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She replied.

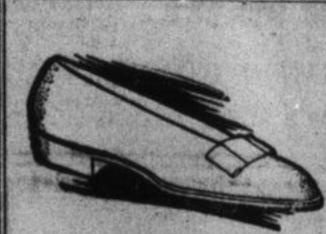
"He does look an Englishman, but I am not prepared to grant all the rest," she replied.



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It was not until two days before

the voyage ended that I made his ac-

quaintance and then under very pe-

cullar and unpleasant circumstances.

I was sitting in my steamer chair,

rather late, in fact, very late-it was

nearly midnight. There was little

ight on deck-the windows were paint-

d a deep green for fear of attacks

from one of the enemy's cruisers-and

self and two men, who appeared to be

One of these I noticed idly seemed

te be frightfully nervous. He kept

pacing up and down with the short

ance and bore an unmistakable air of

lives and future destinies of two such

contrasting types when the smaller

facing me again, suddenly flung one

helped me to understand, for his ges-

most pulled me over the rail, I man-

aged to retain my hold for an instant.

man to my side, and he, clutching the

man's clothes in a vise-like grip, drag-

him. A moment later he sat up and

had happened. We promised on condi-

I was rather shaken by this revela-

tion of misery, and after thanking the

and being congratulated by him in

Next morning Captain Frazer told

trian nobleman who had had an unfor-

ly knowing what he did, the man had

turn. I went at once to my cabin.

He lay on the deck between

ged him back to safety.

face? and trembling, below.

The next mement brought the English-

and then sprang to the rail.

the deck was deserted except for my-

strangers to each other.

was Captain Frazer.

CHAPTER II. Captain Frazer.

boat was crowded and persons on board-at least, in part, they were people with matic errands, others were crossin war. There were also many nurses and doctors, but far the greater num of the ranks and officers, hurrying for rejoin their colors.

Every morning at 10 o'clock a Dr T., who was taking out a full hospita corps and equipment, gave lectures to his staff. As soon as I heard this I jerky tread of a man under intens desire to fit myself to be of better use.

Miss Curtis had placed me in the care of a charming American woman who had lived for twenty years in trip, she managed somehow to be sick most of the way over, and I saw very

Naturally I was in no mood for forming new acquaintances, so that these talks each morning helped me greatly to banish the past and to keep my mind fixed on the future.

I spent the afternoons reading or doz ing in my chair, lulled by the glinting sunlit waves and the soft swish of the water against the steamer's sides. Dr. T. and his wife were unfailing-

ly kind and often sat with me for hours. One day we were together on deck when a tall athletic young man "That's an Indian officer," said the

doctor, as he strode by. "Who is it?" asked his wife. "Oh, I don't know which particular

one he is," he replied, smiling. "It's just the type; I would know it anywhere-tall, lean, bronzed, good looking, a certain unconscious air of com-

The subject dropped, and a day or so passed with no further allusion to it. And then late one afternoon as we were walking we met this same Englishman again.

"Oh, by the way," Mrs. T. said, speaking to her husband, "you were right, dear. He is an English officer-Captain Ian Frazer-coming home from India. He was out of the harbor from Yokohama when war was declared and had to come on this way."

"You seem to know his history pretty thoroughly," he laughed. "Oh-Celeste, of course!" and turning to me she said:

"My maid is a perfect ferret. I etimes think as a maid she's waste of good timber-that the secret service should have."

"Oh, they are all like that!" the doctor said. "Most of the gossip of a ship comes first and last through such sources." After a moment's reflection he exclaimed: "Oh, that's the chap they were telling me about in the smoking room this morning! He has

just been on duty at the Khyber pass"-"Khyber pass!" That was the last outpost of civilization that father and his party would have passed through before going into Afghanistan. Poor father! He had to give up that long | Perhaps my experience in nursing dreamed of trip to come to us.

