

"How—how, shall you help to—launch that boat, dear?" she asked gently.

The man smiled, and his eyes were shining with generous impulse.

"How? Why, he comes into my business on a half share. You see, he's in my life on a half share already."

Monica's eyes thanked him. He wanted no words.

"And—little Phyllis—Phyl?" she asked with a tender inflection on the familiar abbreviation.

The man's smile broadened.

"Why, Phyl?" he cried. "For Phyl, whatever you say goes. Guess I'd like to hand her the house in Winnipeg as a present—on my own—though. She's just worth—everything."

Monica nodded.

"We have many debts to pay," she said. "There's that other, too."

"Other?" For a moment Hendrie looked at her in some doubt. Then he smiled again. "Ah—you mean—Angus."

"Yes, your beloved—Angus."

There was a note of gentle raillery in Monica's reply.

The man nodded.

"Sure," he said with unmistakable conviction. Then he added: "The thing he's yearning for is this farm. He's just loved it years. Guess my attorney's fixing it over to him—right now."

The man's prodigal generosity left Monica speechless.

"He's worth it," he went on. "He's worth all I can do." Then he smiled. "You see, he's a feller whose rough exterior conceals a deal of what's worth while."

The woman's eyes were again turned toward the window, and the two figures beyond it. Their magnetism was irresistible.

"Those who possess most of—what is *really* worth while, often contrive to hide it under an exterior of denial," she said. Then, as an afterthought. "It's *just* the way of the strong."

The man agreed and his smile was almost humorous.

"Guess the strong folks often find themselves mighty short of the more—delicate virtues," he said, with a laugh. "Seems a pity—eh, Mon? Guess if things weren't that way,