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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  
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2 1/2 yds. long 40 ins. wide 50c pair  
2 1/2 yds. long 42 ins. wide 75c pair  
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Our New Spring Prints are now in. Call and See Them.  
**W. H. BEAN Big 4**

B. R. Hepburn, M. P., was unanimously selected as the Conservative candidate for Prince Edward County at the next Dominion election.

The Niagara Peninsula Fruit Growers' Association will inaugurate a whirlwind campaign to raise a fund of \$4,000 for advertising tender fruits and to encourage the eating of peaches, on the line of last fall's apple campaign.



**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

"And ye've gone about here tryin' to help them, too, haven't ye?"  
"I could do very little."  
"Well, the spirit is there—and the heart is there. If they hadn't liked you it's the sorry time maybe your brother would have."  
He paused again, looking at her intently, while his fingers clutched the coverlet convulsively as if to stifle a cry of pain.  
"May I ask ye yer name?" he gasped.  
"Angela," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Angela," he repeated. "Angela! It's well named ye are. It's the minister's angel ye've been down here to the people—and to me."  
"Don't talk any more now. Rest."  
"Rest, is it, with all the trouble in the wurld beatin' in me brain and throbbin' in me heart?"  
"Try to sleep until the doctor comes tonight."  
He lay back and closed his eyes. Angela sat perfectly still.  
In a few minutes he opened them again. There was a new light in his eyes and a smile on his lips.  
"Ye heard me speak, did ye?"  
"Yes."  
"Where were ye?"  
"Above you, behind a bank of trees." A playful smile played around his lips as he said. "It was a good speech, wasn't it?"  
"I thought it wonderful," Angela answered.  
"And what were yer feelin's listenin' to a man urgin' the people against yer own country?"  
"I felt I wanted to stand beside you and echo everything you said."  
"Did you?" And his eyes glared and his voice rose.  
"You spoke as some prophet speakin' in a wilderness of sorrow trying to bring them comfort."

He smiled whimsically as he said in a weary voice:  
"I tried to bring them comfort, and I got them broken heads and bucksot."  
"It's only through suffering every great cause triumphs," said Angela.  
"Then the Irish should triumph some day. They've suffered enough, God knows."  
"They will," said Angela eagerly.  
"Oh, how I wish I'd been born a man to throw in my lot with the weak, to bring comfort to sorrow, freedom to the oppressed, joy to wretchedness! That is your mission. How I envy you! I glory in what the future has in store for you. Live for it! Live for it!"  
"I will!" cried O'Connell. "Some day the yoke will be lifted from us. God grant that mine will be the hand to help do it. God grant I am alive to see it done. That day'll be worth livin' for—to wring recognition from our enemies, to—to—to—" He sank back weakly on the pillow, his voice falling to a whisper.  
Angela brought him some water and helped him up while he drank it. She smoothed back the shining hair—red, shot through gold—from his forehead. He thanked her with a look. Suddenly he burst into tears. The strain of the

day had snapped his self control at last. The floodgates were opened. He sobbed and sobbed like some tired, hurt child. Angela tried to comfort him. In a moment she was crying too. He took her hand and kissed it repeat-

edly, the tears falling on it as he did so. "God bless ye! God bless ye!" he cried.  
In that moment of self revelation their hearts went out to each other. Neither had known happiness nor love nor faith in mankind.  
In that one enlightening moment of emotion their hearts were laid bare to each other. The great comedy of life between man and woman had begun.

Three days afterward O'Connell was able to dress and move about his room. He was weak from loss of blood and the confinement that an active man resents. But his brain was clear and vivid. They had been three wonderful days.  
Angela had made them the most amazing in his life. The memory of those hours spent with her he would carry to his grave.  
She read to him and talked to him and lectured him and comforted him. And in a little while he must leave it all. He must stand his trial under the "crimes act" for speaking at a "proclaimed" meeting.

Well, whatever his torture, he knew he would come out better equipped for the struggle. He had learned something of himself he had so far never dreamed of in his bitter struggle with the handicap of his life. He had something to live for now besides the call of his country—the call of the heart—the cry of beauty and truth and reverence.  
Angela inspired him with all these. In the three days she ministered to him she had opened up a vista he had hitherto never known. And now he had to leave it and face his accusers and be hectorated and jeered at in the mockery they called "trials." From the courthouse he would go to the prison, and thence he would be sent back into the world with the brand of the prison cell upon him.

