

quota, the same number of hours, while they last and at the same rate, we pay for them whether we use them or not."

"You certainly make a queer use of some of your hours," said my brother, suddenly coming out of the misty past into the present. Then I knew I was in for it, but I was always ready to take Will's criticism. There was thirteen years between us in age and I always knew there was a kindly import in anything he said.

"The world isn't ready to accept advice from women," he said. "Men naturally resent women's interference in public matters . . . I know the liberation of women will come, but it's bound to be hard on the advance guard, and there are so many other things for you to do, Nellie. You have a good home, Wes is one of the finest men I have ever known. You have five lovely children. Can't you pipe down and live like other people? I get tired telling people that you and Wes get on well, and you have no personal reasons for raising such a dust about the liquor traffic and the burdens of women. The world has gone on for a long time, Nellie, and you can't change it!"

"That's the old Conservative doctrine coming out in you, Will," I said. "'Leave things alone.' If you're all right yourself, why bother?—Sir Rodmond Roblin talked like that, but don't you see that the fact that I have a good man and a good family lays a responsibility on me. The broken-hearted, embittered woman cannot do anything to help anyone else. You need not worry about Wes either. His mother, God bless her, educated him. She was interested in exactly the same things that I am and so Wes is not the sort of a man who thinks his wife should always be standing behind his chair ready to spring to attention. Don't ever forget that I married carefully. I was only sixteen when I got my eye on Wes, but I knew what I was doing."