TWO

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER XIV.-CONTINUED

drowned it.

once

reality.

his bed and listened.

Bessie threw herself into the matter with a degree of interest and spirit that Kevin had not ventured to expect. The tale took her fancy immensely. That any-body should be stolen by gipsies for her voice, lost in the wide world, and hunted after by faithful friends, was a condition of things that appealed irresistibly to her tastes; and it also pleased her that a fine young man, with eyes of an extraordinarily tender grey (whose only sin was poring, and who, from whatever cause, manifested a grow-ing desire for places of amusement), should have asked for her help in a romantic quest. Listening to practical views of the lively and matter, Kevin felt that he had

gained a powerful ally in his cause. And so guided by Bessie's advice and assisted by inquiries made among her theatrical friends, Kevin wandered from theatre to theatre, and from music-hall to music-hall, sometimes beguiled for a few hours into hoping that he had come on the right track, but invariably finding his hopes disappointed.

Bessie was not content with giving advice and making inquiries, out would sometimes accompany him to the scenes of action : an arrangement to which Mr. Must made objection, looking at his wilful daughter from a philosophic point

of view. "She will go with some one," he said, "and I like to make a virtue of necessity. There's some folks I've forbidden to her, and we mustn't pull the bridle too hard. fitful noises of the night. Now I've noticed a kind of delicate honour (as it were) about you, and I know that you'll take care of her. She's a harmless little gad-a-bout, and better in the main than she knows of herself. It's a good work, with a handsome binding, but full of little foolish llustrations. You belongs to the trade, and you knows what I mean?

Nevertheless, the young florist's gay attire, loud delight in rather vulgar performances, and pride and quence in the enterprise she had engaged in, grated on Kevin's intensity of feeling in moments of keen suspense. The pleasure of hopeless, he gave up beating about the wilderness of streets and returned home, chilled and dejected. helping him was more to her than the attaining of his object. The means had a charm and excitement obliged to acknowledge to himself for her, while in reality she cared that it must have been a dream-a little for the end. And yet there dream, or some mysterious com-munication between himself and was in her no want of sincerity in the matter. She was quite uncon-scious of the disappointment she the wandering Fanchea. would have felt had Fanchea been discovered too soon. Loving excitement and amusement, she worked hard to earn her holiday, and was Mingled with its notes had come the gentle chiding of his mother and full of youthful vigour and humour, and wildly fond of mirth. Not with his father's hearty shout. A pair of sweet, clear eyes had looked through the sounds into his soul, a out refinement when her best feelings were touched, she did not look for it when she wanted to be amused. Laughable songs full of slang, breakdown dances, flushily impossible scenery, all gave her a robust and innocent delight. The very life and verve that made her a saucy and pleasant companion while she trimmed her bonnets beside the evening lamp made her seem coarse at a place of entertainment.

The simple, happy past gathered round him with its olden sweetness Kevin felt her kind, and was unwilling to see a fault in her; yet though Bessie was good and Mr. Oh, what was this lasting denial, Must complimentary, he felt that this cruel severance, this mysterious he liked best to go out upon his division that had so parted the and disappointing q . He was ashamed of weary the alone. Regaining his own room, he burst feeling and called himself ungrate-ful when, after some forlorn expedition, he heard the pleasant voice of his master's daughter scolding him

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"Don't apologize. It was really Gallery, and make at least a beginsongstress beat without music about his ears, and till the plaudits and delightful to look at you I envied you for your complete absorption. pictures laughter of the audience rose and Now, if I were reading, no one could come within yards of me with-

Bessie was scared at the sight of is pain. "Dear, dear," she out disturbing and distracting me his pain. "Dear, dear," she thought, "such a deal of grief for a little child !" "You You have not the same necessity

"You have not the same necessity for reading that I have," said Kevin, impelled, he knew not how, to speak freely and familiarly to this stranger. "I dareaay you already interface the same the For the first time in her life she volunteered to leave a place of entertainment before the perform-ance was over, and they got home stranger. "I daresay you already know almost everything that is worth knowing, while I am only beginning to find our how much ance was over, and they got none early. Kevin went at once to his room, and threw himself wearily on his bed. All day he had been struggling against oppressive thoughts, afflicting suggestions as to what Fan might possibly be attentively, attracted by something unusual about the youth, an air of

suffering while he prosecuted his fruitless search. Then had come the shock of sudden and unexpected hope, the interval of feverish the dreamy eyes that so readily sparkled into animation. He liked into a dream-world where all beauty suspense, and finally the cruel quenching of his gleam of light. Unable to give his mind to study, bookseller one of those sudden unaccountable attractions which he laid his head on his pillow at

