



BY MARTHA W. S. MYERS.

Illustrated by E. B. Vaughan.

COLTON.—At Meadowbanks, April 17th, Robert Everard, beloved husband of Joyce Ferris Colton, aged 38 years.

THIS death notice startled my eyes as I glanced over the newspaper during a dull dinner at the club. Dead! dear old Bob, what a mockery it seemed. I re-read the tiny black notice. *Multum in parvo*, I

thought, how eloquent it is. That soul silenced, that luminous light quenched. My eyes fixed on the simple words; a rush of memories surged through me, they swelled from my heart, they choked, they blinded me. Youth with its boundless hopes, its passionate friendships, its shining shadows rose before me—and dear, dead Bob—the symbol of them all. And now! the end of all things. A breath, and then death. Here it was: the utter futility of human endeavour.

I pushed aside a tempting dish that a moment before had seemed a symbol of life to me. My heart ached; I could not eat. I left the club. What a counterfeit life is! What puppets we are! I was world weary.

Mechanically I walked up the avenue towards my home. That, too, would be lifeless, closed—it was summer, the wife and youngsters were away. Still I walked on. My study would be habitable I knew, and soothing I hoped.

Suddenly turning the corner of the street I hit sharply against a stranger. No! a friend. Dear old Professor Langley—by all that's happy! How we did wring each other's hands! Somebody from the past that lived! Jove, what a relief it was!

"Come home with me, Langley," I said, "a calming weed, a friendly glass and a long talk into the night; you will come?"

So we walked arm and arm up the quiet street.

A turn of the latch, a pressure of that magical light-giving electric button, and we were in warmth and comfort.

I pulled out pipes and cigars, decanters