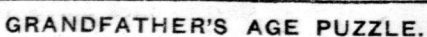


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ANSWER TO OFFICE BOY'S PUZZLE, PRINTED SATURDAY:

THE LOST MILLIONAIRE

BY L. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

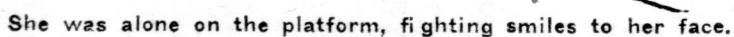
"I must not, I will wait back here for you. When you come with me, I will have a clean name to offer me. I will be ready for you, Max." And with a sudden passion of resolution, unknown before, he left his pleasant, easy-going life, he looked down into the depths of the pure eyes beneath his, and said, with firm lips:

"I will—I will, Violet! I will do it, so help me, God!"

And then he sat down to the half-frozen, cold, over-drawn tea and the thick cold and inferior butter, they talked it all over and over again. He was to go and search, to track down the baby's absconders, and rescue him.

And then to stay on here and work.

The post-lunch child-sleep hour would keep her. He had his two hundred pounds, and he must make that



CHAPTER XIII.

Dr. Violet's Plans.

"Jack the fellow?"

"Where the devil is he?"

"You must find that out. He is alive somewhere. You can trace him if you set your whole heart to it. Max, there is no other way!"

He stood and looked down at her, enraptured by his arm. "At her sweet, strong face, her clear, tender eyes, her shining forehead. He felt her within his clasp."

"And you?" he asked. "You? What is to become of you? Will you marry me and come with me on this forlorn hope?"

For an instant she was tempted to yield, to show surely to see if she could to urge him when he flagged, to help him. But common sense came back again. If she were with him he would be content; he would leave his name unclear, his good fame unassured.

do. Who he came back victorious—ah! but they must not talk about that! It weakened him in his resolution and she saw it.

"I am here, Max—always here—and about thinking of you, you know. That will make you know that when you won't it will be true that when you've done it you and I will be together all our lives? Think of the baby! The poor, poor little baby! How can you know how he is, and whether they are good to him?"

"Oh, if they took him to make money out of him, they'll look after him well enough! You may make your mind easy over that!" This was the commonest, and she saw it. A man's view was always practical. It was valuable for that.

By the time they had talked it over, and again talked over it, he had begun to make her feeling on it. That was undeniable—the perambulator, the marks, and the absence of any marks of the child and nurse and carriage. The witness of the laborer as to the motor and the cry of a child. He gave her a story, before there had been any stir about it, of a man who had taken it back afterward, what had been his recall it? It made something to go on. There must be a search after a motor, and there was something to go on. Dr. Violet remembered to have heard that that she came from Reading. Maxwell might begin at Reading. He could trace her people, perhaps, from there, and find out from them something that would lead to their few lands. They talked on till the landlady came bouncing in wrathful

The three light, that was like a dragon's eye, came like a pin-spit in the dark distance, Vow every second and sing along the North, with a roar and a sing along the North, with a roar rushed into the station and stood panting. Their good-bye had come. She was in his arms, tight, tight, for a moment. Then, with his last kiss on her lips, and his last whisper in her ear, he turned away from her, smiling, smiling smiles to her face and brought to her eyes. He was in the empty smoking carriage, he heard out of the window, his hand waving. Before her hurried heartbeats had time to calm down, she saw him running whistle, the green flag of doom. The train shiver, and drew a long, panting sigh—and other, quickening, and another still. Then the lighted streak of windows disappeared, leaving a long, steady line of shining and the engine whistled. She watched the engine sparks spatter the darkness, and the glow from the funnel fade against the sky. Then, when the last gasoline had died from her, she sighed heavily and made her way back to her own dreary station and back to her own dreary life. It was gone. She had sped him. Surely, surely, there had been no other thing to do! And yet her heart was sad within her. Was it as futile a chase for the garden of the Hesperides? Did the little boat lie in the depths of the dark, turbulent

of the lost baby was becoming quite an old story in Millington. Other more burning stories had pushed it into the background. But still the annual greetings from the people who met at the station were "Good morning! What news have you from Mr. Suter?" And still Dr. Violet's unchanging answer was the same: "Oh, very good, thank you. He is doing excellently in his search! With a little more time I will be able to pity her questioners left here."

