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**W. H. BEAN Big 4**

The Canadian Order of Foresters will attend service in Trinity church on Sunday evening the 27th of June.

The Methodist church, Varney have decided to hold a garden party on Tuesday, June 29 The services of a professional elocutionist from Toronto are being secured and a good programme is being arranged. Tea will be served from 6.30 to 8. Admission 25c. and 15c. Further particulars next 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

Copyright, 1913, by Dodd, Mead & Company

Suddenly she raised her hand above her head, and in the manner and tone of a public speaker she astounded Jerry with the following outburst: "An' that's what the Irish are doin' all over the wurld. They're driven out of their own country by the English an' become wanderers on the face of the earth, an' nothin' they ever earn 'll make up to them for the separation from their homes an' their loved ones!" She finished the peroration on a high note and with a forced manner such as she had frequently heard on the platform.

She smiled at the astonished Jerry and asked him: "Do ye know what that is?" "I haven't the least idea," he answered truthfully. "That's out of one of me father's speeches. He father makes grand speeches. He makes them in the cause of Ireland."

"Oh, really! In the cause of Ireland, eh?" said Jerry. "Yes. He's been strugglin' all his life to make Ireland free, to get her home rule, ye know. But the English are so ignorant. They think they know more than me father. If they'd do what me father tells them sure there'd be no more throuble in Ireland at all."

"Really?" said Jerry quite interestedly. "Not a bit of throuble. I wish me father was here to explain it to ye. He could tell ye the whole thing in a couple of hours. I wish he were here now just to give you an example of what fine speakin' really is. Do you like speeches?"

"Very much—sometimes," replied Jerry guardedly.

"Me father is wondrous on a platform with a lot o' people in front of him. He's wondrous. I've seen him take two or three hundred people who didn't know they had a grievance in the wurld—the poor cratures—they were just contented to go on bein' ground down an' trampled on an' they not knowin' a thing about it—I've seen me father take that crowd an' in five minutes after he had started spakin' to them ye wouldn't know they were the same people. They were all shoutin' at once, an' they had murder in their eye, an' it was blood they were after. They wanted to reform something—they weren't sure what—but they wanted to do it, an' at the cost of life. Me father could have led them anywhere. It's a wonderful power he has. Do ye like hearin' about me father?" she asked Jerry suddenly, in case she was tiring him.

Jerry hastened to assure her that he was really most interested. "Well, so long as yer not tired I'll tell ye some more. Ye know I went all through Ireland when I was a child with me father in a cart. An' the police an' the constabulary used to follow us about. They were very frightened of me father, they were. They were grand days for me. Ye're English, mebbe?" she asked him suddenly.

"I am," said Jerry. He almost felt inclined to apologize. "Well, sure that's not your fault. Ye couldn't help it. No one should hold that against ye. We can't all be born Irish."

"I'm glad you look at it so broad mindedly," said Jerry. She stood restlessly a moment, her hands beating each other alternately. "I get so lonesome for me father," she said.

Suddenly, with a tone of definite resolve in her voice, she started to the stairs, calling over her shoulder: "I'm goin' back to him now. Good-by!"

Jerry followed her, pleading insistently: "Wait! Please wait!"

She stopped and looked at him: "Give us one month's trial—one month!" he urged. "It will be very little out of your life, an' I promise you your father will not suffer through it except in losing you for that one little month. Will you? Just a month?"

He spoke so earnestly and seemed so sincerely pained and so really concerned at her going that she came down a few steps and looked at him irresolutely.

"Why do you want me to stay?" she asked him. "Because—because your late uncle was my friend. It was his last wish to do something for you. Will you? Just a month?"

She struggled with the desire to go away from all that was so foreign and distasteful to her. Then she looked at Jerry and realized, with something akin to a feeling of pleasure, that he was pleading with her to stay and doing it in such a way as to suggest that it mattered to him. She had to admit to herself that she rather liked the look of him. He seemed honest, even though he were English. After all, to run away now would look cowardly. Her father would be ashamed of her. This stuckup family would laugh at her. Instantly she made up her mind.

She would stay. Turning to Jerry, she said: "All right, then. I'll stay—a month. But not any more than a month, though." "Not unless you wish it." "I won't wish it—I promise ye that. One month 'll be enough in this house." "I am glad you're going to stay." "Well, that's a comfort, anyway. Some one 'll be pleased at my stayin'."

**CHAPTER XX.**

**A Real Friend.**

A DOOR slammed loudly in the distance as Peg talked to Jerry. Peg distinctly heard her aunt's voice and Alaric's. In a moment she became panic stricken. She made one bound for the top stairs and sprang up them three at a time. At the top she turned and warned him: "Don't tell any one ye saw me." "I won't," promised the astonished young man.

But their secret was to be short lived. As Peg turned Ethel appeared at the top of the stairs, and as she descended, glaring at Peg, the unfortunate girl



A Door Slammed Loudly In the Distance as Peg Talked to Jerry.

went down backward before her. At the same moment Mrs. Chichester and Alaric came in through the door. They all greeted Jerry warmly. Mrs. Chichester was particularly gracious.

"So sorry we were out. You will stay to lunch?" "It is what I came for," replied Jerry heartily. He slipped his arm through Alaric's and led him up to the windows.

"Why, Al, your cousin is adorable!" he said enthusiastically. "What!" Alaric gasped, in horror. "You've met her?"

"Indeed I have. And we had the most delightful time together. I want to see a great deal of her while she's here."

"You're joking?" remarked Alaric cautiously. "Not at all. She has the frank, honest grip on life that I like better than anything in mankind or womankind. She has made me a convert to home rule already."

