

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

THE LOVE STORY OF ALISON BARNARD

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

(Author of "The Handsome Brander," etc.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Alison went home after her visit to the convent, very full of the work, and of the concession she had obtained, fuller still of the clue she had come upon so unexpectedly. She had to put her thoughts of it away till she was alone, since Mr. John and Mr. Peter Bosanquet were to dine with them. Over the dinner she gave them and large-eyed Tessa an account of her afternoon and how it had been spent, excluding only the matter which she considered privy to herself. She had not yet reached the point of intimacy at which she would speak of "the trust," to those two old friends of hers, though once or twice she had been on the point of doing so rather to her surprise.

The two old men were interested; they had not known of the existence of Mount Carmel so near to them; as Ballycushla, though in the Irish towns round about there were many convents of an earlier date. The embroidery they must see the embroidery. What a good thing that it was to be taught to the workers round about! As for the postulants who never came, they were sympathetic over that, although, said Mr. Peter, with the greater freedom of the born Catholic, there was no doubt that Mount Carmel and its like were out of date. The ancient church was adapting itself into modern ideas and needs. "What is the good," he asked rhetorically, "of living in the fifteenth century when God has placed you in the twentieth? The contemplative orders are out of date."

"You should have taken me, Cousin Alison," said Tessa reproachfully. "I should like to know what your mother would say to me," Alison replied laughing. "Indeed, Tessa, when the Reverend Mother gave me that invitation to take of my hat and stay, I was glad you were not with me. You would have fallen in love with her; and just imagine the scandal in Ballycushla if your mother's daughter were to become a nun!"

"We find Ballycushla tolerant enough," said Mr. John Bosanquet. "Ah! you can afford to disregard Ballycushla; and Ballycushla knows it," replied Alison, and then looked with contrition towards Tessa. "I am always forgetting that Tessa lived in Ballycushla," she said. "I don't know how she is so ready to forgive me."

"But I don't care for anyone in Ballycushla," said Tessa, simply, "except, of course, my own people." "Paul will be here to-morrow," said Mr. John Bosanquet in a joyful tone. "I don't know why we have not told you before, because our thoughts have been so full of it. We only heard this afternoon."

"I am so glad," said Alison, not looking at Tessa, but conscious that she had suddenly turned rosy. "And his chief?" "His chief will be detained in town a little longer. He has consultations every day with Mr. Carfax over the Bill, the Bill that is to make Ireland young again. It is very good of him to spare us Paul."

"He, Sir Gerard, is going to be very busy between Christmas and the opening of Parliament. There is his visit to the West, and he is to call at various places where his department is busy. We shall hardly see much of him, I fear."

"A public man belongs to no one but the public," said Mr. Peter, without the faintest idea that it was a hard saying to one of his listeners. "They had heard of his work even at Mount Carmel," said Alison, with a little air of pride. "Who would have thought that public affairs could penetrate there?"

"My dear," said Mr. Peter, "the Carmelites are women if they are Carmelites, and I desay they know a good deal of what is going on. They would be unlike their founder if they were not very human. She was a very feminine person in her ways and very dainty, and very human."

"Ah!" Alison's eyes danced. "It occurs to me now that as I walked by Sister Veronica I noticed that she took a bit of my gown between her fingers and felt it."

"And appraised its value. Her interest would be unworthy St. Teresa's daughter. By the way we must think of making some poor people happy at Christmas. Perhaps the nuns would help us on the one hand, and Archdeacon Lang on the other."

"I am sure they would," said Alison. "Sir Gerard is to distribute the prizes for the parishes, the best singing, the best step-dancing, the best butter-making and fowl-rearing. It will be an Irish festival; that is to be on St. Stephen's Day."

"The day the wren-boys go about?" "Yes; but they will carry no dead wren in their branches; only know I branches themselves. You know I give a prize to the child who has distinguished himself by kindness to animals. I may mention that there are a great number of competitors, and an almost equal number of consolation prizes."

"Ah, that is good. Cruelty is the only unmix'd evil on earth. The other vices are nearly always the wrong end of virtues. If one could influence the young it would turn earth into heaven."

other and a beatific expression on his face, listening to Tessa playing Irish melodies. "So you are going to turn Maurice Tyrrell into a business-man," she said. "It will be the making of him. His mother is at once sad and delighted."