But now there came wonderful news to Millington, and the topic of Maxwell Suter and his silly excuse for leaving paid in popular interest. It was from the men them all talking. From the men in the electric cars to the conductors in the electric trams. Major Noakes, bustling in haste into the club-room, cried out in fear lest someone should get there before him, "Have we entered the door." "Have you heard," said another man, "the smoke-room, with one exclamation answered, "Yes, we have! We have!" The people in the streets crossed over to speak to acquaintances whom for months they had ignored. The chance to talk about the amazing topic was too excellent to let pass. "Of course, of course, you've heard? What do you think of it?" And then would follow a discussion of half an hour's length. Nobody could believe it, and yet they knew that there was nothing they had expected.

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DRAUGHTSMAN SUICIDES

An Employee of Ottawa City Shoots
Himself Dead.

Ottawa, Jan. 4. — Kal Hilmner, a draughtsman in the city engineer's department, committed suicide Saturday afternoon by shooting himself through the head with a 38-calibre revolver.

Two shots were discharged from the weapon, but only one struck him. He left the city around 1 o'clock, going to

The diplomatic representatives of the powers were in consultation yesterday regarding ways and means of meeting China's wishes for an international conference on the subject of raising the maritime customs rates, which are fixed by protocol, and abolishing the Iikin tax, as provided for in the British, American, and Japanese treaties of commerce.

This proposal was submitted to the legations two days ago, and was received favorably.

Customs Revenue.

Sir Robert Bredon, director-general of the customs, estimates that in 1908 customs receipts will amount to \$2,500,000 taels, showing a decrease from the three preceding years. The reason is principally the reduction of imports, but also over trading during the war; the unlimited supply of copper money, which has tended to reduce the demand, and the financial difficulties at the principal ports of the empire, such as Tien Tsin, New Chang and Shanghai.

There possibly will be an increase in exports on account of the low price of copper, but Sir Robert places his expectation for 1909 on the hope that the ill-effects of the war trade soon will be remedied.

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The vagrants admitted at the Chorlton and Manchester joint workhouses during the week ending Dec. 12 numbered 1,504, compared with 847 in the corresponding week of last year.

Many a man, otherwise scrupulously clean is dandruff dirty. The small persistent germs of dandruff working all day as well as night are constantly throwing off the small white dandruff scales, which falling on the shoulders of a coat gives it a filthy appearance which is repulsive to the friends of the victim.

Many persons allow this condition to exist because they believe there is no cure for dandruff; they have tried the various so-called cures with unsatisfactory results and naturally condemn all.

The famous prescription called **Parian Sage** is now put on the market in America, but only by the Glouxx Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y. It is for sale in London, New York, and in all the big cities. The Port of London, says T. Strong, who guarantees it to cure dandruff in two weeks or money back.

Parian Sage is guaranteed to do more; it will make short, thin hairs grow long, lustre and luxuriant; it will stop hair from falling out; it will cure all diseases of the scalp. W. T. Strong guarantees it—every bottle of it. The price is only 50 cents, and if it does not stop the filthy dandruff flakes from coming out your coat and disgusting your friends, get a bottle at once.

How Colds Are Contracted, and Proper Treatment.

An acute catarrh, that is a cold, is always the result of undue exposure to low temperatures. It is a disease of the mucous surface, when not balanced by proper reaction of the system. It is the result of irritation of the nasal and bronchial membranes. Obviously, such an ailment is contagious, and may be transmitted from one individual to another. As the disease is contagious, it is not surprising that attacks of the most severe and dangerous catarrhal affections, the necessity for which is often proved by the following facts emphasize the necessity of extraordinary care in the treatment of the ordinary cold. Everyone cannot bring himself to will, but may make the most of his will. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as it is used, the cold disappears. It does not only cure a cold, but it also counteracts any tendency of the cold to become chronic. It is a remedy fully proven during the epidemics of colds which have occurred in the past. No cure for colds is so simple and so effective as either of these diseases. In pneumonia when this remedy was used, the mortality was greatly reduced. Distributors, and thousands of bottles of it are used in the treatment of colds. It shows conclusively that it is not only a cold, but a cure for colds, but a certain preventive of

(To Be Continued.)