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W. H. BEAN Big 4

A movement is on foot to have a trunk macadam road constructed between Owen Sound and Collingwood.

James Wilson, a farmer residing near Appleton, sustained fatal injuries through being run over by the wheel of a seeder. The wheel passed over Wilson's face, breaking the jaw bone, and one of the spokes on the wheel entered his head.



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

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CHAPTER XVII.

Peg and the Chichester Family.
PEG finally weakened under Mr. Hawkes' powers of persuasion. Patting Michael on the head, she said to the footman:

"Ye won't hurt him, will ye?" Michael at that stage licked her hand and whined, as though he knew they were to be separated. Peg comforted him and went on: "An' I'd be much obliged to ye if ye'd give him some wather an' a bone. He loves mutton bones."

Peg looked down and found Alaric sitting at a desk near the door staring at her in disgust.

He was such a funny looking little fellow to Peg that she could not feel any resentment toward him. His sleek, well brushed hair; his carefully creased and admirably cut clothes, his self sufficiency and, above all, his absolute assurance that whatever he did was right amused Peg immensely. He was an entirely new type of young man to her, and she was interested. She smiled at him now in a friendly way and said: "Ye must know Michael is simply crazy about mutton. He loves mutton."

Alaric turned indignantly away from her.

"Come here!" called Mrs. Chichester. Peg walked over to her, and when she got almost beside the old lady she turned to have another glimpse at Alaric and gave him a little, chuckling, good natured laugh.

"Look at me!" commanded Mrs. Chichester sternly.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Peg, with a little courtesy. Mrs. Chichester closed her eyes for a moment. What was to be done with this barbarian? Why should this affliction be thrust upon her? Then she thought of the thousand pounds a year. She opened her eyes and looked severely at Peg.

"Don't call me 'ma'am'!" she said. "No, ma'am," replied Peg nervously, then instantly corrected herself. "No, an't! No, an't!"

"An't!" said Mrs. Chichester laughingly. "An't, not an't."

Alaric commented to Ethel: "An't! Like some little crawly insect!"

Peg heard him, looked at him and laughed. He certainly was odd. Then she looked at Ethel, then at Mr. Hawkes, then all around the room, as if she missed some one. Finally she faced Mrs. Chichester again.

"Are you me Uncle Nat's widdy?"

"No, I am not," contradicted the old lady sharply.

"Then how are you me—ant?" demanded Peg.

"I am your mother's sister," replied Mrs. Chichester.

"Oh!" cried Peg. "Then your name's Monica?"

"It is."

"What do ye think of that?" said Peg under her breath. She surreptitiously opened out the miniature and looked at it; then she scrutinized her aunt. She shook her head.

"Ye don't look a bit like me poor mother did."

"What have you there?" asked Mrs. Chichester.

"Me poor mother's picture," replied Peg softly.

"Let me see it," and Mrs. Chichester held out her hand for it. Peg showed it to Mrs. Chichester, all the while keeping a jealous hold on the corner of the frame. No one would ever take it away from her. The old lady looked at it intently. Finally she said: "She had changed very much since I last saw her—and in one year."

"Sorrow an' poverty did that," said Monica, and the tears sprang unbidden into Peg's eyes.

"Aunt will be quite sufficient. Put it away," and Mrs. Chichester released the miniature.

"Sit down," directed the old lady. Peg sprawled into a chair with a great sigh of relief.

"Thank ye, ant—ant," she said. Then she looked at them all alternately and laughed heartily.

"Sure I had no idea in the world I had such fine relations, although, of course, my father often said to me, 'Now, Peg,' he would say, 'now, Peg, ye've got some grand folks on yer mother's side!'"

"Folks! Really—Ethel!" cried Alaric disgustedly.

"Yes, that's what he said—grand folks on me mother's side."

Mrs. Chichester silenced Peg.

"That will do. Don't sprawl in that way. Sit up. Try to remember where you are. Look at your cousin," and the mother indicated Ethel. Peg sat up demurely and looked at Ethel. She chuckled to herself as she turned back to Mrs. Chichester:

"Is she me cousin?"

"She is," replied the mother.

"And I am, too"—said Alaric—"Cousin Alaric."

Peg looked him all over and laughed openly. Finally she asked Mrs. Chichester the following amazing ques-

tion: "Where's her husband?"

Ethel sprang to her feet. She was to be disgraced before her family by that beggar brat.

Mrs. Chichester said in astonishment, "Her husband?"

"Yes," replied Peg insistently. "I saw her husband when I came in here first. I've been in this room before, ye know. I came in through those windows, an' I saw her an' her husband. She was—"

"What in heaven's name does she mean?" cried Alaric.

Peg persisted. "I tell ye it was she sent me to the kitchen—she an' him."

"Him? Who in the world does she mean?" from Alaric.

