the top of the glove. An attractive accessory is the band of black velvet ribbon about the throat finished with a bow at the back of the neck.

SCHMITZ DEFIES JUDGE BUT HE GETS FIVE YEARS

He Takes His Sentence But Objects to Judge Dunne's Scathing Lecture.

San Francisco, July 8—Judge Dunne today sentenced Mayor Eugene Schmitz to five years in the penitentiary for extortion. During the judge's bitter arraignment of the prisoner, Schmitz repeatedly protested against the humiliation of a "lecture" that would be printed in full in the press.

Judge Dunne said: "In pronouncing judgment in this case it can be said that the verdict of the jury in this case has a deeper significance than ordinarily attached to the finding or guilty. It is a message to all the people in the city of San Francisco that law and order are supreme; that no man, however exalted his station or how strong and powerful the political, social and financial influences which surround him, is above the law.

"Eugene E. Schmitz, you have heretofore occupied the highest office which the city of San Francisco can confer on one of its citizens. You were elected to that postion because of the confidence and trust reposed in you by the mass of the——."

"I am here," interrupted Schmitz, in a voice, though quiet and controlled, that carried to the far corners of the room, "to receive sentence at your hands and not to be humiliated by a lecture which the newspapers can repeat in print."

"You were elevated to that position, I say, because of the confidence and trust imposed in you——"

Attorney Metson interposed: "We are to take sentence; not to be lectured. We——"

"Mr. Metson," said Judge Dunne warmly. "if you interrupt these proceedings again I will send you to jail. You would be in better business if you were begging for a day in court to answer the charges that you wilfully and improperly attempted to tamper with a juror in this case."

"I am ready," responded Metson, "to answer now, or any other time, any charge that may be lodged against me."

To this Judge Dunne made no reply. Turning to Schmitz he resumed:

"You were elected to the position because of the confidence and great trust reposed in you by the mass of people. You have by your wilful criminal act, so a jury of your fellow-citizens has declared, broken that confidence betrayed that trust."

"Therefore," the judge continued, "it may be said that the penalty which the law permits in this case is insufficient to meet the demands of justice. It may be suggested, however, that by your conviction you will lose the respect and esteem of all good citizens and men; that you will suffer the humiliation of knowing that your career of hypocrisy, duplicity and dishonor——"

"I stand here as an American citizen to demand my rights," interrupted Schmitz. "I'm not asking any leniency at the hands of this court. I am prepared to receive sentence. I ask that your honor do your duty and pronounce it immediately and that I be not subjected to humiliation and degrading remarks which the papers are copying and will print. I say, if your honor has any self respect you will proceed with the sentence."

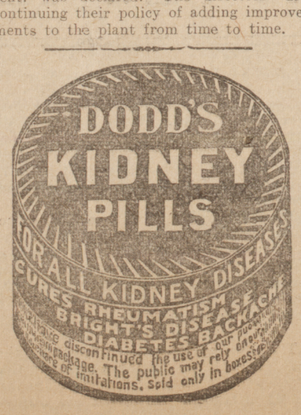
"It is not unusual," was Judge Dunne's reply, "for courts to be brought into contact with such brazen acts of effrontery as yours in the present instance. It is the duty of the court in such cases to view the conduct of a convicted felon with patience and toleration, not to say pity. By your conviction you will lose respect and esteem of all good men and citizens. You will suffer the humiliation of knowing, I say, that your career of hypocrisy, duplicity and dishonor has been exposed and that you stand, before those who believed in and honored you, morally naked, shamed and disgraced."

"I deny that," cried Schmitz. "The people of San Francisco know how I was railroaded through."

Judge Dunne resumed: "Morally naked, shamed and disgraced. It is in the knowledge of these things rather than in any mere term of imprisonment in a state penitentiary that the full measure of your punishment may be found.

"It is the judgment of this court that you be confined in the state prison at San Quentin for a term of five years."

At a meeting of the directors of the Cornwall & York Cotton Mills yesterday the usual half yearly dividend of 3 per cent. was declared. The directors are continuing their policy of adding improvements to the plant from time to time.



ADMINISTRATION ASKED FOR IN MR. BLAIR'S ESTATE

Will Cannot be Found---Net Value of Estate is $117,364---Carried But Small Amount of Life Insurance.

Ottawa, July 8—Application has been made in the surrogate court by Andrew Geo. Blair, barrister, and Henry Allen Harvey, banker, of Ottawa, for letters of administration of the estate of the late Andrew G. Blair, former minister of railways and canals, and afterwards chairman of the railway commission. The formal grant of administration has not yet been made.

