

TRAVERSTON.

Seeding is fairly well on the way, about one third having finished.

Mr. Harry Gray arrived home on Saturday from Stratford, where he was busy timbering all winter.

Mr. Herb Allen has his new brick house up, and the roof on. The Lawrence Eros, of Hanover are rustlers to lay brick.

Councillor Young considers last week an unlucky one about his premises, as he had a big steer killed by lightning, and a few days later he fell off the roller and broke three of his ribs.

Mr. Wm. Greenwood is in his 70th year, yet one day recently he sowed a 10-acre field of grain by hand, and drove some stock four miles, beside.

Little Joe Quillinan had a close call last week. He was riding a fractious colt, that made a monster leap and then stopped abruptly, throwing him head first on a pile of stones, causing an ugly scalp wound, which required six stitches to close.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm McNally returned to the old home on the 6th concession on Saturday, from Grand Rapids, Mich., and will remain during the summer. Their eldest daughter, Mrs. Pelton, accompanied them on the trip, and is remaining a few days.

Mrs. A. G. Blair and Master George, spent last week with her parents in Markdale. Mrs. Geo. Blair left on Saturday to spend a couple of months with her daughter, Mrs. Louis Frook, of Proton Zion Sunday school re-opened for the season last Sunday. The following are on the teaching and official staff: Misses Mary McArthur, Jennie Cook, Ena McNally, Mary Peart, Mrs. W. Jack and your scribe.

Mr. Hill, Mrs. Colin McArthur's father, recently met with an accident in Owen Sound which resulted in a broken leg. He has been brought to the McArthur home, where the best of care and nursing is being given him.

Mr. and Mrs. Will McFadden and baby Gladys, spent the first of the week at the Cook homestead.

If humanity and the beasts were removed from the roads and fields of Glenelg, in ten years it would all be re-forested, as go where you will, thousands upon thousands of maple keys have given life to little plantlets that already are bearing their second pair of leaves.

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PEG O' MY HEART

Continued from page 6.

Alaric was the elder. In him Mrs. Chichester took the greater pride. He was so nearly being great—even from infancy—that he continually kept his mother in a condition of expectant wonder. He was nearly brilliant at school. At college he almost got his degree. He just missed his "blue" at cricket, and but for an unfortunate ball dribbling over the net at a critical moment in the semi-final of the tennis championships he might have won the cup. He was quite philosophic about it, though, and never appeared to reproach fate for treating him so shabbily.

He was always nearly doing something, and kept Mrs. Chichester in a lively condition of trusting hope and occasional disappointment. She knew he would "arrive" some day—come into his own. Then all these half rewarded efforts would be invaluable in the building of his character.

Her daughter, Ethel, on the other hand, was the exact antithesis to Alaric. She had never shown the slightest interest in anything since she had first looked up at the man of medicine who ushered her into the world. She regarded everything about her with the greatest complacency. She was never surprised or angry or pleased or depressed. Sorrow never seemed to affect her—nor joy make her smile. She looked on life as a gentle brook down whose current she was perfectly content to drift undisturbed. At least that was the effect created in Mrs. Chichester's mind. She never thought it possible there might be latent possibilities in her impassive daughter.

When her mother admired Ethel's lofty attitude of indifference toward the world, a manner that bespoke the aristocrat, she secretly chafed at her daughter's lack of enthusiasm.

How different from Alaric, always full of nearly new ideas, always about to do something. Alaric kept those around him on the alert. No one ever really knew what he would do next. On the other hand, Ethel depressed by her stolid content with everything about her. Every one knew what she would do—or thought they did.

Mrs. Chichester had long since abandoned any further attempt to interest her brother Nathaniel in the children. Angela's wretched marriage had upset everything—driven Nathaniel to be a recluse and to close his doors on near and distant relatives.

Angela's death the following year did not relieve the situation. If anything, it intensified it, since she left a baby that, naturally, none of the family could possibly take the slightest notice of—nor interest in.

