

### OVER HALF A CENTURY IN MUNICIPAL WORLD

R. H. Murray, clerk of the township of Amabel, who died last week, has been a resident of the township since 1857. He was born in Scotland in 1840, came to Canada with his parents in 1857, located in Amabel, where he spent the greater portion of his life. He was appointed assessor in 1861, and held the position for 21 years. He was next appointed collector and treasurer, but resigned after one year, to accept the clerkship, which he held for 20 years. From 1861 he was census enumerator six times in succession.

The Canadian-Echo, of Warton, says:

"In Mr. Murray's possession is an old family Bible, dating back from the early part of the 18th century, and still perfectly intact. This bears the handwriting of, and which was handed down from John Macdonald, Mr. Murray's great-grandfather, and also grandfather of the late Sir John Macdonald. This valuable book contains the natal dates of John Macdonald's children, the eldest of whom, Anne Macdonald, born September 8, 1773, the grandmother of Mr. Murray, and Hugh, born the 12th of December, 1782, the father of Sir John A. Macdonald, being among the number."

### MRS. WASS'S RECEPTION.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold H. Wass of Toronto, gave a tea on Friday evening to their young friends, at their home on Cornish Road. The tables were lovely with flowers, bridal roses, tulips, sweet peas, and lilies. The hostess looked sweet in a gown of lace over white satin with pearl trimming. After the usual toasts and speeches the evening was spent in singing and other amusements. Miss Gladys Burt, soloist of Christ church, rendered patriotic and other selections. Those present were: Misses Helen and Bernadette Walsh, Miss Olive Wass, Miss Rosalind Leslie, Miss Florence Pearce, Miss Mildred Hopkins, Miss Hazel Horswell, Misses Belle and Rena Knott, Mr. Jos. M. Moore, Mr. Roy Wass, Master Chas. Sanford, Mr. Fred McDermott, Mr. Jos. Walsh, Mr. Jas. Bannerman, Mr. St. Clair Little, Mr. Wm. Neilly, Mr. Elmer Orth and Mr. Bert Sharp. After singing "Tipperary," and "God Save the King," and wishing the young couple prosperity and happiness, amidst laughter and good wishes they left for their homes.

### CORNER CONCERNS.

We have to chronicle the death of one of our oldest residents, in the person of Mr. James Vessie, who passed away on Tuesday of last week at the ripe old age of 91 years, 9 months and 13 days. He was born in Edinburgh, but was only eight years of age when he came to Canada with his parents. They settled at Paisley Block near Galt, where the deceased remained till he was 31 years of age, when he married Elizabeth Sudden, after which he moved, 60 years ago, with his young bride, to the township of Egremont.

After coming to this part of the country, he spent three years in teaming between Owen Sound and Guelph, before settling down to actual farm life on lot 10, concession 2, Egremont, which was then in its primeval wildness. He cleared the land and proved himself a fairly good farmer, at which he remained till too old to perform the heavier duties. He then started bee raising, at which he was eminently successful.

The family consisted of three sons, John, who remained with him faithfully to the last, sacrificing much of his own freedom and comfort for the sake of his aged father. Then there was James, and Thomas, whose whereabouts are not known. There were also four daughters, Jane, Bella, deceased, Mary, Mrs. Rosenberg, who is also dead, and one other whose name we are at present unable to give. In politics, the deceased was a Liberal, but voted otherwise on one or two occasions. In religion he was a Baptist.

Interment took place at Maplewood on Thursday, the services being conducted by Rev. Mr. Wylie of the Durham Baptist church.

Mrs. James Hillis, whose death was recorded last week, was a resident of Egremont, and a near neighbor for years.

St. Paul's vestry meeting resulted in the election of Philip Lawrence and John Queen as wardens. Wm. McFadden was appointed lay delegate to the Synod.

Sunday school will re-open the first Sunday in May, with practically the same staff as last year.

Fall wheat is showing up well.

## PEG O' MY HEART

Continued from page 6.

By night she was in a fever. One day in November Angela received the following letter:  
Dublin, Ireland, Nov. 16, 18—  
Dear Lady of Mercy—I have served my sentence. I am free. At first the horrible humiliations of my treatment, of my surroundings, of the depths I had to sink to, burned into me. Then the thought of you sustained me. Your gentle voice, your beauty, your pity, your unbounded faith in me, strengthened my soul. All the degradation fell from me. They were but ignoble means to a noble end. I was tortured that others might never know sorrow. I was imprisoned that my countrymen might know liberty. And so the load was lighter.

