TWO

HER IRISH HERITAGE BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON

AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS'

CHAPTER III. " THERE'S A LAND-A DEAR LAND "

Mrs. Webb saw Clare Castlemaine off at Euston on the morning she was leaving for Dublin. She was very tearful parting with the girl and Clare also found it hard not to break down. Just a few moments before the train started she noticed on the platform two young fellows of the usual "man about town" type; beautifully groomed and wearing the very latest thing in ties and socks, and needless to say looking bored to death. They had been fairly intimate with Clare in that gay social life which she seemed to be leaving behind so seemed to be leaving behind so quickly now-her partners at many a dance and bridge table; but now she drew back as if to avoid being seen-poor girl she was keenly sensitive at this time, and imagined that everyone was either pitying or giving her head a jerk backwards sneering at her misfortune.

But Harold Clifford and Jack Grey caught sight of her and came forward at once.

"We heard you were going on a visit to Ireland," said Harold Clifford, when greetings had been exchanged; "we came to see a young cousin of mine who was gunged to be leaving by this train supposed to be leaving by this train, but she has evidently changed her mind and is not going after all. I suppose it is your first visit to the distressful country, Miss Castle-maine? Well, I don't know much about it myself, but Jack here often pays it a visit.

ent on

Ohl

journeys.

'Oh! Mr. Grey, what is it like? Did you enjoy yourself there ?" Jack Grey laughed.

I am afraid it would take too long to answer your first question, Miss Castlemaine; but to the other query I can answer with a decided yes! But then I have some Irish blood in my veins, I believe, and so I suppose I feel more or less at home there. It may seem a bit strange to you at first.

Oh! but my mother was Irish!"

cried the girl eagerly. "Oh! in that case you will be all right! Something in the air will call to the Irish part of you, and before you know where you are you will be 'more Irish than the Irish themselves.' I have really experi-enced this myself and so I prophere that you will enter into your Irish heritage too, and be as happy as The day is long." Clare brightened and smiled all wer her winsome face. In the day is long." And Clare remembered that this the day is long.

over her winsome face. "Oh! I hope so," she said, "I have been feeling half afraid you

know 'Hallo !" said Clifford, "here are some of your future country folk if I am not greatly mistaken-

and as usual at the last minute ! The train was just on the point of starting when a stout, middle-aged man and woman, gesticulating wildly, were seen racing down the platform, and behind them a young girl, breathless from running, and clasping various rugs and a small portmanteau in her arms.

It was a corridor carriage and the stout couple were propelled in first with the help of a friendly porter, and found seats at a little distance

"It would have been tiresome to have to wait for the night mail, she agreed. "Oh! don't mention it!"

cried the other in horror, "when I think of how I have been looking forward to this day, the thought of having to put it off even by a few hours would be too dreadful!"

Clare smiled vaguely; she would have liked to ask the reason for this excitement, but could not bring herself to do so. Her companion, wever, did not wait to be asked, but chattered on quite unrestrained

'It is three years since I have béen home," she volunteered, ' have been in hospital training as nurse and I always thought it would make me so homesick to go home and then have to come back again, that I never went home for my holidays, just went to some quiet place in England and took a rest. song :-

"Oh! Bay of Dublin, my mind you I was so *terribly* homesick when I came to London first—I will never forget it, and I felt I couldn't go fevered dream.

through such misery again. And then money was a consideration. I But never till now had she realized their true meaning. She have lived with my uncle and aunt was so engrossed in her thoughts that they were quite close to the landing stage before she knew it. to indicate the couple behind, "ever since I was a baby, for I don't remember my own parents, and they-Uncle and Aunt I mean-were Turning round she noticed Mollie Sullivan. The girl was standing quite poor up to lately, but now uncle has come in for an unexpected behind her, but she seemed quite unconscious of Clare's presence, her legacy from America and he will be eves were fixed on the nearing a fairly rich man now. That is how we are travelling first clrss," with a pleased look around—" aren't the shore, and the tears were falling on her clasped hands. Clare turned aside quickly, feeling that she had carriages lovely and comfortable, and so different from the third !" no right to look upon a soul so moved, and a thought came quickly As Clare had never experienced the into her mind-almost against her wish-"Why! if I was thirty years latter she only murmured some vague reply, and her fellow traveller away from England, instead of only three, I could never feel like that!

