

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER
 Authors of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.
 INUENDOES

Captain Dennier received Morty Carter with the same cold and dignified manner which had characterized his former reception of him; while Carter, although his air was marked by a deference but little removed from obsequiousness, still betrayed by his nervousness, and the expression of his face, the indignation under which he labored.

"Your business?" demanded the officer frigidly.
 Carter was stung; he writhed under the lash of the contempt implied in the freezing tone, the scorpion whip of that haughty demeanor, and he threw aside his deference and assumed a boldness born of his desperation: "I have come," he said, straightening himself, "to know why the paper containing information of importance to the government, which I gave into your hands, and which Lord Heathcote assured me should play an essential part in the trial of yesterday, was not produced?"

The officer's lip curled for an instant. "Permit me to ask, Mr. Carter, who delegated to you the right of putting such a question to me? your tone, sir, implies doubt of my having fulfilled the commission entrusted to me regarding the paper of which you speak; for your satisfaction, I shall say this much: the document passed safely from my hands to the proper authorities."

"To whom did you give it, when it passed from your immediate possession?" demanded Carter, forgetting, in his eagerness, that he was not speaking to an equal.
 "You forget yourself, sir!" and Captain Dennier's eyes flashed in angry accompaniment to his indignant tone. "I have given you all the information I choose to impart—for further account I refer you to Lord Heathcote."

Carter's manner became less bold. "You refuse to tell me into whose hands you committed the paper?" he said half imploringly.
 "I certainly do," responded the officer, "because I recognize no right of yours to question me. And now I must request you to end this interview."

Carter was again desperate; the inner working of his rage became manifest in the swelling of the veins in his forehead, and the spasmodic clutching of his fingers. "I'll end the interview," he said, striving to speak calmly, but despite his effort trembling in his tone and voice. "I'll see Lord Heathcote, and when next you will see me, I'll communicate to him the result of this interview. Perhaps he will see as clearly as I do how little your heart is in the cause you pretend to serve, and perhaps he will think, as I do, that you are a party to the plot which kept that document from the court yesterday."

"Enough, sir!" interrupted Captain Dennier with the same accent of stern contempt which he had used from the first; "and leave my presence before I summon some one to eject you!"

"I shall go," retorted Carter bitterly, "when I have said another word to you: you are not that name you bear, and it is in my power to reveal to you who you are; but your treatment of me has sealed my lips."

The officer, with a look of withering scorn, answered: "Did you choose to reveal my identity, as you imply that it is in your power to do, do you think that I would credit the statement of a traitor? go, Mr. Carter, and when next you would use for your own infamous interests any little surreptitiousness of a man's birth, or family, do not choose one who will be as little affected by your knowledge as your present subject." He rang a hand-bell, and Tighe immediately appeared to show baffled, enraged Carter out.

"Did you succeed in getting what you wanted?" he whispered when they reached a part beyond the officer's quarters.
 "No!" answered Carter, his face purple from suppressed rage.

"An' you won't get seein' the young masher?" said Tighe in well-affected disappointment; "sure credit the statement of a traitor? I was buildin' on yer tellin' him how it all was the other night, an' tellin' him also of the achin' in me heart because I can't get seein' him mesel'."

But Carter was in no mood either to answer Tighe, or to volunteer any information, and with a hurried good-bye both parted—the former to repair to his lodging in order to deliberate on his next proceeding, and the latter to seek Shaun, and to give vent to his feelings by the following address to the dog: "Faith, Shaun, I think the interview, as he called it, wid the captain, didn't do him much good—his face was like a busted bate, an' his eyes'd frighten one. Somehow I'm inclined to think a dale of Captain Dennier; he has v'ry noble ways wid him, an' I wish it was in me power to do somethin' in his favor wid regard to Miss O'Donoghue. I wonder, now, if I did speak a good word for him would it help matters? I'll think over it." And

so saying, he proceeded to his duties.
 Morty Carter had reached his lodging, and had just begun his old exercise of walking the floor in order to quiet his disturbed mind, when a knock sounded. He opened to admit Rick of the Hills. "Come in!" he said in a surly manner, as Rick seemed to pause for an invitation.