The memory of those three wonderful days was so marvelous, so vivid, that it shone like a star through the blackness of those terrible days. You seem to have taken hold of my heart and my soul and my life. Forgive me for writing this to you, but it seems that you are the only one I've ever known who understands the main springs of my nature, of my hopes and my ambitions—indeed, of my very thoughts.

Today I met the leader of my party. He greeted me warmly. At last I have proved myself a worthy follower. They think it best I should leave Ireland for awhile. If I take active part at once I shall be arrested again and sent for a longer sentence.

They have offered me the position of one of the speakers in a campaign in America to raise funds for the "cause." I must first see the chief in London. He sent a message, writing in the highest terms of my work and expressing a wish to meet me. I wonder if it would be possible to see you in London? If I am sent to America it would speed my going to speak to you again. If you feel that I ask too much do not answer this, and I will understand.

Out of the fullness of my heart, from the depths of my soul and with the whole fervor of my being, I ask you to accept all the gratitude of a heart filled to overflowing.  
God bless and keep you. Yours in homage and gratitude.  
FRANK OWEN O'CONNELL.

Her answer:

London, Nov. 19, 18—  
My Dear Mr. O'Connell—I am glad indeed to have your letter and to know you are free again. I have often thought of your misery during all these months and longed to do something to assuage it. It is only when a friend is in need and all avenues of help are closed to him that a woman realizes how helpless she is.

That they have not crushed your spirit does not surprise me. I was as sure of that as I am that the sun is shining today. That you do not work actively in Ireland at once, I am sure, wise. Foolhardiness is not courage. In a little while the English government may realize how hopeless it is to try to conquer a people who have liberty in their hearts. Then they will abate the rigor of their unjust laws.

When that day comes you must return and take up the mission with renewed strength and hope and stimulated by the added experience of bitter suffering. I should most certainly like to see you in London, and am staying with a distant connection of the family. We go to the south of France in a few weeks. I have been very ill—another reproach to the weakness of woman. I am almost recovered now, but far from strong. I have to lie still all day. My only companions are my books and my thoughts. Let me know when you expect to arrive in London. Come straight here. I have so much to tell you, but the words halt as they come to my pen. Looking forward to seeing you in all sincerity,  
ANGELA KINGSNORTH.

### CHAPTER V.

#### O'Connell Visits Angela.

NATHANIEL KINGSNORTH stayed only long enough in Ireland to permit of Angela's recovery. He went into the sick-room only once. When Angela saw him she turned her back on him and refused to speak to him. For a moment a flush of pity for his young sister gave him a pang at his heart. She looked so frail and worn, so desperately ill. After all, she was his sister, and, again, had she not been punished? He was willing to forget the foolhardy things she had done and the bitter things she had said.

Let bygones be bygones. He realized that he had neglected her. He would do so no longer. Far from it. When they returned to London all that would be remedied. He would take care of her in every possible way. He felt a genuine thrill course through him as he thought of his generosity.

To all of this Angela made no answer. Stung by her silence, he left the room and sent for his other sister. When Monica came he told her that whenever Angela wished to recognize his magnanimity she could send for him. She would not find him unforgiving.

To this Angela sent no reply. When the fever had passed and she was stronger arrangements were made for the journey to London.

As Angela walked unsteadily to the carriage, leaning on the arm of the nurse, Nathaniel came forward to assist her. She passed him without a word. Nor did she speak to him once nor answer any remark of his during the long journey on the train.

When they reached London she refused to go to the Kingsnorth house, where her brother lived, but went at once to a distant cousin of her mother's, Mrs. Wrexford, and made her home with her, as she had often done before. She refused to hold any further communication with her brother, despite the ministrations of her sister, Monica, and Mrs. Wrexford.

Mrs. Wrexford was a gentle little white capped widow, whose only happiness in life seemed to be in worrying over others' misfortunes. She was on the board of various charitable organizations and was a busy helper in the field of mercy. She worshiped Angela, as she had her mother before her. That something serious had occurred between Angela and her brother Mrs. Wrexford realized, but she could find out nothing by questioning Angela. Every time she asked her anything relative to her attitude, Angela was silent.

One day she begged Mrs. Wrexford

never to speak of her brother again. Mrs. Wrexford respected her wishes and watched her and nursed her through her convalescence with a tender solicitude.

When O'Connell's letter came Angela showed it to Mrs. Wrexford, together with her reply.  
"Do you mind if I see him here?" Angela asked.  
"What kind of man is he?"  
"The kind that heroes are made of."  
"He writes so strangely—may one say unreservedly? Is he a gentleman?"  
"In the real meaning of the word—yes."