It was early in the night, and the most people experience twice or thrice in a lifetime. He took up sound of footseps and the roll of wheels still echoed under his window. Sleep was just beginning the book which Kevin had down. "Good reading," he s he said; and pray, do you intend to go to steal over his senses, when suddenly the clear, wistful tones of steadily through this work?" "Yes," said Kevin, "I read quickly, and I have a good memory. If it were not so, I should despair, a well-known voice crept into his ear, and gradually filled his heart. At first it was a dream, sweet, tender, soothing, and then by mysterious degrees it grew, and swelled, and seemed to become a

"I wish you success. You make spirit, he flung himself on a seat me feel ashamed of myself. May I before an exquisite Francia, and Kevin started up wildly in Yes, it was Fanchea with her ng. Now full and solemn as a trouble you to show me yonder book the window ?- a rare edition, I song. Now full and solemn as a march of the dead, now eerie and pleading, and at last ringing with

an outburst of ecstatic joy, the hymn of the Virgin Triumphant went thrilling down the street, soaring above, or drowned by the into the pages here and there, and such a thrill of ravishing joy, in the lost himself for a few minutes in its contents. Mr. Honeywood, sudden-there such a thrill of unutterable One minute that seemed only a second Kevin listened spell-bound,

made up his mind it was no dream, "Here !" he said, putting the book before him, " read me a little. sprang out of bed, and dressing hurriedly, flew down the staircase with trembling limbs. But, alas! You have not got that hunger in your eyes without having already while his feet were on the stairs the voice faded and was lost in the You know Latin-a little. tasted "A very little; but I am working hard at it. Yes I can read a little of this with pains; but not as you

along the pavement, following in the direction he supposed the sounds to have taken. To his frantic questions passers-by replied with a pitying smile or a look of fear; and no wonder they thought him a madman. At last, exhausted and hopeless, he gave up beating about the wilderse

am." "I fear I shall be very old first," said Kevin; "but I am making the most of my time. I have got a great chance here, and I have great chance here, and I hav done a good deal in a few months have

"Not quite; and yet I knew passed behind the veil into that nothing—nothing of poetry, for instance, except some old poems already scraph eyes, and her songs

Dream or no dream, the song had brought with it the fragrance of heart, and they are very beautiful; but imagine my delight when I disthe heather, the smell of the peat-fires, the breath of the sea. covered Shakespeare !'

'I come from an Irish mountain

'But it is not every mountaineer little hand had stolen into his. The ardent love of home, the yearning towards parents and kindred, the intense desire for the presence of treasures locked up in it. I have been studying it a little myself; I that little spirit whom he regarded have a great fancy for those old as his own loftier soul, all rose in a writings which will be more known mountainous wave of affliction and beat upon the poor exile's heart. and prized one of these days.

am delighted to hear you say said Kevin, flushing with ure. 'I am delighted to hear you say pleasure.

poems. But I have not time today."

Lennon replied. please?

you where he spends the first Thurs-day of every month!" Click! Mrs. Lennon's hand was shaking on a silent wire. She hung up the receiver in a daze and clasped her hands over a fiercely throbbing heart. Why, what on earth was it all about? Suddenly she began to laugh, rather tremulously. Some-body was joking with her, of course. It was no voice she knew, het seedens of the girls but perhaps one of the girls She would know when they came. away before the afternoon was head up as soon as he spoke. On one thing she was deterover. mined-she would not give herself away, wherefore the guests agreed as they went home that never had they seen little Mrs. Lennon so

well,"—when they were eatin turning out extraordinarily well, isn't it?" one woman observed care-lessly.

lessly. "Why curious ?" the guest of the day, an out-of-town visitor, wanted 'Oh, well, there was quite a dif-

ference in their social standing, you know. Not," hastily, "that that would matter really, except that he was a trifle uncouth. You know? Strange to social usages, and that." Uncouth? Why, I've heard that

John Lennon was a brilliant lawyer. "He is," the puzzled visitor was ssured. "And wonderfully sucassured. came to Cincinnati and, my dear,

-worked in a rolling mill and, oh, everything ! He was twenty-eight when he finished law at the universty, and then, Harry says. it wasn't things hum.

