

By permission of H. L. Kilmer & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
GERTRUDE MANNERING
 A TALE OF SACRIFICE
 BY FRANCES NOBLE
 CHAPTER III.

And now the long years were over, and Mr. Manning had got his darling safe back again; he would never need to feel lonely any more, with the bright, loving sunbeams that had come to shine again in the old ancestral home. People had wondered sometimes why he had never married again, why he had not taken another wife to cheer his solitude; but into his own heart the thought or wish to do so had never once entered, not even for his children's sake, or as a method by which he could have kept Gertrude always at home. Such love as he would wish to give to a wife could never dwell in his heart again; it had been given once, and was buried with his dead Gertrude; and without love he could never put another in her place, he could never ask any one to come and be mistress of his home and a second mother to his children unless he could give her his love in return, and that he could never do.

So little Gertrude was spared a stepmother, and came back to reign sole mistress of her father's house as well as of his heart. How delicious were her awakenings now every morning, when she remembered where she was, and rising early, as was her wont, dressed quickly, so as to be down-stairs in the cosy old breakfast-room before her father, ready to welcome him with her warm kisses, warmer to him than the bright fire she always stirred up so vigorously for his benefit!

Mr. Manning seemed hardly able to realize it sometimes that he had got his little girl back for good, as he would tell her often, stroking her bright hair as she stood by him.

It is like a dream, Gertrude, still, but it has made me feel younger again already.

And then, however cold it was, they set out together every morning to Mass at the village church, for they could only have it in their own little chapel when there was an extra priest at hand to come and say it for them. The honest, simple country folk themselves felt a personal interest in Miss Manning's return, for her father's sake as well as because they liked to see her bright face smiling on them outside the church every morning, or as she passed among them riding or driving with Mr. Manning, as they remembered her doing as a child. And she began to go amongst them at once, not in any systematically benevolent way, but uneffectively and impulsively, giving to them often out of the well-filled purse her father always provided—so impulsively, indeed, as often to bring upon herself a gentle reprimand and prohibition from the good priest of the mission, Father Walmsley. The latter was a secular priest, but the custom of his loving parishioners and his own holiness of life had long given to him the title of "Father," so typical of his character. He was a man of no mean learning and eloquence, but he joined to these gifts such a simplicity and earnest humility as caused him to be revered as a saint by all hearts. His very face was a sermon, as Gertrude Manning often said to her father; one of those countenances whose beauty is all of heaven, hardly at all of earth, which Protestants so often cannot understand or admire, shrinking from them even as "cadaverous" and "angelical," seeing not that in them is mirrored forth God's own holiness, or that they are, as it were, blessed portraits, if, but weak human ones, of Jesus' sweet love and mercy, shown to a cold, unbelieving world. Father Walmsley had been many years at Whitwell, and, next to her father and brother, was Gertrude's best friend on earth, known and revered long even before her dear name at N. convent. He generally dined once a week at the Grange, or rather came to dinner, for, as Gertrude always laughingly told her father when he had gone, she could never see that he ate anything. He was persuaded to come now an extra evening or two to honor Gertrude on her return home, to listen to all her convent adventures and the plans she was laying down for her future life.

"Don't ask me to have a rule of life, please, Father Walmsley," she said laughingly, "unless you want to kill me straight away. It was all very well at the convent to have rules and regulations, but I've come home to run wild and do just as I like, haven't I, papa?" And she played with her father's white hair.

"You have come home to be his sunbeam, I hope, Gertrude, my child; to brighten his lonely life and reward him for parting with you for so long; and sunbeams are not expected to be under very strict control, you know." And the priest's saintly countenance relaxed into his own sweet smile.

And a sunbeam Gertrude was in the old home, singing up and down early and late, often matches of some of the sweet convent hymns, or now again some merry, bird-like song, brightening up her father's quiet life, until he not only felt younger, but even looked it, as the villagers remarked every time he passed among them, and as Gertrude joyfully went to her dear convent friends in the letters she sent to them so often. It was a sweet,

innocent existence, dull, perhaps, according to worldly ideas, but not dull to the loving father and daughter, who asked no pleasure beyond each other's society, and that of doing good and living as became the representatives of the noble confessors of their ancient house. Would it be always so? would nothing change the simple desires which now filled Gertrude's girlish heart? would her present life always seem to her the best and happiest this world could give? would she forever be content to live secluded from the world with her father in the quiet old Grange? These questions occurred more than once to the young Jesuit aspirant, Rupert Manning, when he came before Lent to spend a week with his father and sister, who welcomed him with idolizing delight.

