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Our New Spring Prints are now in. Call and See Them.
W. H. BEAN Big 4

VARNEY.

Mrs. Leeson, Sr., of Mount Forest, is visiting relatives in this village.
Miss Margaret Kerr, of Conn. spent Easter at her home.
Mrs. Matthews of Toronto spent the Easter holidays with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wilton.
Mr. H. Wilkinson sold a four-year-old colt and his fat cattle for fat prices last week.



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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PROLOGUE.

A romping, madcap, bewitching Irish girl, as Irish as St. Patrick's day in the morning, is turned over to the care of aristocratic English relatives. They are stiff and artificial, and she is as sweet and natural as a healthy country girl can be. They dislike her, but Peg holds her own with jaunty pride and in the end, by her generosity and big heartedness, wins them over, and, what is more, wins her fortune, and, what is still more, wins a very gallant lover. This, in brief, is the story of a play which by its originality, sweetness and charm has been one of the most phenomenal successes New York has seen in a long time. The author of the play has turned it into a novel, so sympathetically, so brilliantly, that Peg as a heroine of fiction is as lovable as she was on the stage.

CHAPTER I.

The Irish Agitator and Angela.
"FAITH, there's no man says more and knows less than yourself, I'm thinkin'."
"About Ireland, yer riverence?"
"And everything else, Mr. O'Connell."
"Is that criticism or just temper, father?"
"It's both, Mr. O'Connell."
"Sure it's the good judge ye must be of ignorance, Father Cahill."
"And what might that mane?"
"Ye live so much with it, father."
"I'm lookin' at it and listenin' to it now, Frank O'Connell."
"Then it's a miracle has happened, father. To see and bear oneself at the same time is indade a miracle."
"Don't provoke the man of God!"
"Not for the wurrd," replied the other meekly, "bein' mesef a child of Satan."
"And that's what ye are. And ye'd have others like yerself. But ye won't while I've a tongue in me head and a strong stick in me hand."
O'Connell looked at him with a mischievous twinkle in his blue-gray eyes: "Yer eloquence seems to adde some thin' to back it up, I'm thinkin'."
Father Cahill breathed hard. He was a splendid type of the Irish parish priest of the old school. Gifted with a vivid power of eloquence as a preacher and a heart as tender as a woman's toward the poor and the wretched, he had been for many years idolized by the whole community of the village of M., in County Clare. But of late there was a growing feeling of discontent among the younger generation. They lacked the respect their elders so willingly gave. They asked questions instead of answering them. They began to throw themselves, against Father Cahill's express wishes and commands, into the fight for home rule under the masterly statesmanship of Charles Stuart Parnell. Already more than one prominent speaker had come into the little village and sown the seeds of temporal and spiritual unrest. Father Cahill opposed these men to the utmost of his power. He saw, as so many farsighted priests did, the legacy of bloodshed and desolation that would follow any direct action by the Irish against the British government. Though the blood of the patriot beat in Father Cahill's veins, the well being of the people who had grown up with him was near to his heart. He was their priest, and he could not bear to think of men he had known as children being beaten and maimed by constabulary and sent to prison afterward in the fight for self government.
To his horror that day he met Frank Owen O'Connell, one of the best known of all the younger agitators, in the main street of the little village. O'Connell's backsliding had been one of Father Cahill's bitterest regrets. He had closed O'Connell's father's eyes in death and had taken care of the boy as well as he could. But at the age of fifteen the youth left the village that had so many wretched memories of hardship and struggle and worked his way to Dublin. It was many years before Father Cahill heard of him again. He had developed meanwhile into one of the most daring of all the fervid speakers in the sacred cause of Irish liberty.
And Father Cahill was going to hear from Frank Owen O'Connell again, though little did he reckon on the importance that the present young and comparatively untutored reformer would achieve.
Wilberforce Kingsnorth, wealthy, imperious Englishman, left three children—Nathaniel, who in a large measure inherited much of his father's dominant will and hard headedness; Monica, the elder daughter, and Angela, the younger.
Nathaniel was the old man's favorite. While still a youth he inculcated into the boy all the tenets of business, morality and politics that had made Wilberforce prosperous.
Pride in his name, a sturdy grasp of life, an unbending attitude toward those beneath him and an abiding reverence for law and order and fealty to the throne—these were the foundations on which the father built Nathaniel's character.
Next in point of regard came the elder daughter, Monica. Patriarchal in feature, haughty in manner, exclusive by nature, she had the true Kingsnorth air. She had no disturbing "ideas," no yearning for things not of her station. She was contented with the world as it had been made for her and seemed duly proud and grateful to have been born a King-north.
She was an excellent musician, rode fairly to bounds, bestowed prizes at the local charities with grace and distinction—as became a Kingsnorth—and looked coldly out at the world from behind the impenetrable barriers of an old name.
When she married Frederick Chichester, the rising barrister, connected with six county families, it was a proud day for old Kingsnorth. His family had originally made their money in trade. The Chichesters had accumulated a fortune by professions. The distinction in England is marked.
Frederick Chichester came of a long line of illustrious lawyers. One had even reached the distinction of being made a judge. He belonged to an honorable profession. The old man was overjoyed.
He made a handsome settlement on his eldest daughter on her marriage and felt he had done well by her, even as she had by him.
Five years after Monica's birth Angela unexpectedly was born to the Kingsnorths. A delicate, sickly infant, it seemed as if the splendid blood of the family had expended its vigor on the elder children. Angela needed constant attention to keep her alive. From tremulous infancy she grew into delicate youth. She seemed a child apart.
Not needing her, Kingsnorth did not love her. He gave her a form of tolerant affection. Too fragile to mix with others, she was brought up at home. Tutors furnished her education. The winters she passed abroad with her mother. When her mother died she spent them with relations or friends. The grim dampness of the English climate was too rigorous for a life that needed sunshine.
Angela had nothing in common with either her brother or her sister. She avoided them and they her. They did not understand her. She understood them only too well. A nature that craved for sympathy and affection—as the frail so often do—was repulsed by those to whom affection was but a form and sympathy a term of reproach.
It was on her first homecoming since her mother's death that her attention was really drawn to her father's Irish possessions.
By a curious coincidence she returned home on a day when Wilberforce Kingsnorth had delivered an electrical speech, invoking Providence to interpose in the settlement of the Irish difficulty. He was noted for his hatred of the Irish. It was the one topic of conversation throughout dinner. And

