

THE LIFTED VEIL

name: "Sir Malcolm Grant." In the lower left-hand corner there was a further inscription, "Montreal," with a number to indicate a house in Sherbrooke Street.

The name and address drove all thought of Bainbridge's sermon from his mind. "He must want to be married," was the only explanation of the visit he could think of, while he directed Mrs. Wedlock to conduct the stranger from the adjoining room.

The new-comer proved to be a handsome man, very correctly dressed, perhaps in the early forties, and therefore some ten years senior to Bainbridge himself. Over six feet in height, with proportionate breadth of shoulder, he brought with him suggestions of the club, the race-course, and, as Bainbridge was to learn, the bank. With a fair mustache which did not conceal a good-humored mouth, with a fair imperial on a dimpled chin, with small blue eyes that twinkled and glinted when he spoke or when any one spoke to him, his expression was less of inexperience than of long-persisting boyishness. In contrast to Bainbridge, who was of no more than the middle height, slender, clean-shaven, and ascetic, he was as the flesh face to face with the soul. It was, however, the flesh with no stamp of evil on its comeliness, and much to commend its good looks. Toil had left no mark on it, nor suffering, nor reflection, nor excess. Its sensuousness was of the Anglo-Saxon brand, clean and sympathetic. A critic bound to find fault might have compared the man to a magnificent building, full of empty, swept, and garished rooms which had never as yet sheltered anything.

Between two men so obviously of the same traditions the greeting was without awkwardness. They did not immediately sit down, for the Canadian handed to Bainbridge an envelope sealed, but without address.