

UNCLE DICK;

Or, The Result of Diplomacy and Tact.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Cont'd)

"Don't let him go, Dick."

"Let who go?"

She knew that to be an evasion; that he was willfully misunderstanding her.

"Please!"

Dick was magnanimous; he could afford to be. His deep-laid scheme had proved successful.

"Well, I'll see what I can do. But what are you going to do about the Chantrelles?"

"The Chantrelles will leave here before the day is over!"

"You're a brick, old girl." He kissed her. "Things will pan out all right after all. Now, shall I stay and bear a hand, or would you rather handle the precious couple yourself?"

"I think I can manage alone!"

"I think you can! . . . Do you know," he added with mock severity, "when you look a little demon like that I don't somehow fancy trusting my friend into your keeping. One good turn—; you know the rest. I believe I should be carrying that out by preventing his marrying you."

"He hasn't asked me yet!"

"That's true; perhaps he won't! There's hope for the poor beggar after all! He came all the way from the Mediterranean framing words how he should ask you to marry him, and he had a narrow escape on the dinner party night. Perhaps you killed him then by your nice behaviour; killed any desire he might have had to marry you." Then he added maliciously, "Let's hope so, for his sake."

"Dick! You are a perfect horror!"

"It was 'dear Dick' a minute ago! But there—you're as uncertain as the weather."

"What are you going to say to the Chantrelles?"

"That is my business. They will travel up by the afternoon train. Your business is to go to Prince Charlie, and see that he comes here to-night to dinner."

"No, that is out of the question. Nothing I could say would induce him to that. He simply hates the Chantrelles."

"I have told you—they won't be here."

"Even the knowledge of their absence wouldn't make him come to your house, after the way in which you behaved to him last time."

"All the same," she said defiantly, "a place shall be set for him at table."

"Look here, I'm willing to help you, but don't make a pocket idiot of yourself. I tell you nothing I could say would induce him to—"

"Well, you can get him to go for a walk, I suppose, can't you?"

"You know we always go for a walk late every afternoon—weather permitting or otherwise."

"Very well; this afternoon walk eastwards. You know the seat at the end of the Parade?"

"You mean that one by the wall, which Charlie calls 'Our Seat'?"

"Yes. Make your way there; walk to that, sit down and wait—till I come. Don't say anything, Dick. Promise me that. Not a word to Prince Charlie about—about—anything."

"But when you turn up at the seat, what am I to do? I suppose it will be a case of two's company, three's none?"

"Oh, you can go and pick shells and sea-weed on the beach!"

"What! In the dark? Is thy brother a dog that he should do these things? I'll find my way back by myself. You think he'll see you home?"

"You can rely on it he will."

Mrs. Seton-Carr had confidence in herself. Perhaps it was as well; few things are won without that.

"All right. We shall be there about five o'clock."

"So shall I."

"Right. . . . There are the Chantrelles coming up the road; I'll clear out the back way. If they are going I'd rather be spared saying farewells. I might introduce some choice expressions of my opinion of them."

"Leave that to me!"

He disappeared through the back as the Chantrelles entered by the front door. Mrs. Seton-Carr was waiting for them.

"There is something I want to clear up, Mr. Chantrelle."

She fixed that gentleman with her eyes.

"Yes?"

"About Mr. Masters," she continued. "There has been something unpleasant—so far as he is concerned—said of the voyage home you all made from the Mediterranean. Did you ever see him attempt to make love to your sister?"

"Great Scott! No. He seemed to like her about as little as Amy liked him."

"Did he bear the reputation of

better left alone. Good-bye—it will be well for us not to meet again."

"Good-bye. Yes, it is certainly better so. . . . My maid shall go across to the station for a porter and trunk. They will be here by the time you have packed."

They were. The Chantrelles left. Journeyed to London by the train Dick had mentioned; the most crestfallen couple travelling in it.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Chantrelles gone, with the whistle of their departing train shrilling in her ears, Mabel sighed contentedly, gathered all there was of her together and spent a full two minutes in inspecting its reflection in the mirror.

