TWO

## HER IRISH HERITAGE BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON

AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS"

CHAPTER XIII.-CONTINUED Something of this she mentioned

Clare one evening as they together after tea, under the to sat together after tea, under old apple tree in the orchard.

And I will miss you, Clare," she rather sadly, "Some way we said rather sadly, "Some way we seem to have become great friends -don't we?'

'I'm glad you think so Mary, replied the other, "for now I won't feel so awkward at something I want to say to you—a request I want to make."

want to make." "A request from me!" echoed Mary in surprise. "Why Clare, dear, anything that I can do—" "Wait a minute!" said the other. laughing. "Wait until you hear what I'm going to suggest! Mary, would you mind warm

would you—would you mind very much if I came down to Co. Clare with you !" "*Mind !*" cried Mary, "Why you know that I should be simply delighted ! But, my dear Clare, of this Home Rule myth. But mind

you don't know the country parts of Ireland—you don't realize—" "That's just it," interposed the other. "I want to know it and to

know the people. I've seen city life in Ireland and now I want to go to the country and see the life the people live there. I want to really understand their lives and ideals if I can — to feel at home with

Well, Clare, I needn't tell you how glad and thankful I will be to have you, if only for awhile, for 'm afraid that you won't stay there getting into any sort of trouble "Trouble !" echoed the long-the loneliness will seem dread-ful to you. And then I-I, well you know that I am not — quite well these days and not myself, and I'm afraid I'll be but poor company, and I m acre you away before long." "Only try me !" said Clare. And so the matter was settled.

Tom cycled out that evening and found Mary walking alone in the lane. She greeted him more cheer-fully than usual as he dismounted came up to her. Isn't it a lovely evening ?" she

said ; " let us take a little stroll stood before we go in.

Only too gladly he complied, wheeling his bicycle and glancing now and then at the beloved face beside him.

I wanted to speak to you, Tom," she said after a few moments' silence. "There is no one else who understands me as well as you do-no one else to whom I could speak as I am going to speak to you." "My dear," he said softly —

brokenly. But she went on as though she

had not heard him. "Tom, you know — you have guessed that God has sent me a terrible cross to bear—a cross that emed to me at first unbearable, and that even now is—very heavy. I - I was nearly falling under it altogether, and only for Angel — that is, if you ever will understand dear, dear little Angel !--I think I them, for it's a difficult job for have been lost, but her a stranger. As for the country spirit in some wonderful some of it is extremely wild, and would angelic spirit in some wonderful way reached to me when I was at other parts really beautiful but

back in spite of myself." he paused, trembling, and Tom, ing his bicycle against the treated to me when I was at other parts really beautiful but none of it is merely 'pretty.'" "Tell me," he continued, "what made you get this notion into your head ? for you know I don't believe that you will search that the the treated the search that the search the search that that the search that the search that the search that that me back in spite of myself." She paused, trembling, and Tom, leaning his bicycle against the head? for you know I don't believe hedge, took both her hands in his that you will ever stick it —

"Anthony O'Farrell is here," he said — Shamus, of course, always gave Anthopy the Irish prefix—" he only heard you were going south today," he added to Mary, "and as he knows that part very well he wanted to have a talk with you."

Mary smiled—but tenderly. "Ah! well, Shamus dear,"

unseeing eyes at the country through which they were passing. She had felt the parting from the Mary would rather not have seen Blakes, an especially had she suffered in saying good - bye to Anthony Farrell again-for they had not met since Easter, and she knew that he, in common with the Angel, who had clung to her almost rest of her world, had expected that she would shortly be settled in Dublin, and not be leaving for the country like this.

