

## SAM LOYD'S PUZZLES.

(Copyright by Sam Loyd, New York.)



How fast the children grow," remarked grandpapa. "Tommy is now as old as Maggie was when Tommy was six years older than Maggie is, and when Maggie is six years older than Tommy is now their combined age will equal their mother's age then, although she is now but 46."

ANSWER TO PICTURE SUMS PRINTED WEDNESDAY:  
Pawl - Owl x Orange - Range x Urchin - chin, equals FOUR.

## THE LOST MILLIONAIRE

BY L. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

belonged! Yes! Could I help it? know we were poor—horribly poor. My little sisters wanted school boys needed putting out in the cold. How were we to do it? What was there for me to do? The door in her voice almost convinced woman at the keyhole. It melted man who heard.

"Ove!" he began, his grimace shining. "Was it that, poor little thing, you pressed so hard?"

Where you pressed so hard? was pressed to the verge of distraction, she went on gently, gathering up the cake crumbs on the table with the long white finger, as he did not know what she did. "I did not be a brute! I never loved Suter. He was an old man. He had a wife and I needed a home badly."

Hortense could not see the quiver of underlip, but she heard the shake of her breaking voice.

"Jove!" he said again. Then, "Yes—I dare say! But, you know, Grace, thought you'd waited for me. I did not—I swear! It was an awful blow in I got your letter telling me you were another man's wife."

"Wasn't then—he was dead, and I half forgotten my marriage!" Still a murmur like a dove.

## Advertiser Patterns

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No. 5665—A PRACTICAL APRON.

A useful apron of generous, house-size, designed to protect the dress is here, pictured in a development of black and white figured crepe. The back is held in position by a strap of material that is buttoned the front at the waistline. A pocket is added at the side, which will be appreciated by the wearer, although it may be omitted if desired. Gingham, denim, and canvas are all suitable for the making, and finishing braid or row edging may be used for trimming. The medium size will require yards of material 26 inches wide, in 3 sizes; small, medium and large.

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Measurement: Bust Waist

(if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose illustration and send size of pattern wanted. Write on the pattern in ink or whatever you need only mark 22, or whatever it may be. When in doubt measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever may be. If skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is ten cents cash or in postage stamps.

"She cares for this one, though!" Hortense said in her deepest heart. "She won't let him go!"

"Yes, yes," he seemed to mutter at a moment. "Well, well—the fellow's gone, and he doesn't count any longer—even if you were his wife. Anyhow, he left you with no children! I couldn't have stood that!"

It was what she had feared—had known with a certain conviction. The color paled faintly in her bright cheek. "He left me with no child," she murmured, so low that he had to bend nearer to catch the words she uttered. "It was the great disappointment of his life."

"Thank heaven!" he said fervently. "I should have stayed out in Java if I'd heard you had children, Grace! I couldn't have swallowed that."

For just a moment she paused breathless. Should she leave him to believe that? No, not the risk was too great! He would hear sooner or later of the millionaire baby, and if he was the man she had known as a boy he would never forgive her for her deceit. She must do it, whatever it cost her. For one wild moment she wished from her soul that there had been no child at the Towers.

"There was a baby—it was after his death," she faltered.

He sprang from his chair and laid hands on his hat and stick. "A child of yours! A child of his—have him! That's past bearing. A child you'll give your love to, when I ought to have every bit of it! A child—when any children we might have would come after it! No—I can't—I can't!"

With a gesture of despair he was actually turning to the door, when Grace Suter stood up. Hortense, watching, murmured to herself, "Ciel! He is a madman—but what an agreeable madman! He must be fathoms deep in love!" But Mrs. Suter stood up and she caught his arm, in the well-fitting coat sleeve, and held it tight.

"Don't—don't!" she faltered. "He's gone, too! I am alone in the whole world!"

He had stopped, petrified at her touch. It awoke all the old passion of past days. Now his face slowly lost its grim anger, and he laid his hat and stick down again on the chair where he had taken them up.

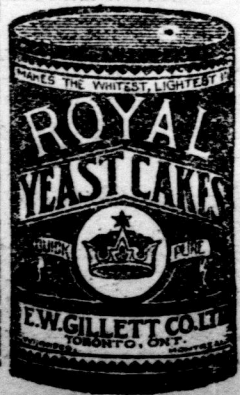
"Dead—ah? Hard luck for you!" He was feeling for her hands, and, sure enough, he found them in his own. "Jove—if he had lived—I should have hated him so! But you, poor little woman—alone? Then come and keep me company. We've waited years on years, haven't we? Let's get married and make the best of what's left!"

"Oh!" she cried, lifting her joyful face to his. "What is left is the best—the best!"