And back of it all the yearning that at the end she would be waiting and watching for his return to the conflict for the great "cause" to which he had dedicated his life.  
On the morning of the third day Mr. Roche, the resident magistrate, was sent for by Nathaniel Kingsnorth. Mr. Roche found him firm and determined, his back to the fireplace, in which a bright fire was burning, although the month was July.  
"I've sent for you to remove this man O'Connell," added Nathaniel after a pause.  
"Certainly—if he is well enough to be moved."  
"The doctor, I understand, says that he is."  
"Very well. I'll drive him down to the courthouse. The court is sitting now," said Roche, rising.

**CHAPTER IV.**  
Angela In Distress.  
KINGSNORTH went on: "The attitude of the people, their views, their conduct, is deplorable—hopeless. I came here to see what I could do for them. I even thought of spending a certain portion of each year here. But from what I've heard it would be a waste of time and money."  
"It is discouraging at first sight, but we'll have a better state of affairs presently. We must first stamp out the agitator. He is the most potent hand-cup."  
"Could it be done?"  
"It would take time—every big movement takes time." Roche paused, looked shrewdly at Kingsnorth and asked him:  
"What do you intend doing with this estate?"  
"I am in a quandary. I'm almost determined to put it in the market—sell it. It is a bid of it. It has always been a source of annoyance to our family. However, I'll settle nothing until I return to London. I'll go in a few days—much sooner than I intended. This man being brought into my house has annoyed and upset me."  
"I'm sorry," said the magistrate.  
"Miss Kingsnorth was so insistent, and the fellow seemed in a bad way; otherwise I would never have allowed it."

A servant came in response to Kingsnorth's ring and was sent with a message to have the man O'Connell ready to accompany the magistrate as quickly as possible.  
Over a glass of sherry and a cigar the two men resumed their discussion about the estate.  
"I wouldn't decide too hastily about disposing of the land. Although there's always a good deal of discontent, there is really very little trouble here. In fact, until agitators like O'Connell came among us we had everything pretty peaceful. We'll dispose of him in short order."  
"Do, do. Make an example of him by all means."  
"Trust us to do that," said Roche. After a moment he added: "To refer again to selling the estate, you would

get very little for it. It can't depreciate much more, and there is always the chance it may improve. Some of the people are quite willing to work—"  
"Are they? They've not shown any willingness to me."  
"Oh, no. They wouldn't."  
"What? Not to their landlord?"  
"You'd be the last they'd show it to. They're strange people in many ways until you get to know them. Now there are many natural resources that might be developed if some capital were put into them."  
"My new steward discouraged me about doing that. He said it might be ten years before I got a penny out of the property."  
"Your new steward?"  
"Andrew McPherson, the prominent lawyer."  
"He's a hard man, sir."  
"The estate needs one."  
"Burke understands the nature of the people."  
"He sympathizes with them. I don't want a man like that working for me. I want loyalty to my interests. The makeshift policy of Burke during my father's lifetime helped to bring about this pretty state of things. We'll see what firmness will do—new broom, sweep the place clean, rid of slovenly, ungrateful tenants, clear away the taproom orators. I have a definite plan in my mind. If I decide not to sell I'll perfect my plan in London and begin operations as soon as I'm satisfied it is feasible and can be put upon a proper business basis. There's too much sentiment in Ireland. That's been their ruin. I am going to bring a little common sense into play." Kingsnorth walked restlessly around the room as he spoke. He stopped by the windows and beckoned the magistrate.  
"There's your man on the drive. See?" And he pointed to where O'Connell, with a soldier each side of him, was slowly moving down the long avenue.