"We like the young fellow, and we believe he will suit our purpose excellently." Alison already knew of the proposed big business undertaking which was to bring the lonely stretches of bog and mountain into touch with the markets of the world. "I believe you are right," she said, "although it took the eye of genius to discover it. You have not yet heard of a place you would like to buy. I hope when it is discovered that it will be within driving distance of Castle Barnard."

"It must be within driving distance of Castle Barnard," Mr. Peter said with emphasis. "No, we have heard of nothing although we have searched all the agents' books. I don't see why we shouldn't build. I believe it will come to that in the end."

"It seems a pity to build when the country is so full of old mansions going to ruin." "I know, old mansions and old mills. My brother and I have our excursions have seen them everywhere. Millions of money must be lying there rotting and rusting in the wind and the rain."

"If the Bill should pass the pulse of life would begin to beat again in many of those old places. By the way at the head of Glen Nesh there is a great number of horses. The stabling is magnificent, but of proportions to the house, which would probably be too small for you and your servants."

"My brother and I do not care to keep a great retinue of servants. I think I know the place you mean. It is at the head of a ravine, through which a river flows. It is a white house with green outside shutters. I thought it was inhabited."

"It has been deserted for many years, but it was built strongly and might be renovated." "Thank you for telling me, my dear. It probably would do very well for two old fellows like us." "She noticed that he said nothing of his nephew, and wondered at the omission."

"Castle Barnard is a very beautiful house," he said after a pause, in which his eyes roamed round over the things of beauty which were all about him. "I don't know that I have ever seen a more beautiful one."

"The house was always beautiful," said Alison, "but the planishing was much simpler before my father's time. He collected in a day when Ireland was full of beautiful things to be bought for a song if they were to be bought at all and often a ransom would not purchase them, even when they belonged to poor people. And he did not confine his collecting to Ireland. I often wonder, if I should be called on to give up Castle Barnard, how I should make division of the treasures of the house. Our revenues are not really derived from the Barnards, you know; and it was not Barnard money that made those purchases. What would you do if you were in my place?"

"But you will never be called on to give up Castle Barnard," Mr. Peter said with a fervour that made Alison look at him in wonder. "I don't know," she said slowly. "You know I am only keeping it in trust, until the real owners appear."

"I know," he said hastily to Mr. Tyrrell told me. It increased, if that were possible, my admiration for you; but it was too hard a thing to put upon you. Not but what your father was a noble fellow, a noble fellow. I should feel if I were you, my dear, that I was the undisputed mistress of the house. It will never be taken from you."

"I don't know," she said again, thoughtfully. "I believe I have a clue." "It is a false one, I assure you," said Mr. Peter. "Nature made you for the mistress and queen of this house. You will never be dispossessed."

"You are good enough to feel such sympathy for me," said Alison gratefully. "Loving the house as I do, it is a painful thing for me to know that it is not really in equity mine. I have never confessed this to anyone before."

"Of course it is a hard thing; but, my dear, you may take my word for it—No one will ever turn you out of Castle Barnard."

CHAPTER XIX.

The End of a Dream. It was Paul Bosanquet's first evening at Killynole, and he was alone with his uncle and father. He had so much to tell them, of the things that had been happening, of the strange fascinating world of politics into which he had been plunged. The secretary of a Minister held no sinecure busy and endlessly pleased. No time for gaieties and no desire for them. Occasionally a big political dinner or a reception by the wife of a minister. For the rest hard work.

"His energy breaks out in a thousand different directions," he said of his chief. "He keeps us all going. Of course his work being altogether of an ameliorative kind it lacks the special excitement of fighting. I'm a benevolent fellow, but I suppose it's the drop of Irish blood in that makes me think of a chief. But every man speaks well of him."

"Isn't it a dangerous thing when that happens?" asked his uncle. "Not for him. He will not let his work slacken because he has no enemies. Prosperity will do him no harm. I confess I have often wished that I could have stood by him in the old fighting days, when he was nothing but a distrust and mockery of him on every side. Now the people swear by him. He tells them the Bill will pass and they believe it. The Bill will alter the face of the country."

"Supposing the Bill should not pass?" said Mr. John, gently. "That is something we do not contemplate. The Government may have to go to the country upon it, but its big battalions will return little diminished, if at all. The Premier is sure of it. The bye-elections show the way the wind blows. Our men are coming back with increased majorities."

