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It is natural to pass urine three times a day, but many who regard themselves as healthy are obliged to pass water six to ten times daily and are obliged to get up frequently during the night. They have sick kidneys and bladder and don't know it. Smith's Buchu Luthia Pills cure Rheumatism and all Kidney and Bladder diseases, and make new, rich blood.

We will send you a generous sample post paid Free, together with our large book on the above mentioned diseases. Address, W. F. Smith Co., 185 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

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AND ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY AND
BLADDER ILLS.
AT ALL DRUGGISTS—25 CENTS.
A CURE AT THE PEOPLE'S PRICE.

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Chamois Vests,
Men and Women,
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Next door to Post Office
48-3m Campbellton, N. B.

Uncle Terry

CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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The man in the wagon laughed.

"Say, stranger," he observed with a chuckle, "you 'hind me o' the fellow that got full an' wandered round for a spell till he fetched up to a house an' sed to the man that cum to the door, 'If you will tell me who I am or what I am or what I want ter go I'll give ye a dollar.'"

Page had to laugh in spite of his plight, for the humorous twinkle in the old man's eyes as he uttered his joke was infectious.

"I'd like ter 'commodate ye," he added, "but as I'm carryin' Uncle Sam's mail, an' must git home an' 'tend the light, an' as ye don't know what ye want ter go, ye best jump in an' go down to Saint's Rest, what I live, an' in the mornin' we'll try an' hunt up yer boat."

It seemed the only thing to do, and Albert availed himself of the chance.

"Can you tell the spot where you found me?" he said to the man as they started on. "I'd like to go back there tomorrow and find my cushions."

"Weed," he said, "I've been drivin' over this road twice a day for nigh on to thirty year, I'm tolerable familiar with it. My name's Terry, an' I'm keeper of the light at the Cape an' carry the mail to every place out on. Who might ye be?"

"My name's Page, and I'm from Boston, and a lawyer by profession," replied Albert.

Uncle Terry eyed him rather sharply. "I wouldn't 'a' took ye for one," he said. "Ye look too honest, I ain't much stuck on lawyers," he added with a chuckle. "I've had 'perience with 'em. One of 'em sold me a hole in the ground once, an' it cost me the hull of twenty year's savin'! Ye'll 'cuse me for bein' blunt—it's my natur'."

"Oh, I don't mind," responded Albert laughingly. "But you mustn't judge us all by one rascal!" They drove on, and as they jogged up and down the sharp hills he caught sight here and there of the ocean, and alongside the road which consisted of two ruts, a path and two grass grown ridges, he saw wild roses in endless profusion. On either hand was an impenetrable thicket. In the little valleys grew masses of rank ferns and on the ridges, interspersed between the wild roses, clusters of red bunchberries. Almost dark, almost black, when they reached the top of a long hill and he saw at its foot a small harbor connected with the ocean by a narrow inlet and around it a dozen or so of brown houses. Beyond was a tangle of rocks and, rising above them, the top of a white lighthouse. Uncle



Stood there unconscious. Terry, who had kept up a running fire of questions all the time, halted the horse and said:

"Ye can now take yer first look at Saint's Rest, otherwise known as the Cape. We ketch some lobsters an' fish

here an' hev prayer meetin's once a week."

Then he chirruped to the horse, and they rattled down the hill to a small store, where he left a mail pouch and then followed a winding road between the scattered houses and out to the point, where stood a neat white dwelling close beside a lighthouse.

"I'll take ye into the house," said Uncle Terry as the two alighted, "an' tell the wimmie folks to put on an extra plate, an' I'll put up the boss."

"I'm afraid I'm putting your family to some inconvenience," responded Albert, "and as it is not dark yet I will walk out on the point. I may see the yacht and save you all trouble."

"The sun, a ball of fire, was almost at the horizon, the sea all around lay an unruined expanse of dark blue, undulating with the ground swells that caught the red glow of the sinking sun."

