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A Hamilton firm was fined \$50
last week for failing to affix war
stamps to certain articles requiring
them. The magistrate sympathized
with the firm, stating that only the
day before he had forgotten to affix
a stamp to a check and was reminded
just in time. The inland revenue department,
however, insisted that the fine
be imposed. Fifty dollars is the
minimum fine.



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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CHAPTER XVI.

"I'd be happier with me father."

"SOMETHING may be saved from
the wreck," reasoned Mrs.
Chichester more hopefully.

"Until I get really started,"
said Alaric with a sense of climax.

Mrs. Chichester turned to her daughter.
"Ethel?"

"Whatever you decide, mamma."

Mrs. Chichester thought a moment,
then decided. "I'll do it," she said
determinedly. "It will be hard, but
I'll do it." She went slowly and deliberately
to Mr. Hawkes, who by this time
had disposed of all his documents
and was preparing to go. A look in
Mrs. Chichester's face stopped him.
He smiled at her.

"Well?" he asked.

"For the sake of the memory of
my dead sister, I will do as Nathaniel
wished," said Mrs. Chichester, with
great dignity and self-abnegation.

Mr. Hawkes breathed a sigh of relief.

"Good!" he said. "I'm delighted. It
is splendid. Now that you have decided
so happily there is one thing more
I must tell you. The young lady is not
to be told the conditions of the will
unless at the discretion of the executors
should some crisis arise. She will
be to all intents and purposes—your
guest. In that way we may be able
to arrive at a more exact knowledge
of her character. Is that understood?"

The family signified severally and
collectively that it was.

"And now," beamed the lawyer, happy
at the fortunate outcome of a situation
that a few moments before seemed
so strained, "where is your bell?"

Alaric indicated the bell.

"May I ring?" asked the lawyer.

"Certainly," replied Alaric.

Mr. Hawkes rang.

Alaric watched him curiously. "Want
a sandwich or something?"

Hawkes smiled benignly on the un-
fortunate family and rubbed his hands
together self-satisfiedly.

"Now I would like to send for the
young lady—the heiress."

"Where is she?" asked Mrs. Chichester.

"She arrived from New York this
morning, and I brought her straight
here. I had to call on a client, so I
gave her your address and told her to
come here and wait."

At the word "wait" an uneasy feeling
took possession of Ethel. That was
the word used by that wretched little
creature who had so rudely intruded
upon her and Brent. Could it be possible—

The footman entered at that moment.

The lawyer questioned him.

"Is there a young lady waiting for
Mr. Hawkes?"

"A young lady, sir? No, sir," answered
Jarvis.

Mr. Hawkes was puzzled. What in
the world had become of her? He told
the cabman distinctly where to go.

Jarvis opened the door to go out
when a thought suddenly occurred to
him. He turned back and spoke to the
lawyer:

"There's a young person sitting in
the kitchen—came up and knocked at
the door and said she had to wait until
a gentleman called. Can't get nothing
out of her."

Hawkes brightened up.

"That must be Miss O'Connell," he
said. He turned to Mrs. Chichester
and asked her if he might bring the
young lady in there.

"My niece in the kitchen!" said Mrs.
Chichester to the unfortunate footman.

"Surely you should know the difference
between my niece and a servant!"

"I am truly sorry, madam," replied
Jarvis in distress, "but there was nothing
to tell."

"Another such mistake and you can
leave my employment," Mrs. Chichester
added severely.

Jarvis pleaded piteously:

"Upon my word, madam, no one
could tell."

"That will do!" thundered Mrs. Chichester.
"Bring my niece here—at once!"

The wretched Jarvis departed on his
errand, muttering to himself: "Wait
until they see her. Who in the world
could tell she was their relation?"

Mrs. Chichester was very angry.

"It's monstrous!" she exclaimed.

"Stupid!" agreed Alaric. "Doo-cid
stupid!"

Ethel said nothing. The one thought
that was passing through her mind
was, "How much did that girl hear
Brent say, and how much did she see
Mr. Brent do?"

Hawkes tried to smooth the misunderstanding
out.

"I am afraid it was all my fault," he
explained. "I told her not to talk—just
to say that she was to wait. I wanted
to have an opportunity to explain
matters before introducing her."

"She should have been brought
straight to me," complained Mrs. Chichester.
"The poor thing!" Then with

a feeling of outraged pride she said:
"My niece in the kitchen—a Kingsnorth
mistaken for a servant!"

The door opened and Jarvis came
into the room. There was a look of
half triumph on his face as much as

to say: "Now, who would not make a
mistake like that? Who could tell this
girl was your niece?"

He beckoned Peg to come into the
room.

Then the Chichester family received
the second shock they had experienced
that day—one compared with which
the failure of the bank paled into insignificance.
When they saw the
strange, shabby, red-haired girl slouch
into the room with her parcels and that
disgraceful looking dog they felt the
hand of misfortune had indeed fallen
upon them.

