

her place as a society leader with a brilliance and tact which had earned the commendation of even her exacting husband. What was going wrong in the Waring household? Or was it all imagination and Aunt Dolly's look of concern summarised by the weather in relation to a change to lighter flannels?

Certainly when it came to considering his uncle's political record there was always the Rives case to fall back upon, to cast a halo about the Honorable Milton's head. The Rives case had provided a sensational aftermath to a strenuous election campaign which had resulted in the complete overthrow of the former government. The "Honorable" Harrington Rives with his large head and bushy shock of black curls had been a picturesque figure on the rostrums of the country districts. He took a good photo—and knew it! It was displayed in every conceivable pose in the newspapers and fought the weather on the side of many a livery barn long after the "Grand Rally" with its crop of cheer-strained throats was a thing of the past. His ability as a stump speaker and his hail-fellow-well-met-and-how's-the-baby way of mixing with the crowd had popularized him to the bamboozlement of his admirers. So that in election forecasts his seat in the Legislature always had headed the list at party headquarters, while in the opposition camp it had been chalked up as "election conceded."

But as is the law of it, there cometh a day