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A TALE OF SACRIFICE BY FRANCES NOBLE

CHAPTER IX.-CONTINUED

"How strange," she began to think, "that we have never yet named religion, hardly anything approaching to it! He did name approaching to it ! He did name monasteries and convents, to be sure, in a general way, when he was telling me so much about Italy, but never as if he thought for a minute I could be particularly inter-ested in them or in what he thought of them. Will he be surprised, I wonder, when he finds I am a Cath-olic ? Would he be so very kind if he knew it ? Would it make any difference, I wonder ? Didn't Julia say that he despised and disliked all religion ?" Then suddenly a deep blush rose to her face as the delicate conscience suggested the afraid of the subject ? have I kept deficate conscience suggested the next thought. "Have I been at all from letting him know my religion as long as possible, not directly per-haps, but indirectly, preferring to talk of other things, because I was so weak, because I was afraid he might not like to hear I was a fraid he might not like to hear I was a Cath-blic, that it might make him not so kind ?" For as yet Gerty used no more tender term to describe Stanley Graham's manner to her, even in her own thoughts. "Ah! I wish I knew if I have done, if I have been wrong like that ! Oh! Walmsley say, what would the nuns say, if they thought such a thing of me?" And she longed to be free of the presence of the maid who was dressing her, so that she be free of the presence of the maid who was dressing her, so that she might kneel down and bury her face in her hands while she asked God's pardon for the cowardice of which she fancied she had been With the midst even of such Goa's parton which is the fancied she had been guilty—she, the daughter of such an old Catholic house, which in its time had suffered so joyfully for the faith—descendant of glorious confessors who would have shamed confessors who would have shamed little coldness, a little inward pain, that smile which already endured for the cause for which they would have freely given their only, which never greeted ey would have freely given their res! only, which never greeted his other friends as it greeted her, talking to her with that gentle, lives

too-oh, yes !" And as the "mar-tyr spirit," of which her father had tyr spirit," of which her father had spoken on the eve of their separa-tion, rose within her young, enthu-siastic heart, Gerty resolved that another day should not pass with-out Stanley Graham hearing from her own lips that she was a Catho-lie, even if she should have to go

And the resolution seemed to bring back some of its holy peace bring back some of its holy peace and calmness to her heart, temper-ing the restless joy which had taken possession of it, though a kind of weary, chilly desolation tried to enter too now, at the thought of what she might bring upon herself by her avowal, of the changed, cold tones of the yoice which was hecom. tones of the voice which was becoming like delicious music in her ears, of the haughty though polite contempt which might come over the face whose image had so engraven itself on her heart, though as yet she never dreamed or dared to hope for a return of the feeling which

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

before she had only heard or read. But her pleasure was merred— rudely so sometimes—during the evening, as on all sides around her she heard open infidelity talked and discussed, in a refined, intellectual manner, it is true, but none the less making her blood run cold as she listened, longing the while that she were able to speak out, as power able to speak out.

listened, longing the while that she were able to speak out, as power-fully as could these unbelievers, what was in her heart—the faith so strong and deep, the indignation and horror which burned in it—as the cold, sceptical words struck on her ears. "If I were only older and more clever, and could speak to them !" But who of that intellectual com-But who of that intellectual com-But who of that intellectual com-structual com-ter area. "If I were only older and more clever, and could speak to them !" But who of that intellectual com-But who of that intellectual com-structual com-ter area. "If I were only older and more clever, and could speak to them !" But who of that intellectual com-But who of that intellectual com-structual com-ter area. "If I were only older and more clever, and could speak to them !" But who of that intellectual com-structual com-ter area. "If I were only older and more clever, and could speak to them !" But who of that intellectual com-structual com-structua

Ind a satisfactory beginning, nor construct even an opening sentence. Whatever shall I do? It will be utter bankruptcy for me without the earnings, small as they are, which my literary work brings in. Dear me ! how my head aches, and yet I must try to keep on working for my darling's sake."

