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was extensive, marked with good discrimination in the choice of beauty, and so Willie, fickle Willie, now that he was where pleasure could be had simply for the asking, thought lightly of the many girls at home. Would there be a remembrance from Mary, or Teenie of the Trossachs, or Belle of the mill or—but why pursue his vagrant thoughts? Love, or man's idea of love, lists where it will—to a dozen girls in as many minutes.

There was no one in the store at this time of the day, not even the postmaster, so Willie and Bruce continued a process of toasting their several sides until they both began to steam like miniature boilers. These purely animal pleasures were rudely disturbed by the scrape of the door leading into the house part. It was a peculiarity of the settlement that all its doors scraped, warped, and then they did everything but close tightly.

A girl appeared in the opening, framed with a background of grey shadow which a closer inspector might have discovered as a stack of boxes. So the heroine of the story appeared, not romantically as a heroine should, but prosaically as the most matter-of-fact individual could wish. Willie showed no excitement, no pleasure, for this was not the particular girl of his heart. Just now he was wrapped up in a Scotch

She smiled roguishly. "Is it, ever?" "Ah! Lena, pretty girls—"

"Oh, Mr. Macquarrie, you are too dreadful—"

"Know when Valentines are about?" She broke in, "Do you expect any?"

"I have a kind of suspicion," he began, stammering, "that there might be one from—er, my sister in Scotland."

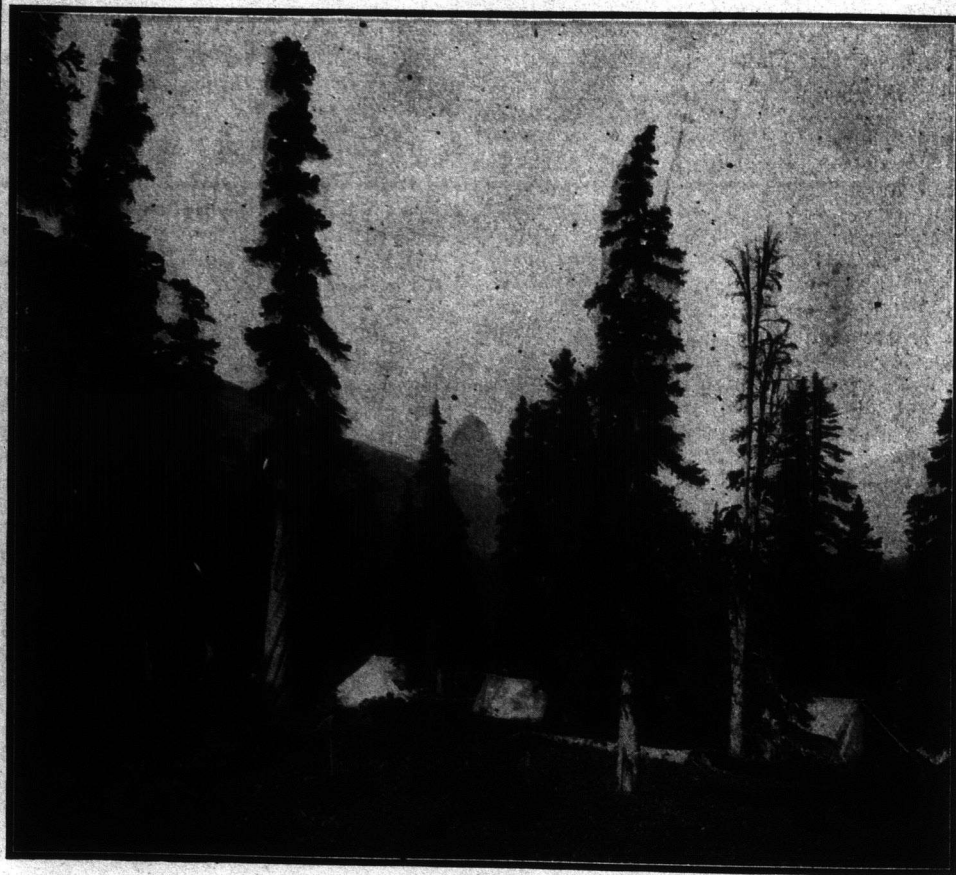
"Oh! Mr. Macquarrie," she coquetted, "your sister."

"Now, is there just one?" he pursued.

The girl went to a box on the shelf behind the post compartment. She knew that the slight effort she had to make to get at the foreign parcels displayed her figure to the best advantage. She did not hurry over her inspection of the parcels. She was playing her own game. She meant to secure Willie this Valentine's Day, little as he suspected it. And she had eyes enough to see that he was not quite blind to her slenderness and decided good looks. Therefore, she prolonged his opportunity to feast his eyes on rustic beauty. She turned at last and held up a small package.

"Here you are," she murmured "something from your sister."

He seized it, and retreated rather ungraciously to the stove. She seated herself on the counter, and watched him smilingly. She was in no hurry. She was playing a waiting game.



A Beautiful Camping Ground in the Canadian Rockies

maiden—he was rather hazy who it was, but he knew very certainly it was one of three in a certain Highland village. Perhaps, to this impressionable young man, it was a composite girl formed of all the three. Still, for all this, Willie little knew it was fate that stared at him from the shadow of the doorway. Fate was a pretty girl, brown-cheeked, dark-eyed, and slim like a poplar, an eminently lovable girl. Willie was no stranger to her. In fact, he had been a pleading dweller with her in her maiden thoughts, and not unassociated with her dreams. In fact she was in love with him, and he, dense man, dreamt about far away girls who probably by this time had forgotten that such a man as Willie Macquarrie had ever existed—for absence makes the heart (a girl's) go wandering.

She ran behind the post office counter, and assumed the proper air of officialdom: "Now, Mr. Macquarrie, what for you?"

He sauntered towards her, and leaned carelessly against a box of crackers. He smiled, and as he smiled, she smiled too. Bruce also broke into a doggy grin. It was a mutually pleasant party. There was a silence. The girl waited expectantly. He began to speak at last. "Do you know, Lena—"

"Miss Mason, if you don't mind."

"Do you know, Lena," he insisted with a warming smile, "that it's Valentine's Day?"

He burst the string of the package, and eagerly took out the contents. His face grew downcast, and he stared unbelievably. "Great Scott," he cried, "Who'd have thought it?" And a piece of wedding cake tumbled to the floor. The girl leaned forward. "Isn't that wedding cake?" she cried interestedly, "is your sister married?"

He smiled sheepishly as he handed the sweet candied morsel to her, "I'm afraid she is."

"Quite a surprise, isn't it?" she queried, elevating her dark brows, munching the wedding souvenir with relish. She half closed her eyes in rapture over a particularly nutty crumb, and he seized the opportunity to drop the package into the stove. She looked out of the corner of her eye as he closed the stove door—and smiled behind her hand, but she affected not to have seen.

"Quite unexpected, wasn't it?" she laughed at him. "Didn't know—" she broke off—it was too early in the campaign to aim her heavy guns. He glowered. "Is that all?" he asked.

"I think so," the girl replied. "But I'll have another look." She sprang easily off the counter and he began to open his eyes. Lost to all consciousness of him, seemingly, she burrowed again among the foreign mail. But she was acutely aware of his warm glances. Presently she gave a triumphant cry. "One more, mournful Willie."

He took the second packet and slith-