

SAM LOYD'S PUZZLES.

[Copyright by Sam Loyd, New York.]

Answer to Puzzling Blocks Printed on Saturday.

There are several methods of reversing the line of six blocks. The following way, however, appears to be the best, since the questionable jumping of blocks to the floor or over one of the little stools as well as one or two of the blocks is not involved:

The F block is jumped to block C, A to F, A to stool, F to stool, and we have reversed the original positions of F and A. Then B to D, B to A, E to stool, C to stool, B to stool, C to E, B to stool, D to A, F to stool, C to stool, F to stool, D to stool.

THE LOST MILLIONAIRE

BY L. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

"This isn't rude, I'm looking to see whether I recognize you—you've vanished from my sight so long—and to see how you are. So you're up at the Towers, are you? Looking after the young lord?"

"Yes, I love it. He's the very greatest dear! I hope you haven't been cutting your finger again, and I not there to look after it."

"Their eyes met. With the same impulse they both laughed. 'You never did take that finger seriously enough.' 'No, I didn't think there was any need.'"

"Yet—boldly—I'm quite ready to slash it off if it will insure your medical attention."

He looked straight into her eyes. Did they lower before his? His heart leaped at the thought. But she turned swiftly to the gilded perambulator as the sound of a faint murmur from it.

"There—your waking the darling. He isn't used to great gruff men's voices. He objects to them."

"He'd better get used to them, or his own will scare him when he hears it by and by."

She was moving the covering of the hood cautiously. He put out his own hand and laid it softly on hers. Then, as she started round at the touch, he said meekly, "Mayn't I see him? I've never laid eyes on my first cousin once removed, you know."

"Haven't you? Oh, then you shall." She drew the silken cover aside and he looked in at the dusk of the hood. Under it lay a pink mass of human life, flushed and crumpled. He looked at it gravely. "Isn't he lovely?"

Suter struggled with truth and a desire to please his sweetheart. For she was that to him now. He confessed it to himself unflinchingly. For the first time in his life he was really in love! What did she feel? As yet he hardly dared to ask. He looked again at the sleeping atom. Delay was dangerous. If he failed to say something she would suspect that he found the baby startlingly ugly, and her opinion of him would go down.

"I—I hoped he would be more"

Advertiser Patterns
DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



GIRLS' DRESS—8334.

Girls' Dress, with Panel Front and Shield—Red cashmere, with black soutache braid will develop well in this design, or blue panama, braided in white, with shield decorated with an emblem. The panel may be braided or braid trimmed. The pattern is cut in four sizes, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4½ yards of 27-inch material for the 10-year size. A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to:

Name
Street Address
Town
Province
Measurement: Bust Waist
Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 22, 24, or whatever it may be. When waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it 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 in cash or in postage stamps.

hesitated, when another man, more versed in love-making than he was, would have boldly dashed in. And yet, there is a trembling ecstasy in those days of uncertainty that is lost. The thrill, the wonder, the doubt—they all have their delights. To shorten the time, and not to let it full itself, is almost to lack pleasures that no other condition can bring us. It may be that Suter was wise without knowing it.

And so the spring raced by and hid itself, and summer came with flaming days and tranquil nights. And things marched on swiftly to events so amazing that it would have been hard to make people credit them if they had not been prophesied—events that no imagination could forecast or fancy paint. Let us go on to hear about them in the next few chapters. They are worth reading about.

CHAPTER VIII.

Out of the Dead Past.

Summer had slept itself by. With the autumn, heralded by the rain, things at the Towers began to wear a slightly less depressed aspect. Mrs. Suter lightened her mourning. The millionaire baby had cut a tooth.

Mrs. Suter did not return to the dissipations of such society as Millington offered her, but she began to receive callers, and to smile and to endure her widowhood. Everybody spoke of her as a model widow. No frivolity to make the neighborhood talk. No flaunting in the eyes of a disapproving and disgusted world that she was elated at her freedom and her income. She had done just as Millington desired she should.

