

movement, and a sudden silence fell on the assembly from which Bindle's remark stood out with clear-cut emphasis.

"Ole 'Earty playing 'ockey with 'is top 'at under——" Then Bindle stopped, looking about him with a grin.

Gravely and ponderously Mr. Sopley besought the Lord to make the assembly grateful for what they were about to receive, and amidst a chorus of "amens" the guests resumed their seats.

The wedding party was a small one. For once Mr. Hearty had found that patriotism was not at issue with economy. The guests consisted of the bridegroom's mother, a gentle, sweet-faced woman with white hair and a sunny smile, her brother-in-law, Mr. John Dixon, a red-faced, hurly-burly type of man, a genial, loud-voiced John Bull, hearty of manner and heavy of hand, and half a dozen friends and relatives of the Heartys.

At the head of the table sat Millie and Charlie Dixon, at the foot was Mr. Sopley. The other guests were distributed without thought or consideration as to precedence. Bindle found himself between Mrs. Dixon and Mrs. Hearty. Mrs. Bindle was opposite, where she had planted herself to keep watch. Mr. Hearty sat next to Mrs. Dixon, facing Mr. Dixon, whose uncompromising stare Mr. Hearty found it difficult to meet with composure.

Alice, the maid-servant, reinforced by her