

# UNCLE DICK;

Or, The Result of Diplomacy and Tact.

## CHAPTER XXIX.—(Cont'd.)

The Chantrelles went on with Dick to Ivy Cottage. It was arranged that Masters should turn up there in the evening for dinner. He had been a trifle reluctant to accept the invitation at Dick's hand, but did so. He could have kicked himself, later, for doing so. As for Dick, the nearer they drew to the point where separation must come, the more full of admiration and real affection he became. He rested uneasily whenever his friend was out of his sight. Masters impatiently ticked off the hours till the arrival of dinner-time. He wanted so to see the woman he loved. Wanted a quiet ten minutes, that he might pour out his heart to her. He was willing to ask her forgiveness on his knees—had she not knelt to him? Had a heart-aching, a tongue-itching, to tell her that she was the one woman in the world for him. Things are not always disposed as man proposes; he did not tell her that. The quiet ten minutes did not come. When he entered Ivy Cottage before dinner it was with a light heart, the happiest man in Wivernsea. He left it after, with a heart of lead, the most miserable of men. Beneath the surface, the dinner party was not a success; yet it cannot be said to have flagged. Almost every one was in good spirits, in too good spirits, apparently, to trouble about the quiet man who sat next to Dick. Dick was thunderstruck at his friend's reticence. Thought at first that he must be, ridiculous as it seemed, suffering from shyness. Mrs. Seton-Carr thought she was getting a little of her own back! She got more; more than all. Common decency prevented her cutting Masters dead. But, as nearly as was consistent with common politeness, that was what happened. As fuel to fire was the open and violent flirtation of the hostess with Percy Chantrelle. Ecstatic as she was of her success, flushed as was her cheek with triumph—she knew Masters was smarting—she feared that she almost overdid it. But the pulsations of Percy's heart were accelerated; beat fast with hope; so did his sister's. It was impossible to avoid seeing Mrs. Seton-Carr's flushed excitement. Masters noted too the soft glances she shot across the table Percy Chantrelle's way; noticed them with a feeling at his heart which was more than painful. The author was in possession of more than his usual keenness. Perhaps it was out-balanced his power of cool observation. Anyway, he saw not beneath the surface. The soundness of his deductions suffered by reason thereof. They were happy enough, the brother and sister; the only real happiness there was around the table. Mabel was playing a part; playing it well; wore her mask with success. Her laugh rang out merrily at each of Chantrelle's jokes. But just as full as her face and voice were of mirth, so was her heart full of ache and pain. Mrs. Seton-Carr would have given worlds just then to be able to rise from the table; she needed so greatly to go to her room for a good cry. But a Lucifer-like pride upheld her. Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone. She knew that. The men did not remain long in union after the retirement of the ladies. To two-thirds of the trinity the cigars seemed flavorless. As a matter of fact, their respective elements lacked the power of combination. The third factor, Chantrelle, was happy enough; triumph made him so. But there was no infection in his merriment. As a smoking-room raconteur he was usually a big success. But to-night his best stories fizzled out to lame and impotent conclusions. The laugh of approval was conspicuously absent.

CHAPTER XXX.

The men left the smoke-room; there was no calumet of peace there. All Percy's efforts to be entertaining ended in—perhaps appropriately—smoke. They joined the ladies, to find harmony and concord; music was under way. Masters was full of thought; deep misery kind. Whatever charm music may have to soothe a savage beast, it had none for him. He was ever a failure at social functions; was conspicuously so to-night; detested them, in fact, with a whole-souled detestation. As to Dick, the gloom which had fallen on him during dinner seemed too thick for penetration. Merry Dick belied his nick-name; had no

