

"They cannot forget what a big stride you took up the hill of fortune," said Sales. "They will not see that it was done by your own effort, but are always setting it down to favouritism. Jealousy is an affliction of small minds, Patience, and in that respect your mind is very large. Not only are you incapable of the feeling yourself, but you will not see it in others."

"Do they think a new dress makes any difference to me?" she tearfully asked.

"They think the world of you," Sales assured her, patting her on the shoulder in fatherly fashion. "Listen. This is what Margaret May said to me the day she heard you were coming home. 'What a great girl she is! She has the knack of making you feel that you are somebody, and that life is something. I wish I had her grit!'"

Pat flashed him a grateful look.

"Mr. Sales," she exclaimed, "I believe you just live to make people feel 'comfy' inside!"

Webb, looking at Sales narrowly, observed that his nails were biting the palms of his hands till they almost drew blood. But Pat thought him more slow and dull than usual, and wondered if he had any heart at all to be touched by kind words.

By this time a miscellaneous crowd had gathered on the ice. It was perfectly free to the whole town, and there was seldom an hour when it was entirely