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The Vancouver General hospita has offered a hospital of 1,000 beds at the front to the militia de- take it. He had been so nice to her all partment.

General Sam Hughes, announces that the second Canadian division has landed safely in England and onds they were bowling along and Peg has gone to Shorncliffe.



A Comedy of Youth Founded by Mr. Manners on His Great Play of the Same Title-Illustrations From Photographs of the Play

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She planned all kinds of reprisals upon the unfortunate people she was going among. She would be so rude to them and so unbearable that they would be glad to send her back on the next boat. She schemed out her whole plan of action. She would contradict teered no information. He bought her and disobey and berate and belittle. Nothing they would do would be right to ber, and nothing she would do or say would be right to them. She took infinite pleasure in her plan of campaign. Then, when she was enjoying the pleasure of such resentful dreams, she would think of her father waiting for news of her, of his pride in her, of how much he wanted her to succeed. She would realize how much the parting meant to him, and all her little father to join her in England. All her dreams had her father either centrifugally or centripetally beating through

She refused all advances of friendship been asked to call there and wait. aboard ship. No one dared speak to her. She wanted to be alone in her sorrow. She and Michael would romp on the lower deck by favor of one of the seamen, who would keep a sharp lookout for otticers.

This seaman-O'Farrell by name- doors of the town hall took quite a liking to Peg and the dog and did many little kindly, gracious would not let Michael go with her from She was inconsolable.

to get the dog ashore. He would wrap him up in some sailcloths, and then he would carry Michael outside the trical supplies and fittings, etc., for full gates when the customs authorities had examined her few belongings.

When they reached Liverpool O'Farrell was as good as his word, though many were the anxious moments they had as one or other of the customs officers would eye the suspicious package O'Farrell carried so carelessly under his arm.

At the dock a distinguished looking gentleman came on board and after some considerable difficulty succeeded in locating Peg. He was a well dressed, soft speaking, vigorous man of forty-five. He inspired Peg with an instant dislike by his somewhat authoritative and pompous manner. He in-Hawkes, the legal adviser for the Kingsnorth estate, and at once proceeded to take charge of Peg as a matter of course.

Poor Peg felt ashamed of her poor little bag, containing just a few changes of apparel, and her little paper bundle. She was mortified when she walked down the gangway with the prosperous looking lawyer while extravagantly dressed people with piles of luggage dashed here and there endeavoring to get it examined.

But Mr. Hawkes did not appear to notice Peg's shabbiness. On the contrary, he treated her and her belongings as though she were the most fashionable of fine ladies and ber wardrobe the most complete.

Outside the gates she found O'Farrell waiting for her, with the precious Michael struggling to free himself from his coverings. Hawkes soon had a cab alongside. He helped Peg into it; then she stretched out her arms, and O'Farrell opened the sailcloths, and out sprang Michael, dusty and dirty and blear eyed, but, oh, such a happy, fussy, affectionate, relieved little canine when he saw his beloved owner waiting for him. He made one spring at her, much to the lawyer's dignified amazement, and began to bark at her and lick her face and hands and jump on and roll over and over upon Peg in an excess of joy at his release.

Peg offered O'Farrell an American dollar. She had very little left. O'Farrell indignantly refused to

take it. "Oh, but ye must, indade ye must!" cried Peg in distress. "Sure I won't lie alsy tonight if ye don't. But for you poor Michael here might have been on that place ye spoke of-that quarantine, whatever it is. Ye saved him from that. And don't despise it because it's an American dollar. Sure it has a value all over the wurrld. An'. besides, I have no English money." Poor Peg pleaded that O'Farrell should

the way over. Hawkes interposed skillfully, gave O'Farrell 5 shillings, thanked him warmly for his kindness to Peg and The minister of militia, Major- her dog, returned the dollar to Peg. let her say goodby to the kindly sailor, told the cabman to drive to a certain railway station, and in a few sec-

had entered a new country and a new life. They reached the railway station, and Hawkes procured tickets, and in half an hour they were on a train bound for the north of England.

During the journey Hawkes volunpapers and magazines and offered her lunch. This Peg refused. She said the ship had not agreed with her. She did not think she would want food for a long time to come.

