

# UNCLE DICK;

Or, The Result of Diplomacy and Tact.

## CHAPTER I.

The advent of its regatta is usually the herald of a sea-side season's demise. Wivernsea, as yet, is not sufficiently developed to justify indulgence in a water festival. So far, its carnival flights have been confined within the limits of flower shows and the treats of its Sunday school.

The builder—his surname is Jerry—is around with a rule though. His conspiracy with the man who plots lands and dispenses free luncheons and railway tickets, will possibly wreak a change on that part of the map's countenance. Increased population may render the place more famous—or infamous. So very much depends on one's viewpoint.

The houses of Wivernsea are built in its bay. Stuck in round the fringe of it like teeth in a lower jaw. Picture to yourself the long ago—the bay's origin—and the present appearance of the place may come before you. If possible to introduce a belief that there were giants in the earth in those days it will make realization simpler, because it looks as if a mammoth had snapped at the coast just there and bitten out a huge mouthful.

If your imagination is sufficiently elastic to give play to it, conceive houses being dropped into the marks left by the giant's teeth—a sort of dental stopping. So may be garnered a fair idea of the presentment of this particular indentation in the land.

When the goose of Michaelmas is shaking in its scales, Wivernsea lodging letters encroach on the farmer's privilege. The closing time of their harvest is near enough to be grumbled at. It is painful knowledge to them that visitors scuttle away as September ends. The exodus is due to some absurd belief that the weather then—like a school at the advent of the holidays—breaks up.

In the ears of one man—William Masters by name, binder-together-of-sensational-incidents—in book form by profession—such grumbles tinkled pleasantly. Because the usual October Wivernsea weather is mild and bright and rainless. Being a non-gregarious man, the place shaped before his eyes as a land flowing with milk and honey. He knew it to be good then.

Knowledge is the wing on which we fly to heaven. In this instance, the author's flight from London was via the London and South Western Railway Company's terminus. Later on he told himself that it was proving veritably—his Waterloo.

Wivernsea's wall is known locally as the Esplanade. Euphemisms—sacrifices to vanity at the expense of the seashore. The walk terminated eastwards with the abruptness of a cinematograph view. A private owner claimed the land there.

It was not an undisputed claim. Opposition made the owner handle the matter with mailed fist. To make his position stronger he erected a high wall. If it did not prevent his opponents going further with their libidinal opposition, it effectually prevented them from going further along the parade.

The embellishments of the wall were, apparently, the outcome of deep thought. Its top was artistically embroidered with spikes and broken bottles. This sharply jagged crown was known locally as a shivery-freeze. Give the average man an opportunity to mispronounce a word and his success may be counted on every time.

Warnings to trespassers and threats of prosecution garnished the wall's face with the liberality of almonds in a piece of French rock. The everyday man might well be excused a fear that there was danger in letting an unguarded eye rest on it.

Amongst others, the wall barred the easterly progress of William Masters. In his instance no chagrin resulted. It was a boast of his that he possessed "views of his own"—the things which other people smile at unpleasantly and label "eccentricities." The owner of the wall was a man after his own heart. Undoubtedly a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

It is not good that man should be alone. But the author had not yet realized the greatness of that truth. He had been heard to voice the na-

ture of his Ultima Thule—undisturbed existence in a cot. Not beside the hill, but in the centre of a big field. The situation to be enhanced by possession of a shot gun, wherewith to pepper trespassers on his solitude.

Strangers who heard Masters speak so felt inclination to move away a pace; were prompted to thoughts of Hanwell and Colney Hatch. His friends—another boast of his was the poverty of their number—smiled. The idea of Masters hurting a fly appealed to the humor in them.

But, as the blackets hat may have a silver-paper lining, so the wall served a good purpose. It acted as a shelter from the one thing which disturbed the enjoyment of October in Wivernsea: that wind which is said to be good for neither man nor beast. Thoughtful hands had placed a comfortable seat within the wall's shelter.