A few moments he stood contemplating the ocean alight with the setting sun's red glow, the gray rocks at his feet and the tall white lighthouse towering above him, and then started around the point. He had not taken ten steps, when he saw the figure of a girl leaning against a rock and watching the setting sun. One elbow was resting on the rock, her face resting in her open hand and fingers half hid in the thick masses of hair that shone in the sunlight like burnished gold. Broad sun-bent lay on the rock, and the delicate profile of her face was sharply outlined against the western sky.

He had not heard Albert's steps, but stood there unconscious of his scrutiny. He noted the classic contour of her features, the delicate oval of her lips and chin, and his artist eye dwelt upon and admired her rounded bosom and perfect shoulders. Had she posed for a picture she could not have chosen a better position, and was so alluring and what an sweet and graceful figure for a moment he forgot all else, even his own rudeness in standing there and staring at her. Then he recovered himself, and, turning, softly retraced his steps so as not to startle her. When he was he had no idea and was still wondering when he met Uncle Terry, who at once invited him into the house.

"This here's Mr. Page, Lias," he said as they entered and met a stout, elderly and gray haired woman. "I found him up the road a spell an' wantin' to know what he was."

Albert bowed. "I am sorry to intrude," he said, "but I had lost my boat and all points of the compass when your husband kindly took me in charge."

Being offered a chair, Albert sat down and was left alone. He surveyed the plainly furnished sitting room, with open fireplace, a many colored rug carpet on the floor, old fashioned chairs and dozens of pictures on the walls. They caught his eye at once, mainly because of the oddity of the frames, which were evidently homemade, and then a door was opened, and Uncle Terry invited him into a lighted room where a table was set. The elderly lady was standing at one end of it and beside her a younger one, and as Albert entered he heard Uncle Terry say, "This is our gal Telly, Mr. Page," and as he bowed to her, she said in a sweet white, the girl he had seen leaning against the rock and watching the sunset.

CHAPTER XX.
THE appealing yet wondering glance that Albert Page met as he bowed to the girl standing beside the table that evening was one he never afterward forgot. It was only one, for after that and during the entire meal her blue eyes were kept riveted by their long lashes or modestly directed elsewhere.

"It's a charming spot down here," he remarked soon after the meal began, "and so hidden that it is a surprise. I noticed the light as we came in, but did not see the village."

"Waal, ye didn't miss anything," responded his host. "None o' the houses are much for style, an' mebbe it's lucky they're hid behind the rocks."

"I thought them quaint and comfortable," observed Albert, "but what an odd name you have for the place! Why do you call it Saint's Rest?"

"Chiefly 'cause none o' the people have any chance to become sinners, I reckon," was the answer. "It's a trifle lonesome in the winter, though."

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"Chiefly 'cause none o' the people have any chance to become sinners, I reckon," was the answer. "It's a trifle lonesome in the winter, though."

"I suppose fishing is your principal occupation here," continued Albert, seeing that sentiment was not considered by Uncle Terry. "Your land does not seem adapted for cultivation."

"There ain't much chance for tillin'," he replied. "The land's wuss'n' what I was bring up, down in Connecticut, an' that we had ter round up the sheep once a week an' sharpen their noses on

the gristmill! We manage ter raise 'nough ter eat, though."

When the meal was over Uncle Terry said: "It's nice an' cool out on the rocks, an' that's some seats out there. If ye enjoy smokin' we best go out while the wimmie are doin' the dishes."

The moon that Frank had planned to use was nearing its full and high overhead, and as the two men sought congeniality in tobacco out on that lonesome point Albert could not curb his admiration for the scene. His offer of a cigar to his host had been accepted, and as that quaint man sat quietly enjoying an odor and flavor he was unaccustomed to Albert said:

"This experience has been a surprise to me from the moment I met you. I had an ugly hour's scramble over the rocks and through a tangle of scrub spruce and briars until I was utterly lost and believed this island an impossible wilderness. Then you came along and brought me to one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw. I should like to stay here all summer and do nothing but look at this magnificent ocean view and stretch these bold shores."

"Do you paint pictures too?" queried Uncle Terry, suddenly interested. "Telly's dact on doin' that, an' it's all the time she can git." Then he added with a slight reflection of pride, "Mebbe ye noticed some o' her pictures in the dining room."

