

She thought of her first days in Canada. She remembered the wonder, the infinite surprise of that first new country she had seen—the sunshine and the unexpected heat, the intensity of the burning summer days, the queer, unfinished look that gave a sort of zest to life because it made you feel how much there still was left to do, and the soft, slurred Canadian accent all about her. She had roamed to and fro, here, there and everywhere, with a girl friend she had picked up on the boat, and they had explored and made discoveries and wondered and laughed to their hearts' content. Odd, cheap, delicious meals they had had—delicious only because they were odd and different from staid old England. And she saw a picture of the Chinese restaurants and the impassively smiling, slant-eyed waiters . . . and all sorts of other lovely unexpectednesses; and she remembered how they had laughed in the warm Canadian summer sunshine. She thought of it all and she wondered if that girl was really she. Had she laughed like that light-heartedly at nothing just these few years ago? Was it possible?

And then the girl acquaintance had gone on farther—out West, to seek her fortune. And Hetty, left by herself, had turned her thoughts to work and money to live on. And almost at once she had come—here.

She thought of the evening when she had come after the place. She remembered how she had stopped all alone in the street to laugh as she wondered what the aunts at home would think if they could see her tramping along to apply for a