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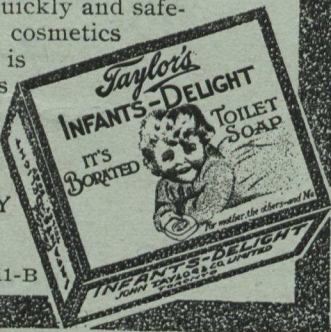
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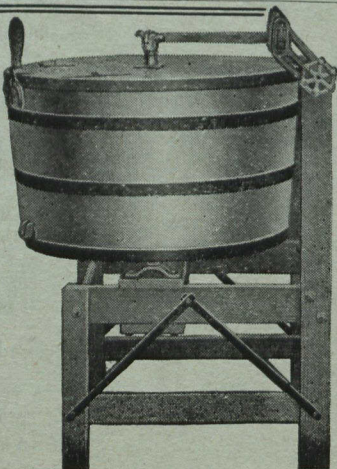
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**J. H. Connor & Son**

Ottawa

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## MISS VIRGINIA'S KIDD

(Continued from page 7)

beheld a gentleman walking briskly up to the house.

"Another of them! What'll the neighbours be saying!" moaned Miss Virginia, turning pale. Nevertheless, with a courageous front, and carrying behind her back a rolling-pin, she opened the door at the gentleman's ring.

"Miss Grantley, I presume?" he suggested politely. Even while he spoke her quick eye had gathered a number of impressions. He was tallish, a bit stout—but not noticeably so—wore a Vandyke beard, and glasses, and was well dressed in dark grey. "The wretch!" thought Miss Virginia, as she nodded silently in acquiescence, and slowly she brought the rolling-pin into view.

"I am very sorry," the stranger said in a well-modulated voice, "to disturb you at your baking, but—"

"I wasn't baking," Miss Virginia interjected crisply.

"Oh, then, that is all right. I called to ask—"

"If your name is Kidd and if you have lost a suit case I will talk business," said Miss Grantley, her chin lifted high. "Otherwise I must request you to go away, before—"

And she lifted the rolling-pin to her shoulder with an intimidating movement.

"My dear Madam, I—"

"Not a word! You are here to take up my time, I see. I am leaving town on the ninthirty train and haven't a moment to waste."

"Ah! well, in that case, of course, I must look up some one else. Can you tell me if there is another lady in the village who occasionally does home-nursing, besides yourself?"

"Home-nursing! Who told you that I—"

"Why, a number of people warmly recommended you. I am in search of a gentlewoman, not necessarily a trained nurse, who will look after my little girl for a few days. She has sprained her ankle and I don't care to move her just yet."

"Where is she?" asked Miss Virginia, now feeling like the proverbial penny-with-a-hole-in-it.

"She is at the only hotel there seems to be here. We motored in late last night from Jackson's Point where the accident occurred, thinking when we set out that we could make Toronto, but I had tire trouble and we were delayed."

"Of course, I'll go. I can easily put off my visit until another time," said Miss Grantley cordially. "I beg your pardon for my—er—shortness. Won't you come in and sit down? I'll be ready in no time. Poor little thing! Her mother, I suppose, wasn't along. She'll certainly be shocked to know of the accident."

"Dorothy has no mother," said the gentleman. "I am a widower. Thank you, this chair will do nicely."

"What does the doctor say about her?"

"Why, the fact is I'm her doctor."

The gentleman took out a card-case, selected a card and extended it.

She read: "O. W. Kidd, M. D."

THEN she grew pale. Was this a clever hoax? She sent a sidelong glance at Dr. Kidd. He looked quite unequivocal.

"You—you—haven't lost a suit case?" she queried faintly.

"Oh, that's twice you've mentioned a suit case!" he exclaimed. "And I was just going to ask you, by-the-way, why you addressed me by my name, almost as soon as you saw me? To my knowledge I never saw you before, unless—"

—wait, now I have it! I was wondering of whom you reminded me. Did you ever get swamped from a leaky boat?"

For a full minute Miss Grantley stared at the speaker. Affairs were moving with too great rapidity for even her brisk intellect.

"I—I had a narrow escape from drowning, once," she said at last.

"And a red-headed youth, who happened to be the only person about, fished you out?"

