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Mrs. John P. Hockin of Guelph died last Friday, the result of a fall about six weeks ago in which she sustained a broken collar-bone.

John Steele manager of the Mount Forest Carriage Company, is dead, and his brother, Harry, president of the company, is in a serious condition at Listowel as the result of an automobile accident in which their car struck a stick of wood in the roadway and turned turtle.



**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 XVIII.**

**P**EG'S little heart was craving for some show of kindness. If she were going to stay there she would make the best of it. She would make some friendly advances to them. She held her hand out to Mrs. Chichester.

"I'm sure I'm very grateful to you for takin' me to live with ye here. An' me father will be too. But, ye see, it's all so strange to me here, an' I'm so far away—an' I miss me father so much."

Mrs. Chichester, ignoring the outstretched hand, stopped her peremptorily:

"Go with him!" And she pointed up the stairs, on the first landing of which stood the portly Jarvis waiting to conduct Peg out of the family's sight.

Peg dropped a little courtesy to Mrs. Chichester, smiled at Ethel, looked loftily at Alaric, then ran up the stairs, and, following the footman's index finger pointing the way, she disappeared from Mrs. Chichester's unhappy gaze.

The three looked at each other. "Awful!" said Alaric. "Terrible!" agreed Mrs. Chichester. "One thing is absolutely necessary," Mrs. Chichester went on to say—"she must be kept away from every one for the present."

"I should say so!" cried Alaric energetically. Suddenly he ejaculated: "Good Lord! Jerry—he mustn't see

where such people were endowed with so much of the world's goods while her father had to struggle all his life for the bare necessities!

Very much comforted by the reflection and having exhausted all the curious things in the little mauve room, she determined to see the rest of the house. First she changed to another dress.

At the top of the stairs she met the maid Bennett.

"Mrs. Chichester left word that you were not to leave your room without permission. I was just going to tell you," said Bennett.

All Peg's independent Irish blood flared up. What would she be doing shut up in a little white and gold room all day? She answered the maid excitedly:

"Tell Mrs. Chichester I am not goin' to do anything of the kind. As long as I stay in this house I'll see every bit of it!" and she swept past the maid down the stairs into the same room for the third time.

"You'll only get me into trouble," cried the maid.

"No, I won't. I wouldn't get you into trouble for the world. I'll get all the trouble, an' I'll get it now." Peg ran across, opened the door connecting with the hall and called out:

"Aunt! Cousins! Aunt! Come here; I want to tell ye about meself!"

"They've all gone out," said the maid quickly.

"Then what are ye makin' such a fuss about? You go out too!"

She watched the disappointed Bennett leave the room and then began a tour of inspection. She had never seen so many strange things outside of a museum.

Fierce men in armor glared at her out of massive frames; old gentlemen in powdered wigs smiled pleasantly at her; haughty ladies in breath bereaving coiffures stared superciliously right through her. She felt most uncomfortable in such strange company.

On the piano she found a perfectly carved bronze statuette of Cupid. She gave a little elfish cry of delight, took the statuette in her arms and kissed it.

"Cupid, me darlin'! Faith, it's you that causes all the mischief in the world, ye divil ye!" she cried.

All her depression vanished. She was like a child again. She sat down at the piano and played the simple refrain and sang in her little girlish tremulous voice one of her father's favorite songs, her eyes on Cupid:

"Oh, the days are gone when beauty bright

My heart's charm wove!

When my dream of life, from morn till night,

Was love, still love!

New hope may bloom

And days may come

Of milder, calmer beam.

But there's nothing half so sweet in life

As love's young dream!

No, there's nothing half so sweet in life

As love's young dream."

As she let the last bars die away and gave Cupid a little caress and was about to commence the next verse a vivid flash of lightning played around the room, followed almost immediately by a crash of thunder.

Peg covered down into a deep chair. All the laughter died from her face and the joy in her heart. She made the sign of the cross, knelt down and prayed.

Into the room through the window came a young man, his coat collar turned up, rain pouring from his hat. Inside his coat was a terrified looking dog. The man came well into the room, turning down the collar of his coat and shaking the moisture from his clothes when he suddenly saw the kneeling figure of Peg. He looked down at her in surprise. She was intent on her prayers.

"Hello!" cried the young man.

"Frightened, eh?"

