

just past Colebrook Row, Islington. There is no towing path 'neath this Hades-like tunnel, and the canal boats are propelled by the bargees lying on their backs on the roofs of the little cabins, and pressing their feet against the arched brickwork above.

Douglas was careful to keep his eyes fixed on his companion. Rookson on the other hand was staring straight in front of him. Suddenly he turned and faced Douglas.

"Now then," he began viciously, "what about Jenny Bassett? You're precious thick with her. What's it mean?"

"You fool. It means nothing. I'm employing Jenny just as I'm employing you."

"Oh, are you? Something more than employment I'll swear. Don't tell me any lies. D've think I don't know you, Bert Douglas? You're playing me a dirty trick over Jenny. You know well enough she's *my* girl. You're trying to rob me of her, you skink. I needn't say any more. You know what you are, and what's more you know that I know too."

"You're talking rot. Jenny's nothing to me."

"What! Didn't I see you and her hobnobbing together this afternoon in the 'Crown and Sceptre'? I didn't expect to find her with you when the slavey told me I might see you at the pub, but I wasn't surprised. I've been shadowing you two for a week and more. I've seen you kiss her at parting. I've seen —"

"Shut up, don't be an ass. Where's the harm? A girl doesn't mind a kiss."

"What about the man she belongs to? Doesn't