

*Henry* (continues his walk up and down the room.)

*Mrs. Morris* (enters.) Good evening, Harry. Hasn't Bella come home yet?

*Henry*—Good evening. No, she has not.

*Mrs. Morris*—(Seating herself.) Poor child! Anyway it is only seven o'clock.

*Henry*—Yes, and she has only been out since twelve!

*Mrs. Morris*—(Without answering, takes up some work from a work-basket and begins to knit.)

*Henry*—(Walks up and down the room again; then, stopping opposite his mother-in-law.) I'd like to know mother, what you think of the way Bella is now going on? What sort of life is this for her to lead?

*Mrs. Morris*—A very pleasant and proper sort of life, I call it. She spends her time as most young married women do, in Halifax, shopping in the mornings, receiving and paying visits in the afternoon, and you know what a place this is for visiting.

*Henry*—I do, to my cost. There is no end to it. Why every newcomer into the place should be deluged with paste board from people whose hospitality begins and ends at the door post, is quite beyond me. Why call on people you have not the means, perhaps not the wish to entertain?

*Mrs. Morris*—In Rome you must do as Rome does. It is the fashion of the place, and, I think, a kindly one. To resume. Much of Bella's time is taken up with visiting. Then, there's the rink in winter, lawn tennis in the summer months. We go to most of the five o'clock teas. Epidemic just at present. They came in with the measles. Besides, Bella has her Orpheus rehearsals; and, then, there are those theatricals; in which you should be proud to see her taking so prominent a part. I don't know what you have to grumble at, as, now that you have given up going out anywhere, I accompany her myself into society.

*Henry*—(Angrily.) Society indeed—pretty society! Society of frivolous matrons, whose sole aim in life consists in providing entertainment and flirting material for the garri-