With the shortening of the early autumn days she had a friend to stay with her—a friend of her girlhood days. Millington did not know that Mr. Suter had disliked Miss Carey and had never suggested that she should be invited to the house. She represented that girlhood of his wife's to which he never cared to allude—the days of impetuous half-pay and the gay, rakety company it brought with it—the days when Grace danced with penniless young naval men and romped with them. He preferred to bury that unattractive past. But now there was no Richard Suter to lay an embargo on his wife's guests. Mrs. Suter could now please herself. She took that liberty greedily. She asked Miss Carey to come and stay with her, and Miss Carey eagerly accepted.

It had been well known in Mrs. Suter's old circle that she had married a very rich man. Some of her old acquaintances were ill-natured enough to connect cause and effect in her consequent dropping of her old friends. But Beatrice Carey had never dreamed of the gorgeous home Grace had, or the freedom with which she could spend. The half had not been told her. She spent the first few days at the Towers in bewildered exclamations of rapture and amazement. It was certainly a pleasure to Grace Suter to show her property to her old friend and to see her surprise at it. There was a joy in patronage she had never tasted in the old days. Then they were both poor, both daughters of half-pay men. Neither could impress the other with her frocks or her possessions. It was true that at present Mrs. Suter's widow's weeds did not lend themselves to much beauty of dress, but Beatrice noticed with envy how fine her crepe was, and how exquisite the lace on her neck. The two friends drove out together and Miss Carey secretly was moved to admiration by the reverence of the shop-people and the respect of the passersby they met. Grace Suter was in personage at Millington's, and was certain, and though she only played regent to the millionaire baby, she kept the agency with effect.

"What a mercy there are so many years before baby comes again!" she could not refrain from saying as they sat together in Mrs. Suter's lovely morning room. The painted cupids on the ceiling smiled down at them, and the breath of a hundred flowers came in through the open window from the gardens. They almost overpowered one, joined to the flowers that crowded the room. "You won't have to take a back seat for twenty years or so, will you, dear?"

Mrs. Suter smiled absently and forgot to answer the remark. The servant who had just brought in letters on a tray was surprised at her sudden pallor. She put out her hand and snatched at the letter that lay on the top of the pile. She was holding it before her eyes and staring at it with fingers to see what had so upset her. But there was no fire to tend and nothing awry that he might put straight. He had to take his finger-ring way to the door and even when he shut the door he gave his last lingering glance back she was still staring at the letter. She had not opened it yet.

But as the door closed on the retreat of James, Grace Suter recovered herself. She tore the envelope open with quick fingers. It slipped from her lap to the floor and lay there unnoticed. She had unfolded the sheet inside and was greedily devouring it.

Miss Carey looked up from the fashion paper she was lazily turning. Something in Grace's look and face struck her with sudden curiosity. Why did she look like that? She leaned forward cautiously and noiselessly picked up the envelope from the hem of her friend's dress. She looked at the postmark with interest and her lips closed into a straight line, and she understood.

Mrs. Suter went on reading with complete absorption, turning the page and hurrying down the close lines. When she came to the end she did not look up or seem to notice anything about her. She sat folding the letter slowly between her fingers, her eyes on the hem. The voice of Mrs. Carey roused her with something like a start. She had forgotten her presence, forgotten that she was Grace Suter, the widow of the millionaire. She was away in the golden past.

"You dropped this, dear," she said. "It was Miss Carey speaking to her. She was leaning forward and holding out the torn envelope."

With a start Mrs. Suter almost snatched it from her. A look flashed between them. Mrs. Suter's pallor had given place to a flush of color. Miss Carey spoke.

"What very characteristic writing, dear! I couldn't help seeing it as I picked it up. It did so remind me of old days! It was exactly like Luke Melville's! Surely two men couldn't write so much alike!"

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

For just a moment they sat looking at each other. Mrs. Suter rapidly making up her mind. Better be frank, anyway, on the surface. Better say something that would quiet Beatrice's mind.

"How funny you should say that!" she said, with a slow smile. "I wonder you remembered! It is Luke Melville's writing!"

"Really! How extraordinary! After all these years! But perhaps you have kept up a correspondence with him?"—with a furtive scrutiny of the widow's face. There was nothing to read there but calm.

