

copies from the Emigration Office. It tells you all about the climate, and there are pictures."

"No thank you! Your graphic description makes the book quite superfluous!"

"You know," Alberta said appealingly, dropping the defiant attitude and turning nice, enthusiastic grey eyes on the Captain's cross face,—"you know, my *name's* Alberta! How can I help wanting to go there? And it's such a big, new, wonderful country!"

"And you are such a young, inexperienced lot of youngsters! Have you thought how poor Aunt Mary is going to keep warm in winter? Even your gospel here admits that the temperature does sometimes fall to thirty below."

"Yes, and if you read on, you'll see that you don't *feel* the cold on account of the altitude. And, of course, in severe weather, she wouldn't go out. The houses are warmed, it says."

Kingsway glanced at the fire.

"Listen! 'By means of the most modern system of hot-air shafts, rooms may be maintained at an even temperature winter and summer alike at a minimum expenditure.' There's a lot more about the climate. It's awfully interesting. This is the *Sunshine Clarion Publicity Number*, which the lawyer sent. See, here's a picture of one of the houses. That will give you an idea of the sort of thing."

"Did you ever reflect what a nice photograph your hen-house would make?" asked the Captain, à propos of nothing.

"Oh, and you can get over fifty cents a dozen for fresh eggs nearly all the year round. There'd be