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By permission of H. L. Kilner & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa GERTRUDE MANNERING

A TALE OF SACRIFICE

BY FRANCES NOBLE

CHAPTER XVII.-CONTINUED

What could Gerty do? She could not for worlds say to her cousin, especially before these friends, whom she knew but slightly, "I have promised Stanley Graham to go with him." She could not for worlds, since he had not appeared to alogn her promised as with a to claim her promise; so with a smile she went out with Lady Hunter and the rest, trying to laugh and join in the conversation as well as she could. They soon overtook another party, amongst whom was the young man who had been her companying during the been her companion during the previous night's dinner, and who now at once joined her for another attempt to make her respond to his efforts to be agreeable. They had not gone much further when Gerty heard footsteps approaching quickly behind them, and in another minute Stanley Graham was at her side. She looked up and met his gaze fixed on her with that expression she had seen on his face before, but never there for her until now-the cold, stern look she had more than once asked herself how she could bear, if it should ever greet her. Her talkative companion's attention was for the minute engaged with one of the party a step or two in advance, so that he did not hear Stanley's curt question :

Have you forgotten your mise, Miss Mannering, or why, that terrible hidden fear rose again in her heart-the fear that the future might not be all so smooth and easy as she prayed for —the dread that this haughty scorner of religion, to whom she had given up her heart so entirely, might not grant all she must ask without a struggle.

"I have not forgotten it, Mr. Graham, and I am very sorry to seem rude," she said gently, but with pain ringing in every word; "but I did not see you anywhere, so that I thought you might have gone on; and when my cousin asked me to come with her and the rest, I-I did not like to refuse.'

Before he could reply, Lady Hunter turned round.

"Oh! you're here, Stanley; but what ever are you looking so savage at Gerty for?" And she lingered behind with them a minute, speaking half in jest, half in earnest. "She looks scared to death, the child !"

"I promised Mr. Graham—to go with him, Julia." And Gerty tried to smile. At once Lady Hunter saw the

state of affairs. Ah! I see; and while he was

searching for you, we carried you off; so now his highness is quarrelwith you for not waiting for him like Patience on a monument. Well, Stanley, please to be reasonable and blame the real culprit, which is myself; and don't quite frighten Gerty away from us altogether, back to Whitewell, but apologize to her as well as you can. His favorite route to the cavern, Gerty, is by that other road turning off there; so if you are not afraid him after his

the wind now and then through the assistance, for they were mainly bare, leafless trees, Gerty listened to the old, sweet story—the story of which no one is ever tired, though men and women have been telling it and listening to it ever since the world began. As one in a blissful dream, she listened to the tale of love from Stanley Graham's lips; she heard how he had loved her from that first night of their accurations. soon became the possessor of a mare whose trotting pedigree was lost in the "dim twilight of fable." In a light rig, behind the high-stepping Lady-bird, Father Curran made it a point to travel, when the distance acquaintance, though just for a brief space he had himself almost refused to believe it—he who had thought himself so calm and cold, so insensible to love's sweet charm. If you knew, Gerty, what it was to me to have to part as we did without any definite word or sign of what was burning in my heart, because, going away as I was, I did was not too great. But one spring she died, leaving him a long legged bay colt. A hand-raised horse walks over not wish to draw you into a hasty engagement—even should you prove to be willing—for which your friends might have blamed me. everything on its way to a man's heart. So Sandy, the collie, Pat, the terrier, even Tony, the gentle-man setter, found themselves taking And then too, Gerty, though I hoped my feeling was returned, though I ling of the stable. thought I was not unacceptable to you, still I was not sure. You were the world; you might be mistaking regard for me, for one who had shown you attention, for real love; and after a structured, though I ing of the stable. "Ah 'clah to goodness," Mandy, Cu'n 'uld let dat colt run through de house, if he wa'n't skeered it 'uld hu't itse'f." "How come yo' don't love dat shown you attention, for real love; and after a struggle with myself I resolved to spare you the risk of such a painful discovery as in that case would have awaited you. I world " case would have awaited you. I resolved to go away with my love untold, knowing that if it were returned at all by a heart like yours, Gerty, I should find it un-changed and confirmed when I case would have awaited you. I world." With modification, the horse lov-With modification, the horse lov-the statement. "You've a good colt there, Father Curran," observed Judge Gray, as, asked for it on my return; that at least, you could make no mistake now, that time would have saved you from that. Forgive me if I standing on the parsonage steps one morning, they watched the young-ster running around the lawn. promise, Miss Mannering, or repented it, perhaps ?" And as the polite, freezing tone echoed in poor Gerty's ear, somehow, she knew not "See the way he throws his legs forward and how his feet grip the ground. You've got a trottah, thar, suh, or I don't know ho'seground. away with the sweet assurance of flesh one day calling you my wife." And he stopped again and once more took her unresisting hand, colt, the trainer echoed the opinion. "See here, Father Curran," he and read his answer in the beautipleaded, "let me get this colt ready for the races at the fair this fall." ful eyes raised to his face-eyes in which the happy tears were glisten-ing. He took her in his arms, there on the lonely road, and took his first kiss from her lips as he hesitated at entering the horse.

