

PLEASE TELL US.

Why wouldn't Boots loan Scottie his kilt on Sunday? Was he expecting his lady friend from Manchester?

Where was Fergie Tuesday night? Can Scottie tell us?

How did Belgie enjoy his week-end in Manchester, and did he find the girl he went to see?

Does Sergt. Wheelhouse know anything about the shilling, and does he love the girl?

What did "Scotty" think when he came back from pass and found his girl with two R.E.'s and a Canadian?

If it is the scenery of Corbar Woods that attracts Pte. Warrington?

When Staff-Sergt. Moss will forget his favourite phase, "come back in five minutes?"

What particular reason Sergt. Quigley has, in getting off night duty?

Is it because his lady friends cannot spare the afternoons?

If Sergt. Bennett obtained his glasses to distinguish the difference between porridge and coffee.

If Pte. Robson has a favourable report to make after the siege?

Who the patient was who tried to pass the bogus shilling? Does Pte. Kirkwood know?

How many blue armlets are fitted with patent detachable hooks?

Why Pte. Orr will persist in using castor oil as a hair tonic?

Who the patient was who thought he had found a silver watch, and who it was that had put it on the sidewalk and slipped back into a doorway to see the gleeful expression on the finder's face?

How many feather pillows Capt. Thurgar is going to use next time he goes roller skating.

Who the two young ladies were, who left the Sergt.-Major all alone in Manchester, and what he said when they returned?

If Sister Maillard has found the mirror?

Why Sister Wilson placed the leg of a chair on a patient's toe, and then deliberately sat down on the chair?

What the patient said when he went hopping around on one foot?

Where was "Dad" on Saturday night?

What makes Corpl. Cook take such great precaution with his latest love novel?

If he thinks that everybody doesn't know that the title of the new volume is "Knowledge a young husband should know?"

If Pte. Strother does not go into a heavenly trance when he is addressed by the ladies as "Dark Eyes," and if he would not prefer to be called Reggie?

Where the Chef hides the meat, in his renowned Mulligans?

What Pte. Halliburton is going to do, when he sends that one, and only, night shirt, to the laundry?

Why Pte. Winch will only recognise his friends by making faces at them from across the street, when he is accompanied by his young lady?

Where Sergt. Granecome spends his Sunday evenings, and if he is thinking seriously of taking on matrimonial duties?

If the Nursing Sisters cannot treat Archie a little more kindly when he has no mail for them?

Why McNeil cannot "chew the rag?"

If it was from drinking buttermilk that made Scottie Wells so sour on Sunday night?

Who the modern Caruso was who was going to favour us with a vocal selection at the concert, but on reaching the stage to his dismay found himself both deaf and dumb?

Who was the Corporal who would insist on singing "Whiter than the whitewash on the wall," and if he was as white as whitewash the next morning?

Does Corpl. Boothroy know?

If the sports committee are still in the land of the living, and why they don't get busy and do something, now that the football season is just commencing?

If "Ye Editor" bought a young lady a diamond ring with the very best intentions, how he felt when she turned round and gave it to the dog to play with?

If there is any danger of Sister Hick developing heart complications while taking the fresh air treatment?

If Sister Manchester is really going to become a shareholder in the "Allan" liners?

Is it quite the correct thing in the "Smart Set" for a young married woman to accept Chatsworth Roses from any other man than her husband?

When some good Samaritan will volunteer to hide all the gramophone records?

If the Chef has to have Corpl. Keene's assistance in order to steal Pte. Jone's fair maiden during his absence?

What does "the clink" mean?

What the difference is between seven days B.C. and C.B. for seven days?

If Sergt. "Bob" recommends Horlick's Malted Milk or Nestle's Food to the young mothers of Buxton, and is he showing his own little family for example?

Who was the sister in "C" Ward that couldn't find her "Parrot," and if she wanted to take its temperature?

Was Pte. Purser posing as the "Statue of Liberty" on the corner of Spring Gardens, or was it the old, old story, she's late again.

When Sammie and Mac are going to have another toast fight?

How "Taffy" enjoyed his little jaunt to Cardiff, and if he had company on the return?

If Sister Wilson still leads in the "Breaking Thermometer contest," and what her daily average is?

The formula of the preparation that Scottie used to keep his knees clean when he was wearing kilts?

Who is the young lady attendant at the Baths who became so engrossed in the Canadian Red Cross Special that she forgot the eggs she was boiling for the Superintendent's breakfast, and boiled them so hard he could not eat them? Does Dolly know anything about it?

Is Santoy a boy or girl's name?

Why Sister Manchester has preference for Scotch patients?

Did Sister Tripp enjoy her trip to London?

Why did Sister Hicks start that granophone?

Was it because music has charms to tame the savage beast; or to divert attention?

How Sisters Taimor, Tripp and Blott enjoyed their trip to Manchester?

Why so few patients use the library? A new assortment of books have just arrived, including: "Knowledge a Young Husband Ought to Have." Same can be had on application to Pte. McCall, Registrar's Office.

