

down into the audience and saw someone pushing toward the platform. It was the Bonehead.

"Hey," said Perry, beckoning to Evan, "I want to speak to you." He dragged his yielding victim to a corner. "This union'll just about bring my salary up to the marriage mark. Fine, ain't it? I suppose you know that Frank and I are——"

"No, I didn't know," replied Evan, coldly. Then, absently, "Did you bring her down with you?"

"Sure. I've been working in Orangeville; she came down on the late afternoon train and I met her on the way. Why don't you congratulate me?"

Nelson acted as though he had not heard. "Where is she?" he asked.

"Oh, she beat it with a friend just before the thing was dismissed. She's staying with her cousin on Jarvis Street. We're going back together on the morning train."

Never in his life had Perry been so objectionable to Nelson as he was during those few minutes. The egotism of him to aspire to Frankie's love! And yet there came to Evan the stinging realization that he, himself, had failed to cherish that love. It was not the Bonehead's fault that he was engaged to her—who could blame him? That was a matter for Frankie to decide, and apparently she had decided.

Evan had no heart for further handshakes. He sought out Robb and taking him by the arm left Massey Hall by the stage entrance. Rain had fallen in torrents and the gutters were full of water, but the sky had cleared, and the air was fresh and cool.