"And you demand pretty society airs from a man like that!" was the visitor's dry comment. "My goodvisitor's dry comment. "My good-ness, in Louisville, when we have a big man we know it-'

There was a chorus of protest. Don't think we don't appreciate him," was what she got out of the chorus. "And he isn't uncouth chorus. "And he isn't uncouth now either. But he is a little dif-Alas! was not the little one even ferent and there was a question, you know, whether Alice was makgoes to church with him, though, already seraph eyes, and her songs the songs of the angels? Had not and you can see she is perfectly

happy. that thrilling voice that had passed down the street but last night been It was fortunate that they could not see Alice at that moment, wrestling with the worry that resent to warn him that it was need-less to continue his search? Kevin bent his face on his hands and shuddered to feel that he could not fused to drown. A dozen times she chided herself roundly for her folishness in even noticing an At this very moment, only two anonymous attack over the telephone rooms away, the Signora Dolce was but the virus of it was too insidious, of your country who can read the sitting at an easel before a picture, and though her face would clear old Gaelic, and appreciate the and Fanchea was standing by her, and she would essay a smile one and she would essay a smile one minute, the next she would be sunk watching the progress of her work. It is time to go, now, my dear," again in frowning thought. d the signora. "Help me to put vain she tried to resurrect mem in frowning thought. In ies of all the first Thursdays of the up my things." "Oh, Mamzelle, please work at it months of her marriage-she could

called out of town as he had been r; yet and became present once more. d Mr. Oh, what was this lasting denial, tt that on his division that had so parted the quest current of innocent and unambitious f the lives?

"I don't know about that," Mrs. ennon replied. "Who is speaking, lease?" "Some one who wishes you ull..." No. Luckily I got a wire be-fore train time telling me not to come. I was mighty glad of it, too, for I had..." did he hesitate Mrs. Lennon broke in contemptu-ously : "If you don't tell me who's speaking I shall hang up the receiver."

eiver." Better ask your husband to tell resist asking : "What was it?" "Oh, nothing you'd be interested

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and hating herself for the little but perhaps one of the girls and nating suspicion about the "some-She would know when they came. nagging suspicion about the "some-Whoever it was would give herself thing else" which had popped its bead up as soon as he spoke. If she was quieter than usual as th drove down town John Lennon did not notice for he was quiet, He was tired, and he always found silence restful. Well,"-when they were eating,

John

Alice gave him a grave smile. "Lots of things." And she went carefully through the list of her activities, including the number of times she answered the telephone. "There!" And if I frolic with the idle rich, as you call them, you harass them to the best of your ability. So what have you been doing all day, Sir Counselor, tell me that !" in the pretty, imperious tone he loved.

"Well," consideringly, "I saw the Springer heirs, and those manuignorant mountaineer boy when he Hill, and two or three eastern capfacturers that want a place on Price italists. There was a meeting of you should hear the way he worked to get an education! I can't begin to remember all the things he did, busy man."

Alice's spirits lifted. "Then you never got away from the office all day !" she commiserated him. "Poor boy !" Did she imagine it, ong before he began to make or did his face change a trifle ? He replied readily enough, however.

'Oh, yes, I was out a while in the afternoon-quite awhile, in fact. I was over the river on a little matter of business. Not a bad supper, this is it ?"

He waited in vain for his wife's you old mountainer, you, dinner!" and as she said "yes" rather listlessly, he gave her a keen glance.

"Don't you feel well tonight, ice?" he asked solicitously. Alice ?" "I believe I'm a little tired. The girls stayed so long gossiping. You know they always say they have a good time at our house.

"Then we'll go home as soon as we finish. There's no place like home, anyway, as far as John Lennon is concerned," laughingly. Alice felt a sudden curious distaste for the quiet and intimacy of the house. Could she sit there with him and not say to him, as she had yearned to do many, many times during the evening. "Listen, John, I had the oddest telephone today And yet, she did not wish -" . . And yet, she did not w to. Somehow, though she ku that she trusted him implicitly though she knew

was afraid . . . afraid, afraid afraid Oh, I think I'd like to go to a picture show," she said quickly. "Do you mind ?"

"Not in the least," smothering the appeal of slippers, a comfortable coat and the evening paper. So a tiny shadow went with them to

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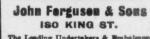


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of acquaintance with the Leaping up the steps, he entered

the gallery, and moved through it well-with awe as though it had been a Mrs receiver.

