

profits of your hope, ready to despair with you at the losses you had feared.

Dandy was sharing my losses with me that morning. So fast as depression set in upon me, so surely did his little ears droop down, his head hang lower and his tail fall limp. Why, even when some beautiful lady smiled at him as she passed, he turned away. I would have sworn he closed his eyes.

"My God," said I, in a supreme effort, "this'll never do," and at that moment came my doctor through the Park. I held up my hand in salute. It was more than a salute. I beckoned him to stop and speak to me. He got down from his car; came across and sat beside me.

"Lazy, lucky devil," said he.

I nodded my head. All men call me that.

"Do you ever give consultations in a place like this?" I asked.

He would have made me a professional answer had I not stopped him.

"Talk away," said he, and I talked.

It is marvellous how subtle and how eloquent one can be over the description of one's ills when there is really nothing the matter at all. I talked for ten minutes.

"It comes to this," said I, in conclusion, "every man jack of us is over-civilised. We're like a breed of race-horses that has outbred the strain which made it famous. We're over-bred."

He nodded.