"I saw a lot of pictures there," answered Albert, "but it was too dark to see them well. I should like to look at them in the morning."

"Telly has plenty o' 'em," was the reply, "I must pull my lobster traps fast, an' after that I'll take ye in my dory an' 'e'll go an' find yer boat. I guess she must be 'in' in Seal Cove, the only openin' 'twixt here an' the head she'd be likely ter run into."

"And so your daughter is an artist," he said, "and I'm glad to hear it, as to where the dory was or when he was likely to return to her. 'Has she ever taken lessons?'"

"No, it comes nat'ral to her," replied Uncle Terry, "she showed the bent o' her mind 'fore she was ten year old, an' she's pestered me ever since ter git her canvases an' paints an' such. But then, I'm willin' ter," he added in a tender tone, "Telly's a good girl, an' Lias an' me set great store by her. She's all we've got in the world." Then pointing to a small white boat just to the right of where they were, he added, "That's what the other one's been layin' 'er mo'ra twenty years."

"The way this grows to be a very beautiful girl," said Albert quietly, "and you have reason to be proud of her."

"Uncle Terry made no reply, but seemed lost in a reverie, and Albert slowly pulled his cigar and looked out on the ocean and along the ever widening path of moonlight. He wished to give her something longer than the morrow he could not see. He looked toward the house, white in the moonlight, with the tall lighthouse and its beacon dead just beyond, and wondered if he should see the girl again that night. He was on the point of suggesting they go in and visit a little with the ladies when Uncle Terry said:

"I believe ye called yerself a lawyer, Mr. Page, an' from Boston. Do ye happen to know a lawyer that has got eye like a cat an' rule his hands as if he was washin' 'em while he's talkin'?"

Albert gave a start. "I do, Mr. Terry," he answered. "I know him well. His name is Frye, Nicholas Frye."

"An' as ye're a lawyer, an' one that looks to me as honest," continued Uncle Terry, "what is yer honest opinion of this . . . Frye?"

"That is a question I would rather not answer," replied Albert, "until I know why you ask it and what your opinion of Mr. Frye is. Mine might not flatter him, and I do not believe in speaking ill of anybody unless forced to."

Uncle Terry was silent, evidently revolving a serious problem in his mind. "I am goin' to beg yer pardon, Mr. Page," he said at last, "for speakin' the way I did regardin' lawyers in general. My 'perience with 'em has been bad, an' naturally I don't trust 'em much. I've had some dealin's with this 'ere Frye 'bout a matter I don't want to tell 'bout, an' the way things is workin' ain't as they should be. I b'lieve I'm robbed right along, an' if ye're willin' to help me I shall be most thankfully grateful an' I'll give ye my word I'll never let on to anybody what ye say—an' I'll see Frye never yit broke his promise."

Albert silently offered his hand to Uncle Terry, who grasped it cordially. "I will tell you, Mr. Terry," he said after the handshake, "all I know about Mr. Frye and what my opinion is of him. What your business with him is, matters not. I am certain you will keep your word. I recently worked for Mr. Frye six months and left him to open an office for myself. In that six months I became satisfied Nicholas Frye was the most unprincipled villain ever masked under the name of lawyer. If all those you have had business with were like him, I don't wonder at your remark today."

Uncle Terry leaned forward, with elbows on his knees, resting his face in the palms of his hands, and ejaculated: "I knew it! I knew it! I'm a blamed old fool an' ought to hev a keeper put over me!" Then turning to Albert he added, "I've paid that thief over \$400 this year an' he ain't got a scrap of paper to show fer 't, an' notin's been done s'fer as I kin see 'bout the business."

He meditated a few moments and then turning around suddenly added: "My wife an' Telly don't know nothin' 'bout this, an' I don't want them to know. That's a sucker born every mornin' an'

two to ketch him, an' I b'lieve I've been ketched an' skinned fer dead sure. I want to sleep out, an' mebbe in the mornin' I'll tell ye the hull story an' how I've been made a fool of. I'm beginnin' to think I kin trust ye."