"My name is Mollie Sullivan, and we live at Rathfarnham—oh! What love after all the Irish must have for their country !' to think that I will really see the dear old spot again in a few hours! They were alongside in another moment, and Clare stood waiting, suppose you are going to Dublin,

her turn to go down the gangway having given her luggage in charge Yes," replied Clare, " but I am of one of the sailors. She gazed eagerly down at the small crowd a stranger to Ireland—this is my first visit," and then to her own waiting to greet the passengers, wondering which of her new relasurprise she found herself speaking quite freely to this chance acquainttives would come to meet her. Then her turn came; "Mind yerself, ance and telling her all about her impending visit to her Irish relatives and her doubts and fears on the Miss! Hold my hand-that's it now!" and she was safely down the gangway. The next minute she was accosted by a tall, thin gentlesubjects. Miss O'Sullivan listened with

man of middle age, who, lifting his hat, said interrogatively :-Is it Miss Castlemaine Yes. I am Clare Castlemaine.

replied Clare, looking up eagerly to well, you have a treat in store ! h! You will like Ireland and the meet the gaze of a pair of kind eyes, "and you are Uncle James I am sure !" and she found her hands held in a warm grasp. "You are welcome, my dear-very welcome, both for your dear

was the second time that this had mother's sake and for your own,' said Mr. Blake with deep feeling in his tones, and then he added in a lighter strain: "We were not quite sure of you—there was another tall been predicted for her. "I hope so," she said, but her voice was still doubtful.

The journey to Holyhead passed pleasantly and agreeably—thanks to her little Irish friend. "Uncle " Ighter strain: "We were not quite sure of you—there was another tall girl in black and Tom and I were nearly making a bet on it! I nearly making a bet on it! I thought you we e you, and he thought you were she!" and Mr. Tim" and "Aunt Mary" were brought forward and introduced; they proved to be as chatty aud gay as their niece and Clare found Blake laughed at his own joke. Then glancing round at his son he erself coming out of her shell and

went on "And this is Tom, my dear-your talking to these people without a talking to these people without a vestige of that impenetrable English reserve with which she had always encased herself on other railway journeys. She mentioned something of this to Miss O'Sullivan in a half laughyour handwraps ?-That's right. We may as well take our seats, but there is always a little wait for the