"I hope you've not grown too holy, you know, Rupert," Gertrude said to him, "or else I shall be frightened at you, as I used to tell the girls at school."

A bright smile lighted up the youth's sweet, heavenly face.

"If I'm ever holy enough, Gertrude, I promise you you shall begin to be frightened at me," he said. "Who knows but that the case may be reversed, and I may have to be afraid of you as a very saintly nun, or some other wonderful character, who will make my poor efforts seem very small indeed?"

Gertrude shook her head. "Not the least fear of such a thing. You're as bad as Reverend Mother at the convent, imagining I might perhaps be going to do all sorts of grand things in the world. You see, Rupert, I was never hidden so long in the priests' hole as you were, so the blessings in it have not stuck to me like they have to you."

But, unknown to his dear sister, Rupert prayed for her, so earnestly, more especially in his daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament, whilst he was at home with them—prayed that when Gertrude should go out into the world she might prove strong and steadfast; that the day might never come when she would despise the sweet, innocent life which she so loved now.

CHAPTER IV.

Winter and spring had passed, and the park round Whitwell Grange looked very green and beautiful in its early summer garb, so beautiful, indeed, that Gertrude did not care to leave it to go away to the seaside during the coming warm weather, as her father had proposed they should do, thinking she would like a change after these first quiet months.

"Let us stay at home now, papa," she said, "and go away to the sea in September. You see, it is so long since I was at home on these nice long evenings, with the holidays always being in August, papa, that it seems quite delicious to sit out here in the park till bedtime, mooning away under the trees or teasing you, papa. So you will let us stay, won't you? You won't mind, papa?"

"Mind, my darling! I would rather be always at home; but I thought you would like a change. Next year, Gertrude, I want to take you to London, you know. This year it is getting rather late, and we both seem so lazy; besides, there is plenty of time—you are only eighteen, Gertrude." And her father looked at her with a wistful fondness, trying perhaps to drive away the thought of how soon she might be stolen from him when once her bright, sweet face looked out into the great world.

"I have never been since the year before you were born, Gertrude, when your mother and I went up together for two months. But you must go in due time, for it won't do to make my little girl into an old hermit like her father, though as yet she seems to care for nothing better."

"Nothing better! I should think not, papa!" And Gertrude threw her arms round his neck as the tears came to her eyes. "I didn't come home to go to London—I came home to be with you, papa." And she shook her finger playfully at him as she sank back again on her grassy seat and began to trill out a merry song, while her father's eyes rested on her with a yearning love, though an unconscious sigh, unheard by Gertrude, escaped him as he gazed at her.

And so it had been settled, as they thought; when, not two days later, their plans were entirely and most unexpectedly changed. A letter came from Mr. Manning from a cousin of his wife's, a Lady Hunter, of whom he had seen but little lately, but who had been very fond of Mrs. Manning, and who had once or twice visited at the Grange during her lifetime. Lady Hunter was a Protestant, and a thorough woman of the world, but very kind-hearted and generous, and a universal favorite. She and her husband, Sir Robert Hunter, owned a splendid house in Park Lane, and went up to London every season without fail; for though they had no daughters or children of their own, they introduced into fashionable life, they—at least Lady Hunter—none the less enjoyed partaking of its gaieties and dispensing them to a large and brilliant circle of acquaintance. The object of her letter now to Mr. Manning was to ask him to allow Gertrude to come to her immediately for the remainder of the season, to make her debut under her auspices, and get at least a "glimpse," as she called it, of the gay world before its gaieties were over for the year.

