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Big 4 W. H. BEAN

Guelph is to be made a camp

ground for the training of troops now at London, as well as those already there.

University have joined the colors don-dying. to serve at the front.

The death of Walter Taylor formerly of Orangeville, took place him as he feebly looked back on them! on Friday night, at Vancouver.



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

"Tes, Peg." answered ner fatner, and his voice sounded hollow and spirit-

"I didn't know ye had friends in England," said Peg. eying the letter.

"I haven't," replied her father. "Then who is it from?" insisted Peg.

now all impatience and with a strange fear tugging at her heart. O'Connell looked up at her as she

stood there staring down at him, her big eyes wide open and ber lips parted. He took both of her hands in one of his and held them all crushed together for what seemed to Peg to be a long, long while. She hardly breathed. She knew something was going to happen to them both.

At last O'Connell spoke, and his voice trembled and broke:

"Peg, do ye remember one mornin', years an' years ago, when I was goin' to speak in County Mayo, an' we started in the cart at dawn, an' we thraveled for miles an' miles, an' we came to a great big crossin' where the roads divided an' there was no signpost, an' we asked each other which one we should take, an' we couldn't make up our minds, an' I left it to you, an' ye picked a road, an' it brought us out safe and thrue at the spot we were makin' for? Do you remember it, Peg?"

"Faith I do, father. I remember it well. Ye called me yer little guide and said ye'd follow my road the rest of yer life. An' it's many's the laugh we had when I'd take ye wrong sometimes afterward." She paused. "What makes ye think of that just now, fa tber?"

He did not answer. "Is it on account o' that letther?" she

persisted. "It is, Peg." He spoke with difficulty, as if the words hurt him to speak

Durham High School "We've got to a great big crossin' place again where the roads branch piace again where the roads branch off, an' I don't know which one to

"Are ye goin' to lave it to me again,

"That's what I can't make up me mind about, dear, for it may be that ye'll go down one road and me down the other." "No, father," Peg cried passionately,

"that we won't. Whatever the road we'll thravel it together." "I'll think it out by meself, Peg.

Lave me for awhile-alone. I want to think it out by meself-alone."

"If it's separation ye're thinkin' of make up yer mind to one thing-that I'll never lave you. Never!"

"Take Michael out for a spell and come back in half an hour, and in the

She bent down and straightened the furrows in his forehead with the tips of her fingers and kissed him and then whistled to the wistful Michael, and



His Other Sister, Mrs. Chichester.

together they went running down the street toward the little patch of green where the children played and among whom Michael was a prime favorite.

Sitting, his head in his hands, his eyes staring into the past, O'Connell was facing the second great tragedy of his life.

tle room in New York trying to decide | see the child. He would have to wait | her features and a touch of distinction Peg's fate a man who had played some considerable part in O'Connell's | man whom he had hated all his life life lay in a splendidly furnished room Over 300 students at Queen's in a mansion in the west end of Lon-

> Nathaniel Kingsnorth's twenty years of loneliness and desolation were coming to an end. What an empty, arid stretch of time those years seemed to

After the tragedy of his sister's reckless marriage he deserted public life entirely and shut himself away in his country house, except for a few weeks in London occasionally when his presence was required on one or another of the boards of which he was a director.

The Irish estate, which brought about all his misfortunes, he disposed of at a ridiculously low figure. He said be would accept any bid, however small, so that he could sever all connection with the bated village.

From the day of Angela's elopement he neither saw nor wrote to any member of his family.

His other sister, Mrs. Chichester, wrote to him from time to time telling him one time of the birth of a boy, two years later of the advent of a

Kingsnorth did not answer any of

In no way dismayed Mrs. Chichester continued to write periodically. She wrote him when her son Alaric went to school and also when he went to college. Alaric seemed to absorb most of her interest. He was evidently her favorite child. She wrote more seldom of her daughter, Ethei, and when she did happen to refer to her she dwelt principally on her beauty and her accomplishments. Five years before an envelope in deep mourning came to Kingsnorth, and on opening it he found a letter from his sister acquainting him with the melancholy news that Mr. Chichester had ended a life of usefulness at the English bar and had died, leaving the family quite comfortably off.