Hortense got up from her knees at the keyhole and smoothed down the crumples in her neat black skirt. "Die! They've settled it. It is as well madame told him. If she hadn't I'd have had the whip hand, sure enough! She chuckled and slipped out of the farther door into her own bedroom, close at hand. If Mrs. Suter should call. She stayed there till the bell rang hard in her mistress' own room, and she sprang up greedily to hear the news. It was nearly half-past seven. The electric light was on in Mrs. Suter's bedroom, and the hot water stood in the basin.

"It's late. You must dress me fast," her mistress said, but her voice was so gentle that Hortense smiled and stood in front of her before she began to undo the hooks. "Am I allowed to wish madame joy?" she whispered. And Mrs. Suter, her hair:

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ness for once dropped from her like a cloak, answered amiably, "Yes, you may, Hortense."

It was a swift and successful toilet. Mrs. Suter was going out to the theatre with her fiancé as soon as she had dined. In the brief interval, fastening satin slippers and getting pearls out of the jewel box Hortense heard a great deal. The marriage was to be soon—oh, so soon as she could make it! There was actually a dimple on Mrs. Suter's smooth cheek. They were to buy a country house and a town house and travel. No more of odious manufacturing towns and dull lives. They would be so rich with all their money together that they could do what they liked. Hortense ventured a question, clasping the bracelets on the smooth, soft arms. "The money does not leave madame if she marries again?"

Madame gave a little shrug and curled her lip. "No. He did not seem to think that a contingency he need guard against. I should have told him if the child's death could have been proved, but, you know, it could not. If he had found the body, all the money would have gone to Maxwell Suter, and I hate the very ground he stands on!"

Hortense asked no more questions. Indeed, there was little time. The last pin, with its flashing diamond head, had hardly been stuck in the soft, abundant hair before dinner was announced, and with it came a knock.

## CHAPTER XVI.

The Gilded Perambulator.

Mrs. Suter's marriage was a very smart affair. The Millingford press sent a special representative to report on it, and his description of the splendor of the ceremony at St. George's and the reception afterward made the people of Millingford stare as they read the headlines. A gown of satin brocade embroidered with real jewels was gorgeous beyond belief. But, of course, the widow of a millionaire could not marry in any common material!

When the ladies of Millingford went on to read of the going-away gown, with its real lace trimmings and its Paris hat, their breath left them. It was next door to having been present at that glorious marriage when one read of it in the pages of the Millingford Express. The marriage over, Mrs. Suter the late dropped from the ken of those who had known her in her Millingford life. If the people there knew how she loathed the memory of their town, and the dull, prim days she had spent there, they would have been offended and hurt. She and her bridegroom, her one love of her life, went to Cairo for their honeymoon and returned to a huge old country house on the cliffs of the eastern coast. They took a house in Park Lane, and the entertainments of Mrs. Melville had a place in the London papers, though they were hidden from the ken of Millingford.

She was perfectly happy. The wealth that had been the dream of her girl days was hers in fuller lavishness than she had ever dreamed of. She had for her husband the one man in the world she wanted—the only person on earth, perhaps, for whom, with her cold nature, she had ever cared. She took up the return to society such as her youth had known with a ravenous delight. Anyone would have said, "What a fortunate woman! She has everything in the whole world that she wants." Except children. These did not come, dearly as Luke Melville would have welcomed them.

It was two years since her marriage and the May sun shone on a man walking with rather a dreary aspect along Reading Road. The street was full of people. It was market day and the whole countryside poured in to shop. The trams whirled and whizzed. The motors hooted and sped. Among the busy throngs of people intent on their own way, shoving, chattering, Maxwell Suter walked silent and alone.

