

UNCLE DICK;

Or, The Result of Diplomacy and Tact.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)
At Charing Cross the woman in the front part of the train alighted. . . Got into a hansom cab. . . Masters got into another. A disturbing recollection came to him of a private detective in one of his own books who had acted in similar fashion. But he was not deterred by it.

"Where to, sir?"
Through the trap in the cab roof the enquiry came. Looking up he answered the driver—
"Keep that hansom in sight. I want to see, and not to be seen—do you understand?"
"I'm by."

As the Jehu answered he closed one eye. Then, as he closed the trap, said to himself—
"Man from the Yard—what's she been a-doin' of, I wonder?"
The first cab went over Westminster Bridge, turned into Lambeth, pulled up outside a corner public house. The second cab slowed down and passed the first at walking pace. The woman was paying her fare. Then she entered a door on the glass panels of which were inscribed the words—
BOTTLE AND JUG DEPARTMENT.

Masters' cabman knew his business; promptly reined in his horse round the corner.

"That do you, sir?"
He put the question as Masters alighted, and was feeling in his trousers pocket; continued—
"She's gone into the Green Dragon round the corner, she has. We passed the pub a minute ago."

Masters winced. Then reflected that the cabman was only fulfilling his duty zealously. Rewarded him with a half-sovereign.
"Going back, sir?"
Golden fares are rare enough to be worth looking after for a return journey.

"Perhaps I don't know."
"I'll be stopping here, sir—here, for half-an-hour if you should want me, sir."

Masters nodded. Passed through a door brass-plated with the words—
HOTEL ENTRANCE.

A flight of stairs faced him. To the left was another door, glass-lettered with the words—
SALOON.

Into the saloon Masters went. Square panels of beveled ground glass pivoted on their centres along the top of the bar, shielding the occupants of the saloon from the gaze of those in the opposite bar.

As he entered, Masters heard the woman he had followed enquiring over the bar—
"Mr. Rigby! He is staying here—he expects me."

The hesitation in the enquiring voice made the barman look up. Nervousness in women is rather an uncommon thing to find in the bar of a Surrey-side public-house.

"Oh, yes. But you've come in the wrong way. Round the corner and in at the hotel entrance. You'll find him on the second floor, room 15."

She went out. The bar-tender crossing to him, Masters called for a whisky and soda. Tasted, then tilted the glass, and let the contents be soaked up by the sawdust on the floor. It was not a drink which he thought likely to benefit him. The Lambeth blend of whisky did not seem to tickle his palate.

Watching through the saloon door, he presently saw the veiled woman come in through the hotel entrance, and ascend the stairs. Allowing half a minute to elapse, he passed but and himself mounted the stairs. As he commenced the ascent of the second flight he heard a door close; guessed it to be the door of room No. 15.

Reaching the passage on the second floor he noted that the door of room No. 14 was shut. No. 15 was shut, too. No. 16 was open. He paused on its threshold; cast an eye round; not a soul was in the passage; entered. Then the door of No. 16 was shut, too—shut, and the key turned on the inside.

A hurried glance satisfied him that it was an unoccupied room. He was glad of that; an explanation that he had entered to wash his hands would suffice, should need of explanation arise. All the rooms, he guessed were bedrooms on that floor.

A door was in the dividing wall of Nos. 15 and 16. To that Masters applied his ear. A sense of the contemptibility of the action was strong upon him; yet he could not refrain.

Something crossed his mind about the end justifying the means. It was a principle he had always violently combated; practice and theory are sometimes at variance. Some was merged in

to a feeling of gladness: that there was no key in the lock; it made hearing easier. And he meant to go the whole length; to listen.

As he did so, reflected that such a despicable act as eavesdropping would have been impossible to him a month ago. Suggested to himself that she had brought him to it.

"That is man's way—even the best of them."

CHAPTER XX.

The man she had inquired for in the bar, Rigby—he guessed it was he—was speaking. A husky-toned voice, but the listener could plainly catch the words—
"There! Don't cry, old girl. I have broken my promise to you, I know. You thought I had gone out of England, and I haven't. Well, I am going—going to-morrow."

"Dick!"
"Gospel truth, old girl. When I said good-bye last time, I meant it. But I got in with the boys and it was the old story. You know, I needn't tell you. I don't blame the boys; they think it a lark, that's all. First one comes and then the other, and each one doesn't know how far I've gone already. I have myself to blame; no one else. I have been lying here over a fortnight with the D. T.'s—came out of them two days ago. Doctor says I shall be able to go abroad to-morrow. He's a good sort; says the Mediterranean cruise will be the thing to set me on my legs. You said so; he says so. He has been kind enough to see to things, booked my berth, and I am going to-morrow from St. Katharine's dock on La Mascotte."

