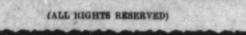
THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1904



THE LOVE STORY OF ALISON BARNARD

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

CHAPTER The French Wife.

might shoot your dearest friend with credit to yourself and him.

either side by portraits of his two wives.

N the picture gallery at Castle Barnard there hearts by way of consolation, and hangs a portrait of that was that Robert was approachthe ing middle age and showed no signs Robert Barnard, Squire of seventy-five of taking a wife. years ago, flanked on the

The unlikeness be tween the two women might draw your attention to the portraits. Per- day," said Mrs. James. "Yet they haps, indeed, you could scarcely fail fawn on him when it is done." to notice that of the first Mrs. "It is their nature." said J to notice that of the first Mrs. "It is their nature," said James, Barnard, whom people call the French using a foul epithet. James Barnard Wife. Miss Alison's hearing; nor, if you ture to him in all his life, and perare going round the gallery a mere sightseer with Mrs. Quin, the housekeeper, who is devoted to the Barnards and especially to Miss Alison, will you hear a word about the French Wife. But if you stay a while in the neighborhood and make friends with the people, you will abroad, bringing with him the French scarcely fail to hear the tale sooner wife. or later.

"What an enchanting face!" you will say, looking up at the face of the first Mrs. Barnard.

It is indeed an enchanting face, with all the innocent roguery and vivacity of the most exquisite child caught within the compass of its little" irregular features, its scarlet lips, its velvety brown eyes.

The flanking portrait will perhaps make you wonder that the man who had chosen the first wife could ever have made choice of the second.

The second Mrs. Barnard, who was a Vandeleur of the Moor, seems by her portrait to have been a large, handsome, red-haired, blue-eyed perwith down on her cheeks, and white and rosy skin that frethe quently accompanies red hair. She allooks proud even to insolence, thought she was poor enough the day Robert Barnard came courting her and that was the strangest wooing. Robert Barnard had one brother, James, and the hatred between them was unnaturally great, as sometimes happens with brothers. It had grown with their growth, and they could hardly meet without bitter speeches-choleric indignation on Robert's part, sly devlish sneering on his brother's

How they came to be the sons of one mother was the strange thing. Look at Robert's portrait, which is that of a bull-necked, square-headed, ruddy man, with a great shock of dark hair, and a strong, obstinate James Barnard is further down For a good picture-gallery.

There was one thing which James Barnard and his wife hugged to their

"He will die in a fit of temper one ofthese days," said James, smiling, "and then nothing can keep us out of Castle Barnard "It is all over the county how he horse-whipped a groom the other

They won't speak of her in had never touched any dependent creahaps had never desired to. But this dream, which made the years at the Moat, with its peeling walls and damp, unwholesome atmosphere, tolerable, fell in the fragments of a dream, when one day Robert Barnard returned from a visit

The marriage was the cause of some scandal in the neighborhood; and especially when it came to be known that she was a Papist. But when they came face to face with her, not one of the gentlemen could stand out against her. Now, for the matter of that, not one of their wives. There was something so winning, so alluring, so full of faith and goodwill and love for all the world, that you should have a heart of stone to resist her

To see her with Robert Barnard ordered him hither and thither as she might order some great obedient dog. They were never tired of being together and alone; and if they were not silent in a tender happiness, they were laughing like a pair of madcap children.

It was surprising what she could do with her husband. There was an cesses of temper-" old Papist priest in the town of Ballycushla, French like herself, who lived miserably, and could scarcely venture out but what the children The law is yet on the statute-book velled at his heels, and the rough boys flung missiles at him; and even people who ought to have known better looked and spoke insult into his thinks the worse-" old poetical face. He never answer-

ed except by a "Bon jour, monsieur," "Merci bien, madame." Perhaps, indeed, he did not know what they said to him, although he could ceed. But a few years—" ther James, who, under the altered scarcely mistake the intent. "Give me my clothes!" said Robert conditions, removed from the un-

him to endure the perpetual enmity,

insulted her and gentry who shut would shout with joy; and then, insulted her and gentry who shut seeing the mother's pallor, would re-buke her because she did not trust but dead children. But after twentheir doors in her face-bore him none him with creatures only less dear ty years at last a son lived-a gentle, patient, fair-haired lad, so unlike fathan herself