Mrs. Suter lifted her heavy-lidded eyes and stared the other full in the face.

(To Be Continued.)

FUGITIVE TARS LIVE IN CAVE

Deserters Put to Sea, But Were Driven on the Beach—Curiosity Was Their Ruin.

Edinburgh, Dec. 26.—After living for four days and a half in a cave at a lonely spot called Manhavon, on the northern coast, two Russian sailors, who had deserted from their ship, the Janow, of Riga, have been captured.

Their vessel anchored in the "Tyne" about a week ago, and the men having decided on leaving her, in the night, procured a small boat and, under the cover of a thick fog, got away unobserved. They pulled out to sea with the hope, it is thought, of being picked up by an outward-bound vessel, but on getting clear of the coast they were overtaken by a British cutter. The two sailors were taken to the shore, and after a short struggle, they found themselves stranded on the beach at Manhavon.

Discovering a snug cave, they hauled the boat ashore and stored it away in the cave. Here four days were spent in complete seclusion, the men living fairly well on the provisions which had been taken from the ship's stores.

The master of the Janow reported the desertions to the police authorities, who were unable to find any trace of the men. The two sailors eventually left their hiding place and visited South Shields, evidently with the intention of learning if their ship had sailed. The mate of the vessel, who had been ashore, and he caught sight of the two men. With the assistance of a constable, he got hold of one of the men, but the other, to escape capture, leaped into the river and disappeared.

Next day two river policemen and the man in custody visited the cave. The second man was not there, but on coming away they met him in the burghway. After a desperate struggle, he was secured. A six-chambered revolver was found upon him.

The two men were handed over to the captain of the Janow, which yesterday afternoon proceeded on its voyage to a Russian port.

CASTRO OUT FOR GOOD.

Paris, Dec. 26.—The French Government is maintaining a waiting attitude in the matter of political developments in Venezuela. If the Government President Gomez endures, it will be recognized. France is anxious to settle her diplomatic difficulties with Venezuela, and she is ready to receive Senor Paul, who bears proper credentials. Senor Paul was minister of foreign affairs in the cabinet of President Castro, and he is now on his way to Europe commissioned by the present Government to effect a settlement of Venezuelan disputes with the powers. The Government is gratified over the downfall of Castro, and is of the opinion that he has been permanently eliminated from Venezuelan affairs.

The impression prevails in Paris that Castro has a large fortune in Europe, and that he will never return to South America.

Frank Cooper's new, up-to-date studio now in "full running order," 320B Dundas street, Cooper block, opposite the Armories.

There is no need of watering plants every day. A good wetting down, sure to reach the roots, is good for several days in the driest kind of weather and for the thirstiest of growing vegetation.

To Cure a Cold in a Day. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Marvellous Clearance of HIGH-GRADE COATS AT

\$15.00

To be brief, the story is this: They are our best \$20, \$25 and \$28 Coats. All are this season's up-to-the-minute styles, and each individual garment is a true evidence of the designing, cutting and tailoring that characterize our Coat Department. We are willing to stake our reputation on these. The styles are semi-fitted, loose and tight-fitting; some Directoire style trimmed with satin and buttons, and some are satin lined. Colors are blue, black, brown and green. Materials are imported Broadcloth, Beavers, Kersey and Covert Cloths, in all sizes.

If you have a coat to buy, don't miss this great saving event.

\$5.00 Skirts for \$3.50

Just 40 in the lot; handsome styles, liberally cut and well finished. Materials are Venetians, Cheviots and Dark Tweeds. Here's an opportunity to practice economy for the women with a separate skirt want. Remember the price \$3.50

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS.

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FRENCH PIONEER QUILTS CANADA

Left When a Boy of Seventeen To Invade the Northwest.

Edmonton, Dec. 26.—From Fort Vermillion, on the Peace River, 700 miles north of Edmonton, to Vosges, France, is a journey which is being taken by Leon Eaulaure, who has been a resident of the far north for 16 years. After having spent a few days in Edmonton, he left recently for Quebec, from which city he sailed for Liverpool and on to his native city in France.

