

They found a corner in the detention shed, which was dreary though warm, and there Michael allowed the little woman to weep undisturbed on his shoulder, the while gulping down his own bitter sobs.

"Christmas eve," he thought, "and he and Janet were like two beggars cast upon the world." His mind refused to act and for the moment he gave way to morbid depression.

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"I say Tyne, what'll we do now?" questioned a tall man in company with two other men, as the three sauntered by the brilliantly lit uptown Christmas windows.

"I'd like to go down to the wharves a bit. The Monarch is just in, and I've something I want to look after. Then we'll come back and do anything you like," answered Terry Tyne.

"Very good, come along then," acquiesced the first speaker. And the three arm in arm trudged merrily toward the wharves. Tyne had just returned to Halifax after a long absence and the three were renewing acquaintance. As they arrived at the docks they met an official of whom Tyne asked information.

"I say," questioned the tall man, "can't Creighton and I take a run through the customs or detention and such like places while Tyne is doing his business?"

"Sure; go through that door and ask for a special permit," answered the official.

A few minutes later the tall man and Creighton were poking about the different sheds. Tyne was to catch up to them where he could. As they entered the detention shed the officer in charge explained the situation of the occupants of the place.

"To be deported are they—poor beggars. But what do you suppose ever possessed that old couple to come to Canada?" asked the tall man.

"Lord only knows," answered the man in charge; "we get a bunch of 'em by every boat."

"Let's wait here for Tyne," suggested Creighton.

"Very good; he will likely be here in a minute," answered the tall man.

"It's rattling good to see you again, old man. And when Tyne wrote me he was coming through to Halifax on his way home, it was sheer good luck that gave me a chance to come down from St. John with him, and be able to spend Christmas with both of you, and see Tyne off on the Monarch. I'd jolly like to be going with him."

"Tyne has done pretty well for himself out here, hasn't he?" asked Creighton, with all the new-world anxiety for the flesh-pots.

"Jolly well, I can tell you. Has been up in Cobalt for ever so long and struck it rich. He is on his way home now to bring out his father and mother, if they will come. Oh, there you are Tyne! Ready to go?" as Tyne's well built form came quickly toward them.

"Have you seen all you wanted? Only a few people in here tonight; poor beggars, it's too bad. But it is a part of the excellent system of the Government, and nothing else can be done for them. But by jove! I'd hate to have anyone belonging to me come out steerage," said Tyne as the party turned to leave the place.

Something in his voice caught Janet Tyne's ear and she looked up eagerly. But the light was behind him and she recognized nothing familiar in the great-coated man before her. The man, however, stopped in the act of turning away and looked inquisitively at the forlorn looking old couple in the distant corner. Then he stepped a few feet nearer to them. His friends not noticing what he did went on ahead.

"Mother!" The word rang out joyously but bewilderingly.

Then followed a quick rush, a smothered exclamation, and the little woman, half hysterical but intensely happy, was gathered in the strong arms of her stalwart son. Michael in a dazed manner patted his boy's arm.

Hurried questions and answers tumbled over one another in rapid succession, and in a short time all the difficulties were settled. The official apolo-