"You are out of sorts," said Rick, quietly seating himself.
 "I am," answered Carter, continuing his nervous stride of the room; "everything is going against me."

"Everything!" repeated Rick, "why, has anything new happened since the failure of your plan for Carroll O'Donoghue's escape?"
 "Yes; something that I rested all my hopes on—that I plotted night and day for, has failed me; miserably failed me!" His face grew more hurried, as if he would vent his fierce excitement in increased motion. "The disappointment is eating my heart out!" he continued; "but" he suddenly changed his voice and paused, standing directly before Rick: "all is not yet lost, and, if the hopes that remain to me succeed, there will be happiness and plenty for us both at last, Rick. I thought of making another journey to Dublin, but I've changed my mind—I'll write instead; and now have you come to tell me that you have succeeded—that you have Nora's answer?" He bent forward in his eagerness, his hot breath fanning the haggard face beneath him.

"I have come to tell you," answered Rick hurriedly, and with a wild determination in his eyes, "that I have no answer for you."
 "She refused to give it?" questioned Carter, his brow gathering into a scowl.
 "I did not ask it," responded Rick, rising; "and, what is more, I shall never ask it!"

"Never!" echoed Carter, as if he were dumbfounded.
 "Never!" repeated Rick, folding his arms, and confronting Carter with the apparent desperation of a wild beast gnawed at him, and eyes which glared at him, and feeling how impotent would be his own anger to meet a passion as fierce and determined as that now confronting him, he refrained from the indignation burst upon his lips, and sought to soothe his visitor.

"Perhaps I expected too much of you, Rick, when I asked you to do that; well, we'll let it go for the present, and when things become more settled I'll put the question boldly and respectfully to her myself."
 "And it's a refusal you'll get, Carter; mind you, I'm telling you beforehand, so that you'll be prepared."

"I'll risk it anyway," was the response; "and now we'll drink to it; success!" and he brought forth a bottle and glasses from some recess in the room, and proceeded to fill the latter. Rick pushed his tumbler away.
 "I'll be firm this time, Carter—I'll not taste it. I promised Nora this morning when I left her that a drop should not pass my lips today, an' I'll keep my word."

Carter laughed, and jokingly mocked Rick's determination; but he could not hardly conceal his disappointment and his rage when he found that neither pleasantries nor coaxing, nor even implied menaces, could induce his visitor to put the glass even to his lips. It was evident, however, that the poor creature's resistance to the temptation cost him much—his tremor, and flush painfully attested that. "It's a wonderful ascendancy she's gained over you already!" Carter said sneeringly at last, when he was forced to put back the liquor untasted, save by himself.

Rick did not answer; he stood silently surveying the floor, till Carter returned from his task of putting away the bottle; then he said in a lower tone than he had previously used: "The money that you gave me is out."
 "And I'm not able to give you more," replied Carter; "I haven't enough for my own expenses, the way things are going. No, Rick"—placing his hand on Rick's shoulder, and speaking in a confidential tone,—"you'll have to manage the best way you can without any more aid from me till Nora consents. Then, I am not afraid to say, I shall be in possession of a fortune, and you shall share it."

"I see," responded Rick bitterly, shaking off the hand which still rested on his shoulder; "you would make beggars of both Nora and me." He strode toward the door, opened it, and going out, slammed it violently behind him; the next instant he was hurrying down the stair.

"I must set a watch upon him," muttered Carter; "he is rife for treason against me now, and he might take some step, in his desperation, that would ruin my plans."

CHAPTER XL.
 A STORM-LOOSSED SOUL

Nora McCarthy, or Nora Sullivan as she now called herself, had begun her self-imposed toil, Mrs. Murphy good-naturedly disposing of the fancy needlework, and bringing in return a compensation, alas! too slight for the demands, economical though they were, which the noble girl would supply. Still she wrought, happy to have employment, and happier still to show the poor creature from whom she continued in secret to recoil, that she was not wanting in a daughter's trust affection. One letter from Drommacolb, written conjointly by Father Meagher and Clare, had reached her; it was full of the tender regard of both, and it announced their intention to visit Nora when they should come up to Tralee to be present at Carroll's trial, which was now but a fortnight away. Filled as was her heart with painful anxiety about Carroll, and torn as it was with anguish whenever she reverted to the thought of the barrier which she had deemed it her duty to erect between them, she still on the receipt of the letter, looked about the little humble home with a glow of satisfaction, as she fancied Father Meagher and Clare admiring its neatness. Her hands had given a graceful touch to everything, and the sunshine streaming pleasantly into the room, together with her own beautiful self bending over her work made the little apartment appear so bright and inviting that Rick returning from his interview with Carter, paused as he opened the door in order to view the scene. She greeted him with a smile, and putting down her work, rose to busy herself about his comfort.