"Yes! Gracious goodness! Are you a wizard? Are you—you're not—"

"Yes, I am! Of course, the hair has become toned down a bit. Twenty years make a difference, you know. But something about your face struck me after you spoke to me."

"You didn't leave your name that time."

"Why should I have done so?"

"You saved my life. A hero—"

"A thief, not a hero! I was but a bird of passage—bicycling bird—and if I remember rightly, I had gone down to the bank to steal some St. Lawrence apples. They have always been my favourites."

Miss Virginia's face was pink with excitement.

"Why, some of those very trees are still standing! I—I have always loved St. Lawrence, too. There'll be a good crop this year."

MISS VIRGINIA put on her hat, her hands all atremble. Then they set out for the hotel and on the way told the tale of the missing suit case and of her two callers.

"That reminds me," said Dr. Kidd suddenly, "my man lost his suit case only last week, when he was on his way to London to see a sick brother. He and somebody else got their wires crossed, and he arrived at his destination with a grip full of dressgoods, ribbon, laces, and embroideries, and women's fal-lals—"

"Is he a short man?" cut in Miss Virginia almost stopping in her tracks.

"Yes, indeed."

"And sandy?"

"Sandy as—as a dishonest grocer's sugar barrel!"

"With a finger missing?"

"Yes, Miss Sherlock!" and it was Dr. Kidd's turn to look astonished. "The plot thickens, methinks."

"Then, for goodness' sake send him to Cloverdale at once, please. My blue crepe de chine must be made up before the end of the month—"

But the doctor clapped his hands. "Ha! Now, I know! Two or three months ago I presented Bates with an old suit case of my own. It very probably had my name in it and that is why Kidd tripped so easily off your lips! You see I wondered how you knew my name when, to my certain knowledge, I hadn't been near this charming little village since my early manhood."

"You—you haven't changed very much—really."

"I am flattered to have been remembered."

"If you will accept a bit of advice—"

"Gladly."

"Then do try to make a proper 'W'."

Little Dorothy fell in love with Miss Grantley so soon as she saw her. As the doctor had already done so, there can be but one ending to this tale. When the St. Lawrence apples were ripe Miss Virginia became Mrs. Oliver William Kidd, and she always insists on writing it out in full just like that. What she calls her husband in private is none of our business, but it is said that they are a very happy couple, and who are we that we should doubt it?

## WOULD YOU CALL HIM A COWARD?

(Continued from page 9)

you come in that first night at the practice, and afterward at church you watched and listened to me so eagerly that sometimes I forgot that there was any one else in the church and I seemed to sing for you alone—just as I had sometimes fancied she did.

"After that a great friendship grew between us that soon ripened into intimacy. I believed that her friendliness for me was simply out of sympathy for my need of her, both physically and spiritually, for I had told her frankly that I had not been a good man, and how I had been afraid of the "Afterwards." But I knew I loved her—worshipped the very ground she walked on—but I never once dreamed of telling her so. Then one day when we knew I was soon to be sent back here, there were tears in her eyes as she said she would miss me and did not want me to forget her after I left.

"Forget her! Oh, God knows I did not mean to do it, but in a minute I was pouring out all my love for her, reminding her of how I had never forgotten her for one moment since the first night I had seen her; how it was the thought of her that had inspired me to any little good I had ever done, and if I ever got to Heaven it would be because of her. I told her that I was not fit to speak to her even—me, with a prison record. When I got through I expected to

find her angry, but, instead, she simply looked at me for a moment with a world of love in her eyes and then stooped and kissed me.

"Perhaps you have been bad in the past," she smiled, "but there is still a great deal of good in one who can do what you have done."

"You see she had been reading the papers, and some of them had been saying a lot of flattering things about a bit of a job I did out there—the time I won this ornament. I tried to tell her that what I had done was nothing—that any soldier would have been only too glad of the opportunity to do it. But I could not convince her. Then I spoke again of how wicked I used to be.

"We shall forget all about your past," she answered. "It is buried now. We shall talk only of our future."

"Do you realize it? I didn't, at first; but that sweet, pure-hearted girl loved me and was willing to share the future with me. In vain I protested that I was unworthy. She said that my love and service had atoned for my past.

"And so we became engaged and I was wondrously happy, though I knew all the time that it was too good to last, and that I would eventually awaken from my dream. Only once did I ever hear her speak unkindly of any one,