

his pace in the direction of the town. It might not be wise to say much. Words had an unpleasant knack of turning up when least wanted. He could bide his time and keep silent. Was not that also his father's injunction? And his father, in spite of his lack of education, was a shrewd man.

The bitterness of defeat and the sense of humiliation did not grow less as the days passed away. He felt sure that Lincoln had poisoned Eve's mind against him—how else could her conduct be explained? Girls were not fools. They knew, as a rule, on which side their bread was buttered, and when it came to a question of eligibility, Lincoln was not to be mentioned on the same day.

He made inquiries as to Lincoln's antecedents, and discovered that he was the eldest son of a doctor in a London suburb. The discovery filled him with disgust. If he had been a sprig of the aristocracy Eve might have been forgiven for turning a blind eye to his poverty; but that she should have preferred the son of a sawbones, with nothing, to the son of a manufacturer, with plenty, could only be explained on the ground that he had either lied or told her the truth with too much circumstance and detail.

It required a considerable amount of self-control to keep his thoughts and intentions to himself. He never saw Geoff but he wanted to take him by the throat and strangle him. He never saw Eve but the smart of his wound seemed to increase a hundredfold. During Eights Week, notwithstanding his college boats made two bumps, he was more miserable than anyone knew. Geoff and Eve were all the time together, and he was constantly running across them somewhere. Geoff was not a rowing man, and so he was able to give all his time to Eve. Their very happiness lashed him into fury, whilst the way they ignored him drove him almost to madness.

The more he reviewed the circumstances, the more he became convinced that Geoff Lincoln had supplanted him by treachery.

"It's that blank scoundrel's lies that have done the trick," he would ex-

claim, "but your day will come, David—your day will come."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### PARTINGS

EVE'S engagement made a difference in many ways. She was happier than she had ever been in her life before. During Eights Week she lived in a condition of almost unbroken ecstasy. Geoff took her down to the river every afternoon and seemed proud to introduce her to his friends. They watched the races from his college barge, had tea on board, and when the last bump had been made, sauntered away across the meadows, and usually reached Rose Villa when the dusk was falling.

But after that came long days when she scarcely got a glimpse of Geoff. He was grinding early and late for his final and could not be expected to spend much time with her. Indeed, she would not have allowed it had he desired to do so. She knew her duty, knew what was good for him, knew what was best for both.

Her great trouble came at the end of June when she had to say good-bye to Geoff for an indefinite period. He was going down for good. Others would return in October to the cloistered stillness of Quad and garden, but Geoff's work at the 'Varsity was done. He was going out to face the world, to fight the battle that every true man has to fight, to win or lose in the great encounter.

Geoff was sad at leaving Eve. Her tearful face distressed him very much; but he was sadder still at having to say farewell to Oxford. Like nearly everyone else he had got to love the place.

He could not help recalling nearly three years before when he came up a fresher and found his way alone to his college. How strange and lonely he was no one ever guessed. He felt chilled and disheartened when he saw his rooms—his bedroom especially gave him the creeps—it was so small and bare and dark. And he had left a warm, snug home, which echoed with the laughter of young children. He hated Oxford that first evening, and felt sure he would hate it to the end of the chapter. Now his heart was heavy, and the tears were very near his eyes because

he had to say good-bye. He was not thinking of Eve as he returned across the park from Rose Villa. "Dear old Oxford," he said to himself all unconsciously, and a mist came up before him which he cleared with his hand.

He turned into his own college for a last look round, wandered across the Quad and out into the garden, sat for a few moments in the shade of a wide-spreading beech and lighted a cigarette.

It all came back to him again like a pleasant dream. He saw the years pass in swift procession, pictured himself with hundreds of others all similarly clad, careless, joyous, often indolent; loitering down the "High," hands in pockets, head bare, gown twisted round the neck. He recalled the pleasant evenings in the Common Room, the debates at the Union, in which he had often taken part, the suppers on great occasions, the "rags," the bonfires, the narrow escapes. He recalled, too, the political speeches in country villages, the fun they had in going and returning, the tilts with interrupters, the friendly notice of great leaders.

He flung away the end of his cigarette and rose to his feet. It was all over now. The free, careless, inconsequential life of youth was at an end. Henceforth there must be work, and evermore work.

He had not realized all his hopes and expectations. He had come into competition with the pick of all the public schools, and even in Oxford rank counted for a good deal, but he had taken a respectable position. In the Union debates he had won a distinct place for himself. He would return home with no sense of shame or defeat.

In the weeks that had elapsed since Eve accepted his offer he had not only made the best of it, but he had succeeded in persuading Bart, and very largely in persuading himself, that he was desperately and whole-heartedly in love with Eve. When in her company he felt the happiest man in the world. She was not only delightfully fair to look upon, but she was so charmingly sweet and gentle in disposition that he could not help being fond of her. But when away from her presence and the glamor of her gentleness no longer steeped his senses, he discovered another influence at work within him. Pretty as Eve undoubtedly was, and loyal to

her as he intended to be, there were times when there came up before him the picture of another face—a face that had haunted him for more than a year. He had been introduced to her on Balliol barge while watching the races. He stayed and had tea, and she sat directly opposite. He met her again the following day and walked with her across Christ Church meadows. In the crowd on the bank of the river they lost sight of each other, and he had never seen her since, and, indeed, he never expected to see her again. Her cousin—a fellow named Wilson—in introducing her, had not mentioned her name very distinctly. Also, he had been introduced to so many people that it was easy to forget. But the following day he had walked with her for quite a distance. Had talked about the weather, and the races, and the crews, and the chances of the various colleges. He could so easily have got to know her name and whence she hailed, but he had let the opportunity slip.

Not that it mattered, he told himself. A boyish fancy for a pretty face was never of any account. Only—only—well, she was not like anyone he had ever seen before or since. Her beauty was of so rare a kind that he wanted to see her again. Also, the fact that he did not know who she was, and had no means of knowing, piqued him; the unknown and the unknowable have always an irresistible fascination.

He made his way slowly out of the garden and back to his diggings. He was loth to tear himself away from Oxford, he shrank a little from meeting his father. Should he tell him everything? Should he tell him a part only, or should he tell him nothing?

His father was a level-headed man, not easily carried away by sentiment. How unutterably silly the whole thing would look in his eyes. Even if he were desperately in love, what madness it had been to get engaged. He had not even started in the way of earning his own living, and even with good fortune it would be years before he would be able to maintain a wife or even maintain himself.

The nearer he got to London the more troubled and perplexed he felt. The conviction grew upon him that he had made a mess of things, and yet he had no thought of drawing back. He would



"Listen, Rose."

Bud reads:

"Madam, your own white hands are the first to touch FIVE ROSES.

"For nearly one mile it travels through "hygienic automatic processes—more "and more spotless.

"Till in a clear creamy stream it flows into "clean new packages, filled full-weight by "infallible machinery—sewed automatically."

"Goodness!" said round-eyed Rose.

Bud reads eagerly:

"Hand-proof, germ-proof. Every littlest "bit of machinery is bright—polished like "those piano keys of yours. FIVE ROSES is "healthy flour, wholesome, none like it. "Unbleached, too."

"Nobody touches my flour—but me" said Rose. Imagine such purity—get FIVE ROSES.

11

# Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.