"Dick!"
"I am speaking honest, old girl; I am going. I might have gone without writing to you to come up and see me, and you would have been spared this, but I couldn't. I felt that I wanted to say good-bye, old girl, because—because you've been so good to me—more than I deserve. Because," there was a quaver in the speaker's voice, "because I believe it will be the last time."

"Dick!"
The listener, a fierce pain at his heart, heard the catch in her voice, the gasping way in which she ejaculated the name. The man continued—
"It is possible to travel too far on the downward road. So far that you get lost for ever and ever in the valley. I have been down a great big distance. There is a presentiment in possession of me that, somehow, I shall never come back to England. That I shall never come back to worry you again!"

"Dick! Dick! Dick!"
The listener man could hear the heart-breaking sound; the woman's sobs as she spoke. Despite Rigby, despite all, his heart went out to her. Involuntarily he stretched out his arms. They fell to his side again, empty. There was the door between.

"Don't cry. After all, it is perhaps for the best. See what a failure I am. If I drink myself to death perhaps it would be best. Pity it takes so long, that's all. See how like a backguard I have behaved to you."

The listener could not see, but he knew her actions to be expostulating.

"Ah, it's so; it's so. . . I know; I'm sober now. When I come out of it I lie thinking, thinking, thinking. Realize, then, what a foul beast I have made of myself. When I think how I have behaved to you—to you, my staunch, devoted, dear old pal, the one soul who has stuck to me through thick and thin, I hate myself; and I wonder you don't hate me too."

"You know I love you, Dick. You know that no soul in the world loves you as I do."
"Somehow I'd rather see you fly into a rage and call me all the evil names you could invent than look at me so lovingly and sadly. I would indeed. I should feel more that I had deserved to lose you; it would hurt less. But I know you love me; that is one reason why I have determined on trying this Mediterranean trip. Do you know, before I sat down to write to you yesterday, I made a balance of my hands. Held the pen in one and a razor in the other—"

"Dick! Dick! Oh, for God's sake don't talk so!"
"You would never have known, Mab. I am staying here in the name of Rigby. You don't read the police intelligence in the papers. If you had, you would never have linked an account of a drunkard's suicide in a Lambeth hotel with me. You would have thought me

"It Saved My Life!"

"I owe my life to PSYCHINE, what better testimony could I possibly give," says Mrs. Wm. Wilson, of Essex, Ont., on August 21, 1903. "Some twelve years ago I was taken ill with a severe cold on my lungs. Night after night I was compelled to sit up all night to relieve myself of the pain in my lungs. For two years I doctored continually with three different doctors, but received no help whatever. A friend advised me to try your medicine, and I did so. Within two months from taking PSYCHINE I gained 30 pounds, and my health rapidly grew better and in a short time I was quite well. To-day I am a strong woman and owe my life to Dr. T. A. Slocum's medicine."

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on blue water, keeping my promise to you."

The man at the door could hear the sounds of her grief still. It was agony to him; he ground his teeth. That she should suffer so and he so close, so helpless to help her!

"The pen won the day, Queenie." The speaker was trying to infuse a note of cheeriness. "Don't cry, old girl; there is nothing to cry about after all. I'm here right enough. I wrote you to come up; to say good-bye to the man who has wronged you so. If I live through the trip I shall come back a better, sounder, healthier man. With the courage to fight this drink devil for life or death, for all I am worth."

"And, please God, conquer him, Dick!"
"And what about yourself, little woman? Have you been ill? You look worn out, worn and thinner. You haven't been worrying about me?"

"No, Dick; about Grace. She has been ill; dying once, I thought, but thank God she is as well to-day as ever she was."
"Our little Gracie has been as ill as all that? Poor little soul! And I've been drinking from morning till night, selfish brute that I am, without any thought for you or her. Good God! Why was I born—answer me that?"

The listening man had started back, horrified at the speaker's use of the word "our." So stupefied was he that he hardly heard the latter part of the man's speech. So, then, this drink-sodden being, posturing under the name of Rigby, was the father of Gracie! Of the little girl he had helped to nurse back to life.

He shook off the numbness which had gripped him; there was more to hear. The thread was taken up again; the mother was speaking—
"—for us to love each other dearly, Dick, all through our lives. Let that be reason enough. Banish those presentiments of yours, dearest. Go bravely on this voyage. It must benefit you, give you strength—moral strength."

