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"She acted like a real lady," she said, "n' jist went off out into the kitchen 'n' left me 'n' Gay to ourselves in the other room. 'N' Gay, she was ever so brave like, 'n' laughed 'n' shook her curls, though it made my heart sore to see how white she looked. I declare, Peggie, that child's got thin since noon this day. She thought a queer lot o' the doctor. Oh dear, oh dear, to think how he could ha' deceived us all!" and again she took to crying and rubbing her eyes with her apron. "Well, well, if only Dave'll be easy with the child, I suppose no harm's done, 'n' she's well rid o' that scamp of a doctor."

When I got back to Mrs. Might's, I found that Gay had been sent to bed.

Mrs. Might closed the door of her sitting-room, and put me in her best arm-chair.

Then she took down her smelling-salts bottle, as if to be prepared for the worst, and sat down on the extreme edge of the sofa, opposite to me, and I answered the inquiry in her eyes by telling her the whole story.

When I had finished, she sat quite still looking hard at the floor; but there was an expression on her face that I did not at all understand.

In a few minutes she looked up. "Peggie," she said, "Gay spoke o' wishin' she was in the river. D'ye think she told ye everything?"

"I think so," I said.

But she shook her head. "It's late," she said, "'n' mebbe I oughtn't to go botherin' her now, but I can't rest this night till I've had a talk with that poor girl!" And with that she got up and started for the stair door.

"You'll be gentle with Gay, Mrs. Might?" I ventured, for I did not quite like the businesslike way with which she was setting off.

She turned round, with her hand on the door-knob, and the change came over her face as the soft sunlight follows the shower. "Could I be else?" she said, "Oh, poor child! Poor child!"—and I knew that Gay Torrance was in good hands.

In perhaps half an hour, or maybe more, for I was sitting gazing into the coals, and had taken no note of the passing of time, she came back, her face as bright as a new dime.

"We'll fight fer her, Peggie," she said, briskly, sitting down again, "we'll fight fer her, you 'n' me, no matter what anyone sez. Not as I'd hold up anyone's misdoin's, but I don't believe in givin' anyone a kick that's jist crawlin' up out of a gutter, 'n' there'll be enough that'll make things out worse than they are, if the noise o' this gits about."

I knew it had all come somehow o' that scapegrace of a doctor, Gay comin' here white as a ghost, 'n' lookin' 's if she'd seen ten; 'n' Mrs. Torrance runnin' over in the dark with her eyes all red. But I never thought the child 'ud hev' acted so obstreperous. . . . Dear, dear, if the girls 'ud only be satisfied to look kind on good, straightfor'ed, common boys like Dick Carmichael, 'n' not be forever wantin' to be up in the world with scamps that's been gallivantin' dear knows where, 'n' nobody knows about! . . . Not as I'd see Dick Carmichael thrown away on Gay Torrance, mind ye, but there's lots of others good enough. . . . Well, well—it's mebbe all her own fault. Matilda Torrance hesn't done her dooty by that girl, lettin' her hev' everything she wanted all her life, 'n' bringin' her up to think she was too dainty to work or take any interest in anything only makin' a big match. . . . Well, well, it does seem funny how people without backbone enough in them to bring up one child proper should ha' hed ten! . . . However, we'll do the best we can now by Gay. Poor child! She's had a hard lesson, 'n' only hope Dave Torrance 'll not make it over hard fer her; fer if there ever was ironwood 'n' steel it's Dave Torrance, once he gits set!"

When Adam Might had come home, and Mrs. Might, after getting him

his supper, was at last at liberty to show me to my room—I was to share Gay's bed—we found Gay already breathing regularly and easily in peaceful sleep.

She was lying on her back, with the fair wealth of her hair spreading over the pillow about her white, childlike face, and her little hands folded upon her breast, as they might have been in her coffin. Yet faultlessly beautiful—as never yet was the body from which the soul, the life and essence of beauty, has fled—she seemed to us, with her pure, delicate face, a being more like some angelic form, fitted to belong, not to this earth, but to heaven itself. How hard to think, seeing her thus, that she was just a petted, wilful child, who had caused this night so much trouble and sorrow!