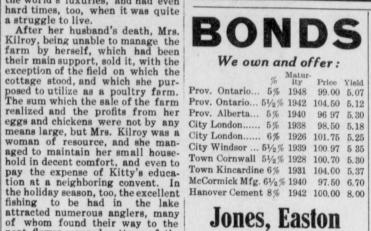
Again she pressed her hand to her head as if to still some pain which tortured her there, but, after a few minutes, she took up her pen again. Scarcely had she done so, however, than she heard a knock at the street door of the tenement coming to the young girl's side with that smile which already she house in which she rented the sit-ting-room and bed-room which now constituted her sole home. Direct-ly afterwards there was a gentle tapping at her door, and, in response to her "Come in," a kindly looking respectful tenderness which riveted still more strongly that poor little heart's growing idolatry. It seemed gentleman entered.

It was the doctor who was attending her little son, Jim, a boy of five years, who was lying ill in the next room. Jim, like his two elder brothers, who had both perished in childhood after a vain struggle to live in the gloomy air of London, their different histories; to inquire if she would like to move to a different part of the room, or to be introduced to any one; until Lady Hunter at last said laughingly that Staplew quite took the assess of Gatty Stanley quite took the care of Gerty out of her hands.

bitter winds of early March which were now blowing. "And how is my little patient this evening?" queried the doctor. "Better, I hope, though those harsh March winds are trying for all of us, and especially for a deli-cate child. He must be shielded from them as much as possible." Sir Robert chanced to be standing near to Gerty on one of these occa-sions when Stanley Graham came up to her ; and when he had stood with her a minute or two he turned to Sir Robert with a changed tone, and with a look of scorn and annoy-

ance : "I was very sorry to hear just now from old Mr. Beddowes, Sir Robert, that his son, who became a him.'

dread foreboding that little Jim was following them. Mrs. Namara, whose maiden name was Kitty Kilroy, was born in a western Irish county on the shores of an island studded lake, famous both for its beauty and its plentiful supply of fish, which attracted many anglers in the summer days. Her father had died while she was yet a child, and she had only the vaguest recollection of him, but how vivid in her memory was her mother's sweet face and the rose-covered cottage where she had spent covered cottage where she had spent withher the halcyon days of her girlhood, knowing neither care nor sorrow. How happy they had been together, though they had few of the world's luxuries, and had even



of whom found their way to the neat flower-covered cottage of the Kilroys, where they were made so comfortable that they returned year after year, and became a by no means inconsiderable source of in-come to Mrs. Kilroy.

Thither one summer came Jack Namara, a devotee of the rod and line, who had heard of the place from a friend in London, where Jack was engaged in journalism. He was just recovering from a bad break-down, the result of overwork, and, as his doctor had recommended complete rest in the country for at least a couple of months, he thought the place might suit him. He was not disappointed. In fact, his expectations were far more than realized, and the place seemed almost like a bit of heaven itself in contrast with the unceasing din and the sordidness of London. The scenery was beautiful, the fishing was good, his hostess was like a mother to him, and, last, though by no means least, Kitty, now a beautiful girl in her nineteenth year, was more than interesting.

from them as much as possible." "He seems slightly better this No wonder that in such a pleasant environment he soon regained his evening, doctor, thanks to your strength, and that the pallor of care, though his cough seems to stick to him. But come in and see healthy brown. It was to him like was making her, as it were, into a moment of a dream of happiness when he was sout to join those de-member, is about to join those de-trials." O Mr. Graham !" burst from derty almost unconsciously, as the difference of its sout south of the transmere and him." A dream of happiness when he was south a dream of happiness when he was an angel, lay in his cot with apparently blooming ch round her neck and kissed her when life in London. For the first time in his life he sighed for riches, so that he might be in a position to she approached. Then he gave the doctor, who was a great favorite of that he might be his wife. It would, "Can I get up and play with the other children tomorrow, doc?" said he, "'cos Ise so tired in bed all Beddowes, and are shocked to hear my news of him, Miss Mannering?"
"We'll see, my little man," answered the doctor, smilling at him with kindly eyes, and gently taking the hot, little hand in his. When he had examined him, his face grew grave, and he said in gentle tones:
Mad, with the color deepening on her face, Gerty looked out straight before her, dreading, perhaps, the change she might see in his expression if she met his gaze.
"And, to be sure ! Didn't with stand stand to the same in the same interval in the same interval interval