"We have lived longer than you, son," said his father, "and we have seen big majorities crumble. However, we will hope that the bill will become law. If the Government should go out over it, and the Opposition comes in!"

"We should be out of work for some years," the young fellow said, in a startled way. "It would be a great hardship if Sir Gerard was to see the Department his hands were passed from his hands into the hands of someone without his ideals. Yet it would not be a party question. The work of the Department must be conducted on some such lines as his. It is purely ameliorative."

"His position should be a permanent one," Mr. Peter said. "It ought not to depend on the ebb and flow of English political tides. But if the people were disappointed how would they take it?"

The young fellow shrugged his shoulders. "Heaven knows," he said. "Who is to answer for the people? I hope they would remember his unselfish devotion to them. He has surely lived down despair and dislike."

The three were sitting at the round table of polished mahogany at which they had dined. The cloth had been removed, and the fruit, and wine in its coolers of old Sheffield plate, left on the table that shone like a mirror. Paul Bosanquet sat between the two elder men; their faces beamed approval on him. All three were silent for an instant. Each had been talking about the things they were doing in themselves, were out-grossing in a matter of more intimate concern. Mr. John and Mr. Peter looked at each other. Then the father spoke.

"My boy," he said, "your uncle and I have learned to love the lady of your choice, of whom you spoke to us last summer. We hope that things will go well with your love. When will you speak to her?"

"At the earliest possible moment," the boy laughed ingenuously. "It has been hard not to speak before, in a sense. I wanted you to know and to love her first."

"You knew that we would love her as soon as we knew her," one of the old men said. "Your choice has made us very happy. But you say if you marry,—what about your work?"

"She will not be the one to withdraw me from my work." "No; seeing that she is as keenly interested in it as you. We thought that," said Mr. Peter.

Paul Bosanquet looked pleased. "You have been finding her out," he said. "Perhaps you know her better than I do in a way. You have had opportunities."

"Of which you needn't be jealous, boy," said his uncle, gently rallying. "In the future all the opportunities will be with you."

"The question is," said the father, "whether it is fair to her that you should be tied to this work so entirely."

"I should ask myself the question about any other girl," the boy answered. "You don't know yet, but why, that is apparent," said the uncle. "Upon my word, young man, I wonder you had the audacity to lift your eyes to her."

"But you see she didn't think it audacious." "When will you speak?" the father asked again. "At the first moment. It has cost me something to keep silent, but I thought you and uncle should know and approve. Besides—I think she knows that I love her, but she is young. I would not marry her."

The old men looked at each other; they would not have said for words what they felt—that Alison must be the boy's senior by a year or two. There had been a note in his voice like the black-bird's in spring when he spoke of his sweetheart's youth. "Oh my love, my love is young!" It had been as though he sang the words of delight.

"We shall see them to-morrow," he said, "she and her cousin; to-morrow I will speak. And now, I want to smoke. Uncle Peter, will you play a game of billiards before?"

"Make her happy; she is a dear child," she said. "And when she has said yes to you I shall have something to tell you."

The something was the story of Castle Barnard and the French Wife. That suggestion of Mrs. George Barnard, which her spouse had mocked at that Alison intended Tessa to follow her at Castle Barnard had actually taken possession of Alison's mind. She was not likely to marry indeed, unless she had first made restitution. She could not marry any man who took her for the mistress of Castle Barnard, and was not satisfied that she should regard herself as only a trustee. It was a possession, that few men would be willing to see pass away from themselves and their children. There was one, perhaps, but he was alleged to a course, which made almost as tangible a barrier between them as his marriage with another woman would have been. It was well that Tessa was going to marry a rich man. If the day came when she was forced to give up Castle Barnard, if indeed she was willing to take in trust, it would not be so hard for her.

They were at the end of the picture gallery together. At the other end were Tessa and the two old men. Mr. Peter, casting a glance towards where the two stood by the fire, saw the hand-clasp and murmured a thanksgiving. Prematurely as it happened, for Alison was beside them in an instant. She had something to show them, a little raw colt, brother to Mavourneen, born that morning. They must come to the stable yard and see it.

Her look included Paul and Tessa, but when she had swept the two old men away with her, Paul and Tessa lingered behind. "So unfortunate," Mr. John's eyes telegraphed to Mr. Peter. "It is all right," Mr. Peter looked reassurance. Had he not seen that close and tender handclasp?