with awe as though it had been a church. Surprise, wonder, dis-satisfaction, delight, all passed rapidly through his mind. He hurried along, taking notes of some pictures to be returned to at a future time, hovering longest over the mystical canvas that shadowed forth, with unsneakable meanings forth, with unspeakable meanings, the faith and devotion of the early masters. The spiritual instinct there is to be read." masters. The spiritual instinct Mr. Honeywood looked at him within him told him what was best,

and his true appreciation of the divine nature of the beautiful led him to the feet of whatever was unusual about the youth, an art or simplicity and refinement in face and manner, and a latent power in and manner, and a latent power in that so readily it seemed to him that he had got

the frank, direct reply to his own speech, and felt towards the young as usual in his most exalted moments the face and voice of Fanchea rose and filled his heart. The little countenance he loved, with its pure, vivid looks, seemed to gaze at him with the eyes of all those tender, laid mysterious, lute-playing angels which lurked in the corners of the great pictures, in sweet and

struck attendance on the divine personages in their midst. Arrived in a certain corner where

for I have not a great deal of time for study." "Well," said Mr. Honeywood. and rest for the beauty-loving "Oh, w spirit, he flung himself on a seat gave himself up to the emotion with which it filled him. It was a Holy

think, of an ancient favourite classic of mine." Kevin reached him the book, and looked on longingly while the face there lurked such a happy strange, friendly gentleman dipped secret, in the light around them

glancing upward, caught the ok and smiled. "Here!" he said, putting the where is thy victory? O death. where is thy sting !" Quite overwhelmed by the mysti-

cal charm of this picture, Kevin sat motionless, gazing, till, as he met the eyes of the Mother who was its

now hidden by the folds of her robe? Had not Fanchea already "But your education did not begin a few months ago ?"

and romances in Irish written in the very early ages. I had them by

"And so you are an Irish scholar !"

side

shrilly for his fit of despondency. One evening she brought him news that made his heart beat fast.

she said, tripping into the Ah. "there you are, after a day's shop, working, with your white face, and your eyes like ink-bottles. Between poring and fretting what will you wither into? And I have such a thing to tell! But first, here's a

flower for you; as pretty a one as I sold to-day," she added, twirling a rich camelia close to her own blooming face, and then presenting it to

him with a frank good-will. Kevin accepted it with a flash of pleasure that mightily pleased the giver.

"I thought it would do you good," she said, "but now for my news, which is better. A little girl news, which is better. A fittle gift is singing every evening in a certain place. She has a beautiful voice, and she is said to be Irish. They say she is an orphan, and was picked up in the streets. Her hair is dark and she is pratty "

is dark, and she is pretty." As Bessie marked off each telling kevin's face crimsoned, and his eyes devoured her with delight. "Oh, Miss Bessie, what an angel

you are !

Come, then, shut up shop; we have just time to get our tea and be gone," and she vanished upstairs to her household gods.

But, alas ! when the goal was reached, when the curtains rose, when the young bedizened figure came to the front, face, voice, and gesture were all unsuggestive of Fan. As far away as ever, as far as the white birds that had flown right westward and vanished into the sun.

into tears and sobbed with the passion of a child.

CHAPTER XV. FATEFUL CHANCES

One day, a gentleman we have met before was walking down a certain thoroughfare of Blooms-bury, when his bright, observant looks of this man who, in the space of a short hour, had unconsciously fascinated his heart and imaginaeye was caught by some one of the books in Mr. Must's shop window. Turning upon his heel he peered into the titles on their backs, and tion. How different he was from any one he had ever met before. finally, after a minute's reflection, walked into the shop.

A young man was sitting behind the narrow counter, whose wits were so utterly buried in a book reverie till Mr. Must's return that the customer stood still, wait-ing with some amusement to see Mr. Honeywood's books: a labour that the customer stood still, waitlong it would be before he how looked up.

Now, Mr. Thistleton Honeywood was unlike Bessie Must in this respect that he loved men who could ing about the little dingy brown books which made him touch them reverently and feel loth to part with them. The stranger's quick, genial He had not the gift of poring himself; he gleamed and picked, glance seemed still to rest on him and fliched where he would, but he so long as he held them in his was well aware that this was not hands.

was well aware that this was not the way to attain to certain results which he admired. He looked on the capacity for deep study as a wondrous and valuable kind of be gave the books to a servant and turned away disappointed. He had genius; as generous and ingenuous minds will look on talents in another had a vague hope of perhaps meetwith which they themselves are not ing the master of the house on the

"How pleasant to see the right man in the right place!" thought Mr. Honeywood, with a glance of Mr. Honeywood, with a glance at the well-filled dusty bookshelves that formed a fitting background for Kevin's broad brow with its

Smiling at his folly and shaking himself up to realities, he con-sidered how he could best spend the clustering hair, pale features, and student-like figure. "I cannot bear to see round men in square holes."

