

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

THE LOVE STORY OF ALISON BARNARD

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

(Author of "The Handsome Brander," etc.)

Synopsis of Instalment I.—Robert Barnard and his brother James hate each other. Robert brings to Castle Barnard a French wife, and has two sons. During a quarrel, James taunts his brother with his illegitimacy, asserting that he will yet inherit the family property. Discovering the truth of his brother's gibe, Robert is torn between love for the mother of his children and hate of his brother. To provide a legitimate heir he marries Jane Vandeleur, who eventually bears him a son, who, having attained manhood, falls in love with the only daughter of the Earl of Downe, who objects to the match. His daughter pines for her absent lover, until the doctor urges that her only chance of life is to keep her gay and happy.

Chapter II.—Continued.

The Duke and Duchess of Downe had forgotten how to be gay; indeed, to them, gaiety smelt of sin. As for happiness—

"Would you like to go abroad, darling?" the Countess asked fondly, hanging about the girl's sofa, for the sickness, once it set in, had increased with alarming rapidity. On the other side of the sofa stood Lord Downe, nervously clasping and unclasping his fingers, his lean, freckled, grey-whiskered face haggard with anxiety.

"I only want one thing," Amabel said, tossing uneasily. "Nothing else will make me well. You know what that is, and you will not give it to me."

She was something of a spoiled child, and in the fretfulness of her sickness she did not think of sparing those tender parents, who at the present moment were standing between her and happiness.

They held out a day or two longer. Then their resistance collapsed. They could not see her die before their faces—she, their only child. Anthony Barnard was summoned, and came, wearing the peaceful and radiant face which seemed to bring a benediction to the house.

From the instant he entered her room and knelt down by her sofa to kiss her hand, Lady Amabel improved. She had been fretful and exacting before. She was exacting now with her lover, but no more fretful. No one could do things for her as he could. None could fan her so steadily and gently, none lift her, or smooth the pillows for her head.

After watching him dumbly for a few hours the Countess capitulated. "Such love, such care!" she said to her husband, the tears running down her long aristocratic nose. "We have not so many years to live, Rodney; to whom else, in all the world could we trust her?"

"If there were not the other wife and family!" the Earl grumbled. Soon Lady Amabel was so far recovered that there might be talk of wedding-days. The bride-elect was not inclined for any more partings. It might as well be done here at Easton, by the bishop of the diocese, who had poured the baptismal water on Lady Amabel's head.

"The child has made her choice," said the Earl with a hand on Anthony Barnard's shoulder, as the two stood face to face in the library at Easton, "and I could not have wished for a better, so far as you yourself are concerned. But I will not conceal from you that there are things in the past of your family—"

"I know," said Anthony Barnard. "I have wanted to speak to you about them, Amabel knows. It makes no difference with her, God bless her! Nothing could make a difference with her. As a matter of fact I hold Castle Barnard in trust for my father's sons by his first wife. I have spent a good slice of my income since my father's death looking after them. I have a conviction that some day we shall discover them."

"And then?" gasped the Earl. "And then I shall step down and out," said Anthony Barnard. "But my dear fellow!"—the landed proprietor, the man of many possessions, came to the front in the Earl—"It is noble of you; but a man about to marry!"

"I have thought of that. I would not marry a woman who was unwilling." "And Amabel is willing?" She is only a generous child. Your children—

"If I have children I shall hand on to them the trust my father gave to me." "It is your father's trust?" "He died peacefully when I had forgiven him. If ever a soul won forgiveness it was his. He suffered, indeed he suffered. There was not a moment of his life in which he was not started for the life he had lost. My poor mother—"

Anthony Barnard turned away his head quickly, and the Earl's clasp upon his shoulder tightened. "Well, well!" he said. "Well, well!" He could not think of no other form of sympathy, being a man of few and dry words. "It is lucky that I have saved during my lifetime, and that my investments have turned out well. The land on which the town of Easton is built I bought for a song. It was a desert of sand and pines. The Lord has blessed me, perhaps in anticipation of this hour. The estates go with the title to my nephew, Lord Shanklin. But Amabel and Amabel's children will have enough, even if Castle Barnard has to be restored one day."

"I had not thought about Amabel's dowry." "Of course not, of course not, my dear fellow!" The religious man in the Earl was pushing the other out of sight. "What you have told me raises you higher in my estimation, if that were possible. Of course it is not the money, not Castle Barnard I thought of."

"I know," said Anthony Barnard again. "In strict equity, it is I who am an illegitimate." "Not that!" "The Earl lifted his hands in horror at the word." "Yes, that!" His face was growing brighter and brighter. "I said it to Amabel. She was not shocked. She said she loved me better for it. It my father had been har-

dened in his sin I should have been ashamed. He was saved as surely by his repentance, and his long agony, more surely than if he had been godly from the beginning. I am the child of my father's salvation—and of my mother's.

