

Commandant. "Dieting yourself or some nonsense of that sort."

"He's beginning to sit up now and take notice," laughed Mrs. McMucker.

"Perhaps he thinks it's wedding cake," the Commandant jeered.

"Miss De Souza seems a nice quiet girl," observed the blushing Harry.

"We weren't thinking of Miss De Souza," said Mrs. McMucker.

"I know you weren't. But she is, isn't she?"

"Not nice enough for Harold Blee perhaps?"

"Where that fellow gets his knowledge from I cannot understand," said the Commandant thoughtfully. "I've never met an Eurasian like him. The way he conducted the prosecution last night was wonderful."

"And the idea of getting Mr. De Souza to bring that awful man Blitters up to Mrs. Mortimer instead of to me!" exclaimed Mrs. McMucker. "It was rich."

"Do you think Blitters had had too much to drink," asked Harry.

"So far as my information goes he always has, more or less," said the Commandant. "But to my mind yesterday it looked more like opium."

"I don't think any one else—er," said Mrs. McMucker.