"Of good family?"  
"Not as we estimate goodness. His family were just simple peasants."  
"Do you think it wise to see him?"  
"I don't consider the wisdom. I only listen to my heart."  
"You love him?"  
"So much of love as I can give is his."

"Oh, my dear," cried Mrs. Wrexford, thoroughly alarmed.  
"Don't be afraid," said Angela quietly. "Our ways lie wide apart. He is working for the biggest thing in life. His work is his life. I am nothing."  
"But don't you think it would be indiscreet, dear, to have such a man come here?"  
"Why indiscreet?"

"A man who has been in prison" and Mrs. Wrexford shuddered at the thought. She had seen and helped so many poor victims of the cruel laws, and the memory of their drawn faces and evil eyes and coarse speech flashed across her mind. She could not reconcile one coming into her little home.

Angela answered her:  
"Yes, he has been in prison, but the shame was for his persecutors, not for him. Still, if you would rather I saw him somewhere else—"  
"Oh, no, my dear child. If you wish it—"

"I do. I just want to see him again, as he writes he does me. I want to hear him speak again. I want to wish him godspeed on his journey."

"Very well, Angela," said the old lady. "As you wish."  
A week afterward O'Connell arrived in London. They met in Mrs. Wrexford's little drawing room in Mayfair. They looked at each other for some moments without speaking. Both noted the fresh lines of suffering in each other's face. They had been through the long valley of the shadow of sorrow since they had last met.

But O'Connell thought as he looked at her that all the suffering he had gone through passed from him as some hideous dream. It was worth it—these months of torture—just to be looking at her now; worth the long black nights, the labors in the heat of the day with life's outcasts around him, the taunts of his jailers; worth all the infamy of it just to stand there looking at her.

She had taken his life in her two little hands.  
He had bathed his soul all these months in the thought of her. He had prayed night and day that he might see her standing near him just as she was then, see the droop of her eye and the silk of her hair and feel the touch of her hand and hear the exquisite tenderness of her voice. He stood mute before her.

She held out her hand and said simply:

"Thank you for coming."  
"It was good of you to let me," he answered hoarsely.  
"They have not broken your spirit or your courage?"  
"No," he replied tensely; "they are the stronger."  
"I thought they would be," she said proudly.

All the while he was looking at the pale face and the thin transparency of her hands.  
"But you have suffered too. You have been ill. Were you in—danger?" His voice had a catch of fear in it as he asked the, to him, terrible question.  
"No. It was just a fever. It is past. I am a little weak—a little tired. That will pass too."

"If anything had happened to you— or ever should happen?" He buried his face in his hands and moaned: "Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" His body shook with the sobs he tried vainly to check. Angela put her hand gently on his shoulder.

"Don't do that," she whispered. He controlled himself with an effort. "It will be over in a moment. Just a moment. I am sorry."

He suddenly knelt at her feet, his head bowed in reverence. "God help me," he cried faintly. "I love you, I love you!"

She looked down at him, her face transfigured.  
He loved her!  
The beat of her heart spoke it. "He loves you!" The throbbing of her brain shouted it. "He loves you!" The cry of her soul whispered it. "He loves you!"

She stretched out her hands to him: "My love is yours, just as yours is mine. Let us join our lives and give them to the suffering and the oppressed."

He looked up at her in wonder. "I daren't. Think what I am!"  
"You are the best that is in me. We are mates."  
"A peasant! A beggar!"  
"You are the noblest of the noble."  
"A convict."  
"Our Saviour was crucified so that his people should be redeemed. You have given the pain of your body so that your people may be free."  
"It wouldn't be fair to you," he pleaded.  
"If you leave me it will be unfair to us both."  
"Oh, my dear one! My dear one!"

He folded her in his arms. "I'll give the best of my days to guard you and protect you and bring you happiness."

"I am happy now," and her voice died to a whisper.  
Three days afterward Nathaniel Kingsnorth returned late at night from a political banquet.  
It had been a great evening. At last it seemed that life was about to give him what he most wished for. His dearest ambitions were, apparently, about to be realized.

He had been called on as a staunch Conservative to add his quota to the already wonderful array of brilliant perorations of seasoned statesmen and admirable speakers. Kingsnorth had excelled himself. Never had he spoken so powerfully. Being one of the only men at the banquet who had enjoyed even a brief glimpse of Ireland, he made the solution of the Irish question the main topic of his speech. Speaking lucidly and earnestly, he placed before them his panacea for



"Then arose a picture of her sister Monica."

Irish ills. His hearers were enthralled. When he sat down the cheering was prolonged.  
When he left the gathering he was in a condition of ecstasy. Lying back amid the cushions during his long drive home, he closed his eyes and pic-

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