Kingsnorth telegraphed his condolences and left instructions for a suitable wreath to be sent to the funeral. But he did not attend it, nor did he at any time express the slightest wish to see his sister, nor did he encourage any suggestion on her part to visit him.

When he was stricken with an illness from which no hope of recovery was held out to him he at once began to put his affairs in order, and his lawyer spent days with him drawing up statements of his last wishes for the disposition of his fortune.

With death stretching out its hand to snatch him from a life he had enjoyed so little his thoughts, colored with the fancies of a tired, sick brain, kept turning constantly to his dead en it. sister Angela.

years be had a softened, gentle remembrance of her. When the news of | Michael, much to the amusement of her death came, furious and unrelenting as he had been toward her, her ards. passing softened it. Bad he known in time he would have insisted on her the Peg, going alone to-what? Leavburial in the Kipgsnorth vault. But ing the one human being she cared for she had aiready been interred in New

York before the news of her death reached him.

The one bitter hatred of his life had been against the man who had taken had killed all possibility of Kingsnorthsucceeding in his political and social aspirations.

He heard vaguely of a daughter. He took no interest in the news.

Now, however, the remembrance of his treatment of Angela burnt into him. He especially repented of that merciless cable, "You have made your bed; lie in it." It baunted him through the long hours of his slow and painful illness. Had he helped her she might have been alive today, and those bitter reflections that ate into him night and day might have been replaced by gentler ones and so make his end the more peaceful.

He thought of Angela's child and wondered if she were like his poor dead sister. The wish to see the child became an obsession with him. One morning, after a restless, fever-

ish night, he sent for his lawyer and told him to at once institute inquiriesfind out if the child was still living and if so where.

This his lawyer did. He located O'Connell in New York through a friend of his in the Irish party and found that the child was living with him in rather poor circumstances. He communicated the result of his inquiries to Kingsnorth. That day a letter was sent to O'Connell asking him to allow his child to visit her dying uncle. O'Connell was to cable at Kingsnorth's expense, and if he would consent the money for the expenses of the journey would be cabled immediately. The girl was to start at once, as Mr. Kingsnorth had very little

longer to live. When the letter had gone Kingsnorth While O'Connell sat there in that lit- drew a breath of relief. He longed to would refuse his request. If he didwell, he would make some provision in his will for her in memory of his dead

> The next day he altered his entire will and made Margaret O'Connell a special legacy. Ten days later a cable

I consent to my daughter's visiting you. FRANK OWEN O'CONNELL The lawyer cabled at once, making all arrangements through their bankers in New York for Miss O'Connell's jour-

That night Kingsnorth slept without being disturbed. He awoke refreshed in the morning. It was the first kindly action he had done for many years. How much had he robbed himself of

all his life if by doing so little he was repaid so much!

Peg before she would consent to leave him. She met all his arguments with counter arguments. Nothing would move her for hours.

"Why should I go to a man I have never seen and hate the name of?"

"He's your uncle, Peg." "It's a fine uncle he's been to me all me life. And it was a grand way he threated me mother when she was starvin'." "He wants to do somethin' for ye

now, Peg." "I'll not go to him." "Now listen, dear; it's little I'll have to lave ye when I'm gone," pleaded

O'Connell. "I'll not listen to any talk at all about yer goin'. Yer a great, strong, healthy man-that's what ye are. What are ye talkin' about? What's got into yer head about goin'?"

"The time must come some day, Peg."

"All right. We'll know how to face it when it does. But we're not goin' out all the way to meet it," said Peg resolutely.

CHAPTER X.

Peg Away From Home.

OR the next few days Peg was busy preparing berself for the journey and buying little things for her scanty equipment. Then the cable came to the effect that a passage was reserved for her and money was waiting at a banker's for her expenses. This Peg obstinately refused to touch. She didn't want anything except what her father gave her.