The door of the room opened, and Angela came in hurriedly and went straight to where the two men stood. There was the catch of a sob in her voice as she spoke to the magistrate.  
"Are you taking that poor wounded man to prison?"  
"The doctor says he is well enough to be moved," replied Roche.  
"You've not seen the doctor. I've just questioned him. He told me you had not asked his opinion and that if you move him it will be without his sanction."  
Kingsnorth interrupted angrily.  
"Please don't interfere."  
Angela turned on him, "So, it's you who are sending him to prison?"  
"I am."  
Angela appealed strongly to the magistrate.  
"Don't do this, I entreat you—don't do it."  
"But I have no choice, Miss Kingsnorth."  
"The man can scarcely walk," she pleaded.  
"He will receive every attention, believe me, Miss Kingsnorth," Roche replied.  
Angela faced her brother again.  
"If you let that wounded man go from this house today you will regret it to the end of your life." Her face was dead white. Her breath was coming thickly. Her eyes were fastened in hatred on her brother's face.  
"Kindly try to control yourself, Angela," Kingsnorth said sternly.  
"You should consider my position a little more."  
"Your position? And what is his? You with everything you want in life—that man with nothing. He is being hounded to prison for what? Pleading for his country! Is that a crime? For showing something we English are always boasting of feeling ourselves and resent any other nation feeling it—patriotism!"  
"Stop!" commanded Kingsnorth.  
"If you take that sick, wretched man out of this house it will be a crime"—began Angela.  
Kingsnorth stopped her. He turned to the magistrate, "Kindly take the man away."  
Roche moved to the window.  
Angela's heart sank. All her pleading was in vain. Her voice faltered and broke:  
"Very well, then, take him. Sentence him for doing something his own countrymen will one day build a monument to him for doing. The moment the prison door closes behind him a thousand voices will cry 'Shame!' on you and your government and a thousand new patriots will be enrolled. And when he comes out from his torture he'll carry on the work of hatred and vengeance against his tyrants. He will fight you to the last ditch. You may torture his body, but you cannot break his heart or wither his spirit. They're beyond you. They're—they're"—she stopped suddenly as her voice rose to the breaking point and left the room.  
The magistrate went down the drive. In a few moments O'Connell was on his way to the courthouse, a closely guarded prisoner.

Angela, from her window, watched the men disappear. She buried her face in her hands and moaned as she had not done since her mother left her just a few years before. The girlhood in her was dead. She was a woman. The one great note had come to her, transforming her whole nature—love. And the man she loved was being carried away to the misery and degradation of a convict.  
Gradually the moans died away. The convulsive heaving of her breast subsided.  
A little later, when her sister, Monica, came in search of her, she found Angela in a dead faint.



O'Connell Had Endured Months of Torture.

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Continued on page 7

**Soliloquies of the Devil**

I picked a galley here, the other day,  
Before the bloomin' paper went to press;  
I picked the measly thing up right away,  
And put it back together just by guess.  
The make-up man he chucked it in the form;  
The thing went through. Oh, golly, what a storm!  
"John Smith will sell at 20 Prospect street.  
At the bride's home, on Wednesday at high noon,  
An only daughter, beautiful and sweet—  
With spotted feet, and coming two next June."  
So help me, that's the way the darn thing read.  
I saw it, and I nearly fell down dead.  
That ain't the worst. The thing went on to say:  
"Mike Dolan died last night at half-past eight;  
No fire insurance carried, so they say,  
Loss, total, but the value was not great."  
You'd ought to heard the widow tear and rave—  
It makes me sick the way some skirts behave!  
"A son was born to Dr. Richard Vose,  
A glossy black, and weighed a thousand flat;  
His mother was by Danby, out of Rose—  
With gloves to match, and wore a picture hat."  
The foreman threw three fits and clawed the air:  
For once he got so mad he couldn't swear.  
"The Park House burned to ashes Tuesday night.  
The cause, they say, was softening of the brain;  
The noble firemen made a noble fight  
In satin duchess, made with fish-tail trains"  
Ain't that the everlasting limit? Gee!  
The way the whole darn bunch jumped on to me!

The boss, he had me on the carpet, too,  
Gosh! He can dress a feller to the ground!  
I sneaked his office feeling mighty blue.  
When all at once I heard a funny sound.  
The boss was all alone—I'd give my hat  
To know just what that guy was laughing at!  
H. F. Lockhart in Inland Printer

It's false economy to starve the shingles by neglecting to give them a timely coat of some reliable preservative. The best way to make them last is to treat them thoroughly with

**Anchor Shingle Stain**

It is made from coal tar creosote oil, famous as a preventative of decay in wood, combined with permanent colors. There is another important ingredient; the creosote and colors are held firmly to the surface of the wood by our Special China-Flaxseed Binding Oil; thus Anchor Shingle Stains have a permanency unknown to average stains.

In them you get a rare combination - thorough protection of the shingles and lasting colors, hence greater and more enduring satisfaction.

Ask your dealer or write to us for colors and details.

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