

sible reason for his coming. For who can discover the true motive of one's own or another's actions?

The ostensible reason, however, was recalled to his mind by the alert and penetrating Mrs. Faith, who had followed him quickly, but not too closely, into the enchanted presence. "Well, Mary! Where's the superior jug we were asked to meet? This is the same pottering old pot your brother has had all his life." Mary, only too glad of this descent into the normal, apologised for the absence of what might be called the "*raison d'être*." It had gone and left no trace. No note of explanation was found in its vacant place, no dishonourable secrets come to light accounted for its flight. I questioned Jane tactfully but gained nothing. She was very peculiar about it. She vowed she had never so much as clapped eyes on it since the day I gave a luncheon for certain high officials of the R.V.C., and mentioned something about **them** professor ladies taking a **mortal** fancy to it. I think she wants them searched! That (turning a flushing face to Him) was the day of tea with you." Mrs. Faith stared fixedly at the table during this recital, then a light of intelligence broke over her face, but her thoughts were not imparted. "Um! I must say I am disappointed! Give me my money back! Fancy coming here only to meet 'old Solomon' again, instead of an agile piece of porcelain, or delf is it? that bows to the company, and stands on its spout without spilling anything. Say, Mary! what stunts can it do?" "None," said Mary, dejectedly. "But it has an original air, and is the best balanced jug I know. Nothing upsets it." ("I wish I could say as much for myself," she thought.—) "Well, we will not be balked," said He, with decision. "We must persevere in coming until we see it." ("And if it gives me an excuse for coming often I shall believe in its cleverness indeed," this inwardly.)

The next afternoon, clear and bracing, He, walking briskly in an easterly direction met Her, a small parcel in her hand, going westward. The clock over Birks' door opposite to which they stood (for they stopped) pointed to four or thereabouts. The clock in the Cathedral spire struck something, presumably also four or thereabouts. "Just the time and the day for a walk," quoth he. "Let us turn up Union Avenue, and try to catch the sunset glow from Fletcher's Field." And she had neither the will nor the wish to refuse. "Let me carry your parcel." (Last year a girl might have been bowed down with parcels and he would not have known it.) "Oh, no thank you, it's far too precious. What do you think it is?" Mrs. Faith would have known a block away, but the Stupid Man did not waste his imagination on parcels. "I can't guess. 'But—brilliantly—" "I know it is not a hat!" "Ah!" said she, "your brains are bright indeed! I shall give you a clue. Yesterday after you had gone I had an idea. It came to me with the name of one of Charles Reade's novels. **Now** do you know?" Charles Reade's novels, how long was it since he had read one. He thought hard and from a far away cell produced, "A Woman Hater." Good