

UNCLE DICK;

Or, The Result of Diplomacy and Tact.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

There was the hope, the chance of reformation. When Rigby set foot on the vessel it had been with despair at his heart; he had attended the funeral of hope long ago. Things were different now. As for Masters, he realized that the man was young; might perhaps still meet with salvation.

But it was a thin reed on which to rely: his youth; a two-edged fact; might cut either way. Masters was quite aware of that as he uttered the reassuring monosyllable. Spoke in a forced tone of conviction; there is a limit to suffering; none to fear.

The odds, too, are against a drunkard's reformation; all Lombard Street to a China orange. Anyway, it was a fact he was going to do his level best to turn things to good account. The youngster must be spurred on; not to advance is to retreat. Not only is courage needed in facing a difficulty, but the ability to grapple with it; if looked in the face too long it is apt to stare us out of countenance.

"I believe you," Rigby spoke with grateful fervor. "Anyway, I am not going to face the future gloomily now."

"That's half the battle. After all, life's only a journey; it's more or less our own fault if we don't make a pleasant excursion of it."

"I know that. Remember, I have been in the battle, and came out upper dog. So long as you win the race, what does it matter whether you had a good start or not?"

"Anyway, I shall keep to your word. If I feel that awful thirst coming on me; feel, as I have felt, that hell's got its doors gaping wide open for me, I shall worry you."

"You won't; not worry me. Come that moment you hear the hinges start creaking, and we'll try, together, to keep the doors shut."

"That you should take all this trouble—"

"Trouble be hanged! Don't you know how easy it is to poke another man's fire?"

Masters' eyes looked honestly into Dick's; he was very honest of purpose. Wanted, with all his soul, to keep those doors closed. For the sake of the woman whose trust had been betrayed; for the sake of the little one. He knew how facile is the descent into hell. Knew, too, that a man ambitious to make a fool of himself never lacks help.

How shiens a good deed in this bad world! The goodness of his own was illuminating Masters' eyes at that moment. And he had no fear of the proverb; that if he conferred a favor he might expect ingratitude. Plainly, Rigby was not built of those lines.

Dick was not much of a psychologist or mind reader. Saw only the

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it rested with him which road was taken; depended on his skill as a rider. Still there was every care and caution to be exercised. When you ride a young colt it is well to see that your saddle is well girt.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Prosperity attended the voyage; if that term may be applied to recovery of health. The sea-air—genial companionship had something to do with it—was pulling Dick round. He said he was a new man; received assurance of that fact from inspection of his reflection in the mirror.

Although his story was no longer visible on his face, it was in his heart; hidden away perhaps, but there still. He had left the sleeping-ones of milk and beef-tea a long way behind; was walking through square meals as vigorously as any man aboard.

The friendship opened up in the little two-berth cabin had developed into the closest kind. On one side it had started garbed in the mantle of pretence. That was soon shed; sincerity taking its place.

Dick's fidelity was dog-like; he followed his companion about as if loath to lose sight of him. Masters had discovered in him artistic tendencies; the ability to draw well. It was long before Dick's hand ceased to remind one of a jelly; when it did, Masters asked, would Dick oblige him by doing something?

"Oblige him? Dick repeated the question. Great Scott! Was there anything he could ask which he, Dick, wouldn't jolly well jump at the chance of doing. What did Charleigh take him for?"

The story Masters was engaged on was to be illustrated; sketches were needed of the proposed drawings. So the author said, speaking quite casually.

As a matter of fact, he was anxious to find occupation for idle hands. Feared the provision, if he did not himself provide it, of less profitable work. Remembered a proverb to that effect: Satan filling a stellar part in it.

"Let me make them for you, will you?" Dick spoke eagerly. "I can draw properly, really; I've had drawings in the strand and Windsor, and they're particular, you know. I did it because I loved the work; I had to give it up, because my hand—"

Masters interrupted him; was ever anxious to prevent a harking back to the old days of failure. Wanted his protégé to look forward, not backward; to be a business ahead, not on the horror which he hoped was for ever left behind.

"My dear Dick, a thousand thanks! I shall be only too glad if you will."

That was the commencement of an even closer intercourse; the drawings drew them together. The sketches had to be thought out and considered. On smooth days were worked at with pencil on paper.

