

three days before sailing. Captain Kingsway dropped in that evening. He had in his hand a long parcel, which, after a quick scrutiny, Alberta decided might possibly be a gun that would take in two pieces.

"I wish he wouldn't look so glum," she thought uncomfortably. "But it's awfully nice of him about the gun."

"We want you to promise to come out to the West to see us," she hailed him. "You're getting such an old stay-at-home that you don't realise how easy and safe travelling is nowadays."

Kingsway smiled the quiet smile of a man who goes a little lame from Central African exploring, and carries a scarred face that has looked Death in the face in the Punjab.

"Then you must promise to use this out of respect for an old traveller," he said gravely. "A promise for a promise!"

"I promise," said Alberta gleefully. "Can a duck swim?" She fumbled eagerly at the wrappings. "There'll be any amount of wild life out there," she said.

"Oh, any amount," agreed the Captain. "But, you know, it's not what you see in the water that's really harmful. It's what you don't see that does the mischief."

"There are no crocodiles in Canada," protested Alberta scornfully. "What—whatever is it?"

A dull metal object was in her hand, with a bright silver tap.

"Just a filter—a Berkefeld. An absolute necessity in the place you are going to. They may tell you different, but *I* know."