

tracted visits with wealthy relatives and the small demands on even a limited dress allowance of the quiet life at Craven Bridge, Alberta happened to have quite a nice little nest-egg accumulated, as also had young Robin, his being saved, at Aunt Mary's instigation, with the intention of launching him in a profession. It was still intact, as though now twenty years old he had shown no particular leaning to any profession, save that of being a fairly skilful amateur photographer and an enthusiastic nature-student.

He showed himself quite content to spend his time in the diversions Craven Bridge and the country side afforded, and was perhaps the most popular boy in the place. By inclination he was an outdoor lad, but a delicate chest in childhood had inflicted the martyrdom of a reputation of delicacy on his youth, and robbed him of the advantage of a public-school education.

Harrow had given Gerald a high opinion of himself, and it was some disappointment to Aunt Mary when the boy chose to qualify as an architect rather than "slog" for scholarships at the University. However, she recognised that the lad's talent lay more in his fingers and eyes than in his brain, and very willingly put her own savings to his, to pay the premium which was to make an architect of him with a number of letters after his name. At the present time he had least to put into the pool, but the young folks had everything in common, and in the Land of Opportunity Gerald was to be the first to reap a golden harvest.

"We have enough in hand," quoth Alberta, in business-like diction, "to get the house built and to see us through the first winter, with a little over in case