The sound of the closing of the door on them as they left had been sweet music in her ears. The warning shriek of the engine as it started out of the station, drawing them every moment further and further away from her, was sweeter still.

The last time Prince Charlie had dined at Ivy Cottage he had not enjoyed himself; she remembered why with a little flush of shame.

The shades of evening began their descent soon after half-past four o'clock. It was not too dark then for her to see her brother and Prince Charlie go by on the parade—eastwards.

They had gone in the direction of the seat. A smile found place on her face; so far all was well.

At a quarter to five she left the cottage. Before the hour reached the end of the parade. Then she advanced.

"Hullo, sis! Who on earth would have thought of seeing you here?"

That Dick did move off was the essential point. She saw, with relief, that he had sense enough for that.

Masters had risen to his feet the moment his eyes fell on her. She did not leave him in doubt long; advanced towards him, and stretched out her hand, said—

"Prince Charlie, I am—oh, I am so sorry! Please forgive me!"

"Forgive? You are surely—oh, I have nothing to forgive!"

"You have!"

"I have behaved—she mopped about like a wicked wretch to you."

Of course, with a man of Masters' temperament it was most effective; she was playing an ideal game. A woman crying, or in distress, never failed to appeal to him. Perhaps Mrs. Seton-Carr knew that.

Masters still stood hesitating; was genuinely anxious and full of wonder; what he ought to do.

"I beg you—oh, I beg, earnestly, you will not distress yourself," he said.

He really meant it; her distress distressed him.

"You w-won't f-forgive me?"

"Pray, Mrs.—you—I—I—have nothing to forgive. But if you think I have, I forgive you freely, fully."

"Believe me, I can never think of you in any way but the kindest."

"I d-daresay you wish me dead, or at the bottom of the s-sea—and I d-deserve it."

"I wish you nothing but the greatest happiness it is possible for you to enjoy; wish it from my heart."

"And I—I—have behaved so—s-s-o ungratefully to you."

"Not at all! You behaved right; as your heart dictated."

"I did nothing of the sort! My behavior was quite wrong! Just the reverse of the way my h-h-heart dictated."

"I purchased a bottle of Scott's Emulsion and immediately commenced to improve. In all, I think I took 14 bottles, and my weight increased from 133 pounds to 184 pounds in less than six months. I know from personal results the efficacy of Scott's Emulsion."—FRED. R. STRONGMAN, 417 Bathurst St., London, Ont.

Let us send you a copy of Mr. Strongman's letter. He had a trying experience, had got run down

Scott's Emulsion

built him up, as it has thousands of others. The strengthening and flesh-producing properties of Scott's Emulsion, are unequalled by any other preparation, and it's just as good for the thin, delicate child as for the adult. Be sure to get Scott's. It's been the standard of the world for 35 years, and is worth many times the cost of the numerous imitations and substitutes.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you a full copy of Mr. Strongman's letter and some other literature on the subject. Just mention this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE
125 Wellington St., W. Toronto

His own heart beat a little quicker at that, in expectation, as he asked eagerly—

"When was that?"

"At that w-r-r-reched dinner."

He sat down; somehow they both sat, apparently it was a simultaneous act.

"You have said either not enough or too much." He spoke hoarsely, in tense tones. "Tell me—more."

"You want to make it h-h-hard for me; to humble me m-m-more."

"I am sorry," he said, "you should think unpleasant things of me. But is there need?"

"You are cruel! I am kneeling to you, asking you to forgive me, and you won't! I—I—I—spot me before—here—on the spot—and you were cruel to me then—"

"Ah, yes!"

He interrupted her; the memory of his brutality then—he called it so—returned to him; his words came hurriedly—

"For that I need your forgiveness; I ought to abjectly apologize. What I did, said, then was wholly under a misapprehension—"

"Isn't it possible, perhaps, that you may be under a misapprehension now?"

