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A TALE OF SACRIFICE BY FRANCES NOBLE

CHAPTER XVIII.-CONTINUED

"If he would not have me risk my soul, Stanley, if he would not have me offend God, he would, he must bid me do so if necessary. But his whole life would be a prayer for me afterwards. Stanley, that I might have strength never to prayer for me alterwards never to that I might have strength never to shrink from the cross laid upon me; that I might embrace it for the sake of Him who died for us all, why bade us take up the cross daily and follow Him." And the sweet, tearful eyes looked out with a far-off gaze, as though seeing-dimly as yet, per-though seeing-dimly as yet, per-though seeing-dimly as yet, per-though seeing-dimly consolation the succession of the sector of a consolation the sector of the sector of

and the sweet, tearrun eyes looked out with a far-off gaze, as though seeing—dimly as yet, per-haps—the heavenly consolation which awaited the throbbing heart that each moment felt the earthly joy departing from its grasp.

though seeing—dimly as yet, per-haps—the heavenly consolation which awaited the throbbing heart that each moment felt the earthly joy departing from its grasp. Stanley unfolded his arms, and took the clasped hands into his own so firmly that they could not resist. "O Gerty ! do not drive me mad. Do not make me wish I had been base and dishonorable, and had promised what I never meant to perform, and then by gentle influ-ence won you entirely to my wishes, as I know I could if you were once my wife, Gerty. O my darling ! if you knew the love and happiness which should surround you, shield ing you from the very breath of heaver if it blew upon you to roughly; how I would cherish you as never wife was before; how I would be your slave, Gerty, in all else, if in this one thing you would the spectrum of the life her mail pain and reproach if she would but have yielded—rose before Gerty, making her writhe as bever wire was before; now 1 if she would but have yielded to be would be your slave, Gerty, in all else, if in this one thing you would yield to me!"

She looked up for a moment at the pale, proud face in its beauty, contracted and convulsed now with its terrible entreaty, and then struggled vainly in his grasp. "O Stanley ! do not tempt me," she cried out in her agony. "I am only a weak girl ; do not tempt me like that. You do not know what it

embrace. is to see God on one side and earthly love and joy on the other, and to have to choose between; to know, as I do, without a doubt, that if I choose that last I shall lose God and my own soul. Ask me to give up everything else, ask me even to go to the world's end with you, and to the world's end with you, and never see my father again, and I would do it, if you could ask me such a thing, Stanley; but not to give up my religion, to lose God for you. Ask me anything but that Stanley." "And that is the one only thing Ido ask you, not to persist in your mad

Gerty, you do not love me; I have been mistaken." away with a bitter compression of

the haughty lips. Oh ! how hard he was, how stern. It was too much now for the halfbreaking heart, but she did not re-proach him; she did not tell him that, having no faith himself, caring for none, he could not love her truly if he refused to allow her to practise hers, which he must see was dearer than life to her; she only turned to him with a sob, almost a wail.

"O Stanley ! don't say that-that I do not love you, when my heart is breaking because, if you persist, I may not become your wife, because my dream of joy has been so short. Don't I love you now more than ever, when you have been so honor-able and true, scorning to do as many might have done, won me by false promises, justifying the false-

room, and having locked the door, fearing to be disturbed, even by her

room—left him there looking after her, with his arms still folded. CHAPTER XIX. Quickly but noiselessly Gerty went up-stairs at once to her bed-room, and having locked the door, fearing to be disturbed, even by her

room, and having locked the door, fearing to be disturbed, even by her cousin, unawares, threw herself just as she was, in her pretty evening dress, face downwards on the bed. For a few minutes she seemed to feel nothing but the stony rigidity into which she had forced herself while she had spoken those final words to Stanley; but then, at she seemed slowly to face the full meaning of the change

offered a prayer to St. Anthony, begging his intercession for the finding of her beloved cross. Some-times the tears came unbidden as times the tears came unbidden as she thought of the little old lady who had given it to her. "Poor Granny, to think I had it so short a time, and she brought it over the sea and had it for years?" "The blessing of the O'Kellys is on it," Granny had often said, and she had lost it, but all her prayers and all her sorrowful long-ings brought no results.

THE MISSING HEIRLOOM

The soft summer breeze on this Sun day afternoon was fragrant with the odor of pine and fir as Anna O'Kelly walked down in the path thickly carpeted with needles, across which the sunlight flickered and danced, to the small wooden chapel in the clearing. Her niece Eileen, a restless little sprite, accompanied her. Reaching the door, Anna gave a gentle push and to her delight it

The chapel was but a temporary affair for the convenience of the affair for the convenience of the Catholic visitors at the summer re-sorts near by. Many visited this town of Granby, on the Maine coast, and here Anna O'Kelly had come to spend the summer with her brother and his family at their summer the return of her cross. Often face as she had last seen it just now looking down at her, as she had re-jected that mighty love, and tore herself from that tender, strong and his family at their summer

and his family at their summer tottage. She was pleased to find she could parish church and prayed, and "Let him make you his wife," repeated the evil spirit; "tell him you relent—there is yet time—and trust to the rest." But with one terrible wrench, as cottage. enter and say a few prayers, as it was closed during the week, and sometimes immediately after Mass The winter passed and another it were, she turned from the on Sunday. Today Father Burns had not returned at once to his own tempter. "O my God! help me. Can I commit a deadly sin now by yield-ing—by promising to do as he asks, in the hope of good coming of it after, in the hope which would prove false, perhaps, to punish me?" And as she drove away the vision And as she drove away the vision

on some special prayers for favors received, when Eileen began to get restless. She gave the child her Rossry heads to know here the child her

