THE LOVE STORY OF ALISON BARNARD

KATHARINE TYNAN (Author of " The Handsome Brandons," &c.)

CHAPTER VIII.-Continued.

When Tessa came back in her stealing, gliding way she found Bosanquet on the lawn which he had reached by opening one of the windows. She had put on a big honey-colored straw with blue ribbons that tied under her chin. Over the brim of the hat pink roses nodded against the bronze hair. It was such a contrast as grieved her mother and sisters, who thought Tessa lacking in taste, and knew no better than to call her hair red; but young Bosanquet's eyes showed another feeling. They found a boat that suited

their purpose excellently, and having given Tessa the tiller ropes, and ta-ken the oars himself, he sent the boat away from Castle Barnard with a few steady strokes.

For a little while the river ran

darkly under overhanging boughs. Presently they were almost clear of the trees and their way was among meadows. Again they passed the gable of a ruined church and a little graveyard; the lawn of a house stoped down to the river, and there was the figure of old Mrs. Tyrrell with a basket on her arm, nipping off her overgrown roses.

The Rance is a tributary of the Dan which flows through Ballycushla, and has locks and weirs and all manner of fine contrivances. Hardly anyone uses the Rance except those who live on its banks, so that except for a clear way in the middle it is much choked by water weeds of all kinds, and the debris of the woods that line it. This morning they had the Rance to themselves.

Presently, after a hot, unsheltered stretch, they ran the boat under the shade of trees, and Bosanquet asked if he might smoke, and leaning back in the shade of the boughs he watched Tessa through a dreamy haze of blue smoke.

They began to talk, fitfully and intermittently, while the wood-dove moaned in the woods, the cuckoo called, and Tessa sat dabbling her little brown fingers in the water. It was a morning for poetry and it was not long before the young fellow fell to murmuring verses. Tessa looked at him with parted lips that forgot to be shy.

Her eyes were like the wave within, Like water-reeds the poise Of her small body, dainty-thin, And like the water's noise Her plaintive voice.

'What is it?'' she breathed rapturis Rossetti-'The Staff and "It

Scrip'-don't you remember?' "I have barely heard of Rossetti," she said sorrowfully. "I love poetry very much, but mamma does not approve of it. I have only Moore and Mrs. Hemans, and Longfellow and Pope, and some little books of Fran-Ridley Havergal's, and Chambers' Encyclopaedia of English Liter-

"Not really?" he said in amazement; and then added, forgetting his manners-"What a scratch lot to be

Tessa blushed as though he had hurt her, and a sudden rush of tears

filled her eves They aren't like Rossetti," she said humbly, "but I like some of them very much—especially Longfel-And the Encyclopaedia gives some beautiful things."

"Of course it does," he said hastily, anathematising himself for his brutality as he called it. "I'm afraid I've hurt you, and I'm so

Somehow he got possession of her Somehow he kissed it. Then with the air of one who puts temptation away from him he laid back reverently on her knee. stole one look at her face; then he gave her a distraction, and time to recover herself.

'I am going to say the whole of that poem to you," he said. "I can say reams of Rossetti by heart." He began in a simple musical with a manner quite free from affectation, to recite the ballad. The color ebbed and flowed in Tessa's cheek. Her eyes began to She lifted her face and gazed up through the green-gold branches, and her expression became transformed and spiritual, so that the youth's mind wandered from the poem, and he was obliged to look away from her.

The first of all that rout was sound The next was dust and flame. And then the borsemen shook the ground

And in the midst of them A still band came.

Uncover ye his face, she said, O changed in little space! She said: O white that was so red! O God, O God of grace! Cover his face!

Tessa was looking at him with had been left to finish his drink in parted lips and eyes of wonder. When the public house where Sir Gerard he had finished she put a hand over her eyes, and sat silent for a minute

"So that is poetry," she said at the condition of the con You have written?" he said. "I tried to write, and Mamma was

I shall burn all the things, ugh I used to like them." "You will let me see them?"

