

THE CANADIANS

Italian queen whom we used to go to see Sarah Bernhardt play, isn't she? Do you remember when she takes the dagger from her hair to stab the soldier? The little cry she gave always made me quite faint. Mrs. Van Kempt was good enough to offer to take me to your studio the Sunday afternoon you let society have a peep at the picture, Mr. Garvie. She said you wouldn't mind any friend of hers coming—but my unfortunate neuralgia. Mr. Garvie's reception was a fashionable event, I assure you, Mr. Praed. We Americans were quite proud. I remember that evening at Mrs. Courtland's the gossips were speculating about the red-haired model you are so constant to—in your pictures, I mean. They said she was your Fredegonde last year."

"She was, and is likely to be something else next year," was the uncompromising answer.

Julia, marking Garvie's annoyance, asked simply, "Do you always have a model, Mr. Garvie?"

"Generally, unless I am working from a study."

"It makes it easier?"

"Much easier."

Here Mrs. Mallock broke in with a giggle, meant to be arch: "And more interesting too? Really, dear, I wouldn't ask so many questions about models."

Julia flushed, but held her ground. "Perhaps I'm stupid, but I've never known any artists before."

Garvie looked kindly at the girl's appealing face,

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