

in the little, white bed, watching the first faint glimmering of dawn cross the sky—first veils and veils of grey mist; then far away to the east, a gleam of gold. Presently the early morning greetings of the country floated up to her.

The Kid slipped out of bed, with a little chuckle. "Fancy going to sleep again with all that going on!" she said to herself as she thrust her feet into her shoes, partly dressed, and softly she crept down the rickety stairs, noiselessly slid back the bolts, emerging into the garden then into the fields beyond, with the golden sheen of buttercups dazzling in the first rays of sunshine.

The Kid solemnly took off the shoes and waded knee deep on the long dewy grass. It was good to be alive, and as to that stuff about ideals being fairy tales, and all men hateful—

Well The Kid just put her head back and laughed. And then faintly at first, then more plainly she heard "Miow! Miow!"

She listened, and then thrusting her feet into her shoes, she found hidden in the grass the cause, a little black kitten, its paw caught in a steel trap.

"Oh you poor little thing," and bending down she tried her best, but being unused to traps, she did no good. A shadow fell across her, but she never noticed.

"I say," said somebody, "You seem to be in difficulties. May I help?"

The Kid's expression of surprise was a masterpiece. She jumped to her feet and gazed on the intruder in absolute amazement. Her hair hung over her shoulders in two dark plaits and the blue of her eyes exactly matched the blue of her kimono, so The Boy thought, as he stood before her.

"You? Good gracious" said she. "What on earth are you doing down here?"

The Boy smiled. He wanted to say, "I'm with you for the present, so that's all that matters," but what he did say was,

"Oh killing time. Have an uncle living just over the hill, you know."

"I see," said The Kid. "I came down here to stay with a sort of aunt and a girl friend. Isn't it a lovely spot?"

The Boy looked into her eyes for a moment—

"Tip top!"

They both remembered the kitten all at once.

"Do get the poor dear out!" she pleaded.

He placed the poor little body in her arms, and they bound up the injured foot with a strip off his handkerchief, and then started for the Nutshell. Half way across the last field she stopped. "I don't think you'd better come any farther," she said demurely, and gave him her hand.

"But, I say—couldn't you ask me to tea?" he said wistfully. "And—and—I say—I—er—it is peace, isn't it? Ever since that quarrel we had at the Mason's dance you know—By jove, you don't know how its worried me because you said you'd never be pals again. You didn't mean it did you?"

The Kid looked down at the kitten and her eyes were very soft.

"N—No!" she said. "No—really I didn't—But I'm afraid I can't ask you to tea, because the Aunt-of-sorts hates men—But let's ask ourselves to breakfast out here in this field to-morrow morning at seven. You bring a thermos bottle of coffee, and I'll bring the eatables, will you? Good. And then we'll talk."

"Right-o!" he said as he watched her out of sight.

Breakfast had begun when she strolled into the sitting room an hour later, clad in a neat sports skirt and white silk shirt. "Awfully sorry, you people!" she apologized. "Overslept. Went out in the early morn to watch the sun rise and—found an adventure." She held up the kitten.

"I'm going to keep it for 'luck,'" she said.

The sun had climbed higher next morning at seven, and the birds sang louder. The Kid, hatless, sat on the grass, where a dainty cloth spread itself between her and The Boy. She

poured herself a second cup of coffee, while he wondered just how to begin what he had to say. Unconsciously she helped him.

"Isn't this glorious?" she said presently. "Can you imagine anyone being among all this feeling the freshness, the very pulse of life and remaining 'soured'—not able to 'believe' in anything?"

The Boy eyed her anxiously.

"How d'you mean?" he asked curiously. She told him about The Woman of the World and The Girl who had no longer any Illusion—of all they had said.

"But you don't believe all that sort of rot, do you?" he asked.

"Of course I don't."

"I'm awfully glad," his voice took on a deeper tone, "I'm really awfully glad you love the country." The Kid was packing up the breakfast things in a business like manner.

"Are you? Why?"

"Well"—he was pulling the seeds from the long grass—"well I've placed my ideal of life in the country, you see."

"Really." She shut up the basket with a click. "I wonder why?"

"I'll try to tell you," said The Boy earnestly. "You see one's Ideal Life, circles round one's 'Ideal Ladye.' In the city ugly things abound and cruel rumor travels apace—None of these things must come near her, so one places her in the country. She can pay the city visits, but her true haunt must be in the serene calm of the country, of the simple life, close to the heart of Nature. You know the kind of thing."

The Kid's eyes were enigmatic. "Yes, I know," she said. "And you've found her?"

The Boy flung the hayseeds far and wide. "Yes," he said, and his young

voice was suddenly solemn. "Couldn't I come to your place this afternoon? I want to tell you about her."

The Kid pretended to weigh the matter. "You may come to tea," she said graciously. "They're going to see some stuffy old journalist so it's quite safe. I suppose it's not quite the thing to let you come, but I suppose it's all right."

"Of course it is," said the boy with a happy laugh.

"Three thirty!" she cried over her shoulder as she ran off.

The Woman of the World coming out as she was entering, patted her shoulder. "Had a good walk?" she inquired. "Splendid," was the Kid's brazen answer as she ran upstairs.

It was past five, but they had forgotten all about the time.

The Boy knelt at her side, and turning her pink palms upwards, kissed each again and again.

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