He had told me so many stories of ture and cry brought me to my feet, "You know, Myrtice," the doctor said found myself, without stopping -I was always so glad to hear him think, racing down the deck toward use her quaint name-"the Khyber him. Behind me I heard the English-Pass rifles is one of the crack regi- man call out and then his fleet steps ments of India, and its officers are overtaking me, but there was no time chosen from the unmarried fellows of to pause, and I raced on, nearer and all the Indian army. It takes courage nearer to the unhappy man, who now and initiative plus to make good there, stood trembling on the summit of the and it is considered a great honor to rail, clinging to the stanchion. be given that post. It was of that regi- Just as I reached him he released ment that the present crown prince of his hold and swayed outward, but I Germany, when in India several years | was in time to fling my arms round ago, wished to be made honorable colo- his legs, and, though his weight al-

"And was he?" I asked quickly. "No. I believe Sir George Ruse Kep-

"Why, I wonder, was he not given it?" asked his wife

"Well, my dear, you will have to ask tell you. It does not follow that he will. Still, you could ask," he added

ped suddenly, as at that moment we

I was interested in seeing him after hearing the story, especially in thinkng that it would have been his men who would have picketed the pass for them had father gone there. I looked at him. He was all Dr. T. had said, only his big violet blue eyes were soft. even wistful. How could he be the daring soldier they had described, I wondered, when suddenly I noticed chosen him for the lonely and dangerous duty at Khyber pass had doubtless chosen well, for with his evident dicated humanity, understanding sym- until after the bout sailed that he must

calmer now, and that the doctor felt tain he would not repeat his at empt of the night before

him again until we had landed at Liv-

heard Captain Frazer, not far away, speak a few words to his valet-a man who looked as if h might be prematurely oid, but who to day was so beaming with hap

At something he said Captain Fra zer laughed and replied, "Oh, you ar generally right, Shipman," in a must be an old family servant. Ther Captain Frazer turned around sudden

"Can I do anything for you?" "No; thanks," I answered warmly or I was sincerely grateful for this alone and lonely, mademoiselie and He paused a second, and said:

"Goodby! Perhaps we shall gain. 'The world is small.' I think it must have been Adam who sal that," he added, with a subtle twin kle lighting up his eyes.

cause of the striking contrast. He was and he cordially invited me to attend a tall, soldierly looking man of that and saw the old valet, bareheaded particular type and figure which, I was | bowing and smiling in reply to a to learn later, belongs to no other na- friendly nod from a lady in a waiting tion than England. He moved with limousine. He seemed suddenly to rean easy grace that betokened assur- member himself and as he did spoke with a little chuckle to a maid stand command. After he had passed once ing near:

"I said to my gentleman last night or twice I suddenly recognized him-it as he was dressing, 'I look to see your The two men were moving up and mother at the dock tomorrow, sir. down on my side of the deck, so that 'Nonsense, Shipman,' he said. But 1 when the Englishman was at the turn | saw all the same that he was hoping nearest the bow the other was at the it himself. It's been four years since stern end of the deck, while I was be- we went out to India. Four years is a long while, especially in war times.' I was speculating idly on the past he added soberly.

We had brought over with us, by Dr. Curtis' advice, numerous trunks containing all kinds of things necessary for a field hospital, so our stay at the customs was rather long. Shipman insisted on remaining and closing the last trunk. "It's the captain's orders, miss." And Shipman had served too long with a soldier to allow anything to swerve him.

We left the station at 9 o'clock and rode down to London in the lovely misty sunshine, going through the soft rolling hills, wet with dew and overhung with violet shadows. I found myself drawn with a peculiar indescribable affection for this emerald world. Had my ancestors been English I might have explained the pull at my heartstrings in that way; but being French I gave it up and abandoned myself to watching the hills, the black faced sheep and the picturesque cottages until we reached London. Some one has said, "After all, since

life is a figment of the brain, built up notions of things are far more impres sive often than the actuality." Lon don to the unitiated means a fanfare of names, a swirl of memories, vast reputations, history, poetry, noble ideals, recollections of great deeds.

morning, so mademoiselle and I spent | ply in the negative a tall, slender wothe afternoon buying various articles | man with soft, pretty gray eyes, dressthat Dr. T. had suggested, as his re- ed in a straight coat and sailor hat, port from France was that most hos- came toward me. Something in her turned to our hotel late and tired, but mademoiselle insisted we go down to dine. I think she thought I needed the change. But it wasn't a gay experience. The dining room was almost deserted. There were not more than a half dozen tables occupied.