"I am a pretty nice sort of beauty," she was thinking of moral strength—
"Don't turn away from me like that; I can't bear it! Pray for strength, Dick; pray for it! Oh, come back to me, Dick dear, your old self. My heart aches for you all the while you are away from me. Come back to me, Dick, come back to my loving arms, stanger and better—yourself."

"I'm going to, old girl—going to try hard this time. I can be stronger when I am away from the boys. On board the Mascotte there won't be a soul I shall know. It will be torture for me to travel in solitude, for I don't expect such a wreck as I am will make friends. I carry my story written on my face; every man can read it first glance. At the same time, there will be safety in it. From the time I set foot on deck till the time I come back—if ever I come back—"

"Dick!"
"I'll only take claret; will not touch a drop of spirits; so help me God!"

The listener thought he heard a sigh, a despondent sigh, as the man uttered this resolution; probably it had been so resolved before. But it might have been fancy; the dividing door was too thick for him to hear with certainty.

"God will help you, Dick. He must. I believe you, Dick. I believe you. You mean well, and you will succeed. You will come back and we shall be happy. My dear, dear old Dick; happy again, I know it."

"We will hope so, Queenie."
"Another man, Dick. A strong, healthy and well man. And what I am praying to see, Dick—for I think the tie will help you to keep straight—well and able to marry."

There ensued a moment's silence. The listener's imagination supplied the gap. What he had seen at the back of the bungalow at Wivernsea helped him thereto. He heard the passionate sobbing; the impact of their lips. Then he heard no more.

A great blurring veil seemed to come over sight, hearing, even faculty; to enshroud him. He staggered away as if physically injured. What he had heard hurt so.

On the other side of the door were Gracie's mother, Gracie's father. And they were talking of his coming back from a voyage well enough to marry.

His thoughts went away. Were of that sweet, innocent little child down at Wivernsea. As she came before him he almost groaned; it was too terrible, too horrible. Poor little Gracie!

Trembling fingers unlocked the door; he got downstairs somehow; down to the level of the bar. Called for brandy there, and, regardless of its quality, swallowed it.

It was a mechanical act. Instinct told him that he needed brandy, and he wanted to be doing something; inaction at that moment was maddening.

He walked outside.
(To be continued.)

NINE GREAT SHIP CANALS.

The Suez the Most Important Water Link in the World.

There are nine great ship canals in the world, and all of these have been built within the last seventy-five years. They are the Suez, the Kronstadt and St. Petersburg, the Manchester ship, the Kaiser Wilhelm, the Elbe and Trave, the Welland, and the two canals connecting Lake Superior and Lake Huron between Canada and the United States.

In a single year a greater number of ships pass through the lake canals than through the Suez, though there is no doubt that the latter is by far the most important water link in the world. It is the longest, being 100 miles from entrance to exit, and it cost more than \$50,000,000 to build. About four thousand ships pass through the Suez annually. It takes eight hours for a vessel to go the entire length of the canal. There are no locks, and a part of it, its route, about two-thirds of it, is made up of a series of shallow lakes.

The Kronstadt and St. Petersburg canal is altogether about sixteen miles, including the bay channel. It is an important commercial waterway and connects the capital of Russia with the Bay of Kronstadt. After the construction of the Corinth canal, which is only four miles long, a saving of 175 miles was made by ships sailing from Adriatic ports. A part of this canal was cut through solid rock and about as it is, took nine years to build.

A direct route from Manchester to the Atlantic ocean was obtained by the digging of the Manchester canal. From Manchester ships now go through the artificial waterway to the Mersey River, and from there to the open sea. The canal is fitted with hydraulic locks. In the United States are three great canals, all of them links between the Great Lakes. The Welland connects Lake Ontario and Lake Erie on the Canadian side of the river. It is twenty-seven miles long and has twenty-five sets of locks.

At the age of thirty a girl begins to realize that she misses the "Mrs."

"After taking three bottles of your wonderful medicine, our baby was entirely well and needed no more medicine. At sixteen months of age she weighed thirty pounds. She had cried eight months, night and day, and nothing did her good until we tried Scott's Emulsion."—MRS. E. C. SMITH, Villa Rica, Ga.

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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.

ALL DRUGGISTS

A full copy of Mrs. Smith's letter and many others of a similar nature, together with some of our valuable literature regarding children, will be sent upon receipt of your address, mentioning this paper.