I have tried to write and I know all the tricks of I have the grace to be humble about it. Anything you showed me vould be a subject for the greatest

At last Tessa promised, half unwillingly. She accepted with the same hesitation his proposal that he should bring over Rossetti, Morris, Stevenson, Yeats, Patmore, and Fran-

cis Thompson from Kylinoe to here for an indefinite period. "Miss Barnard will have the other

"I have not yet found many books at Castle Barnard."

many houses that she knew were

seemed only a few minutes ago that the Angelus from a neighboring Kelly in." village had floated over the river and the woods. Suddenly there came a distant blare, the steam whistle which marked the resumption of work at the factories in Ballycushia. "The personation and the trating!" wer "I am very sorry," he said, taking up his oar; "but I will row home as

quickly as possible." Then he muttered something under his breath which might have been

"confound it." "We are caught in the weeds," he aid. "What a fool I was to turn the boat in here." He got up with a very red face, and

began using the oar as a pole to shove the boat off. It was a matter of some difficulty and time. When at last he succeeded it was lunch-hour at Castle Barnard. "We must throw ourselves on Miss Barnard's mercy," he said, turning about gaily to look at his companion, all his good-temper restored now that the boat was again free. 'i m afraid you won't trust yourself, with

me again in a hurry." But Tessa's imagination had as usual outran her judgment. The thought of the Castle Barnard luncheon table waiting for them that very first day, and of their remaining in the weeds for an indefinite period till someone came to look for them, had reduced Tessa to tears. She had her head turned away from him but he saw the trembling of her shoulders even while she pretended to trail her fingers in the water as she had been doing. "You poor little thing," he said,

"you poor little thing!" He was rowing strongly, watching her with a concerned, kind, young face where she sat with averted head. Neither noticed that the day had clouded over, that a cloud of uncommonly ugly dimensions, portentous-ly black and threatening, had obscur-

ed the sun. Suddenly there was a roar, and rattle as of artillery leaped from the cloud. Tessa uttered a shriek. She had always been terrified of lightning. The storm was a sharp one, while it lasted. Somehow or other Tessa found her eyes hidden on young Bosanguet's shoulder. She knew as in a dream that his lips were on her hair. Then came the rain, and they were ard, to change her frock. When she returned to the drawing-room Paul

Alison's kind anxious eyes as she drew her to her. "I'm so sorry, dear, that you were caught in the weeds and frightened of the thunderstorm. One needs to the Rance very well to go boating on it. Oh, here is Mrs. You incurably un-Lang at last.

punctual person!" And there was Mrs. Lang coming in, all soft melodious apologies to

save the situation for Tessa. expects you to come for two hours was punctual once, and found hostess in bed with the toothache, and all her pretty dogs sitting round on chairs in a cold room to entertain me. I assure you I felt quite small when the maid came in to clean the grate and set the fire. I never went to dinner in Dublin yet that I didn't find the butcher's cart at the door delivering the dinner; so you see I wasn't unpunctual enough for

In the laughter and conversation that followed Mrs. Lang's arrival, Tessa's adventures were forgotten, to and her great relief.

CHAPTER IX. The contested election for the Errismore division of the county was over, and Sir Gerard Molyneux, "the people's candidate," had won by the skin of his teeth. There had been an anxious moment when at the last the Largy Returning Officer had not come in with his box; and it was then that Sir Gerard Molyneux, taking his fast trotter with the buggy he had imported from America, went out to look for him, and brought him in safety just before the counting of

the votes. The green grass of that southern county might have been cotted with orange and blue to signify where the different elements came in. Largy should have been in Ulster. Largy was dead against Sir Gerard, and in favor of Lindsay, the Orange candi-It was flying in the face of Providence, said Sir Gerard's friends ard?" shaking their heads, for if Renshaw had found him, his box would have contained fewer votes, if indeed he didn't lose box and all driving over the bog road to Drum, where the counting took place. Sir Gerard, it was reported, had to drag Mr. Renshaw from his comfortable quarters by main force. Why couldn't Lindsay have gone out to look after His coming in was altogether in Lindsay's interest, for nearly every vote would count one in his favor and one against his opponent. Even Father Tracey looked grave when Sir Gerard was seen driving up the main street of Drum with a rather intoxicated gentleman behind him carrying a box on his knee. Even he, priest as he was, sent a regretful sigh to the memory of that project the crowd.