But she smiled faintly in assent terrible shock and grief through which she had just passed seemed and slipped her hand into that of Shamus, for like all those who knew to have used up nearly all the feeling which she possessed, and to have left her incapable of either him she was intensely fond of the brilliant enthusiastic Irish boy.

grief or pain to any great extent, and she was absolutely indifferent as to where she was going, or what "Well-Shamus! how goes the world with you ?" she asked." and how are all the Irish Irelanders these times ?" "Oh! we are all right!" he answered gaily ; "all working hard ; her future was to be Clare, on the contrary, looked

with intense interest at everything that was to be seen from her carriage window. She was feeling happier than she had felt for many a day—a strange feeling of rest and peace was upon her, and she was looking forward to her new life in the country with the joyful antici-pation of a school-girl. The scenery had gradually been changing in its you, the day is coming—and sooner perhaps than you think — when a torch will be lighted, and when it is lighted it will run like wild fire throughout the length and breadth of the land, and in every county aspect as they went further south, and now the low stone walls which divide the fields and which are such a land mark/in Co. Clare appeared. will a spark fall-sparks that will burst into flame and purge the bad

a land mark in Co. Clare appeared. Then stretches of bogland, with the pretty little/bog flower waving in the breeze; here and there was seen a cabin with bare-legged from the good, and purify this beloved land of ours !" youngsters waving at the train as it she said, "don't be doing anything rash. We wouldn't like to think of you passed, and perhaps their mother-her scarlet petticoat making a bright spot of color against the brown bog-would pause for a "Trouble !" echoed the boy. Why Mary, do you think I would

His only friend, Jack Abbot, enjoyed better success. He made no fortune, but still he made an honest living, an achievement not moment in her work to gaze also at the rushing monster. "Oh, Mary!" cried Clare, "do look at those goats and the dear little kids. And the boy with them —oh, it's just like an academy mind any trouble-any hardship-do you think I would grudge the last drop of blood in my body if it was for Ireland! Oh, Mary, I often to be too lightly regarded these

for Ireland! Oh, Mary, 1 often and often think what an honour— what a joy unspeakable it would be for me, if I could only say when Death called me— 'This is for Ire-land !' " which was to take them—at its leisure—to the end of their journey. Mary Carmichael had once been Mary shivered suddenly - why. she did not know then, but two years later she knew and under-

in Limerick for a few weeks visit-ing a school friend. It was now some years ago and her friend was no longer there but she remem-Entering the quaint drawingroom they found only Angel and the aunts. Clare Castlemaine and Anthony Farrell were out in the orchard and there we will follow bered the town pretty well, and volunteered to show Clare around a bit, after they had had some tea. So she piloted her about the them and find them seated under the old apple tree. Clare had been telling him that sleepy, quaint, old city, and as they Malone the Agnostic was praying. she had arranged to accompany Mary Carmichael to the country, and Anthony had listened in a strangely silent and preoccupied stood before the Treaty Stone, Clare listened with surprise to the story of the Treaty—' Broken ere the ink earth.

wherewith 'twas writ could dry.'' "But, Mary,'' she said, '' I don't remember ever learning that in my history lessons?'' mood. "You know that part of Ireland - don't you ?" she was saying. "What are the people like ? - and , I don't suppose you did.' said Mary drily; "it's very likely that you didn't hear much about the country—is it pretty ?"' "The people ?" echoed her companion rousing himself with an effort. "Oh well, you will have to go there to understand them— that is, if you ever will understand the penal days either, or Cromwell's marches through the land, or how

the people were treated in '98, or even how the dastardly Act of Union was really need?" knees, I suppose. Union was really passed ?" "You are right," said Clare, half inclined to smile at Mary's earnest-ness, "but those are all old tales

now-don't let us talk about them "Give me a cigarette," he said and I'll unburden my heart to Remember I have English blood in my veins, and between us these things are best forgotten !"

To her surprise the other turned and held them firmly. She looked up at him pitifully. "Tom," she whispered, so low that he had to stoop to hear her, "I-I have wandered very far from God these past days, and I want to - to and held them firmly. "Tom," she whispered, so low that he had to stoop to hear her, "I-I have wandered very far from God these past days, and I want to - to and held them firmly. "Tom," she whispered, so low that he had to stoop to hear her, "I-I have wandered very far from God these past days, and I want to - to her her tarned the loneliness, for anyone not used to it, is dreadful." "Exactly what Mary said when I so her surprise the other turned upon her almost fiercely. "For you—yes!" she said, "but they "But, Mary," returned Clare, triend's bitterness. "all this is