"I told Mrs. Murphy not to bring up the dinner until you would return," she said; "so now I shall call her."
 "No; wait a moment—I have something to say to you." He motioned her back to her chair, while he stood before her with folded arms. "It has come to this at last: that I am penniless. The person who helped me before, and that I thought would continue to do so, has refused. It was cruel of me to take you from your comfortable home, when I knew that I might be bringing you to want such as will press upon us now; but it is not yet too late to remedy what I have done. I shall send you back to Father Meagher, and I can live as I have lived before."

She was up from her seat, her queenly form drawn to its full height, her beautiful eyes burning with emotion. "Is this, then, the return you will permit me to make for your affection—send me back to comfort, while you wander in misery? Oh, father! is then my love of such little worth that you think poverty can frighten it away? I shall never leave you; what your fate is, mine shall be; should you have to beg, I too can ask for alms."

"You do not know what you are talking about!" said Rick, wearily and sadly, and with his face averted, as if he feared to look at her.
 "I do," she answered, her voice losing none of its firmness; "the poverty you speak of means that we cannot even keep this little home—we must seek a cheaper abode; that will not be so difficult to find, and by using economy with that which I already earn, it will be enough for us both."

She would listen to no more from him; and in truth he seemed too overcome by emotion, or perhaps weakness—for, latterly, but little nourishment passed his lips,—to have the strength to urge her farther. He sunk unresistingly into the seat she had left, and watched her in silence, when, having called to Mrs. Murphy to bring up the dinner, she busied herself with the simple preparations for the little meal. She coaxed Rick to eat, and to gratify her he made the effort; but every mouthful seemed to choke the poor wretch, as he thought of the life of hardship to which he was about to introduce the beautiful girl.

"Nora," he said at last, pushing his plate away, "I cannot eat in the face of all you will have to suffer if you remain with me! beside, I shall be breaking my word to Father Meagher—I promised him that you should have at least a decent, comfortable home. It is no longer in my power to give you such."
 "I am capable of enduring much," she answered; "and Father Meagher need not know just for the present of the change in our circumstances; it might grieve him, and I know it would cause him to strain his slender purse for our benefit. After a little, when I have learned to work harder, so that my earnings will amount to more, we shall be able to live comfortably again, and then we shall let Father Meagher know. Cheer up, father; the dear God will provide for us, and I shall mind nothing—poverty, hardship, suffering,—if it reclaims you to the religion you have so long forgotten."

Rick groaned.
 She continued: "I have articles of dress that I do not need, and that Mrs. Murphy will dispose of for me."
 Rick bounded from the table, "I must go out," he said; "I shall another if I stay here longer!"

"Where she asked, her voice trembling with anxiety, and something akin to terror, for these wild, sudden moods disconcerted, and even daunted her.
 "To look for a home for us; since you will share my poverty, you may as well face its hardship at once!" He darted out, his wild emotions lending new strength to his weakened limbs. He could have shrieked in his burning remorse, his wild despair; and more than one turned to look after the rapidly walking man, whose pallid face, compressed lips, and glaring eyes told the story of a tortured heart. He halted as he passed the public houses, his wonted haunts,—his whole being was crying for a draught of the fiery stuff which would stifle the cries of his miserable conscience, and give him courage for new guilt; but the thought of the noble, self-sacrificing friend from whom he had just parted, the vivid remembrance of her look, her voice, as she had besought him that morning to refrain from liquor for the day, held him back; he hurried away and walked on scarcely conscious whether he was going.

