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John Cudahy, one of the pioneer Chicago packers, is dead.

Ben. Petch was unanimously nominated by the Liberals of Peel for Federal candidate in convention at Brampton.

Mrs. Wm. Manning, 60 years of age, attempted suicide late Friday night by throwing herself into the harbor at Meaford.



PEG O' MY HEART

By J. Hartley Manners

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

Copyright, 1913, by Dodd, Mead & Company

"What is it, dear?"
"We can't go, Frank."
"We can't go? What are ye sayin', dear?"

"We can't go," she repeated, her body crumpled up limply in the chair.

"And why not, Angela? I know I can't take ye back as I brought ye here, dear, if that's what ye mane. The luck's been against me. It's been cruel hard against me. An' that thought is tearin' at me heart this minnit."

"It isn't that, Frank," she said faintly.

"Then what is it?"

"Oh," she cried, "I hoped it would be so different—so very different."

"What did ye think would be so different, dear? Our going back? Is that what's throublin' ye?"

"No, Frank, not that. I don't care how we go back so long as ye are with me." He pressed her hand. In a moment she went on: "But we can't go, we can't go. Oh, my dear, my dear, can't ye guess? Can't ye think?"

She looked imploringly into his eyes.

A new wonder came into his. Could it be true? Could it? He took both her hands and held them tightly and stood up, towering over her and trembling violently.

"Is it—is it?" he cried and stopped as if afraid to complete the question.

She smiled a wan smile up at him and nodded her head as she answered:

"The union of our lives is to be complete. Our love is to be rewarded."

"A child is coming to us?" he whispered.

"It is," and her voice was hushed too.

"Praise be to God! Praise be to his holy name!" And O'Connell clasped his hands in prayer.

In a little while she went on: "It was the telling you I wanted to be so different. I wanted you when you heard it to be free of care—happy. And I've waited from day to day, hoping for the best—that some good fortune would come to you."

He forced one of his old time, hearty laughs, but there was a hollow ring in it.

"What is that ye sayin' at all? Wait for good fortune? Is there any good fortune like what ye've just told me? Sure I'm ten times the happiest man since I came into this room." He put his arm around her and, sitting beside her, drew her closely to him.

"Listen, dear," he said, "listen. We'll go back to the old country. Our child shall be born where we first met. There'll be no danger. No one shall harm us with that little life trembling in the balance—the little precious life. If it's a girl child she'll be the mother of her people, and if it be a man child he shall grow up to carry on his father's work. So there—there, me darlin', we'll go back—we'll go back."

She shook her head feebly. "I can't," she said.

"Why not, dear?"

"I didn't want to tell you, but now you make me. Frank, dear, I am ill."

His heart almost stopped. "Ill? Oh, my darlin', what is it? Is it serious? Tell me it isn't serious!" And his voice rang with a note of agony.

"Oh, no, I don't think so. I saw the doctor today. He said I must be careful, very careful, until—until our baby is born."

"An' ye kept it all to yerself, me brave one, me dear one. All right. We won't go back. We'll stay here. I'll make them find me work. I'm strong. I'm clever, too, and crafty, Angela. I'll wring it from this hustling city. I'll fight it and beat it. Me darlin' shall have everything she wants. My little mother—my precious little mother!"

CHAPTER VII.

A Communication From Nathaniel Kingsnorth.

THE months that followed were the hardest in O'Connell's life. Strive as he would, he could find no really remunerative employment. He had no special training. He knew no trade. His pen, though fluent, was not cultured and lacked the glow of eloquence he had when speaking. He worked in shops and in factories. He tried to report on newspapers. But his lack of experience everywhere handicapped him. What he contrived to earn during those months of struggle was all too little as the time approached for the great event.

Angela was now entirely confined to her bed. She seemed to grow more spirit-like every day. A terrible dread haunted O'Connell waking and sleeping. He would start out of some terrible dream at night and listen to her breathing. When he would hurry back at the close of some long, disappointing day his heart would be hammering dully with fear for his loved one.

As the months wore on his face became lined with care and the bright gold of his hair dimmed with streaks of silver. But he never faltered or lost courage. He always felt he must win the fight for existence as he

meant to win the greater conflict later—for liberty.