Eaulaure told a fascinating story of life on the Peace River, illustrating his tale by many photographs, which had been taken in anticipation of his trip.

"I left France with some Roman Catholic missionaries for the north-west when I was in my seventeenth year," he said. "We landed at Halifax, proceeded for the Mackenzie River, and returning I settled at Fort Vermillion 13 years ago, and have been farming there ever since."

"How is the settlement progressing?" Eaulaure was asked.

"The farmers, not only the whites, but the half-breeds, many of whom are turning from trapping and paying attention to farming, have had fairly good crops this year. That the crops are not the best is due to the poor seed available and to the dry spring. When there was no rain for many weeks."

"I left before threshing had made much progress, but then between 15,000 and 18,000 bushels of grain had been threshed. The best of the grain was bought by the Hudson's Bay Company at \$1.25 a bushel."

At two years ago he felt the need of good dairy stock and made a journey to Regina, where he secured two Ayrshire cows and a bull. He brought these by rail to Edmonton and from here drove them overland to Fort Vermillion in the middle of winter.

At times on the Peace River he had to cut through four feet of ice to get water for the stock. With the help of a half-breed, a good dairy herd, Eaulaure obtained a good dairy herd, which enabled him to supply large quantities of butter to the Hudson's Bay Company for its posts along the Peace River.

At the settlements are the Roman Catholic and the Protestant missions. Here the half-breed children are sent to school and taught to speak English. The Roman Catholic school at Fort Vermillion has about 50 pupils.

"How long did it take you to make the journey to Edmonton?"

"My man and I came up the Peace River in a canoe to Peace River landing in 12 days. While at the landing a heavy fall of snow came and we went by horseback to Athabasca landing in 15 days more. From the landing it took us two days longer to reach Edmonton."

While in the city Eaulaure saw Frank Oliver, minister of the interior, about securing the patent for his homestead. He was able to close with the department and get an entire settlement before leaving for France. He stated that only part of the land along the Peace River is surveyed, but a great deal around the settlements has been taken up by half-breeds. A Dominion land agent from Lesser Slave Lake will be going to Fort Vermillion in the spring to make entries of all claims in that district.

Eaulaure will spend a year in France before returning to Fort Vermillion.

Arrested by the Dezervies police for drunkenness, a tramp named Sweeney was found to be in possession of six bottles of champagne, and with another man he was subsequently charged on suspicion with stealing the wine from a shooting box.

PENNILESS, HE SHOOTS HIMSELF

Young Montrealeur Attempts Suicide in the Midst of Happy Christmas Throings.

New York, Dec. 26.—Out of work for months, and without a cent on his person, Edgar Verner, 25 years old, of No. 1027 St. Denis street, Montreal, Canada, threatened his way on Thursday through the crowd of Christmas shoppers on Sixth avenue. All about him everything seemed to breathe the happy spirit of the holiday days. The lights were bright, children were romping home with presents, and the whole world seemed to be laughing.

Verner wandered down Thirtieth street and halted in front of the hardware store of Rudolph Herold, at No. 38 Seventh avenue. He gazed long and intently at revolvers in the window, but he could not buy one to carry out the resolve which for days had been in his mind. He was unwilling to write home and tell the folks he was practically a derelict. He could not send them presents. Altogether, life seemed worthless to him, and he had determined to end it.

Prices the Revolvers.

Verner entered the shop and priced some revolvers. He chose one and asked Herold how much it cost. Herold inserted a bullet into the revolver to demonstrate. Verner said: "Three dollars, eh? Guess I'll take this."

As Herold turned to place the other revolver back in its case, the young man suddenly pressed the pistol near his throat and fired. He did not fall at once. Herold, believing the man had fired at him, dodged behind the counter. Hearing no other shot, he peeped over the edge and saw Verner standing with pallid face, just where he had stood a few moments before. Herold then remembered there was only one cartridge in the revolver, and he yelled:

"You get out that door! I'll have you arrested."

"Just get an ambulance, old man," said Verner, quietly.

Falls on the Sidewalk.

