

For
Machine Oil, Harness Oil,
Axle Grease and Hool
Ointment, go to
S. P. SAUNDERS
The Harnessmaker

Fall Term Opens Sept. 1st

ELLIOTT
Business College

Yonge and Charles streets, Toronto does not ask for a better reputation than it already possesses. We get positions for many students each year Catalogue free
W. J. ELLIOTT, Prin., 734 Young St.

FALL TERM
OPENS AUGUST 31

in the
Mount Forest Business College
This school is affiliated with Central Business College, Stratford, and Elliott Business College Toronto. Our first-class Commercial, Shorthand and Civil Service courses are followed by good lucrative positions. Our large free catalogue explains why. Write for it at once.
D. A. MCLACHLAN G. M. HENRY,
President Principal

THE FIRST STEP

Often means so much. It has meant success to thousands of young people who wrote for our Catalogue as the first step toward a good salaried position. Take the step to-day. Address Central Business College, 385 Yonge St., Toronto.
W. H. SHAW,
President

Durham High School

The school is thoroughly equipped in teaching ability, in chemical and electrical supplies and fittings, etc., for full Junior Leaving and Matriculation work.

THOS. ALLAN, Principal and Provincial Model School Teacher 1st Class Certificate.

Intending Students should enter at the beginning of the term if possible. Board can be obtained at reasonable rates. Durham is a healthy and attractive town, making it a most desirable place for residence.

The record of the School in past years is a flattering one. The trustees are progressive educationally and spare no pains to see that teachers and pupils have every advantage for the proper presentation and acquisition of knowledge.

FEES: \$1 per month in advance
REV. W. H. HARTLEY, J. F. GRANT,
Chairman Secretary

BIG 4
He Sells Cheap

New
Spring Goods

LACE CURTAINS

2 1/2 yds. long 40 ins. wide 50c pair
2 1/2 yds. long 42 ins. wide 75c pair
3 yds. long 47 ins. wide \$1.00 pair
3 yds. long 47 ins. wide \$1.50 pair
All curtains have the new finished top.

Fine English Crepes, white and fancy 15c per yard

Table Linens at 25c, 50c and 60c

Grey Cotton Sheeting 2 yards wide at 25c per yard.

Heavy Bleached Sheeting, 2 yds. wide at 40c per yard.

Heavy 11-4 Flannelette Blankets white and Grey \$1.50 pair

Heavy 12-4 Flannelette Blankets white only \$1.85 pair

Our New Spring Prints are now in. Call and See Them.

W. H. BEAN Big 4

THE BUSINESS MAN ON HIS WESTERN TRIP.

Cannot afford to leave out the cities that handle the crop. Fort William and Port Arthur. Take the Canadian Pacific route to Winnipeg, the way the business travels Daily service, observation and dining cars, electric lighted equipment. Double track more than half the distance. Comfort, scenery, and one management all the way. Diabetic blended meals, the scientific combination of food for travellers. Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents.



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

CHAPTER XXVII.
New Revelations.
"WELL, how do you do, Sir Gerald?" and Hawkes went across quickly with outstretched hand.

"Hello, Hawkes," replied Jerry, too preoccupied to return the act of salutation. Instead he nodded in the direction Peg had gone and questioned: "What does she mean—going in a few minutes?"

"She is returning to America. Our term of guardianship is over. She absolutely refuses to stay here any longer. My duties in regard to her, outside of the annual payment provided by her late uncle, end today," replied the lawyer.

"I think not, Hawkes."
"I beg your pardon?"

"As the chief executor of the late Mr. Kingsnorth's will I must be satisfied that its conditions are complied with in the spirit as well as to the letter," said Jerry authoritatively.

"Mr. Kingsnorth expressly stipulated that a year was to elapse before any definite conclusion was arrived at. So far only a month has passed."

"But she insists on returning to her father," protested Mr. Hawkes.

"Have you told her the conditions of the will?"

