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ALEX. CORBET, Manager

## 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.)

### SYNOPSIS

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 the "tamed 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 dancer Sir Hilton killed the baroness. 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 parlor maid enters.

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

"Oh, is it?" said the young fellow, sturdily. "You know well enough that if I saved all my wages I couldn't save enough to take a pub in twenty years. If La Sylphide passes the post first today she'll land me enough to take a nice roadside hotel, something like Sam Simpkins, the trainer at Tilborough, only not so big, of course; nice little place, where I can plant my wicket, and the bar, and do a nice trade with visitors somewhere down in the country, where there's waterfalls and mountains and lakes."

"And that is why you've begun betting again, Mark?" said the girl, a little more softly.

"Yes, that's what I meant, my gal, for I didn't think you'd take it like that. Our mare—I mean Lady Tilborough's—La Sylphide brings a certainty. But if she loses, I shan't go and marry some rich woman for the sake of her money."

There was silence for a few moments. Mark turning away to take a pink out of his bet-notebook and began nibbling the stalk, and Jenny turning in the other direction so that her lover should not see a little sign of weakness in her eyes, which she strove hard to master, and so well that in a short time, when she spoke again her voice sounded sharp and without a tremor.

"A pretty game I'm sure sir. Races indeed and betting too! Sir Hilton had better take your precious dog-cart and go La Sylphiding. You mark my words, if he does her ladyship will be sure to find out and then if she suspects you had anything to do with it you'll get the sack."

"Well, I don't know," said the groom, dreadingly. "You don't seem to understand a fellow, and it's all wrong here, and it's miserable to see the poor old gaffer so down in the mouth."

"Down in the mouth indeed, after missus's father found the money to pay his debts, and four thousand pounds for him to go into Parliament as an M. P."

"Tchah! Such nonsense! Our Sir Hilton ain't going to give up the turf and chuck himself away like that."

"Chuck himself away?"

"Yes, Turn Jewline. Him going to turn himself into a talking windmill, waving his arms about? Not he. But how come you to hear that?"

"Mr. Trimmer told me."

"Mr. Trimmer! How come he to tell you?" said the young man, with his face growing dark.

"Oh Mr. Trimmer is very pleasant and friendly to me sometimes."

"Oh, is he? Then he ain't going to be, and so I tell him. A long, lanky, white-choked imitation. Methodo parson, that's what he is! What right has he got to be civil to you, I should like to know?"

"Well, I'm sure sir," cried the girl, whose eyes were sparkling with delight to see how her lover was moved. "I don't know what her ladyship's bailiff and agent and steward and confidential man would say—him, a real gentleman—if he heard what poor Sir Hilton's groom and valet said."

"Gentleman—confidential man! Why, he ain't half a man, and he ain't the good sanctified chap he pretends to be, and I'd tell him so to his face. Look here, Jenny, he may be her ladyship's, but he ain't going to be your confidential man. But there, I ain't no right to say nothing, I suppose, and this about finishes it. Ladyship or no ladyship, whether the gaffer comes or whether he don't, I'm going over to Tilborough racetrack 'safternoon, and if La Sylphide don't pull it off for me I shall make a hole in the water and leave it to cover me up."

"Mark!" said Jenny, softly, with her eyes half closed.

"Well?"

"I can't help Mr. Trimmer speaking civ-

il to me when he comes to see her ladyship about the accounts."

"Oh, no, of course not," said the young man exultantly.

"I can't really, Mark—dear. He always seems to me like one of those nasty creeps that come down in the stone passage in damp weather, and just as they do when they've rubbed a little of the whitewash on to their throats."

"Jenny!"

"Yes, Mark dear. I do hope La Sylphide will win."

"Oh!"

"Ahem!"

Smart-looking, well-built, dapper little Sir Hilton Lisle, looking the beau-ideal of a horse-loving country gentleman, entered the breakfast-room.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### The Tempter's Call.