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The Farm
DUTCH BELTED CATTLE.
At their home in Holland, Dutch Belted Cattle are known as Lakenvelders, or Veldlarkers, meaning a field of white, a black body with black heads and tails.
The early history of the breed is largely wrapped in uncertainty. And while the records go back to the middle of the eighteenth century, it's probably true that the process of breeding and selection was well under way more than a hundred years earlier.
In those days, in and around that part of Holland known as Haarlem, there were wealthy men who interested themselves in breeding all farm animals to certain fancies of their own in color, principally with a white belt. And that they were eminently successful we know because of the Dutch Belted Cattle of Holland and America; the Lakenvelder chickens which we see more frequently now at poultry shows, and the Lanch swine and Hampshire swine, all of which have a distinct white belt.
You know in Holland, because of its damp, raw climate, cattle at calving time are carefully blanketed, and the idea got abroad that if white blankets were used the calves would be marked with a white body. However that may be, as time went by calves came more regularly and distinctly marked with the white belt, and a new breed was firmly established.
The Lakenvelder is a good, strong dairy breed, with small head, slim neck, deep body, straight back, level, broad hips and large udder, with well developed milk veins, and it is to be hoped our Canadian dairymen will investigate the merits of this animal more closely than heretofore. There are only a few hundred head in Northern Holland, but they are being exported in increasing numbers to other European countries, South Africa, Mexico, and United States, where they are growing in favor. These cattle at home are larger than those bred here and the belt of white is generally wider; frequently they have white on the hind legs.
Sometimes we hear of them with white around their eyes, but this is a cross.
There is no more fascinating reading than to follow the establishing of a new breed of farm animals, and this winter when the evenings are so long it would be a good idea to set aside an hour or so every night for this particular line of study. It will give us a better understanding of our animals, and more respect and appreciation of them.
To get the best results in this life we must be interested in our work, no matter in what line it may be. On the farm, if we are hog breeders, or dairymen, or grain growers, or poultrymen, we must have the breed that appeals to us or nearly all, if not every particle of enthusiasm will be lacking, and without enthusiasm we cannot do the best of which we are capable, no matter who we are. Profits are incentive enough to a few, but the great majority of us must have first of all a satisfying of our own ideas, or rather, perhaps, a confirmation of our own ideas and convictions.
And what a blessing it is that we do not all think alike.
The ideal, perfect dairy cow has not yet been reached by any means. If it had it would soon be allowed to deteriorate so far that work would have to be started all over again. You remember the old saying, "Necessity is the mother of invention." Just so long as there is a need to be filled, just so long will human speculation and ingenuity be restless and busy.
When you are working out your own ideas in regard to the dairy cow, give the Dutch Belted Cattle quite a little thought. They are well worth looking into more seriously.

LUCINDA'S DREADFUL DREAM
Worse Than Falling Down a High Mountain.
"I've had some dreadful dreams in my lifetime," said Lucinda, "but never any half so dreadful as one I had last night. I shall be miserable till I know whether it's coming true."

Of course everybody wanted to know what the dreadful dream was, and Lucinda continued:
"Why I dreamed my coat was ruined!"
Chorus of commiserating groans at this.

It seems that Lucinda has lately bought a new suit and the coat didn't fit her exactly and so she took it back to have it fitted, and it isn't to come home till next Wednesday; and last night she dreamed that it had come home and that it was worse than it was before, that they had made a mess of it, that the coat was ruined.

Now, wasn't that a dreadful dream! Truly! Why, if Lucinda had dreamed she had fallen from the top of a tall mountain or been dropped from a flying machine or something like that, then she would have waked up the minute she began to fall, and so have known right away that everything was all right; but as it is she's got to wait till next Wednesday to know if that dreadful dream is coming true.

ONE OF CANADA'S GREATEST BANKS.
The shareholders of the Merchants' Bank held their annual meeting on December 16th last and the year's operations show net profits of almost three quarters of a million. These profits are slightly less than the previous year, but conditions have not been so favorable for profitable operations, owing to increase on interest bearing deposits and smaller earnings from call loans.

The Merchants' Bank has the reputation of having looked after its own discounting clientele particularly well during the troubled times of the past eighteen months which undoubtedly points to far seeing and careful management. With the revival in trade and the clearing financial horizon they will probably extend every encouragement for the development of sound business enterprise. We would particularly recommend farmers to bring their business to this bank if they wish assistance to help them over the winter season.

With deposits of over \$40,000,000 and resources of over \$55,000,000 (including immediately available funds of over twenty-four millions) the Merchants' Bank is an absolutely safe repository for the people's savings. We wish the authorities of the Bank all the success they deserve for their liberal, cautious and successful management.

Visitor to the Prison—"I suppose this life of yours in here is a continual torture?" Convict—"Oh no, not so bad as that. We don't have visitors every day, you know."