Dick was really a skilled hand. And that hand of his—he took immense pride in the fact—was steady now. The ability is not given to every artist to do line work on a boat. The throbbing from the engine room usually permeates every part of the vessel.

So the two men would sit on deck, one writing and the other drawing. Sometimes the author's pen would suddenly cease work; cease for quite a while. Dick respected those pauses; imagined Charleigh to be thinking out the details of his work.

He was wrong. Masters was thinking of Miss Mivvins. Remorseful thoughts; remorse that he had ever wounded that generous sweet soul, ever added by his harsh words to her burden of sorrow. Vainly regretting thoughts; regret that he had not met her earlier in life. A sigh usually marked Masters' emergence from dreamland. If he did not directly pick up his work again, his companion would open up conversation; one day said—

"I call you Prince, old fellow, because you told me to. Is it a nickname or your real name?"

Masters smiled; the sweet innocence of his godmother occurred to him; he said—

"Which do you think, now?"

"Well, I can't help thinking that Prince Charleigh seems to me happy a combination to be the real thing. Real godmothers and godfathers don't hit on those things usually."

"Mine did not. Yet all the same I was christened, quite recently, Prince."

"Ah!" Dick's eyes sparkled; he fancied himself a discoverer. "I'll bet you a new hat I can guess the sex of the christener—a girl?"

"Splendid marksman! A bull's eye! Hit the centre of the target first time!"

A merry twinkle found place in the younger man's eyes as he enquired—

"Engaged to her, old fellow?"

"Well—"

Masters paused. Then, with a quiet smile and a puff at his pipe, completed his sentence:

"We have spoken of marriage."

and be able to post letters, the captain says."

"So I gathered." "Did your ears burn this morning, old chap? My letter was full of you."

"Was it?" Masters started; was troubled. His pipe was being smoked more vigorously than ever; he continued—

"I am sorry for that."

"Why? I told my girl who was responsible for my salvation. You . . . Ah, don't shake your head. Prince. My living, my being here on this deck alive, sane, and, thank God! with a feeling of manhood strong in me, is due to you. But for you, I should have gone overboard. . . Yes, I know it; I want you to know that I know it. I can never repay you, that's out of the region of possibility, but you might like to feel that you took a fellow-creature out of the slough even if the fellow isn't worth much. You saved my life and you've made it worth living—to me, at any rate."

He spoke with a catch in his voice; gratitude moved him. So earnest was his speech of thankfulness that it moved Masters also. Dick went on—

"I came aboard with the knowledge in my heart that I should make a hole in the water. I got my girl up to London, the only friend that has stuck to me, to say good-bye to her. And I meant it, Prince; meant it for a final good-bye, a good-bye for ever. Thanks to you, old chap, that's a thing of the past; the shadow has passed away."

"I hope, Dick—nay, more than hope—I am confident, never to return."

"I pray God so, Prince! I do! I do! I say that reverently. I pray God so. I'm a bit fearful of when this trip is over; just a bit; that's all that's wrong with me. You've been my anchor; I don't know how I shall ride on a tempting sea without you. You are not as other men—no, let me say it—I have clung to you, Prince, old fellow, like—well, like the ivy clings to the oak. I can't help thinking, when the oak's gone what's to become of the ivy."

"You'll go back home well, and find other ties."

Then he gave utterance to the phrase which had been ringing in his ears so long—

"You will go back well enough to marry."

Dick started; smiled. The memory of that last interview came back to him too; he answered—

"That's what my girl says, Prince. But I don't feel at all like marrying; I'm not that sort."

"Not that sort?" It seemed to Masters as if all the blood in his body suddenly turning scalding hot and black-colored; filled his veins to bursting point. He sat quite still, motionless; fearful that if he moved, loosened for one instant his hold on himself, his feelings would be too much for him.

(To be continued.)

PRINCE RUPERT'S FUTURE

BRITISH NEWSPAPER SPEAKS OF THE NEW CITY.

Will Take the Trade of the East From Vancouver and San Francisco.

(Vancouver Daily News Advertiser, January 1st, 1909.)

Mr. E. B. Osborn, special commissioner of "Canada," the London illustrated journal, who was in Vancouver not long ago, gave a Winnipeg "Free Press" reporter some information concerning Prince Rupert.