from Clare, but the girl came and took the seat opposite, which was the only one vacant. The whistle sounded, there were good in and took the seat opposite, which whistle sounded, there were good it must be amusing to watch them it especially of course the women-suspicious of everyone. And then the lower classes—why they go to the other extreme! Really the contemplation of "'Arry and 'Arriet,' travelling—say on a back 'Arriet,' travelling—say on a bank holiday—must make the angels angels as she afterwards discoveredweep! Heaven be praised, that we have no prototype of them in Irethat all Irishmen-young ones anyland. Clare laughed a little. way-must of necessity be a bit "You have a poor opinion of the English people, I am afraid," she rakish and wild and always making jokes. Tom turned from the window and met her inquiring said gaze. He leant forward with a slight smile-" Well! I hope your 'I have been three years amongst them," replied the other speaking ss plac in a more serious tone than usual. "And I have seen the best and the scrutiny will end in a favourable verdict?" he said, with a twinkle worst side of their character, as we nurses always do. As a whole I do not like them— I don't mind saying this to you now that I know you are half Irish yourself—but I did meet a few I sincerely liked. But they were all amongst the nurses them selves. I have never yet seen the to avoid the provided to the provided to the the drives of the provided to the provided to the selves. I have never yet seen the drives are the to avoid of the eye. Clare colored and laughed, and the ice was broken. time Westland Row reached the trio were like old She saw little of the city during the drive to Rathmines—she was too excited to take much notice of her surroundings. Was not every selves. I have never yet seen the English man I could admire-I moment bringing her nearer to all these unknown cousins? Her uncle found it hard enough to even tolerts of ate the average English male!" not Then Mollie laughed merrily. "No matter!" she cried gaily, inute "I have left them and their gloomy and Tom were all right certainly but perhaps they were exceptions What about the girls of the family —the eldest Miss Blake must be country behind—for ever, I hope! Oh! the joy to be really going home! I simply can't realize it!" years older than herself-she might be cold and reserved, might not want the visit of an unknown Eng-lish cousin, at all! How Tom Blake Clare was amused and also surorised at her companions' talk. She had been brought up to regard England and the English as the would have smiled to himself if he could have read his cousin's could have read his cousin's thoughts. Here they are at last! What a tall old house, and a lot of nation par excellence—the very salt of the earth—and to consider her mixture of Irish blood as something steps up to it ! Her legs are trembl-ing a little as she mounts these that was at least to be regrettedthat was a the first sport of the something best not sport of the sport of poor John Bull shown to her by the frank criticism of this in the clever face and clear grey eyes. On the mail boat she noticed the various soft brogues around her she spoke seemed to suddenly sound she spoke seemed to suddenly sound is notes too high and shrill. found herself looking with renewed interest at Miss Mollie. Why this hurry to leave London? Why she

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

It was a glorious September evening as they steamed into Kings-town Harbour, and Clare was astenished at the beauty of Dublin Bay and at Kingstown itself, which with its pavillon and corrected and bugged by

rounded, and kissed and hugged by the girls, and has her hand nearly shaken off by the boys. The Blakes never did things by halves, and they had taken to Clare at once. Instead of a cold and haughty young Bracilia cid delight at the scenery of the harbour and noticed all the differ-stare—the kind of vision they had and mail boats to the smaller pleasure craft and dainty yachts, pleasure craft and dainty yachts, resting like large white birds on the surface of the calm water. In the near distance could be seen Dalkey and With many, the surface of the calm water is the surface of the calm water. In the near distance could be seen Dalkey and Killiney with all their pictur-esque environment. brother Shamus Mary rescued Clare at last and

clare had often heard the words of Lady Dufferin's well-known dainty the spare-room looked—and dainty the spare-room looked-and well it might-after all the various "Oh! Bay of Dublin, my mind you are troublin' Your beauty haunts me like a vour beauty haunts me like a TO BE CONTINUED

CHERI

By Lucia Kemper Durand in Rosary Magazine

for the' last-named fact. Suitors there had been a-plenty in her there youthful days-sensitive Tom Pills-bury, jolly Jack Crawford and others who admired her delicate beauty and gentle ways—but she had inherited a stern and highly connected parent, nee De Lancy, connected parent, nee De Lancy, and no suitor had presented himself who was deemed worthy of so august loudly on Marcella's door. a family connection.

years, had managed all family affairs with a high hand for herself and her only child, and not until she was seventy-five and suddenly stricken by death, did she relinquish her figid grasp. And Marcella, at fifty, slight and delicately fash-ioned, looked twenty years younger, so long she had been sheltered from

contact with the world. She had always supposed from her mother's extravagant mode of living in the large old-fashioned living in the large old-fashioned home—the show place of the little village—that their income was ample. It was a rude awakening to find everything gone—that even her hare lonely life! She had tried so ample. It was a rude awakening to find everything gone—that even her home must be sold to pay debts and to keep her alive. To help matters, she promptly fell ill from anxiety and worry over her financial offsize affairs,