She boldly raised her head and looked him straight in the face as she spoke.

"Don't do as you did then; don't push me away from you!"

That was a rubbing of it in with a vengeance.

"Please—please get up. I don't like—I can't bear—to see you—"


"I won't get up till you tell me you forgive me everything!"

"Tell me!" His voice was raucous in its hoarseness. "You do not—do not belong to Chantrelle!"

A laugh came to her lips. A tinge

STOMACH INDIGESTION.

Per-ru-na Strikes at the Root of the Trouble.



MR. S. J. MASSEY.

Mr. S. J. Massey, formerly a resident of Toronto, and a well-known business man, writes from 247 Guy Street, Montreal, Quebec.

"I wish to testify to the good results I have derived from the use of Peruna."

"Having been troubled for several years with catarrh of the head, I decided to give Peruna a fair trial and I can truly say I have received great benefit from its use. It evidently strikes at the very root of the trouble and good results are soon noticeable."

"I have also found Peruna a very valuable remedy for stomach trouble and indigestion."

"I have no hesitancy whatever in recommending Peruna as a reliable catarrh remedy."

There are several kinds of indigestion.

The trouble may be due to sluggishness of the liver, derangements of the bowels, enlargement of the pancreas, or it may be due to the stomach itself.

In nearly all cases of stomach indigestion catarrh of the stomach is the cause. The only permanent relief is to remove the catarrh.

Peruna has become well-known the world over as a remedy in such cases.

al supply, and this is a cheap way of supplying the necessary. It is not sufficient, however, to dump the ashes in heaps near the trunks of the trees. Like all fertilizers, best results can be obtained only by an even application all over the ground, followed by thorough incorporation with the soil. The ashes will not take the place of manure, nor should manure be applied as a substitute for ashes. Both should be employed. On light lands, especially, potash in some form should be applied in addition to what is contained in the manure. If ashes are not available, the commercial potash salts, such as sulphate and muriate, may be substituted. In the Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia, famous for its apple production, liberal supplies of potash are purchased and used.

Some songs are sold by the dozen and some by the score.

When a man flatters a woman she should search him for the purpose of discovering what he has up his sleeve.

THE COW.

The cow, the foster mother of the world—the patient, kind creature which furnishes us with so many of the good things we daily enjoy. Let us stop to count a few of her gifts to mankind. First, there is the foamy sweet milk, the life-giving fluid that comes from the cow and nourishes many a child which otherwise would die. And cream! What does not cream improve?—tea, coffee, porridge, pudding, pie, cake. The golden clover-scented butter, which is such a fitting accompaniment to the staff of life, we would not like to do without—so, again we must say thank you to the dear old cow. Then, cheese; more and more it is being looked upon as a staple article of food, and, truly, it furnishes much concentrated nourishment. What meat is more in demand than good beef, and we have to thank the cow for that. The leather from her back shoes us; her horns and hoofs comb us, and button our clothes; her hair is plastered into our houses; the very refuse from her body enriches our gardens and fields and bring the luxuriant and bountiful harvest.

In time of need or convenience it is the cow that furnishes the beasts of burden to take the place of horses.

These are only a few of the familiar common blessings the cow bestows on mankind. There are a hundred other products, the origin of which we'd be surprised to find in the gentle bos.

There is not another dumb animal for which we have such reason to thank God, and yet, be it to our shame, taking the country over, there is not an animal on the farm which receives such indifferent and frequently cruel treatment as the cow.

When she chews her cud she is working for us. Let us give her something good to ruminate over. When she takes a drink, she is drinking that we in turn may drink her milk. Let us give her plenty of pure water. When she is contented and comfortable she gives her largest returns. Let us give her suitable quarters, and in the morning, as we sit down by her side with the pail, let us pat her on the back and say, "You dear good creature; God bless you."—Laura Rose in Farmer's Advocate.

MANURE IN THE ORCHARD.

