

PEG O'MY HEART

Continued from page 6.

When the time came that she seemed to wish to marry, if her brother approved of the match, he should make handsome settlement on her. In response to her request Nathaniel allowed her to go with him to Ireland on his tour of inspection. Mr. Chichester was actively engaged at the Old Bailey on an important criminal case, so Monica also joined them.

Everything Angela saw in Ireland appealed to her quick sympathy and gentle heart. It was just as she had thought and read and listened to. On every side she saw a kindly people borne down by the weight of poverty, lives ruined by sickness and the lack of nourishment—a splendid race perishing through misgovernment and intolerant ignorance.

Angela went about among the people and made friends with them. They were chary at first of taking her to their hearts. She was of the hated Saxon race. What was she doing there—she, the sister of their, till now, absentee landlord? She soon won them over by her appealing voice and kindly interest.

All this Angela did in direct opposition to her brother's wishes and her sister's exhortations.

The morning of the meeting she had ridden some miles to visit a poor family. Out of five three were in bed with low fever. She got a doctor for them, gave them money to buy necessities, and, with a promise to return the next day, she rode away.

When within some little distance of her brother's house she saw a steady, irregular stream of people climbing a great hill. She rode toward it and, screened by a clump of trees, saw and heard her first "home rule" meeting.

When Frank O'Connell first spoke his voice thrilled her. Gradually the excitement of the people under the mastery of his power communicated itself to her. It pulsed in her blood and throbbed in her brain. For the first time she realized what a marvelous force was the call of the patriot. To listen and watch a man risking life and liberty in the cause of his country—her heart and her mind and her soul went out to him.

When the soldiers marched on to the scene she was paralyzed with fear. When an order to fire was given she wanted to ride into their midst and cry out to them to stop. But she was unable to move hand or foot.

When the smoke had thinned and she saw lying motionless on the ground the bodies of men who a moment before had been full of life and strength; when was added to that the horror of the wounded crying out with pain, her first impulse was to fly from the sight of the carnage. She mastered that moment of fear and plunged forward, calling to the groom to follow her. She ordered the body of O'Connell, who had been hit, taken to her own home.

The long, slow, tortuous journey home, the men slowly following with the ghastly, mute body on the rude litter, became a living memory to her for all the remainder of her life.

She glanced down every little while at the stone white face and shuddered as she found herself wondering if she would ever hear his voice again or see those great blue eyes flash with his fierce courage and devotion.

As they neared her brother's house stragglers began to follow curiously. Sad looking men and weary women joined the procession wondering. All guessed it was some fresh outrage of the soldiers.

It seemed to Angela that an infinity of time had passed before they entered the grounds attached to the Kingsnorth house. She sent a man ahead to order a room to be prepared and a doctor sent for. As she saw her brother coming forward to meet her with knit brows and stern eyes she nerved herself to greet him.

"What is this, Angela?" he asked, looking in amazement at the strange procession.

"Another martyr to our ignorant government, Nathaniel," and she pressed on through the drive to the house.

CHAPTER II.

Angela Speaks Freely.

NATHANIEL'S indignation at his sister's conduct was beyond bounds when he learned who the wounded man was. He ordered the soldiers to take the man and themselves away. The magistrate interposed and begged him at least to let O'Connell rest there until a doctor could patch him up. It might be dangerous to take him back without medical treatment. He assured Nathaniel that the moment they could move him he would be lodged in the county jail.

Nathaniel went back to his study as the sorry procession passed on to the front door. He sent immediately for his sister. The reply came back that she would see him at dinner. He commanded her to come to him at once.

In a few minutes Angela came into the room. She was deathly pale. Her voice trembled as she spoke:

"What do you want?"

"Why did you bring that man here?"

"Because he is wounded."

"Such scoundrels are better dead."

"I don't think so. Nor do I think him a scoundrel."

"He came here to attack landlords—to attack me—me! And you bring him to my house and with that rabble! It's outrageous! Monstrous!"

"I couldn't leave him with those heartless wretches to die in their hands."

"He leaves here the moment a doctor has attended him."

"Very well. Is that all?" "No, it isn't!" Kingsnorth tried to control his anger. After a pause he continued: "I want no more of these foolhardy, quixotic actions of yours. I've heard of your visiting these wretched people—going into fever dens. Is that conduct becoming to your name? Think a little of your station in life and what it demands."

