

their united voices took up the song. Bel's, though sweet and true within its range, proved too slight an organ to stand the open-air test, and Mark had need to moderate his full-toned alto accordingly, thereby giving an added effect of tenderness to words and music already sufficiently expressive.

And again Lady Forsyth—a most unwilling listener—understood everything far too well. Deliberately she hardened herself against the appeal of the music. For this time she was simply angry—angry as she had never yet been with her son; though, needless to say, she attributed his egregious behaviour entirely to Miss Alison.

"How can he? How dare he!" was the cry of her pained heart. "So unlike him. An insult to Sheila. Flinging his folly in her face."

But Sheila was drawing her finger-tips lightly through the water, watching the effect with that shadowy smile of hers, and to all appearances simply enjoying the song. Almost Lady Forsyth found herself hoping that it was so. In any case, she was thankful when the "exhibition" ended and Maurice's cheerful voice was heard calling out: "Your turn, Miss Videlle! Can't you give us a music-hall masterpiece by way of diversion?"

But Miss Videlle disowned all knowledge of masterpieces, music-hall or otherwise, and Maurice himself came nobly to the rescue.

"I'm not up to Mark's style; but I'm top-hole at genuine Harry Lauders," he volunteered with becoming modesty. "And as you're all so pressing, it would be ungracious to hide my light under a bushel."

"Good egg!" sang out Ralph from the second boat. "Give us 'Roamin' in the Gloamin'.'"

And Maurice, with a grin at Mark over Miss Videlle's shoulder, proceeded to give it for all he was worth, in the broadest of broad Scotch. But Mark was in no mood to see the joke of a performance