Knowledge of these things had inspired Masters' journey to Wivernsea. Where he had stayed before the landlady had rooms vacant. She knew his requirements and, hitherto, had suited him admirably. Had even acquired the knowledge that his visits to Wivernsea were not prompted solely by a desire to hear her talk.

Having done justice to a hastily prepared luncheon, Masters slipped a note book into his pocket and sallied forth. His route was easterly, its termination his favorite seat at the end of the Parade. There were some hours left of warmth and sunshine; the author's intent was to avail himself of them.

Seated, he for a time succumbed to the charm of the water as it stole out and away. Listened to its lapping as it broadened the ribbon of sand at each receding wave. Then, turning a deaf ear to the charm and his eyes on to his note book, he buried himself in the particular chapter on which he was engaged.

The writer's concentration was not of the plumbless kind. Sound of a girl's voice roused him from his depth of thought. It should not be gathered from that that the sex had any extraordinary influence over him—save when it was very young.

He loved children. Loved them best before the rubbing off of what is called their corners; the sweetness of what is actually the innocence we all come into the world with—which it seems the business of the world to destroy.

Masters guessed from the voice that it belonged to a very little girl. Looking up, saw standing in front of him proof of the correctness of his guess. A blue-eyed—wide-open-eyed—with-astonishment too at seeing him there—little maid. She had turned the parade corner and so come on him unexpectedly.—It was plain that she pulled up suddenly at seeing him there. Just as suddenly called out in her clear, childish treble—

"Oh! There's someone on your seat, Miss Mivvins!"

The young lady so addressed came into view at that moment, round the bushes planted at the corner—the little one having run on ahead. Miss Mivvins flushed a little. Becomingly, for otherwise the face might have been considered a trifle too pale. The possibility of the child's speech being considered rude induced her to say in an undertone:

"Hush, Gracie, dear!"

The speech reached Masters' ears. He was struck by the singularly sweet voice the governess had. When he looked at the place whence the voice issued, he thought it the prettiest mouth he had ever set eyes on. The little droop of sadness at its corners mellowed rather than took away from the sweetness of it.

The lips—ripe red in color, Cupid's bowed in shape—enchanting as they were, did not hold his attention in iron bonds. His glance wandered to her eyes and hair. From that inspection was formed an opinion—one which he never changed.

The features were the most beautiful and womanly ones he had ever seen. Just as sweet a face as a woman with golden hair—that peculiar tint of gold which the sun ever seems anxious to search amongst—and forget-not eyes, can possess at the age of three-and-twenty. She was good to look upon.

(To be Continued.)

## A Broken Vow

### CHAPTER XXXI... (Cont'd)

She lay still, watching the sunset, and watching him while he worked. It was characteristic of the man that for quite a long time as he talked he worked also, without looking at her at all.

"When I first saw you, I was interested in you, in spite of myself," he said. "This strange Aunt Phipps who sprang suddenly into the lives of people in whom I had an inter-

est—who was proud and strong, and very much of an enigma—held my attention. She was hard and bitter, as I afterwards knew she had been taught to be; but she was always struggling against herself—always fighting against better instincts that belonged naturally to her. One had expected that Aunt Phipps would be a middle-aged—even an elderly person; this woman was a surprise."

"I have never been young," said Olive quietly.

"You are growing younger every day," said Martin, glancing at her for a moment with a smile. "Some begin their youth at the wrong end—catch it up, as it were, after it should have been left behind. And I'm not sure that that isn't the best youth of all. Well, as I was saying, I couldn't understand you; and when I did understand you, I hated you for what you had done. I didn't know you then—not properly; I couldn't see clearly what a fight you had made for it."

He was silent for a few moments, while Olive lay still, wondering if he knew how great that fight had been.

"When I understood at last, I began to have a feeling for you that was quite outside myself, as it were. I was filled with an admiration for you—the dry old heart in me woke up, and I found that I loved you."

"Mr. Blake! Is this fair? I'm quite helpless here—"

"And I take advantage of it," said Martin, laying down his palette, and turning towards her. "You promised to listen, you know—and I'm afraid you must. I want to be honest with you; I want to tell you everything that is in my heart."