nis dreams. His disappointment was too much; a low cry broke from him, and he bent his face on his hands in bitterness while the brazen voice of the unknown little "I beg your pardon," he said. The persistent gaze of the bright, shrewd eyes acted magnetically on last. He started, put down his book, and coloured up to his hair. "I beg your pardon," he said. t odd hours and half hours in s which to make further acquaint-ance with life. He resolved now to dive into the National

once a month ? I cannot resist such an appeal

e resigned if it were so.

said the signora.

as that," said the signora, and she of this statement he ngered another half hour, keeping upon the eyes of her picture. Note a monther with the state out doubt his integrity, her John, who was the soul of frankness, of today." In spite of this statement he lingered another half hour, keeping up a pleasant conversation about books and their authors, which was through the gallery. As he passed through the gallery. As he passed the opening into the room where the opening into where it, the told herself. There was noth-Fanchea and her friend were sitting, he just saw that in there was another apartment. "I cannot his hopes, his dreams, and she loved self; "I have already overstayed my time." And so he passed on and out into the streets.

out into the streets. If Fanchea had been content to herself proudly, recalling all the young fellowshe knew who had idled their way through college, if they Life seemed to take a different colour since it had furnished him let the blind eyes of the picture wait till another day for light, she with an hour's companionship like this. He could not read any more, must have met Kevin face to face as he advanced through the outer went at all, and who spent a large went at all, and who spent a large portion of their time now playing their way through life. John Lennon liked to play, too, but he would never have the light touch that these others applied to the room. Her own eyes would then have rested on something they longed to see, something that was which he felt to be one of love. There was a light of romance playpassing by and might never come back. So strangely do destinies touch and diverge again in life.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE ANONYMOUS MESSAGE

By Helen Moriarty in St. Anthony Messenger

Mrs. Lennon closed the door after the last guest and leaned against it in an attitude of sheer exhaustion. It had been an interminable afternoon and now that there was no longer any necessity for conceal-ment her face fell into lines of anguished thought. She glanced around at the littered card tables,

until today.

into his beaming eyes.

and as she proceeded to gather up the cards and remove the pretty covers, she was going over and over again the conversation at the tele-phone which had so effectively shattered the security of her happiness. She had heard the tinkle

the telephone as the arrival of the first guest was imminent.

And could it be pable that the man neither guesse its presence then or in the days that followed. Alice seemed to be her gay, happy self, but she was only

waiting feverishly for the first Thursday of February. "Is this going to be as busy a week as last week?" she asked her husband as carelessly as possible on Monday morning at breakfast. He shook his head. "I don't think

After the board meeting is over on Tuesday I hope to be a little free to look after some things I was obliged to neglect in last week's rush. Why? Is there some place you want to go ?" "Oh, no," demurely. "I just

want to enjoy a little more of my husband's society, that's all.'

"Well, in that case put it off till the last of the week, won't you?" with a laugh. "The chances are, I'll have a clean slate by that time and won any back of the thete of thete of thete of thete of thete of the t

game, the careless way of regarding the realities of life, those realities which had met him as he left the cradle and had walked with him in and you can have all John Lennon's society that you desire." Then on Wednesday evening, with secret trepidation: grisly array ever since. Life for him had been so serious that he had Con member your promise, John. sider yourself engaged to Mrs. Le non for all day tomorrow." "Promise? Promise?"' He was come, naturally enough perhaps, to stress the serious side entirely too

much, and only when he had met gay, vivacious, lovely Alice Marall at sea. You said you'd be free the last

gay, vivacious, lovely Alice Mar-shall had the actual sunshine of his of the week and we're invited to Hamilton to spend the day with and national actual standing of this nature come to the surface. They were, apparently, perfectly matched and perfectly happy, and there had been no faintest cloud in Alice's sky, until tedar "But, my dear girl, Thursday isn't the last of the week, and have loads of things to do—"

"Put them off till Friday then.

She had gone upstairs, still try-ing to evade her doubts, when she heard John's key in the door. Back so early! He couldn't have gone to Lexington after all! Her heart in migivings fled like in migivings fled like "I suppose I could arrange to go but it would have to be rather late. magic as she heard him calling gayly as he came up the stairs What's the idea of an all-day session, anyhow ?" with some irrita-tion. "Busy men, my dear, can't "Alice, Where are you? Are you up here and the party all gone?"

drop everything at a moment's Alice wondered how she could ever have doubted him as she looked notice

Alice looked mutinous, but tone measured as she said : "What are the important things that you Telegrams-Louisandi, Stafford, "Phone No. 10-"Didn't you go to Lexington ? she asked carelessly.

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