"No, Mr. Hurry, that's the honest truth. All the money in the house is \$2. We have been vegetarians for the past three months, and we will have to get some bread and milk for the kiddies and some potatoes and a cabbage or two to see us through two or three days; but I'm expecting a cheque for sure this week, and I promise you that you will be paid as soon as I get it."

The honest butcher looked at him steadily for a moment.

"Is that really, honest, all the money you have? And haven't you had any meat for three months?"

"Yes, that's honest all right—not a speck."

"Here," turning over the bill, "write out an order for what you want to-day on the back of this account; telephone when you want more, and just pay me what you can and when you can."

"Mr. Hurry, that's very kind of you, and I thank you very much. Collections have been very poor all winter; but I'll pay you sure, just as soon as I can."

"All right, doctor, all right; good luck! good-bye!" and the good-natured butcher hurried away.

"There, dear, that looks better," and his wife came into the surgery and gave him a kiss. "Now you can have a nice wing roast again with brown potatoes, and a beefsteak and kidney pie."

Ring-a-ling, ling, ding, ding!

"That's the telephone this time. I'll answer it for you. It may bring you luck."

She came and whispered: "A lady to speak to Dr. Went-worth."

"Hello!"

- "Yes."
- ··______,
- "I'll be in until 10.30."

"Very well; thank you," and Dr. Wentworth hung up the earpiece and came back to his surgery.

"Who was that, Beverley ?" rather anxiously from his wife.

"Haven't the remotest idea—a stranger from out-of-town, likely. She said I didn't know her and that she was at the Royal Alfred."

"Be very circumspect then, dear; you never know." Do you wish me to remain in the dining-room?"

"Yes. And you had better take the key and lock the door on that side. It is best to take precautions. As you say, one never knows."

As Dr. Wentworth's residence was in the down-town district, it