

"Corporal Cameron."

"*Corporal* Cameron? Constable Cameron is—"

"Corporal Cameron, I said. I have just had Constable Scott's report and felt I must see him at once."

"Come in, Superintendent! Sit down! I shall enquire if he is resting. Nurse! Nurse! Enquire if Corporal Cameron can be seen."

The little nurse tip-toed into the doctor's tent, lifted the curtain, took one glance and drew swiftly back. This is what her eyes looked upon. A girl's form kneeling by the bed, golden hair mingling with black upon the pillow, two strong arms holding her close and hers wreathed in answering embrace.

"Mr. Cameron I am afraid," she reported, "cannot be seen. He is—I think—he is—engaged."

"Ah!" said the doctor.

"Well," said the Superintendent, "just tell Corporal Cameron for me that I am particularly well pleased with his bearing to-day, and that I hope he will be very soon fit for duty."

"Certainly, Superintendent. Now let me help you up the hill."

"Never mind, here's the Sergeant. Good evening! Very fine thing! Very fine thing indeed! I see rapid promotion in his profession for that young man."

"Inspector, eh?" said the doctor.

"Yes, Sir, I should without hesitation recommend him and should be only too pleased to have him as Inspector in my command."

It was not, however, as Inspector that Corporal Cameron served under the gallant Superintendent, but in another equally honourable capacity did they ride away together one bright April morning a few weeks later,