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A TALE OF SACRIFICE BY FRANCES NOBLE

CHAPTER XXII.

Two days later, while yet the wound was all fresh and sore in her heart, Gerty received the promised letter from Lady Hunter. It was waiting for her when she and her father got in from Mass, and she ran up-stairs to read it first alone.

"My darling Gerty," wrote her cousin, "I dare say this will cross on the way with your letter to me, but I cannot wait for its arrival to write to you, though it would only be useless to tell you in words how we are feeling it all, I and Sir Robert, to whom I have told every-thing, dear, as you wished. He says it has made me visibly older-looking already, to have had such a thing to end who mean in looking already, to have had such a thing happening to one who was in my care, especially one so dear as you are. "Last evening (I am going to tell that evening for I fool you would "Last evening fool fool you would" gave him her cousins is letter, the is from Lady Hunter. Will you-read it? I-don't think I can-read it—so well for you, papa."

you all exactly, for I feel you would rather know it, though it may seem on his face as he did so, and then cruel at first) Stanley Graham came in early, as he had said he would, her to him. an hour after I got back from the station. He came up-stairs to me at once, as I was sitting alone and had word for him to do so when he came in. I do not know what he thought or expected, but he asked immediately where you were—if you were better; not feeling sure, I suppose, how much I knew. Then I told him briefly that you were gone away—gone home again ; and that as things were, I should hardly that as things were, I should hardly have detained you, even if I could have done so, which would have been impossible; but that you had left a note for him, which I then gave him. He took it and put it in his pocket, with a look, Gerty, which I shall never forget—such a look of bitter suffering. 'Lady Hunter,' he said to me, 'she does not love me! It was a mistake.' And his tone was so stern that I am afraid, Gerty. I grew angry as well And his tone was so stern that I am afraid, Gerty, I grew angry as well as sad; and I said to him, 'You are a tyrant, Stanley, to wish to make her, for your sake, trample under foot feelings and convictions which you and I cannot understand and are not worthy to share. Not love you! How can you love her, to make her suffer so?' But I was sorry the minute I had spoken; for if ever I saw a man look the person-ification of grief and perplexity he did, Gerty, as he turned and left me without answering a word. He gave me no opportunity of speaking to him all the evening, but studito him all the evening, but studi-ously and politely avoided me. No one named you to him, love; for when you were once gone I told them all that the engagement was broken off for researce Locul them all that the engagement was broken off, for reasons I could not mention; for I knew, dear, you would wish to spare him any addi-tional pain to what he must have been suffering during all last even ing, when he could not have as been suffering during all last even ing, when he could not have as been suffering during all last even ing, when he could not have as to me; and he told me he had resolved to bid us farewell at once, and return to Briardale for a week, or two, preparatory to going abroad for another year. I was not sur-to for give; and I attempted no useless dissuasion, but apologized to him for my harsh words of the dot une: "'Lady Hunter, I have nothing to forgive; and if I had, could I cherish resentment for a few hasty words spoken in sorrow, as they were? But you were right; per-hans I am a tyrant, fittest to he broken off, for reasons I could not mention; for I knew, dear, you which was graven upon her heart,

were ? But you were right: per-haps I am a tyrant, fittest to be alone and unloved; perhaps I ought never to have cherished a dream of love and domestic happiness. When you write to your cousin, Lady Hunter, will you thank her from me for her kindly letter? Tell her I cannot write to her myself after what she said of the cruelty of an output to be what she said of the cruelty of any needless intercourse ; and that anything in her that may have pained thing in her that may have pained me during that last interview I diction; how she stayed bowed down, as though quite forgetful of down, as though quite forgetful of me during that last interview 1 diction, as though quite forgetful of ascribe, not to her, but to those ascribe, not to her, but to those down, as though quite forgetful of any presence but that One upon the altar. And from her pale, quiet looks some of them fancied that some trouble or other must have that where I love, as I love her, I come to her, in addition to the ness, which would not let me nide that where I love, as I love her, I must have all or nothing; that I could not share her heart, espe-cially with a religion I hate. I were told she had never been free cially with a religion I hate. I should only have made her miser-able, perhaps, with my unspoken jealousy, even if I had consented to everything she asked. Tell her so, Lady Hunter, and say farewell to "Then he left me abruptly to prepare for his departure, and I did not see him again for two or three hours, when he came to bid good-by to Sir Robert and myself. He told us not to expect to hear very often from him from abroad : very often from him from abroad . it will be better, he says, for him not to have much intercourse with ing, but of patient, irresistible yearning. But never could it be yearning. But never could it be not to have much intercourse when even such initmate friends as our-selves, for a time. But, Gerty, as selves, for a time. But, Gerty, very heat hands with me, very, very even by those who thought her thing addest and most changed; selves, for a time. But, Gerty, as he shook hands with me, very, very earnestly, his manner was so softened as a tear glistened in his eye—a thing I have never seen before in him; and now that he ish face.

