

even now on her honeymoon in California, while Jessica was away at a training-college in Victoria, and was expected home for vacation in about a week.

There was only Delia at home with Marion, but Mme Delarey was spending the summer with them, and they had a vigorous English girl living with them as a help, for the work of house and farm was far too much for Marion and Delia, especially at this time of the year, when so many things out-of-doors were calling for attention.

Gertrude's marriage had been almost a calamity to Marion, who felt as if she would never be happy again with the capable elder sister away.

Gertrude's home, for the present at least, was to be in New Westminster, for Tom was a rising architect now, and likely to go high in his profession. The thousand dollars which had been duly paid to him from the estate of Joseph Amoyne for news of Douglas had proved the stepping-stone to fortune for him, and on the strength of it he had dared to ask Gertrude to marry him. It is doubtful whether he would have summoned courage to aspire so greatly had it not been for the remembrance of the look of welcome in her eyes when she had stepped into his mother's sitting-room and greeted him as the cousin whom she supposed was to inherit Uncle Joseph's money.

It had amazed Tom then that anyone could look a welcome like that who stood to lose as much as Gertrude and her sisters; and the knowledge that one woman at least of his acquaintance preferred friendship to money had made him desire from that woman the love that money could not buy.

No need to ask if Gertrude was happy. All unconsciously to herself she had made a hero of the man whom she supposed to be her missing cousin, and from hero-worship to love is a step so small that even the most timid may not stumble in taking it.