## HER IRISH HERITAGE

BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS"

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED

"Angel, dearest! what is it? what has happened to you?" asked Mary, coming to her other side,
"Oh, it's Mary Carmichael! It's
Mary Carmichael!" half sobbed the
girl. "She's in danger. I don't
know from what—but she's in awful danger, and she wants me—she is calling to me to help her! Oh, what will I do! what will I do!"
"Hush darling hush" said

"Hush, darling, hush," said
Mary anxiously. "You will make
yourself ill if you go on like this!
As for Mary Carmichael, sure we
are all troubled for her, but what can we do, when we don't know where she is?"

"She's in a great big room at dinner," said the sick girl, more quietly, "and there are a lot of other tables around, and people in evening dress dining—it looks like a hotel" that you were dining here tonight?" he asked of Mary sarcastically. Mary started as though—it had only occurred to her now to wonder how Tom knew where to come. She turned her inquiring gaze on

anxious as she tried to soothe her young sister.

"You have been dreaming, dearie," she said softly: "lie down now and rest—and don't worry any more. Mary is sure to be found sorred day seer." "And here his contemptuous glance swept for a moment over Ur. Raymond's person. "She told you all this?" breathed Mary, with trembling lips.

"Angel! and it was only when

more. Mary is sure to be found some day soon."

Angel turned impatiently from her. "Oh. Tom," she cried beseechingly, the tears streaming from her eyes, "go and find her, go and find her, go and find her, there is a man sitting opposite to her and talking to her, and I don't like him—I don't like him—I don't like him—I she called and the stream of the seemed to have forgotten her should be a seemed to h

Tom put her back gently amongst

find Mary Carmichael, and with God's help I'll bring her back to man.

Outside Angel's door, Mary looked at her brother rather doubtfully. "Are you really going on this wild goose chase, Tom," she asked. "It was surely only a dream that Angel had—is it worth while?"

Angel had—is it worth while?"

'Any chance — no matter how slender it may seem—is worth trying," said Tom quietly, "and you know Mary — although we cannot

quietly by, but as Tom turned to descend the stairs, he went after she cried.

after all. At the third hotel he found them-and they were seated opposite to each other at a little round table, and Mary wore her

Only for noticing these details, Tom would almost have passed her over without recognition—so greatly can expression and demeanour alter one. For this reckless woman with the hard look in her beautiful eyes, who sat with her elbows on the table flirting openly—defiantly, with her companion, bore indeed little resemblance to the sweet, modest Mary Carmichael of his thoughts and dreams. A glass of champagne -as vet untouched-was beside her plate, and they were evidently about half way through dinner, which meal, it seemed to Tom, Mary was forcing herself to eat.

His heart contracted within him, but he braced himself for the ordeal,

After all, even in these days, an odd Sir Galahad, may still be found wide her arms. in our midst.
"Mary," he said, quietly but

distinctly.
Starting violently, and deadly pale, she turned swiftly in her chair and looked at him.

Charles Raymond raised his eyebrows superciliously, a cynical smile playing around his lips, as he watched the drama enacted before him-although in his eyes it was

woman who was so dear to him-and never more dear than now in this her great hour of need-" and tonight-tonight she wakened from a short sleep calling for you, and would not be quieted unless I promised to bring you to her.'

Mary looked bewildered, and Charles Raymond surveyed Tom asked through his eyeglasses as though he were some unique specimen of humanity. He was far from pleased humanity. He was far from pleased at this interruption — he did not dream it would go beyond that— but although his gaze at Tom was insolent in the extreme, yet he could not help—from a medical standnot neip—from a medical stand-point—admiring the perfect phy-sique, the fearless eyes, and the honest, open face of the man before him. He saw too few of this type in his beloved London.
"Might one inquire how this

gentleman became aware of the fact that you were dining here tonight?

him now.

"Yes!—how did you know?" she frock—the one she wore at the dance before Christmas—and there is a red rose in her hair."

Mary smiled, but her voice was anxious as she tried to soothe her anxious as she tried to soothe her

And Mary wants me! She called surroundings for the moment, and for me, I tell you; she called for sat gazing before her, in a strange,

dazed way.