Largy votes lost Sir Gerard the seat!
He heard a complaining voice at his elbow where he stood in Sir Gerard Molyneux's committee-room, looking Molyneux's committee-room, looking would be a humorous and appealing of the Court House where the Largy votes lost Sir Gerard the seat!

as "a nice play boy." He was talk-ing to a friend, and had not noticed the priest. "He'll let his seat slip from under him, so he will. His supporters is terribly discouraged. If he wins we won't have the heart to chair him. I never seen such an election, never. Glory to to the time Kelly bate Tweedy for the Cratloe Division of Clare. The stories we put out on Tweedy, and the placards and the speeches, and the persona-tions, and the way we welted the faces of everyone that as much as shouted: 'Hurroo for Tweedy'; and the way they bate the faces off us! 'Tis as true as I'm tellin' you that without any poets at all. 'Tis as true as I'm tellin' you that Time had flown with them. It we'd only one eye between five of us

The priest smiled faintly, The result was too much in suspense for him to enjoy this reminiscence as he

"The personation and the intimida-"Why it is one o'clock," said tion and the trating!" went on the lugubrious voice at his elbow.

"We shall be late for lunch."
"That was an election if you like. Sorra bit of me 'ud be surprised if this was to be declared invalid, for it's like no election that I ever seen

At this moment the popular candidate came into the room. He was smoking a cigarette, and the usual extreme neatness of his attire had undergone no change. He greeted his supporters and then sitting down by the centre table began to partly fill up a number of telegraph forms which were to be sent out as soon as the result was declared. He apparently had no doubts, for the telegrams ran-"In by a majority of with a blank space for the numbers. Presently the priest came behind him, and Sir Gerard, still writing,

telegrams. Father Tracey's face lit up. He went over to Barney, who was standing disspiritedly by the window, and put the telegraph-form into his hand. Brady took it, read it, looked over at the quiet dark head bent above the blotting-pad and pile of forms, and slapped his knee.

handed him one of the uncompleted

"Begorra, he's great!" he said in a hoarse whisper. "They couldn't bate the likes of him, no matter how many chances he gave them. And sure, look here, your Reverence"—illumination coming over his face—"he tains behind them, so that the light

sult of the poll was declared from the windows of the Court House. The candidates were at the Sheriff's el-said had caused the crowd to break bow; the street was full of a swaying into roars of joy. mass of their admirers. The blue Yes, he was splendid. Alison's sky was between the high old house, heart swelled within her to think

turned faces. that she had to fly to her room immediately on reaching Castle Barnard to charge have seen nothing but the dark ing from under a shock of hair, of front of the hotel. A moment later whom Alison had heard as Mr. Grace. the waiter, who was always deploring the changed state of things though they two were alone. Bosanquet had told their adventures in the country, being a crusted Con-servative, lit the chandelier in the said. for the two of them; and she encountered nothing more formidable than drawing-room of the Arms, as the hotel was abbreviated by the townspeople, and there were two ladies she rang the bell and John appeared.

standing at the window. The ladies were Alison and Tessa she said. Barnard. They had been seen at the one polling-station to another, and uncommonly hungry.' the last day of all had come with only the counting of the votes, Ali-"Indeed," she said, "I lost my punctuality in Dublin. Sure no one laugh at her own folly, that she could time, but you were gone off on that after the hour you're asked for. I she and Tessa had driven over and boxes." the lunched at the hotel, and got "I couldn't let them say that I had

> were going. Alison had turned round for a second to smile at John's lamenta- room

"Why isn't he True Blue like them knew any good to come of the gen- world's history." try taking up with the commonality. God be with the time they'd step in the road if they seen quality on the side-path! An' 'ud get a cut of a whip, if they didn't, and was well used to it. Sure, I'm like a poor ould water.''

(To be Continued.) ghost in these quare times that is coming over the country, and never a one in the house except maybe a Inability to up the year, round."

"A little less light, John," pleaded Alison. "We can't see what is happening outside."

The lights were immediately switched low, and John came to the window and looked out.