Why Sister Popham never pops around any more, and does she like Home Service?

Sister Refroy prefers night to day duty?

Why does Sister Refroy prefer night to day duty?

How Lieutenants Blott, Pugh, Taimor and Young found the going near Millers Dale?

What attraction Sister Taimor's patients have for Sister...

THE YOUNGER MISS PRINGLE.

BY
THOMAS COBB.

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At the time of Roger Dewhurst's temporary disgrace, most persons in Westcastle expected him to marry the elder Miss Pringle. If Olive, the younger, entertained any regard for him, she succeeded admirably in keeping the suspicion from her friends.

Olive was twenty-two, Priscilla three or four years older, and scarcely less attractive, although of a more anxious and sceptical disposition. Since their mother's death they had continued to live on at the same house by the common, pooling their small capital.

There was no engagement, and indeed Roger was scarcely as yet in a position to marry. He had served his articles to Mr. Yeoman, the chief solicitor in the town, and stayed on as his managing clerk. It could not be denied that he had been in possession of more money of late, having bought certain stocks during a slump.

When the blow fell, his explanation of this accession of fortune came as a surprise to his friends, and to Priscilla as nothing less than a shock. He had, he said, received a "tip" for the Derby, backing an outsider at long odds, and won some hundreds of pounds—he who had probably never made a bet before. Still Priscilla went about loudly protesting her conviction of his innocence, and naturally it should have required the very strongest evidence to make anyone believe that Roger could by any possibility have stolen a deed and have pledged it for what Mr. Yeoman, junior, described as a "monkey."

No doubt, however, the circumstances were suspicious, and neither Mr. Yeoman nor his son appeared to question Roger's guilt for an instant. Not scrupling to compound a felony, Mr. Yeoman allowed his clerk a week to restore the money, failing this, Roger's immediate arrest was to follow.

Envy Olive's perfect confidence, Priscilla passed one or two sleepless nights. She sent Roger special invitations, and stood his friend while others turned their backs, but she could not help her growing suspicions. It became more and more difficult to believe in the betting transaction, and in the meantime he hung about the town, disdaining flight, and assuredly not disposed to acknowledge his guilt by paying Mr. Yeoman the sum he had lost.

On the third day of the probationary seven, Olive was astounded to see her sister leaving the office of Mr. Spurgeon, a rival of Mr. Yeoman; and, indeed, Priscilla would fain have kept her own counsel if it had been possible to accomplish her object without Olive's signature.

"But I don't understand," said Olive, gazing blankly into Priscilla's face.

"Easy enough," was the answer, given with a clever assumption of carelessness. "I simply wish to realize five hundred pounds."

"You will miss the interest dreadfully," cried Olive. "You will never be able to get so much again."

"I shall not want to re-invest it," murmured Priscilla.

Then their eyes met for some time in silence. "Oh!" said Olive reproachfully, "surely you can't imagine that Roger is a thief?"

Priscilla fell weeping on her sister's neck, and made her confession. She did believe in his guilt, he had yielded to some momentary temptation, and as it did not appear that he intended to refund the money, he would certainly go to prison. With maidenly shame, Priscilla allowed Olive to read her heart; she did not attempt to hide her great love for Roger, although the younger girl could not conceive how it were possible to love a man whom one did not completely trust. But Priscilla knew. His error made no difference; she was prepared to go to any length to protect him, and so, while she insisted to all and sundry that Roger was innocent, she had taken steps to pay Mr. Yeoman just as if she felt confident of his guilt, as, indeed, she did.

The next day Mr. Spurgeon advanced the five hundred pounds, and acting on Priscilla's instructions, handed it over to his colleague with all possible secrecy, Roger Dewhurst at once receiving an intimation that the sooner he quitted the town the better.

He came to see Priscilla the same evening, finding her unwontedly nervous. He was curious to know who had bought him off, and inclined to pray to be saved from his friends. Priscilla blushed for him when she heard how he tried still to brave it out.

"Anyhow," he said, gloomily, "I shall have to cut Westcastle, and to get another berth will be out of the question. I fancy my only plan will be to go to London and open an office on my own account."

Olive tried to keep her eyes from Priscilla's face, feeling, indeed, not a little angry with her sister in these days, inasmuch as in a manner she had gone over to the enemy. As to Priscilla, she felt extremely miserable, wondering whether it could be possible that Dewhurst was bad in grain, yet never questioning that she should marry him if he asked her, as she believed in due course he would do. Her life was his, and if he were as bad as she was sometimes tempted to believe, let it be for her to try to make him better.

Before Roger Dewhurst had time to leave Westcastle, however, the truth came out. Some suspicious circumstances came to Mr. Yeoman's knowledge; further inquiries were made, to be followed by his son's confession and flight. Now Priscilla wished more than ever that her trust had been as complete as Olive's. But the discovery of her mistake served only to increase her love, and she devoutly hoped that he might never find out what she had done. Roger's face looked radiant once more; he became a kind of idol of the town, the people could not make too much of him, and moreover the defalcation of Mr. Yeoman's son at once improved his prospects.

