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Blaine read the opening lines of the first letter he opened, and his bronzed face grew rigid.

"No, my dear friend," he read, "I cannot answer your question in the way you would like, and it is unfair not to tell you. Not that I don't admire you as a friend, but I could never care for you in that way and I could never marry you—never."

"I could really care for you more than I am willing to admit if I would let myself; but I am afraid—and because I am afraid I will not permit myself to wreck both our lives. And my reasons for feeling that way about it will probably appeal to you as a very fanciful one; but to me it is very real and tangible."

"It is simply this—that you are so absorbed in your profession and so taken up with your work that in time I would become a mere secondary consideration. Don't shake your head and say 'non-sense,' for I know, my dear friend. While other wives might fear the power of the gambling table or the saloon my rivals are the law books that are the 'better half' of your life, and whose loss you are no doubt mourning right now."

Blaine stopped reading, and recalled with a little shudder how that very morning when a "whiz bang" had burst in front of the dugout it had aroused him from a mental discussion of a very interesting point on the law of "precatory devises," coupled with the tantalizing knowledge that the frayed copy of "Lewin on Trusts" which would settle the point was back on the second right hand shelf in his Rockport office, now "closed during the war."

"Yes, I remember. 'Omaha Bill' the boys always called him," interrupted Blaine, "and he was always blowing about how much better they did things in the States—out west where I come from, Mister."

"That sounds just like him, and he was rather down on the Allies in this war," Broderick went on, "almost a German sympathizer. Didn't think much of the idea of my enlisting and expressed his opinion quite forcibly."

"But surely that wouldn't make any difference with his will," demurred Blaine comfortably.

"It did though, and he's cut me off without even the proverbial shilling, or dollar, I think it is in New Brunswick."

"Too bad," sympathized Blaine, eyeing the offending document greedily.

"Read it," growled Broderick, pushing it across the table with a savage gesture. Blaine snatched up the document eagerly, and glanced over it with a practised eye.

"Short, sweet and to the point," he remarked pleasantly.

"Everything else but sweet to me," grumbled Broderick. "I wouldn't really care if the money was going to anyone I knew; but the next nearest heir is a fourth cousin in Omaha that I never saw in my life. But read it over and give us the full benefit of knowing how it feels to lose a cool hundred thousand dollars."

"Whereas," read Blaine, "my nephew Arthur Broderick has seen fit to enlist with the Canadian troops for Overseas Service, I hereby will and declare that the said Arthur Broderick shall not



A trolley train doing duty between the various departments of a shell factory.

"You will remember," he read on, "how you couldn't even go away for a week end without the latest copy of the 'Canadian Law Notes,' and that giving up your legal work to enlist was the greatest sacrifice of all. No, my friend—"

He crushed the letter in his brawny hand and glanced across at Broderick who was eagerly pouring over a legal looking document with a familiar red seal "set like a sun in the margin."

It looked so much like old times that, notwithstanding the disappointment which had just come to him with such crushing and unexpected force, he found himself longing to finger this tangible reminder of his profession, and hoping that Broderick would discuss its contents with him. Broderick however, gave indication of sharing his interesting find. He finished reading and sat silently scowling at the innocent looking paper.

"Don't that beat H— and Louvain," he exclaimed finally.

"What's doing?" queried the other. "You remember me getting the cable the first of last month that Uncle Bill was dead?"

"Yes, and he must be awfully dead by this time," agreed Blaine with a cheerful grin.

"Well, here's a certified copy of his will," exclaimed Broderick, slapping the document on the little table.

"Did he remember you therein?"

"Oh, he remembered me with a vengeance. He had never married, and I was his nearest relative, and a great favorite of his. Always said he was going to leave me his property when he died. He had made his money in the States, though—"

under any circumstances take any part or share of my estate."

"He was bound to make it plain enough," commented Broderick.

"That's all, and it's properly signed and witnessed," concluded Blaine.

"Enough too," declared Broderick gloomily.

"I think you said you were your uncle's heir, so that the property would have gone to you if there had been no will?" queried Blaine.

"Yes, but that does me no good when there is a will."

"Your eccentric uncle has merely given another striking illustration of the established rule that the jolly testator who makes his own will is after all the lawyer's best friend," declared Blaine.

"But he's certainly not my friend," demurred Broderick.

Blaine leaned forward with an alert look of professional zeal on his face and tapped the will lovingly.

"Your uncle has stumbled on one of the most interesting legal points imaginable," he declared with marked enthusiasm.

"Explain," urged Broderick. "I'm a plain bank manager when I'm home and never pretended to know anything about law."

"It is an established principle of the English law," Blaine went on didactically, "that any man may dispose of his own property by will to any person he wishes and may utterly disinherit his heir if he so desires."

"I've just learned that by bitter experience," interrupted Broderick.

"But," continued Blaine eagerly, "it is equally well established that an intention that the heir will not take, although ex-