nearest relatives, a second cousin and his wife, evidently fearful that they would be held responsible for Yes, Mr. Pillsbury was in, and if her support, had made arrange-ments for her in a Mrs. Tompkin's man would see if she could be reboarding-house in an adjacent city, and, half-sick, worried and lonely,

come. As her strength grew so did she commenced to could have done something for her-self for at least a few years, but now the only work she felt equal to was sewing and mending the house-stantly ! You look almost the same

hold linen for Mrs. Tompkins, for girl I thought so much of thirty which she received her board vears ago Marcella turned a vivid pink Mrs. Tompkins was kind and friendly, but immersed in work, which was vastly becoming and explanations and reminiscences of the in her basement kitchen, so When that Marcella seldom saw her. intervening years followed. Up in her third-floor back room she finally reverted to her business Marcella often sat gazing listlessly in hand and explained about Cheri. out of the window. The view was dull; brick walls, dingy with city dust and smoke, a depressing sight Tom Pillsbury laughed again. 'So that is where the little rascal is! Yes, I've missed him, but''--he could see the quivering lip-"I would like you to keep him, for I for one accustomed to a country landscape of wide, unbroken spaces have a dozen others. Do you re-member, Marcella, how as a boy soft hazy distances, and beautiful

"You little bit of happiness ! You are mine, mine !"

are mine, mine !" Very tame and evidently used to perfect freedom in a room, it flew from object to object and back again to her, trilling and calling. again to her, trilling and calling. Her ardent longing for something to love had been answered. This little bird, she knew, would hencehe was the same dear old 1 om Phils-bury, with the same power of attraction and a nature grown deeper and finer! If her mother had not interfered, how different

forth be her joy of life. Some philosopher has said that love is the fear of losing. Marcella suffered keenly for fear of losing and how happy her life might have been And as for Tom Pillsbury, it was seldom he had found any one so in-Cheri, as she named her new-found terested in his own particular hobby -Nature and all its variations. * He treasure. Every day she searched paper carefully, dreading to finding an advertisement for the lost bird; but day after day passed and her fears quieted. Mrs. Tompwas finding out, too, the worth sympathy and companionship. How they brightened his days! Since the accident which had left him and soon the canary was installed as another member of the household, unable to walk, he had been a recluse, somewhat bitter against a Every one in the house was infate that had cut him off from his tensely interested in Marcella's bird. Gifts were presented of bird-seed, a lettuce leaf, any dainty that fellowmen. summer and a number of times Marcella came home with pink a bird was known to love. There was only one boarder, a Mrs. Schmidt, who looked with disfavor cheeks and sparkling eyes and an unwonted lightness of heart. And on the little songster. He was a wonderful singer and that, apparso, except for an occasional agreeable encounter with ently, was his crime.

Schmidt, she was beginning after all to find some flavor in life. "Idt makes me nervous—such a noise all day! First de bird, den One day at luncheon, Mrs. Schmidt quietly slipped away earlier than the others and went up-stairs. Marcella noted her dainty and really fetching little old maid, and she wasn't a bit to blame for the' last named foot. Solve

Schmidt's room was next her own, so she tried her utmost to talk in any way and the matter was not worth a second thought. When Marcella went up to her room a whispers and keep the peace, but Cheri was wild with delight at the little later the window was attention he was receiving and his open, also Cheri's cage and-Cheri way of responding was to sing in a was gone ! of the heart Marcella called and whistled, all in vain; no one knew

anything of Cheri. Mrs. Schmidt

"Vell, Miss Austin, now I find oudt whose iss your bird. Idt bekept a discreet silence. longs to a rich gentleman von block away from here. Idt flew oudt von day undt his housekeeper told little bird had made all the differ ence in the world in her drab life It had brought life and song and voman who vashes here idt iss happiness. It was something be-longing to her, something to love his bird.'