"To whom does she refer, Ethel?" from Mrs. Chichester.

"Mr. Brent," said Ethel with admirable self control. She was on thin ice, but she must keep calm.

Mrs. Chichester looked relieved. Peg went on:

"Sure, she thought I was a servant lookin' for a place, an' Mr. Hawkes told me not to say a word until he came—an' I didn't say a word."

Mr. Hawkes now broke in: "My time is short. Miss O'Connell, it was your uncle's wish that you should make your home here with Mrs. Chichester. She will give you every possible advantage to make you a happy, well cared for, charming young lady."

Peg laughed.

"Lady? Me? Sure now!"

"You must do everything she tells you. Try to please her in all things. On the first day of every month I will



The Butler Took Michael; Peg Asked Him Not to Hurt the Dog.

call and find out what progress you're making. And now I must take my leave." He picked up his hat and came from the table.

Peg sprang up breathlessly and frightenedly. Now that Mr. Hawkes was going she felt deserted. He had at least been gentle and considerate to her. She tugged at his sleeve and looked straight up into his face with her big blue eyes wide open and pleaded:

"Plaze, sir, take me with ye an' send me back to New York. I'd rather go home. Indade I would. I don't want to be a lady. I want me father. Plaze take me with ye."

"Oh, come, come"—Mr. Hawkes began.

"I want to go back to me father. Indade I do." Her eyes filled with tears. "He mightn't like me to stay here now that me uncle's dead."

"Why, it was your uncle's last wish that you should come here. Your father will be delighted at your good fortune." He gently pressed her back into the chair and smiled pleasantly and reassuringly down at her.

Just when he had negotiated everything most satisfactorily to have Peg endeavor to upset it all was most disturbing. He went on again:

"Your aunt will do everything in her power to make you feel at home. Won't you, Mrs. Chichester?"

"Everything!" said Mrs. Chichester, as if she were walking over her own grave.

Peg looked at her aunt ruefully (her expression was most forbidding); at Ethel's expressive back; lastly at Alaric fitting a cigarette into a gold

mounted holder. Her whole nature cried out against them. She made one last appeal to Mr. Hawkes:

"Do send me back to me father!"

"Nonsense, my dear Miss O'Connell. You would not disappoint your father in that way, would you? Wait for a month. I'll call on the 1st, and I expect to hear only the most charming things about you. Now, goodbye." And he took her hand.

She looked up wistfully at him.

"Goodby, sir. An' thank ye very much for bein' so kind to me."

Hawkes bowed to Mrs. Chichester and Ethel and went to the door.

"Have a cab?" asked Alaric.

"No; thank you," replied the lawyer. "I have no luggage. Like the walk. Good day." And Peg's only friend in England passed out and left her to face this terrible English family alone.

"Your name is Margaret," said Mrs. Chichester as the door closed on Mr. Hawkes.

"No, ma'am," Peg began, but immediately corrected herself; "no, aunt—I beg your pardon—no, aunt—my name is Peg!" cried she earnestly.

"That is only a corruption. We will call you Margaret," insisted Mrs. Chichester, dismissing the subject once and for all.

But Peg was not to be turned so lightly aside. She stuck to her point.

"I wouldn't know myself as Margaret—indeed I wouldn't. I might forget to answer to the name of Margaret." She stopped her pleading tone and said determinedly, "My name is Peg." Then a little softer and more plaintively she added: "Me father always calls me Peg. It would put me in mind of me father if you'd let me be called Peg, aunt." She ended her plea with a little yearning cry.

"Kindly leave your father out of the conversation," snapped the old lady severely.

"Then it's all I will have him out of!" cried Peg, springing up and confronting the stately lady of the house.

Mrs. Chichester regarded her in astonishment and anger.

"No temper, if you please," and she motioned Peg to resume her seat.

Poor Peg sat down, breathing hard, her fingers locking and unlocking, her stanch little heart aching for the one human being she was told not to refer to.

This house was not going to hold her a prisoner if her father's name was to be slighted or ignored. On that point she was determined. Back to America she would go if her father's name was ever insulted before her.

Mrs. Chichester's voice broke the silence:

"You must take my daughter as your model in all things."

Peg looked at Ethel, and all her anger vanished temporarily. The idea of taking that young lady as a model appealed to her as being irresistibly amusing. She smiled broadly at Ethel.

Mrs. Chichester went on: "Everything my daughter does you must try to imitate. You could not have a better example. Mold yourself from her."

"Imitate her, is it?" asked Peg innocently, with a twinkle in her eye and the suggestion of impishness in her manner.

"So far as lies in your power," replied Mrs. Chichester.

A picture of Ethel struggling in Brent's arms suddenly flashed across Peg, and before she could restrain herself she had said in exact imitation of her cousin:

"Please don't! It is so hot this mornin'!"

