

left no traces. Perhaps he realized that Mrs. Carr had been intended by the discerning fates to be the widowed keeper of a select boarding-house. Her eye alone had marked her out for this. It was a light, blue eye, slightly prominent. The unworthy, the dubious, the soiled, the insolvent shrank from that eye. If the angel who guarded Eden had had an eye like that he would not have needed a drawn sword. This is why the boarding-house was as select as it was comfortable. No doubtful Adam or sinning Eve ever got past Mrs. Carr. No shadiness of any kind had she ever tolerated, no bad debts, no strugglers. Even the attics were tenanted by young gentlemen students of unquestioned solvency.

It was through one of these young gentlemen that David Greig was introduced at Mrs. Carr's. David was now in his fourth university year and it happened that he was temporarily without a boarding-house owing to his last landlady having been sold out. David's friend explained this to Mrs. Carr and spoke warmly in his favour as a possible boarder. David was, he declared with enthusiasm, "A good old scout though a bit nutty".

"Nutty?" Mrs. Carr wished to know in what way the young man was nutty.

"Oh, a kind of quiet chap. Not much pep. But the best ever. Messes around a bit—makes things, you know."

"Makes things! In his room?"

"Certainly in his room. He couldn't make 'em on the front veranda, could he?"

Frost spread a film over the prominent blue eyes. Their owner was sorry to turn away any friend of Mr. Fish but it hardly seemed as if this particular friend were entirely suited to a select establishment.

"Better see him anyway!" Mr. Fish was young and persistent. "I'll trot him around to-night."

Trot him around he did and with them trotted Miss Mattie, who had come down to Toronto for this very

purpose. She had gently insisted on having a voice in the choosing of David's new boarding-house, having been completely horrified by the last one. Left to himself she felt sure he would settle down in the first room which displayed a card and whose landlady seemed to need the money. Miss Mattie felt much sympathy for people who needed money but she was determined that they should not acquire it at the expense of David's meals. She had inspected Mrs. Carr's from the outside and she had liked the appearance of its curtains. A housekeeper who kept her curtains crisp and white like that *in the city* must be of the right sort. Nor were grim eyes and frosty aspect sufficient to change this opinion, for these things may belong to accident while crisp curtains belong to character.

"You say that the landlady may object to David's scientific experiments?" she said when David's friend had reported. "Don't worry at all about that. I shall arrange it. A little tact is all that is necessary."

The preliminary sparring was brief, for almost at once Miss Mattie had expressed herself as satisfied and asked to be shown the rooms.

Mrs. Carr replied that there were no rooms. There was one room only. A vacancy of any kind was most unusual.

"Then we will look at that room," smiled Cousin Mattie.

"I am very particular——".

Miss Mattie waved her hand graciously. "That is why we wish to see the room." She said "If you will be so good——"

Mrs. Carr was so good. She did not seem able to be otherwise. Miss Mattie, in the pursuit of David's comfort, was something in the nature of an irresistible force. The vacant room was displayed and inspected. It was a large, light room built over the kitchen and looking out on the neatly kept back garden. Miss Mattie sniffed delicately and wondered if the smell of dinner would interfere with David's appetite.