

Donovan knew it. At the word "dispensation," Mr. Archland looked interested and asked :

"Pray, what is a dispensation, if I may enquire?"

Somewhat taken aback, for he had not meant to start an enquiry class, Donovan explained.

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Archland. "Then this fasting is a law among Catholics, eh? I had an idea it was merely a custom."

While he was speaking, the waitress had returned and now placed his and Flanagan's dinner on the table. The latter drew his plate over and began to eat in sullen silence. He was not very clever, but something in the Nova Scotian's glance told him that there had been a motive under the apparently careless speech and a feeling of impotent rage took possession of him. To make matters worse, Mr. Archland kept up a desultory conversation on various religious questions, and seemed much interested in Donovan's answers, a great deal to that young man's discomfort. It was one thing to make a passing remark, but quite another to go through a cross-examination.

But lunch came to an end at last and the group dispersed.

II

"I say, Phil," exclaimed Gerald, as they walked back to the office together, "you roasted Flanagan pretty brown that time. But who'd think the old man would have followed up the subject the way he did? I thought he'd stump you every minute."

"So did I," was the candid reply. "He very nearly did a couple of times. Wasn't Flanagan in a nice, sweet humor, though?" and Donovan went off into a shout of laughter at the recollection.

"Rather! But keep your eye on him. He won't forget to pay you out, if he gets a chance."

In the mean time, Mr. Archland was reflecting upon what he had heard. He was too keen a man of the world not to have noticed long before the semi-Protestant pose, to coin