"I should think more lies have been told about Prince Rupert than about any new city ever yet sprung up in the west. For example, I was warned not to go there until the spring, unless I wished to walk 70 miles over the ice-floes to get in and out. Another Ananias (with modern improvements) told me that it rained there all day and all night all the year round. But, why repeat these lies? Prince Rupert is in the latitude of London, England, and everybody who knows the British Columbia coast knows very well that it is an ice-free port. As for the rainfall (which is said on good authority to be virtually the same as that of Vancouver, and similarly distributed through the week I was there—

The harbor is the finest in Canada. It is formed by a perfectly-protected curved inlet 16 miles long, a mile broad, and 26 fathoms deep on an average. The bottom has good holding for anchors, and there is 30 feet of water at the lowest tide, by the temporary wharves. The nature of the approach from seaward has been criticized in certain quarters. But all such criticisms have been finally disposed of by Captain J. F. Parry, R. N., of H. M. S. Egeria, which is making the Admiralty survey of the entrance. He says: 'It is no breach of etiquette on my part to state that the result of the survey is entirely satisfactory in so far as the approach to Prince Rupert from seaward is concerned. That ought to be

enough for the political variant of the modern Ananias.'

Of course, the real Prince Rupert is not yet in being. Until the townsite is sold—probably in May—permanent buildings cannot go up. Nearly everything there now will be swept away when the plans of the engineers are carried out. Prince Rupert is not to be a checker-board city. To my mind, that is a great point. You can't get a picturesque city on the rectangular plan. Those who know Detroit with its radiating avenues know how pleasant it is to get away from that particular form of the square deal. Prince Rupert is to have places and parks—which will prevent a fire running far—and undulating avenues and hills crowned with white edifices. It will not be one of those dull, decorous cities where a boy and a girl can't lose themselves in case of necessity. I climbed up one of the hills—probably it was what is called the Acropolis on the plan—and the view across the harbor was charming. Three years ago the site was virgin forest; and though it has been cleared, the stumps remain here and there.

The soil, which overlies solid rock, is made of decayed vegetation, and is damp and peaty. Many of the present temporary buildings are set on piles; they look like packing-cases on sticks. There are two really good hotels, and a number of dollar-a-day proportions, where they give the guests 'good, square meals,' and ask them to sleep in bunks as in French-Canadian shanties. At present it is a dry town, the sale of liquor being forbidden in view of the railway construction work going on there. It is said they make a kind of cider for the use of citizens suffering from a chronic thirst. But nobody offered us any. Whoever wishes to get 'full' must go to Port Essington, several hours' voyage, where a perpendicular person is regarded with suspicion. When I was there I asked a man with a face like a tombstone, who was reclining on the wharf, why the whole population was celebrating the occasion.

"That's so," was his only reply. Port Essington, a miniature Seattle, will be put out of action when Prince Rupert makes its real start.

Of course, Prince Rupert is bound to become a great seaport. It will be served by the shortest and by far the easiest freight route on the continent, and the sea journey from Prince Rupert to Yokohama is 400 miles shorter than the Vancouver route and 600 miles shorter than the distance between San Francisco and the Japanese port. Naturally, Prince Rupert will be the distributing point for all Northern British Columbia—a country richer in mineral resources than the more developed southern half—for the Yukon Territory and for all the Alaskan shoreline. It will eventually recover for Canada all the trade with the north that was lost to Seattle, a live city whatever its faults, during the Klondike boom. Also, it must become a great centre of lumbering, canning and the manufacturing of fishery products. Just outside the harbor is the finest halibut fishery in the world—an asset which has not yet been realized to any extent. Good progress has been made with the grading of the first 100 miles eastward of the G. T. P., and next summer the track-layers should be at work.

There will be a record rush to Prince Rupert when the townsite is sold. Everywhere across the Rockies the interest in the new city is extraordinarily keen—as keen as was the interest in Dawson more than ten years ago. Anybody who can buy a city lot there will be making a good investment, if he buys to hold and not to sell again. If he does it for speculative purposes, he will be taking a hand in a game such as was seen in Winnipeg in 1881-2, though there will be more at the back of Prince Rupert than there was at the back of this city 25 years ago. I should like to see British and Canadian investors get the lion's share of the profits of Prince Rupert's development. As for the opportunities there for workers, not capitalists, I do not care to express an opinion. There is much unemployment on the coast, more even than on the prairies at the present time. Anybody who has a job in Winnipeg ought not to throw it up on the chance of doing better in Prince Rupert, or any other city on the Coast. For the present at any rate, a job in the hand—even if it be not exactly a "bird"—is worth two in the British Columbia bush.

