

that it was the way of women-folk to 'gang agley' now and then, and, instead of giving back hot words, closed his lips firmly over his tongue, and went away. And then, so sure as he did, when perhaps he was sitting at his desk poring over his ledger, or consoling himself with a pipe in a quiet corner, there would come a gentle step



behind him, which, although his keen ears heard it well, he pretended not to notice, and presently a little brown hand would be laid upon his shoulder, and a soft voice would murmur pleadingly in a quaint patois, half French, half Indian, 'Donald, my dear, do you love me still?'

Then the answer came quick, and left no doubt as to its sincerity, and the cloud would vanish, and all would be sunshine again in the M'Kenzie household.