Mark and Jane started apart, looking extremely guilty—of a loving kiss—but quite ready to make the best of things, the latter darting to the table to rearrange the position of a couple of forks, and Sir Hilton's body-servant holding out a hand, palm upwards.

"Do look sharp, Jane," he said, "and hurry up that hot coffee and the kidneys I knew Sir Hilton would be down directly."

"Mark!" said the baronet, sharply.

"Yes, Sir Hilton."

"You know I don't like humbug, eh?"

"Yes, Sir Hilton?"

"Jane, my girl, do you want to lose your place?"

"No, Sir Hilton—I'm very sorry, Sir Hilton."

"Let him kiss you."

"Oh, Sir Hilton!"

"Don't deny it. I saw more. You gave him one. Now, look here, both of you. You Jane, are a very nice respectable girl, and I like you. Mark, here is a very good fellow, and as for me, I don't mind getting married, I don't say I will not give you both a hundred pounds to start life with."

"Oh, Sir Hilton!"

"If I've got it. But no more of this. It looks bad, and is not respectful to your employer. You both know, I suppose, that if her ladyship saw half what I noted just now you would be dismissed, Jane, and I'm afraid, Mark, I should have to part with you."

"I beg—"

"That will do—not another word. Breakfast, Jane—quick, please."

"Yes, Sir Hilton," and Jane drew a breath full of relief, as she hurried through the door.

"Heigh—ho—ha—hum!" yawned the baronet, placing his hands in his pockets and looking down in a dreamy way at the breakfast-table. Then he took out and opened his hunting watch, and closed it with a snap.

"E—lev—en o'clock," he said. "Her ladyship send for you, Mark?"

"Yes, Sir Hilton. Brought round the pony-carriage."

"Oh! Gone out?"

"Yes, Sir Hilton."

"Where are you waiting for?"

"Morning's paper, Sir Hilton," said the man, obsequiously, as he drew a sporting print from his pocket and held it out meaningly turned down at a particular spot.

"What's that?" said the baronet, glancing at one line, and then, turning angrily, "Take it away!" he cried.

"Beg pardon, Sir Hilton. Tilborough first Summer Meeting."

"Take it away!"

"Yes, sir; but La Sylphide."

"Look here, Mark, my lad, no more of it. I know, of course, but take it away. Do you want to drive me mad?"

"Beg pardon, Sir Hilton. Then you won't drive over in the dog-cart?"

"What?"

"Just to see her pull it off, Sir Hilton."

"Confound it, man! Hold your tongue! Be off!"

At that moment there were steps on the gravel, and directly after a peal arose from the door-bell.

"Go and see who that is, sir, and never mention anything connected with the turf again. It's dead to me, and I'm dead to it," he muttered, as the man left the room, giving place to Jane, who hurried in with covered dishes upon a tray.

"Did you see who that was, Jane?"

"No, Sir Hilton. Some gentleman on horseback. His horse is hooked on one side of the gate."

"Who the deuce can it be?"

"Dr. Granton, sir," said the groom, coming to the door.

"Oh! Where is he?"

"Study, sir."

"Bring him in here."

Sir Hilton looked quite transformed. There was a bright, alert look in his erstwhile dull eyes, and he seemed to pull himself together as he started actively from his chair, and made as if to hurry after his groom.

But he was too late, for the door reopened, and Mark shewed in a handsome,

## Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



BUFF TAFFETAS EVENING WRAP WITH LANSLOWNE COSTUME OF SAME COLOR.

A very pretty fashion this season is that of matching the evening coat to the costume. It is, of course, an expensive one, and one which can only be indulged in by the woman of unlimited means, therefore, not a fashion to become common. Taffetas silk in a soft, old-fashioned buff shade is used in the evening coat of the picture, which is really more a cape than a coat, for it is developed on the lines of the chasuble. Wide pleatings of the silk with large gulf buttons centered with mother of pearl, are the only trimmings. The shoulders extend out far enough over the arm to simulate a short sleeve. The woman who wore this coat at a dinner given at the end of a day's racing at Belmont's a week ago, wore a dress of Lansdowne in the same buff shade, trimmed with cream lace and hand embroidery in pale yellow and baby blue, and her hat was a buff-colored erin braid, with white and creamy yellow plumes and maline.