There was one love she had not thought of as threatening her dominion, the love bred in Robert Barnard's blood and bones for Castle Barnard. Yet this it was that caused her overthrow.

of spleen, people said. One night at the club Robert and James Barnard met at a card-table: no joy to Robert Barnard. It was an unchancy happening; and the peacefully-disposed wished the evening were well over, while others

crowded about the players in expectation of the quarrel that was cer-

The Trust. Anthony Barnard, Miss Alison's fatain to arise. Of late James Barn- ther, turned out bookish, which was ard had been more smiling, more the last thing anyone would expect a cool, more devilish than ever, not Barnard to be, or a son of futile, not ineffective in his malice Vandaleur for the matter of that. as he had seemed before; but danger- It is but fair to say, however, that ous, as though at last he had the Jane in her latter days repented the power as well as the will to strike. His smile made Robert mad. Pres-the French Wife, holding that the ently there was a dispute over an ace dead children were the judgment of

CHAPTER II.

which James had not played, and Heaven upon her, and became so which James had not played, and Robert charged him with it, "Peace, brother, peace!" said James Barnard, looking into the flushed face, his own a shade paler, if that were possible. "One of these did I say? No, but rather the son of his mother's place. days you will die in a fit if you yield his mother's repentance, for there to your passions, and I shall bave was something heavenly about An-Castle Barnard." thony Barnard. He was not a great The Squire chocked and strangled. bull of a man like his father, nor

veins of forehead and throat ruddy like both his parents. He was The swelled. He put his hand to his slender, and not very tall, and he had throat as though he could not a smallish, sensitive face, with blue breathe eyes full of light, and a peaceful "You!-you white-faced devil!" he smile. But although he had such a

cried, finding words at last. "You delicate seeming person ne was quite will never have Castle Barnard. You delicate seeming person he was quite cannot murder my boys, although I with any man, and was guite with any man, and was fitted in every way to be the lord of Cattle every way to be the lord of Castle boys!" repeated James Barnard, although his father, who "Your "Your boys! The law lived long enough to be aware of it, Barnard. not acknowledge a marriage wondered half-contemptuously at his doès like yours, made by a Papist couple- love of books. He himself had ne-

beggar. It is no marriage even in ver cared for them beyond the tooled since 'twas an elopement. and exquisite binding of the books on Assets over \$13,000,000 France. Your boys are-" the library shelves, which were a Robert Barnard's face turned purportion of the treasures of Castle ple, his eyes filled with blood. Half- Barnard.

a-dozen gentlemen rushed to him lest Yet perhaps because of the unlikethere should be murder. But before ness the son came in time to have a great influence with his father. like a log, while James Barnard, For years, although he was the heir, was a wonderful thing. She hung round his neck, she perched on his club-house, where people moved away him, and if his eyes fell on him by from him, as though he carried a pes- chance he turned away groaning, re-

tiler membering the children of the French When Robert Barnard came to him- Wife. For those had had all the self he was in a room of the club- round beauty and rich coloring of the house lying on a bed, and the doctor South, whereas the heir had never sitting by him had a finger on his much color or roundness, but soft, pulse silky hair, and large blue eyes, and a

"I have bled you," said he, "and tranquility of expression, all of which now you are to lie still. Such exremoved him by a great distance from his half-brothers, as well as from "You were there," said Robert his father.

Barnard. "You heard what he said?" Robert Barnard lived to see the lad "I heard. In a sense it is true. on the edge of manhood. By this time he was a great, gaunt, haggard, where the mad old King kept it. But old man, with a face so seamed by emancipation is in the air, it cannot trouble and such weary, bloodshot to pay rent. Literature free. be kept back much longer. No one eyes that anyone looking at him must have felt pangs of pity as one feels

"If I died to-morrow James would succeed me?'

Before the end came, he had, under "He would succeed you. Thorp the the influence of his son, extended a councillor says that he would suc- helping hand to the widow of his bro-

Anyhow it seemed worth while to Barnard, struggling up in bed. "Let wholesome moated house to a big,

over a beast in torture.



