

time we miss him altogether is when any new and really interesting girl visits Caribou. He has a few permanent stand-bys who seem to receive a certain amount of attention as a matter of course, but he rushes at each newcomer apparently in an investigating spirit, and not infrequently drops her within a week, as if disappointed at the result. He seems to have set up an ideal, and to be looking for it; but if, as I suspect, the ideal is modelled pretty closely after a Miss Gertrude MacMichael that once existed, he might as well give up the search. This world could only produce one of that kind, at least in one generation.

As for me, I'm living the happiest days of my life; at least, of as much of it as I've seen. It's useless for a man to describe his wife to anyone, either man or woman. This moment she is just Kathleen Tyriell, as I first saw her: a tall, stately, blue-eyed girl, with golden-brown hair and a wonderful thrilling rich Irish voice. Perhaps she hasn't the iron nerve that seems peculiar among women to Wilson's wife, and perhaps she is a bit more conventional—more of a woman and less of a girl—but, there! there! it's useless to make comparisons. They're both perfect enough. We've been in London together again, and renewed old acquaintances, and driven home after dances when the grey light was sifting up through St. James's Park from the east, and the big cartloads of green stuff