Sitting next to us was a party four-a mother, father and son, the fourth being a young English girl who, arm into the air, gave a half stifled cry I felt instinctively, was not of the same family. She was tall and slender, with a lovely white and pink coloring, such as I had never seen before. It made her appear to me as unreal as Unding and as beautiful. Masses of sh blond hair framed her face. She fas inated me, and unconsciously my eye turned again and again to that table. The young man was a soldier. I was beginning already to know the type Tall, clean cut, he looked the scion of

Their conversation had the familiarity of a devoted family and was unin knew that the young soldier was going on the morrow to the front and that the lovely girl was his fiancee. The others talked a good deal, but ung girl said little. It was as if did not trust herself. Her great wid a moment, taken from the young of cer. Once I heard her say somet about "the great danger," at which the us, young man leaned toward her, and negged us piteously not to tell of what | viction. I shall never forget his words: "You must remember, dear, individ tor immediately. This he consented to new page of history. Future gener do, and together we helped him, white | tions cannot be allowed to read of the Englishman for his presence of mind, the chance of proving themselves men and to others no chance comes. What ever our individual faults, virtue tunate love affair in the United States | great British unit, united and fearless. native land. Then the war had come, and with it knowledge of the misfor-

tunes of his own country and, more shame." particularly, of his own family. Hard- As he was speaking I watched the faces of his bearers. There came into strength of body and will-his eyes in- taken the steamer, without realizing the eyes of his mother an expression most exalted—it even flickered in the more than eighteen, from the Polish

m a heavy, dull curtain of pain er expression hurt me, and I looked way, for I had a premonition of hap eless expression had come to stay. The mother probably felt just as ply, but she had fortitude a mask hat was never raised. Only the eye of God, I was to learn, are permitt to see naked an Englishwoman's soul.

CHAPTER III. our neighbors' table. As we passed ? eard the Scot say to the older me with him, "Pather, this is Captain-

shich had I known at the mome fould have frozen the blood in my eins. I was to learn the name of his ment and all that it stood for.

The next day we started for Bouogne. We arrived in a pouring rain. ting we had hours to wait for our train, I decided to look up a Miss Russell, a Canadian, who had for several ears been Dr. Curtis' operating and office nurse in New York and had volsecred at the beginning of the war. When I doubtfully asked a porter at the station if he knew where base pospital 13 was he replied laconically. "It's next door." And so it was,

The shed over the tracks had been hurriedly converted into a great receiving hospital. When I asked for Miss Russell the orderly at the door looked at me suspiciously and asked if



We were leaving for Paris the next I had a permit. As I was about to re-She asked, smiling:

I explained who I was and my mis-

"Wby, certainly you can see Miss Russell. I'll send for her, and, too, want you to see our hospital. It's crude, but effective. We sometimes handle a thousand men a day. You will be interested. I know."

She waited until Miss Russell came and after showing me "the store." which she explained was her part of the work, she said goodby. It was Lady Algy Lenox, the head of the hospital, herself. Miss Russell laughed at "her part of the work." "It's all her work," she declared. "Lady Algy hasn't been back to England since the hospital opened, months ago. She is the first one here in the morning and of times each day she goes through the wards, and she knows the men's names, wounds and histories."

Later the head surgeon told me that in getting the men straight from the pattlefield as they did, treating then there and putting them directly on the channel boats undoubtedly saved thou-

ands of lives. ight in. It consisted of car after was caked on their clothes, in their air and in their wounds, until, in son tances, they could knock it off s. An aseptic wound did not ex ist Many had received first aid, but

As I was leaving, Miss Russell came running out and asked if I would g a German boy was very excited about that there were suffragettes acting as nd had determined to return to his | Some will live, and many will die, but | nurses in the different hospitals and count not the loss. It is better far to that when they got the chance they go out with honor than survive with gouged out the wounded prisoners' eyes. He felt sure he had been put in that small room with another German. that purpose. He was only a lad, not

were wearing khaki but women so clad were acting as military chauffeurs. Often I was puzzled to decide whether they were young boys or women. Unier the caps and in their smart military coats they looked like fresh faced lads. While waiting for the train I saw one of them change a tire. With no bely she did it in just seven min-True, it was a demountable rim; but that was good work. It intersted me particularly, as even with a chauffeur to help me I had never been able to accomplish it in less than six and a half.