Tom was not slow to follow up her pillows.

"I am going now, Angel," he said quietly, "and if I have to search every hotel in Dublin, I'll reveal his torturing anxiety to get

you tonight!"

"Angel seems very ill tonight,
"Oh, Tom—thank you! thank
you!" and Angel smiled once more.
"Go now and don't delay a minute! doesn't see you. She has been in "Go now and don't delay a minute! doesn't see you. She has been in such constant pain also nearly all this week and her one cry, her one petition was — 'Oh! if only Mary Outside Angel's door. Mary looked Carmichael was here?'"

Carmichael was here!'''
Mary's face was working as she cloak around her as a matter of course, and stooping for her gloves mind, helped them to pull round which had fallen to the floor, he put them into her hands, for he once more. saw her eyes were blinded with

know Mary — although we cannot explain it—still this is not the first time that Angel has had her 'visions,' as she calls them—and they always proved more or less true."

Mary still looked sceptical, but she only said—

"tears—and thanked God for it.

Dr. Raymond sprang to his feet work in the realized Mary's intention.

"Oh! but look here!" he said, "surely you are not going off in this style? Let me come with you and wait for you. I'll—"

But Mary didn't even seem to hear him as she took. Tom's arm

she only said—
"Well! do what you think best, Indeed Charles Raymond, did he hear him as she took Tom's arm. dear—only don't be later than you can help coming home."

Mr. Blake had been standing now.

"Oh! hurry! hurry!" was all e cried. "Oh, Tom, let us and slipped something into his hurry?"

"I have a taxi waiting," said

Mary Blake opened the door for them, and cried out at the sight of "the other Mary" back once more, but Mary Carmichael would not

evening frock, and there was a red rose in her hair—just as Angel had her aside, only saying, "Angel! "Upstairs, in her own room," said Mary Blake, "go up dear—she

is expecting you."
Clare Castlemaine was with Angel when they heard the taxi stop.
"Here they are!" cried Angel,

trembling with eagerness, and clasping tightly the rosary beads, which she had never laid aside since Tom had gone on his mission.

"They?" echoed Clare, doubtingly. "How sure you seem to be, Angel—I wouldn't build too much on seeing Mary Carmichael if I were you."
"Oh! but I am going to see her I

know!" said the other, and as if in confirmation of her words, a quick light footstep was heard running and holding himself more erect up the stairs, and the next moment than usual he approached their the door opened and Mary Carmichael stood within the room. Angel raised herself and opened

"Oh! Mary! Mary!" she cried, "at last! Oh, you have come back to us at last!" cried,

Mary Carmichael, kneeling beside he bed, took the frail little form into her arms-and kissed away her "Yes, Angel, I have come back," she said, adding brokenly, humbly,

"back to you—and back to my reason, thank God!" echoed Angel happily, as she made the sign of only a rather amusing comedy.

For a moment Mary could not speak. Then her face hardened and speak. Then her face hardened and had food for serious thought as she had food for serious thought as she these things in the solispeak. Then her race harders had food for serious thought as she pulled herself together.
"What is it?" she asked in tones went over these things in the solitude of her own room later that of ice. "What do you want?" tude of her own room later that "Angel wants you, Mary," said night, while the little clock on the mantelpiece ticked away the minutes want to hours, and the face of our "Angel!"—there was a swift change in her voice, a softening of the countenance—"Angel! Is she—ill?"

mantelpiece ticked away the influtes and the hours, and the face of our Mother of Perpetual Succour seemed to grow more pitiful and compassionate as she gazed down on passionate as she "She has not been able to leave her bed for some days," Tom replied, his eyes resting sorrowfully on the pale troubled face of the CHAPTER XIII.