## QUEBEC VILLAGE STARTLED BY FIENDISH ASSAULT CASE

**Sixteen Year Old Girl Attacked by an English Laborer --- She Made Valiant Fight for Life.**

Richmond, Que., July 3.—A crime, the fiendishness of which has probably never been equalled in this neighborhood, was committed today near the residence of John Lynn, one of the best known farmers and dairymen in the county, who lives within a mile of the outskirts of the village of Melbourne, as a result of which his beautiful daughter, Lillian, 16 years old, lies at death's door.

This morning Lillian went to a berry field about a quarter of a mile away. Alfred Greenhill, an Englishman, who had done work about the place for about two years, being at the same time sent to work on the public road.

While superintending the shipment of milk to Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn heard a younger child call "Did you hear Lillian scream?" The cry came again and Mr. Lynn, hurrying in its direction, came upon the senseless bleeding form of his daughter in a spot showing unmistakable signs of a fierce struggle, while the figure of Alfred Greenhill was seen making off for the woods.

Aside from minor injuries four or five enormous gashes appeared on the back of the girl's head, having been inflicted with a stone. The report that she had died was spread about noon, although as a matter of fact a fair degree of hope is entertained for her recovery. At the time of writing she remains unconscious.

The news spread like wild fire through Richmond and the countryside, the state of feeling among the men and women alike being beyond description. Had Greenhill been sighted during the first flood of their wrath doubtless manslaughter would have added to the day's horrors.

Before 12 o'clock fifty men must have been scouring the country and two hours later as the story in many of its varied forms found its way into outlying hamlets and farmhouses, the number of pursuers must have been four times that number.

The "concealed arms" law was suspended. From accounts of parties returning this evening the would-be murderer, fearing to cross the St. Francis, fled to the southwest, no doubt intending to make the C. P. R. near Eastman well in front of his pursuers. He was seen many times actually stopping to talk with some and shaking his bloody appearance.

Wherever wires went, however, he was headed off and during the afternoon was seen by several persons on the scene. Farmers, business and professional men joined in the hunt. At one point Greenhill appeared in an open space and seeing two men drop their hoes and run towards him, vaulted a high fence and disappeared.

"My dear old Jack!"

"Hilt, old boy!"

"This is a surprise. Here, Jane, another cover; the doctor will breakfast with me."

"My dear fellow, I breakfasted at eight."

"Never mind, have an eleven's. Mouthful of corn then never hurt anyone. A chair here, Mark. That will do, my man."

Mark backed out, with the half-grin which had sprung up on seeing his master's animation, dying out, and shaking his head, while the visitor turned the chair placed for him back to the table and bestride it as if it were a horse.

"Whatever brings you down into this dismal region?"

"Dismal, eh?" said the visitor, glancing round, and then out of the window.

"Humph!" ejaculated the baronet. "Yes; I heard they were today."

"You heard? Aren't you coming?"

"No, no. I've dropped all that sort of thing now."

(To be continued.)

## SUSSEX SOLDIERS GETTING IN SHAPE FOR SHAM BATTLE

**The Annual Assault on Peaceful Kings County Town Will be Delivered Tomorrow.**

Sussex, N. B., July 3.—Clouds overshadowed Camp Sussex again today, and for a short time this morning rain fell. It was, however, a busy day for the soldiers, and the absence of the sun was not regretted by them. Bright and early this morning the troops congregated on the field and went through their customary drill. In the afternoon, however, all went through their preparatory course for tactical day, which will be Friday, instead of Thursday at 4.30 a. m. Friday morning.

