

# Her Lover's Prowess;

## Or, A Little Matrimonial Dream

### CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd)

"Sir Phillip has, I believe, promised to exert his influence in my behalf," he said slowly at last, "and of course he has weight with all sorts of people. Men of his age always have."

"When they have made a name," retorted Maude somewhat significantly. "Don't you think, Charlie, there will be a necessity for a little exertion on your part? You're a wee bit lazy, you know."

"Not at all," replied Charlie, as he threw himself once more into an easy chair. "Most energetic fellows ever seen. I wish you'd tea, I'm awfully thirsty."

"It's anything that aggravates, it's being thrown out of town off, you mean," retorted Maude wickedly; "and I might inquire if you intend that your wife shall always ring the bell?"

"I beg your pardon," cried Charlie springing hastily from his seat. "No, of course not. I really quite forgot for the moment."

"That we had not been married ten years," cried Maude, laughing. "Thanks," she continued as he rang. "Now you shall have some tea."

"You don't think I was intentional, surely?"

"No, I acquit you of that, but you're not quite so kind to us as you ought to be. Here comes the tea, and Sir Phillip with it."

As she spoke, the baronet followed the servant with the tea-service into the room. He had thrown off his hunting trousers, and was now attired in a dark double-breasted shooting-coat, dress boots, and trousers.

"Well, did you kill?" cried Charlie. "Like my luck, wasn't it? the run of the season, of course."

"Yes, so far," replied Sir Phillip, "and we killed. If you hadn't been quite so hard on old Champion, you would have been there to see, but you young ones always will ride a little jealous."

"What an insufferable old cock," muttered Charlie to himself. "You couldn't suppose, Sir Phillip," he retorted, "that I was going to be beat by a cad like Barkby, if I could help it?"

"Well, you were. The old story, riding against another man instead of riding to hounds."

"And you saw the finish, Sir Phillip?" inquired the young lady.

"Yes, I was so fortunate; there is always a certain amount of luck in being one of the select few at the end of such a run as to-day's."

"Not many fellows up at the finish, eh?" inquired Charlie.

"Only two, I think, besides myself and the huntman," replied the baronet lazily. "Your bete noir, young Barkby, by the way, one of the pair. He rides well, that fellow."

"He was capitally mounted and had luck," returned Charlie sullenly. "He was just in my position a few days ago; came to grief early."

Sir Phillip, however, had evidently no inclination to prolong the discussion, for turning to Maude, he asked how she and her aunt had spent their day.

Charlie Williamson paid slight attention to their conversation; his whole thoughts were still absorbed in the grievous fact that he, who considered he had made some reputation on his first appearance with Ashby Crawler's hounds, had literally been nowhere in the first notable run of the season. He sat silently contemplating his well-splashed boots and dangling his mud-encrusted spurs on his fingers for some little time. Suddenly it flashed across him, what did Sir Phillip's change of dress mean? How, if he also had come to grief, and this discarding of his hunting-gear was simply to conceal the fact? Regarding their sporting feats men do lie conceitedly, and that there are men whose deeds, over their claret, scarce correspond with those witnessed in the field, Mr. Williamson was well aware. Again he glanced at the baronet's neatly-cased extremities, and there mental ejaculating. "The blessed old hag; I really must show him up," exclaimed, laughing.

"Ha, Sir Phillip, now I come to think of it, you've had a ducking. From the way hounds were running when I last saw them, you must have crossed Hanningley Brook. You have got rid of your hunting things with most suspicious celerity. Confess now, you got in."

"Not at all," returned the baronet dryly; then turning to Maude he added, "A little bit of the old-fashioned courtesy of my day. We changed our boots quite the moment we entered the room."

temples, and it was with a somewhat forced laugh he replied. "Really that is carrying the thing rather far; especially too after hunting, when the ladies are all so anxious to hear what sport there has been."

"I'm sure the ladies have no cause to be anxious," chimed in Maude with a ringing silvery laugh. "If they don't hear more than enough of the day's doings before bed-time, they are singularly fortunate. The men of Sir Phillip's time, Charlie evidently understood courtesy better than you and your conferee."

"I don't know that, Maude," replied the baronet smiling; "other times, other manners. I happened to begin life before the era of slang and short pipes, that is all. Excuse me if I still adhere to the traditions of my youth."

Charlie Williamson bit his lips somewhat at this retort. His brow clouded, and Maude saw at once that the air was charged with electricity. Whatever her real feelings with regard to her cousin might be, and of those it is probable she herself at this time was hardly aware, she was much too fond of him not to tremble at the idea of a quarrel between him and her guardian.

