

to the station even though he has only two weeks more to put in there.

Johnny Good is home for a few days' furlough before going overseas. He looks very fit and soldierly. He came with his mother and Rose to see my new purchase. I am to take them driving to-morrow. Rose and Johnny are walking up and down the Goods' drive arm and arm this minute. So that is settled. Johnny is no match for the cleverness of Rose, but he will be happy, which is the main thing.

After the others had gone, Captain Fenton came, welcomed me home and admired the car, but all very gravely.

"You don't really like it?" I asked, surprised.

"Like it! Why, it's a beauty."

"You didn't look enthusiastic."

"You have heard of sour grapes."

"Yes. But not *you*."

"And why not me?"

"You couldn't be so small. Besides, you could have one if you wanted it."

"Perhaps. But I couldn't drive it if I had it."

"Oh! Why is it that you keep reminding me of something that I would otherwise never think of?"

"You are mistaken. It is you who remind me of it. Not with intent of course, but— I must go now. Some day you must take me for a spin.