

canary-coloured wash-leather gloves. This done he picked up a light cane, heavily adorned with yellow metal and, Mrs. Bindle having temporarily left the mirror, he placed himself before it.

"Personally myself," he remarked, "I don't see that Charlie'll 'ave a sportin' chance to-day. Lord! I pays for dressin'," he remarked, popping quickly aside as Mrs. Bindle bore down upon him. "You ought to be a proud woman to-day, Mrs. B.," he continued. "There's many a fair 'eart wot'll flutter as I walks up the aisle." Mrs. Bindle's head, however, was enveloped in the folds of her skirt, which she was endeavouring to assume without rumpling her hair.

"Ah! Mrs. B.," Bindle said reprovingly, "late again, late again!" He proceeded to bite off the end of a cigar which he lit.

"Don't smoke that cigar," snapped Mrs. Bindle.

"Not smoke a cigar at a weddin'!" exclaimed Bindle incredulously. "Then if you can't smoke a cigar at a weddin', when the 'ell can you smoke one."

"Don't you use those words at me," retorted Mrs. Bindle. "If you smoke you'll smell of smoke in the chapel."

"The only smell I ever smelt in that chapel is its own smell, and that ain't a pleasant one. Any'ow, I'll put it out before I gets to the door. I'm jest goin' to 'op round to see Millikins."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," cried Mrs.