"When I am stronger, I shall be able to thank you for all you have done for me—or try to thank you—and I shall go back into the world and begin my life again. Because I failed once is not to say that I shall fail again."

"A few years ago," went on Martin, quite as if she had not spoken, "there was one woman—a mere girl—in my life, and one woman only. I had known her mother; I had grown up into an elderly young man, with a tenderness for little Lucy Ewing that I had for no one else. I want you to understand that—I want you to see, in all fairness, that I may have had dreams that never could be realized, and that those dreams are—quite happily, I assure you—ended. She could never have cared for me, and I should have made her life, and probably my own, unhappy if I had taken advantage of any gratitude she might have felt towards me. Honestly and sincerely, I am glad to think that she gave her heart to another man."

She let her hand droop over the side of the couch on which she lay; Martin took it, and held it while he talked.

"Then you came into my life—you who were strong and fine and purposeful. I realized that you were the woman for whom a man might wait; the woman who would lift a man up, and makesomething of him—he never could have made of himself. I wouldn't have you believe for the world that I turned to you with any second-rate affection; yours was different. I loved you from the very beginning, almost without knowing it; it was the bitterest moment of my life when I had your letter telling me that I should never see you again."

"I wouldn't have you think that I didn't understand," said Olive. "But you forget that Olive Varney is dead—and that even the other name I carried wasn't mine. If I have blundered, I have yet managed to creep out of my blunder honorably enough; let me go away when I am stronger, and be forgotten. I came to do a certain thing, and I hope I did something better. But all my life lies behind me—in shadows."

"All your life—your real life—lies before you—in sunshine," said Martin. "Let me tell you what I have done. I recognized that Olive Varney could not appear among those who once had dreaded her coming; I knew that Aunt Phipps could not return among them; so I made up my mind to leave behind me all the old things—to begin again myself. I am going abroad; I can always find work to do, and I am not exactly a pauper. The old studio in Chelsea is shut up, and I want to marry Aunt Phipps, and take her away with me. Lucy is safe and happy; Odley—bless her kind heart!—Odley goes back to London, to be near her darling. You and I, Olive, are out of the story, although we had so much to do with it. Olive—I love you with all my heart and soul; I can't bear to think that we should ever be parted again. Will you marry me?"

"There is no Olive Varney in the world," she said. "And I can't marry you. I have no right to creep into happiness like this."

He got up and walked away to the end of the garden. She saw him standing there, looking out over the valley on which the sun was setting for the day. He turned presently and came back, and knelt suddenly down beside her.

"When I called you Olive Varney, I made a mistake, dear," he said. "Olive Varney—poor unhappy girl, bred up to a life that never should have been hers—is well forgotten. But there are quite a number of people who bless the name of Aunt Phipps, and love her almost as well as I do. Aunt Phipps—he drew her hands into his, and looked close into her eyes—"won't you let me take care of you?"

"Yes—please," said Aunt Phipps, and hid her face against his hands.

THE END.

# 250,000 Acres at Auction!

## RICHEST CANADA WHEAT LAND of THE SASKATOON & WESTERN LAND CO., Ltd.

### To Be Offered at City of Regina October 12-13-14-15-16-17.

#### FREE RAILROAD ROUND TRIP FOR BUYERS.

Here are lands that are near railroads, nearly all within ten miles of an up-to-date railroad, to be offered at auction. They have been retailed at \$10 to \$15 per acre, but there are many tracts that would be bargains at \$20. The Saskatoon & Western Land Co., Ltd., prefers to wholesale 250,000 acres of its holdings in the heart of Saskatchewan, and will therefore offer for sale this number of acres at this important sale.

Who knows but that some of these rich, fertile acres may be yours on a low bid? You do not have to live on this land to get the big bargain value. The market is rising. These lands are a big paying investment for the city man as well as the farmer.