"But this is only a local affair," urged the trainer. "Besides, you've got to give King o' Hearts his chance. If you've a champion in that yourget the training of the whispered : "My darling, if you can, tell me "My darling, if you can, tell me that even you knew you loved me; let me hear my name from your lips, as I have longed to do so often." "Stapley." she murmured, linger-

ing on the name she spoke thus familiarly for the first time, "I— think—I did; nay, I am sure." And she looked up again with that Among horsemen, the trainer talked of the colt, and as the time of the fair approached interest waxed sweet, joyful smile.

reet, joyful smile. "Gerty, if you knew what it is to fact that the owner was a man so me to hear you tell me this, how universally liked. Below it lay the sweet and precious—if you knew how I have longed for you all these right—that Fair Fields was to give a new contender for honors in the

round.

weary months. And if you knew, Stanley, how trotting world. Perhaps another Peter Manning should come from like a dream it all seems to me, a delicious dream, and how afraid I am of waking from it." And the love-light sparkled in her eyes, the among them. The day of the races came—a day of sunshine and creeping autumn inward bliss rang out in every word, airs. The people, their cares laid so sweet to the world-weary by with their rich harvests, thronged

"You never shall wake then, Gerty; never, while you love me, while you trust your happiness to me, my darling!" the grounds. Boys were there with their prize pigs; girls with their calves and chickens. The booths were wonderful in their collections of food and fancy work. Youths and maidens availed themselves of

TO BE CONTINUED

By Anna C. Minogue in Ro

KING O' HEARTS' FIRST RACE

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Father, it's sorry I am to have brought you up!" he began. "They had hard work getting you, an' whin they did, you had started. Herself was taken bad in the night an' ken' callie' for new . So which I poor farmers and poorer tenants. There his success was becoming evident in improved land, better crops and a consequent increase in Yet it was not all work with Father Curran. But even in his play, he ran along with the customs an' kep' callin' for you. So whin I wint for the doctor, I had him to

"That's all right, Mr. Scanlon," he said. "I am very glad Mrs. Scanlon is better." of the people. In a land that shares the Arab's love for the horse, he

All signs of the meal were removed, and the granddaughter, who made her home with the old who made her home with the old couple, met him at the door, with a lighted candle. The face of the sick woman was aglow, and extending her arms, she gave the old Gaelic cry of welcome.

With the husband and girl kneel-ing behind him, Father Curran recited the prayers for the sick; then, while Mollie hastily prepared his dinner, and the man attended to the horse the priest sat by the bed-side and spoke words of help and consolation.

He traveled slowly home, for he was weary. His way was a pleasant one, leading between harvested one, leading between narvester fields, under trees just tinged with color. At times he thought of King bis first race, o' Hearts, running his first race, uncheered by the master; but chiefly his mind was concerned with the beauty and goodness of God, the evidences of which were so lavishly spread around. Night had fallen when he reached

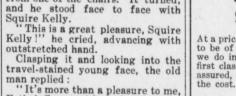
the town. At the church, he stopped the car, and entering by the stopped the car, and entering by the sacristy door, made his way through the twilight to the altar. He lighted the candles, and remov-ing the Sacred Host from his bosom, placed It in the tabernacle. Then, extinguishing the lights, he knelt for a few minutes in prayer. Deep peace possessed him and a new sense of gratitude. Again he

new sense of gratitude. Again he seemed to be in the poor little home When it was time to break the on the hillside, while the reverence which was eloquent of the faith of he those three souls, intensified its stillness. From his heart went up the fervent appeal that this faith Father Curran demurred. He had no objections to racing, but he the fervent appeal that this faith might never pass away from among his people. Then, his petition broadened, and he besought the blessing of God upon all these people. At last, he prayed for Squire Kelly, who alone would not be his friend.

Out of the church, crossing the lawn, he stopped, looking toward the stable in the rear. He felt that King o' Hearts should know of his return, and send out the familiar neigh. But there was not even the stamp of a hoof to tell of his presence in the stall. "After supper," said Father

Curran, turning to the house. The lower floor was alight, and he gave a grateful thought to Mandy, who forgot nothing tending to his comfort. He ran up the steps, unlocked the door, and enter-ing, was crossing toward the steps.

ing, was crossing toward the stairs, when he became aware of some one in the living room. As he retraced his steps, he saw a figure rising from one of the chairs. It turned, and he stood face to face with Squire Kelly.



Fathah Curran, it's an honah, suh! I love a ho'se, as my own flesh and sub.



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dare say he will guide you safely, them and hastened after her com- and reared, had misgivings as to his panions.

give me?" And at the tender tone, and the still more tender gaze give me

owners, many less prosperous tenant owners, many less prosperous tenant farmers, with a lawyer, several tradesmen and some day laborers in tradesmen and some day laborers in tradesmen and some day laborers in the town. Attached to it was the mission of Ray's Point, some fifteen miles away, and in the heart of the hills.