"I should have asked her before," she wrote, "but our plans were so unsettled. Sir Robert was not well, and we thought we could not stay in London, but should have to go abroad again this year at once; however, he has improved so much since we came—indeed, I may say he is quite well—so that we shall stay, as usual, until the beginning of August. So that if Gertrude could come to us in a fortnight from now, she would have a good month to enjoy herself and see life a little. I can hardly expect you will care to stay in town so long, as I know how painful it is for you to come since poor dear Gertrude's death; but you will bring the child, of course, and see her safely launched, as we may say. Now, I will take no refusal; you must not deny me the pleasure of bringing out poor Gertrude's daughter, as I have none of my own, and I will take as much care of her as you would yourself. Besides, she is eighteen now, and ought to see the world a little; for, as heiress of the Whitwell Grange, she holds some position of her own, and it is wrong to keep her still as secluded as if she were in the convent. I shall hardly know her, I dare say, after these four years (for it is just that time since I stayed a night at the Grange, you know), but I shall welcome her most heartily all the same, tell her. This is quite a long letter for me; so if it does not bring Gertrude as a reward, you must expect a scolding from me."

Your affectionate cousin,
 "JULIA HUNTER."

"P. S. How is poor Rupert? I never shall understand what bewitched the boy to choose his present life, though he did look so indignant at me for saying so when he called on me for those few minutes last year on his way through London."

Mr. Manning put down the letter for a moment, and looked across at Gertrude, who met his gaze with a merry smile.

"What a long letter, papa! And how solemn you look over it!"

"Read it, Gertrude, and see what grand things are in store for my little country girl." Then he gave her the letter, watching her gaze eagerly as she read.

He had already made up his mind that she must accept the invitation; that he must not let her see for a moment that there was a possibility of refusing it, though there was a strange chill in his heart just then at the thought of the change in their happy plan of the long, quiet summer in the old home together, at the idea that she was not to be entirely his own any longer, that the world was beginning to claim her sooner than he had looked for.

"She must not see for an instant that it gives me any pain," he said to himself, with the almost womanly unselfishness of his character, "or she will not hear of going; and it is only right she should go, and not refuse such an opportunity. She is of the age now to be introduced, and who can tell what may happen to me before next year? And it is only for a month, and she will enjoy it so."

Another minute, and Gertrude looked up from the letter.

"O papa!" she said, with a mixture of pleasure and dismay which made him smile.

"Well, Gertrude, isn't Lady Hunter very kind, and isn't it a grand prospect? I shall not know my little girl when she comes back."

BENNY THE BLUFFER

The sharp featured servant girl came back from the letter box by the gate with a monthly paper and one letter. Mother Whitcomb, wiping the flour from her hands, read just her glasses, carefully trimmed the short edge of the envelope that she might keep it for future use, and withdrew the scented letter within. Father Whitcomb, a hopeless invalid, looked up with the eagerness of a child from his wheel chair.

"From George Mother?" he asked in a voice toned down and softened by illness; she nodded and, going nearer the window, read.

"We will be with you, sure," was the part of the short missive that sent a happy thrill through the parents; with a pathetic, joyful rubbing together of his hands, the old invalid expressed his satisfaction at the prospect. Even the sour servant girl grinned her appreciation of the fact that this word from George, the eldest of the scattered family, they were certain to have back in the New England nest the birds that had long since flown from it. Even the youngest, Ben, the scape-grace of the family, who had disagreed with them by marrying a "foreign singer," was coming home at last.

"There—that makes the whole family," happily sighed the patient old mother as she returned to her baking and ordering about of the slack girl.

"Herbert and his wife—they said they'd come?" he asked for about the tenth time, with the insistence of a child; she nodded patiently.

"Mildred—of course. They said they hoped Bobby will be able to come, too," this with the doubtful tone always used in discussing the grandson, who plainly showed that he thought himself above the humble New England home of his mother.

"What's the matter with that young whipper-snapper, that he doesn't care to come to see his grandparents, hey?" irritably.

"Cause we don't mean much to fashionable folks—he may not be trained any better," with the old, quiet resignation at anything affecting the baking things to rights and watching the oven solicitously.

"Whose fault's that?" looking out over the gloomy expanse of snow, with the windswept heaps and sweeps. Not receiving any answer, he tried another tack. "Copeland—said he'd come, didn't he?" She nodded with a tolerant smile.

"Yes—with the twins, of course. Pity there ain't more twins in the family; then we might make a respectable show as a family."

