

as Dorrington's burnt their unflinching resolution into his. Possibly, in that close look he gained an indefinable hint of the unspeakable purpose that lay behind Dorrington's present action, and unconsciously was overawed. For the elder man, standing as he did on the brink of Eternity, was superbly indifferent to all obstacles of conventionality, time, or place. He had ceased to be aware that there were any.

He thrust his arm through Cameron's

took off his hat, looked up at the stars, and laughed. A laugh of gratitude and thanks. Then he turned to Dorrington: "You've shown me what a fool I've been," he said. "I think I can safely say I'll never tackle that losing job again."

It was not a graceful speech, but Dorrington understood, and he gave a sigh that was almost a groan. If only his own renunciation could have been as easily made! It was not an occasion to talk

Over 20 Million cups of CHASE & SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE were drunk in Canada during last year.

Why!

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk. ”

and hurried him away. Out into the sweet, fragrant night among the oleanders, cypress, and palm. He found a seat for Mildred, and then, facing the brother and sister he began to relate his story. What he said with regard to himself—how he bared his unfortunate life for inspection—and how he pleaded with the boy not to do as he had done he did not know. But the girl gazed at him as if he were inspired, while Cameron, now that the previous excitement and heat had gone out of his blood, sat listening with a pale, cold face in which remorse and shame were struggling.

When Dorrington at last said no more, and only stood, straight and tall, in silence, his arms folded across his broad chest, Cameron rose to his feet. He

empty platitudes, and the girl in saying good-bye when they reached the steps of the hotel where the two were staying referred to his own case once more.

"I suppose you will be going home to Sir John," she said quietly, as she laid her hand in his. "How comforting for you to have a father to go to in your trouble."

Dorrington started, and as her innocent eyes met his he turned his own aside. Unconsciously he gripped her fingers convulsively in his as remembrance drove sharp and keen through his brain. For a moment he had forgotten! He stepped back. "Yes," he answered, hoarsely, "of course—home—I am going home!"

He had not made more than a dozen