

abilities is lost in the East End. And you know, Freda, he had once a West-End practice. He would soon regain it if he would only come back. That is what I am always urging upon him."

"Indeed you're too kind, ma'am," Dr. Cronin said, "but I think I'll stay where I am, with the blessing of God. I've got fond of the East. Sure it took me in when I shut the door of the West in my own face. I'm happier among the poor people, and so many of them poor Irish, morebetoken. I'm fond of the East, so I am. And Mrs. Dampier will bear me out that there are good people in it, if there are bad people. Didn't she put away two of the greatest villains the East End ever knew? It isn't likely she'll be unfriendly to us after doing us that service."

Humbler friends also had happy cause to remember Freda. Old Miss Matheson at the almshouses was made happy, since she had grown fond of the place and would not leave it, by a generous and tender provision for her comfort, a provision ample enough for her to share it with her old friends at St. Olave's. That intrepid small boy, Tommy, with his equally intrepid little mother were taken out of the East and installed at one of the gate-lodges of the Abbey, where Tommy works in the gardens and grows tall and sunburnt, taking a definite interest always in his inches since his goal is to join the London police and be on duty in the East End. Mrs. Grant, the butcher's wife, who had befriended Freda once upon a time, was