It was tacitly agreed never to speak of the unfortunate incident, especially before the children. It was such a terrible example for Ethel and so discouraging to the eager and ambitious Alaric.

Consequently Angela's name was never spoken inside of Regal Villa.

And so the Chichester family pursued an even course, only varied by Alaric's sudden and definite decisions to enter either public life, or athletics, or the army, or the world of art—it was really extremely hard for so well equipped a young man to decide to limit himself to any one particular pursuit. Consequently he put off the final choice from day to day.

Suddenly a most untoward incident happened. Alaric, returning from a long walk, alone—during which he had almost decided to become a doctor—walked in through the windows from the garden into the living room and found his mother in tears, an open letter in her hand.

This was most unusual. Mrs. Chichester was not wont to give vent to open emotion. It shows a lack of breeding. So she always suppressed it. It seemed to grow inward. To find her weeping—and almost audibly—impressed Alaric that something of more than usual importance had occurred.

"Hello, mater!" he cried cheerfully, though his looks belied the buoyancy of his tone. "Hello! What's the matter? What's up?"

At the same moment Ethel came in through the door. It was 11:30, and precisely at that time every morning Ethel practiced for half an hour on the piano—not that she had the slightest interest in music, but it helped the morning so much. She would look forward to it for an hour before and think of it for an hour afterward, and then it was lunchtime. It practically filled out the entire morning.

Mrs. Chichester looked up as her beloved children came toward her, and real tears were in her eyes, and a real note of alarm was in her voice: "Oh, Ethel! Oh, Alaric!"

Alaric was at her side in a moment. He was genuinely alarmed.

Ethel moved slowly across, thinking vaguely that something must have disagreed with her mother.

"What is it, mater?" cried Alaric.

"Mother!" said Ethel, with as nearly a tone of emotion as she could feel.

"We're ruined!" sobbed Mrs. Chichester.

"Nonsense!" said the bewildered son.

"Really?" asked the placid daughter.

"Our bank has failed! Every penny your poor father left me was in it!" wailed Mrs. Chichester. "We've nothing—nothing! We're beggars!"

A horrible fear for a moment gripped Alaric—the dread of poverty. He shivered. Suppose such a thing should really happen! Then he dismissed it with a shrug of his shoulders. How perfectly absurd! Poverty, indeed! The Chichesters beggars? Such nonsense! He turned to his mother and found her holding out a letter and a newspaper. He took them both and

read them with mingled amazement and disgust. First the headline of the newspaper caught his eye: "Failure of Gifford's Bank."

Then he looked at the letter: "Gifford's bank suspended business yesterday!" Back his eye traveled to the paper: "Gifford's Bank Has Closed Its Doors!"

He was quite unable at first to grasp the full significance of the contents of that letter and newspaper. He turned to Ethel:

"Eh?" he gasped.

"Pity," she murmured, trying to find a particular piece of music among the mass on the piano.

"We're ruined!" reiterated Mrs. Chichester.

Then the real meaning of those cryptic headlines and the businesslike letter broke in on Alaric. All the Chichester blood was roused in him.

"Now, that's what I call a downright, rotten, blackguardly shame—a blackguardly shame!" His voice rose in tones as it increased in intensity until it almost reached a shriek.

Something was expected of him—at any rate, indignation. Well, he was certainly indignant.

"Closed its doors, indeed!" he went on. "Why should it close its doors? That's what I want to know! Why—should—it?" And he glared at the offending letter and the noncommittal newspaper.

He looked at Ethel, who was surreptitiously concealing a yawn and was apparently quite undisturbed by the appalling news. He found no inspiration there. Back he went to his mother for support.

"What right have banks to fail? There should be a law against it. They should be made to open their doors and keep 'em open. That's what we give 'em our money for—so that we can take it out again when we want it."

Poor Mrs. Chichester shook her head sadly.

"Everything gone!" she moaned. "Ruined, and at my age!"

CHAPTER XI. The Chichesters.

