

"I have never told you of the day that I received it, Vivienne. I was exceedingly busy, and in the midst of my rush of work I unfastened the string on the cardboard, and there was your face looking serenely at me. I was completely upset by your surprising likeness to your father, and at once the project of having you come to Canada flashed into my mind. I thought, surely if my father were confronted with you, the daughter of a woman that he had virtually murdered—for I believe if it had not been for him your mother would be alive to-day—his toughened conscience would be touched."

"What became of the photograph? You have never told me."

Armour blushed slightly. "I am ashamed to say that I tore it up. I almost hated you in those days; for I thought if the Delavignes had never been born, my father would not have been tempted to commit the crime of his life. I would give a thousand dollars to have it again."

"Five shillings will get you one," said Vivienne lightly. "We will visit the photographer to-morrow, and I will order one like it."

Armour was silent for a time. Then he said thoughtfully, "I wonder how affairs are going on at home."

"We know that Stargarde goes to the cottage every day to weep and pray beside your father," said Vivienne softly, and Flora is happy with the