"Please do not say so, Miss Mannering. I was the one to blame in expecting you to know that I was looking for you—in expecting you to tell your cousin of our engage-ment. I was a brute to speak to you like that." And as the bitter tone of self-reproach sounded in her ears, even while it distressed her, it sent back all the sweet joy and hope into her heart. "Oh! do not think so much of it,

Mr. Graham; indeed I do not." "You see, I have been a restless,

untamed wanderer so long that I have grown irritable and morose. I am afraid, and want some kindly angel to calm and refine me. There have not been wanting those who would have made the attempt, but until now I never wished or asked for any one to do so, Miss Manner-ing. I wonder if I have frightened you from listening to me any further-from listening to what I have been wanting to say to you ever since we parted-longing with an impatience which would perhaps make you think even still more indulgently of the cruel way in which I spoke my disappointment just now." And his voice obviously trembled. Gerty was trembling so that she could not even turn to look towards him, and, no one being in sight Stapley stopped epert in big

dare say he will guide you safely. and we shall meet you there." When the new Bishop appointed him pastor of the parish in Fair And with her kindly laugh, she left Fields, Father Curran, city-born nions. "Miss Mannering, will you for-gregation of Fair Fields was, com-

his friend. posed of a few prosperous land "If he wins—but the race isn't run, suh! But I don't see Father owners, many less prosperous tenant Curran." "And you won't. He's been called away. One of his church members is sick — five miles the

othah side of Ray's Point. Hard His predecessor at Fair Fields had

luck, gentlemen, when a man loves his ho'se and can't see him run his been a man of studious and reserved disposition; hence, at first. Father first race ! In his old car, Father Curran was overing the miles that lay between Curran found himself left much alone. But in a short time this was remedied, and Protestants and Catholics alike became his warm friends. There was one, however, who held aloof—Squire Kelly, big land-owner, leader in politics and prominent member of the Baptist Church. With some of the blood crossings, since his Irish ancestors had settled on the frontier, he had inherited an antingthy toward the him and Ray's Point. A mile be-yond the town, he found the road impassible. Hailing a farmer, who was harrowing in his wheat, he asked if he could hire a horse.

land-owner, leader in politics and prominent member of the Baptist Church. With some of the blood crossings, since his Irish ancestors had settled on the frontier, he had inherited an antipathy toward the priesthood of the Catholic Church. He recognized the personal qualities of Father Curran, realized that he was an acquisition to the rural com-munity; but even such a man could munity; but even such a man could not break through his prejudices. State college last year. I'm mighty glad of my chance to serve you,

the opportunity to improve acquaint-

anceship; children shouted from

their perches on the merry-go-

It was such a scene as Father

Not break through his prejudices. With the church, which stood at the head of the town, was a farm of some fifty acres. The state of neglect into which it had fallen was remedied by the new pastor. The tenant house was improved a vourge remedied by the new pastor. The tenant house was improved, ayoung farmer and his wife put in charge; and Father Curran, falling into the vernacular, advised his friends that he proposed to give them a run for

tied the horse, and walked up the path to the door. It was open. It was remarkable the awakening that she could not even turn to look towards him, and, no one being in sight, Stanley stopped short in his walk and stood before her. "Will you hear me, Gerty—if I may call you so, if you do not for-bid me?" And though she did not speak, she let him take her hand, and did not draw it away from the fervent grasp as they stood there for a minute on the quiet, lonely road. Then as they went slowly on, with no human creature to see them, and no sound to break the clear, frosty air but the sighing of that came, not only into the Catho-

cent people at their innocent play. mo'tal illness of a membah of my On the grandstand above the race course, the judges had assembled. "You'll tie the blue ribbon on Father Curran's colt today, Squire," family, could keep me from a race in which a ho'se of mine was to run." Their hands had fallen apart. The Squire continued : "When I heard today, suh, that said Judge Gray, with a laugh to

your colt awent to the post and you not thar to see it, because of a sick old woman up in the knobs—why, 1

saw that not only are you a con-sistent follower of the Mastah, but the best sportsmen I have evah, known, suh !"

"Oh, please, Squire!" protested Father Curran, while in his heart he laughed at the idea that he had made any sacrifice in abandoning a

made any sacrifice in abandoning a horse race in the performance of his duty. "That was nothing—" "It was magnificent, suh !" inter-rupted the old man. "And I have the pleasure and honah to inform you, that King o' Hearts won the race and advanced the reco'd for the track work here a second

race and advanced the reco d for the track. You have a coming ho'se in that colt, Fathah Curran." "I believe that, Squire. King o' Hearts must have his chance. But you know I cannot run him. I only entered him here to please the boys. U wich wow'd tek bim Squire_" wish you'd take him, Squire— The old man shook his head.

"But I recognize your handicap, Fathah Curran. I'll be glad to train the colt and run him in my

rame; but there's only one man I considah worthy to be his ownah— and that's yourself, suh !'' Once more their hands clasped, and the last cloud passed from Father Curran's sky.

GENUINE APPRECIATION

London, May 29.—Sir Edward Elgar, the famous Catholic com-poser who was recently appointed "Master of the King's Musick," has Kill them all, and the germs too. 10c a packet

at Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.