Peg looked up and saw him staring down at her with a smile on his lips. Inside his coat was her precious little dog, trembling with fear. The terrier barked loudly when he saw his mistress. Peg sprang up and clutched Michael away from the stranger just as another blinding flash played around the room, followed by a deafening report.

Peg ran across to the door, shouting: "Shut it out! Shut it out!" She stood there trembling, covering her eyes with one hand; with the other she held on to the overjoyed Michael, who was whining with glee at seeing her again.

The amazed and amused young man closed the windows and the curtains.

"Don't come near the dog, sir! Don't come near it!" She opened a door and found it led into a little reception room. She fastened Michael with a piece of string to a chair in the room and came back to look again at the stranger, who had evidently rescued her dog from the storm. He was a tall, bronzed, athletic looking, broad shouldered young man of about twenty-six, with a pleasant, genial, magnetic manner and a playful humor

parking in his eyes. As Peg looked him all over she found that he was smiling down at her.

"Does the dog belong to you?" he queried.

"What were you doin' with him?" she asked in reply.

"I found him barking at a very high spirited mare."

"Mare?" cried Peg. "Where?"

"Tied to the stable door."

"The stable door? Is that where they put Michael?" Once again the lightning flashed vividly.

Peg shivered.

The stranger reassured her.

"Don't be frightened. It's only a summer storm."

"Summer or winter, they shiver me up," gasped Peg. She looked at the young man and said in an awestruck voice:

"They say if ye look at the sky when the lightning comes ye can see the kingdom of heaven. An' the sight of it blinds some and kills others—accordin' to the state of grace ye're in."

"You're a Catholic?" said the stranger.

"What else would I be?" asked Peg in surprise.

Again the lightning lit the room. Peg closed her eyes again and shivered.

"Doesn't it seem he is angry with us for our sins?" she cried.

"With me perhaps—not with you," answered the stranger.

"What do ye mane by that?" asked Peg.

"You don't know what sin is," replied the young man.

"An' who may you be to talk to me like that?" demanded Peg.

"My name is Jerry," he said.

"Jerry?" And Peg looked at him curiously.

"Yes. What is yours?"

"Peg." And there was a sullen note of fixed determination in her tone.

"Peg, eh?" And the stranger smiled. She nodded and looked at him curiously. What a strange name he had—Jerry! She had never heard such a name before associated with such a distinguished looking man.

"Jerry, did ye say?"

"Just plain Jerry," he answered cheerfully. "And you're Peg."

She nodded again, with a quick little smile. "Just plain Peg."

"I don't agree with you," said the young man. "I think you are very charming."

After a pause he went on, "Who are you?"

"I'm me aunt's niece," replied Peg, looking at him furtively.

Jerry laughed again.

"And who is your aunt?"

"Mrs. Chichester."

"Whom?"

Poor Peg tried again at the absurd tongue tying name.

"My aunt is Mrs. Chichester."

"Mrs. Chichester?" asked Jerry in surprise.

"That's it," said Peg.

"How extraordinary!"

"Isn't it? Ye wouldn't expect a fine lady like her to have a niece like me, would ye?"

"That isn't what I meant," corrected Jerry.

"Yes, it is what ye meant. Don't tell untruths with the storm ragin' outside," replied Peg.

"I was thinking that I don't remember Alaric ever telling me that he had such a charming cousin."

"Oh, do you know Alaric?" asked Peg, with a quick smile.

"Very well," answered Jerry.

Peg's smile developed into a long laugh.

"And why that laugh?" queried Jerry.

"I'd like me father to see Alaric. I'd like him just to see Alaric for one minute. He's such a conceited person."

"I admire your delightful accent," replied Jerry.

"Accent is it?" And Peg looked at him in astonishment. "Sure, I've no accent. I just speak naturally. It's you have the accent to my way of thinkin'."

"Really?" asked the amused Jerry.

Peg imitated the young man's well bred, polished tone:

"Wah ye bawn theah?"

Jerry laughed immoderately. Who was this extraordinary little person? was the one thought that was in his mind.

**CHAPTER XIX.**

Peg and Jerry.

**P**EG went haphazardly around the room examining everything, sitting in various kinds of chairs, on the sofa, smelling the flowers, and wherever she went Jerry followed her at a little distance.

"Are you going to stay here?"

