

At last there came a day when it did not rain. It was nearly three weeks since the cable had come to say that Jerrold was coming home. Cynthia's mood was mostly one of endurance now. It was dreadful to be so helpless, to wait, and to wait for news that did not come.

She made haste with her morning work, to get Uncle Sep dressed, and helped out to his chair. She was anxious to set off to the Bailey homestead before the rain came down again. Mrs. Bailey had been worse last night, and Cynthia was keenly anxious about her.

The sun was trying to shine. There was a breath of keener cold in the air. If it kept fine to-night it would probably freeze, and then the bad places on the trail would be easier to walk over. This morning Cynthia floundered through the soft places with her skirts held high. She was hoping against hope that her rubbers, which were getting the worse for wear, would not let in the wet. Before the frame house of the Baileys came into view, the creeping cold about her feet and ankles warned her that she was damp-footed, and would have to be uncomfortable until she reached home again. Why, oh, why had she not been wise enough to buy herself new rubbers when she went to Esquimault? Of course she had not had money of her own, but she might surely have borrowed some of Jerrold's money for the purpose. Oh, she had been very silly,