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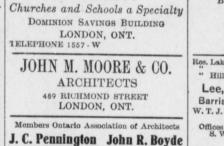
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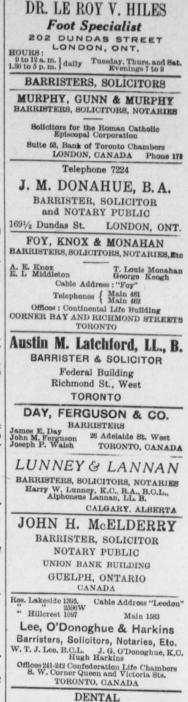
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and perplexed that it was easy to see that even when the eyes did glance toward the mirror their owner's thoughts were but little occupied with what they saw there. And for the first time in Gerty's

And for the first time in Gerty s life she felt glad she could not write to her father again just yet, as he was still in retreat, and would be for the next few days. How could she bear to write unless she could say from her heart that she could say from her heart that she longed to return home, to be alone with him again, in spite of all her present enjoyment? And how could she say it with this new joy, this new yearning, this other self which had arisen for her, driving out her own old free girlish life, and making her live but in another's presence?

from one young, overburdened heart a prayer for strength to be guided to do right, that she might not lose herself amongst the snares which were surrounding her in this earthly paradise, this new existence which had begun for her.

CHAPTER X.

The opportunity Gerty wished for came to her more easily than she had hoped, without any seeking on her part, that very evening. Her cousin's drawing-rooms were filled cousin's drawing-rooms were filled with a select company, comprising many well-known authors and authoresses, poets. and men of letters of various grades and descriptions, together with a num-ber of Lady Hunter's own private friends. It was the first reception of the kind which Gerty hab been present at, and it was a real delight to her, little hero-worshipper as she was, to see and listen to so many celebrated persons, of whom

surprise there was such a look of reproach in her soft eyes, that he said very quietly, with a smile : "What have I done, Miss Manner-

ing? Surely you don't want me to believe you are an advocate of the Jesuits?" Then another thought

"Is this what the world is doing for me?" she sighed to herself, as she sat with her cousin at the con-cert, listening dreamily to the music, but hardly following it. "Is it making me forget papa and home and everything I have loved and treasured all my life till now?" And up from the midst of that brilliant concert-room to other the the version of the with his courteous smile. "I sup-pose it never happened to come out before that Gerty was a Catholic (she does not like us to say Roman Catholic, Stanley.) and of course you must have thought that could be the very last thing she could be, being our relative. So that must be his apology," he added, turning to Gerty. "I have hardly seen Mr. Beddowes myself yet. Stanley e.

be the very last thing she could be, being our relative. So that must be his apology," he added, turning to Gerty. "I have hardly seen Mr. Beddowes myself yet, Stanley, so I will go and try to find him." And he left them alone together. Instead of the scorn and coldness which Gerty had pictured would come over Stanley Graham's face at her avowal, there was a look of intense perplexed pain, and a tenderness in the gray eyes which would have startled Gerty had she been looking up at him. But she statl looked out 'before her, and Stanley's face was calm again as he sat down by her side.

The child seemed disappointed, for his childish instinct divined from the doctor's manner that the

favorite with her. "After all," she said when speak-ing about him, "wealth is not the important thing. It is char-acter that really matters, and Mr. morrow would not see him released for play. His mother looked at the doctor with anxious, questioning eyes. He did not speak, but signed Namara has the very best type. In fact, I don't know any other young man that I like nearly so well. A man like him is bound to make his way in the world." Though born in London, Jack to her to follow him into the sitting-room. There was a pained expression on his face as he looked at her sympathetically and said :

Namara was of Irish extraction, his father, who was a native of Dublin, having emigrated to the vast metropolis, where he met and married Jack's mother, who also hailed from the land of shamrocks.

He had no near relations, nor, indeed, any relations whom he either knew or corresponded with. The only relative of whom he ever The look of anguish on the moth-er's face as he spoke those words made a painful impression on him, though he was used to harrowing scenes, and he felt deeply sorry that his medical skill alone was insufficient to save the boy's life, for it was obvious Mrs. Namara could not afford the expense of change of climate. When he had gone, she returned

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