more merriment in him than has a mute at a funeral. In the drawing-room Masters was as miserable as he had been in the dining and smoke-rooms. Turned over photographs; sought in vain for something to make him look less of a fool than he felt. At last came to the end of his endurance; under a plea of some work he had to post to a publisher by the early morning's mail, excused himself. "It's a glorious night, old chap!" Dick, speaking hoarsely, and getting into his great-coat. "I'll walk home with you. We will smoke a cigar together." Masters said good-night; shook hands. Noticed the burning heat of Mrs. Seton-Carr's; as for a moment her hand rested in his—but did not accord the true reason for it. She was even laughing with Chantrelle at the very moment she said good night; was a natural actress: a woman. "How quiet Mr. Masters is." The cat purring: Amy speaking, as the door closed. "But I suppose, socially, authors are as dull as ditch water. Keep all their clever thoughts for their books. It is selfish of them in the extreme." Amy laughed gaily; continued in that strain. Laughter is the allotment of those who win; the Chantrelles felt justified in the belief that they were in no way losing. Mrs. Seton-Carr professed accord in the opinion of Masters' dullness; the sea voyage had not improved him. Society was not the thing he shone in; in fact, she had found him rather depressing; was glad he left so early. Lies! Lies—each and every one of the opinions she expressed. The two men who had left the bungalow walked along the Parade for a time without speaking. Each was full of emotion. Dick's found vent first; he blurted out—"I'm—I'm awfully sorry, old man!" There was a faint tinge of nervousness in Masters' responding laugh; he was not a man to assimilate pity very well, even his best friends. Throwing away the cigar, which had gone out, he lighted his pipe; the match betrayed a shaking hand. "Thanks. . . . Cloudless night; looks like being a fine day to-morrow, doesn't it?" The effort to change the subject proved futile; Dick spoke impulsively—"Hang the weather! . . . You don't think I knew anything of this, dear old chap?" "No! No!" "Or you know I should have—" "Yes, yes, I know." "Mab has always professed to positively loathe Percy; tolerated him because she liked his sister. He is a bit of a bounder, you know." "Your sister does not seem to share in that opinion of yours." "He could not quite keep the bitterness out of the way in which he said that." "No!" The brother admitted it; spoke just as bitterly. When they reached his lodgings Masters said—"Come round, will you?" "You—you won't come on to the cottage to—" "Oh, no! No!" "No. I didn't expect you would. I had counted on things being so different! Counted on a merry Christmas." Dick laughed as he said, thought, of a merry Christmas; the unpleasant ironic laugh of a disappointed man. Just then he was as full of disappointment as he could well hold. "I had gone in for a certain amount of accountancy too." Masters made the response with a little catch in his voice, which the assumed laugh could not disguise. He had stopped and was standing with his hand on Dick's shoulder. "Do you remember that last time I held you like this, dear boy? I was so full of joy then, so blinded by it, to what I was doing, that you accused me of squeezing you to hurting point." "I don't feel like hurting you now." "Squeeze the life out of me, if it will be any relief to your feelings." Dick spoke gruffly. "It's your life. I shouldn't be living at all if it were not for you." He was a good boy was Dick, with a heart in him; a heart in the right place. It grieved him to see even the friend he loved so well. His own brown eyes looked into the author's with silent, dog-like fidelity and sympathy. Masters was not insensible to it. It was an eloquent silence; expressed far more to him than words could have done.

