

COMRADES FROM CANADA

CHAPTER I

Terrible News

Robin is standing at the end of the long gallery looking out of the window. He is twelve years old, though he is not big for his age, and I think he is well-named, for there is something very like a robin about his bright brown eyes, his alert bearing, and his friendly ways. People sometimes say he is rather a wonderful little lad to be so cheery and boy-like, seeing that he lives alone in the big old Manor House with a guardian so grave and wrapped up in business as Mr. Trenman, the agent to Sir

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