TO BE CONTINUED

Seat.' I'm putting my best into that. And if I fail-I'll take up

I shook my head. "It was given by Maurice Malone, the great artist. You've heard of him, of course?" I racked my brains. I take no great interest in art. Famous painters may live and die without my knowing it, but the name Maurice Malone seemed somehow familiar. "I things up. He took a duster and removed much of the smutty accumulation lying about, and, after Abbot had gone, set to work on his picture in real earnest. The little man paused and licked his lips. He was evidently getting dry. "Well," I asked him, "was his prayer answered?"

familiar. 'I may have heard of him,'' I replied, hesitatingly, "but my mind's hazy on the point." Thé little man looked disap-pointed. 'I was sir. Malone's great picture had an enormous success. People asked: 'Who is Malone?' 'The Judgment Seat' was accepted by the Academy, and boomed by the press. Surely you remember it yourself, sir? Why, the critics hadn't a word to say against it. How people talked and scribes wrote! It made as much sensation as a murder trial. It—it became the facing to press that sites You don't know about Maurice Malone ?" he exclaimed. "Then perhaps you would like me to tell Without waiting for my assent he plunged into the story there and then, and, as I had some time on my the fashion to praise that picture, whether you'd seen it or not." hands, I let him continue. His story,

He paused and sighed. "And what price did he get for it?" I asked. "£5,000. It was bought by the these lines. In Maurice Malone the soul of an artist lay concealed within a it ?" I asked. "£5,000. It was bought by the wealthy Julius Hogg, ham curer and

art patron." "And did Malone keep his promise

seen the sea, the desert, and very little of the land, but in spite of My eyes again sought the window unremitting industry his pictures were invariably left in his hands.

My eyes again sought the window with renewed interest. "So five minutes' prayer pro-duced worldly success," I mur-mured. "A good bargain! An excellent bargain! I suppose that was the making of Malone-he never looked back after that?" The little more concluded the Debts lay as heavily on him as dust on his furniture, and were equally ignored, though not so easily

What?" I exclaimed. "You mean to say the poor fellow sacri-

entered. The signe that caused him to stand still in wonder. The studio was usually in a state of supreme untidiness, but it was now a riot of confusion. Easels, pictures in that disorder "Sir," he said with dignity, "Maurice Malone was a man of hence," that disorder "Maurice Malone was a man of

and chairs were in that disorder suggestive of a raid for a hidden treasure. But these things made little impression on Abbot. What startled him was that Malone— towards the door.

silent and still-was on his knees; After two minutes Malone rose warming towards the little man. from his knees and returned to A tear trembled in his eye.

and curiosity still held me. "How do you know all these intimate particulars about Malone? I demanded as we reached the door.

Yes, I feel better now. You're astonished at finding me on my

"I am rather," replied Abbot, "knowing you to be such an incorrigible infidel." Malone laughed aloud. "You see," he concluded, "I'm Maurice Malone," and he disap-

with indignation. I gripped his hand and told him how shameful it and settled himself down to listen. was that he should be in that "Do you know what it is," com-menced Malone, his voice slightly genius should be so neglected. I raised, to have the brightest hope was angry with this heartless turned to darkest despair by an world. I pressed — well, what

But, then, there are many ways

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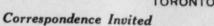
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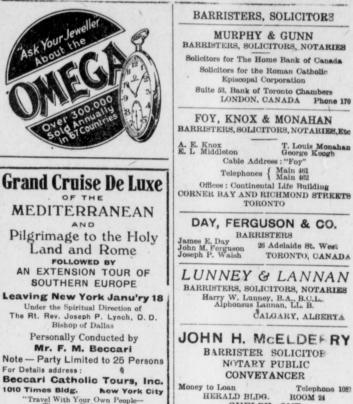
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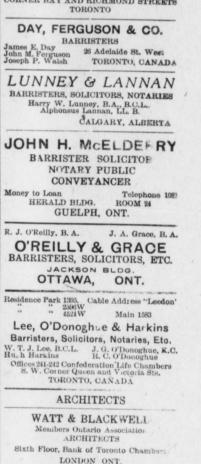
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cialists in Ecc