"I'll get a policeman," shouted Herold, as he started from behind the counter, still not realizing what had occurred.

Verner staggered to the door, flung it open, and then pitched on his face to the sidewalk.

A crowd gathered and Policeman McNally rushed up. He summoned Dr. Blakely from Roosevelt Hospital. The surgeon found Verner had shot himself in the thorax, and had him removed to the prison ward of Bellevue Hospital, where, it is said, he probably will die of his wound. He refused to say where he has been living in this city. All he remarked, in addition to explaining the cause of his act, was:

"Things went wrong, and I couldn't stand it any longer. It's Christmas, and I seemed to be the only one in the whole town who had no reason to be happy. That's all."

NEW CORPORATIONS.

Toronto, Dec. 28.—A big western land company, three mining companies and several industrial enterprises are incorporated in the Gazette, the list being: Canadian Saskatchewan Land Company, \$2,000,000; Toronto; directors, C. C. Robinson, G. T. Chisholm, H. P. Marriott, H. Franks, D. M. Harman.

Canadian Railway Equipment Company, \$200,000, Toronto.

Argyle Steamship Company, \$10,000, Toronto.

Cattle Guard and Specialties, \$30,000, Toronto.

Pontiac Silver Milling Company, \$1,000,000, Toronto.

Montreal River Consolidated, \$500,000, Toronto.

Munro Mines, Limited, \$700,000, Guelph.

REFUSED TO PAY BEAUTY DOCTOR

Vicomtesse Presented by Specialist With Bill for \$1,350.

Paris, Dec. 26.—The Vicomtesse de Varinay was recently presented by a well known beauty specialist with a bill for over \$1,350, and protested that it was excessive. The case was yesterday brought into the courts, where counsel for the vicomtesse said that \$1,350 was for massage and beautifying accessories.

As an example of the high charges, he stated that for a single visit the masseuse asked \$10, and as the client was treated three times a week it meant \$120 a month. The treatment consisted simply in anointing the subject's face with cold cream and rolling it over with little wooden cylinders. The toilet accessories were pots of ointment or boxes of powder, which the vicomtesse herself supplied. A hospital doctor, said counsel, would only receive \$2 for a consultation while for a professor of medicine \$4 would suffice.

The beauty specialist's advocate protested in defense that she was no ordinary masseuse, but a true artist. She did not use "wooden cylinders," but worked only with her own slender fingers. Further, it was pleaded that at the end of each hour she was so exhausted that she had to rest for a long time. He was not free to divulge the secrets of the beauty specialist, but he might state that one of the ingredients she made use of was essence of bitter almonds, the price of which, she said, more than \$300 an ounce.

The tribunal, however, found that the vicomtesse had been overcharged, and reduced the bill from \$1,350 to \$240.

MARY CUTHBERTSON ARRESTED.

Brockville, Dec. 26.—Mary Cuthbertson, middle-aged, the London woman who has been lost and wandering around Western Canada for several weeks, was picked up near here yesterday. The woman is in bad condition mentally and physically, showing the effects of the prolonged tramp.

She will be turned over to relatives in London. She started several weeks ago for the old country. After getting to Montreal, she changed her mind and got back to Toronto, losing both mind and money; then she has wandered around ever since, and she has a sister living in West London.

The new propellers of the Cunard steamer Mauretania weigh eighteen tons each, and the bracket replacing the one which was damaged represents an additional ten tons.

The Health Dept.

In your bodily system is looked after by millions of little soldiers constantly fighting for you.

If this army is well fed and kept healthy and strong, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, it will destroy the uncountable horde of germ-enemies that are attacking you every moment of your life.

Hood's Sarsaparilla will keep you free from or will cure you of scurvy, eczema, rheumatism, catarrh, scald, that tired feeling and all such ailments.

Good Cough Medicine for Children.

The season for coughs and colds is now at hand, and too much care cannot be used to protect the children. A child is much more likely to contract scurvy, eczema, rheumatism, catarrh, scald, the quicker you cure his cold the less the risk. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, for children, and it has always given good satisfaction. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic, and may be given as confidently to a child as to an adult.

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