

Heavens! is that what she thought him! But no! that shed no light on the parcel. Another search through the catacombs of memory, "The Cloister and the Hearth." Marvellous! Does she know how earnestly he longs to change his cloister for a Hearth (in a manner of speaking). He turned to look into the merry face that to-day had shown no fear of him. She was companionable, sympathetic, charming, restful. They seemed wholly "in touch." What a Hearth theirs would be? His thoughts must have been written on his face, for her's was quickly turned away. "I'm afraid you are a stupid man," she said. "Don't try to think any more. A light may break in later on." The walk continued. "Shall we go up Law's Lane?" he asked. "No, please! I always think Law's Lane is stuffy. We'll go up Durocher St., then across the Common, and up the side of the hill to Friar's Path. I like the upper reaches of Durocher St. I mean to write a poem about it some day. I have two rhymes ready, **Frats and Cats!**" He applauded duly, and conversation proceeded in spasms. They paid perfunctory tribute to the sunset tints, the autumn hues, the exhilaration of the wine-like air. He knew that the next half-hour must decide everything, and gloried. She knew it too, and trembled. As they began the steep ascent with silence all around, she decided to turn and flee, and never see him again. And he decided to lead her to a certain point on the Mountain side, whether his solitary rambles had often taken him, sit down among the ghost-like silver birches, and there secure his Paradise. The point gained they sat them down as he had planned, and Mary, trying to keep Fate at bay, returned to the original subject. "You have not remembered that title yet," she said, holding up her parcel. "Well, I must help you. As I told you, I had an idea, and it was proved correct. Last night Jane was very ill, or she thought she was, and confessed. The day of my luncheon party, she dropped my little jug into the pantry sink, and broke its nose. As soon as I had gone, she scampered off with it to Never Too Late to Mend (Mrs. Faith saw her, you remember) and there it has been ever since. Look, don't you thing the design unusual?" She unwrapped it as she spoke, and the Stupid Man, moving as in a dream, took it from her, and without looking, placed in on the rock beside him. But on a slant, down which it rolled, performing a series of somersaults to the edge of the bank on which they sat. Mary, seeing its peril, quickly leaned forward and caught it, but losing her footing wavered and would have fallen, had not He, remorseful, risen and flung his arms around her, exclaiming, "Darling, are you hurt?" "No, of course not," she replied, staying where she found herself, "And," in tremulous tones, "I saved my poor little jug!"

"And I have saved you," said he boldly "for myself! What a clever little jug it was to 'do **stunts**' just at that moment!"

She could think of nothing wiser to say then "Yes," as she dropped a tear of happiness on the rough tweed shoulder of the Stupid Man.

THE END.

C. VAN H.