After awhile, tired out with the rush and excitement of the ship's arrival, Peg fell asleep.

In a few hours they reached their destination. Hawkes woke her and told her she was at her journey's end. He again bailed a cab, told the driver plots would tumble down, and she where to go and got in with Peg. Miwould resolve to try to please her re- that and her luggage. In the cab be lations, learn all she could, succeed be- banded Peg a card and told her to go yond all expression and either go back to the address written on it and ask to America prosperous or send for her the people there to allow her to wait until he joined her. He had a business call to make in the town. He would be as short a time as possible. She was just to tell the people that she had

> After the cab had gone through a few streets it stopped before a big building. Hawkes got out, told the cabman where to take Peg, paid him and, with some final admonitions to Peg, disappeared through the swing

The cabman took the wondering Peg along until he drove up to a very handacts to minister to the comfort of both some Elizabethan house. There he of them. He warned her that they stopped. Peg looked at the name on the gateposts and then at the name on the dock until he had first been quaran- the card Mr. Hawkes had given her. tined. This hurt l'eg more than any- They were the same. Once more she thing could. She burst into tears. To gathered up her belongings and her have Michael taken from her would be dog and passed in through the gatethe last misfortune. She would, in- posts and wandered up the long drive deed, be alone in that strange country. on a tour of inspection. She walked through the paths dividing rose beds O'Farrell at last took it on himself until she came to some open windows. The main entrance hall of the house seemed to be hidden away somewhere a-mid the tall old trees.

Peg made straight for the open windows and walked into the most wonderful looking room she had ever seen. Everything in it was old and massive. It bespoke centuries gone by in every detail. Peg held her breath as she looked around her. Pictures and tapestries stared at her from the walls. Beautiful old vases were arranged in cabinets. The carpet was deep and soft and stifled all sound. Peg almost gave an ejaculation of surprise at the wonders of the room, when she suddenly became conscious that she was not alone in the room, that others were there and that they were talking.

She looked in the direction the sounds came from and saw, to her astonishment, a man with a woman in his arms. He was speaking to her in most ardent manner. They were partially concealed by some statuary.

Peg concluded at once that she had intruded on some marital scene at which she was not desired, so she instantly sat down with her back to

She tried not to listen, but some of the words came distinctly to her. Just as she was becoming very uncomfortable and had half made up her mind to leave the room and find somewhere else to wait she suddenly heard herself addressed and in no uncertain tone of voice. There were indignation, surprise and anger in Ethel's question: "How long have you been here?"

Peg turned around and saw a strikingly handsome, beautifully dressed young lady glaring down at her. Her manner was haughty in the extreme. Peg felt most unhappy as she looked at her and did not answer immediately.

> CHAPTER XIV. Peg In England.

" OW long have you been here?" again asked Ethel of Peg. "Sure I only came in this minnit," said Peg innocently and with a little note of fear. She was not accustomed to fine looking. splendidly dressed young ladies like

"What do you want?" demanded the young lady. . "Nothin'," said Peg reassuringly. "Nothing?" echoed Ethel, growing

angrier every moment "Not a thing. I was just told to wait," said Peg.

"Who told you?" "A gentleman." replied Peg. "What gentleman?" asked Ethel sharply and suspiciously.

"Just a gentleman." Peg. after fumbling nervously in her pocket, produced the card Mr. Hawkes had given her, as the little figure went off down the

which Michael immediately attempted path. to take possession of Peg snatched it away from the dog and handed it to the young lady. "He told me to wait there!"

Ethel took the card irritably and "'Mrs. Chichester, Regal Villa.' And

what do you want with Mrs. Chiches-*ar?" sne sared Peg. at the same time

looking at the snappy clothes, the nungry looking dog and the solled parcel. "I don't want anything with her. I was just told to wait."