Angela, lying so still, through the long days, could only hope. She felt so helpless. It was woman's weakness that brought men like O'Connell to the edge of despair. And hers was not merely bodily weakness, but the more poignant one of pride. Was it fair to her husband. Was it just? In England she had prosperous relatives. They would not let her die in her misery. They could not let her baby come into the world with poverty as its only inheritance. Till now she had been unable to master her feeling of hatred and bitterness for her brother Nathaniel, her intense dislike and contempt for her sister Monica. From the time she left England she had not written to either of them. Could she now? Something decided her—

One night O'Connell came back disheartened. Try as he would, he could not conceal it. He was getting to the end of his courage. There was insufficient work at the shop he had been working in for several weeks. He had been told he need not come again.

Angela, lying motionless and white, tried to comfort him and give him heart.

She made up her mind that night.

The next day she wrote to her brother. She could not bring herself to express one regret for what she had done or said. On the contrary, she made many references to her happiness with the man she loved. She did write of the hardships they were passing through. But they were only temporary. O'Connell was so clever, so brilliant, he must win in the end. Only just now she was ill. She needed help. She asked no gift—a loan merely. They would pay it back when the days of plenty came. She would not ask even this were it not that she was not only ill, but the one great, wonderful thing in the world was to be vouchsafed her—motherhood. In the name of her unborn baby she begged him to send an immediate response.

She asked a neighbor to post the letter so that O'Connell would not know of her sacrifice. She waited anxiously for a reply.

Some considerable time afterward—on the eve of her travail and when things with O'Connell were at their worst—the answer came by cable.

She was alone when it came.

Her heart beat furiously as she opened it. Even if he only sent a little it would be so welcome now when they were almost at the end. If he had been generous how wonderful it would be for her to help the man to whom nothing was too much to give her. The fact that her brother had cabled strengthened the belief that he had hastened to come to her rescue.

She opened the cable and read it. Then she fell back on the pillow with a low, faint moan.

When, hours later, O'Connell returned from a vain search for work he found her senseless with the cable in her fingers. He tried to revive her without success. He sent a neighbor for a doctor. As he watched the worn, patient face, his heart full to bursting, the thought flashed through him what could have happened to cause this collapse. He became conscious of the cable he had found tightly clasped in her hand. He picked it up and read it. It was very brief. All it said was:

You have made your bed. Lie in it. NATHANIEL KINGSNORTH.

Toward morning the doctor placed a little mite of humanity in O'Connell's arms. He looked down at it in a stupor. It had really come to pass—their child—Angela's and his! A little baby girl! The tiny wall from this child, born of love and in sorrow, seemed to waken his dull senses. He pressed the mite to him as the hot tears flowed down his cheeks. A woman in one of the adjoining flats who had kindly offered to help took the child away from him. The doctor led him to the bedside. He looked down at his loved one. A glaze was over Angela's eyes as she looked up at him. She tried to smile. All her suffering was forgotten. She knew only pride and love. She was at peace. She raised her hand, thin and transparent now, to O'Connell. He pressed it to his lips.

She whispered:

"My baby. Bring me—my baby."

He took it from the woman and placed it in Angela's weak arms. She kissed it again and again. The child wailed pitifully. The effort had been too much for Angela's failing strength. Consciousness left her.

Just before sunrise she woke. O'Connell was sitting beside her. He had never moved. The infant was sleeping on some blankets on the couch, the woman watching her.

Angela motioned her husband to bend near to her. Her eyes shone with unearthly brightness. He put his ear near her lips. Her voice was very, very faint.

"Care—care—of—our—baby. Frank."

"I'm leaving you. God—help—you—and—keep—you—and—bless—you—your—love—of—me." She paused to



Peg—Pure as a Mountain Lily.

take breath. Then she whispered her leave taking. The words never left O'Connell's memory for all the days of all the years that followed.

"My—last—words, dear, the—last—I'll—ever—speak—to—you. I—I—love—you—with—all—my heart—and—my soul—husband! Good—goodby, Frank."

She slipped from his arms and lay, lips parted, eyes open, body still.

The struggle was over. She had gone where there are no petty treacheries, no mean brutalities—where all stand alike before the throne to render an account of their stewardship.

The brave, gentle little heart was stilled forever.

And now Peg appears for the first time and brings her radiant presence, her roguish smile, her big, frank, soulful blue eyes, her dazzling red hair, her direct, honest and outspoken truth, her love of all that is clean and pure and beautiful—Peg enters our pages and turns what was a history of romance and drama into a comedy of youth.

Peg—pure as a mountain lily, sweet as a fragrant rose, haunting as an old melody—Peg O'Connell comes into our story even as she entered her father's life, as the savior of these pages, even as she was the means of saving O'Connell.

And she did save her father.

