

had been a fatal mistake, fostering in him all that was puny and despicable in his nature. After four years at Harrow he returned to Halliwell despising trade and openly avowing his contempt for the mill which had provided the wherewithal to make him a gentleman.

Walter Bremner was the most sensible of men. No sooner did he observe these unmistakable signs in his son than he set himself to curb, and if possible to destroy, them. He had always destined him for the business; to this end he now caused him to enter it upon the lowest rung. He told him that he must learn it in all its practical details, and that from his decision there could be no appeal. Laurence exhibited sulkiness, but obeyed. How he loathed it no one knew. Perhaps it was a mistake, but Walter Bremner did it for the best. He was devoid of that most despicable form of pride himself, and the knowledge of it in his boy galled him inexpressibly. It had been his hope that Laurence would grow up to be a comfort to him, to take the responsibility off his shoulders, so that one day he would be able to retire, perhaps, to a little Mayfair house in the season, and some yet-to-be discovered retreat in winter; but, alas! all these hopes had been dashed to the ground. It seemed to him that from the time Laurence entered Halliwell Mills trouble began.

It was very soon evident that Laurence Bremner would not be so successful in his relations with the men as his father had been. He lacked the fine, open, frank manner which won their confidence and liking, as well as that indescribable dignity which commanded their respect. A man who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow was in the eyes of

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