"Who are you?" Peg was now getting angry too. There was no mistaking the manner of the proud young lady. Peg chared



Peg Bent Down Over Michael. under it. She looked up sullenly into

Ethel's face and said:

"I was not to say a wurrd, I'm tellin' ye. I was just to wait." Peg settled back in the chair and stroked Michael. This questioning was not at all to her liking. She wished Mr. Hawkes would come and get her out of a most embarrassing position. But until he did she was not going to disobey his instructions. He told her to say nothing, so nothing would she say. Ethel turned abruptly to Brent and found that gentleman looking at the

and turned back to Peg quickly: "You say you have only been here a

odd little stranger somewhat admiring-

ly. She gave an impatient ejaculation

minute?" "That's all," replied Peg-"just a ninnit."

"Were we talking when you came

"Ye were."

his head.

Ethel could scarcely conceal her rage. "Did you hear what we said?" "Some of it-not much," said Peg. "What did you hear?"

"'Please don't-it's so bot this mornin'," said Peg, with no attempt at iml-

tation, just as if she were stating a simple, ordinary occurrence. Ethel flushed scarlet. Brent smiled.

"You refuse to say why you're here or who you are?" Ethel again asked. "It isn't me that's refusin'. All the gentleman said to me was: 'Ye go to the place that's written down on the card an' sit down there an' wait. An'

that's all ye do.' " Ethel again turned to the perplexed

Brent. "Eh?" "Extraordinary!" And Brent shook

The position was unbearable. Ethel decided instantly how to relieve it. She looked freezingly down at the forlorn looking little intruder and said: "The servants' quarters are at the

back of the house." "Are they?" asked Peg without mov-

ing and not in any way taking the statement to refer to her.

"And I may save you the trouble of waiting by telling you we are quite provided with servants. We do not need any further assistance."

Peg just looked at Ethel and then bent down over Michael. Ethel's last shot had struck home. Poor Peg was cut through to her soul. How sne longed at that moment to be back home with her father in New York Before she could say anything Ethei continued:

"If you insist on waiting, kindly do

so there." Peg took Michael up in her arms, collected once more her packages and walked to the windows. Again she heard the cold, hard tones of Ethel's voice speaking to her:

"Follow the path to your right until you come to a door. Knock and ask permission to wait there, and for your future guidance go to the bac_ door of a house and ring. Don't walk unannounced into a private room." Peg tried to explain:

"Ye see, ma'am, I didn't know. All the gentleman said was, 'Go there an' wait' "-

"That will do."

"I'm sorry I disturbed ye." And she glanced at the embarrassed Brent. "That will do!" said Ethel finally. Poor Peg nodded and wandered off

through the windows sore at heart. She went down the path until she reached the door Ethel mentioned. She knocked at it. While she is waiting for admission we will return to the fortunes of the rudely disturbed lov-

Ethel turned indignantly to Brent

"Outrageous!" she cried.

"Poor little wretch!" Brent walked to the windows and looked after her. "She's quite pretty." Ethel looked understandingly at him.

"Is she?" "In a shabby sort of way. Didn't

you think so?" Ethel glared coldly at him.

Continued on page 7

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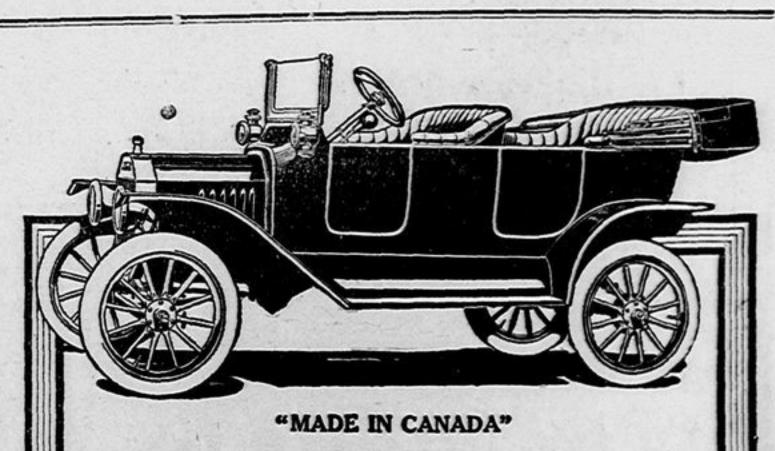
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