As Peg wandered into the room Mrs.
Chichester and Alaric looked at her in
horrified amazement.

Ethel took one swift glance at her
and then turned her attention to Peter
Jarvis looked reproachfully at Mrs.
Chichester as much as to say, "What
did I tell you?" and went out.

Alaric whispered to his mother:
"Oh, I say, really, you know—it isn't
true!"

Peter suddenly saw Michael and began
to bark furiously at him. Michael re-
sponded vigorously until Peg quieted
him.

At this juncture Mr. Hawkes came
forward and, taking Peg gently by the
arm, reassured her by saying:

"Come here, my dear. Come here.
Don't be frightened. We're all your
friends."

He brought Peg over to Mrs. Chichester,
who was staring at her with
tears of mortification in her eyes.

When Peg's eyes met her aunt's she
bobbled a little courtesy she used to do
as a child whenever she met some of
the gentler folk.

Mrs. Chichester went cold when she
saw the gauche act. Was it possible
that this creature was her sister An-
gela's child? It seemed incredible.

"What is your name?" she asked
sternly.

"Peg, ma'am."

"What?"

"Sure, ma name's Peg, ma'am," and
she bobbed another little courtesy.

Mrs. Chichester closed her eyes and
shivered. She asked Alaric to ring.
As that young gentleman passed Ethel
on his way to the bell he said: "It
can't really be true! Eh, Ethel?"

"Quaint," was all his sister replied.

Hawkes genially drew Peg's attention
to her aunt by introducing her:

"This lady is Mrs. Chichester—your
aunt." Peg looked at her doubtfully
a moment, then turned to Hawkes and
asked him:

"Where's me uncle?"

"Alas, my dear child, your uncle is
dead!"

"Dead?" exclaimed Peg in surprise.

"Affther sendin' for me?"

"He died just before you sailed,"
added Hawkes.

"God rest his soul," said Peg plausibly.

"Sure, if I'd known that I'd never have
come at all. I'm too late, then. Good
day to ye," and she started for the
door.

Mr. Hawkes stopped her.

"Where are you going?"

"Back to me father."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"But I must go back to me father
if me uncle's dead."

"It was Mr. Kingsnorth's last wish
that you should stay here under your
aunt's care. So she has kindly con-
sented to give you a home."

Peg gazed at Mrs. Chichester curiously.

"Have ye?" she asked.

Mrs. Chichester, with despair in every
tone, replied, "I have!"

"Thank ye," said Peg, bobbing another
little courtesy.

Mrs. Chichester gazed at Peg and
covered her eyes with her hand as if
to shut out some painful sight.

Peg looked at Mrs. Chichester and at
the significant action. There was no
mistaking its significance. It conveyed
dislike and contempt so plainly that
Peg felt it through her whole nature.

She turned to Alaric and found him re-
garding her as though she were some
strange animal. Ethel did not deign
to notice her. She whispered to
Hawkes:

"I can't stay here."

"Why not?" asked the lawyer.

"I'd be happier with me father," said
Peg.

"You'll be quite happy here—quite."

"We're not wanted here, Michael!"
she murmured.

The terrier looked up at her and then
buried his head under her arm as
though ashamed.

Jarvis came in response to the ring
at that moment, bearing a pained, marty-
r-like expression on his face.

Mrs. Chichester directed him to take
away Peg's parcels and the dog.

Peg frightenedly clutched the terrier.

"Oh, no, ma'am," she pleaded. "Plaze
have Michael with me. Don't take him
away from me."

"Take it away," commanded Mrs.
Chichester severely, "and never let it
inside the house again."

"Well, if ye don't want him inside
yer house ye don't want me inside yer
house," Peg snapped back.

Hawkes pleaded.

"No!" said Peg firmly. "I will not
give him up."

The lawyer tried again to take the
dog from her. "Come, Miss O'Connell;
you really must be reasonable."

"I don't care about being reasonable,"
replied Peg. "Michael was given to
me by me father, an' he's not very
big, an' he's not a watchdog; he's a pet
dog—an' look!" She caught sight of
Ethel's little poodle, and, with a cry of
self-justification, she said:

"See, she has a dog in the house—
right here in the house. Look at it!"
And she pointed to where the little
ball of white wool lay sleeping on Ethel's
lap. Then Peg laughed heartily.
"I didn't know what it was until it
moved."

Continued next week.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

Don't keep even dry groceries
in paper bags—use glass tins

Any storeroom for food should
be cool, dry and well ventilated.

The more coarse breads are used
the better for the health of the
family.

Braid of check material is best
mended by using several shades
of silk or thread in one needle.

Freshly-grated horseradish with
a little whipped cream stirred into
it makes a nice sauce for boiled
meats.

White oilcloth is the best covering
for pantry shelves. Keep red
pepper around the edges to ward
off insects.

When making fruit pies damp
the edge with milk instead of
water. It holds better, and the
juice is not so liable to boil over.