"I made a mistake, Dick; that's all. I suppose all of us do; the world seems so full of them. . . . And let this be the last of it, dear old man, will you—Don't recur to it ever again; please. The sore is fresh, and—and—I don't mind owing to you, it hurts. Please don't let us talk about it—ever again—please!" Dick grasped the hand extended to him; held it in a long, tight grip. Put his other hand on his companion's shoulder, and was about to speak. Then felt that speech would be a failure; simply said gruffly—"I'll see you in the morning, old man; I'll walk round. Good-night." Not another word passed between them; a tight hand-grip and they parted. Masters to his rooms, Dick homeward bound—a journey he made with the blood coursing through his veins at boiling point. He had more than a little of his sister's temper. Dick was simply furious at the manner in which Mabel had treated Masters. He dared not trust himself to more talk that night. Just looked into the drawing-room at the bungalow, professed weariness, said a hurried good-night and retired to his room. In the morning, Gracie offered strong evidence that she had a tongue in her head; was full of the return of Prince Charlie. She had heard of his arrival with delight; was running over with anxiety to see him. Instinctively she felt that Uncle Dick was the ways and means. When she heard that he was going to call on Masters that morning, she envied the limpet; he could not have shaken her off had he tried. "Get your things on, Puss," said Dick, as the breakfast things were being cleared away, "and I'll take you round to see him." Miss Chantrelle professed the most acute astonishment. Not so much by what she said, but the way she acted. Wasn't Mr. Masters coming in to lunch? . . . Nor to dinner? Not at all that day? . . . Those carefully combed eyebrows of hers almost disappeared under her fringe—she was so surprised! Gracie had scampered off and returned in full war-paint: best hat, best shoes, best coat and, crowning glory, new muff! She did hope Prince Charlie would notice it and ask her all about it. But if he did not, she could tell him. That is one of the advantages of being very young. When Gracie and Dick had gone out, Miss Chantrelle improved the opportunity with her hostess. Nearly drove that lady to the brink of madness by her anxiety to know if "they had quarrelled." "What it meant," "why he wasn't coming," etc. Mabel did not know; really, the matter was of little interest to her. His presence made very little difference; she wondered Amy could bother about him. That was what she was able to bring herself to say. But the effort was a big one; she was not a conspicuous success in lies of the top-notch kind. Matters continued in this way. Things are not always what they seem; it was by no means a pleasant little party at Ivy Cottage. When at home—which was a very rare thing, for he spent most of his time at Masters' lodgings—Dick was sulky to the extreme of sullenness. Affairs wore a different complexion a little later. When the rosy finger heralded the dawn of the day before Christmas, it was the precursor of brightness of another kind. Two incidents happened which changed the current of things. Miss Chantrelle had the watchful, veiled eyes of the domestic cat. On the principle of striking the iron whilst hot, she urged her brother to propose marriage to their hostess forthwith. Thought that delays were dangerous. She took him out for a walk to discuss the pros and cons of the proposal. Was a wise little woman, and a firm believer in the theory that kalls have ears. Knowing what she knew, she mapped out the route her brother was to travel in his journey to Mrs. Seton-Carr's heart. But there is such a thing as being too clever; or sharp that one cuts oneself. The average brain has a direct way of working; sees no by-paths, so wastes no time on them; goes straight to the point. Amy's cleverness led to her undoing. (To be continued.)

PAID TO SEE ROYALTY.

In the eighteenth century the Londoner could look at royalty on Sunday for a modest fee. In a guide to London, published in 1767, it was said: "At St. James' chapel royal by knocking at the side door and slipping a shilling for each person into the hand of the vergier who opens it, you may have admittance and stand during divine service in presence of their majesties; and for one shilling each person more you may sit in their royal presence, not in pews, but in turn-up seats on the side of them."

Manipulating a snow shovel delects from the picturesqueness of the winter landscape.

# The Farm

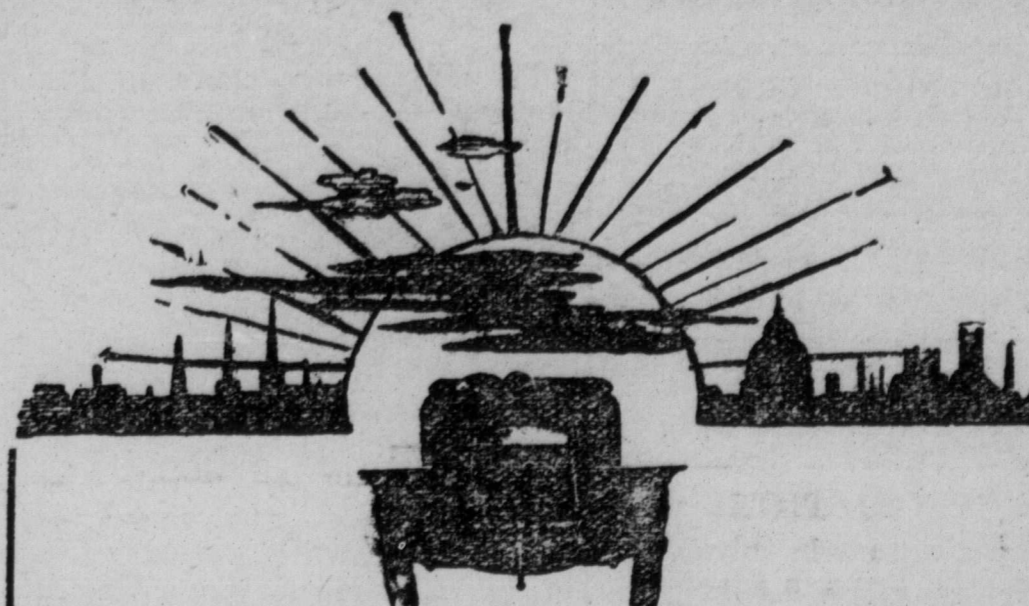
## THE RAISING OF HOGS.