The luncheon gong sounded in the distance. Alaric hurried to the door. "Come along, every one! Lunch!"

"Thank goodness!" cried Jerry, joining him. "I'm starving."

Peg came quietly from behind the newel post, where she had been practically hidden, and went straight to Jerry and, smiling up at him, her eyes dancing with amusement, said:

"So am I starvin' too. I've not had a bite since 6."

"Allow me," and Jerry offered her his arm. Mrs. Chichester quickly interposed. "My niece is tired after her journey. She will lunch in her room."

"Oh, but I'm not a bit tired," ejaculated Peg anxiously. "I'm not tired at all, an' I'd much rather have lunch down here with Mr. Jerry."

The whole family were aghast. Ethel looked indignantly at Peg. Mrs. Chichester ejaculated, "What?" Alaric, almost struck dumb, fell back upon "Well, I mean to say!"

"And you shall go in with Mr. Jerry," said that young gentleman, slipping Peg's arm through his own. Turning to Mrs. Chichester, he asked her: "With your permission we will lead the way. Come, Peg," and he led her to the door and opened it.

Peg looked up at him, a roguish light dancing in her big, expressive eyes. "Thanks. I'm not so sure about that

wager of yours. I think yer safe. I want to tell ye ye've saved mine." She put one hand gently on her little stomach and cried, "I am so hungry me soul is hangin' by a thread."

Laughing gaily the two new found friends went in search of the dining room.

"Disgraceful!" ventured Ethel. "Aww!" said the stunned Alaric. "She must be taken in hand at once!" came in firm tones from Mrs. Chichester. "She must never be left alone again. Come quickly before she can disgrace us any further today."

The days that followed were never to be forgotten ones for Peg. Her nature was in continual revolt. The teaching of her whole lifetime she was told to correct. Everything she said, everything she looked, everything she did was wrong.

Tutors were engaged to prepare her for the position she might one day enjoy through her dead uncle's will. They did not remain long. She showed either marked incapacity to acquire the slightest veneer of culture—else it was pure willfulness.

The only gleams of relief she had were on the occasions when Jerry visited the family. Whenever they could avoid Mrs. Chichester's watchful eyes they would chat and laugh and play like children.

Her letters to her father were at first very bitter regarding her treatment by the family. Indeed, so resentful did they become that her father wrote to her in reply urging her, if she was so unhappy, to at once return to him on the next steamer. The month she had promised to stay was drawing to an end. But one more day remained. It was to be a memorable one for Peg.

Jerry had endeavored at various times to encourage her to study. One day he gave her a large, handsomely bound volume and asked her to read it at odd times and he would examine her in it when she had mastered its contents. She opened it wonderingly and found it to be "Love Stories of the World."

It became Peg's treasure. She kept it hidden from every one in the house. She made a cover for it out of a piece of cloth, so that no one could see the ornate binding. She would read it at night in her room, by day out in the fields or by the sea. The book was a revelation to her. It gave all her imagination full play. Through its pages treaded a stately procession of kings and queens—Wagnerian heroes and heroines, Shakespearean creations, melodious in verse, and countless others. All through the month Christian Brent was a frequent visitor. If Peg only despised the Chichesters she positively loathed Brent. Peg was waiting for a really good chance to find out Mr. Brent's real character. The opportunity came.

On the night of the last day of the trial month Peg was lying face downward on a sofa reading her treasure when she became conscious of some one being in the room watching her. She started up in a panic, instinctively hiding the book behind her. She found Brent staring down at her in open admiration. Something in the intensity of his gaze caused her to spring to her feet.

"The book must be absorbing. What is it?" he asked.

Peg faced him, the book clasped in both of her hands behind her back, her eyes flashing and her heart throbbing.

"You mustn't be angry, child. What is it, eh? Something forbidden?" and he leered knowingly at her. Then he made a quick snatch at the book, saying, "Show it me!"

Peg ran across the room and, turning up a corner of the carpet, put the book under it, turned back the carpet, put her foot determinedly on it and turned again to face her tormentor.

Brent went rapidly across to her. The instinct of the chase was quick in his blood.

"A hiding place, eh? Now you make me really curious. Let me see." He again made a movement toward the hidden book.

Peg clinched both of her hands into little fists and glared at Brent, while her breath came in quick, sharp gasps. "I love spirit!" cried Brent.

Then he looked at her charming dress, at her stylish coiffure, at the simple spray of flowers at her breast. He gave an ejaculation of pleasure.

"What a wonderful change in a month! You most certainly would not be sent to the kitchen now. Do you know you have grown into a most attractive young lady? You are really delightful angry. And you are angry, aren't you? And with me, eh? I'm so sorry if I've offended you. Let us kiss and be friends." He tried to take her in his arms. Peg gave him a resounding box on the ear. The door opened, and Ethel came into the room.

Peg hurried out through the windows.

Brent turned to Ethel. "My dear!" Ethel looked coldly at him. "Why did she run away?" Brent smiled easily and confidently: "I'd surprised one of her secrets, and she flew into a temper."

"Secrets?" was all Ethel said. "Yes. See." He walked across to the corner and turned back the carpet and, kneeling down, searched for the book, found it and held it up triumphantly. "Here!" He stood up and opened the book and read the title page: "Love Stories of the World." To Peg from Jerry! "Oho!" cried Mr. Brent. "Jerry! Eh? No wonder she didn't want me to see it! Jerry! So that's how the land lies! Romantic little child!"

Ethel looked steadily at him. "Why don't you go after her?" and she nodded in the direction Peg had gone.

Continued on page 7.

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