

"Dear old girl," she murmured, "what were you thinking of?"

Marie started.

"Was I thinking?" she exclaimed; "I am afraid that I am not very polite."

"Yes, you were thinking about leaving Toronto and school and everything. I could read it in your face, Marie, like an open book—I was thinking of it, too, and I bet I'm as sorry as you are."

"Sorry and glad, both. Sorry to leave you all and the life; glad to be home again. Still there's something haunts me sometimes—strange paradox—the memory of the future. But I won't give way to it."

And she turned round with laughing face to answer a question from Lady Head; while Stuart was asking himself how much he could conscientiously conceal, when Miss Marie was Donald MacAlpine's daughter?