

A Broken Vow;

—OR—

BETTER THAN REVENGE.

CHAPTER XII.

The mind of Victor Kelman was essentially a mischievous one. There are men like that in the world, who never really grow out of the impish nature that belonged to their childhood; men who find a pleasure in spreading scandal, and are sometimes amazed at the results of it; men who never lose the instinct of making trouble, if they can, among their fellows. The perverted mind seems to teach them a way to do what another, more generous-minded, would studiously avoid.

Under ordinary circumstances Victor Kelman might have been expected to be amused at, and a little contemptuous of, the poor little love-story upon which he had lighted; might have been expected to see that there was no profit in it, and nothing to be gained, and so have left it alone. Instead of that, however, he began to puzzle his brains as to how he might step in; how he might, while apparently working in the interests of Olive, yet work a little on his own account. And above all, he was naturally puzzled concerning a matter of which he had only so far touched the mere fringe.

One has to consider also the vanity of the man. That, in a curious quixotic fashion, he had been interested in Olive Varney was true enough; that he had loved her, so far as it was in him to love at all, was equally true. But the years had changed Olive Varney and done much to sour her; above all else, this man was probably the last who could have seen the real beauty of a nature it was not in him to understand. And last of all, the vanity of the man had taught him that a younger, fairer flower had turned in his direction, and might perhaps be had—or so he told himself—for the plucking. He was not the man to have any false notions of delicacy about the matter; the only difficulty in his mind was that he was poor. More than that, the only person in the world who could have helped him was poor also—and that person was Olive.

"The thing is tame—confoundedly tame!" he muttered to himself as he paced slowly and thoughtfully along Greenways' Gardens. As the Gardens formed a sort of elongated square, with a long strip of ground fenced in in the centre, it was possible for anyone to walk at the end furthest from the main road and be comparatively alone, because there was no real traffic in Greenways' Gardens save that of its inhabitants; and Victor Kelman was pacing slowly to and fro at the further end. "I love variety—change—above all things I love amusement. I saw in this a chance to go one better than my sweet inscrutable one—Olive; instead of which I am at a standstill. Of course, if you come to that, she is at a standstill also; because she also has no money. There are two things to be done; to discover who and where the real Aunt Phipps is—and to get something out of somebody. When latter has been my principle all my life."

Coming towards him, from the direction of No. 3, he saw Olive Varney; evidently she was on the look-out for him. At his end of the strip of garden was a rusty broken gate, which might at some time or other have been locked, if simply swung upon its hinges now. Making certain that she saw him, he passed in through the gate, glancing over his shoulder, he saw she was following. As if by mutual consent, they stopped at the one seat the place boasted—a seat hidden to some extent by the tall old trees. The man waved a hand politely towards the seat; the woman sat down.

"My sweet Aunt Phipps—what is your next move?" asked Victor ironically.

"That is for me to say," she retorted. "At all events, it won't concern you, Victor Kelman. You seem to think, because you have so unluckily found me out, and penetrated part of my secret, that you will take the whip-hand in this business; you will find you are mistaken. Whatever game I play, I play alone; I have made up my mind to that."

"Fickle Aunt Phipps!" he said, with a smile. "I thought that we had arranged to play whatever game was to be played together; I thought it was settled that I was to help you? I don't think you're wise to try and leave me out of it, my dear girl; I know too much."

"You think you know a great deal," she said, "but you'll find you really know very little. If you come to that, we are both helpless in the matter; we can talk—and talk—and talk about what we're going to do; and then sit with our hands in our laps, and do nothing."

"That is the position. This girl, when she gets the money, as a species of compensation. So you are thinking of giving up this business of vengeance, eh?"

"Never!" she replied. "Before me, day after day, is the remembrance of the vow I made; it has been my life for many years, and I cannot forget. I shall go on to the end, no matter what my own feelings about the thing may be."

They parted then—Olive to go back to the house and Victor to his own lodging. When he arrived there, he shut himself in his room and sat pondering

The Farm

SHEEP SCAB.

The live stock branch of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, have prepared the following notes in regard to sheep scab:

Cause.—The disease is caused by a mite which pricks the skin of the sheep, causing a scab to form, under which the mite lives.

Symptoms.—The animal is restless. They scratch and bite themselves and rub against fences, etc. The fleece looks matted or matted and portions of it are pulled out by the sheep with its mouth. If the hand is held to the sheep's nose while it is being scratched, the animal will commence nibbling. This is one sure symptom of the disease.

Effects.—The fleece falls out, usually beginning at the shoulders and working backward and downward. Ewes may abort or if lambs are carried to full time they are likely to be weak and unthrifty.

Treatment.—Dip all animals and spray all buildings where affected sheep have been housed. Shear sheep and put in dipping vat for at least two minutes. See that animals are completely submerged at least once. A second dipping must follow at an interval of seven to ten days. Isolate animals from fields or lots where disease is suspected for at least two months, at the end of which time the mites should be dead. Dips.—Any good stock dip should be effective, but the lime and sulphur dip

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