A very important requisite in the orchard is barnyard manure. Some rely on the plowing down of cover crops to provide the necessary humus and maintain the supply of plant food, but frequent applications of manure are advisable. It can be applied at almost any time of the year to advantage. If put on during winter, or early spring, it is turned under when the land is plowed, and constant cultivation up to the time the cover crop is sown incorporates the application with the soil, and tends to hasten its decomposition.

Enrichment must go hand in hand with cultivation, if best returns are to be expected. The annual falling of the leaves and the plowing down of cover crops, where such are used, cannot be depended upon to recoup the soil for what is taken in producing a crop of fruit and in adding to the size of the trees.

The value of wood ashes in an orchard is overlooked on many farms. Potash is required in liber-

PROFITABLE MINING

TWO GROUND FLOOR CHANCES. BOTH TOO GOOD TO LOSE.

Mining brings quick returns if you are in on a fair basis and early enough. Don't wait until all the preliminary profits are taken. Don't wait until the ore is bagged and shipped; until brokers can play see-saw with the market at your expense; until the prices of shares soar out of reach or reason. Don't wait until someone else has taken all the cream,

Come in with us now and Share Good Profits

PURCHASE AND DEVELOPMENT

The total Capital of this Syndicate is \$5,000, one hundred shares at \$50.00 each, four thousand dollars (\$4,000) is retained for property and the balance, viz., one thousand dollars (\$1,000) is to be expended on the property, the number of which is M.R. 2178, consisting of about 40 acres, situated a short distance North-West of the Government Townships of "GOW GANDA" and is in the diabase formation with nice calcite veins and one year's assessment work done. The property is now held in trust by a prominent member of Parliament who will personally sign all receipts and will direct the development work.

The OBJECT is to take ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS (\$1,000) provided for in the Syndicate to prospect the claim carefully as soon as the snow goes. If the property develops, as we believe it will, the Syndicate will form a Company and sell Treasury stock to raise money for further development, which will give each Member of the Syndicate a substantial holding at first cost, and if it makes a success there will certainly be a large profit for each holder. If the Syndicate are not satisfied with the property after expending the money they will sell and secure as much as possible. OUR IDEA is that a proposition of this kind is the best possible investment in that Camp to-day. We like the locality and have strong faith in this property. FIFTY DOLLARS (\$50.00) invested in this manner on the ground floor in "TEMISKAMING," "CROWN RESERVE," "HUDSON BAY," or many properties in "COBALT" would have made enormous profits, and fortunes have been made in the manner we are offering this Syndicate. "BARTLETT," "MANN," "REEVES-DOBIE" and many other well known properties in "GOW GANDA" are situated South of this Claim on the same kind of formation. However, this is purely speculative.

SHARES \$50.00 EACH

MULHOLLAND & CO.,

34 VICTORIA ST., TORONTO, ONT.

WE HANDLE ALL MINING STOCKS ON ALL EXCHANGES.

PROSPECTING AND EXPLORING

We believe in The Saville Prospecting & Exploration Company, Limited, (No Personal Liability). Tom Saville is a widely known, well-liked, thorough-going experienced prospector. When this Company was organized with the low capitalization of \$500,000, par value \$1, of which 300,000 shares are Treasury, Tom Saville accepted 200,000 fully paid shares for three splendid claims described as M.R. 844, Silver Lake District; M.R. 1075, and M.R. 1076, Miller and Gow Ganda Lake Districts. These three claims are located in areas of proven silver richness in the immediate vicinity of well-known claims of demonstrated value. Tom Saville has also signed a contract with the Company to give his exclusive services without salary for one year. He is now prospecting in a new silver district, and all the results of his efforts during the coming year will become assets of this Company. We have secured a small block of shares in this Company, and for a quick sale to provide funds for developing the properties now held, and to support Tom Saville's exploration party, we will offer them at

THIRTY CENTS A SHARE

Write Us for Further Facts