"I wish you did a little more."

"What?" he shouted, all his anger returned.

"There's no need to raise your voice," Angela answered quietly. "I am only a few feet away. I repeat that I wish you thought a little more of your obligations. If you did and others like you in the same position you are in, there would be no such horrible scenes as I saw today—a man shot down among his own people for speaking the truth."

"You saw it?" Nathaniel asked in dismay.

"I did. I not only saw, but I heard. I wish you had too. I heard a man lay bare his heart and his brain and his soul that others might know the light in them. I saw and heard a man offer up his life that others might know some gleam of happiness in their lives. It was wonderful! It was heroic! It was godlike!"

"If I ever hear of your doing such a thing again you shall go back to London the next day."

"That sounds exactly as though my dead father were speaking."

"I'll not be made a laughingstock by you."

"You make yourself one as your father did before you—a Kingsnorth!"



Angela Had Seen Suffering No One Dreamed Of.

What has your name meant? Because one of our forefathers cheated the world into giving him a fortune by buying his goods for more than they were worth we have tried to canonize him and put a halo around the name of Kingsnorth. To me it stands for all that is mean and selfish and vain and ignorant—the power of money over intellect. How did we become owners of this miserable piece of land? A Kingsnorth swindled its rightful owner—lent him money on usury, bought up his bills and his mortgages and when he couldn't pay foreclosed on him. No wonder there's a curse on the village and on us!"

Kingsnorth tried to speak, but she stopped him:

"Wait a moment. It was a good stroke of business taking this estate away. Oh, yes, it was a good stroke of business! Our name has been built up on 'good strokes of business.' Well, I tell you it's a bad stroke of business when human lives are put into the hands of such creatures as we Kingsnorths have proved ourselves!"

"Stop!" cried Nathaniel, outraged to the innermost sanctuary of his being. "Stop! You don't speak like one of our family. It is like listening to some heretic—some!"

"I don't feel like one of your family. You are a Kingsnorth. I am my mother's child—my poor, gentle, patient mother, who lived a life of unselfish resignation, who welcomed death when it came to her as a release from tyranny. Don't call me a Kingsnorth. I know the family too well. I know all the name means to the people who have suffered through your family."

"After this—the best thing—the only thing—is to separate," said Nathaniel. "Whenever you wish."

"I'll make you an allowance."

"Don't let it be a burden."

"I've never been so shocked—so stunned!"

"I am glad. From my cradle I've been shocked and stunned—in my home. It's some compensation to know you are capable of the feeling too. Frankly, I didn't think you were."

"We'll talk no more of this," and Nathaniel began to pace the room.

"I am finished," and Angela went to the door.

"It would be better we didn't meet again—in any event, not often," added Nathaniel.

"Thank you," said Angela, opening the door. He motioned her to close it, that he had something more to say.

"We'll find you some suitable chaparron. You can spend your winters abroad, as you have been doing—London for the season—until you're suitably married. I'll follow out my father's wishes to the letter. You shall

be handsomely provided for the day you marry."

She closed the door with a snap and came back to him and looked him steadily in the eyes.

"The man I marry shall take nothing from you. Even in his last will and testament my father proved himself a Kingsnorth. It was only a Kingsnorth could make his youngest daughter dependent on you!"

"My father knew I would respect his wishes."

"He was equally responsible for me, yet he leaves me to your care—a Kingsnorth! The men masters and the women slaves! That is the Kingsnorth doctrine."

A servant came in to tell Angela the doctor had come. Without a word Angela went out to see to the wounded man. The servant followed her.

Let alone, Nathaniel sat down, shocked and stunned, to review the interview he had just had with his younger sister.

When Angela entered the sickroom she found Dr. McGinnis, a cheery, bright eyed, rotund little man of fifty, talking freely to the patient and punctuating each speech with a hearty laugh. His good humor was infectious.

The wounded agitator felt the effect of it and was trying to laugh feebly himself.

"Sure it's the fine target ye must have made with yer six feet and one inch. How could the poor soldiers help hittin' ye? Answer me that!"

And the jovial doctor laughed again as he dexterously wound a bandage around O'Connell's arm.

"Aisy now while I tie the bandage, me fine fellow. Ye'll live to see the inside of an English jail yet."

