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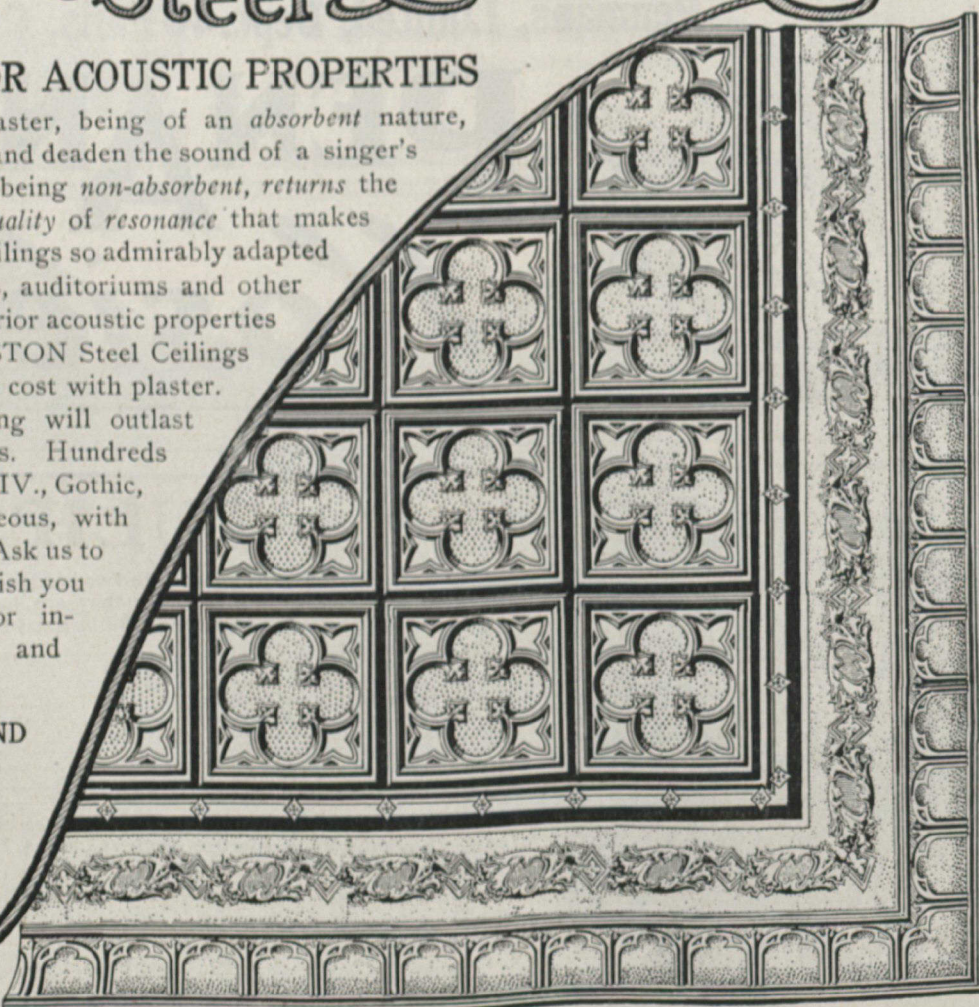
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

the broad-shouldered young man who was studying the tops of the neighbouring houses with such apparent interest.

"Mr. Marshall—a friend—" Margaret's word reached him, and sent a quick thrill of delight through his veins; from his face no one would have guessed that he had heard, or having heard, cared. He stood, leaning negligently against the parapet, one strong brown hand dangling carelessly over the edge. He was puzzled. Who could this study in black and gold be? he wondered. Why should the girl have fear? For fear was in that sudden cry, that whispered plea to him to stay. He watched from the corner of his eye. He saw that Miss Lee led the way to the awning, that Mrs. Gascoigne sank into the most comfortable chair, that Miss Lee stood and faced the sitting woman as once faces an enemy; but the words that were exchanged did not reach him.

"I do not understand the meaning of this intrusion, Mrs. Gascoigne." Thus Margaret declared war immediately.

"Intrusion! Margaret, my dear—"

"Yes, I said intrusion, Mrs. Gascoigne," repeated the girl, and her rounded chin was lifted slightly. "I think that is the right word to use. The letter which I left for you was sufficiently clear. I wished to close our short acquaintance."

"You are naturally upset, Margaret," answered Mrs. Gascoigne, softly wiping her eyes with a minute square of cambric, "and under the circumstances, I forgive you your hard words. Who would not come to your aid if not I, your natural guardian, after your poor father's death?"

"I have no guardian," answered the girl. "You were merely my chaperon; my connection with you is severed."

"Oh, no, my dear child," murmured the elder lady, flipping open the fan and slowly waving it backwards and forwards. "Fortunately for you, my responsibility did not end with your abrupt departure. I am your guardian until you reach the age of twenty-one, or until you marry."

Margaret did not answer immediately. This was what she had feared as she had seen this woman, whom she both despised and hated, sailing towards her across the roof. Margaret studied the tip of her dainty slipper for a moment or two in silence. Then she raised her eyes, looking into Mrs. Gascoigne's face.

"I should like to see proofs of your statement, Mrs. Gascoigne."

Mrs. Gascoigne flushed angrily, and her full red under lip was furrowed for just one flashing second by sharp white teeth.

"I should be only too glad," she answered sweetly, "but all my papers are in Paris. I had no idea when I left—anxious only that Mr. Lee should not think I had betrayed my trust—that I should find such sad news awaiting me. I will send for them at once, of course; but until they come I must insist upon taking you into my charge."

"I refuse, Mrs. Gascoigne, absolutely," answered Margaret, decisively.

"But, my dear Margaret"—though Mrs. Gascoigne's voice was sweet and caressing there was an angry glitter in her narrow eyes—"it is impossible for a young girl like yourself to be here alone under such painful circumstances. You have no friends in London—you have often told me so. Already, in your ignorance of the world, you have, I see, been acting unwisely. It is hardly the thing for a young girl to be receiving a good-looking young man alone, in the first hours of her bereavement."

TO BE CONTINUED.