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sioners and complained about par-  
titions in restaurants. He said they  
led to immorality.

The body of James Walker, one  
of the oldest inhabitants of Ux-  
bridge, was found in a pond last  
week. Mr. Walker was 85 years of  
age, and it is thought that he had  
a fainting spell and fell in



**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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"You're not disturbed me."  
"I'm just going," said Brent.  
"Well, wait a moment." And Alaric  
turned to the window and beckoned to  
some one on the path, and in from the  
garden came Mr. Montgomery Hawkes.  
"Come in," said the energetic Alaric.  
"Come in, Ethel. I want you to meet  
Mr. Hawkes. Mr. Hawkes—my sister;  
Mr. Brent—Mr. Hawkes." Having satis-  
satisfactorily introduced every one, he  
said to Ethel: "See if the mater's well  
enough to come down, like a dear, will  
ye? This gentleman has come from  
London to see her. D'ye mind? And  
come back yourself, too, like an angel.  
He says he has some business that con-  
cerns the whole family."  
Alaric bustled Hawkes into a chair  
and then seized the somewhat uncom-  
fortable Brent by an unwilling hand  
and shook it warmly as he asked:  
"Must you go?"  
"Yes," replied Brent, with a sigh of  
relief.

Alaric dashed to the door and opened  
it as though to speed the visitor on his  
way.  
"So sorry I was out when you called,"  
lied Alaric nimbly. "Run in any time.



Ethel Turned and Seated Herself.

Always delighted to see you—delighted,  
is the angel wife all well?  
Brent bowed. "Thank you."  
"And the darling child?"  
Brent frowned. "He crossed to the  
door and turned in the frame and ad-  
mired Mrs. Chichester."  
"Please give my remembrances to  
your mother." Then he passed out.  
As he disappeared the irrepressible  
Alaric called after him:  
"Certainly. She'll be so disappointed  
not to have seen you. Run in any time  
—any time at all." Alaric closed the  
door and saw his mother and Ethel  
coming down the stairs.

All traces of emotion had disappeared  
from Ethel's face and manner. She  
was once again in perfect command of  
herself. She carried a beautiful little  
French poodle in her arms and was  
feeding her with sugar.  
Alaric fustily brought his mother  
forward.

"Mater, dear," he said, "I found this  
gentleman in a rose bed inquiring the  
way to our lodge. He's come all the  
way from dear old London just to see  
you. Mr. Hawkes, my mother."  
Mrs. Chichester looked at Hawkes  
anxiously.  
"You have come to see me?"  
"On a very important and a very pri-  
vate family matter," replied Hawkes  
gravely.  
"Important? Private?" asked Mrs.  
Chichester in surprise.  
"We're the family, Mr. Hawkes,"  
ventured Alaric helpfully.  
Mrs. Chichester's forebodings came  
uppermost. After the news of the  
bank's failure nothing would surprise  
her now in the way of calamity. What  
could this grave, dignified looking man  
want with them? Her eyes filled.  
"Is it bad news?" she faltered.  
"Oh, dear, no," answered Mr. Hawkes  
genially.  
"Well, is it good news?" queried  
Alaric.  
"In a measure," said the lawyer.  
"Then, for heaven's sake, get at it.  
You've got me all clammy. We could  
do with a little good news. Wait a  
minute! Is it by any chance about the  
bank?"  
"No," replied Mr. Hawkes. He clear-  
ed his throat and said solemnly and  
impressively to Mrs. Chichester:  
"It is about your late brother, Na-  
thaniel Kingsnorth."  
"Late?" cried Mrs. Chichester. "Is  
Nathaniel dead?"  
"Yes, madam," said Hawkes gravely.

"He died ten days ago."  
Mrs. Chichester sat down and silent-  
ly wept. Nathaniel to have died with-  
out her being with him to comfort him  
and arrange things with him! It was  
most unfortunate.  
"Poor old Nat," Alaric said. "Eh,  
Ethel?"  
"Never saw him," answered Ethel,  
her face and voice totally without  
emotion.  
"You say he died ten days ago?" asked  
Mrs. Chichester.  
Mr. Hawkes bowed.  
"Why was I not informed? The fun-  
eral?"  
"There was no funeral," replied Mr.  
Hawkes.  
"No funeral?" said Alaric in aston-  
ishment.  
"No," replied the lawyer. "In obedi-  
ence to his written wishes he was cre-  
mated, and no one was present except  
the chief executor and myself."