"Certainly not. Mr. Kingsnorth distinctly stated she was not to know them."

"Except under exceptional circumstances. I consider the circumstances most exceptional."

"I am afraid I cannot agree with you, Sir Gerald."

"That is a pity. But it doesn't alter my intention."

"And may I ask what that intention is?"

"To carry out the spirit of Mr. Kingsnorth's bequest."

"And what do you consider the spirit of it?"

"I think we will best carry out Mr. Kingsnorth's last wishes by making known the conditions of his bequest to Miss O'Connell and then let her decide whether she wishes to abide by them or not."

Mrs. Chichester came into the room and went straight to Jerry. At the same time Alaric burst in through the garden and greeted Jerry and Hawkes.

"I heard you were here"—began Mrs. Chichester.

Jerry interrupted her anxiously. "Mrs. Chichester, I was entirely to blame for last night's unfortunate business. Don't visit your displeasure on the poor little child. Please don't!"

Jarvis came down the stairs with a pained, not to say mortified, expression on his face. Underneath his left arm he held tightly a shabby little bag and a freshly wrapped up parcel. In his right hand, held far away from his body, was the melancholy and picturesque terrier, Michael.

Mrs. Chichester looked at him in horror. "Where are you going with those things?" she gasped.

"To put them in a cab, madam," answered the humiliated footman. "Your niece's orders."

"Put those articles in a traveling bag. Use one of my daughter's," ordered the old lady.

"Your niece objects, madam. She sez she'll take nothing away she didn't bring with her."

The grief stricken woman turned away as Jarvis passed out. Alaric tried to comfort her. But the strain of the morning had been too great. He looked cheerfully at Jerry and smiled as he said:

"I even offered to marry her if she'd stay. Couldn't do more than that, could I?"

Jerry returned Alaric's smile as he asked: "You offered to marry her?"

Alaric nodded. "Poor little wretch!"

Down the stairs came Peg and Ethel. Mrs. Chichester looked at Peg through misty eyes and said reproachfully: "Why that old black dress? Why not one of the dresses I gave you?"

"This is the way I left me father, and this is the way I'm goin' back to him!" replied Peg sturdily.

"You're not going, Peg," said Jerry quietly and positively. "Who's goin' to stop me?"

"and it was. Indeed, his keenest desire just before his death was to atone in some way for his unkindness to your mother."

"Nothin' could do that," and Peg's lips tightened.

"That was why he sent for you."
"Sendin' for me won't bring me poor mother back to life, will it?"

"At least we must respect his intentions. He desired that you should be given the advantages your mother had when she was a girl."

"In justice to yourself," proceeded Jerry, "you must know that he set aside the sum of £1,000 a year to be paid to the lady who would undertake your training."

Peg sprang up and walked across to her aunt and looked down at her.

"A thousand pounds a year?" She turned to Jerry and asked: "Does she get a thousand a year for abusin' me? Well, what do ye think of that?"

Peg, gazing curiously at Mrs. Chichester. "A thousand pounds a year for makin' me miserable, an' the poor dead man thinkin' he was doin' me a favor!"

"I tell you this," went on Jerry, "because I don't want you to feel that you have been living on charity. You have not."

Peg suddenly blazed up: "Well, I've been made to feel it," and she glared passionately at her aunt.

Peg's anger gave place to just as sudden a twinge of regret as she caught sight of Ethel, white faced and staring at her compassionately. She went across to Ethel and buried her face on her shoulder and wept as she wailed:

"Why wasn't I told? I'd never have stayed! Why wasn't I told?"

And Ethel comforted her. "Don't cry, dear," she whispered. "Don't. The day you came here we were beggars. You have literally fed and housed us for the last month."

Poor Mrs. Chichester looked at her daughter reproachfully.

Peg grasped the full meaning of Ethel's words: "And will ye have nothin' if I go away?"

