

## CHAPTER XXII.

### *SHE WAITS FOR US.*

EARLY next morning Evan was at Henty's hotel. "A. P.," he said, "all aboard for Hometon."

The old man looked up.

"Take him with you if you like, Mr. Nelson," he said; "but mind you bring him back, and come along yourself. I've got a cook down home I want you to taste."

Evan accepted the invitation and expressed hope that the cook was not from Western Canada. A. P. jumped into his clothes.

"I'm ready," he said, soon; "have I time for breakfast?"

"No; get a banana on the way down town. Our folks will meet us at Union Station."

They missed the Teeswater train, in spite of their hurrying, or, perhaps, on account of their hurrying; and had to wait for the Owen Sound.

"You couldn't guess who went out on the first train, Evan," whispered Lou, looking wise.

"Frankie and Porter, I imagine," replied Evan, casually.

"How did you know?"

"Met Perry last night," answered the brother, briefly. "What are you looking so queer about, Sis?"