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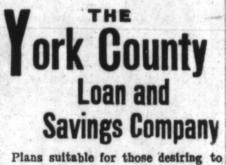
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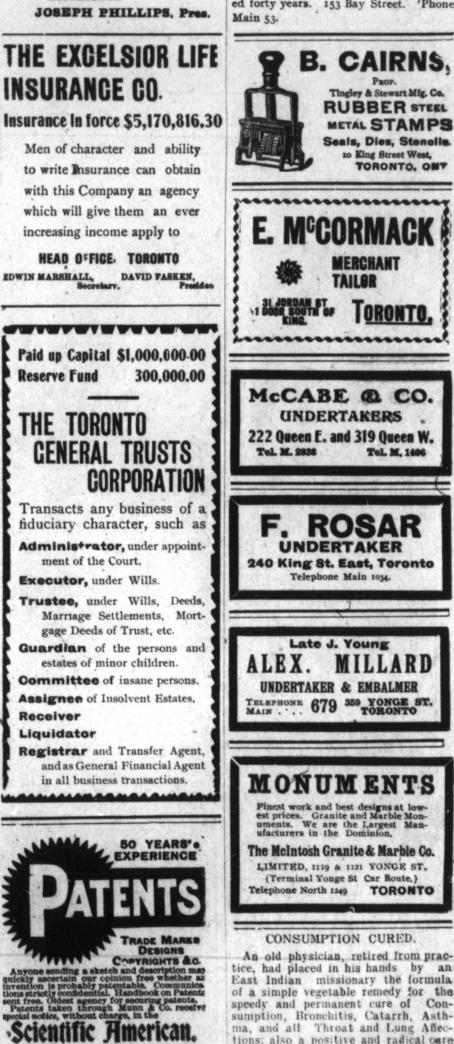
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Booting

many years he abode in the garrets the with grand faced, green-eyed, narrow-headed person, whom one could imagine goadthe bull.

There had been just one point of resemblance between the brothers, one plane of thought on which they met, and that was their love for Castle Barnard. The grey, old, immemorial house, standing round three sides of a grassy court, its gardens and pleasances, its park-lands and farm-lands, its great broad river slipping so gently by its walls under the arch of a bridge which is always full of green light; Castle Barnard, with its beautiful things within and without, set in that gracious country of meadow and pasture, with a shady coppice, fringed many about with blue mountains, was apt to be loved by successive Barnards with a greater love than they gave to mere humanity.

James Barnard, who had married young and had a wife whom Robert detested almost more than he did his brother, had in his heart the bitterest grudge against fate and the brother who was born a year his elder. That such a mere accident should mean so much! The younger sons of the Barnards were not well There was a family livendowed. ing to which a young son had been presented from time immemorial. James Barnard had shown no inclination for the Church. He had married a woman no longer in her. first youth, and unattractive; had bought a dreary-looking moated house, out of repair and long uninhabited; and lived there a nondescript life, half country gentleman, half cattle breedhorse dealer, farmer, with a steadily-increasing family, and little enough to keep them upon.

And that fellow Robert over at the Castle Barnard-James ground his teeth at the thought-Robert that never offered him a helping hand; had all but shut the door of Castle Barnard in the face of him and his-damn him! Not that he would take a farthing from him if he were dying of starvation! nor give it-damme! -nor give it! The contrast was glaring enough to give some color to James' hatred.

People were so accustomed to the Barnard feud that it was not often discussed. Robert was well liked. An open-handed, /generous, hot, intolerant fellow, easy to deceive, but unforgiving if once he discovered the deception. About James the opinion was as unanimous. A sneak, ill onditioned and ill-wishing. It was the fault of his own character that doors which had always opened to a It he entered the club men immediatebecame silent who had been talkat the tops of their voices.

Some charitably-minded person once iggested that James was a poor devil, and ill-used by fate. "His own fault," the others ans-

"Robert's purse-strings hang wered loosely than any other man's. If he loved him James might have ert would n?ver have squealed."