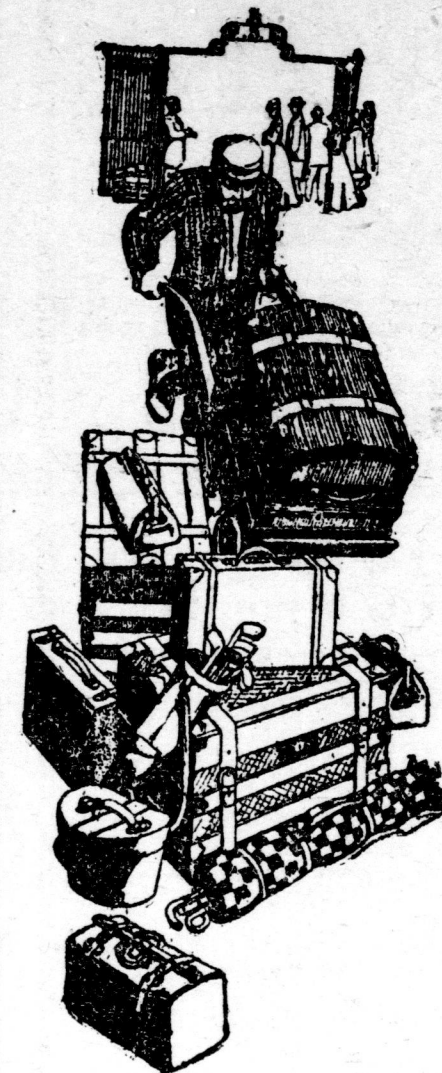
For more than two years he had tried to follow the search Violet had set him. He had hunted and hunted. He had done all that he knew, and yet there was no shadow of success. The nurse's people had left their mark on him. But where they had gone and how to learn anything of them was beyond his hopes. He must not go back to Millingford till he was able to prove his own innocence. How was that proof to be got? He walked with drooping head and slumped shoulders. Those two years had taken all the spring from his step. A Sherlock Holmes might have found some trace, but he was not a detective by nature or by choice. He walked down Broad Street and turned off round a corner without particularly noticing where he was going.

He had not spent all these months in Reading. One vague scent after another had led him, first here, and then there, all over the country. But each scent ended in failure. He almost began to tell himself the rest of his life would be spent like the Wandering Jew—always roaming—never rest. The news of Mrs. Suter's remarriage had reached him. He read the account in the Millingford Express that Violet sent him, and had come across many notices of her since the prosperous wedding. The woman was without heart. He had always felt that. His old cousin had been so good to her, and she had cried on heaven and rent the air with her lament when he died. Had it been only her grief at the thought of losing the money that had made her weep? Had she not really had a tear to shed for the kind old husband? And then the child? She had not seemed to mourn him really in the least, in spite of the monument in the church. Were some women made like that—without heart or natural affection? Thank God, then that all women were not like his Violet!

He was walking on his eyes on the pavement under his feet, his whole attention on a man who had lost heart and does not care what way his steps trend. People pushed against him and turned half annoyed, half marveling that he did not seem to know where he stepped. He had got into the back streets in truth now. On either side there were shops where second-hand clothing dangled or the smell of fried fish greeted one's sense.

To Be Continued.

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SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the east—\*3:40 a.m., 10:56 a.m., \*11:12 a.m., \*11:23 a.m., \*6:30 p.m., \*8:00 p.m., 10:10 p.m.

Arrive from the west—\*12:09 a.m., \*3:25 a.m., \*11:58 a.m., 1:10 p.m., \*4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the east—\*12:14 a.m., \*2:40 a.m., 7:30 a.m., 9 a.m., \*11:38 a.m., 2:05 p.m., \*4:25 p.m., \*6:53 p.m. (Eastern Flyer).

The trains leaving at 7:30 a.m. and 2:05 p.m. stop at all stations.

Depart for the west—\*3:50 a.m., \*4:40 a.m., \*11:18 a.m., \*11:35 a.m., 1:40 p.m., \*5:18 p.m.

The 7:40 a.m. and the 1:40 p.m. trains stop at all stations.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—10:25 a.m., 4 p.m., \*6:50 p.m. (Eastern Flyer), 11 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m., \*11:27 a.m., 2:20 p.m., \*8:10 p.m. (International Limited).

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—\*3:25 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 1:33 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 11:25 p.m.

Depart—6:00 a.m., 10:26 a.m., 2:48 p.m., 4:55 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—10:10 a.m., 6:10 p.m.

Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:50 p.m.

Trains marked thus \* run daily.

Those not so marked run daily except Sunday.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Depart—5:40 a.m., \*7:10 a.m., 9:40 a.m., 2:30 p.m., \*3:40 p.m., 4 p.m., 6:40 p.m., 8:45 a.m., \*12:20 p.m., 1:56 p.m., 4:40 p.m., \*9:20 p.m.

\* To and from Windsor without change. Trains not "starred" to Port Stanley.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Arrive—From the east \*11:30 a.m., 8 p.m., 10:52 p.m. From the west—\*4:30 a.m., \*8:35 a.m., \*5:20 p.m.

Depart—For the east—\*4:49 a.m., 6:43 a.m., \*5:28 p.m. For the west—\*11:58 a.m., \*8:10 p.m., \*11:00 p.m.

Trains marked thus \* run daily.

Those not so marked run daily except Sunday. \*From Chatham only.

\*Runs only to Chatham.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Arrive—6:55 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 9:50 p.m.

Depart—7:15 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 5:25 p.m., 10:25 p.m.

\*Runs through to Waterford.

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