

if I *saved* you, why of course you *must* have been in *danger*, Dear?"

She saw that he had the best of the argument, forgetting that he had talked otherwise at the time, so she replied in a perfectly relevant way:

"It all seems so wonderfully long ago, Jim! And it's *only four days!* And now tell me really and truly, Dear. *Where* was the first time you really loved and wanted me?"

And Jimmy replied with perfect truthfulness:

"The night you sent me away, down the steps of the Roman House." And she said:

"I'm so sorry! I'll never forgive myself—never! But you *have* forgiven me, *quite*, haven't you?"

So he forgave her again, but his style of forgiving was inaudible in a Record of Romance.

* * *

It was only yesterday while I was at Jimmy's rooms, (where he is packing up, preparatory to his honeymoon to Devon) and where I was admiring the Trophy Cup, which now stood the piece de resistance in the centre of a score of other trophies of Jimmy's prowess,—that a maid ushered in an expressman with a box, addressed to *Sir James Carew, Bart*, and lettered *This Side Up With Care*.

It was a stout enough box, containing undoubtedly a wedding present, I surmised. And Sir James Carew, Bart, had to get a hammer and a chisel, and a regular combination carpenter's and burglar's outfit, before he could get next to the lining, which proved to be of zinc. And after that there was stout brown paper, and then more paper, and then some; and at last—Jimmy was in a perfect fever of impatience and curiosity by this time, and I felt that I was catching it—at last he came to the pearl, the prize package, within.

"*Hell!*" was all Jimmy said.

For 'it' was *the olive-green trousers*—again.

There was a nice, neatly-written little card attached to them, which read: "Found in the St. Lawrence River, somewhere between Gannanock and Ogdensburg. The finder, having no use for them, returns them to the owner, whose name is on the band."

"I see the fine Italian hand of Charles Stevens, with a dash of the Duchess's and Gannon's thrown in!" Jimmy said grimly, as he threw the olive-greens at me.

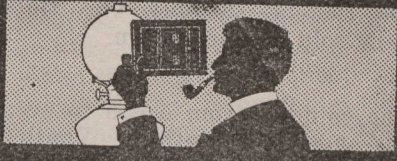
Jimmy said you couldn't lose those trousers, no matter how hard you tried to, and *he* wasn't going to try again. He said he was going to hang on to them now, so they couldn't be lost and sent back to him again by any one, though *may be* perversely they would get lost on account of his trying to hang on to them now. But he said he believed that nothing short of a Cataclysm—though he wasn't sure what a Cataclysm

was—or the Bottom of the Universe Falling Out, or Kingdom Come Has Come—could put those olive-greens out of business, he said. So he put them on a pair of wire stretchers, and hung them up, with a Beautiful London Roll, and underneath he placed the inscription:

Always Turning Up At

THE END.

"Why," said the young lady, who was watching a game of golf for the first time, "is the man with the club shouting 'fore'?" Her companion, another lady, answered, "I suppose that is the number of times he has missed the ball. And doesn't he seem annoyed over it too!"



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