Mr. Blair's will was never found. The inventory shows that Mr. Blair, who died suddenly on January 25th, of this year, at Fredericton (N.B.),left $375,652, against which there are debts and liabilities of $198,688, leaving a balance of $117,364.

The value of the whole estate is $375,632, personalty, $355,062; realty, $20,601; liabilities, $198,288.48, balance, $177,364. Schedule A, comprising freehold property within Ontario, house corner McLaren and O'Conner streets, Ottawa, $12,900; terrace of four houses and barn, corner Gladstone avenue and Kent street, Ottawa, $7,700; total, $20,600.

Schedule B, comprising shares of capital stock in companies domiciled within Ontario, Western Canada Cement and Coal Company, 100 shares, par value $1,000; value to Jan. 25, 1907, $920; Ontario Accident Insurance Company, 10 shares, 20 per cent paid, par value $100; value to Jan. 25, 1907, $10.

Ashbury College Company, Limited, 10 shares, preferred, par value $100; value to Jan. 25, 1907, $100; Birbeck Investment Security and Savings Company, 10 shares, preferred, par value, $500; value to Jan. 25, 1907, $375; Ottawa Electric Railway Company, 30 shares, par value, $3,000; value to Jan. 25, 1907, $6,000; Dominion Building and Loan Association, 25 shares, par value $625; value to Jan. 25, 1907, $500; International Portland Cement Co., Ltd., 85 shares, par value, $8,500; value to Jan. 25, 1907, $8,500; Canadian General Electric, 500 shares, par value, $50,000; value to Jan. 25, 1907, $65,000; Canadian Westinghouse Co., 100 shares, par value, $10,000; value to Jan. 25, 1907, $12,500. Total value to Jan. 25, 1907, $93,905.

Schedule C, comprising shares of capital in companies with Quebec—National Drug and Chemical Co., 48 shares, par value $4,800; value to Jan. 25, 1907 $3,600; Illinois Traction Co., 175 shares, par value $17,500; value to Jan. 25, 1907; Lake of the Woods Milling Company, 405 shares, common, par value $40,500, value to Jan. 25, 1907, $36,450; Lake of the Woods Milling Co., 150 shares, preferred, par value, $15,000, value to Jan. 25, 1907, $16,500. Total value to Jan. 25, 1907, $72,300; Mexican Light and Power Co., 20 bonds, $16,390.13; total, $88,690.13.

Schedule D, freehold in New Brunswick—House and land in Fredericton and parish of Lancaster, $5,800.

Schedule E, shares in steamship companies domiciled in New Brunswick—Total value $16,000.

Schedule F, shares in New Brunswick companies—Carleton Sentinel Publishing Company, 250 shares, par value $2,500, value to Jan. 25, 1907, $1,250; Fredericton Gas and Light Company, 38 shares, par value $1,650, value to Jan. 25, 1907, $1,237.50; Record Foundry Machine Company, 110 preferred shares, par value $11,000, value to Jan. 25, 1907, $8,250; Record Foundry Machine Company, 110 shares common, par value $5,500, value to Jan. 25, 1907, $1,100; New Brunswick Telephone Company, Ltd., 1,014 shares, par value $50,700, value to Jan. 25, 1907, $45,630. Total, $57,467.50.

Schedule G, Nova Scotia companies—Nova Scotia and Mexican Mining Co., 2,500 shares, value $250.

Schedule H—Eastern Alberta Land Syndicate, four shares, value $2,480; Vermilion Land Syndicate, 3 shares, value $1,900. Total, $4,381.

Schedule I—Past due notes—H. R. Emmerson five notes of $500 each; note by A. G. Blair, Jr., $5,000.

Schedule J—Chattels in residence at Ottawa, $8,471.10; cash, $1,542.10.

Schedule K—Shares in capital stock of United States companies and U. S. Detroit United Railway Co., 300 shares,value $24,000; MacKay Companies, Limited, 100 shares, value $7,400; Missouri Pacific Railway Company, 100 shares, value $8,700; Toledo Railway and Light Company, 40 shares, value $11,200; United States Steel Corporation, 100 preferred shares, value $10,600; United States Steel Corporation, 100 common stock, value $4,600; American Car and Foundry Company,100 shares, value $4,300; Gold King Mining Company, 16,008 shares, value $2,401; Gold King Mining Company, $2,000 bonds, value $2,024.11; policies, Mutual Life of New York, $5,500; New York Life, $1,000; Sun Life, $2,000.

Schedule L shows debts and liabilities at $198,288.48.