He turned as he heard the door open and greeted Angela.

"Good afternoon to ye, Miss Kingsnorth. Faith, it's a blessin' ye brought the boy here. There's no tellin' what the prison surgeon would have done to him. It is salt-peter, they tell me, the English doctors rub into the Irish wounds to kape them smartin'. And, by the like token, they do the same, too, in the English house of commons. Salt-peter in Ireland's wounds is what they give us."

"Is he much hurt?" asked Angela.

"Well, they've broken nothin'. Just blackened his face and made a few holes in his skin. It's buckshot they used. Buckshot! Thank the merciful Mr. Foster for that same. 'Buckshot Foster,' as the Irish reverently call him."

"What a dastardly thing to do!" she cried.

"Ye may well say that, Miss Kingsnorth," said the merry little doctor. "But it's better than a bullet from a Martini-Henry rifle, that's what it is. And there's many a poor English landlord's got one of 'em in the back for ridin' about at night on his own land. It's a fatherly government we have, Miss Kingsnorth. 'Hurt 'em, but don't quite kill 'em,' sez they, 'and then put 'em in jail and feed them on bread and wather. That'll take the fine talkin' and patriotism out of them,' sez they."

"They'll never take it out of me. They may kill me perhaps, but until they do they'll never silence me," murmured Angela.

Continued on page 8

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A. S. Hunter & Son, Durham, Ont.

suffered a nervous breakdown, and upon the advice of his physician will leave this week for two or three weeks' rest with relatives at Kippin.

Miss Margaret Best, daughter of Mr. Robt. Best, who underwent a severe operation in Toronto hospital a week ago for removal of a growth in the nostril, is reported improving.

Mr. John Flynn, Meaford road, was seized with appendicitis last week and was taken to Owen Sound hospital, where an operation will be performed to-day.

Monday, Mrs. Flynn accompanied her husband to Owen Sound.

Mr. Robt. McKee, 4th line, has met with another misfortune in which the community deeply sympathizes with him. In February, Mr. McKee was bereft of his wife, leaving an infant a few weeks old, which died last week at the home of his sister, Mrs. Jerry Thompson, in Collingwood. Mr. McKee drove down, and during the night Mr. Thompson's stable was burned, together with most of the contents, including a horse of his own, and Mr. McKee's team. The infant was interred in the cemetery here on Saturday.

Our village council has contracted for 15 horsepower with the Hydro Power Commission, and it is expected the current will be turned on by midsummer.

Mrs. Geo. Mitchell entertained a number of her friends at a dinner party on Monday evening.

Mr. Will Crossley is home from Toronto on a holiday.

Married.—On Wednesday, April 7, 1915, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J.J. Thompson, by Rev. A. McVicar, B.A., Miss Etta Thompson to Mr. Edgar Betts. The young couple will reside on the 8th concession of Osprey. Previous to her marriage, the bride-to-be was the recipient of handsome gifts from her Sunday school class in Chalmers church, and the young people of the congregation.

Miss Osborne, nurse, who had been on a couple of cases here, and was visiting her sister, Mrs. W. J. Bellamy, was called to her old home in Nottawasaga on Saturday, to nurse her aged mother.

Mrs. McKinnon is spending a few weeks with her sister in Toronto.

Mr. Harold Mitchell, teller in the Standard Bank, has been transferred to Sanderland, leaving for his new position this week. Mr. Weese of Elmvale takes his place here. On Friday evening Harold was given a send-off in the High school, where he was presented with a handsome club bag and bid short address, to which he made neat reply, though genuinely surprised. About 40 ladies and gentlemen were present and spent the evening with music and dancing. Light refreshments were served. The following is the address read by Mr. Holland:

Dear Friend.—We have learned with regret that you are about to remove from our midst, and feel that we cannot let your departure pass unnoticed. Many of us have known you from childhood, and therefore feel more keenly your removal. We are well aware that you will be missed, particularly in social circles, but our loss will be others' gain. We trust that your success in the future will be as marked as in the past, and all join in wishing you many prosperous days. Please accept this club bag, not for its intrinsic value, but simply to remind you of the friends left in Flesherton. Signed—H. H. Sullivan, Fred G. Karstedt, G. A. McFavish.

The estimated increase in the acreage to be devoted to cereal crops this year is 40 per cent. over last year.