Sir Phillip was capable of being of immense assistance to Charlie in his start in life. It would be very painful to her should those two come to bitter words. The lightning was aboard; it was imperative to save the outbreak of the storm if possible.

"Come, Charlie," she said, "it's nearly time to dress for dinner, and I want somebody to help to carry all this embroidery work upstairs for me while I take Aunt Margaret's tea to her." Her little ruse was successful, and she carried her offered cousin off in triumph; Sir Phillip subsiding into a book, as if all unconscious of the ire he had raised.

### CHAPTER V.

The more Sir Phillip saw of Charlie Williamson, the more he was confirmed in his belief in the instability of his character. Though rather conceited and selfish, the baronet thought him a nice gentleman-like young fellow. The first of these failings he looked upon it when Charlie had some slight experience of the world, would be quickly knocked out of him, the latter was a more serious fault. It might be that if he really loved his cousin, such love would purify this earthliness in his disposition, but still Sir Phillip mused somewhat moodily over this point. In his wholesome sound love did much to cure a man of this vice, yet it was sadly apt to crop out again after a little and cling to him through all his time. He had seen too many instances of wives whose course had been one of bitter sacrifice to their husband's sin in this respect; he had known men whose career had been quietly ruined by women of similar stamp. He shrank from the thought that his bonnie Maude should make such a fate for herself. Did she love her cousin? It was difficult to solve that problem. He cross-examined Mrs. Rainham insidiously and assiduously, and she good lady, was openness itself as far as her lights went. She could not say. Sometimes she thought there was an understanding between the cousins, sometimes she thought there was a positive engagement, and sometimes she came to the conclusion that there was nothing but pure brotherly and sisterly feeling between them. She had questioned them both, but admitted she could make nothing of it. A more transparent cross-examiner it was scarce possible to conceive. A mere child could have seen the drift of guileless Aunt Margaret when she commenced her questioning and the cousins had agreed that she was not to be present in their confidence.

It was Maude, I think, who had made this stipulation. She knew that Aunt Margaret never had kept anything to herself, and it was scarce likely she would be found more reticent on this point than any other. As for Charlie, he from sheer mischievousness had bewildered Mrs. Rainham exceedingly. He delighted when Maude was not present to talk to his aunt as if that engagement was quite an advertised affair; and when Mrs. Rainham settled down to a thoroughly womanly gossip concerning their future, to affect the most extreme astonishment, winding up by leaving her in that "it may be and it may not be" state from which the dear lady had just conceived she had at last emerged. Careless, pleasure-seeking Char-

# THE HORRORS OF STOMACH TORTURE

INDIGESTION OF A LIFETIME "ROMPTLY CURED BY 'FRUIT-A-TIVES.'"

Mrs. J. R. Flood, of London, Ont., for years received the best medical attention that Canada afforded.

Her husband was a prominent physician, yet his skill and that of his colleagues, was of no avail in helping Mrs. Flood.

She writes, "I was a constant martyr to Stomach Weakness all my life and no physician could cure me, but 'Fruit-a-tives' gave me entire relief and I cordially recommend this famous fruit medicine to the public."

"Fruit-a-tives" corrects all disorders of digestion, and is a positive and speedy cure for Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Constipation.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 5 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c, or may be obtained from Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

# THREE GREAT MYSTERIES

### GREAT CASES COME AGAIN BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

**Tichborne Case Revived—Death of Archduke Johann—Dauphin of France.**

Three cases of mystery, the accepted solutions of which never satisfied many persons, have been oddly revived at the same time. The famous Tichborne case, which occupied the public mind to an extraordinary degree in the early '70s, has just been recalled by the death of Sir Henry Tichborne; the disappearance of the Austrian Archduke Johann Salvator, otherwise known as "Johann Orth," has received a fresh interest from the application of his nephew, Archduke Joseph Ferdinand, for a confirmation of the death and permission to deal with the estate of his uncle, and the question of the lost Dauphin of France has been revived by the case of the brothers Naundorff or De Bourbon being brought before a commission of the French Senate.

It is a question if the present interest in these cases will lead to the production of any substantial proofs. It is believed that Emperor Francis Joseph has positive proofs of the fate of Archduke Johann Salvator, and it is said that in the archives of the Russian and German courts are all the records relating to the supposed death of the Dauphin.