"Look at him paying compliments to Lindsey," he groaned. "A man that made his money in a shop. Isn't he the quare Molyneux, Miss Barn-

"And yet you voted for him, John." "Aye did I, even though he scandalises me, and well he knows

shouting for their boots and order- rest or sleep at night. ing a chop and a glass of stout with the finest wine lying below in the cel- headache, loss of energy and vigor lar?" "What are they going to do, Cousin Alison?" asked Tessa, as John Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is

went off with his tablenapkin over his arm, his laments dying away in the distance. Sir Gerard." "They are all around "I'm afraid they are going to chair most reliable people. It is na-

hate it!" In a second or two they saw Sir "I have used Dr. these's Nerve Food Gerard hoisted on the shoulders of for acute indigestion, nervousness of tampering with the Largy voting-of tampering with the Largy voting-which it is well nigh impossible to ter a thorough test, I am pleased papers, which he had been obliged to look dignified, but Sir Gerard achiev-to say that my nervous system has discourage. It was magnificent although indefensible. Supposing the almost impossible. He cast been built up, and I rest and sleep



You Expect

To leave something in the way of property for your family. You may expect to leave considerable, but feel doubtful as to the best form in which to leave it. A life insurance policy brings cash at once, and generally for an amount considerably in excess of the original in vestment. Therefore, since money will buy anything that is purchasable, a life policy is one of the best forms in which you can leave property. As the financial position

NORTH **AMERICAN**

> LIFE is unexcelled, you could not do better than secure a policy with it.

Home Office - Toronto, Ont.

J. L. BLAIKIE, - -L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., .C.A.,

W.B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL. B.,

gives them chances because he's so of the chandeliers should not make sure of bating them; begorra, he's no them visible to the street, had step-such fool at all, at all." ped out into the balcony, and were inch fool at all, at all."

It was quite evening when the relistening with all their might.

"Isn't he splendid, Cousin Alison?"

spangled by yellow gas-lamps, the that he was her friend, and that she light of which fell on the eager, up- lay nearest to his regard of all the women in the world.

At the moment of the declaration. It had been quite late when at last the windows of the Molyneux Arms, he broke away from his admirers of the poll Sir Gerard looked towards and joined the two ladies at the hothe old-fashioned hotel just opposite tel. Paul Bosanquet and the priest the Court House, and lifted his hat came in with him, and Maurice Tyrever so slightly. Anyone who no- rell and one of the workers in the ticed and was curious enough to fol- cause, a young man bearded like the Sir Gerard had come to her "Congratulate me, Alison!"

"You are pleased?" Her face of delight assured him. After she had spoken to the others 'We are quite ready now, John,'

"I never thought about a meal," window at various moments during Sir Gerard confessed. "It was like the day. When the canvassing was you to have ordered it. Now that all done, and the driving about from I do think about it I confess I am "I wonder when you had a meal,"

Alison said, gentle reproachful. "I not wait for the result at home. So quixotic hunt after the Largy ballot-

through the afternoon somehow or won by an accident, such as the loss other, with now Sir Gerard himself, of the boxes would have been," said again Mr. Bosanquet and Father Tra- Sir Gerard, lifting his head proudly cey, or young Maurice Tyrrell, or "Anyhow I believe the danger to my some other of Sir Gerard's support- constitution does not arise from hasters to bring them word of how things | ily snatched meal or no meal."

"From what, then?" asked Tracy. He flashed a bright smile round the

"Sure why should he be taking up will offer me bad whisky everywhere with the like o' them at all?" he kept asking as he lit the chardelier. I go. It is the most arduous part kept asking as he lit the chandelier, of the most arduous Irish campaign. set all its diamonds sparkling. I am going to take the pledge from you, Father Michael; most unwillingthat went before him? Sorra thanks ly, for I don't believe total abstainhe'll get when he's done. I never ers have ever done much in the

"If you do you're lost," the priest

Rest or Sleep

is a Marked Symptom of Nervous Exhaustion, Which Can be Permanently Cured

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

The person whose nerves are af-'Tis doing a bit of good for the gentry he ought to be. What good is the people ever going to do to the Arms? A lot o' dirty commercials able to concentrate his mind or to rest less are at night.

> Other symptoms are dyspepsia and and spells of weakness and dizzithorough and lasting cure for all diseases arising from nervous exhaus-

tion and an impoverished system.

It is endorsed by thousands of the

him," said Alison. "How he will ture's greatest system builder. Mr. J. McFaul, carpenter, states: It is a position in and inability to sleep, and now, afa glance towards the hotel windows well. I can speak very highly of

Companies

ASSURANCE INCORPORATED

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL \$2,000,000

J. J. KENNY,
VICE-PREIDENT AND
MANAGING DIRECTOR How. GEO. A. COX, S. C. Wood. Geo. R. R. Cockburn

WM. A. LEE & SON. GENERAL AGENTS 14 VICTORIA STREET.

