

**MASTERED MEN**

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Mastered men by F. A. Robinson & Charles W. Gordon

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**F. A. ROBINSON & CHARLES W. GORDON**

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BY

F. A. ROBINSON, B.A.



WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. CHARLES W. GORDON  
(RALPH CONNOR)



NEW YORK  
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

## INTRODUCTION

This book has this virtue among others, that it is a true rescript of events that have happened in the author's personal experience. It is made up of human documents that deal with matters of surpassing interest. The book tells in simple and vivid style the story, always fascinating and thrilling, of the triumph of the Gospel in the souls of men. It is a heartening book and a moving. It will bring courage and hope to those who read it, and awaken in their hearts a deeper passion to share in God's great mission to men.

The new west is full of the broken driftwood of humanity, showing the marks of the attrition of time and conflict and defeat—good stuff it is, but waste and lost. This book tells of its salvage to the infinite joy of men, and to the glory of God.

The author has the further distinction of having seen himself a large part of the events he describes.

The book will do good wherever it goes.

CHARLES W. GORDON  
*Winnipeg, Canada.* (RALPH CONNOR)

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

"Mastered Men" is a new edition of "Trial-Tales of Western Canada," containing the material of the original volume with additional sketches. The new title has been chosen as being more significant of the underlying theme of the book.

F. A. R.

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# MASTERED MEN

## CHAPTER I

### OLD KEN'S ROUND-UP

OLD KEN was "down on his luck." For well-nigh fifty years he had "gone the pace" in a district where certain men say glibly, "there's no God west of the Rockies." The old prospector had been, according to those who knew him best, in one of three conditions for some years. He was either "getting drunk, drunk, or sobering up." And yet in spite of his weakness and sin, and in spite of the curses he got, there was no more popular man in the whole camp than Old Ken, although likely he was not conscious of it. One of the miners had once expressed a conviction about Ken that was dangerously popular. It was at the time Frank Stacey's mother died, in the East, and Frank had not "two bits" to his credit. As might have been expected, it was Old Ken who started the hat to wire that Frank was leaving on the next train, and to see that he had "enough of the needful

to do the decent thing." "It's his last chance, boys," said Ken, as he made the rounds during the noon hour. "I got twenty-two dollars since eleven o'clock, so I guess, with what you fellers is a-going to do, the old camp's on the job, as usual, when a chap like Frank wants to pay his last respects." There was some mystery about those twenty-two dollars until Andy the bartender told how Old Ken had "got it out of the boss" on the solemn promise that for two weeks he would "work like a Texas steer" without touching a cent until the debt of thirty dollars, minus eight for board, was discharged. Then it was that one of the boys expressed himself thus about Ken: "By gosh, fellers, he's white clear through, that same old soak is, when there's any trouble on. He's a pile decenter than his thirsty old carcass'll let him be."

On a particular morning some months ago the old prospector stood at the little station a mile or so away from the camp centre. The "mixed" was winding her way slowly around the curves of the summit of the Rockies. From the windows of the solitary passenger car a young man looked somewhat anxiously across the valley below. A few shacks nestled among the poplar brush, and in the distance an unpainted building stood, with distinct outline, towering against the dark background of the