When the morning of her departure came poor Peg woke with a heavy heart. It was their first parting, and

she was miserable. O'Connell, on the contrary, seemed full of life and high spirits. He laughed at her and joked with her and made a little bundle of some things that would not go in her bag and that he had kept for her to the last minute. They were a rosary that had been his mother's, a prayer book Father Cahill gave him the day he was confirmed and lastly the little miniature of Angela. It wrung his beart to part with it, but he wanted Peg to have it near her, especially as she was going among the relations of the dead woman. All through this O'Connell showed not a trace of emotion before Peg. He kept telling her there was nothing to be sad about. It was all going to

be for her good. When the time came to go the strange pair made their way down to the ship-the tall, erect, splendid looking man and the little red haired girl in her simple black suit and her little black hat, with red flowers to bright-

O'Connell went aboard with her, and From time to time down through the an odd couple they looked on the saloon deck, with Peg holding on to the passengers, the visitors and stew-

Poor, stanch, loyal, honest, true litand worshiped-her playmate, counselor, friend and father-all in one!

O'Connell never dropped his high spirits all the time they were together on board the ship. He went aboard his sister in marriage and in so doing with a laugh, and when the bell rang for all visitors to go ashore he said goodby to Peg with a laugh, while poor Peg's heart felt like a stone in her breast. She stood sobbing up against the rail of the saloon deck as the ship swung clear. She was looking for her father through the mists of tears that blinded her.

Just as the boat slowly swept past the end of the dock she saw him right at the last post so that he could watch the boat uninterruptedly until it was out of sight. He was crying himself now-crying like a child-and as the boat swung away he called up: "My little Peg! Peg o' my heart!" How she longed to get off the ship and go back to him! They stood waving to each other as long as they remained in sight.

While the ship plowed her way toward England with little Peg on board the man whom she was crossing the Atlantic to meet died quietly one morn-

ing with no one near him. The nurse found Mr. Kingsnorth smiling peacefully as though asleep. He had been dead several hours.

Near him on the table was a cable dispatch from New York: My daughter sailed on the Mauretania today at 10 o'clock.

FRANK OWEN O'CONNELL

Mrs. Chichester, whom we last saw under extremely distressing circumstances in Ireland, now enters prominently into the story. She was leading a secluded and charming existence in an old and picturesque villa at Scarborough, in the north of England. Although her husband had been dead for several years, she still clung to the outward symbols of mourning. It added a softness to the patrician line of impatiently for the reply. Perhaps the to her manner and poise. She had an illustrious example of a lifelong sorrow, and, being ever loyal, Mrs. Chichester retained the weeds of widowhood and the crape of affliction ever

> She was proud indeed of her two children, about whom she had written ac glowingly to her brother Nathanial

Continued on page 7

BLYTH'S CORNERS.

A few farmers are through seeding around the Corners, and the most of the remainder will wind erably to recall a more favorable land worked up beautifully, and the growth is remarkable.

The old saying, "a poor sap vear, a good wheat year." has O'Connell had a hard struggle with every indication of being verified judging by the beautiful fields of fall wheat to be seen on every hand.

Knox church Sunday school opened on Sunday, with an attendance of 87 scholars and teachers. Supt. Wm. Allan at the opening addressed the school at some length and outlined the course to be pursued during the season. Mr. Allan makes a charming and efficient superintendent.

After having been connected with Sunday school work in Knox church for over 40 years, Mrs. Jas. Watson was unable to see her that said firm will pay the sum of way clear to continue longer and needless to say, her dropping out is a distinct loss to the Sunday school, and much missed.

Mr. John Baer, we are sorry to report, is very poorly at present, suffering from an inward growth of some nature, and an operation will likely have to be resorted to and is advised by his attending physician.

Little Marjory Koenig, who has been quite bad with the whooping cough lately, is at present quite stipation.

ill with a severe attack of bronchitis.

The Whetlauffer firm, who had their saw mill burnt down last up this week. The oldest settler harve t, have a new and much will have to rack his brain consid- improved one erected on the old site. They are busy every day spring to get in the crop. The now sawing and making shingles. The mill is a great convenience to the surrounding country



Fishing tackle at Macfarlane's Drug Store.

The policemen of Owen Sound are empowered by the council to shoot all tagless dogs at sight, unless accompanied by their owners.

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FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON

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