It was the presence and the thought of the little motherless baby that kept O'Connell's hand from destroying himself when his reason almost left him after his wife's death. The memories of the days immediately following the passing of Angela are too painful to dwell upon.

They are past. They are sacred in O'Connell's heart: They will be to the historian.

Thanks to some kindly Irishmen who heard of O'Connell's plight, he borrowed enough money to bury his dead wife and place a tablet to her memory.

He sent a message to Kingsnorth telling him of his sister's death. He neither expected nor did he receive an answer. As soon as it was possible he returned to Ireland and threw himself once again heart and soul into working for the "cause." He realized his only hope of keeping his balance was to work. He went back to the little village he was born in, and it was Father Cahill's hands that poured the baptismal waters on O'Connell's and Angela's baby, and it was Father Cahill's voice that read the baptismal service.

She was christened Margaret.

Angela, one night, when it was nearing her time, begged him if it were a girl to christen her Margaret, after her mother, since all the best in Angela came from her mother.

O'Connell would have liked much to name the mite Angela. But his dead wife's wishes were paramount. So Margaret the baby was christened. It was too distinguished a name and too long for such a little bundle of pink and white humanity. It did not seem to fit her. So "Peg" she was named, and "Peg" she remained for the rest of her life.

Looming large in Peg's memories in after life was her father showing her St. Kieran's hill and pointing out the mount on which he stood and spoke that day, while her mother, hidden by that dense mass of trees, saw every movement and heard every word.

Then somehow her childish thoughts all seemed to run to home rule—to love of Ireland and hatred of England—to thinking all that was good of Irishmen and all that was bad of Englishmen.

"Why do ye hate the English so much, father?" she asked O'Connell once, looking up at him with a puzzled look in her big blue eyes and the most adorable brogue coming fresh from her tongue.

"Why do ye hate them?" she repeated.

"I've good cause to, Peg, me darlin'," he answered, and a deep frown gathered on his brow.

"Sure wasn't me mother English?" Peg asked.

"She was."

"Then why do ye hate the English?"

"It 'ud take a long time to tell ye that, Peggy. Some day I will. There's many a reason why the Irish hate the English, and many a good reason too. But there's one why you and I should hate them and hate them with all the bitterness that's in us."

"And what is it?" said Peg curiously.

"I'll tell ye. When yer mother and I were almost starvin', and she lyin' on a bed of sickness, she wrote to an Englishman an' asked him to assist her. An' this is the reply she got: 'Ye've made yer bed. Lie in it.' That

Continued on page 7

PRICEVILLE.
Everything is looking green. The growth for the last week is great. Seeding is in full operation this week. Meadows are beginning to look fine. Fall wheat, also, is promising well so far. Our town is kind of quiet on account of the busy time, but there is a fair share of business done.

The Rev. Mr. Cockburn of Toronto preached temperance sermons in the Presbyterian church here on Sunday. We are all temperate in this town since local option came in force.

Mrs. Harrison, nee Emma Conkey, gave her farewell service as organist in the Presbyterian church here Sunday. She is going to join her husband in the Methodist church in future.

John L. McKinnon is home for a few days from Kingston University. He will be leaving for Saskatchewan, where he secured a school for the summer months, in a few days.

Miss Edna Sackett has been appointed organist in the Presbyterian church here, in place of Mrs. Harrison, resigned.

Dr. Lane and Postmaster McKinnon took a swift ride to the doctor's old home in Kincardine on Sunday, being there in time for church in the morning, after motorizing some 50 or 60 miles. They were back again at 9 o'clock at night.

Heavy thunder and lightning in this vicinity of Sunday afternoon. Gaelic in the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Miss Charlotte Duncan is home with her father, Mr. Duncan McDonald, after serving three years in Fergus training for a nurse.

"HATE LETTER" REACHES TORONTO.

A letter of hate came to a Toronto family last week from a German nurse who, only a year ago, proved herself efficient, faithful and friendly to a member of the family in a German hospital, and who later accompanied her employer to Toronto at a time of sickness and death.

This German nurse now says: "I might have written you, of course, but I frankly admit that I would not. I cannot possibly imagine anything more hateful than the English nation. Consequently, I hate to speak or write the language of our meanest enemies, so I don't like to write an English letter. I could write you in French, as I don't hate the French nation. They are honest enemies, and the English are not."

The young woman admits that many Germans are dead, but she says that the women are ready to die, too, for the Fatherland. She is a nurse at the front, her brother is a soldier, and five of her uncles have been killed.

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