Among the assets that are scheduled as of no present market value are: The Canadian Marble Company, Limited, 15 shares, par value, $100. Canadian Passe Cement Co., Ltd., 15 preferred shares,par value, $100; Union Development Company, 10,000 shares, par value, $1; Annuity Company of Canada, 100 shares, par value, $100; Kimberley-Montana Gold Mining Company, 18,000 shares, par value, $1; Ottawa Golf Club, one share, par value, $500; Payne Consolidated Co., Ltd., 5,500 shares, par value, $1.

COBALT IN THROES OF SERIOUS STRIKE

Twenty-five Hundred Men Are Out and Only Four Diggings Working.

Toronto, July 8—Cobalt has a strike on her hands. Upwards of 2,500 men are idle in town and work is at a standstill in all the mines save Foster, Green-Meehan, McKinley-Darragh and Queen, which have agreed to the demand of the miners. The other companies have agreed upon and posted a wage schedule and are said to be determmed to stand by it. The Tretheway Company, however, which signed the schedule, is said to be anxious to come to terms with the men.

The grievances of the miners are principally in regard to wages paid surface men and the length of shifts of underground employes. Because the former are not paid what is considered a fair wage by the Western Federation of Miners other laborers may go out through sympathy.

The men demand that instead of two shifts a day for underground men there should be three of eight hours each,claiming that in this way use is made of the company's machinery all the time, thus benefiting the company financially and the miners physically.

The strike news caused a heavy tone in the Toronto market for mining securities. Tretheway, Foster and Green-Meehan were among the issues to show a decline. One consolation is that mining stocks have fallen so far in the past six months that they cannot go much farther. At least that is the hope of many holders.

MAJOR WETMORE'S SPLENDID SCORE

Clifton Marksman Makes An Excellent Showing at Opening of Bisley Meet.

Montreal, July 8—A Canadian A. P. cable says: The annual match of the National Rifle Association opened at Bisley today with the weather very cool and cloudy but no rain.

In the Gregory competition, which is open to all comers, Major O. W. Wetmore, of the 74th Regiment, Clifton (N. B.), made 34 out of a possible 35.

Colonel Crosse, secretary of the National Rifle Association, says sufficient funds to send a team to Canada and Australia have not yet been subscribed, but he fully expected that the sum required will be forthcoming.

Colonel Gibson, commanding the Canadian Bisley team, met many old friends today, among them being Private White law, who was second in the Prince of Wales competition in 1879, when Colonel Gibson won. A private match between them has been made.

Cure Every Form of Indigestion

After you have eaten a meal, the stomach should do two things—pour out a dissolving fluid to digest the food—and churn the food until completely digested and liquified. Sour Stomach, Belching Gas, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, simply mean that the stomach is not doing its work properly.

"Fruit-a-tives" strengthen the stomach and increase the flow of gastric juice

"Fruit-a-tives" make the liver active and regulate the bowels. There will be an end to those Bilious Headaches, too, as soon as you start curing your Dyspepsia and Constipation with Fruit-a-tives.

"Fruit-a-tives" contain the wonderful medicinal properties of fruit—in an active and curative form. 50c. a-box —6 for $2.50. At all dealers'.

Fruit-a-tives

OR (FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.) 117

Free, for Catarrh, just to prove merit, a Trial size Box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me send it now. It is a snow-white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucaliptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.

THE ARTILLERY

Lieut. Col. Ogilvie Commenced His Inspection Last Night.

The annual inspection of the 3rd Regiment of Artillery was held in the drill shed last evening. The three companies, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, were on parade in command of Lieut.-Colonel W. W. White, and were drawn up in quarter column to receive the inspecting officer, Lieut.-Colonel Ogilvie, D. S. A.

On account of the illness of Colonel G. Rolt White, D. O. C., his place was taken by Colonel E. T. Sturdee for muster parade. There was a good turn out. The inspecting officer was received with general salute, and the band playing.

Colonel Ogilvie then went through the companies, inspecting the clothing and arms of the men. He then took No. 1 company in infantry drill, forming in columns of sections of half companies and general infantry movements. The same inspection was also carried out with the other companies.

On muster parade Colonel Sturdee took each company separately, checking over the names. The men were in drill order, with forage caps. It was found that but few were absent.

During the proceedings the playing of the band was specially commented upon by Colonel Ogilvie, who expressed himself as pleased with the excellent music. The inspection will be resumed this evening, and concluded on Wednesday.

G. S. Moore, manager of the Royal Bank of Canada in Amherst, who was recently granted three months' leave of absence because of ill health, is spending a few days in the city.

Your Hair At Home?

Or has your comb run away with it? Better look out for what's left of it, and keep it at home on your head, not in the comb. Ayer's Hair Vigor will act as "keeper." If you have a particle of doubt about using this splendid preparation, let your doctor decide for you.

We publish the formulas of all our preparations.

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