

college-friend of mine, and he comes now because it is most convenient to him. I cannot say I regret his coming, for really, dear, two is company and three is none, as the saying runs; and your cousin, though I freely admit she improves vastly on acquaintance, is a little heavy on my hands. As to Jerry's being an artist, I did not make him one, and, if it is any comfort to you, he's a wofully bad one, poor old boy! As to his youth and good looks—well, he's a contemporary of mine, so he is no Methuselah; about his looks I'm sure I can't say anything, you women have such funny ideas on that point; all I know is, he is six feet high, fair, curly-haired, as strong as a horse, and about as honest and reliable. There—if you want to know more, you must wait till you see him! Maude and your beloved aunt must just take things as they come; I cannot cut all my friends for the sake of that old lady and her æsthetic daughter. As far as the man goes, I think Miss Maude might easily do a good deal worse than fall in love with Jerry Foulis."

With this declaration poor anxious Margaret had to be satisfied, for not a word more on the subject was to be got out of Jack. It cannot be said that his silence made the ladies indifferent to the expected visitor; on the contrary, they only seemed to think about him the more, a result which Jack very probably anticipated.

Two days later, he looked up from his breakfast to remark—

"I say, Margaret—Foulis will be here to-day, so that's all right!"—a piece of news that did not make Mrs. Melford more cheerful.

Maude passed that afternoon in her room, on the pretence that the heat affected her; the truth was she was thoroughly cross at the coming of this intruder. Her life during the past week had been so happy that she could not bear to think of any alteration in it; she had a nervous dread that any change must be for the worse. The old friend would probably engross Jack; and, though she had honestly grown very fond of Margaret, she was obliged to confess to herself that he, with his frank *camaraderie* and calm self-respect, was the principal attraction to her at Hillside. Getting tired of her solitude, she went to the window to see if either Jack or his wife were about. As she did so, the gate swung open, and a young man entered. He looked up, and, seeing the pretty face at the window, raised his hat.

"Is that Jerry Foulis, I wonder?" thought Maude. "He is certainly handsome, and looks clever too. How different from poor uncle Ralph's Philis-

tines!"—and, with a half-sigh, for which she should have found it hard to account satisfactorily, she made herself presentable previously to going down.

The stranger was Gerald, who, in the meantime, had entered the house, had unearthed Jack, and had been introduced to Mrs. Melford, with whom he was evidently charmed.

When Maude entered, he appeared much struck, and devoted himself to her during the evening. He was equally attentive subsequently, following her about, waiting on her, singing with her, and taking care of her generally, in a fashion that filled Jack with great, if secret amusement, and caused Mrs. Melford—who, whilst liking her guest immensely, had a feeling of acting treacherously by "aunt Eleanor"—great anxiety.

Maude was obliged to confess to herself that the anticipated disturber of their peace was, in fact, the pleasantest of a very pleasant party, and, if bad as an artist—on which points she had grave doubts—he was unsurpassable as a companion.

The addition to their party made little alteration in their way of life. The morning was spent by Jack and Gerald in the studio, whilst Mrs. Melford saw to her housekeeping, and Maude amused herself as best she could. In the afternoon they all made for the garden, and either lounged about till tea-time, or went on long exploring or pic-nic excursions. Had she been catechised, Maude could not have had failed to admit how completely her interest in Jack was fading away, and how intensely she looked forward to the afternoons and Gerald's companionship.

CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

READERS of THE CRAFTSMAN will learn with deep regret of the death of R. W. Bro. A. J. Cambie, Chief Clerk of the Patent Office at Ottawa, and Past Grand Junior Varden of the Grand Lodge of Canada. Deceased has for a number of years been acting deputy commissioner of patents, and was personally known to a large number of persons who have had dealings with the office, and had many friends, being a painstaking official. He was genial and gentlemanly with all, and was very popular with the Craft at the Capital and wherever known.