

before she sank into a sound sleep, and it seemed the middle of the night when the housemaid came with her morning cup of tea.

The hurried breakfast was soon over and the good-byes said. Canon Leigh, who was aware of Lady Mary's old-fashioned notions, had fully intended from the first to accompany Joan to Charing Cross. But he said nothing to her until he took his place in the compartment.

'Oh, Heath,' she exclaimed in distress, 'the idea of putting yourself out in this way for me!'

'I am not putting myself out in the least,' he returned coolly. 'As soon as I have seen you safely with your friends and have settled about your luggage, I am going to the S.P.G. for those books I wanted, and then on to the Army and Navy Stores. I have quite a formidable list to work off. And if there is time, I shall interview my tailor. You know I am always rather glad of an excuse for spending a day in town.' And as Joan knew this was the truth, she said no more.

Lord Merriton, who was always punctual, was on the platform, and Dorothy was waving from a cab window. Joan had hardly time to bid her brother good-bye before she was hurried into the vehicle and the order given to drive as fast as possible to Madame Flaubert's. Lord Merriton was always fussy on these occasions, but Dorothy assured her privately that they had ample time. Joan was fitted and everything settled before Lord Merriton turned up again to escort them to the restaurant. But Joan, who had small appetite for her luncheon, was glad when it was over and they were on their way to Waterloo.

'There, didn't I tell you so?' remarked Dorothy