

very keen to see—er—us all, and to hear how the 'At Home' went off yesterday. Er—er—that her aunt came home very unwell last night and is going to Europe the day after to-morrow by doctor's orders. Er—er—that she cannot understand what has happened to her uncle—that he is so awfully good and kind to her—and has told her that he is very sorry for what has occurred—er—that he thinks me—I mean us—a very fine fellow. She says that he seems to be getting quite an old man."

"And they are to be here at six," interrupted Mrs. McMucker.

"Half-past five," said Harry. . . . "You wretch!"

"Think of Gladstone Mortimer saying he was sorry," remarked Mrs. McMucker. "He must indeed be greatly changed."

"Yes, poor old boy," said the Commandant. "Do you know I feel very sorry for him. After all we are more or less what our wives make us."

"Hear! Hear!" cried Mrs. McMucker mockingly.

"That is if we allow them to have anything to do with it, Harry," explained the Commandant with great solemnity. "If you find Ethel playing practical jokes on the wife of the chief civilian in your district, take a lesson from our experience here and stop her at once."

"I will," promised Harry fervently.