One of the curious things about the Tichborne case, it has been said, was the readiness with which people who might have been expected to know better supported the claim of Arthur Orton, the impostor. He found believers of his story in some brother officers of Roger Tichborne in Guilford Omslow, who gave the claimant about \$75,000 to "fight for his rights," and above all in the Dowager Lady Tichborne, who accepted him as a son.

# MICA MAPLEINE AXLE GREASE

several languages with a German or Austrian accent and bore a striking resemblance to the pictures of the missing Archduke. When shown the recently published portraits of Johann Orth he pronounced them "incontestably those of the man with whom I spent several days in the winter of 1899." That would be nine years after the Santa Margherita was lost at sea.

Other persons living in South America claim also to have seen him and a French writer asserts that he spent several days as his guest on an Argentina farm. It is said that the late Dr. Helfert, the Austrian historian, was in communication with the missing man and the papers that he left will be carefully examined. Others who, it is said, heard from him regularly were Dr. von Harbeler, his attorney, and Baron von Abaco, who retired some years ago to German New Guinea.

These stories and many others of a similar nature will be brought before the Austrian court, but it seems quite safe to say that whatever may be the decision there will always be a large number of persons who will insist that Johann Orth was not wrecked off the South American coast and that he lived for many years after the time of the reported sinking of the Santa Margherita. In cases of death under unusual circumstances there are invariably some people who are willing to believe stories of possible even if improbable escapes.

is the turning-point to economy in wear and tear of wagons. Try a box. Every dealer everywhere.

**The Imperial Oil Co., Ltd.**

Ontario Agents: The Queen City Co., Ltd.

**Home DYEING**

is the way to **Save Money** and **Dress Well**

Try **DYOLA** Simple as Washing with

**DYOLA** ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

JUST THINK OF IT!  
Dyes Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME DYE—No chance of mistakes. Fast and Beautiful Colors in cents, from your Druggist or Dealer. Send for Color Card and DYEING Book, etc. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

home until the early hours of the morning?

Manifestly it is unfair, but in Germany this question has now been answered in a way which will please the earnest taxpayers, and probably prove a terror to the late night birds, writes a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. To the village of Zarkau, near Glogau, in Silesia, must be given the honor of installing a system of automatic electric lighting for the streets. The electric lights burn every night from the outskirts of Glogau through the village of Zarkau, a distance of about a kilometer, until 10 o'clock at a mutual cost to the community in general. Then they are switched out.

At each end of this kilometer stretch, on an iron pillar, stands a small iron cupboard lighted by a tiny electric light. Those persons who are out after 10 o'clock wishing to have their way lighted must insert a ten pennig piece into a slot in the side of the iron cupboard. Then the nine lamps placed along this stretch burst forth into a twelve minute life, thus enabling the passenger to find his way in lightness to his or her house.

The scheme is working in a satisfactory way, and it seems quite probable that other German villages and towns will follow the example of Zarkau and install the automatic lighting system to be put into operation after 10 o'clock.

### LINLITHGOW CASTLE.

**May be Restored as Scotch Memorial to King Edward.**

There are two schemes as a memorial in Scotland to King Edward, the improvement of Holyrood Palace and the restoration of Linlithgow Palace. The former seems to find most favor, possibly because of the idea that with Holyrood thoroughly habitable the King and Queen might use the ancient palace for a brief period each year says the Court Journal.

Holyrood is in a fair state of preservation, whereas Linlithgow Palace, on the shore of the beautiful sheet of water of that name, is in ruins, and this being the case perhaps the better plan would be the restoration of Linlithgow. The palace, which is somewhat square and heavy looking, was the birthplace of Mary Queen of Scots; in Linlithgow Church James IV. of Scotland was forewarned by an apparition of the coming disaster at Flodden Field; in its streets the Regent Murray was shot; close by the town Edward I. had two ribs broken by his horse the night before Falkirk, and on its loch a Chancellor of the Exchequer, bent on economy, issued instructions that the royal swans should be kept down to a dozen.

Though a building with little to attract the eye, Linlithgow Palace is a most interesting place and many people would like to see it carefully and judiciously restored. The oldest parts, the east and west sides, were built in the fifteenth century; the newest, the north side, in 1620. The original entrance was by a drawbridge on the east, where is an archway surmounted by the royal arms and three towers, remains of an older building.