There was something certainly almost supernatural in the fact that Anthony Barnard should have sprung from that race of fierce and unregenerate passions.

After Lady Amabel died, and that was in the fourth year after their marriage, he became a gentle recluse, shutting himself away in Castle Barnard with his books and his one daughter, as though the world had no concern further for him. But he was still accessible to those who needed help.

The revenues of Lady Amabel's fortune had made him a rich man even beyond the unexacting standard of those parts. It came to be said of him that none ever applied to him really wanting help and was refused. Those who were his tenants or in any way dependent on him had cause to bless the happy fortune that had made them his.

Neighboring landowners grumbled because his beneficence made their own tenants discontented. But none could say of him that his benefactions were not as wise as they were generous. He was not one to be imposed on, to give to the worthless gifts meant for the worthy. On the contrary he was shrewd even when he was most generous, and the spendthrift, and the ne'er-do-well, in time learned not to face that steady, bright gaze of his.

He was a bookish man, and he kept his daughter's education in his own hands. His own liberal delight in communion with the great minds of the world he imparted to her. He was a virtuoso of a kind, and when he had taught her the living and the dead languages he took her abroad, where they might see the finest pictures, hear the finest music, and under skies of Greece and Rome, become acquainted with all that is most beautiful in the art of the ancient world and the modern.

Nor did he neglect his girl's bodily education. Since she was to succeed him at Castle Barnard she must know the things that befitted a country gentlewoman. She must be a good horsewoman, a clever whip. The dance flowing under the walls of the Castle gave her opportunity to be an oarswoman. Something of farming she must know, so that she could better appreciate the difficulties of those who depended on her. She must be a business woman, so that no man of business could intervene between her and them. He was one of those who held this, that and the other thing useful for women's learning. Books and newspapers, scientific and learned treatises were laid before her, as were the poets, the essayists, the novelists. She must know something of politics or be an anomaly in a country where everyone is born to an interest in politics.

He preached to her, day in and day out, the love for Castle Barnard, which had come down to him from his father. "Love it, child," he would say. "Guard its treasures, be proud of its glories; but ever and always be ready to leave it."

For the trust had been handed on to Alison as soon as she was able to understand. Her father's eyes rested proudly upon her when at last she was a grown woman—a stately, lily-like creature, with a rich and austere feeling for dress which made her look like a Venetian portrait. It was a long step from Robert and James Barnard to this product of the arts and graces, for they had been rough, coarse, even in the precious setting of Castle Barnard.

Whereas she—It was her father's pleasure to have her painted in the picture gallery, her hand on her husband's head, her eyes looking down on the Rance, where it flowed to its arch below, the sky reflected in the waters mirrored again in her eyes. She is wearing a trailing gown of orange velvet, almost too magnificent for youth and slenderness. There is fur at her neck and wrists, and a little cap of velvet, cross-hatched with pearls, rests on her soft, shining hair.

He had an Italian, one of his numerous proteges, to do it; and the generosity which gave him the reward of a great painter was not misplaced. "You are more dear to me than Castle Barnard," he said to Alison at this time, and his air conveyed that the speech was an extravagant one to his own sense.

"And you are dearer to me," she said. "I love Castle Barnard, but I confess I can never think of it without thinking also of the things that were done for its sake."

"Ah!" he said. "It will be easier for you to leave it if the rightful heir should come in your time. I don't mind telling you, Alison, that if it had been asked from me in my time it would have broken my heart."

"It may be asked from you in your time," she said, smiling at him. "Why do you speak as though your time were past?" He shook his head, and all of a sudden she noticed that his hair had grown white.

Whether he knew anything or whether he did not—the Barnards were never the sort to trouble doctors much—he was found not long after lying with his cheek on an illuminated page which he had been reading in an open book on the library table. It was Alison who found him and he had been dead then for some hours. The moonlight was on his hair and face, and you could not say which was the whiter. A smile like moonlight yet lay upon his lips.

He was still in middle age, and of such apparently sound health that the cause of his death could not at first be located, till it was discovered that he had an aneurism of the heart of long standing. "It was my mother's death," said Alison to herself. "Yet he lived till I was grown up by sheer force of will and courage. But oh, my darling, how unfitted I am! How shall I ever

son to the eye, but I assure you that he is going to set us all by the ears." Alison sighed, a hardy perceptible sigh.

"You mean he will go into Parliament, and be a firebrand. He will work up the Lodges. He will implant on their mediaeval methods something American, practical, ever so much more objectionable."