DEAR, COULD I ONLY TELL THEE! There is a country lane a little way beyond Rathfarnham and at the top of the lane—just before it branches off on the right to another road—stands an old white house. A gate and garden lead up to the jasmine covered porch. And such a garden! Dusty cyclists taking a spin into the country on hot summer afternoons, dismount and gaze at the wild riot of color and scent within; tired city mothers and fathers who have come out by tram and then started for their Sunday walk, have hard work to keep their numerous progeny from trying to push open the gate and explore the glories within. Did Miss Arabella Blake chance to be in the garden at such a moment, the hot grimy little hands would be quickly filled with sweet blossoms, for Miss Arabella had the entire charge and control had the entire charge and control of this really wonderful old garden, and she was good nature itself, and always ready to give of its abundance to others. On the left of the porch was the diningroom window, porch was the diningroom window, the drawingroom on the right, and overhead the bedrooms. At the back of the house stretched the paddock and fields and poultry run; to the left the orchard and vegetable garden. Miss Anastasia Blake had care of the orchard and poultry, and Miss Jane the eldest of the and Miss Jane the eldest of the three sisters was housekeeper and also looked after the accounts, for the Misses Blake did a good business by the sale of their milk and eggs.

They were Mr. Blake's other sisters, and the house and land belonged to their mother, who had left it by will to her "girls"—as they were then. They were all older than their brother and very old fashioned in their views—mid-Victorian one might be some the sister of t Victorian one might say—and looked upon the present generation with a sort of surprised horror. Mary got on well with them, as was Norah was too flighty, and Bride's social work was intensely disliked by them. That a young gentle-woman should have anything to do with a young the work was intensely disliked by them. with such things! They simply could not understand it.

But with all their prejudices and rather narrow-minded views they were warm-hearted and sincere, and really loved all their brother's family. When any of the Blakes were run down or seedy, or merely out of sorts physically or mentally, a few days at Daisyfield, where they got rest of both body and mind, helped them to pull round helped them to pull round

that Mary Carmichael had come to spend the remaining ten days of her leave. Angel accompanied her, for the sick girl had been so de-

visit to Daisyfield. She was a prime favorite with "The Aunts" -by which title the Blakes always spoke of them—and a hint from Tom about her trouble was enough to enlist all their sympathy and to

as flowers went the garden was not yet in its full glory-although radiant enough-but away to the left was the orchard-one mass of exquisite blossom.

The three Aunts stood in the old said. fashioned porch to welcome her, and as she felt their gentle kisses, and heard their low-toned voices for the Misses Blake never spoke loudly—giving her a welcome which she knew to be so sincere; the tears started unbidden to her eyes. Angel, in her basket chair—a gift from Clare—being drawn up the garden path by Tom, who was pretending to be quite exhausted by the exertion—created a welcome diversion for Mary, and by the time she was upstairs taking off her hat in the prettily draped chintz bed-room, she felt better in every way.

A real country tea was set out in the long dining room, a good down" meal with plenty of hot cakes and home made jam and cream, and Mary to her surprise found herself eating more than she had done for many days now. Tom and Angel—watching her with loving eyes, Angel's openly adoring, and Tom's love hidden beneath his whimsical badinage—were delighted to see the little touch of color in her cheeks, the little look of interest in her sad eyes.

But the Aunts, who only knew a little about the recent events and had not realised how deeply she had suffered, were secretly shocked at suffered, were secretly shocked at her changed appearance, and after tea, when Mary was comfortably seated in an armchair beside Angel's couch in the sweet old drawing-room, Miss Arabella, under the pretext of showing him some special flower, wheedled Tom out into the garden and there put him through his catechism. He told her as much as he knew—which, after all, was a mere outline-and her indignation knew no bounds.

"A heartless villain!" she said more bitterly than Tom ever remembered hearing her speak before, "an ungentlemanly cur! Can you do nothing in the matter, Tom? In my young days such an turned again to his visitor he placed a check for ten dollars in her hand.
"You are very generous, and I thank you," she said.
"You are very welcome," replied Peter.

insult to a young gentlewoman would not have gone unavenged.

Tom smiled half sadly.

"Autres temps, autres maurs, dear Aunt," he said: "If I were her brother or any relative I might take some action—but even then I don't think that Mary would let. me. She cannot bear to allude to the affair at all—has never spoken of it as far as we know to anyone. And I—I have no right to approach her on the subject."