Rosary beads to keep her quiet; but after a while the child tired of and closed her ears to the echo still ringing in them of those terrible yearning entreaties, other visions in its hour of temptation, the in its hour of temptation, the in its hour of temptation, the "temptation" against which she had prayed so simply and earnestly, in her sweet ignorance of its

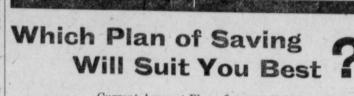
A few moments later she wandered outside and spent the remainder of the time running in and out until her young aunt was ready to return home. Anna was just closing the door when she missed her Reserv hards strength and meaning, as she knelt before the convent altar on that day of leaving school, little more than a year ago. The temptation when she missed her Rosary beads and then remembered that she had given them to the child. had come now, stronger and more terrible than she could then have

realized or dreamed of; but that prayer stood her in good need in

where the one to cause the loss, was been the one to cause the loss, was also the chief factor in its return. Anna had taken Eileen to visit some friends in the suburbs of Boston and they were obliged to cross the city on the elevated cars on their return. this bitter hour, the simple prayer which she had poured out then before Jesus in His sacramental "Eileen," she cried, "what did you do with auntie's cross ?" Eileen was fight of the second s

ou do with auntie's cross?" Eileen was frightened and began o cry. "Didn't do nuffin' with its it is a group of young men, some with dress suits cases and bags, some with instruments. Apparently they

were surveyors-their tanned faces



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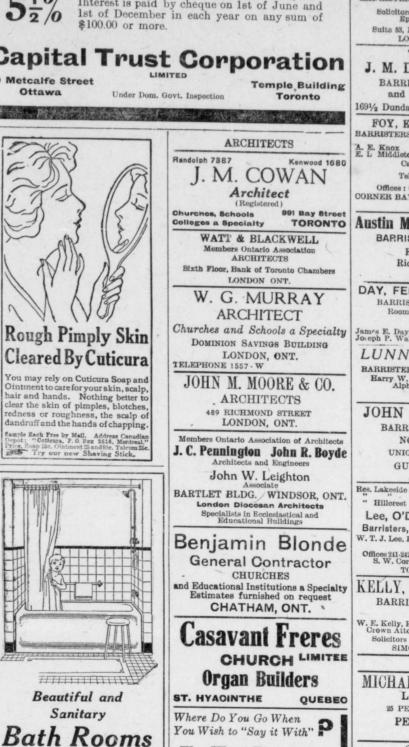
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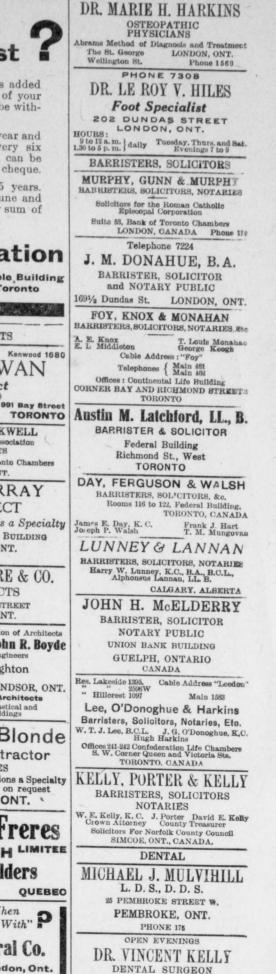


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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

ings brought no results.

Anna spoke up spiritedly :

"St. Anthony will surely help," said Anna, hopeful to the last, and up to an hour before train-time on the day they were to leave she searched

"Well, I guess St. Anthony went

back on you this time," her brother said, teasingly when they were finally on their homeward way, but

"There's time enough yet. It may be found before the last of the summer visitors leave."

But it was not discovered, although

The winter passed and another

summer came, and they returned to Maine to find that a fire had swept

the fire-swept area. On her return home after the

JULY 26, 1924

DR. REBECCA HARKINS

hood for the sake of the end in view? Whatever comes, never say that, Stanley-that I did not love

appeal.

Prove it then, my darling; yield to me and become my wife, and do not drive me to despair. Yield to me, and I will defy the world for your sake, shield you from every reproach. Even your father, dear as he is, shall be as nothing beside the love with which your husband shall surround you, Gerty."