Make your plans to go now. Arrange your business so you can be in Regina October 12, when The Saskatoon & Western Land Co.'s sale starts. Or go to Regina and get on the land a few days previous to October 12, so as to get acquainted with the great tract and determine what location you prefer. So far as is possible we will accommodate buyers by putting up at any time any special quarter, half or whole section. We supply free maps of every acre we own in the heart of Saskatchewan.

If you desire more complete advance information, send to our Regina office for

Large Map and 90-page Book Free.

Our map shows each and every section we own. It gives you a true picture of our holdings. It shows just how we selected the most fertile and best located acres available in the entire Province of Saskatchewan. It shows how ideally the lands are situated—how near Regina, how convenient to Winnipeg and the grain and stock markets, and the excellent railway facilities. Free. Write for the map to The Saskatoon & Western Land Co., Ltd., Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.

Our book is a storehouse of information on Western Canada grain lands. Contains ninety pages, and many faithful photographs of land, crops, homes, and features of interest in the heart of Saskatchewan. It lists all our property by quarter sections. Free. We want to send it to you. Write for it to The Saskatoon & Western Land Co.'s office in Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.

The Saskatoon & Western Land Co.'s Land is Extra Choice Grain Land. You Get Title From the Crown—An Indisputable Title.

The Saskatoon & Western Land Co., Ltd., had the pick of 3,000,000 acres of best Saskatchewan prairie lands. We took in our grant extra choice acres—not all in one continuous place, but a section here and there, so as to get the most fertile, the deepest soil, ground free from boulders, with best water, near railways—in fact, land ready for the plough, ready to yield the golden harvest and make profits from the very first. Think of it! 250,000 acres of these lands to be offered at public auction.

#### THE AUCTION.

The Saskatoon & Western Land Co.'s auction will be held at Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada. Nowhere else. It will be held in the Saskatoon & Western Land Co.'s own pavilion—nowhere else. It will be held October 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17. Remember those dates. Don't get there late. Be on hand early. Don't buy, under any circumstances, of anyone until the auction is on—no matter what you hear. The Saskatoon & Western Land Co.'s land is extra choice. Don't take somebody else's word that they have land "just as good."

This land was especially selected—its title is from the Crown. The terms of payment will be the fairest. You will always stand behind every promise and give you the most liberal treatment you can ask. The company reserves the right to withdraw any of the lands from sale.

Be on hand at Regina for the Great Land Auction, and remember, those who buy receive refund of their fare paid both to and from Regina, no matter whether they hold home-seekers' excursion tickets or regular first-class return tickets. For further information, Hotels, etc., write only to The Saskatoon & Western Land Co., Ltd., Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada. Make our office there your headquarters.

The Saskatoon & Western Land Co., Ltd., City of Regina, Province of Saskatchewan, Canada

#### TERMS.

10 per cent. of the purchase price at time of sale; balance of regular first payment of \$5.00 per acre in ten days, remainder in eight equal annual installments, with interest at 4 per cent. Survey fees of 10 cents per acre, payable with last installment, and without interest.

Upon a parcel being knocked down, the bidder shall immediately make the deposit of 10 per cent. of the purchase price with the Clerk of Sale. Otherwise the parcel may be put up again or withdrawn from sale.

#### One Crop Will More Than Pay For the Land.

Figure it out yourself. The average Saskatchewan yield is: Wheat, from 20 to 25 bushels per acre; oats, from 30 to 45 bushels per acre; barley, from 20 to 30 bushels per acre—and so on.

#### Free Railroad Fare to Buyers.

Every purchaser of 100 acres or more of The Saskatoon & Western Land Co.'s land will have the entire price of his railroad transportation paid back to him. You buy your ticket on the very low home-seekers' rates all the roads give, and we pay it back. That is an inducement for you to come to the auction and to buy now.

When purchasing your railroad ticket, get a regular railroad receipt from the railroad agent, showing the point from which you start and the amount paid, also the name of the railroad company, the date purchased and the signature of the railroad agent.

#### Railroad Rates, Excursions, Etc.

On September 29 railways issue home-seekers' excursion tickets for \$5.75 from points in Ontario and Quebec to Regina, Sask. Ask your ticket agent for particulars.