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They call me Bob • Robert Campbell, he replied. Mary looked at him keenly. On his coat was what had once been a ribbon, probably some decoration received for military service. Mary's observant eye was quick to notice it. She touched it as she asked: "That means decoration in the war, doesn't it?" "The Military Cross," he answered. "Got it at Vimy." Mary flashed him a smile. "Of course, you'll come up for dinner?" and without waiting for his answer she turned to her father and Simpson, "Father," she said, "Mr. Campbell, M.C., has consented to honour us with his presence at dinner." The old Captain was somewhat taken aback. Knowing, however, by previous experience that Mary will have her way, he made a virtue of necessity and smilingly shook hands with the stranger. He then introduced Simpson, who ignored the proffered hand and nodded curdly. Dinner was over and Mary, serving the tea, turned to Simpson with: "Marty, couldn't you put Mr. Campbell to work on your boat?" The gentleman so addressed did not appear over pleased at the request, but not being able very well to refuse he said grudgingly to the newcomer: "I'll try you out, and you can sleep down at the bunkhouse." "Mr. Campbell's going to stop at our house, isn't he, Father?" Her father started to protest, but was doomed from the start. Mary always got her own way, so what was the use? Mary was determined to make her guest thoroughly at home and promising him a shave and clean-up, she led the way to the kitchen. While she busied herself getting the necessary implements. Bob was regarding her thoughtfully. He felt touched by her kindness, and she, looking up suddenly to encounter his earnest gaze, blushed confusedly. As Mary returned to the dining room, Simpson and the captain were in earnest conversation. The former had been vigor-

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