They inspected the little colt already standing up by his mother on four slender, shaly legs, and pronounced him a beauty. "I think of forming a racing-stable," said Alison.

"That will be a new departure," said Mr. Peter. "A becoming one, I hope," said Alison. She often had a playful air with those two dear old men.

"As though anything could misbecome Miss Barnard," Mr. Peter retorted, bowing low. "My father kept race-horses at one time," Alison went on. "I confess I want something in the nature of a diversion. I love the creatures, and shall delight in rearing them. What would you suggest for my racing colors?"

She was not sure how much she was in earnest, but she had not been born in Ireland for nothing. It was true that the sporting drop was strong in her. "Your husband must have the selection of those," said Mr. Peter, gravely.

For some inexplicable reason Alison blushed, and the old men looked at each other delightedly. "A racing stable," she said, recovering herself, "is the diversion of a single woman. A racing-stable and cards; it is the provision against dullness for old age in the country. I am glad I do not share Ballycushla prejudices."

Mr. John turned away from the contemplation of the colt. He and Mr. Peter had acquired the tastes of country gentlemen during their years in Surrey. As a rule they were very glad to inspect Alison's farmery.

"The Berkshire boar is outgrowing his house," said Alison. "You must positively see him. I shall either have to sell him or have some planks taken out and his house enlarged. He has improved so much since you persuaded Brady to keep him clean."

"As though anything threw in dirt," growled Mr. Peter; it was a hobby of his. "The pig is a much misunderrated creature."

"Brady gets so much humorous pleasure out of washing him," said Alison. "That it makes him forget the trouble."

The Berkshire boar was quite at the end of the farmery when he had been inspected, and left and approved, there were the black pigs. Alison led them from one thing to another till the dusk warned them that it was growing late.

"Bless me, it is half-past three," she said, looking at the watch at her wrist. "I had no idea it was so late. I believe I invited you to stay for tea, didn't I?"

"We seem to be always at Castle Barnard," one of them said. "I don't know how I could have endured the winter without you," said Alison gratefully. She was remembering how she had dreaded its coming as the loneliest of all possible winters, yet it had fled by fast enough; and Sir Gerard Molyneux was coming in a week's time to spend Christmas at Killynole. As they went back to the house she drew their attention to the clean sweetness of the frosty air, the blueness of the dark in which the stars scintillated, the pure song of the robin.

"Tessa little knows," she thought to herself, "how unwillingly I gave up Paul to her at that moment. Perhaps in time he would have told me some of the thousand and one things I have wanted to know. If he were not so distracted! I have not the heart to talk of anything but her."

Companies THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY INCORPORATED 1881 FIRE and MARINE HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL \$2,000,000

Assets: \$1,548,000 Annual Income: \$,675,000 Losses paid since organization: \$7,000,000

DIRECTORS: Hon. GEO. A. COX, President; J. J. KENNY, Vice-President and Managing Director; Hon. S. C. Wood, Geo. McArthur, Esq., H. R. Baird, Esq., W. R. Brock, Esq., J. E. Colborne, Geo. R. S. Cockburn, K. R. Wood, C. C. Foster, Secretary.

WM. A. LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS 14 VICTORIA STREET. Phone: Office Main 592 and Main 5098 Phone: Residence Main 2078.

Established 1824 The MANCHESTER FIRE Assurance Co. Head Office—MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. H. S. MALLETT, Manager and Secretary. Assets over \$13,000,000 Canadian Branch Head Office—TORONTO. JAS. BOOMER, Manager. T. D. RICHARDSON, Asst. Manager. W. A. LEE & SON, General Agents, Phone M. 592 and M. 5098 14 Victoria St. Toronto

THE YORK COUNTY Loan and Savings Company Plans suitable for those desiring to own their homes instead of continuing to pay rent. Literature free. Head Office—Confederation Life Building, Toronto. JOSEPH PHILLIPS, Pres.