ALARIC sat on the edge of her chair and put his arm around her shoulder and tried to comfort her.

"Don't you worry, mater," he said. "Don't worry. I'll go down and tell 'em what I think of 'em—exactly what I think of 'em. They can't play the fool with me. I should think not, indeed. Listen, mater. You've got a son, thank God, and one no bank can take any liberties with. What we put in there we've got to have out. That's all I can say. We've simply got to have it out. There! I've said it."

Alaric rose and, drawing himself up to his full five feet six inches of manhood, glared malignantly at some imaginary bank officials. His whole nature was roused. The future of the family depended on him. They would not depend in vain. He looked at Ethel, who was trying to make the best of the business by smiling agreeably on them both.

"It's bankrupt!" wailed Mrs. Chichester.

"Failed!" suggested Ethel cheerfully.

"We're beggars," continued the mother. "I must live on charity for the rest of my life, the guest of relations I've hated the sight of and who have hated me. It's dreadful—dreadful!"

All Alaric's first glow of manly enthusiasm began to cool.

"Don't you think we'll get anything?" By accident he turned to Ethel. She smiled meaninglessly and said for the first time with any real note of conviction: "Nothing!"

Alaric sat down gloomily beside his mother.

"I always thought bank directors were blighters. Good heavens, what a mess!" He looked at the picture of misery. "What's to become of Ethel, mater?"

"Whoever shelters me must shelter Ethel as well," replied the mother sadly. "But it's hard—at my age—to be sheltered."

Alaric looked at Ethel, and a feeling of pity came over him. It was distinctly to his credit since his own wrongs occupied most of his attention. But, after all, he could buffet the world and wring a living out of it. All he had to do was to make up his mind which walk in life to choose. He was fortunate.

But Ethel, reared from infancy in the environment of independence—it would come very hard and bitter on her. Alaric just touched Ethel's hand, and with as much feeling as he could muster he said:

"Shocking, tough, old girl."

Ethel shook her head almost determinedly and said somewhat enigmatically and for her heatedly:

"No!"

"No?" asked Alaric. "No—what?"

"Charity!" said Ethel.

"Cold blooded words," and Alaric shuddered. "What will you do, Ethel?"

"Work."

"At what?"

"Teach."

"Teach? Who in the wide world can you teach?"

"Children."

Alaric laughed mirthlessly. "Oh, come, that's rich! Eh, mater? Fancy Ethel teaching grubby little brats their A B C's! Tush!"

"Must!" said Ethel, quite unmoved. "A Chichester teach?" said Alaric, in disgust.

"Settled!" from Ethel, and she swept her fingers slowly across the piano.

"Very well," said Alaric determinedly. "I'll work too."

Mrs. Chichester looked up pleadingly. Alaric went on: "I'll put my hand to the plow. The more I think of it the

keener I am to begin. From today I'll be a workman."

At this Ethel laughed a queer, little, odd, supercilious note, summed up in a single word, "Ha!" There was nothing mirthful in it. There was no reproach in it. It was just an expression of her honest feeling at the bare suggestion of her brother working.

Alaric turned quickly to her. "And may I ask why that 'Ha'?"

"Why, I ask you? There's nothing I couldn't do if I were really put to it—not a single thing. Is there, mater?"

His mother looked up proudly at him. "I know that, dear. But it's dreadful to think of you—working."

"Not at all," said Alaric. "I'm just tingling all over at the thought of it. The only reason I haven't so far is because I've never had to. But now that I have I'll just buckle on my armor, so to speak, and astonish you all."

Again came that deadly, cold unsympathetic "Ha" from Ethel.

"Please don't laugh in that cheerless way, Ethel. It goes all down my spine. Jerry's always telling me I ought to do something—that the world is for the worker—and all that. He's right, and I'm going to show him." He suddenly picked up the paper and look-



Alaric Drew Himself to His Full Height.

ed at the date. "What's today—the 1st? Yes, so it is—June the 1st. Jerry's coming today—all his family. Continued on page 8

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