Marcella turned white. The news and care for, after everything else she had been dreading had come at last! Must she really lose Cheri, her only joy in life? Mrs. Schmidt spondently spondently to return some maga-zines lent her by Mr. Pillsbury. As was beaming with importance at the she was leaving at the door, the man ran after her : Mr. Pillsbury consternation she had caused. Marcella was in despair. Dear as Cheri wished to see her a few moments. "Good morning, Marcella," he called cheerily. "I want you to come and see a new inmate of the hard to adjust herself and fit into this new home, and not until the coming of the little bird did she Marcella, but she dreaded to have to tell him of Cheri's loss, and Mrs. seem to find pleasure and content-

During Marcella's illness her Sadly efter house known them. Schmidt's dishonorable action-for Marcella had not been long in guessing the truth. However, his Sadly after lunch she put on her keen eyes had guickly perceived that something was wrong, and so she made a clean breast of it, for dissembling was never one of her strong points.

ceived. not seem as sympathetic as she had Marcella felt very small and expected, and after being wheeled she was thrust into the place before she could get her bearings. timid in the luxurious reception room while she waited to be into the conservatory he seemed more ntent upon his own affairs.

she could get her bearings. The boarding-house was one of those tall, narrow, old-fashioned borgs long abandoned by the the set of the presence of the Marcella looked about rich gentleman." A sad-faced man about fifty-five, lovely birds and flowers, a wheel-chair excused unaware of how charmin own delicate grace and bear total homes, long abandoned by the owners as a residence, but still on the edge of the desirable part of himself from rising as Marcella unaware of how charmingly he own delicate grace and beauty fitted into the picture. Little did she town. It was a dingy, dreary place but respectable, and all Marcella was all sympathy and interest—she realize that more than one pair but respectable, and all Marcella was all sympathy and interest—she could afford with her limited in-had so recently been ill herself. As eyes was watching her with admirexplain her ation! her resentment. Surely with a errand, she had a sudden flash of little time, a little assistance, she tweet' shoulder.

"How do you like my acquisi-on ?" laughed Mr. Pillsbury, very tion ?' much alert and interested. "My Cheri," she cried in rapture. "Where did you come from

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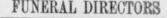
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OUIS SAND

Mrs. Austin, a widow for many

wishes from the young men and tearful goodbyes from Mrs. Webb, and Clare found herself steaming out of Euston.

Her eyes were rather dim as she withdrew them from the window and turned them casually on the girl seated opposite. Her eyes bore no traces of tears; they were bright shining, her whole being radiated happiness, and she seemed too excited to keep still for a

moment. "What a queer girl!" thought

Clare. "I wonder has she suddenly come in for a fortune or something

of that sort, that she looks so positively *sparkling* with happi-ness." Then she sighed at the thought of the contrast between herself and this girl, and languidly opened one of the numerous magazines with which Mrs. Webb had supplied her.

Presently the stout old gentle-man came rolling along, and leaning over the seat addressed the girl

All right, Mollie ?" he askedand he spoke with the accents of Dublin although Clare did not recognize it as such-"Faith! that was a near shave! Another minute and we were left behind—and that would have been rather a dis-appointment to you, eh !"

"Oh, uncle? don't speak of it!" and the girl's eyes became saucerlike at the bare thought of such a misfortune, "another day in London I could not have endured! Why, I I could not have endured ! Why, I had the very minutes counted !"

The gentleman laughed and went back to his own seat, and Clare had been counting the very minutes until she escaped from it?

As if in answer to these question ing thoughts the girl caught Clare's eye and smiled suddenly in a most delightful friendly way—she seemed be bubbling over with good fellowship to all the world.

"Yes, we had a narrow squeak, hadn't we?" she remarked, and Clare found herself smiling in sympathy.