Then Peg laughed loudly to Ethel's horror and Mrs. Chichester's disgust.

"How dare you!" cried her aunt.

Peg looked at her a moment; all the mirth died away.

"Mustn't I laugh in this house?" she asked.

"You have a great deal to learn. Your education will begin tomorrow."

"Sure, that will be foine," and she chuckled.

Continued next week.

MOON YARNS EXPLODED

Scientists are now convinced the moon has no more influence on crops than it has on the temperature or the amount of rain or the winds or any other weather element. The growth of plants depends on the amount of food in the soil and in the air that is available for them and on temperature, light and moisture.

The moon obviously does not affect the character of the soil in any way, neither does it affect the composition of the atmosphere. The only remaining way in which it could influence plant growth, therefore, is by light.

Recent experiments, however, show that full daylight is about 600,000 times brighter than full moonlight, yet when a plant gets 1-100th part of normal daylight it thrives little better than in absolute darkness. If 1-100th part of normal daylight is thus too little to stimulate a plant, it seems quite certain that a 600,000th part can not have any effect at all.

It is therefore a mere waste of time to think about the moon in connection with the planting of crops. The moon, say the scientists, has nothing more to do with this than it has to do with the building of fences, the time for killing hogs or any other of the innumerable things over which it is supposed to exert a strong influence.

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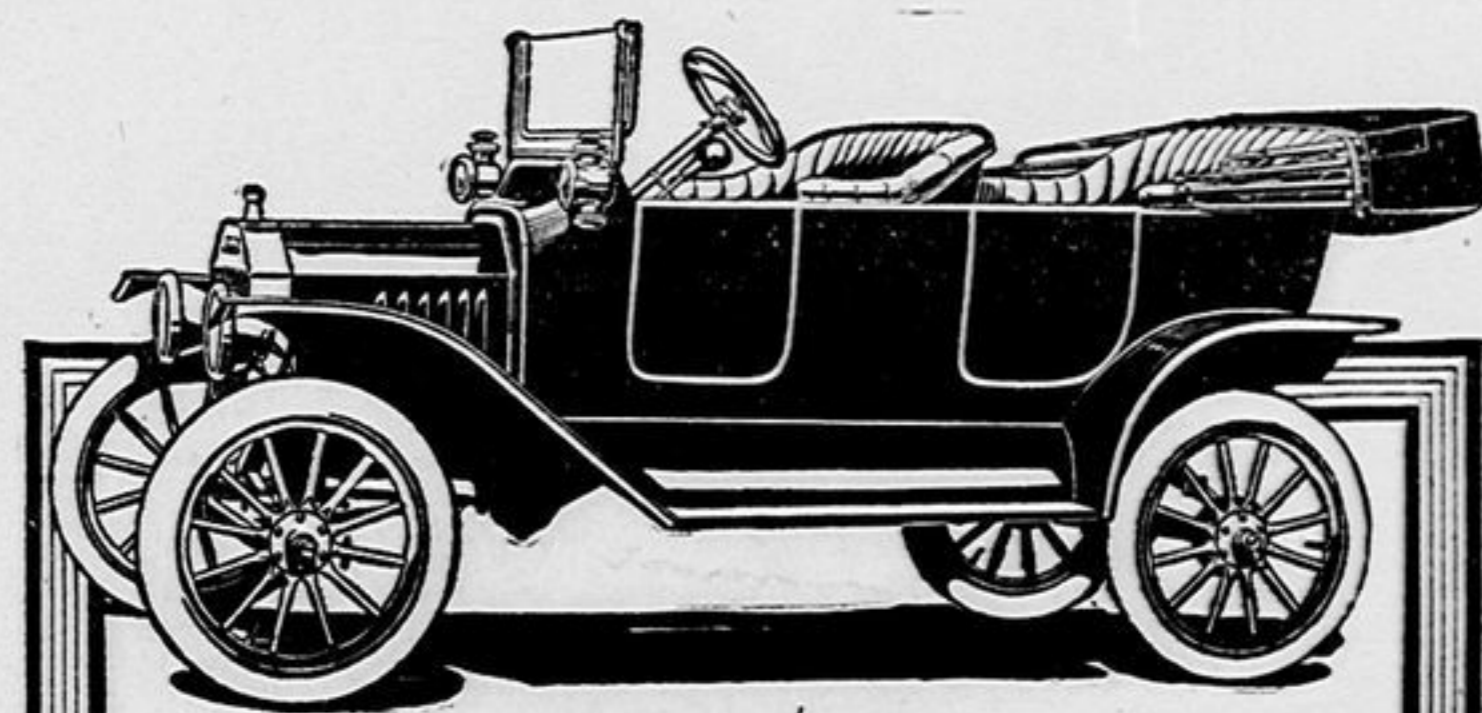
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