Constru

THE CATHOLIC RECORD "That's a very fine window," he half-finished painting. "That's going to be called 'The Judgment 'It is. The best of its kind I've Seat.' I'm putting my best into

remarked.

pointed.

removed.

times.

as far as I remember it, ran or

commonplace exterior. Malone was a prolific worker. He

produced seascapes, desert scenes and landscapes, without ever having

"It always looks well when the gardening." Abbot had listened patiently, and sun's in the west," he went on, speaking half to himself. speaking half to himself. "Do you know who gave that window, sir?" Labor had listened patiently, and now prepared to leave, while Malone started methodically to straighten things up. He took a duster and

and give the proceeds to the Church. "Every penny, sir. He had that stained glass window put in.

The little man coughed; there was a frog in his throat. "Not a bit of it," he said. "Malone never sold a picture before

but he's never sold one since! Malone is practically a beggar at One evening Abbot called at Malone Malone's studio. He stumbled up present.

four flights of uncarpeted stairs, tapped lightly on the door and

"You take an interest in art yourself?" I asked, for I was

After two minutes Malone rose "I did some painting once," he replied, "but not now." "Take a chair, old man, if you can find one," he cried, catching sight of Abbot. "Don't mind me."

I had been impressed by the story,

A faint smile encircled his lips. "I know all Malone's history-

his hopes, his despairs, his solitary success and his many failures. I know them because-""

peared into the shadows.

I quickly followed him, aflame

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eyes lit up and his honest heart leapt with joy within him. "Tom!" lower still, and with trembling voice, "I'm afraid! I don't know why — I think it is because I'm so broken up and nervous—but Confession seems to me now to be an ordeal that I can never get through. But oh! I me now to be an ordeal that I can never get through. But oh ! I want to go. Tomorrow will be Saturday, and on Wednesday you know I leave Dublin."

Just as if he had not the very

days counted ! "You will get to Confession or less. Then tomorrow, dear," he said, gently, tenderly as one speaks to a frightened child, and still holding her hands in his.

That is what I want," she said, " and, Tom, I want you - Oh! I want you to come to the church with me and wait for me - will ou ? It will not be so hard then." Tom Blake's self-command was

almost gone. "Oh! m my dear !-- my dear !' was all he could say. "You will then?" she said.

" Oh, Tom, thank you so much-so

these past days, and I want to — to go to Confession." He nodded quietly, while his grey lit up and his honest heart leapt with joy within him. He nodded quietly, while his grey lit up and his honest heart leapt with joy within him. He nodded quietly, while his grey have a special reason for going with Mary Carmichael just now." over and past, and surely you know that however badly England may have treated Ireland in the past, it was only because it was the way of

Anthony gave her a keen glance, as he said quietly— "You want to watch her spiritual

the world then to be cruel, and to take heavy revenges Why, sup-posing—I know, of course, its nonsense to even think of such a condition—so to speak? To see if the Catholic Faith as exemplified by thing !--but just suppose for the sake of argument that there was to be another Irish rebellion in these days, don't you know very well that

days, don't you know very well that England would show no cruelty or revenge herself in any way on the people. Why surely you know that if such a thing happened now the English people would act towards Ireland with just ce and mercy." To be computed in tigrant surpieces. "Well - yes," she said at last,

" I suppose that is my reason more

There was silence for a few To her somewhat in lignant sur-prise Mary Carmichael laughed. minutes, and then Anthony spoke again very softly. "Are you still in doubt, Clare ?

And it was a real laugh-such as she had not heard from her lately.

Are you still in doubt, Clare? Can you rot see even a glimmer of the Light of Faith yet?" "A glimmer—yes," she answered, brokenly, "but the bright light that will scatter the darkness from round my path—that has not come yet!" MAURICE MALONE'S

INSPIRATION But-with God's help-it will."

replied the man, reverently. "I have a strange idea," went on the girl, "that in some way I am to find that which I am seeking One afternoon I visited a certain church in the suburbs. I frequent-ly visit churches, partly, I admit

"Oh, Tom, thank you so much "" much !"
"For God's sake don't 'hank me, Mary !" he said then, crushing the hand she held almost fiercely to his breast; "don't thank me ! don't you know — don't you realize—" He stopped abruptly, for she was looking at him in puzzled surprise, and immediately Tom pulled him-

ever-recurring quick-change promatter how much I gave him." Later I found that the shabby friend's bitterness, "all this is

Abbot took up an easy attitude

Abbot placed an upturned chair on its four legs and sat down.