"City women's too busy to have families as cribs harshly. 'Of course, Chester and his one hope will come.' He sighed regretfully. "The old New England stock's running out fast," he complained tapping his chair arm pettishly. She sniffed.

"Maybe just as well—specially if it's going to be mixed with foreigner blood—like Benjamin has done." They both sighed and, busy with the gloomy thoughts of the youngest, who had married the singer, they let the subject of the reunion drop for the time being.

It was a reunion looked forward to with more interest than usual this year. The chances for the survival for another of Father Whitcomb were slim; in past years one or more of the scattered children had failed them. But, aroused now by the secret instruction of their mother (warning of the danger to their father) all made the supreme sacrifice and determined to let business and society go long enough to flock back to the home nestled in the New Hampshire hills. Small as was the list of grandchildren, it always threatened to be smaller at reunions, as they felt a trip away from the big cities was just a waste of valuable time; there had been inculcated in them no love or veneration of the sires. It would be the first visit of the youngest, Benny, and his wife and their three little ones.

Safety and Profit for Savings

5 1/2% interest allowed on your savings in amounts of \$200.00 or more placed for one year or longer on our term plan.
4% on savings subject to withdrawal by cheque.

All savings of every kind are received by this Corporation in trust for the investor, and are not held as the property of the Corporation. Trust companies are subjected to a very careful Government inspection, and are required to show that they have set aside in Government bonds, Municipal debentures, first mortgages or cash, dollar for dollar to cover all moneys invested with them.

These bonds, mortgages and debentures though they remain in the custody of the Trust Company protect your deposits as effectually as if delivered into your possession. Accounts solicited.

Capital Trust Corporation

Head Office: 10 Metcalfe St., Ottawa, Ont. Temple Building: Bay and Richmond Sts., Toronto, Ont.

ITCHY PIMPLES ALL OVER FACE
 And Shoulders, Burned Badly, Cuticura Heals.

"My trouble started with pimples breaking out all over my face and shoulders. The pimples were large and itched, and I burned so badly that I could not sleep. They were very sore and my clothing aggravated them. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample which helped me. I purchased more, and after using four cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) William C. Steen, 39 Peabody St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Use Cuticura for all toilet purposes. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura, Dept. 484, 146 St. Paul St., W. Montreal." Sold every-where. Soap 5c, Ointment 10c and 25c. Talcum 5c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

PHONE 529 W
Westlake
 PHOTOGRAPHER
 Opposite the Armouries

EDUCATIONAL
St. Jerome's College
 Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.

Business College Department, High School or Academic Department, College and Philosophical Department.
 Address: REV. W. A. BENINGER, C. R., President.

ARCHITECTS
 Randolph 7387 Kenwood 1690
J. M. COWAN
 Architect (Registered) 991 Bay Street
 Colleges a Specialty TORONTO

WATT & BLACKWELL
 Members Ontario Association of Architects ARCHITECTS
 Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, ONT.

W. G. MURRAY
 ARCHITECT
 Churches and Schools a Specialty
 DOMINION SAVINGS BUILDING LONDON, ONT.
 TELEPHONE 1557-W

JOHN M. MOORE & CO.
 ARCHITECTS
 489 RICHMOND STREET LONDON, ONT.

J. C. PENNINGTON JOHN R. BOYDE
 Architects and Engineers
 John W. Leighton Associate
 BARTLET BLDG. WINDSOR, ONT.
 London Diocesan Architects Specialists in Ecclesiastical and Educational Buildings

Benjamin Blonde
 General Contractor
 CHURCHES and Educational Institutions a Specialty
 Estimates furnished on request CHATHAM, ONT.

Stained Glass
 Memorial Windows
 We make a specialty of Catholic Church Windows.
 B. LEONARD 5381 John St. Quebec, Que.

Casavant Freres
 CHURCH LIMITEE
 Organ Builders
 ST. HYACINTHE QUEBEC

Where Do You Go When You Wish to "Say it With P"
The West Floral Co.
 249 Dundas St. London, Ont.