Peg persisted: "Tell me—are ye ralely dependin' on me? Spake to me. Because if ye are I won't go. I'll stay with ye. I wouldn't see ye beggars for the wurrid. I've been brought up amongst them, an' I know what it is."

Suddenly she took Ethel by the shoulders and asked in a voice so low that none of the others heard her: "Was that the reason ye were goin' last night?"

Ethel tried to stop her. The truth illumined Ethel's face, and Peg saw it and knew.

"Holy Mary!" she cried. "And it was I was drivin' ye to it. Ye felt the insult of it every time ye met me, as ye said last night. Sure, if I'd known, dear, I'd never have hurt ye, I wouldn't. Indade I wouldn't!"

She turned to the others. "There, it's all settled. I'll stay with ye, aunt, an' ye can tache me anything ye like. Will some one ask Jarvis to bring back my bundles an' Michael? I'm goin' to stay!"

Jerry smiled approvingly at her. Then he said: "That is just what I would have expected you to do; but, my dear Peg, there's no need for such a sacrifice."

"Sure, why not?" cried Peg excitedly. "Let me sacrifice meself. I feel like it this mornin'."

"There is no occasion."
He walked over to Mrs. Chichester and addressed her:

"I came here this morning with some very good news for you. I happen to be one of the directors of Gifford's bank, and I am happy to say that it will shortly reopen its doors, and all the depositors' money will be available for them in a little while."

Mrs. Chichester gave a cry of joy. "Oh, Alaric!" she exclaimed. "My darling Ethel!"

"A panic in American securities, in which we were heavily interested, caused the suspension of business," explained Jerry. "The panic is over. The securities are rising every day. We'll soon be on easy street again."

Jerry looked at Peg. She caught his eye and smiled, but it had a sad wistfulness behind it.

"Sure, they don't want me now. I'd better take me cab. Good day to ye." And she started quickly for the door.

Jerry stopped her. "There is just one more condition of Mr. Kingsnorth's will that you must know. Should you go through your course of training satisfactorily to the age of twenty-one you will inherit the sum of £5,000 a year."

"When I'm twenty-one I get £5,000 a year?" gasped Peg.

"If you carry out certain conditions." "An' what are they?"

"Satisfy the executors that you are worthy of the legacy."
"Satisfy you?"
"And Mr. Hawkes."
Peg looked at the somewhat uncomfortable lawyer.

"Mr. Hawkes! Oh-oh! Indade!" She turned back to Jerry. "Did he know about the five thousand? When I'm twenty-one?"

"He drew the will at Mr. Kingsnorth's dictation," replied Jerry.

"Was that why ye wanted me to be engaged to ye until I was twenty-one?" she asked the unhappy lawyer.

"Come, come, Miss O'Connell," said Hawkes. "What nonsense?"

"Did you propose to Miss Margaret?" queried Jerry.

"Well," hesitated the embarrassed lawyer—"in a measure—yes."

"That's what it was," cried Peg, with a laugh. "It was very measured. No wonder the men were crazy to kape me here an' to marry me."

Then Jerry spoke to the others, "Now may I have a few moment alone with my ward?"

Peg stared at Jerry incredulously. "Ward? Is that me?"

"Yes, Peg. I am your legal guardian—appointed by Mr. Kingsnorth."

"You're the director of a bank, the executor of an estate, an' now ye're me guardian. What do ye do with yer spare time?"

Jerry smiled and appealed to the others: "Just a few seconds—alone."

"Will you write to me?" urged Jerry when he and Peg were alone.

"What for?"

"Peg, my dear!" He took both of her hands in his and bent over her. Just for a moment was Peg tempted to yield to the embrace.

Had she done so the two lives would have changed in that moment. But the old rebellious spirit came uppermost, and she looked at him defiantly and cried:

"Are you goin' to propose to me too?"

That was the one mistake that separated those two hearts. Sir Gerald drew back from her—hurt.

