

II.

SUMMER.

"ARE you warm?" I said to Mary in greeting, by way of being pleasingly original.

It was one of those singeing days to which the Canadian summer treats us—when the hot-tempered old sun had dispensed with the services of the winds and clouds and raindrops, and was attending to things himself without any meddling assistance—and doubtless taking great credit to himself (red-faced old monster!) for the way he was doing things up brown.

"Are you warm, Mary?" again inquired I, blandly (upon whose morals the devilsomeness of the day had had such an effect that I deliberately intended to stir my friend up and goad her to ill-considered remarks). "Because if you feel chilly we might go out and sit in the sun, or go through a little brisk exercise, or even touch up the kitchen fire. Would you care for a cup of hot chocolate or a little ginger wine?"

Then Mary said things that pleased me—wicked things about the temperature, violent things regarding the superfluous garments civilization compels us to wear, intentionally insulting words with reference to those contemptible persons who fancy themselves smart when they