It was during that dinner that Angela for the first time really angered her father and raised a barrier between them that lasted until the day of his death.

The old man had laughed coarsely at the remembrance of his speech on the previous night and licked his lips at the thought of it.
Monica, who was visiting her father for a few days, smiled in agreeable sympathy. Nathaniel nodded cheerfully.
From her father's side Angela asked quietly:
"Have you ever been in Ireland, father?"
"No, I have not," answered the old man sharply. "And, what is more, I never intend to go there."
"Do you know anything about the Irish?" persisted Angela.
"Do I? More than the English government does. Don't I own land there?"
"I mean do you know anything about the people?" insisted Angela.
"I know them to be a lot of thieving, rascally scoundrels, too lazy to work and too dishonest to pay their way even when they have the money."
"Is that all you know?"
"Isn't it enough?" His voice rose shrilly. It was the first time for years any one had dared use those two bated words "Ireland" and "Irish" at his table. Angela must be checked and at once.
"It wouldn't be enough for me if I had the responsibilities and duties of a landlord. To be the owner of an estate should be to act as the people's friend, their father, their adviser in times of plenty and their comrade in times of sorrow."
"Indeed! And pray where did you learn all that, miss?" asked the astonished parent.
Without noticing the interruption or the question, Angela went on: "Why deny a country its own government when England is practically governed by its countrymen? Is there any position of prominence today in England that isn't filled by Irishmen? Think! Our commander in chief is Irish; our lord high admiral is Irish; there are the defenses of the English in the hands of two Irishmen, and yet you call them thieving and rascally scoundrels!"
Kingsnorth tried to speak; Angela raised her voice:
"Turn to your judges—the lord chief is an Irishman. Look at the house of commons. Our laws are passed or defeated by the Irish vote, and yet so blindly ignorant and obstinate is our insular prejudice that we refuse them the favors they do us—governing themselves as well as England."
Kingsnorth looked at his daughter aghast. Treason in his own house! His child speaking the two most hated of all words at his own dinner table and in laudatory terms! He could scarcely believe it. He looked at her a moment and then thundered:
"How dare you! How dare you!"
Angela smiled a little amusedly tolerant smile as she looked frankly at her father and answered:
"This is exactly the old fashioned tone we English take to anything we don't understand. And that is why other countries are leaving us in the race. There is a nation living within a few hours' journey from our doors, yet millions of English people are as ignorant of them as if they lived in Senegambia." She paused, looked once more straight into her father's eyes and said, "And you, father, seem to be as ignorant as the worst of them!"
"Angela!" cried her sister in horror.
Nathaniel laughed good naturedly, leaned across to Angela and said:
"I see our little sister has been reading the sensational magazines. Yes?"
"I've done more than that," replied Angela. "In Nice a month ago were two English members of parliament who had taken the trouble to visit the country they were supposed to assist in governing. They told me that a condition of misery existed throughout the whole of Ireland that was incredible under a civilized government."
"Radicals, eh?" snapped her father.
"No; Conservatives. One of them had once held the office of chief secretary for Ireland and was Ireland's most bitter prosecutor until he visited the country. When he saw the wretchedness of her people he stopped his stringent methods and began casting about for some way of lessening the poor people's torment."
"The more shame to him to talk like that to a girl. And, what's more, you had no right to listen to him. A Conservative indeed! A fine one he must be!"
"He is. I don't see why the Liberal party should have all the enlightenment and the Conservative party all the bigotry."
"Don't anger your father!" pleaded Monica.
"Why, little Angela has come back to us quite a revolutionary," said Nathaniel.
"Leave the table!" shouted her father.
Without a word Angela got up quietly and left the room. Her manner was entirely unmoved. She had spoken from her inmost convictions. The fact that they were opposed to her father was immaterial. She loathed tyranny, and his method of shutting the mouths of those who disagreed with him was particularly obnoxious to her. It was also most ineffectual with her. From childhood she had always spoken as she felt. No discipline checked her. Freedom of speech as well as freedom of thought was as natural and essential to her as breathing.
From that time she saw but little of her father. When he died he left her to her brother's care. Kingsnorth made no absolute provision for her. She was to be dependent on Nathaniel.