But she tore herself from his arms and stood before him with clasped hands, deadly pale now and

very calm. "Is this all you have to say, Stanley? Tell me plainly, for the last time, if you refuse what I ask; tell me quickly, I entreat you, Stanley." Stanley

Once more the cold, stern look rose to his face as he gazed down at the quiet, resolute little figure, and slowly and bitterly answered :

"I cannot deceive you, you whom I loved so dearly. As my wife, I repeat plainly, as you ask, you should never with my knowledge, practise your religion as—a Catho-lic. I had hoped it would not come to this—that you might not come spoken of it at all, and so saved me telling you the truth; or that, when named between us, you would trust

happy, as even yet, if you yield, I know I couldwdo." Then he paused, and Gerty spoke with a firm voice, but looking out before her, not at him, as the room seemed to reel and go round about ther: "Then, Stapley, I must hid yon ""O my leave! I through less paintury, and Gerty through less paintury, and Gerty through less paintury, and Gerty uncovered her face and rose from theses paintury, and Gerty through less paintury, and that she had put it " in the birdies' nest." "It was a so through less paintury, and through less paintury through less

been neglected, would the powerful grace have been given to her at once to renounce so resolutely and church.

unflinchingly, young, tender girl though she was, the great love you." The first tear he had shed since his mother's death fell from Stanley's eye, but he would not yield; the terrible demon of jealousy and pride held him still, strong as ever, even as he took the girlish form in his arms for a last appeal. "Now, dear, show Aunt Anna where you put the cross," she said gently. Eileen went straight to one of the pews. "It commed off and I put it in this book." The first tear he had shed since his mother's death fell from which life would be so doubt they were answered now, with all the sweet, compassionate grace of Jesus' Sacred Heart, to feel consoling her already for to feel consoling her already for

to feel consoling her already for her sacrifice, as—the evil tempter driven away—she turned to the kindly vision of her father welcoming her back with outstretched arms, welcoming her, dearer and more precious than ever, to the old

home so nearly forsaken, to the old peaceful life by his side, sheltered by his unselfish, unexacting affec-tion. There need be no secrets from him now-never again ! Safe in his arms, she would weep out the story, sad and yet joyful too, of the past few months, with their

care and pain—the story of her love and its ending, of her brief, delicious dream of earthly happi-ness. And Father Walmsley too, that kind, holy friend of so many

happy years, she would never need to avoid and shrink from him again; he might know all now : how, when he had asked for her confidence, she had been unable to tell him of the idolatry she was cherishing in her heart for a haughty unbeliever

while yet her love was not openly asked for; how she had not dared to speak of it because of that hidden fear concerning it which she scarce dare consciously avow even to herself.

her: "Then, Stanley, I must bid you farewell; I can never be your wife!" and turning quickly, she left the him sufficiently now and through the turner of the systematic search. and turning quickly, she left the him sufficiently now and through the turner of the systematic search. make a systematic search. But the systematic search failed to bring the cross to light. "The little rogue hid it care-fully," was the comment of the back and handed it to him.

Anna saw that if she was to get any information she must keep After the first glance Anna paid calm; so taking her small niece no attention to them, having an by the hand she led her into the interesting story to read; but Eileen no attention to them, having an seemed fascinated by the instru-

"Now, dear, show Aunt Anna ments and studied them with child's unbiased curiosity. denly Anna felt a tugging at her sleeve, and Eileen spoke excitedly : "Aunty, Aunty, he's got your

cross.

Anna gave a glance of startled dismay; and sure enough, fastened There were several prayer-books about and Anna examined them all, to the fob hanging from his pocket but no cross appeared. She searched up and down, inside and outside of was no other just like hers, and up and down, inside and outside of the chapel, but her labor was fruit-less. Then she knelt in one of the pews and prayed, with a sob in her throat that she would find the

herself. He blushed red through It was near supper-time when she his tan at her niece's accusing

at last gave up the search and finger. started wearily for home. The Anna scene of the pines, the flickering "Sit

Anna recovered herself. "Sit down, Eileen ; you mustn't act like that," she said sternly ; but shadows across her path and the roar of the sea in the distance were lost upon her, for her heart was heavy with the shadow of

was neavy with the shadow of her loss. Granny O'Kelly had given her the cross. "It's an Irish cross, given me by the O'Kelly uimself," the white-haired old lady had said proudly as she placed it in her granddaughter's hands a few hours before the Angel of Death had summoned her, "and when I'm gone, child, it's to be yours. It's blessed for a happy a blessing. I give it to you with

a blessing. I give it to you with my blessing and the blessing of "I beg your par

"I beg your pardon," she heard low voice say, "but your young those before me." The family at the cottage were friend seems to think I have much concerned over the loss, thing of yours. Perhaps I have; especially when they saw how badly but as I get out at the South Station, me to make you see it all one day as I do, and to make you entirely happy, as even yet, if you yield, I know I couldedo." Then he paused, and Gerty spoke with a firm voice, but looking out before her, not a thim, as the rose than we sould that the bed, throwing herself on her before her, not a thim, as the rose that a the her at the south Station, and must catch a train, I have no tioning of Eileen elicited the infor-the bed, throwing herself on her where you see it all one day as I do, and to make you entirely happy, as even yet, if you yield, I before her, not a thim, as the rose that we south Station, and must catch a train, I have no time for explanations." "Try and not think about it "If you will give me your



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