

16 Comrades from Canada

has become like home to us. Yes, ten years. You do not remember another home at all?"

"No, Uncle Charles," said Robin, his heart beating faster still. "I don't think there could be another home in the world like the Manor."

"But," went on Mr. Trenman, "you have always known it is *not* our home. I have only been a caretaker here for these ten years. Madleton Manor belongs, or rather belonged, to Sir Philip Garaton."

Robin nodded.

"Who went out to Africa. I know, though he has not got a portrait hanging in the gallery. You said he never cared for Madleton. I—I think he must be very stupid."

"Hush, Robin! Two months ago news reached us that Sir Philip was dead—that he had died of fever in Africa whilst elephant-shooting. We did not believe the story. Now it is proved. Sir Philip is dead, and his property, failing other heirs,

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