Miss Arabella's soft, blue veined old hand was slipped into Tom's strong one, as she said softly—

"But you would like to have that "Are you going down?" inquired Miss Page. "If you are, I would like to show you one of our protegees. She is waiting in the hall."

"Yes, I am going," said Peter taking his hat from its peg above the desk and following his visitor into the corridor, where a thin, pale child of seven or eight, in a faded blue-gown and shabby hat, was standing. She looked up at him with her large brown eyes, pathetically soft and wistful.

"This is Nellie," said Miss Page, taking her by the hand. The little girl smiled and so did Peter. strong one, as she said softly—
"But you would like to have that

"But you would like to have that right, dear boy—is it not so?"
And although her nephew did not reply in words she read her answer in the honest grey eyes looking down into hers. The following days passed peacefully, if not happily, for Mary Carmichael. Some of the Blakes came out from town of the Blakes came out from town of the Blakes came out from town work days and More folt. of the Blakes came out from town every day, and Mary felt a real thrill of pleasure when Miss Jane asked Clare Castlemaine to come and stay at Daisyfield for the remainder of Mary's holiday. That holiday was getting very short now, another few days and she would be many, many miles away from her beloved Dublin. Such as he had not experienced in many a day. "I hope you will enjoy yourself, Nellie," he said.
"I only wish Grandma could go," replied the little girl.
The elevator appeared and they descended to the ground floor. In the vestibule Miss Page said:
"Nellie is very fond of het grandmother—who is a deer old lady. many, many miles away from her beloved Dublin.

Nurse Seeley and Daisy Ray had done all her packing for her at St., Columba's, and sent on her trunks, so that she had nothing in that line

to worry her. Indeed all her friends were kindness itself to her, and, benumbed with misery as she still was to a certain extent, she could not help feeling their good-TO BE CONTINUED

#### THE EVOLUTION OF PETER DENISON

By Mary E. Mannix in Rosary Magazine Peter Denison sat at his desk busily writing. The other clerks had left the office at five, but as was his custom Peter still lingered, partly because he felt more at home in the place where he spent nearly all his waking hours than in his lonely room, but more by reason of the fact that he was obliged to "catch up" at the close of working

He was forty years old and had been in the employ of the company for twenty of those uneventful years. His companions teased him because they liked him—and thought that the best way of expressing their regard. He realized this and secontal their research. ized this and accepted their pranks as compliments. They were com-panions only in the sense that they worked together in the office. Peter had no intimates. No one And it was to this quiet refuge could have called him morose—or even unsociable; he was too amiable to be classed as either. His acquaintances had long ago given up

belated work completed, he closed his desk, and leaning back in his chair looked down from the fourand slipped something into his hand.

"Take a taxi, Tom," he said quietly, "it will make your search easier and quicker."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom gratefully, and he knew then that he had his father's sympathy.

Tom Blake's search was not long after all. At the third hoteh he

made him feel lonely. As he mused, someone tapped on the half-open door. Peter rose. "Come in," he

A girl past her first youth entered. She was neatly dressed in becoming garments, from the wellfitting shoes to the plain but not inexpensive hat that crowned her hair, brown and abundant. Smiling brightly, she stood on the thres-

"Yes," replied Peter, adding:
"We meet now and then in the elevator, I think."

"Yes," she answered. "Our offices are on the floor above—I was here this morning interviewing the staff, but you had gone out for a moment. Seeing the door open, and you at your desk, I ventured to look in. I have come on a business errand, Mr. Denison." "Yes?" responded Peter, expect-

antly.

"And a charitable one at the same time," continued Miss Page.

"Yes?" observed Peter once

"No," replied Peter. "I never

"Well, now you are," replied
Miss Page, with another charming
smile. "You know, of course, all
about it?"

A stage conveyed him to
which he reached about
three in the afternoon.

The dwelling was a
white house which stood
by trees, at some distant Yes, I have read of it," replied

Peter, "and thought it an excel-lent charity, though I have been remiss in giving my mite towards it.

