



## CUPID EN ROUTE

"Just the same, I wish you were coming to Quebec."

"You wish—" He turned and tried to make out her face in the starlight.

From a distance came the whistle of the north-bound train.

"You'd be comfortable there," she went on hurriedly. "And I don't see—why my being in the same town need—annoy you."

"Annoy me!"

"Well—trouble you."

"It would, though. No, I've made enough of a nuisance of myself, Miss Burnett. About the only thing I can do to retrieve myself is to make my exit as gracefully as I can."

"But, don't you see, you're spoiling my holiday too? I feel as though I were depriving you of your visit to Quebec, Mr. Forbes."

"Why shouldn't you? You were the cause of my going. Why shouldn't you be the cause of my turning back? No, you mustn't feel that way about it. Quebec