On entering by the present doorway on the south side the guard room is on the right, where the Regent Murray died; in the centre of the quadrangle is a fountain erected by James V., of which that in front of Holyrood is a copy. The kitchens have a fireplace as big as a railway arch and the parliament hall is 100 feet long, with a noteworthy chimneypiece restored. It had a minstrels' gallery, and a long passage from it leads to the chapel. The room in which Queen Mary was born is a great contrast in point of size to that which witnessed her son's birth in Edinburgh Castle. At the northwest corner a spiral staircase leads up to Queen Margaret's bower, the most perfect little room in the palace, square within, hexagonal without. There is a fine lookout, and here the Queen is said to have watched for the return of her husband, James IV., from Flodden. There are also those adjuncts of the mediæval fortress, dungeons and a torture chamber.

**THE TICHBORNE CASE**

was famous not only on account of the attention that it attracted but also from the fact that it was the longest modern trial before an English court. The claimant was brought from Australia at the expense of Lady Tichborne, who had never believed that her son Roger had perished with the foundering of the sailing ship Belle on which he had taken passage at Valparaiso for England. On the 103rd day of the trial the claimant elected to be non-suited and was committed to jail and sentenced to fourteen years penal servitude.

He was a man of massive proportions and is said to have borne little resemblance to the real Roger Tichborne. His story while in some points convincing was as a whole pretty flimsy. He confessed in 1895, three years before his death, that he was the son of a butcher of Wapping and that his name in reality was Arthur Orton. Yet in spite of all this, said a London newspaper at the time of Sir Henry Tichborne's death, "even to this day one may come across those who still maintain that the Arthur Orton who died in poverty in Marylebone twelve years ago was the real Sir Roger."

**JOHANN SALVATOR.**

The application filed in the court at Vienna for the registration of the death of the Archduke Johann Salvator is evidently going to cause more trouble to the legal authorities than they had anticipated. The summons to "all persons having knowledge of the Archduke" to inform the court of the facts has brought forth many stories. Many of these are upon such a flimsy foundation that no attention will be paid to them, but there are others which will be thoroughly investigated.

The Archduke, it will be remembered, abandoned the Austrian court—some said because he had a distaste for the world and others because he did not secure political favors that he wished—fell in love with Milli Stibel, the premier danseuse, married her in London and then took her to sea on the steamer Santa Margherita and disappeared. According to the generally accepted story he was last seen when he set sail from Buenos Ayres for Valparaiso.

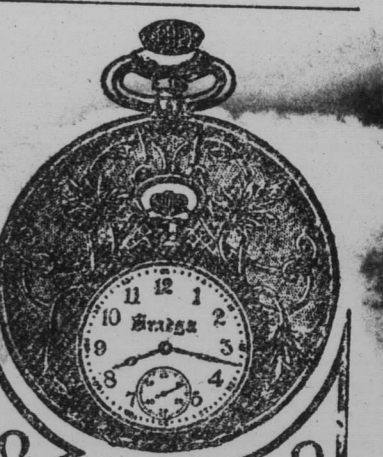
While it is evident that the Santa Margherita was lost it is asserted that "Johann Orth" never sailed on her, or if he did that he was saved from the wreck. An engineer named Ranaux has offered himself as a witness before the court saying that he saw Orth after the time of the alleged wreck and helped him to find an "estancia" in the disputed zone between Chile and Argentina and afterward visited him several times.

### LEADS SOLITARY LIFE.

A second will be the Belgian explorer and scientist, M. G. Leconte, who commanded the Belgica in her expedition to the Antarctic in 1899. He says that he met on the slopes of the Andes a man leading a solitary life with his horses, dogs and books. The man was of distinguished bearing, spoke

**Shiloh's Cure** quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

# Shiloh's Cure



**Winners in the OMEGA Dot Contest**

We have pleasure in announcing the names of those fortunate in winning the Omega Watches given as prizes in our recent Dot Contest.

**Lady Winners**

- 1st Prize—Mrs. D. J. Wetmore, Hampton Station, King's Co., N.B.
- 2nd Prize—Miss Alma Porteous, 94 Margaret Ave., Berlin, Ont.
- 3rd Prize—Miss Anabelle Walsh, Belmont, Mass.
- 4th Prize—Mrs. Robt. Hasleton, Tottenham, Ont.
- 5th Prize—Mrs. Chas. Ryall, Chauvin, Alta.

**Gentlemen Winners**

- 1st Prize—Jas. Choyler, Cathcart, Ont.
- 2nd Prize—Fred C. McLellan, Noel, Harris Co., N.S.
- 3rd Prize—Floyd Kirkendall, Cypress, Sask.
- 4th Prize—Willie Young, Campbell's Bay, Que.
- 5th Prize—Jack Isherwood, Nanaimo, B.C., Box 68.

**ELLIS BROS. - Toronto**