

had fallen, it appeared, on good soil, for both youths were by now in a state of seething indignation, contrasting their present poorly paid lot with Alberta's bright vision of the Canadian West.

"I'll look out, and write as soon as I get places for you," she promised. "Try to save your money, and get your kit ready, so as to waste no time."

"We will that, Miss Alberta," promised the youths fervently. Their faces glowed with the rare hope of the Promised Land. Over their shoulders—aye, a good six inches over—a lean, glum face looked inquiringly.

Alberta started.

"Oh, good-bye! Good-bye!" she cried penitently. The would-be emigrants faded into oblivion. She had hardly realised in the excitement that this was really a permanent good-bye. The Captain's rueful countenance brought it home to her.

"I didn't see you before," she said regretfully. "I wish you didn't look so sorry—as if we weren't going to have the time of our lives!"

"I'm coming along to Liverpool, to see you all off. Is there room?"

Everybody made room with acclamation. The compartment was already full enough for comfort, with six human passengers, one dog, a canary in a cage and a cat in a box, besides a number of inanimate packages, considered by their various owners too precious to be allowed out of sight.

Aunt Mary dried her eyes and waved a last good-bye to the Mothers, the boys shouted an uproarious farewell to a few friends on the platform, and Alberta, who was sitting opposite the Captain, who was sandwiched