At first Roger had been averse from returning to the office, but a promise was made of a speedy partnership, and after his re-instatement, his visits to Priscilla became more frequent than ever. A man of few words, he could not refrain from giving vent to his gratitude.

"When almost everybody was against me," he said, "you two remained faithful. I can't tell you what it meant to have someone to stand by me."

He saw Olive's eyes on her sister's tearful face, and he took a hand of each. After he had gone that evening, Priscilla became very silent, feeling an abhorrence of the deceit she was practising, yet entirely lacking the courage to make a confession. How could she at the moment when he was thanking her for her trust, admit that she had doubted his innocence almost from the outset?

Nothing was said, and several weeks passed; Mr. Yeoman began to hold up his head again and a deed of partnership was being prepared in the office. At last everything was arranged, the deed was signed, and leaving the office early, Roger turned his steps towards the house where so much of his time was now spent. He had made up his mind to ask Priscilla to marry him, as soon as he became Mr. Yeoman's partner, and now he was certainly losing no time. It was a beautiful afternoon, and as he walked towards the common, Roger swung his stick and lighted a cigarette; then he met Mr. Spurgeon.

"Ah, Dewhurst," he exclaimed, "I haven't had an opportunity of congratulating you—which way are you going?"

"To Miss Pringle's," was the answer.

"I suppose," suggested Spurgeon with a laugh, "it won't be long now before you will be wanting our congratulations about something else too—eh?"

"Well, I hope it won't," said Roger.

"Upon my soul," continued Spurgeon, "you'll have a magnificent woman for a wife."

"Anyhow," returned Roger, "you encourage me to be hopeful."

Mr. Spurgeon hesitated a moment: "I don't suppose," he said, "you would ever know if I didn't tell you. But it seems to me it's the sort of thing a man would like to know about his wife."

"What's that?" demanded Roger, looking considerably astonished.

"You never found out who it was that mustered the five hundred pounds to satisfy Yeoman at the time I'm afraid we all thought—"

"Not all," said Roger, hastily.

"Well, no, not quite, but very nearly. Even when she thought you were guilty it made no difference. That good girl Priscilla came to me, sold out some stock, and handed over the five hundred—"

"Priscilla?" ejaculated Roger.

"Yes, Priscilla Pringle," was the answer.

After Spurgeon had walked on Roger still stood on the same spot; but a few minutes later set out rapidly to the house. He found the two girls in the small drawing-room; Priscilla, the shorter and thinner, with her charming oval face and darkish hair, not without an expression of anxiety. Priscilla looked older and even slightly faded of late, but Olive had never appeared to greater advantage. She was fairer than her sister, with a well developed figure and less restless eyes. Her disposition was far more equable, and she was the first to hold out her hand to the guest.

He seemed, however, not to see it, and turned at once to face Priscilla:

"So," he exclaimed, "you've let me live in a fool's paradise all this time."

Her face blanched, and she sank backwards into the nearest chair, whilst Olive stepped anxiously to her side:

"I suppose," Roger continued, "I ought to thank you for what was meant as a great kindness."

"Yes," murmured Priscilla, "it was meant as a kindness."

He stood looking down at her bowed head for a second or two, then suddenly raised his eyes to Olive, standing behind her sister's chair.

"Did you think I was guilty, too, then?" he asked, and although she had loved him a long while, she hated her victory over Priscilla, who felt the girl's hands pressing hard on her shoulders.

"No," faltered Olive; "I never questioned your innocence, Roger."

He continued to visit the house almost as often, but Priscilla knew that her chance was gone. She had done for him what only a woman who loved him sincerely could do; but she had distrusted him, and that fact counterbalanced every other. During the next few months Priscilla stood by and saw Olive trying to dissemble her growing happiness, until a day came when he asked her to be his wife. Then it became Priscilla's turn to dissemble; she assured Olive that although it may have been true that she was fond of Roger once upon a time, his own recent conduct had entirely cured her, until now she could welcome him whole-heartedly as a brother. Although Olive, having a simpler and more confiding nature, was agreeably deceived, there was surprise in Westcastle when Roger's engagement to the younger Miss Pringle became known, for certainly everybody had expected him to marry the elder.

[The End.]

PERSONAL MENTION.

Capt. (Chaplain) Vipond returned last week after a leave of absence of fourteen days.

Staff-Sergt. Moss left for Shoreham-by-Sea on escort duty Friday morning.

N. Sister Kirk left Thursday for London for a two weeks' stay.

N. Sister Patterson leaves to-day on a two weeks' vacation in various part of England.

N. Sister Tripp is visiting London this week.

N. Sister Refroy returned Monday from London.

N. Sister Popham is on special duty at the sisters' home.

Our new matron, Miss Edith Campbell, assumed the duties of her office on Friday morning.

Ptes. Turner and Cairns spent the week-end in Manchester.

N. Sister Kidd has been taken on the strength of the staff.

N. Sister Shagnihny departed for duty at the C.A.M.C. training school on the 16th.

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