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO. Insurance in force \$5,170,816.30 Men of character and ability to write Insurance can obtain with this Company an agency which will give them an ever increasing income apply to HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO EDWIN MARRALL, DAVID PARKER, Secretaries.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION Was established in 1882 expressly for the purpose of furnishing the people of the Province of Ontario with a trustworthy, responsible and efficient EXECUTOR or TRUSTEE

And during twenty-two years of successful management of trusts and estates has demonstrated the advantages of a corporate trustee having a large capital stock, a Board of Directors of high standing, and a trained staff of officers. OFFICERS: JOHN HOSKIN, K.C., President; Hon. S. C. WOOD, Vice-President; W.H. BEATTY, Vice-President; J. W. LANGMUIR, Man. Director

ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND ASSETS \$62,000,000 DOLLARS O. Mc. L. STINSON, Local Manager WM. A. LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS 14 Victoria Street, Toronto Phone: Main 592 and Main 5098

MONKEY BRAND SOAP makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal. "Man is Filled with Misery."—This is not true of all men. The well, sound of lung, clear of eye, alert and buoyant with health, are not miserable whatever may be their social condition. To be well is to be happy, and we can all be well by getting and keeping our bodies in a healthy state. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will help all to do this.

Legal JAMES E. DAY Successor to ANGLIN & MALLON BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR Office, Land Security Chambers, 7 Corner Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto. Telephone Main 1268.

H BARN & SLATTERY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Proctors in Admiralty. Offices: Canada Life Building, 45 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. Office Phone Main 200. T. FRANK SLATTERY, Residence, 215 Simcoe St., Res. Phone Main 976. EDWARD J. KEARIN, Residence, 21 Orange Ave., Res. Phone 1028.

LATCHFORD, McDOUGALL & DALY BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS. Supreme Court and Parliamentary Agents. OTTAWA, ONT. F. R. Latchford K.C., J. Lorn McDougall, Edward J. Daly.

LEE & O'DONOGHUE BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Dineen Bldg., Yonge and Temperance Sts. Toronto, Ont. Offices—Bollton, Ont. Phone Main 193. Res. Phone Main 2075. W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L., John G. O'Donoghue LL.B.

McBRADY & O'CONNOR BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Proctors in Admiralty. Rooms 67 and 68 Canada Life Building, 45 King St. West, Toronto, Telephone Main 205. L. V. McBrady, K.C. T. J. W. O'Connor Res. Phone North 458

SCOTT, SCOTT, CURLE & GLEESON BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc. Supreme and Exchequer Court Agents CARLETON CHAMBERS OTTAWA, ONT. Hon. R. W. Scott, K.C. LL.D. D'Arcy Scott W. H. Curle, M.A. E. F. Gleeson D'Arcy Scott, Departmental Agent and Parliamentary Solicitor authorized under the Rules of the House of Commons of Canada.

UNWIN, MURPHY & ESTEN C. J. MURPHY, H. L. ESTEN ONTARIO LAND SURVEYORS, Etc. Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Property. Disputed Boundaries Adjusted. Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located. Office: Corner Richmond and Bay Sts., Toronto, Telephone Main 1336.

Architects ARTHUR W. HOLMES ARCHITECT 10 Bloor St. East. TORONTO Telephone North 1260.

Roofing FORBES ROOFING COMPANY—Slate and Gravel Roofing; Established forty years. 153 Bay Street; Phone Main 53.

B. CAIRNS. Patenting and Stewart Mfg. Co. RUBBER STEEL METAL STAMPS Seals, Dies, Stencils 30 King Street West, TORONTO, ONT.

E. McCORMACK MERCHANT TAILOR 21 JORDAN ST. 1 CORNER SOUTH OF KING TORONTO.

McCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS 222 Queen E. and 319 Queen W. Tel. M. 2838 Tel. M. 1406

F. ROSAR UNDERTAKER 240 King St. East, Toronto Telephone Main 124.

Late J. Young ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER Telephone 679 359 YONGE ST. M.A. TORONTO

MONUMENTS Finest work and best designs at lowest prices. Granite and Marble Monuments. We are the Largest Manufacturers in the Dominion. The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co. LIMITED, 1119 & 1121 YONGE ST. (Terminal Yonge St. Car Route.) Telephone North 1249 TORONTO

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether a new invention is probably patentable. Consultation free. Send full description of the invention with model if possible. Send full description of the invention with model if possible. Send full description of the invention with model if possible. Scientific American. Published weekly. Terms, \$5 a year in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Send for free sample copy. MUNN & CO., 233 Broadway, New York