Eggs are best 12 hours after
they are laid. They can be kept
for months packed without touch-
ing, in salt, small ends down.

Nothing makes a finer polish
for tinware than good wood ashes.

Delicious strawberry pot pies
can be made just like any other
pot pies with dumplings.

In making a fruit cake, pour
half the batter in the pan before
adding the fruit; then the fruit
will not be found all at the bot-
tom of the cake, as is too often
the way.

If half a bottle of olives has
been used and you wish to keep
the rest, add a pinch of salt to
the brine, pour a teaspoonful of
olive oil in the liquid and replace
the cork.

To clean silver, apply kerosene
with a brush or soft cloth, then
rinse in scalding water. No other
method is so easy and no other
method will give such a lustre.

The proper way to make a must-
ard plaster so that it will not
blister the patient is to use the
white of an egg to mix with the
mustard instead of water.

If a pair of shoes has become
stiffened with walking in the wet
they should first be washed with
warm water and then have oil
well rubbed into them.

If aluminum ware is handled
until full of dents, it can be ham-
mered into shape again, which is
one reason why it is the most
economical ware a housewife can
use.

When potatoes are boiled in
their jackets their skins should be
thoroughly cleaned before they
are boiled. A ring of skin about
the middle of the potato should
be removed before the potatoes
are put in to the water, so that
the moisture on the inside may
escape and the potato will not be
soggy.

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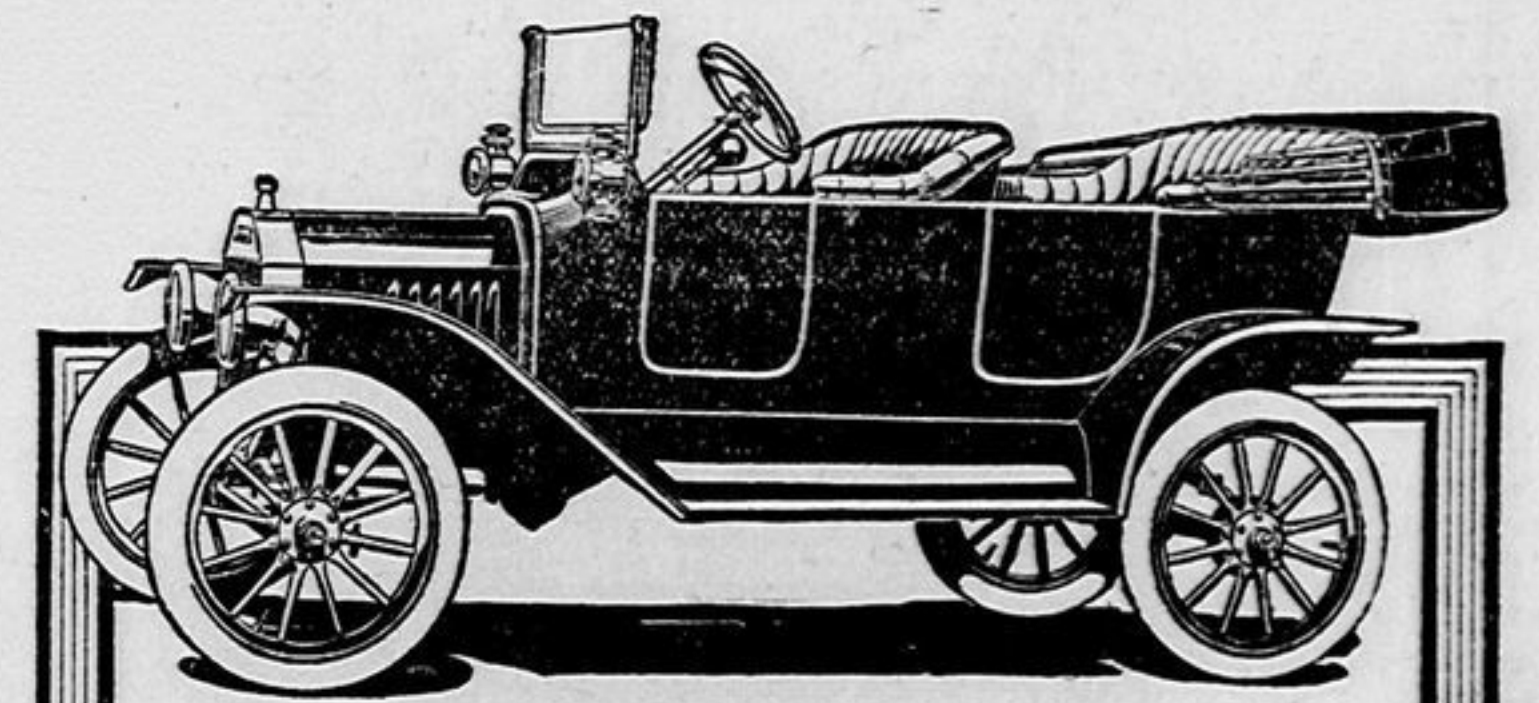
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