

CHAPTER III

ONCE more the curtain was rung down on the drama of which Bainbridge had taken part in but two small scenes. Another year and a half went by, bringing him to the age of thirty-three, before he was obliged to recur to it.

Once more, too, the pressure of small happenings had almost crowded both incidents from his memory. He did not, of course, forget the coming to him either of the veiled woman or of Sir Malcolm Grant, but he forgot, partially, what they had told him. Many people were beginning to seek him with their confidences, financial, domestic, religious, and in the course of time one such event melted into another. He made no notes, as a doctor of the names and symptoms of his patients, and as a matter of fact was only too glad to let the details of perplexity and care pass into that mental limbo which was all but oblivion. When the same person came to him the second time he was generally able to take up the narrative where it had been dropped; but, as a rule, one man's troubles pushed another's from his mind, till a need arose for going back to them.

Malcolm Grant became to him, therefore, but a dim Herculean Scotch-Canadian with whom he had once had a few minutes of intimate talk. At long intervals he saw his name in the papers, as being at one or another of the New York hotels, or as the head of a house taking part in