**CHAPTER XV.**

The Will.  
"NOW, in Mr. Kingsnorth's will,"  
went on the lawyer, produc-  
ing a leather pocketbook filled  
with important looking pa-  
pers—"in his will"—he repeated.  
Mrs. Chichester stopped crying.  
"Eh? A will?"  
"What?" said Alaric, beaming. "Did  
the dear old gentleman leave a will?"  
Even Ethel stopped playing with Pet  
and listened languidly to the conver-  
sation.

Mr. Hawkes, realizing he had their  
complete interest, went on importantly:  
"As Mr. Kingsnorth's legal adviser  
up to the time of his untimely death  
I have come here to make you ac-  
quainted with some of its contents."  
He spread a formidable looking doc-  
ument wide open on the table, adjust-  
ed his pince nez and prepared to read.  
"Dear old Nat," said Alaric reflectively.  
"Do you remember, mater, we met  
him at Victoria station once when I  
was little more than a baby? Yet I  
can see him now as plainly as if it  
were yesterday—a portly, sandy haired  
old buck with three jolly chins."  
"He was white toward the end and  
very, very thin," said Mr. Hawkes  
softly.

"Was he?" from Alaric. "Fancy that.  
It just shows, mater, doesn't it?" He  
bent eagerly over the table as Hawkes  
traced some figures with a pencil on  
one of the pages of the will.  
"How much did he leave?" And  
Alaric's voice rose to a pitch of well  
defined interest.

"His estate is valued, approximately,  
at some £200,000," replied the lawyer.  
Alaric gave a long, low whistle and  
smiled a broad, comprehensive smile.  
Ethel for the first time showed a  
gleam of genuine interest.

Mrs. Chichester began to cry again.  
"Perhaps it was my fault I didn't see  
him oftener," she said.  
Alaric, unable to curb his curiosity,  
burst out with, "How did the old boy  
split it up?"  
"To his immediate relations he left"—  
Mr. Hawkes looked up from the will  
and found three pairs of eyes fixed on  
him. He stopped. It may be that  
constant association with the law  
courts destroys faith in human nature;  
but, whatever the cause, it seemed to  
Mr. Hawkes in each of those eyes was  
reflected the one dominant feeling—  
greed. The expression in the family's  
combined eyes was astonishing in its  
directness, in its barefacedness. It  
struck the dignified gentleman sudden-  
ly dumb.

"Well? Well?" cried Alaric. "How  
much? Don't stop right in the middle  
of an important thing like that. You  
make me as nervous as a chicken."  
Mr. Hawkes returned to the will and  
after looking at it a moment without  
reading said:  
"To his immediate relations Mr.  
Kingsnorth left, I regret to say—noth-  
ing."  
A momentary silence fell like a pall  
over the stricken Chichester family.

Mrs. Chichester rose, indignation  
flashing from the eyes that a moment  
since showed a healthy hope.  
"Nothing?" she cried incredulously.  
"Not a penny piece to any one?" ven-  
tured Alaric.  
The faintest suspicion of a smile  
flitted across Ethel's face.  
Hawkes looked keenly at them and  
answered:  
"I deeply regret to say—nothing."  
Mrs. Chichester turned to Ethel, who  
had begun to stroke Pet again.  
"His own flesh and blood!" cried the  
poor lady.  
"What a shabby old beggar!" com-  
mented Alaric indignantly.  
"He was always the most selfish, the  
most"—began Mrs. Chichester, when  
Mr. Hawkes, who had been turning  
over the pages of the document before  
him, gave an ejaculation of relief.  
"Ah! Here we have it. This, Mrs.  
Chichester, is how Mr. Kingsnorth  
expressed his attitude toward his re-  
lations in his last will and testament:  
"I am the only member of the  
Kingsnorth family who ever made any

money. All my precious relatives either  
inherited it or married to get it."  
"I assure you"—began Mrs. Chiche-  
ster.  
Alaric checked her. "Half a moment,  
mater. Let us hear it out to the bitter  
end. He must have been an amusing  
old gentleman."  
Mr. Hawkes resumed: "Consequent-  
ly I am not going to leave one penny  
to relations who are already well pro-  
vided for."  
Mrs. Chichester protested vehe-  
mently:  
"But we are not provided for."  
"No," added Alaric. "Our bank's  
busted."  
"We're ruined!" sobbed Mrs. Chiche-  
ster.  
"Broke!" said Alaric.  
"We've nothing!" wailed the old lady.  
"Dear, dear!" said the lawyer. "How  
extremely painful!"  
"Painful? That's not the word. Dis-  
gusting I call it," corrected Alaric.  
Mr. Hawkes thought a moment.  
Then he said, "Under those circum-  
stances perhaps a clause in the will  
may have a certain interest and an ele-  
ment of relief."  
As two drowning people clinging to  
the proverbial straws the mother and  
son waited breathlessly for Mr. Hawkes  
to go on.

