



Mrs. T. K. McNair

Mrs. T. K. McNair, wife of Mr. T. K. McNair, of Warren Road, Toronto, is a hostess of charm and distinction. She has two sons, Master Kennedy, aged eleven, and Master Billy, aged six. After a portrait by Mr. Kenneth Forbes, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.

# ANNIV

## BY VICT

**A**LTHOUGH Ang  
tomary home-co  
enthusiasm than usu  
faded. By the time o  
tic atmosphere was c  
"Something, or se  
"has hurt the feeling  
appears ready to t  
moment."

After Olga had lef  
myself for the outbu  
"Do you happen  
today?" asked Ang  
calm.

"The date? Why,  
"Well?" Just one  
it was said conveye  
I tried to look ve  
"Getting near C  
ventured.

"Christmas inde  
rose and bubbled o  
"Christmas? Is tha  
our wedding anniv  
any more?"

**S**O THAT was it.  
anniversary had  
explained why I fo  
against the date on  
have printed it mont  
the initials had su  
morning except the  
had tried hard to  
supposed to do in  
auxiliary but finally

Meanwhile Angel  
ably high verbal c  
minute, I should im

It appeared, judg  
husband who forgot  
*ipso facto*, a loose,  
reprobate.

I had undoubted  
saw nothing to be g  
unpretentious but s  
strategy I decided  
attack.

"Come, come, no  
comeish manner, "  
moment that I actu  
versary?"

I fancied I got  
astonishment and r  
My unexpected r  
tarily wordless.

momentarily, I hur  
"Forgotten our w  
a faint laugh to inc  
notion, "Why, I w  
my own name."

"Then why didn'  
—or do something?

**T**HIS was one o  
to be answered  
is lost—when he is  
"Well you see,"  
pretending I had f  
my little surprise a

