

previous day, and whose long periods of silence were broken by an occasional snatch of song in a deep, musical baritone; an interesting scrap of information as to the farms we were passing, or an inquiry as to my comfort, and who never once through a long summer day obtruded himself or his personal opinions or affairs on my attention.

"Do you believe in divorce?" suddenly greeted my ears, and as I started to a realization of my surroundings, and an emphatic "No," he added: "I guess there is something in this Canadian idea of staying married. When I was a kid of ten, dad and ma quarrelled—don't know what about; there was no one else that I ever heard of—just couldn't get along, I guess, or thought they couldn't. Dad, he lit out and ma got a divorce for no support. The girls were older than me and went with mother. After the fuss was all over I was sent to dad, and we knocked around till I was 13, and then I went on my own. Appears to me I was some like a stray dog—nobody wanted me. Dad's dead now, and ma, she's married again. Married before dad died. Went to see her once, but she wasn't in any rush to have me do it again. If ever I get married, it will be in Canada, and it will be for keeps, you bet."

Somehow the expression about the stray dog brought a lump to my throat and I realized that half of his brag and cocksureness was simply the result of feeling he had not had a fair start.

