

not come off second-best. The wolf was worrying one of the Bryants' sheep, but it was Bruno which worried the wolf in the end, although the tussle was so severe that Bruno had been forced to retire on an old-age pension, and leave the duty of guard to another and younger dog. Of course this was a bitter humiliation; but, like other hard things, it had its compensations. He was able to go out with Marion nowadays instead of having to stick at home to warn intruders away. With so many strangers encamping on the shores of the bay there were always people coming to the house on one pretext or another, so that the work of guard was doubled and trebled from the old days when a stranger a week was the ordinary allowance in summer, while in winter a whole month would go by without anyone out of the ordinary coming along.

It was not only on the shore and at The Welcome Home that changes had been in progress: the difference at the factory was more remarkable still. The original farm-house had grown far too small for the work which had to be done, and a brand-new building had been put up and fitted with the most up-to-date machinery which could be bought for money. They had automatic weighers now, and weird machines which took the golden butter, pinching and prodding it into shape. Other machines turned it about here and flung it there, until the finished product was among the best which the markets of the Dominion produced. Here again it was capital which had helped development, and the money which Joseph Amoyne had gathered was being used to help a struggling people to get their produce on the market in the best-possible fashion.

Although it was Gertrude who had planned the factory, and helped its growth into a paying concern with labour as well as money, she was out of it now, having taken to a new vocation which seemed likely to last her a lifetime. She had married Tom Bryant just a month ago, and was