Now, with great pleasure I shall
try to make amends."

He stepped to his desk, opened it
and took out a check-book. When
he turned again to his visitor he

girl smiled and so did Peter.
"She is one of the children whon

mother—who is a dear old lady, but unable to leave her bed. Kind neighbors will take care of her during Nellie's absence. The poor are very good to one another, Mr.

are very good to one another, Mr. Denison."

"So I have heard," replied Peter vaguely. "It is a fine trait of humanity."

They walked along together. "Here is a man," thought Miss Page, "a man with a kind heart, who knows very little of his suffering fellow creatures. I am going to

who knows very little of his suffering fellow creatures. I am going to try to help him to a better acquaintance." To Peter she said:
"Mr. Denison, I shall be at the Farm while Nellie is there—in fact, for six weeks this summer. We should be very glad to have you visit us, and see for yourself the workings of our organization and workings of our organization and the great benefit the children derive from it. You will be surprised and pleased, I am sure. We have over a

hundred children at a time."

"A large number," said Peter.

"I shall be glad to go. How do I get there? Where is it?"

She gave him the address and they parted at the corner, after a laughing au revoir from Miss Page and a soft appealing glasse for and a soft, appealing glance from the brown eyes of her little charge. Before he knew it Peter Denison was at home. He sprang so lightly

up the stairs that his iandlady, looking out from the door of her sitting-room exclaimed:
"Why, Mr. Denison, I thought it was young Mr. Brown. There's been a lady asking for him and I'm

wanting to catch him before he goes out again." As she spoke Peter acknowledged to himself that his step had been unconsciously light and quick ever since he had parted from Miss Page for the sick girl had been so delighted to have her friend back again, that she seemed to have gained a new lease of life and strength, and appeared stronger than she had been for some time.

Saking min to a saking min to a some that of a solitary.

In a manner the reputation was since he had parted from Miss rage at the corner. And he realized the deserved. But no one suspected that it was not from choice that that it was not from choice that acquired a new interest—a human interest which made him feel unusually buoyant and pleased with him-Peter lived like a hermit. He was painfully shy, and as the years went by the shyness was intensified.

On this particular evening, his interest which made him feel unusually buoyant and pleased with himself. How sweet and appealing were self. How sweet and appealing were the innocent eyes of that little child, thought Peter, and how at ractive the face and voice of the devoted

> upon an evening's recreation.
>
> Peter sighed. The sight always expression of kindness and honesty which makes the plainest features attractive.

He went down to dinner in unusually good spirits, passing afterwards into the livingroom with the other boarders, a circumstance which led one of the ladies to remark:

"There is really something quite attractive about Mr. Denison, when he condescends to come out of his "I am Miss Page, of the Bureau of Charities," she said. "This is Mr. Denison, is it not?"

Peter began to find himself look-

Peter began to find himself looking forward to his vacation time with pleasurable anticipation. He had an objective point this year. Usually he spent it in the library, or sitting in the park with a book, with an occasional tramp into the country, or short boating trips to one or another of the beaches. This year he had decided to visit the Fresh Air Fund and spend a few days in its vicinity, if he could find quarters.

When he left the boat which had taken him the greater part of his "Yes?" observed Peter once more.
"It is about the Fresh Air Fund for poor children. Have you subscribed?" taken him the greater part of his journey he carried in one hand a light valise containing his clothing and a few books, in the other a large package of rather awkward shape and apparently. shape and apparently quite heavy. A stage conveyed him to the Farm, which he reached about half-past-The dwelling was a large old white house which stood, surrounded

by trees, at some distance from the gate, through which were pouring as he arrived a bevy of young chil-dren escorted by several ladies. as he arrived a bevy of young children escorted by several ladies. The children were jumping and shouting to their hearts' content, and Peter could hear the word, "Blackberries! blackberries!" repeated in joyful tones, again and again. And then he saw that every child carried a basket such as come from the graceries containing the

from the groceries containing the smaller fruits. And there, a short distance behind the crowd came Miss Page and Nellie, hastening to keep up with the rest of the "You are very welcome," replied













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