UPHOLSTERING
 OF ALL KINDS
 Chesterfields Made to Order
 CHAS. M. QUICK
 Richmond St. London, Ont. Opposite St. Peter's Parish Hall

Phone St. Louis 2557
N. HOUSE
 Butcher
 And Provision Merchant

We Specialize in Western Beef Ontario Lamb
FISH AND POULTRY
 The House of Quality & Service
 112 St. Viateur Street, West MONTREAL, QUE.

Stocks Bonds

Gold - Silver
 The future of our Canadian Mines is now assured.
 Our up-to-the-minute Mining Service provides you with every facility for trading in these issues.
 Your enquiries solicited

Jones, Easton
McCallum Co.
 LIMITED
 391 Richmond St. London, Ont.
 Phones 213-294

Grain Provisions
ASPIRIN
 Beware of Imitations!

BAYER Demand

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds Toothache Neuritis Neuralgia Headache Lumbago Rheumatism Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-acetic acid ester of Salicylic acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding Piles or Hemorrhoids. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. Get a box at dealers, or Edmannson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. John's.

DR. REBECCA HARKINS
 DR. MARIE H. HARKINS
 OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS
 Abrams Method of Diagnosis and Treatment
 The St. George LONDON, ONT.
 Wellington St. Phone 1589
 PHONE 7308
 DR. LE ROY V. HILES
 Foot Specialist
 202 DUNDAS STREET LONDON, ONT.
 HOURS: 9 to 12 a.m. | Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. 1.30 to 5 p.m. | daily | Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat. Evenings 7 to 9

DR. R. R. FONGER
 D. C., Ph. C., D. M. T.
 Consulting Chiropractor
 169 1/2 Dundas St. (Upstairs) LONDON, ONT.
 Hours: 10 to 12; 1.30 to 4.30; 7 to 8 Lady Attendant

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS
 MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY
 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES
 Solicitors for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation
 Suite 63, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, CANADA Phone 178
 Telephone 7224. Home Bank Chambers
J. M. DONAHUE, B.A.
 BARRISTER, SOLICITOR AND NOTARY PUBLIC
 121 Dundas St. LONDON, ONTARIO

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN
 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
 A. E. Knox T. Louis Monahan
 E. L. Middleton George Keogh
 Cable Address: "Foy"
 Telephone: Main 421
 Offices: Continental Life Building CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS TORONTO

Austin M. Latchford, LL. B.
 BARRISTER & SOLICITOR
 Federal Building
 Richmond St. West
 TORONTO

DAY, FERGUSON & CO.
 BARRISTERS
 James E. Day 38 Adelaide St. West
 John M. Ferguson 76 Adelaide St. West
 Joseph P. Walsh TORONTO, CANADA

LUNNEY & LANNAN
 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES
 Harry W. Lunney, K.C., B.A., B.C.L.
 Alpheus Lannan, LL. B.
 CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN H. McELDERRY
 BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
 NOTARY PUBLIC
 UNION BANK BUILDING
 GUELPH, ONTARIO CANADA

Lee, O'Donoghue & Harkins
 Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.
 W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L. J. G. O'Donoghue, K.C.
 Hugh Harkins
 Offices 241-242 Confederation Life Chambers S. W. Corner Queen and Victoria Sts. TORONTO, CANADA

MICHAEL J. MULVIHILL
 L. D. S., D. D. S.
 25 PEMBROKE STREET S. E.
 PEMBROKE, ONT.
 PHONE 175

DR. J. M. SEDGWICK
 DENTIST
 425 Richmond St., Near Dundas LONDON, ONT.
 PHONE 6008

DR. VINCENT KELLY
 DENTAL SURGEON
 Clinic Building, 241-243 Queen's Ave LONDON, ONT.
 Phone 1400 Res. Phone 5198

R. I. WATSON
 Government and Industrial BONDS
 BOUGHT and SOLD
 Phone 1537W 213 Dom. Savings Bldg LONDON, ONT.

BEDDOME, BROWN
 CRONIN and
 POCOCK
 INSURANCE
 TELEPHONE 693 W
 392 RICHMOND ST. LONDON, CANADA
 MONEY TO LOAN

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO
 PHONE MAIN 4030
Hennessey
 "Something More Than a Drug Store"
 DRUGS CUT FLOWERS
 PERFUMES CANDIES
 Order by Phone—we deliver