Ethel showed no interest whatever.  
"When Mr. Kingsnorth realized that  
he had not very much longer to live he  
spoke constantly of his other sister,  
Angela," resumed Mr. Hawkes.  
"Angela!" cried Mrs. Chichester in  
surprise. "Why, she's dead."  
"That was why he spoke of her,"  
said Hawkes gravely.  
"And not a word of me?" asked Mrs.  
Chichester.  
"We will come to that a little later,"  
and Mr. Hawkes again referred to the  
will. "It appears that this sister, An-  
gela, married at the age of twenty a  
certain Irishman, by name O'Connell,  
and was cut off by her family"—  
"The man was an agitator—a Fenian  
agitator. He hadn't a penny. It was  
a disgrace!"  
Alaric checked his mother again.

Hawkes resumed: "Was cut off by  
her family, went to the United States  
of America with her husband, where a  
daughter was born. After going  
through many conditions of misery  
with her husband, who never seemed  
to prosper, she died shortly after giv-  
ing birth to the child." He looked up.  
"Mr. Kingsnorth elsewhere expresses  
his lasting regret that in one of his  
sister's acute stages of distress she  
wrote to him asking him for the first  
time to assist her. He replied: 'You  
have made your bed. Lie in it.'"  
"She had disgraced the family. He  
was justified," broke in Mrs. Chiche-  
ster.  
"With death approaching," resumed  
Hawkes. "Mr. Kingsnorth's conscience  
began to trouble him, and the remem-  
brance of his treatment of his unfortu-  
nate sister distressed him. If the child  
were alive he wanted to see her. I  
made inquiries and found that the girl  
was living with her father in very poor  
circumstances in the city of New York.  
We sent sufficient funds for the jour-  
ney, together with a request to the  
father to allow her to visit Mr. Kings-  
north in England. The father con-  
sented. However, before the young  
girl sailed Mr. Kingsnorth died."  
"Oh!" cried Alaric, who had been  
listening intently. "Died, eh? That  
was too bad. Died before seeing her.  
Did you let her sail, Mr. Hawkes?"  
"Yes. We thought it best to bring  
her over here and acquaint her with  
the sad news after her arrival. Had  
she known before sailing she might not  
have taken the journey."  
"But what was the use of bringing  
her over when Mr. Kingsnorth was  
dead?" asked Alaric.  
"For this reason," replied Hawkes.  
"Realizing that he might never see her,  
Mr. Kingsnorth made the most remark-  
able provision for her in his will."  
"Provided for her and not for"—  
began Mrs. Chichester.  
"Here is the provision," continued  
Mr. Hawkes, again reading from the  
will: "I hereby direct that the sum  
of £1,000 a year be paid to any respect-  
able, well connected woman of breed-  
ing and family who will undertake the  
education and upbringing of my niece,  
Margaret O'Connell, in accordance with  
the dignity and tradition of the Kings-  
norths."

"He remembers a niece he never saw,  
and his own sister"—And Mrs. Chi-  
chester once more burst into tears.  
"It beats cockfighting; that's all I  
can say," cried Alaric. "It simply beats  
cockfighting."  
Mr. Hawkes went on reading: "If  
at the expiration of one year my niece  
is found to be, in the judgment of my  
executors, unworthy of further inter-  
est she is to be returned to her father  
and the sum of £250 a year paid her  
to provide her with the necessities of  
life. If, on the other hand, she proves  
herself worthy of the best traditions  
of the Kingsnorth family the course  
of training is to be continued until she  
reaches the age of twenty-one, when  
I hereby bequeath to her the sum of  
£5,000 a year, to be paid her annually  
out of my estate during her lifetime  
and to be continued after her death to  
any male issue she may have—by mar-  
riage."  
Mr. Hawkes stopped and once again  
looked at the strange family. Mrs.  
Chichester was sobbing. "And me—  
my own sister!"  
Alaric was moving restlessly about.  
"Beats anything I've heard of—posi-  
tively anything."  
Ethel was looking intently at Pet's  
coat.

Hawkes continued: "On no account  
is her father to be permitted to visit  
her, and should the course of training  
be continued after the first year she  
must not on any account visit her  
father. After she reaches the age of  
twenty-one she can do as she pleases."  
Continued on page 7

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