anxious and out of spirits, and they all (though they do not know the truth) feel that something sad has happened. I can only go ob hoping -I must, or it would seem too cruel.

cruel. "Ever your most loving cousin, "JULIA HUNTER." ONE THING LEADS TO

ANOTHER It brought the tears again, that letter—the kind, relieving tears— up from the very depths of her sore heart; and burying her face in her hands, she wept freely— By He'en Moriarity in Rosary Magazine Mrs. Haley wanted a car. Their new house was so far out that really she did not see how they were going to get along without one. Of course, George had his roadster for busiwept out the yearning which must linger still, though the temptation

to yield to it was past and con-quered. ness, but what good was that to any one else? Why, nowadays, a car was getting to be a necessity in-stead of the luxury it was consid-"He came home to England, this

"He came home to England, this time hoping to remain and be so happy, and I have sent him away— back again to the old weary, unloved life. O my God! help me to bear it." Then, as soon as she could, she rose and dried her tears, and went down-stairs again. "See naps." she said as she ered a few years back. "Well, if you think a car isn't a luxury," pronounced George Haley when this sentiment was tried out on him, "you ought to see what it costs to keep my little boat running. No sir! No car for the Haleys! "See, papa," she said, as she gave him her cousin's letter, "i No sir! No car for the He Not the way things look now!' "it

Mrs. Haley had heard pronuncia-mentos before. Therefore she remained unimpressed and observed casually. "I thought you said business was good." "Business is good enough, but, as gave it back to Gerty, and drew

"Was it wise, my darling, was it best to tell you all this, as she says?" "Oh, yes, papa, indeed! If she had not, I might have fancied— worse pape i wight have there there the

worse, papa ; I might have thought of it—more constantly still. But now that I know for certain—that—, that—he is going so far away—"She

paused, and then added, "Oh, yes, papa! it is better to know all exactly; and now—it is all over." That day happened to be Father Walmsley's day for dining at the Grange, and he came more willing-ly than ever, he told Gerty with

that lovely car—" Mr. Haley registered impatience. "For heaven's sake ! I was speaka smile, to welcome her home. To him too she showed her cousin's of course, Will Gray is only on a salary, while you have your own business . . . and it is a lovely With an exasperated air, but half amused too, as is a husband's way be had him too she showed her cousin's letter; for she wished to tell him all, owing it to him, she told her-self, for her past reserve, which he had so kindly forgiven. Then, as he returned it to her, she bent over the fire and laid it on the flames,

business . . . and it is a lovely car." sighing. With an exasperated air, but half amused too, as is a husband's way, George Haley threw down a paper in the sides, and it is a lovely can point to with pride. "And besides," growled George Haley, "I can't afford to put my family in a little car. If I don't get say

George Haley three designs to read. "Yes, and there's where he's got it on me," he explained tersely. "When he gets his salary it's his to spend—and be-lieve me, the Grays spend, while what I make has to run the business and I make has to run the just we got this big house on our hands, remem-ber that !"

"Oh, yes," absentmindedly. Of course the business had to be run, but then a house wasn't everything. She returned to the attack. "I was

only thinking that we'd save money that way. With five children using the street cars every day, and when

mother knew of his hopes for Marion, his dreams and prayers for her future, when Louise spoke again, following up her own thoughts

thoughts. "Yet, I do want Marion to have

"Yet, I do want Marion to have a good time, like all the girls she goes with. There's Betty Gray ... It's kind of hard on Marion. She was saying the other day she wished we had a car of our own, even a small one—" Her husband threw her a fiery suspicious glance. Was she playing suspicious glance. Was she playing on his love for Marion? "No on his love for Marion ? No doubt," sarcestically, "it would be fine if I could afford a car for the use of my children. But I can't, so what's the use of talking."

