

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH. ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1907

FOR Y. M. C. A. IN ST. JOHN

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CHAPTER VI-(Continued.) Martinghoe was lighting his pipe, and

CHAPTER VI--(Continued.)
Martinghoe was lighting his pipe, and the sudden flash in the other's grey eyes passed unnoticed. Strone's voice he was master of. It betrayed notning.
"It will give me much pleasure," he said "When?"
"I won't say for certain." Martingho answered. "You see, Beatrice is fearfull; capricious, and if I fixed a date and told her she certainnly-wouldn't come. We'nt take you by surprise some day."
Strone's face fell, but he made no re-mark. At the gate he left Martinghoe, and by chance chose to return through the wood where he had met Milly Wilson, and there, to his amazement, he found here once more, a shabby old bicycle by here side, reading diligently.
She sprang to her feet as he approach ed; the book dropped from her hand. There was no doubt whatever as to her prettiness, The pink flush in her checked was charming. Strone, who had lately now and then developed strange fits of loncliness, was honestly glad to see her." "Wen eyou coming to see me?" he asket she shook her head shyly.
"No. I've been here lots of times late fy. Louie-that's my other sister-she' bad, and I ride her bicycle." "Thanks for the wallflowers," he said. "Will you come and have some tea?" "May 12" she asked eagerly. "I'd just ave to?"

"Will you come and have some tea?" "May I?" she asked eagerly. "I'd just Nove to!" "In the abstract," she murmured, "it must be delightful. Yet it always seems

cannot imagine where your cottage is hid-den. Is it much farther?" "You can see the outside from the gate

"In the abstract," she murmured, "it "Of course!" "He picked up her book. It was a little rolume of Tennyson. "Hullo! Are you taking to poetry?" he raclaimed. She looked a triffe shamefaced.

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sorry I came. I'm sorry I ever saw you. hedge which sheltered the vicarage I'm off!"

TO BE STARTED AT ONCE

sorry I came. I'm sorry I ever saw yon in off."
sorry I came. I'm sorry I ever saw yon in form off."
Sorra field with the turf walk, pushing the dusty old bicycle. Strone groaned the road. He reached the iron gates, 18 with the dusty old bicycle. Strone groaned the same sort he same bit is the solution of the same sort is the solution of the solution of

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