Swine breeding appeals strongly to men of limited means, for it requires much less capital to start and bring quicker returns than any other branch of animal husbandry. The buildings required are inexpensive. While warm dry buildings are necessary, they may be very simple and cheap in construction. And as to the herd itself, a man may invest \$25 or \$30 in a brood sow, and in six or eight months thereafter place on the market from six to ten pigs weighing 200 pounds each. And if for any reason he desires to retire from business, he can sell his entire herd to the first butcher he meets, for they are, or should be, always ready for the market. To succeed with swine as with other animals we must start with good stock, not high-priced, fancy stock, for they often are sadly disappointing, but animals bred on such lines as to be able to reproduce themselves with fidelity. One of the requisites of success is that of the sow should be tame and docile. A sow that will show signs of fear or hostility at the approach of a man is generally unprofitable. She is naturally a most timid and sensitive animal. If you have her confidence she will follow you anywhere without fear or hesitation, as no other animal save the dog can be taught to do. If she regards you with suspicion, and you attempt to drive her, she quickly exhibits stubbornness. A daily visit to her quarters for a time preceding the advent of the expected litter and a few moments spent scratching her back or stroking her ears until she will welcome your approach with grunts of satisfaction, is time well employed. And when the little ones come, these visits should be continued; when the timid little pigs see your welcome and their mother gives no sign of fear or hostility, they will soon gather about you and nibble at your shoes and clothing, and you can handle them without their exhibiting the least sign of fear, and they will ever after look upon you as their friend unless you commit some overt act to forfeit their friendship. A pig started in life in this manner has a great advantage over one that regards man as its natural enemy. A pig that can be grown to marketable weight in the quickest time and on the least food is the most profitable. They must be taught to eat. And the careful, painstaking man may provide a small trough so situated that the mother cannot have access to it, and there give them milk in small quantities. But unless the trough be thoroughly cleaned with hot water every time it is used, this had better be omitted, and instead they may be given a small quantity of dry midland oats, which they will soon learn to eat. Pigs for the September or October market must be born in early March when the weather is cold, and they must be closely housed. The little fellows have nothing to do but nurse and sleep, get a little exercise, and all of us have seen our fattest and most promising die with what we call thumps. A little care on the part of the owner will entirely dispel all danger from this source. A slatted partition across the pen, so arranged that it will permit or slide up and down, will permit the little ones to be placed on one side, when they will run up and down in little ones to get to their mother, giving them to grow and lengthen out as they will in no other way. The partition is slid up at noon to enable them to nurse, and they are then separated, but generally permitted to remain together over night.

GOOD EYE ADVICE.

Do Not Persist in Reading When Overcome with Sleep.

It is a mistake to persist in reading when overcome with sleep, as the constant tendency of the eyes is to diverge, and they have to be forced back by a supreme effort of the will. This often results in congestion of the blood vessels of the mucous membrane which covers the external surface of the ball of the eye and the inner surface of the lids. "No matter how weary a girl may be with study or with pleasure she should never go to bed without first washing her eyes in order to remove any dust which may have gathered on their lids during the day. The sleeping room should be kept dark, as 'crows' tracks' will form under any sort of artificial light, particularly that of gas, which also consumes oxygen. "The eyes should not be exposed to a bright light immediately after awakening in the morning. For a few moments after arising it is better to get about the room by the aid of whatever light may penetrate the drawn blinds, meanwhile bathing the eyes in pure, cool water. On no account should the lids be rubbed, as that process will wrinkle them as quickly as will weeping. But if such an expression of grief is unavoidable be sure to gently massage the cuticle beneath the eyes with a little cold cream, as that is where lines first of all form, and if the skin is thin they are quite as likely to arrive at sixteen as at sixty."



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## Scott's Emulsion

probably saved this child's life. Four doctors had been tried. SCOTT'S EMULSION seemed to be just the thing needed, and it is just the thing needed by thousands of other children. It's so easily digested, so pure and harmless, yet most powerful in building up the most delicate child or adult. But be sure to get SCOTT'S EMULSION, there are so many worthless and harmful imitations.

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