Jarvis came quietly in: "Mr. Hawkes says, miss, if you are going to catch the train—"

"I'll catch it," said Peg impatiently, and Jarvis went out.

Peg looked at Jerry's back turned eloquently toward her as though in rebuke.

"Why in the wurrid did I say that to him?" she muttered. "It's me Irish tongue." She went to the door and opened it noisily, rattling the handle loudly, hoping he would look around.

Under her breath she murmured: "Goodby, Mither Jerry, an' God bless ye, an' thank ye for bein' so nice to me." And she passed out.

In the hall Peg found Ethel and Hawkes waiting for her. They put her between them in the cab, and, with Michael in her arms, she drove through the gates of Regal Villa never to return.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
After Many Days.

FRANK O'CONNELL stood on the quay that morning in July and watched the great ship slowly swinging in through the heads, and his heart beat fast as he waited impatiently while they moored her.

His little one had come back to him. Amid the throngs swarming down the gangways he suddenly saw his daughter, and he gave a little gasp of surprised pleasure.

They reached O'Connell's apartment. It had been made brilliant for Peg's return. There were flowers everywhere.

His heart bounded he saw Peg's face brighten as she ran from one object to another and commented on them.

"It's the grand furniture we have now, father!"

"Do ye like it, Peg?"

"That I do. And it's the beautiful picture of Edward Fitzgerald ye have on the wall there!"

"Ye mind how I used to rade ye his life?"

"I do indade. It's many's the tear I've shed over him an' Robert Emmet."

"Then ye've not forgotten?"

"Forgotten what?"

"All ye learned as a child, an' we talked of since ye grew to a girl?"

"I have not. Did ye think I would?"

"No, Peg, I didn't. Still, I was wonderin'—"

"What would I be doin' forgettin' the things ye taught me?"

"An' what have ye been doin' all these long days without me?"

He raised the littered sheets of his manuscript and showed them to her. "This."

She looked over her shoulder and read: "From 'Buckshot' to 'Agricultural Organization.' The History of a Generation of English Misrule, by Frank Owen O'Connell."

She looked up proudly at her father. "It looks wonderful, father."
"I'll rade it to you in the long evenin's now we're together again."
"Do, father."
"An' we won't separate any more, Peg, will we?"
"We wouldn't have this time but for you, father."
"What made ye come back so sudden-like?"
"I only promised to stay a month."
"Didn't they want ye any longer?"
"In one way they did an' in another they didn't. It's a long history—that's what it is. Let us sit down here as we used to in the early days an' I'll tell ye the whole of the happenin's since I left ye."
She softened some things and omitted others—Ethel entirely. That episode should be locked forever in Peg's heart.
Jerry she touched on lightly. "There's one thing, Peg, that must part us some day when it comes to you," he finally said.
"What's that, father?"
"Love, Peg."

Continued on page 7.

COMFORT SOAP
"IT'S ALL RIGHT"
The Right Way to begin the Week—with Comfort Soap.
POSITIVELY the LARGEST SALE in CANADA

The People's Mills



Eclipse, Sovereign and Pastry Flour and Rolled Oats Breakfast Cereal

Bran, Shorts, Low Grade Flour, Chop of All Kinds, No. 1 Hay, etc., kept constantly on hand.

We have a quantity of the celebrated

Molassine Meal

on hand. Farmers and Stock Owners should lay in a quantity of this Excellent Conditioner for Spring and Summer Feeding. Nothing equals it for Young Pigs, Calves, Etc. Makes Milch Cows Milk and puts Horses in prime condition for seeding; in fact it makes everything go that it's fed to.

Although it advanced \$2.00 per ton wholesale we are selling it at the same old price, \$2.00 per single sack, \$1.90 per sack in half ton lots and \$1.85 in ton lots.

Everything in our line at lowest prices for Cash.