Mrs. Might shaded the light with her hand so that it should not wake her, and stood looking down at her from the foot of the bed, and when at last I looked up I saw tears slowly trickling down the brown cheeks, and the mother-light which transformed Amanda Might's face, in the faded eyes.

"Poor dear! Poor dear! Poor, foolish child!" she whispered, slowly shaking her head. Then she went out and closed the door, and I began to take down my hair.

When I turned round an instant later, Gay's big, blue eyes were wide open, looking at me.

"Why, did we wake you?" I said. "No, I was not asleep," with a faint little smile. "Only I didn't want to talk—then. Hurry, Peggie, I want you to take me in your arms again."

A moment later she said, "She is kind—oh, so kind. I never could have thought it before. She talked to me so strangely—but—but—in a little while I—I—didn't seem to mind it somehow. I never thought she could be motherly like that."

"Mrs. Might, you mean?"

"Yes. People aren't always what they seem, are they?"

"No."

When I had put out the light and crept in beside her, she snuggled very close to me, and for a long time said nothing at all, only sobbed short, dry sobs. Then she lay very still, and presently said:

"Do you think everybody 'll hear, Peggie?"

"I don't know, dear; I hope not."

"It'll all depend on father. One can never know what he'll do or say. If he'd only let me go home, oh, I'd work so hard, and put up with anything!"

"Surely, surely he will."

"I'm afraid he'll be so very angry. If he is, Peggie—and I deserve it, I know I do now—I'll just have to go far, far away. And oh, Peggie, what can I do away? I suppose I should be able to take care of children, but—I hate it so! I do love the children at home, Peggie, but I was so impatient, even with them."

I tried to encourage her, but it was a hopeless undertaking, for I do not think she heard half what I was saying.

"I suppose everybody here 'll think me so wicked," she said, after another silence. "But Peggie, things are so strange. I never dreamed of wrong. Other girls loved, and married, and were so happy, and everything right—how could I know? And I did love Hudson so, Peggie"—with a sob—"so that I could have died with him, just to be with him! And at the last I thought everybody was down on him, believing lies about him, and breaking his heart. And I couldn't bear to send him away alone when he wanted me so. It seemed so right to be faithful, in spite of everything. Oh Peggie, why are we made capable of feeling so, and things allowed to go on as if all were right, when everything is so wrong?"

She was thinking, poor child, really thinking, perhaps for the first time in her life, and puzzling, as so many before her have done, over the problems that stretch out and out, and

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

IN THE MATTER of lot number nineteen in the seventh concession of the Township of McGillivray in the County of Middlesex and Province of Ontario, east of Centre Road.

Notice is hereby given that Archibald Stewart and David Torrance, both of the Township of McGillivray, Esquires, as Executors of the last Will and Testament of Alexander Campbell, late of the said Township of McGillivray, Esquire, have made an application to the High Court of Justice for Ontario for a certificate of title as such Executors to the above mentioned property, under "The Quietting Titles Act," and have produced evidence whereby they appear to be the owners thereof in fee free from all incumbrances, but subject to the provisions of the said will of the said Alexander Campbell, deceased, wherefore any other person having or pretending to have any title to, or interest in, the said land or any part thereof otherwise than under the will of the said Alexander Campbell, is required, on or before Tuesday the 31st day of March, now next ensuing, to file a statement of his claim, verified by affidavit, at my Chambers, in Osgoode Hall, in the City of Toronto, and to serve a copy on Kenneth Goodman, Esq., K. C., at his office in Parkhill, in the said County of Middlesex, as solicitor for the said Archibald Stewart and David Torrance, and in default every such claim will be barred, and the title of the said Archibald Stewart and David Torrance as such Executors will become absolute and indefeasible at law and in Equity, subject only to the reservations mentioned in the 25th section of the said Act, and the provisions of the said will of the said Alexander Campbell.

Dated this twenty-fifth day of February, 1908.

(Signed) GEO. S. HOLMESTED,
Referee of Titles.

To be inserted in the Ontario Gazette on the 29th day of February, inst., and in The Farmer's Advocate & Home Magazine once a week for two weeks prior to 14th of March next, and a copy to be affixed in a conspicuous place in the Court House and in the Post Office nearest the premises for one month prior to 30th March next.
February 25th, 1908.

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