"Were you frightened during the battle, Pat?" asked a sergeant of an Irishman who had received his "baptism of fire."

"Not a bit, sir," replied Pat. "O! can face most anything when O! have me back to it."

An Irishman, more patriotic than clever, enlisted in a Dragon regiment with the intention of becoming a gallant soldier. The fencing instructor had experienced rather a difficult job in the matter of explaining to him the various ways of using the sword. "Now," he said, "how would you use the sword if your opponent feinted?"

"Bedad," said Pat, with gleaming eyes. "I'd just tickle him with the point to see if he was shamming."

Heard Her Death Sentence.

To obtain temporary relief when suffering is a great boon, but to be permanently cured and restored to health after being assured that one has not a year to live, is an experience that cannot fail to bring joy to any heart. Yet this is what Mrs. A. E. Ternan, of Norwich, Ont., says PSYCHINE accomplished in her case. She says: "It is ten years since I took PSYCHINE, and I have not taken ten dollars' worth of medicine since. I should not have lived out the year had it not been for PSYCHINE. I am now in excellent health." Can any testimony be stronger than this? If you are feeling worn out and run down try PSYCHINE. The greatest of tonics, PSYCHINE, restores the throat, lungs, heart, stomach, digestive and blood-making organs to perform their proper functions. The only specific known that will cure chronic weakness, catarrh and decline. Sold at all druggists and stores. 50c and \$1. Send for a free sample to Dr. T. A. Sleucom, Limited, Spadina Ave., Toronto.

The Farm

WEANING PIGS.

By the time pigs are three or four weeks old they will have learned to eat soft foods, and the more they can be encouraged to eat, the better. They should be given access to a pen adjoining the sow, if it is possible to so arrange it, and feed skim milk and shorts in a small trough of their own. At first the quantity of shorts fed should be small, for a sucking pig's stomach is not adapted to the digestion of solid food. The organs that secrete the juices which bring about the digestion of foods other than milk are not at this age sufficiently developed in function to manage the digestion of grain foods in quantity. But with use, they gradually reach the stage where ordinary foodstuff can be handled. In pigs, this condition is reached at the age of from six to eight weeks. They are then ready to wean.

Sucking pigs are the better for getting at food as early in life as possible for another reason. They save the sow, as well as required the eating habit. A sow with a fair-sized litter has to stand a pretty heavy strain on her milk-making resources by the time the pigs have reached the age of a month or so, and unless the youngsters' ration are supplemented from some other source than her own milk supply she is likely to be pulled down more than is good for her before the litter can be weaned. It is not so good for the pigs, either, since their food demands are constantly increasing with age, and if the dams cannot supply their needs they are likely to be retarded at the age when, for the food consumed, they should be gaining most rapidly. Then, later, when weaned, the sudden and complete change from milk to other food is liable to give them a more or less decided setback.

In weaning pigs, it is a good plan, sometimes, to let them continue running with the sow, putting her on rather slim rations and giving youngsters access by a small creep from her lot into another pen, where they may be fed. The pigs will thus be changed from the dam's milk to the next diet gradually, while the decrease in the sow's rations causes a decrease in milk secretion in her glands. The result is that both dam and pigs are separated without either of them worrying very much.

HOW TO FATTEN FOWLS.

A fowl should always be fattened as quickly as possible. Ten days is long enough, but it should be confined, either in a coup or a number in a small yard. They must have a considerable supply of fresh water and should be fed four times a day, the first meal being given early and the last one late. A recommended mixture is three parts cornmeal, one part ground oats, one part bran, one part crude oil, low, the entire lot scalded, and for the first three meals, with all the corn and wheat that can be eaten up clean at night. Weigh the articles given or the proper proportion will not be given.

TO KEEP RATS AWAY.

Sprinkle sulphur on the barn floor and through the corn as you draw it in and never a rat or mouse will bother you.

As you stack oats, or hay, or wheat, or rye, sprinkle sulphur on the ground and a little through each load and it will keep the "varmints" away.

A pound of powdered sulphur will do a whole corn crop and it will never do you or the cattle any harm either.

A man is at his best on Sunday if, there is any best in him.