

in my wife's presence, the gods are about to bless us again."

We knew it. We knew it when we got his letter at the Institute meeting asking us to come to see them.

Mrs. Burton, President of the Institute, who had been sitting gingerly on the high end of the couch, now sat down heavily in her excitement, with the result that I was thrown upward, causing a slight interruption, but Mr. Martin's monologue went on.

"Five little native-born Canadians, steeped in British traditions, and loving the old flag . . . and another on its way to this land of opportunity! . . . And now, ladies, I will tell you why I asked you to come . . . Your society has been helpful to us, and we are grateful. Gratitude has ever been one of the attributes of my family, and in some degree an attitude of my wife's family."

We knew what was coming. We had heard this before. Gratitude in Mr. Felix Martin's heart was a lively sense of favors yet to come.

"Our circumstances have changed somewhat since the last time we asked you for help and you so kindly rendered it." Then, turning to his wife, he said, "Do you think, my dear Edith, you had better send the three eldest children out to play. They could have a happy time in the ladies' car."

"My car is locked," said Mrs. Burton, quickly.

"No, no, we won't go. We want to stay. Let's stay," came from behind the stove.

"Very well, then, you must be very quiet and not interrupt Papa.

"As I said, we are in different circumstances this time . . . happier circumstances."

"Not happier, Felix," corrected his wife, gently.