

now. So I went to the Maple Leaf Cafe and it was all very mysterious. Mike gave me a telegraphic glance which meant: "Hold everything," and he brought me a dish of ice cream and the noon paper. I knew I would have to wait until the other customers had gone.

At last he was free and handed me an envelope, unsealed and addressed "To Whom It May Concern." It contained a testimonial to the character of one Jose Michael Bellagi who had faithfully discharged his duty for the space of three years in a restaurant in Winnipeg. He watched me as I read it, then handed me another one. His method of presenting these testimonials was unique. They came with a circular motion of the arm which was impressive but puzzling. Surely he's about to ask for Elsa's hand in honourable marriage, I thought.

Then Mike spoke.

"It is about Elsa. She is a nice girl. Good girl. Sometime I take her for walk. Just walk. Never did I speak of love. No kiss, even. I lift my hand to God. Do you believe me?"

"I do," I said.

Mike grasped my hand eagerly.

"I did not fool her. I am an honest man. Do you believe me?"

I did, and then again we shook hands.

"Will you tell her no more I come. She must not feel bad. I cannot tell her. You do better. Make her understand. Tell her nice."

"I'll tell her," I said, wondering what had happened. No doubt another girl, and my first thought was of Rosie, but I asked no questions. I did not get a chance to tell Elsa and now here before me were the messengers of gloom, ready to shout it at her. So I stayed in the room. I knew Rosie couldn't hold it long.

"Oh, Elsa," she began, "I got big news. Telegram