"Mebbe I will and mebbe I won't."

"Did your aunt send for you?"

"No, me uncle—me Uncle Nat."

"Nathaniel Kingsnorth!" cried Jerry in amazement.

Peg nodded.

"Sleepin' in his grave, poor man."

"Why, then, you're Miss Margaret O'Connell?"

"I am. How did you know that?"

"I was with your uncle when he died."

"Were ye?"

"He told me all about you."

"Did he? Well, I wish the poor man 'ud ha' lived. An' I wish he'd a' thought o' us sooner—he with all his money an' me father with none an' me his sister's only child."

"What does your father do?"

Peg took a deep breath and answered eagerly. She was on the one subject about which she could talk freely—all she needed was a good listener. This strange man, unlike her aunt, seemed to be the very person to talk to on the one really vital subject to Peg. She said breathlessly:

"Sure me father can do anything at all—except make money. An' when he does make it he can't kape it. He

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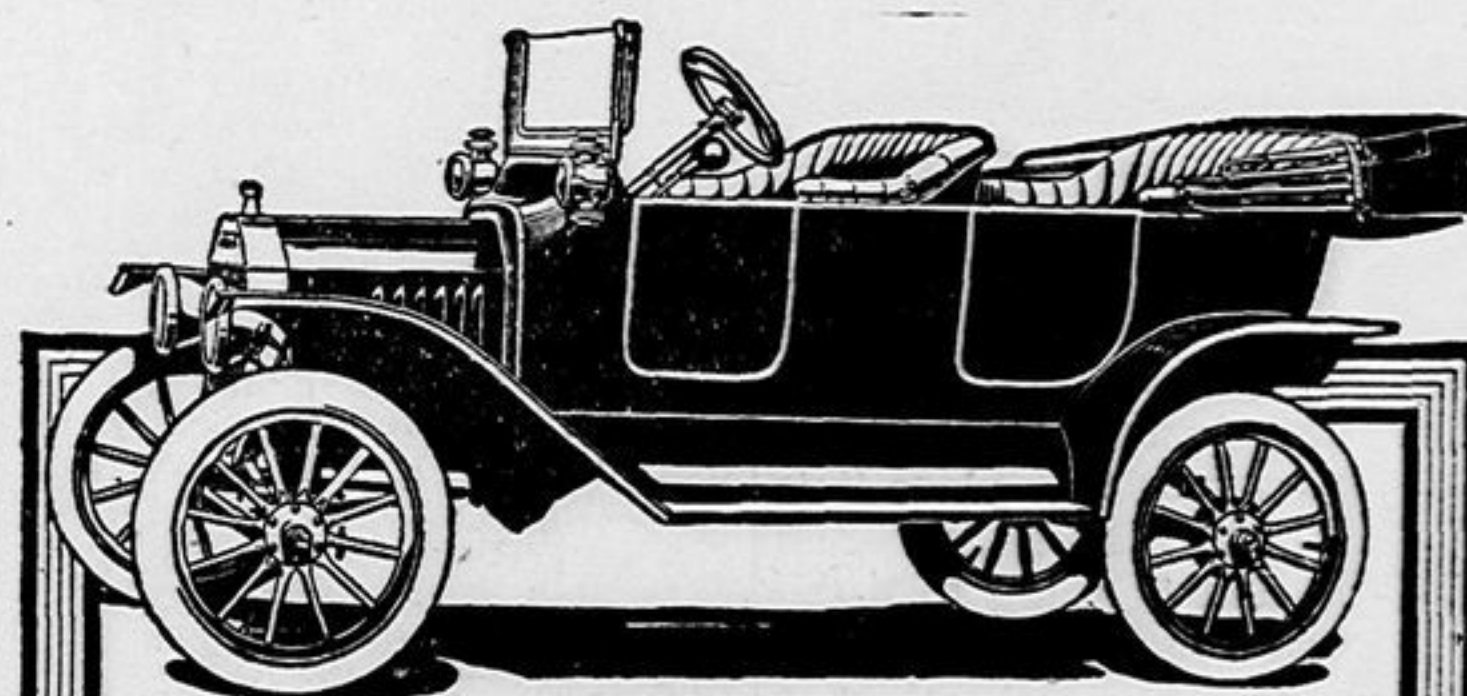
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