I always loved birds and trees and flowers? And now I'm shut off There was one small tree near her window, a tall, spindling poplar, from a great deal, except what I can bring here," and summoning his reaching to the eaves above, that was her one comfort in this cheerman, he was wheeled into a conser-

vatory, a veritable fairyland of blooming plants and gay birds, flitt-ing from vine to vine, chirping and Everything in the boarding-house was strange and different; there were several old ladies and a numsinging in the fragrant air and sunof young business women, the last-named were brisk, efficient shine

young people who paid her no atten Marcella was amazed ! She had tion There was no one who afforded ever imagined such a bower. Tom Pillsbury was enjoying her the least sense of companionship.

the least sense of companionship. She would sit sewing for hours beside her open window listening to the gentle fluttering of the poplar leaves, occasionally shutting her eyes and trying to imagine herself rapture. "You can see I don't need your Cheri, and I want you to keep him if he gives you pleasure.

Then Marcella opened up her heart to this old friend and told in her old home again. How she him how much the cherry little bird had meant to her, coming longed for something or some one to love—some one belonging to her! bird had meant to her, coming when it did into her lonely life. The time flew by with pleasant talk of birds and flowers and old Her loneliness was overwhelming.

As she sat one day in the open window, gently soothed by the rhythmic swaying of the poplar leaves, she suddenly heard a burst acquaintances — a real red-letter day in Marcella's starved life. When finally she left it was with of eloquent song from the throat of some little bird in the tree almost very pink cheeks, a couple of de-lightful magazines, and an awful beside her. She was startled by its vehemence and proximity, but she vehemence and proximity, but she made no quick motion to disturb the stepped the proprieties. But such through the branches and saw a guilty school-girl, joiced in the pleas and the pleas and the pleas are propried to propried the propried a delightful hour! a delightful hour! guilty school-girl, joiced in the pleas and to think that Ch —was her very own guilty school-girl, though she re-joiced in the pleasant adventure. And to think that Cheri-dear Cheri

-was her very own, Mrs. Schmidt or no Mrs. Schmidt! Another sensation was caused in the house when Marcella was obliged to announce that the bird was now a gift from the "rich Mr. Pillebury". Every one was really

Pillsbury." Every one was really pleased—all but Mrs. Schmidt, who was grumpy and grouchy for several days.

you darling, how I have missed you

There were many rides during the

ing-but Mrs. Schmidt was quee

Marcella was inconsolable. The

The next day Marcella went de-

conservatory." This was a pleasant diversion to

To her surprise her old friend did

Marcella looked about at the

Suddenly, with a sharp "tweet, weet" Cheri alighted on her

entirely

With an awful sinking

Mrs

Mr. Pillsbury watched with fas cination the meeting between the two friends, for Cheri was wild with delight and chirped and trilled and flitted from Marcella to

the shrubbery, then back again. Marcella learned how Cheri had discovered at the window trying to get back to his old associates and friends.

'I think, Marcella, now that he has chosen between us, I'll keep him here," commented Mr. Pillsbury with a wicked twinkle in his eye, "but," and his face grew grave again and there was pleading in his voice, "don't you think you could come, too? We both need you, Marcella, Cheri and I-I much, much more than I needed you thirty years ago.

CONSOLATION IN PRAYER

The ruler of Capharnaum had no doubt resorted to all possible means and ways to secure for his beloved son, a soothing of pain and recovery from his disease; but without success. After the anxious father had in vain tried all human remedies, he turned for help and

consolation to the Son of God. And surely, to whom else should he go, but to the Lord Himself, who indeed is the true physician of all those sick in body or soul; the true helper in all need, He who made it the task of His stay on earth bestow with lavish hands grace and She felt like a

benefit upon men. Necessity teaches how to pray, and how to have recourse to God. This ruler had been taught to pray by his adversity. Urgently he implores the Divine Saviour, "Lord, come down before that my son die. Indeed, when do we feel more need of prayer, when are we in better mood for prayer than in times of trouble and adversity? Then we remember that our sole help and consolation is in our Heavenly Father, the loving Father of all His