JOHN MCGOWAN

TELEPHONE No. 8 (Night or Day)

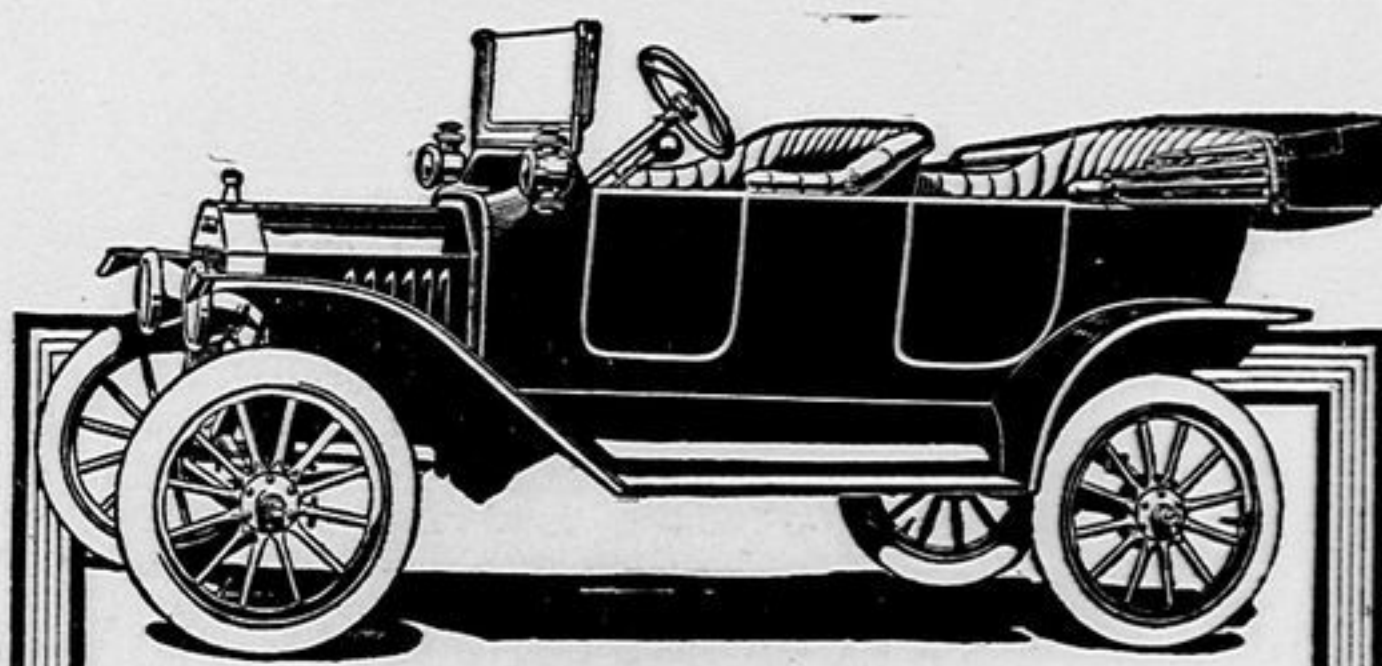
Important to Householders

Having purchased the stock of W. J. McFadden and moved my stock in with his, the store is now filled with Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines and Musical Instruments of all kinds in the highest and best grades.

We are crowded for room and the stock must be moved out, and moved quickly. This is important news to all Householders in need of any of the goods we handle. The prices are right.

H. J. Snell

McFadden's Old Stand - Durham



"MADE IN CANADA"

Ford Touring Car
Price \$590

Prices of Ford spare parts have been reduced an average of ten per cent. A Ford touring car may now be bought, part by part, for but \$38.87 more than the price of the car ready to run. Another big slice off the "after cost" of motoring.

Buyers of Ford cars will share in our profits if we sell 30,000 cars between August 1, 1914 and August 1, 1915.

Runabout \$540; Town Car \$840; F.O.B. Ford, Ont., with all equipment, including electric headlights.

Cars on display and for sale at

C. SMITH & SONS
Durham, Ontario.