Waiting for the train to pull out, we watched the khaki world about us, for Soulogne was English, not French. elle said when the train began moving: "As splendid and dazzling as the uniforms used to be, I find this quiet habit has a spell all its own. It suggests efficiency and eternal fitness and is the badge of a great conviction and the courage of that conviction."

Our train was a long one, pretty well filled with soldiers, mostly French, except for a sprinkling of English officers. We were many hours en route, as at every station we were sidetracked to allow the troop trains to pass. In our compartment accompanied by her maid. was a pink, slender, lily-like woman of, say, twenty-eight or thirty, Dresdenlike in color. Mademoiselle afterward expressed it exactly in saying, "She had a perfection of hauteur as to manner, so well bred that her voice seeme

She was a titled English lady going over to her husband, wounded and in the English military hospital at Versailles. When she knew that I was going for the first time to Paris she smi

"It is rather too bad you are having your first impressions of Paris under such circumstances. Still," she added reflectively, "I am not sure that the cleverest intelligence is not very frequently confused or hypnotized by certain situations and scenes, and weaker ones filled with the wildest forms of illusion. My own first impressions of Paris were confusing, disturbing impressions, which were not at all valid." Her blue eyes wandered off into space, as if seeing it all again, while before my own came visions of Napoleon, the Louvre, gay restaurants, wide boulevards, everywhere artistic perfection, enveloped in a winelike atmosphere.

We were arriving at Amiens. Just outside our windows we saw a little group of women laughing and chattering. It came to me suddenly how little of anything approaching galety I had seen lately. Looking at them, with their adorably rounded chins, scarlet lips, dark half almond shaped eyes, the Englishwoman seemed to take up and put into words my train of thought. She said to mademoiselle in French, nodding toward the group, with that little touch of remoteness which a foreign accent lends: "They may be decadent, as one some

times hears, but these shapely, pi quant, sensitive women, with their eyes showing a subtle awareness of what life has to offier, come to me as a pleasing contrast with the dreary commonplace of the English type. sometimes think it is the uniformly damp, cold and raw atmosphere that has produced us, an over sober minded race." Mademoiselle was silent, and she continued: "I always have thought of France as a beautiful, brilliant, fragile child, not made for contests and brutal battles. But in this I sadly wronged her, as the world has found France brave, calm, poised, under the flercest invasion history records."

As we wearily went on I noticed how few trees there were in comparison "Is there something I can do for with England, and I missed the rich green mold which made the English trees so lovely. The houses, too, in the towns seemed narrow and high and crowded together, but now and again I got a glimpse of the Gothic architecture, mases of slender, graceful, peaceful pinnacles, soft graystone carved into fragile, lacelike designs, and I thought what an inspiration religion must have been in those days to have produced such noble designs.

I had always heard that one finds nowhere else in the world the snap and intensity of emotion and romance that one finds everywhere in French streets. But it was all lacking that night, and, while I could not put into words what constituted the difference between English and French people.

In Paris we went to the Ritz, where we found Dr. Curtis waiting for us It was so good to see him again, and we sat and talked until midnight and after. He explained something of what my life as a nurse would be, though he felt sure I would not actually be stationed for several weeks. Phere were always delays and formality, especially as there were complications, due to the three different Red cross societies in France. However, regular military hospital, Les Secour ies Blesses. My ans made by him to that society

"As nurses go, in England or Amerca, you are," he said, "not at all up to the standard, but in France you will and you are better equ t the French ones, for, you know, nly English speaking races have, in our sense of the word, trained nurses."

The pert day I was introduced to the riend of father's, an intelligent and greeable gentleman, who was p find I spoke three languages. He sured me I would be helpful and anked me for bringing certain equ ent. Promising to send me notice a few days as to when and where

(To Be Continued.)

Charles McArthur, a lineman fo the Hydro Construction Co., was in stantly killed in Amherstburg by be-



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