"You will see, you will see," said the old lady, her eyes twinkling. "He will be a great man in Ballycushla," said Alison, regretfully. "I thought we were going to be quiet. There is some dormant hatred and intolerance in Ballycushla still. In time it might die out if it were left. Why should we not become more Irish than the Irish? Although the smoke of Ballycushla is on the sky our people are Celts and of the religion. We have been long enough here to forget that we ever were settlers. That was what papa always said."

Mrs. Tyrrell's eyes sparkled. "I told him how it would be when he fostered you on Mary Burke," she said. "The Barnards were always against the people in the old days. So were the Earls of Downe. I am ashamed to say that my family and the Tyrrells were suspected of rebel sympathies. My grandfather was a dear friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald."

"You don't look the least bit in the world ashamed of it," suggested Alison. "You must try to dissuade Gerard Molyneux from his wild courses," went on the old lady, her eyes brighter than ever. "We don't want to be set by the ears, do we? Upon my word, my dear, the older I grow the more I am infatuated with peace. I don't know that I like one set of agitators better than another. You must try to turn Gerard Molyneux from his wild courses."

As she spoke the door of the drawing-room was opened, and a servant announced the man of whom they were speaking. "What an opportune arrival!" cried Mrs. Tyrrell, holding out both her hands. "Sir Gerard, I wish to present you to your nearest neighbor and my dearest friend, Miss Barnard."

Alison looked at him with interest. He was very unlike a firebrand, this rather short, elegant, slim person, with the dark, Spanish face, olive skinned, the bright eyes, the quick smile.

Sir Gerard, on his side, looked with interest at the young lady of whom he had heard a good deal. She was wearing a severe, tailor-made gown, cut like a riding-habit. On her shining fair hair was a black hat with feathers. She had driven herself over to see Mrs. Tyrrell, and her little strong gauntlet gloves were the last item in a most business-like toilet. She extended a hand to him, and he took it into a close, warm grasp. The blue eyes and the brown eyes met. It was a case in which soul leaped to soul; the sympathy between the two was as assured as though they had grown up from childhood together.

"Sit down now," said Mrs. Tyrrell, "and tell us about your plans. I have been telling Miss Barnard that you were going to set us all by the ears. She has chosen to suppose that you are going to beat the Orange drum—beating the Orange drum, and beating the green drum are the only form of setting by the ears she knows of. Come,—undeceive her!"

Sir Gerard looked at Alison, and his bright eyes expressed confidence and assurance. "If it were any other young lady," he said, "I should hesitate. I think perhaps I may be sure of Miss Barnard's interest."

"Oh, go on," said Mrs. Tyrrell, "she is as bad as yourself. I don't know what the country is coming to."

Sir Gerard leant forward as though his interest had quickened. "The first thing to do," he said, "is to keep the people at home. Every day the countryside is being emptied of life, and the same thing is going on all over the country. We must make it the best place on earth for them. We must make possible the coming of the day when it will be shameful for the country's children to desert her."

"Isn't all Ireland a congested district?" asked Mrs. Tyrrell with pretended simplicity. "So I have been told, that there is nothing for the people to live on. What are you to do when every soul in the country has only a mile or two of space to itself? I don't speak with accuracy, of course; but it has always seemed to me, when I have been told that the people ought to be emigrating that a mile or two of land must go to every inhabitant of the country. I speak under correction; but of course we are a congested district. When every soul has twenty miles to itself it will have a chance."

She spoke with a half bitter humor perhaps because for some weeks past she had been listening to Sir Gerard Molyneux, and had caught his tone. "A congested district," he repeated after her, and the sudden blood leapt to his face. "Dear friend, if you could see the congestion of a New York block of dwellings, thirteen stories or so in air! They had better starve here. There the congestion is—the congestion of hell!"

(To be Continued.)

The Japanese and Christianity

The country is thoroughly convinced that education is a necessary factor of progress. It has also realized the superiority of Western ideals and methods; it considers that knowledge is power, and in its eagerness to assimilate it, knows no bounds. It may even be said that it utilizes it with a too great avidity and forgetting the fact that without Christianity, it seizes the fruit without the tree. Christianity being purposely discarded, this must have fatal consequences on the future formation of the people. The nation may ape some of the aspects of civilized states, stand side by side with the great kingdoms of the Western World, but the savage impulses, the unbridled lusts of the natural man, the tyranny of evil will may sway her as heretofore. Vainly may we reckon upon the influence of Confucianism, Shintoinism or Buddhism, the laws of necessity and self-respect; these are all weak factors. Without Christ, the moral man is unregenerate, and this will, despite generous efforts, clog her onward march towards true progress and a full realization of Western ideals.—"Japan and Western Education," by M. Kennelly, S.J., Shanghai.

