

III

THE CANADIANS

THAT evening Garvie dined with the Praeds, in the showy rooms where they seemed to have camped down in much the fashion they would have in the hotel of a western mining town.

Mrs. Mallock formed a fourth in the little group, and her stream of babbled flattery, turned now on one now on the other, veiled the young hostess' little fits of brusque shyness that alternated with her impulsive candour.

It really did Mrs. Mallock credit, Garvie reflected, how well she veiled her annoyance when she found him on the premises.

Happy in entertaining "old man Garvie's" son and the lady whom he looked upon as his social finger-post in Paris, Mr. Praed beamed upon the table from under his beetling grey brows, while he asked Garvie questions about his profession. "That show now, that's to have your picture in, when's it going to be open?" he asked.

"The Salon? Oh, in six weeks or so," Garvie answered.

"I'm so impatient to see your Theodora," Mrs. Mallock put in. "She is that snaky, wicked