

up the plan that the lawyer sent, and it shows that the town is twice as big as this dead-alive old place."

She glanced disapprovingly out of the window, down the steep High Street with its grey old church and its new Carnegie library, and the little bustle round the station steps where the milk-floats were drawn up for the evening train.

"Look at it," said Alberta. "What is there in that?"

"Yes, look at it," answered Kingsway hotly. "Before you've been in Sunshine a month you'll be ready to give your ears for a look at it. There's the station. It's really quite nice, you know, to be able to take a train to a hundred and one different points when you want a change. Milk-floats, too—in Sunshine you'll probably have to live on canned milk——"

"I hate milk in any case," said Alberta.

"Then there's the church where you've gone ever since you can remember—where you can't go but you see scores of people who have known you all your lives—people who knew your parents—and who care for you——"

"But that's just it!" broke in Alberta. "We want to see some *new* people. Who cares about having all their friends ready made?"

Captain Kingsway winced, but the light was failing, and Alberta was not watching the effect of her words.

"As for Society, we can't afford to go to the bits of parties there are, even in Craven Bridge. And there seems to be plenty of gaiety in Sunshine, if I cared for