She had whispered mysteriously to Alison of the new baronet whom she had been quick to welcome to Killynoe. "Wait till you meet him," she had said. "He is such a harmless per-

Companies THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY INCORPORATED 1881 FIRE and MARINE HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL \$2,000,000

Assets: \$2,500,000 Annual Income: \$1,250,000 Losses paid since organization: \$1,500,000

Directors: Hon. G.B.A. Cox, W. K. Brock, Esq., Geo. E. R. Cookburn, E. H. Selst, Esq., Robert Beatty, Esq., J. E. Osborne, E. H. Wood, G. C. Foster, Secretary.

WM. A. LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS 14 VICTORIA STREET. Phone: Office Main 592. Phone: Residence Main 2075.

Established 1824 The MANCHESTER FIRE Assurance Co. Head Office—MANCHESTER, ENGL. H. S. MALLETT, Manager and Secretary Assets over \$13,000,000

Canadian Branch Head Office—TORONTO. P. JAR BOOMER, Manager. T. D. RICHARDSON, Asst. Manager. W. A. LEE & SON, General Agents, Phone Main 592. 14 Victoria St. Toronto

THE York 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 which will give them an ever increasing income apply to

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO EDWIN MARSHALL, DAVID PARKER, Secretaries, Presidents

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.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS & COPYRIGHTS

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 65 F St., Washington, D.C.

THE INFANT takes first to human milk; that failing, the mother turns at once to cow's milk as the best substitute. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is a cow's milk scientifically adapted to the human infant. Stood first for forty-five years.

In washing woollens and fannels, Levers Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

Legal ANGLIN & MALLON BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Offices: Land Security Chambers, 5, W. Cor. Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto. F. A. ANGLIN, K.C., JAS. W. MALLON, LL.B. Telephone Main 1268.

HEARN & SLATTERY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Practitioners in Admiralty. Offices: Canada Life Building, 45 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. T. FRANK SLATTERY, Residence, 26 Simcoe St. Res. Phone Main 876. EDWARD J. HEARN, Residence, 21 Grange Ave. Res. Phone 1097.

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

LEE & O'DONOGHUE BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Dineen Bldg., Yonge and Temperance Sts. Toronto, Ont. Offices—Boltun, Ont. Phone Main 258. Res. Phone Main 2075. W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L., John G. O'Donoghue LL.B.

McBRADY & O'CONNOR BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Practitioners in Admiralty. Rooms 67 and 68 Canada Life Building, 45 King St. West, Toronto. Telephone Main 255. L. V. McBrady, K.C. Res. Phone Main 2075. T. J. W. O'Connor Res. Phone North 459.

SCOTT, SCOTT, CURLE & GLEESON BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. Supreme and Exchequer Court Agents CARLETON CHAMBERS OTTAWA, ONT. Hon. R. W. Scott, K.C. LL.D. D'Arcy Scott W. H. Curie, M.A. E. F. Gleeson D'Arcy Scott, Departmental Agent and Parliamentary Solicitor authorized under the Rules of the House of Commons of Canada.

UNWIN, MURPHY & ESTEN C. J. MURPHY, R. 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 Main 1356.

Architects ARTHUR W. HOLMES ARCHITECT 10 Bloor St. East. TORONTO Telephone North 1260.

Roofing FORBES ROOFING COMPANY—Slate and Gravel Roofing; Established forty years. 153 Bay Street. Phone Main 53.

B. CAIRNS, Prop. Tingley & Stewart Mfg. Co. RUBBER STEEL METAL STAMPS Seals, Dies, Stencils, 10 King Street West, TORONTO, ONT.

E. McCORMACK MERCHANT TAILOR 1100 SOUTH ST. TORONTO.

McCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS 222 Queen E. and 319 Queen W. Tel. M. 2828 Tel. M. 1266

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

Late J. Young ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER TELEPHONE 679 360 YONGE ST. MAIN TORONTO

MONUMENTS Finest work and best designs at lowest prices. Granite and Marble Monuments. We are the Largest Manufacturers in the Dominion. The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co. LIMITED, 1119 & 1121 YONGE ST. (Terminal Yonge St. Car Route.) Telephone North 1249 TORONTO

Brown's Bronchial Troches give prompt and effective relief in all Taros coughs. Mr. Amos R. Peachy, Hungerford, Berkshire, England, writes: "Change of climate (from South Africa) nearly cost me my life, as it produced the greatest prostration from Ulcerated Throat and Bronchial Inflammation. My friends are astonished at the remarkable change in my health from the time I commenced using BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."

Why adhere to the common yellow, or worse—brown bowl—when doing your own housework, when for the same price you can get pretty German or Chinese ware having the additional merit of being so well glazed they are impervious to grease, yet strong enough to stand the "beating" of various mixtures? Why not have attractive ware for the common, every-day service and not starve your love of the esthetic by using ugly utensils especially when pretty ones cost no more?