Continued on page 7



"Not for the world."

Continued on page 7

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Continued on page 7



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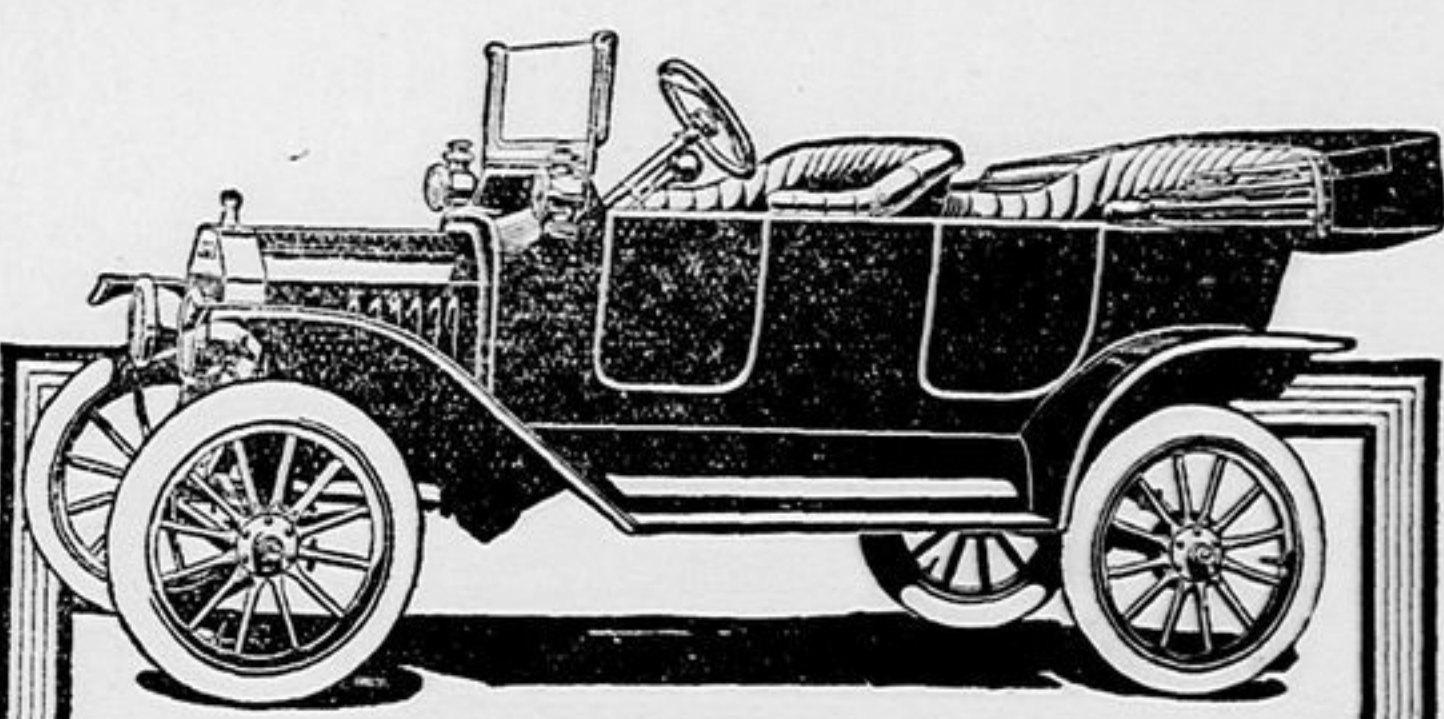
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The Dominion Government will make a grant of \$5,000 to this year's Provincial Winter Fair at Guelph.