"Well, of course, if you can't. . ." Then in a different tone. "The girls are all nice to Marion, about calling for her with cars, I mean. And ever since the Grays got their sedan Mrs. Gray's been taking Marion and Kitty to school every morning. I told her I didn't want her to bother, but she said as long as she had to take Betty she might as well take our girls too."

George Haley winced. He hated to be patronized by the Grays-he loathed having Marion under an obligation to them. The Grays, living as he knew on the extreme The Grays, "Business is good enough, but, as I've often observed before, you can stretch an income so far and no farther. Get that, Louise!" "Other people—" the immemorial argument—"no more prosperous than we are, have cars. I don't see—" "See—" "Neither do I," grumpily, "see how they manage it. Mortgages, and debts, and never paying what they owe, maybe. Oh, I know their tricks and their manners." grinning a little. Mrs. Haley looked faintly shocked. "George ! You don't suppose the Grays mortgaged their house to get Grays mortgaged their house to get plenty good enough for awhile, but Louise

Mrs. Haley looked after him with

George Haley threw down a paper he had been trying to read. "Yes," I can't anota to bout a family in a little car. If I don't get a car to match the house they'll say

a less expensive car for the present

"Oh, for the present !" with a glare. "Well get me now ! This car is for the present, and the future! As far as I can see now we'll never have another one !"

Mrs. Haley cried enthusiastically.



TWO

that she herself asked him one day,

who all loved Gerty so much, had not failed to notice how very long

sively. "Oh, Marion's different."

-everybody says so. Oh, I do want her to be happy, and have a good "Well, if she isn't happy and "Well, if she isn't happy and

even bodily, not so strong as she had been; as though the inner wrench with which she had had to tear herself away from her heart's deep idolatry had affected the out-ward frame, weakening it for ever.

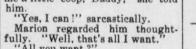
She was so soon tired now—she who once never used to grow tired; so weary in the mornings often after the scheme after backet weary in the mornings often after the sleepless nights which visited her at intervals—the nights of quite, secret tears, not of complain-intervals wear intervals and touched him, all at the same time. He could never get over the tion. After a moment he said : wonder of her being his child. The

A ten-

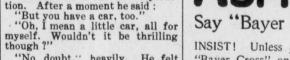
"No doubt," heavily. He felt chilled at her carelessness and the gay assumption that all he had to do was to buy another car. It hurt

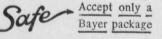
is face. Iove, though I scarcely know for what. "I will not trouble you by writ-ing any more today, love, except to repeat our closest sympathy, Gerty, and every kindest message to your father—especially one of thanks for his forgiveness for our share in it all. Write soon, darling, to say how you are. I need not tell you that our party here has had quite a gloom cast over it; for I cannot conceal that I am

doesn't make the signt impression. And the boys—I've seen them grin and look at each other when you tell them about working your way tell them about working your way tell them about working your way through college. I wonder—''— a puzzled look—''why?'' ''They're coddled too much that's by the senior year, had suffered a sprained wrist at tennis and her why!'' roared the incensed father. "Riding to school—street car tickets! Huh! And the girls better walk too after this. They won't need any paint if they do." "Other was laid up with a slight some one had to take Marion to school and to the various little parties which her class was giving. won't need any paint if they do." "Oh, they've stopped using rouge —it seems it's gone out," innocent. y. "I couldn't make them do it, between her father could see that; and he had the balance of his re-sistance broken down when he saw ly. 'I couldn't make them do it. Mothers nowadays.'' ''I don't believe Marion feels that way,'' her husband rejoined defenbe relieved. The big car was so heavy to handle. der light crept into Mrs. Haley's "When I graduate you can give eyes. "She's so sweet and sensible me a little 'coop,' Daddy," she told



fully. "Well, the "All you want?" "Oh," laughing, "what I mean is, "Oh," laughing, "what I mean is, everything else. Betty's I have everything else. Betty's going to get a wrist watch, and Lucile a trip to New York. Margaret wants a diamond ring and Judy a platinum and diamond pin. But I have all those, and I've been to New York; so—" she smiled en-gagingly at her father, who stared back at her in a curious stupefac-tion After a curious stupefac-





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