Malone smiled broadly.

stammered.

' I-I hope you are all right," he

cess?" "Yes, I've tasted it," Abbot little man made a regular income by the judicious use of his fertile imagination.

returned. "To paint great pictures in your mind, and have them blackened out with a tar-brush, eh?" Abbot nodded sympathetically. "Well, that's what my life has been," continued Malone. "I try my damnest, but all I have at present is half-a-crown in my pocket, and £5 in the bank. Balance that off with a handful of accounts and I'm-in debt."

"I try Catholic Fireside.

Abbot, truthfully.

was finished.

SUNDAY SUNSETS accounts and I'm-in debt."

WORLD NEEDS MORE LOVING 'I quite believe you," commented AND FRIENDLY HEARTS

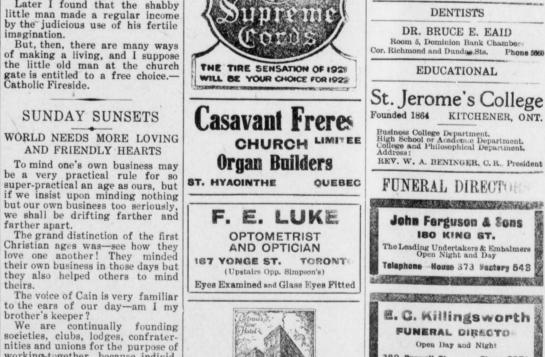
Aboot, truthfully. "The profession's all right, but the business of selling pictures is well-nigh hopeless. I've never sold one since I took up painting. Is that a confession of failure? Perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't. But I'm either a fool or no actiet." To mind one's own business may be a very practical rule for so super-practical an age as ours, but if we insist upon minding nothing but our own business too seriously. we shall be drifting farther and farther apart. But I'm either a fool or no artist.

But I'm either a foot of the whole Malone began to speak in jerks. "I became sick of the whole business about half an hour ago," he continued. "I got into a fury and started kicking things about." He appealed to the general disorder for corroboration. "Behold my work of half an hour ago," he said with a sweep of his hand. "I became sick of the whole Christian ages was—see how they Christian ages was—see how they they another! They minded their own business in those days but they also helped others to mind theirs. The voice of Cain is very familiar to the ears of our day—am I my brother's keeper? We are continually founding

We are continually founding societies, clubs, lodges, confrater-My temper was an outburst of despair, but it soon died down, and then a novel idea presented itself. working together, because individthen a novel idea presented itself. I had tried cursing, I would try ual estrangement is a characteristic praying-and you came in just as I of our day.

Loneliness and sorrow, despair, dire need and sickness call for the That's what startled me," Abbot remarked. "You take strange help and sympathy of warm and fancies, Malone. Didn't think you friendly hearts.

The stopped abridgety for site was hooking at him in puzzled support abridgety for specific and immediately Tom pulled him-freesure."
That swhat started me, Aboot is the been measured for him. I took is to be a beggar but he never asked for alms. Instead he followed me inside, and his every movement.
Then tomorrow I will call for ''. Then tomorrow I will call for you, '' he said in his pleasant every.
Will 1 speak now, or later when you have found that for which again. '' and now if we dor't make tracks for home the aunts will be thinking we are lost?''.
When they came in sight of the house they saw Shamus Blake lears.
When they came in sight of the house they saw Shamus Blake lears.
Ment they came an ad opening of our Lady's beautiful month, '' DAWN''.
It was a lovely day in the last meet them.
The solution of the dick as they came near and opening of our Lady's beautiful month, '' DAWN''.
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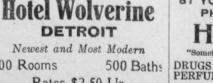
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