

"I always said that you were like a hen that has hatched ducklings, Mary," said the candid old-maid friend. "Now that they are actually embarked upon the pond, you must just cluck a few times and forget them. The hen never takes to the water, you know."

But Aunt Mary shared her niece Alberta's objection to good advice.

The stars in their courses fought for the wonderful scheme of emigration. Dear old Tollbar Cottage was suddenly claimed by the Corporation to widen the High Street, and the idea of removing from the house where she had been born and lived all her life was as paralysing to poor Aunt Mary as the young people's project.

"I'll look after everything," announced Alberta. She was as helpful as she was business-like. "In fact, I have it all arranged provisionally already. We must book our berths early to ensure getting good ones, and you will help us to decide what to take, and which of the furniture will have to be sold."

"You will all want new flannels," said Aunt Mary promptly. "Will you pass me Cost & Robinson's list, please, Alberta?"

"It's buried under all the Canada literature in the rocking-chair, Aunty. But we shall need nothing like that, as a matter of fact. The winter is so mild that cattle are left out through the whole year, and outdoor picnics may be enjoyed in the glorious sunshine of Southern Alberta even in the winter months. And it says the houses are warmed. Of course, dear Aunt Mary, *you* would never go out when the weather was really severe; but it never is in Sunshine, because of