"I thank you for your good opinion," answered Albert, "and if I can help you in any way I will."

When the two returned to the house, Albert was shown to a room that reminded him of his boyhood home, the old fashioned bed, spotless counterpane and muslin curtains all seemed so sweet and wholesome. A faint odor of lavender carried him back to the time when his mother's bed linen exhaled the same sweet fragrance. He lighted a cigar and sat down by a window where the crisp salt sea air came in, and tried to fathom what manner of business Uncle Terry could have with Frye. And into this meditation also crept the face and form of the girl he had first seen watching the sunset.

CHAPTER XXI.
WHEN Albert arose the next morning the sun was just appearing round and red out of the ocean and a crisp breeze blowing into the open windows. He heard the stir of some one below and, dressing quickly, descended to the sitting room. No one was there, and he stood for a moment looking at the curiously framed paintings that almost covered the wall.

One in particular caught his eye. It was a ship careened on the ocean with waves breaking upon her. She was resting on rocks that barely showed beneath, and in her rigging, heavily covered with ice, were five men. All around was the sea, tossed into giant waves, curling and breaking about the cabin door was a woman holding a babe in her arms. In a way it was a ghastly picture and one that held his attention from all the rest.

It was framed in a broad, flat molding covered with shells. He was still gazing at it when he heard Uncle Terry's voice bidding him good morning.

"Ain't ye up a little early?" said that worthy. "I hope ye sleep well. I generally round out by daylight an' put out the light an' then start a fire, but that was need of you gittin' out so soon."

"I think the waves woke me," replied Albert, "and the morning is so beautiful I couldn't waste it in bed."

"I'm goin' over to the cove to shoop a trap," continued Uncle Terry, "an' if ye're willin' I'd like to hev ye along too. The wimmie 'll hev breakfast ready by that time, an' then I'll take ye up to Seal Cove an' see if yer boat's there."

He seemed depressed and not inclined to talk, and Albert sat on an overturned dory and watched him putting away over a lobster trap. His hat had fallen off, and the sea winds blew his scant fringe of gray hair over his bald head. The thin, discoloring a bout neck, and his well worn garments showed the outlines of a somewhat wasted form. What impressed Albert more than all this was the dejected manner of Uncle Terry. When he finished fixing the trap he pulled a dory in that was moored out in the cove and carefully bailed and wiped it clean. When this was done he said almost wearily, "I've worried a good deal 'bout what ye told me last night, an' I'd like to have a good talk with ye. I s'pose ye're anxious to see yer friends an' let 'em know ye're all safe, an' I'll take ye up the island the first thing an' then go an' pull my traps, an' then if ye're willin' we'll set down, if it ain't askin' too much o' ye to wait," he added almost pathetically. "I'll get Telly to show ye her pictures, an' mebbe ye can give her some 'pints as I'll hev 'em."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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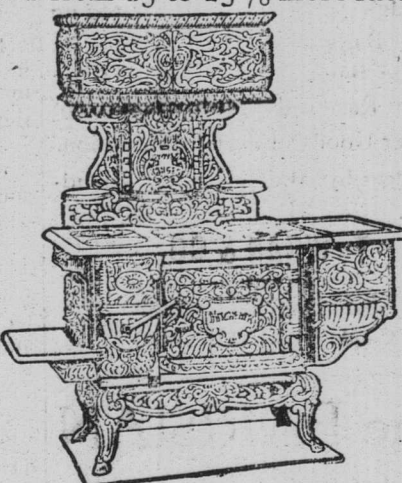
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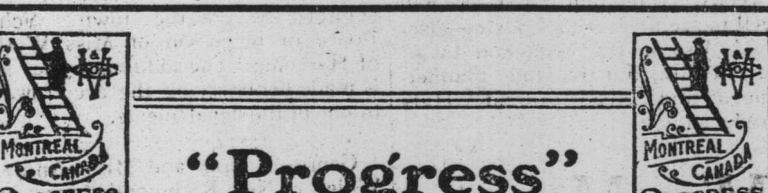
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