"If James Barnard had been m brother,'- said Sir Hyacinth O'Kelly, "I'd have called him out long ago

But Sir Hycy was a well-known bre-eater, and as immoderate in his maman, the tail of the fox."

positive danger that came at his face to the wall, but his periods of the year when popular a bull as against Robert Barnard, and grand-nicce, Alison, who is passions were inflamed, so that he the doctor saw the hopelessness of compassionate, and thinks that the might minister to the spiritual it. dead should win forgiveness, restored needs of a handful of his coreligionhim to his place. He is a white- ists, who were poor and thriftless, ame, ing his brother, as the picador goads and grey walls, dominated by the ual, and with the eyes of a man who slated roof and pepper-pot steeple of

the Presbyterian meeting-house. Scandal of scandals when the Castle Barnard carriage clattered over purpose, since nothing now could the stones the very first Sunday, and drew up at the door of the cabin, where the old priest hid his head and celebrated his masses, and out of the carriage stepped Madame, attired in elegant black, and might have been seen afterwards by anybody who peeped, kneeling on the floor of the mud cabin amidst the ragged congregation

Doubtless Robert Barnard winced over this concession to his love-bird; but he was a man who, once he had done a thing, would hold it right against all the world. And, being of this combative nature, he found

it, in time, pleasant to uphold Gabrielle in the profession of her faith ing a witness one day of how his across the path of the mute old priest on a fair day in Ballycushla, spattering him with the foulness of the road he across his brother's face, and then with fury.

In course of time two boys were nard. the old priest to be christened. Rob- and then. ert Barnard had words over this with the Rev. Mr. Meiklejohn, the Presbyterian minister, and flung him out of the kirk for ever. And if ly knew it, rejoicing as he did in the love of the French Wife.

Be sure people had noticed that Gabrielle seemed to have dropped from the skies. No one knew any- in his heart about the French wife. thing at all about her birth and par- He never meant to lose her, and, entage, or the circumstances in which Robert Barnard had married her. thought but he could bind her to his Only if people spoke to her of France, which was a strange and heathenish in her place at Castle Barnard, and country to most of them, thinking to bear him sons who would shut out give her pleasure, her eyes would fill James from the succession. But hidand her bright face suddenly become den in some secret place the French sad. Nor would it clear till she was Wife and her boys were to have all alone with her husband, and could that love and money could lavish on creep into his strong arms, and whis- them.

per to him that he was her world, and her country and her people. The boys were beautiful boys, brown her later, and half mad at his own and healthy, graceful as kittens, achelplessness. "Thy Church has blesstive and daring. Robert Barnard ed our marriage. The other woman delighted in them, would have them is nothing-nothing, only that she taught every manly sport from their will keep James out of Castle Barncradle, held their mother back when ard." her feminine timidity cried out at the risks he placed them in. They the dawn of day when she was to tooked to him, not to her, for praise enter into possession of the new Barnard were shut in his face; that and approval, although they loved home-for she had seemed to acher. set hedge at the end of the lawn on his pony, would send back the quick trace of her. Search as he would

trembled, but to the father, who ap- on her track; and although he search-Jean, riding to the meet plauded. of hounds with his father at the age cret heart a conviction that she of six, and slashing his breeches with his riding whip in true processional thing he had proposed to her. And, fashion, was childishly offended by indeed, in time he came to think that dipped as deep as he liked, and Rob- his mother's prayers that his father she was dead, since a woman and might keep him in check.

"See!" said Jean. "I shall be where father is, at the tails of the hounds and shot him, and rid the earth of a I shall rise-so! We shall be over his own heart and hers without getlike the hounds. Everyone praise me, and I shall bring thee, as people called her still-the country

my horse be saddle One might as well struggle against

"He goes to the little French Madto" be consoled," he said to in the ugly, prosperous Bible-reading himself, watching him ride away from life, he never thought of horse-whiplittle town, with all its slated roofs the club-house steps, paler than ushas seen a ghost.

Robert Barnard' was indeed on his way home, without any very definite make the boys legitimate in the eye of the law. "But it happened, while he took a short cut across the moor had Castle Barnard and its revenues which led him by the house door, he saw Jane Vandeleur of the Moor engaged in the homely occupation of churning; for the Vandeleurs had become very poor, and must work if they were to live. He only meant to ask for a drink of buttermilk, for the day was hot and he was turning faint. As she handed it to him, having given up the churning to a barefooted servant maid, he saw that she

was as ripe as a plum. Her arms were bare to the elbow and splashed with the milk. The neck of her dress was hisarranged, as in all else. So much so that, be- and her bosom rose and fell. Her cheeks were bright from the labor of brotherJames caracoled his horse churning and the beads of perspiration hung on the down of them.

