

the blue waters of the St. Lawrence, and the funnels of the ocean steamships.

Still there came up to him the music of the children's voices. The cool breeze crept in and tossed the hair, and smoothed out the lines on his forehead. Even the lines about his mouth relaxed and he threw back his arms with a long breath of relief.

Somewhere from the past came to him the memory of another garden, an old-fashioned garden, with hollyhocks and sweet-williams and pinks, where he played as a boy. Every corner of that old garden had been a fairyland to him. Now, even when he stood in beautiful gardens, there was always business, business, business, ringing in his brain.

He put out his hand and ran it thoughtfully along the stem of the vine that had grown up by the window. The vine grew so slowly, so surely, so perfectly. It did not warp itself by reaching out to catch more rain than nature intended for it.

But with him there were stocks and loans, and investments and speculations, political interests and civic interests; society demands, long days and short nights; and a horizon extending to the bounds of his own office, and a few other offices on St. James and Notre Dame streets.

Again a whiff from the flowers in the garden came up to him and he leans out of the window and looks down into it. A little brown-haired girl is standing just below.