This afternoon the cavalry could be seen riding rapidly from one end of the camping ground to the other, dismounting, getting into trenches and directing their rifles at an imaginary enemy. Then they would rise, run across the swamp and lie flat on the ground and again get a line on the opposing forces. No one, however, was injured in the battle. Upon the hill the red coats were running here and there, falling among the long grass and pulling at their rifles, which were unloaded. The 10th and 12th field batteries were also directing their cannons in a masterly manner, while the medical corps were receiving the instructions of Sergeant Major Atchison, of St. John, who is very proficient in the work.

Joe Paul, the Indian guide, was conveyed from his regiment to the hospital on a stretcher this morning, and it was thought for a long time that he was threatened with appendicitis. After all the doctors had had a look at Joe, they decided that it was not appendicitis.

A very interesting game of base ball was played last night between the Army Service Corps and the Medical Corps. There were long drives and fancy slides, but the medical boys won to the tune of 11 to 0. Batteries: McKean and Baker for the Medical Corps; L. McGuigan and Rogers for the losers.

The camp fire was to have been conducted tonight under the auspices of the engineers and the Army Service Corps at 7 o'clock however, rain fell in torrents. Despite the inclemency of the weather, the bungalow dance was held and many beautiful dresses were somewhat soiled by the rain and mud. Shortly after 8 o'clock something went wrong in the power house, and the electric lights went out all over the town.

Another khaki soldier refused to obey the picket officer when ordered off the depot platform, and he was escorted to the guard tent. The khaki men, who are regulars, are inclined to be a little independent, but they generally come out second best when dealing with the picket men.

Lieut.-Colonel V. A. S. Williams, A. D. C., R. C. D., inspector of cavalry, and Major L. Drum, B. M. O. M. P., have arrived in camp.

Trooper George D. Hayes, 8th Hussars, has been appointed military mounted police to the 12th infantry brigade.

Camp life is a strenuous one for the officers as well as the soldiers. After their day's work is done, they attend lectures given by the instructors of the different regiments.

A large number of St. John ladies arrived today to attend the bungalow dance and they were also given a 5 o'clock tea this afternoon by the officers of the 8th Hussars.

## CHILDREN WHO ARE NERVOUS

Nervousness is often a family predisposition. We inherit tendencies to disease just as we inherit physical resemblances. Strain of duty, restless at this time, early introduction into the duties of social life, develop all too soon nervous troubles among children.

St. Vitus Dance, Headaches, Epilepsy, and kindred maladies are becoming alarmingly common among the young.

Pale, wan-eyed, listless young people are met everywhere.

To neglect signs of weakening down is criminal. Parents by ignoring very manifest symptoms of mental and nervous strain, actually condemn their children to life long invalidism, which dwarfs their power of work, limits the possibilities of their children's lives to very narrow ranges.

Upon the first sign of nervous feelings, St. Vitus Dance, run down conditions, weakness, persistent and recurring headaches, give them that wonderful body, brain and nerve builder—FERROZON.

Its action is positive in this class of disease, both in young and old, and its results through its influence upon blood forming, is so permanent that the crisis is soon passed.

Strength, ability to study with comfort and perfect safety, quickly follows the use of Ferrozone. It builds up the nerves, nourishes the brain, supplies nutritive blood to the muscles.

Color, endurance, and vim go hand in hand with Ferrozone. Children who use it are vigorous. No tonic is better, as thousands testify. Just as good for the old folks as for the young. To be had in any drug store, 50c. box.

Miss Anna McLean, of the staff of the Haverhill (Mass.) Hospital, is in the city. B. Frank Smith, M. P. P., of Florenceville, was here yesterday.

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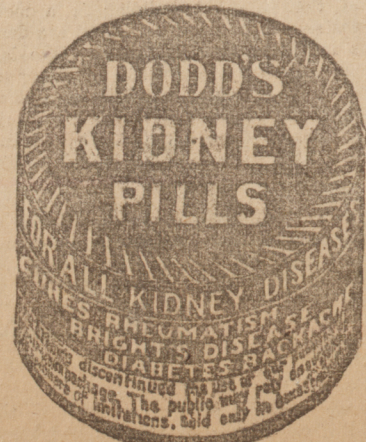
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