God knows that as a woman she did not tempt him. His heart was lightly drew his whip in the French Wife. But the devil whispered to him that if he married rode on, leaving James spluttering her she would give him sons and James would never sit in Castle Bar-

born to him, and each was carried to "Will you marry me?" he said there

Her eyes lightened and darkened. "And you a married man! For shame, Squire Barnard!"

"Not I. The marriage does not anyone else frowned on him he hard- stand in law. It will be all over the country in a few hours. Come with me before the minister, and he will make us man and wife."

Heaven knows what madness he had knowing how she loyed him, he never purpose. Jane Vandeleur was to sit

"I have no real wife but thee cried Robert Barnard, struggling with

In the middle of the night before Small Pierre, leaping the quick- quiesce-the French Wife fled away with her children and there was no flashing smile, not to the mother, who Robert Barnard could not come uned like a madman he had in his se would die before she accepted the children cannot disappear so utterly

without leaving any traces. For long enough it seemed as When we come to a hedge though he had sinned and broken will ting the price. For Jane Vandaleur.

square, comfortable red house on the border of the county town, where her INSURANCE CO. children could have schooling, and it was easy and pleasant to live. Anthony Barnard was a great lover Insurance in force \$5,170,816.30 of peace, and so influenced his father at last, that after all his turbulent ping a groom or kicking a stable-boy

but was all for gentle words and ways; and was as much distressed by a loud voice or the noise of quarrelling as Anthony himself. After his father and mother were both gone, it was time for Anthony to look for a wife, and although he and everybody's goodwill and good word, it was not such an easy matfor people remembered the ter; French Wife, and there were a good many people to say that Anthony

Barnard had no right to the name of Barnard, much less to Castle Barnard And nothing would please Anthony Barnard but that he must lift his

eyes to the highest. He passed over the daughters of squireens who might have been willing to overlook the blot in his scutcheon. Indeed, if it came to that, perhaps the daughters of county magnates might not have been unwilling; for the charm that had wrought with his father wrought with others as well, and especially with women, for he had an exquisite courtesy and gentleness, and other gentlemen were rough and too sure

of themselves with women. However, none of these would content him. He met the young daughter of the Earl of Downe, Lord Lieutenant of the County, at the Hunt ball, and, like his father's son, fell head over heels in love with her, and she with him.

Be sure it was not an alliance to commend itself to Lord Downe, who was a proud, narrow, devout man, and one who held strong opinions on that old business of the French So he carried his girl away Wife. to England, and hid her in a town among pinewoods where there was an Evangelical Church open for services Sunday and a large amount of listrict-visiting to be done among he cottagers, who did not look as though they stood in need of any bod-

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Cough and Cold. Those who are suff-ring from Coughs. Colds, Hoarseness

ministrations. The quiet round had satisfied the Countess of Downe for many years. She was not Irish, and did not like Ireland, and her time in residence at Downe Towers was an uncomfortable time to her, and one to be hurried through as quickly as possible, so that she might get back to the more congenial atmosphere of Easton. The sluggish life was no anodyne to the girl rudely plucked from her lover. They were tender parents, but was the child of their middle she age, and they had forgotten how youth feels. The Sunday services, the district visiting, the occasional presence in the house of eminent diines and missionaries from India and Africa, the long pravers, the needlework for widows and orphans, did not content Amabel. In the midst of it all she grew paler and paler ev-

At last the parents became alarm-A distinguished physician came ed. down from town. He terrified them with the word "decline."

"Give her change,-gaietv, compan-"Above all, make her happy." forks, and all kinds of cutlery. (To be Continued.)

NOT TOWARDS US

Though "riches have wings" It seems to us they Will not use the things

sumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full Monkey Brand Soap cleans kitchen uten directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. sils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, -N. Y.

suff-ring from Coughs. Colds, Hoarseness A tiny pinch of salt added to cof-Sore Th cat, etc., should try BROWN'S fee before the boiling water is poured BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple and effectual on will accentuate the delicious flavor

BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple tage injurious, remedy. They contain nothing injurious, and may be used at all times with perf.ct Pies will be soggy if set on top of a hot stove after being baked. re-eater, and as immoderate in his maman, the tail of the lox. seech as in his actions. Else duell-g between brothers was not esteem-in these parts, although you smile and weep. But the father gain, what with common people that But for flying away