

*Tribute cont'd from pg. 13*

alerted William that he had stepped beyond the boundary of their friendship.

"Yes, perhaps that would be just as well. Will I see you at the Horticultural Society meeting tomorrow evening?"

"I expect so."

"Why don't I drive around and call for you and we can go together?" he said with gentle persuasion.

"Until tomorrow evening, then. Give my regrets to Amy."

The kettle that had been whistling quietly in the background throughout much of the conversation had just enough water left for the tea, by the time Hilda hung up the phone. For some reason, not just the obvious one of the note of censure in William's comments, Hilda was agitated by their conversation. Had there been a note of something in his voice, something more than just the possessiveness of long acquaintance. To hasten the tea's steeping, she gave it a stir with a spoon, then took out the tea bags and placed them in the garbage. She was letting her imagination run away with itself, she decided as she poured out a cup and stepped out into the sun porch to relax in a chair and sip it.

By the time Jeremy arrived, she was bathed and feeling much soothed by the bath, and the simple routine of dressing to go out. The conversation with William was placed in the perspective of his having been upset by her not being available to spend the evening with he and Amy, as he had taken for granted she would. It was just as well that Jeremy was disturbing the pattern of her relationship with William. They were each taking the other for granted.

"I thought we would have supper at my place. I do a mean barbecue," Jeremy explained as he helped Hilda into

the car.

"That sounds lovely." Hilda was all enthusiasm, relieved that they would not be running the risk of meeting others of their friends and either have to endure their scrutiny or their company. "It will be enjoyable not to answer questions about where William is. By the way, we almost ended going there for dinner, but instead I am going to the Horticultural meeting with him tomorrow evening."

"As my mother would say, two stings to your bow," Jeremy joked.

"Oh dear, I did sound as I was bragging."

"Not at all. Anyway, let's leave William out of our evening and just enjoy ourselves....We can leave him out can't we. I mean there is no serious attachment there is there?"

"Not in the least. As I told you before, he made a good surrogate host and was a considerate escort."

Jeremy took his hand from the steering wheel and covered her hands folded in her lap. "Not to cause you concern old dear, but at some point in the near future, I'm going to ask you to marry me."

"Whatever for?" Hilda was embarrassed the inanity of her words, but they could not be taken back.

"Because I wanted to marry you years ago and let the chance slip through my fingers. I am not going to let that happen again." Jeremy gave her hands a squeeze then returned his hand to the wheel. "Now then, old dear, how do you like your steak, and do you mind making the salad."

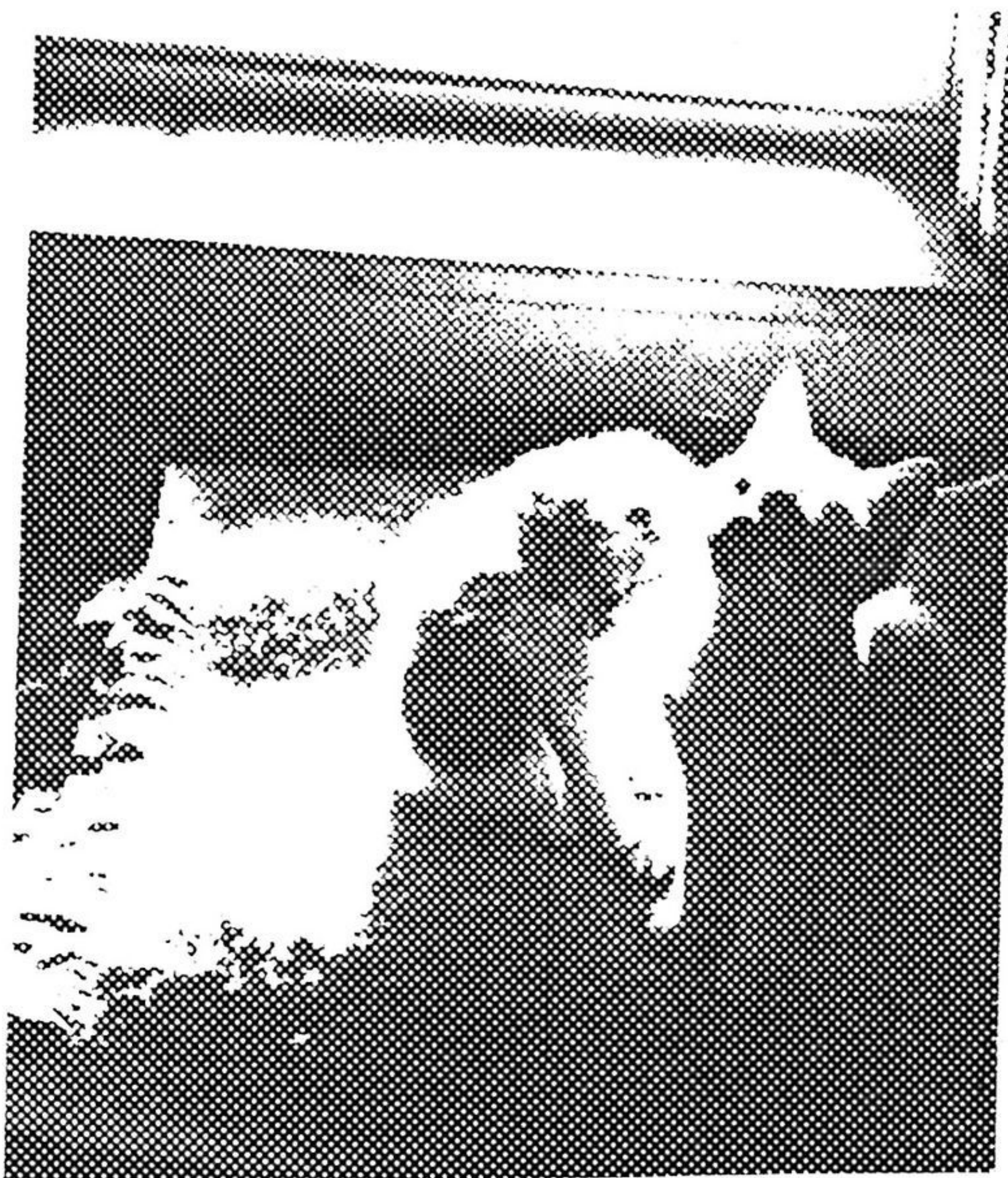
### Watch for Chap 11 in July issue of "Mirror"

#### *Two Young Adventurers SEEK LOVING PEOPLE of similar stripe*

We are two little kittens, needing to move on. Our older friend Toby is getting quite testy when we bight his tail. The little terrier who lives with us thinks of us a small ground hogs and chases us all over the house. What we'd really like is a home together. With people being so busy, they aren't as much company to us as they used to be according to the myths we are told, so we would like another of our kind as company.

We are ready to leave and seek our fortune. We've been eating cat food and using our litter box for some time now, even though we are only 8 weeks old. One of us likes to play and one of us likes to be cuddled, but we both enjoy being petted and made a fuss of. One of us is Beige and white and the other is bright orange and white. We are both of good character (we must be because one of our people is always saying "you little characters get off my desk")

**If you want to know more about us, please call our people at 476-6771.**



Here we are in our favourite spot.

P.S. We like dogs, but we like them better when they are a little older than this silly terrier.