Phone: Office Main 592.

Phone: Residence Main 2075.

C. C. FOSTER, Secretary.

Established 1824 The MANCHESTER FIRE

Assurance Co. Head Office-MANCHESTER, ENG. 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, 14 Victoria St. Toro

THE ork 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

increasing income apply to HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO EDWIN MARSHALL, DAVID PASKEN,

which will give them an ever

Paid up Capital \$1,000,000.00 Reserve Fund 300,000.00

THE TORONTO **GENERAL TRUSTS** CORPORATION

Transacts any business of a fiduciary character, such as Administrator, under appointment of the Court.

Executor, under Wills. Trustee, under Wills, Deeds, Marriage Settlements, Mortgage Deeds of Trust, etc.

Guardian of the persons and estates of minor children. Committee of insane persons.

Assignee of Insolvent Estates. Receiver Liquidator

Registrar and Transfer Agent, and as General Financial Agent in all business transactions.



The character of the man, not the nature of his achievements, gives abiding value to his work man's character is more revealed by lungs. Resort to Bickle's Anti-Conwhat he tries to do than by what he sumptive Syrup at the first intima-succeeds in doing. His abiding influ-Molyneux's committee-room, looking across at the Court House where the votes were receiving the accession of a cross at the Court House where the words worth and Keats and Shelley."

I have not yet found many books at Castle Barnard."

"But you are sure to find them. No house could be without them."

Tessa shook her head sadly. A great

Molyneux's committee-room, looking across at the Court House where the would be a humorous and appealing one.

Afterwards there were shouts for a spect, and Sir Gerard responded with a terse and witty oration against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the lighted someone else, too, for the town, and what is known in Ireland

Tessa shook her head sadly. A great

Legal

TAMES E. DAY,

Successor to ANGLIN & MALLON BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR

Office, Land Security Chambers, S. W. Corner Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronio. Telephone Main 1268.

FIRE and MARINE HEARN & SLATTERY

BARRISTEPS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES. Rtc. Proctors in Admiralty. Offices: Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. Office Phone Main 1040. T. FRANK SLATTERY, Residence, 285 Simcoe St. Res. Phone Main 876.

EDWARD J. HEARN, Residence, 21 Grange Ave. Res. Phone 1058.

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

T EE & O'DONOGHUE BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Dineen Bldg., Yonge and Temperance Sta.
Toronto, Ont. Offices—Bolton, Ont.
Phone Main 1583 Res. Phone Main 2075
W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L., John G. O'Donoghue L.L. B.

MCBRADY & O'CONNOR

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Proctors in Admiralty. Rooms 67 and 68 Canada Life Building, 46 King St. West, Toronto, Telephone Main 2625. I. V. McBrady, K.C. T. J. W. O'Connor-Res. Phone North 452

SCOTT, SCOTT, CURLE & GLEESON BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc. Supreme and Exchequer Court Agents CARLETON CHAMBERS OTTAWA, ONT. Hon, R. W. Scott, K.C. L.L.D. D'Arcy Scott W. H. Curle, M. A. E. P. Gleeson D'Arcy Scott, Deparmental Agent and Parlia-mentary 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

Architects

ARTHUR W. HOLMES

ARCHITECT

10 Bloor St. East. TORONTO Telephone North 1260.

Koofing

FORBES ROOFING COMPANY-Slate and Gravel Roofing; Est ished forty years. 153 Bay Street. 'Puone



Prop.
Tingley & Stewart Mig. Co RUBBER STEEL METAL STAMPS Seals, Dies, Stenelle TORONTO. OM?

E. McCORMACK

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

F. ROSAR 240 King St. East, Toronto Telephone Main 1034

Late J. Young ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER TELEPHONE 679 359 YONGE ST.

MONUMENTS

The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co.

LIMITED, 1119 & 1121 YONGE ST. (Terminal Yonge St Car Route.) Telephone North 1249 TORONTO

Lever's Y-Z(Wise Head) Disinfectant Soa Powder dusted in the bath softens the water at the same time that it disinfects,

The night is the day for us when God is in our hearts, and the day is the night for us when He is not