

And if he did, his father was rich. Why should he have grudged him the money? He said he'd give him no more—except for his outfit, and then he'd buy a ticket for him to Canada, where he'd a friend who'd give Lennie a chance to make a start in business.

"I'd gone to meet him and have dinner, and we walked up and down Wardour Street, and he told me he couldn't marry me . . . not then . . . He daren't because of his father . . . But he'd never forget me ; he'd send for me to marry him in Canada. . . . He was to go in a fortnight . . . There was only just two weeks . . . He promised he'd send for me and marry me. . . ."

The tears were in Elizabeth's eyes.

"Poor little soul, poor little soul," she murmured. Her heart beat fast. In imagination she fought the battle between love, the woman's inborn desire to give, to comfort, and the stern morality which bids her crucify herself and deny her lover.

Roona was speaking again. "And then he had to go."

Her voice was empty of all feeling ; she might have been reciting the multiplication table.

"He'd kept back £10 out of the money his father gave him and he left me that. He'd pawned his watch and links and a tie-pin before. I thought I'd be able to manage, if I could go back to work until he sent for me. But after he went I was ill. I had the influenza and my cough was awful. I'd gone into a furnished room, and the landlady was kind to