

shivered a bit and closed his eyes apprehensively. Travelling was new to him, and the Christmas thought had entered his soul. Remembrance of other Christmas eves crowded fast before him. Never before had he and Janet been cold and uncomfortable on that night. His retrospections wandered idly on till they were rudely interrupted.

"Stand in line there, please," sounded a voice, and the two old people were jostled and pushed into some sort of arrangement with those about them, and there waited patiently for the physician. When he came he examined their eyes closely for signs of trachoma, then put queer hieroglyphics on Janet's shawl and Michael's coat. New immigration regulations had just been received from headquarters, and every inspector, doctor and officer in charge seemed bent on enforcing every rule most rigidly. They were then directed to a long cosmopolitan line of immigrants from Asiatic countries, and there waited to be measured and checked off the Monarch's lists. It was a very long time to wait, and the two old bodies clung close together in sympathetic loneliness.

"The children will have done singing the carols by now, won't they, Michael?" asked Janet wistfully, and shifting from one tired foot to the other.

"Aye, they will that. I wish we were with Terry; I'm powerful tired," drearily answered Michael.

"Hark the angel voices sing,
Glory to the new-born King."

Janet tried to hum the words softly to herself, but her voice failed, so she whispered them slowly. Suddenly she heard some one speaking.

"Michael Tyne. Able to read; yes. Height five feet three inches. Holborn, England. Steamship Monarch." The inspector reeled off the questions almost before Michael recovered his breath from the first one. "How much money have you got?"

Michael dropped Janet's shaking fingers, unbuttoned his thin coat and fumbled in his trouser's pockets, then brought forth a rusty black purse. Five dollars,

five more, two and two, and three one-dollar bills and some change—seventeen dollars and fifty cents, quite a pile; surely that was enough.

"Any friends in Canada?" asked the inspector.

"Yes," quavered Michael.

"Where?"

"Montreal."

"Um—big place that—got their address?" The unsteadiness in Michael's voice made the inspector suspicious.

"No."

"Sure they are there?"

"No-o sir," answered Michael, to whom the strange faces and surroundings danced in a mad whirl and made him uncertain of anything.

"I see. Deportation shed. Michael Tyne detained and to be deported at the expense of the Monarch on account of lack of money," sang out the inspector, and passed on to Janet.

"Janet Tyne—um—wife of Michael, I suppose; and in the same condition as to cash. Janet Tyne to be detained and deported at the expense of the Monarch for lack of money."

"But sir, we had forty pounds when we left Liverpool, and—and—it was stolen on board the ship," spoke Janet in desperation.

"Did you speak to the officer in charge about it?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"We—we didn't like——"

"Same story ma'am, we've heard it before. Step lively, please."

The two old people, hand in hand, followed several other unfortunates toward the detention shed. On every side of them other steerage passengers were answering satisfactorily to all questions, then picking up their numerous bundles whisked out of sight. The tears rolled softly among the wrinkles of Janet's face and the sobs would not be controlled.

"Whist woman," commanded Michael, through set teeth; his eyes blinking defiantly at this cold new world. "Oh, I can't," wailed the tired little woman, her body bent more than ever with this added burden. Under her was Terry's land, he was here somewhere, sick and needing her; and they were to be deported.