

cogent argument that "it stands to reason that when a woman is worn out with a thousand things, there's nothing like a negative existence — still, colourless days with tranquillising surroundings — to bring her through; nothing, in fact, like a cocoon for the recovery of wings."

And when they talk that way, Jack and I are still obliged to avoid each other's eyes. After a first little fling with our friends, we have settled down, and we are really living more quietly, more sanely than in the old days, taking stated times off from social things and getting into the open as much as possible, with sky-spaces for tranquil thinking and stillness in which to possess our souls.

The summer cottage in its garden by the sea is ready for us, its vine-clad veranda fairly blooming itself away in anticipation of our coming, but we delay going this season because we are secretly on a still hunt in town for something very near our hearts; and so, in the cosy evenings now, while Jack knits his brow over some perplexing point in the brief he is trying to write, on his side of the library table, and the canaries drowse in their little cage, one on the