

it possible that after travelling all these hundreds and thousands of miles he should actually fail to see Sybil Jessop? His common sense told him it was not only possible, but highly probable. But still he buoyed himself up with hopes

steamer on which he was about to ship lying alongside the wharf. She was being busily loaded, and already a sort of simmering smoke was rippling from her funnels.

But there was another steamer nearer



“IS IT REALLY YOU?”

and fantastic dreams. Only just what happened he had never dreamed of, and was quite unprepared for.

As the train, having completed its journey of 2,906 miles without accident or appreciable delay, ran into Vancouver Depôt, the first thing that caught the eye of the young engineer was the great

at hand, and this, they told Tom, was the local boat for Victoria, which awaited the arrival of the daily train from the West.

Some passengers were already going on board, and among them Tom noticed several well-dressed ladies. One of these specially attracted his attention.