

## TALES OF OLD TORONTO

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"I think we must go back now," said Alec, "or that brother of yours will be in pursuit."

Belle kept vigil for hours that night. Many times she went over the small occurrences of that half-hour in the park. Her moment of triumph was there. No matter how scant the glimpse, the gates of Paradise had been opened to her. How gently he had taken her hand! How close he had held her! He had listened to her troubles, so long borne in silence. He thought her pretty. He had wanted to kiss her. He *had* kissed her. Her brain reeled with delight. This man, with fair hair and cool blue eyes were so attractive to her, had laid his lips on hers in that sweet intimacy. After her long starvation and unhappiness she dared not look into the future. She was determined to draw all the available honey from the present.

And then to sit beside one she loved in the soft summer night. Oh, just such nights as those, how often she had longed to be loved! This night had been ideal. There was no moon. The hidden syringas gave forth their perfume enriched by heavy dews. The earth was mysterious with warm and heavy shadows. The elms in the park towered black and lacy against a softly luminous sky, lighted by fewer stars than in winter nights.