TO BE CONTINUED

FLORENCE'S SCRUPLE

Saturday was dark most of the day, and it was late in the afternoon before the weather showed any sign of clearing.
 "I really believe, Grace, that it would have been wiser to have waited until morning to make up this lunch. All the work will be lost, if it should rain tomorrow," Florence Leslie remarked to her sister, as she looked up from the table.

Rows of dainty sandwiches, in their waxed paper coverings, were waiting to be packed into the basket, in preparation for tomorrow's outing to Sound View. "If Walter were only free in the morning he could take the valise to the boat for us, but that is out of the question since it is his Sunday for Communion with the Holy Name Society."

Grace, the younger of the two girls, yawned and dropped the paper which she had been reading. It was a moment or two before she spoke.
 "Florence," she said at length, "do you know that you are inclined to be a pessimist. I notice it more and more every day."

"Am I?" her sister laughed in an amused way. "Do you think there is any chance for my recovery, or am I beyond hope?"
 "Really, Florence, I am in earnest. You will have to take your own hand, if you do not want the habit to become chronic. To begin with, tomorrow is going to be a beautiful day; just look out at the sky; there is every promise of clear weather. As far as the valise is concerned, you will not need to trouble Walter, for Agnes Lyons has promised to call for us with her machine. On her way down she will call for the three Joyce girls and Catherine Healy, and anything is better than that long, hot ride into the city on the trolley cars. They are so uncomfortable that you're tired out before you are half way, and what is worse, if you miss one, you never know when you may expect the next. But I suppose that is only another disadvantage of living in the suburbs."

"Now Grace isn't that a bit exaggerated? You know it was only when the tracks were being repaired that the schedule was upset. The cars are running very regularly lately."
 "Well, in any case, the machine will be so much more pleasant. Do you know, Flos, I wish we had a machine of our own; people we know have their own cars. Don't you think Walter could afford to buy one if he really wanted to? I think he is inclined to be too saving. If only you would ask him, I think it would have some effect; I'm tired coaxing."

Florence knew well, from former occasions, that this subject, if followed up, would always leave her sister in bad humor and she wisely remained silent. Experience had taught Florence many a lesson. Five years ago her mother died and since then she had been a mother to her sister and elder brother.

Walter had always been a comfort to her. He was so considerate and so unselfish, and no one knew better than Florence how hard the struggle had been for him in the past to keep the little home together and to make ends meet, but the long hours of hard work were forgotten in the extra comforts and pleasures which they enabled him to give to his sisters. Grace, on the other hand, had in the eyes of Florence and Walter never grown up. To them, she was still their little sister. Even now, at the age of nineteen, they overlooked many of her faults, telling themselves that she was only a baby. During the past year, however, she had caused Florence some uneasiness, and though an excuse always suggested itself to her mind, her better judgment warned her that Grace was becoming selfish and inclined toward extravagance, but what was most alarming and what caused the most anxiety was the fact that she was getting lax about her religious duties. This had been more noticeable of late. The Sodality, of which she had been a devoted member, was now given up. The early Mass on Sunday always brings on

one of my miserable headaches, Flos, dear. I really can't stand it, she had given as the excuse when leaving the Sodality. "I can receive at a later Mass just as well, you know."

Florence said nothing at the time, but as the weeks passed, she noticed to her distress that the Sunday Communions were becoming less frequent. Walter, to whom she mentioned her fears, spoke gently to Grace, but the matter had ended in an open declaration of independence. She was old enough to take care of her own conscience, she had told him. This came as a shock to him—and from his "baby" sister.

The gradual change from the deep religious fervor, which a short while ago had been so much a part of the life of the young girl, seemed to date from the time she had been accepted into "The Ethics and Culture," a strictly non-sectarian association, connected with one of the leading Protestant Churches in the city. "The Ethics and Culture" was, in the estimation of its members, so advanced in its ideas and covered such a wide range in its views, that it was considered, by them, as an authority on any subject that might hold the public attention, from the latest "most correct" thing in etiquette to an enlightened (?) explanation on any doctrine of religion. The long trip into the city, on the surface cars, to attend the weekly meetings, was no hardship to Grace; in fact, she looked forward to them with keen pleasure. She was an interested and enthusiastic member.

Small doses of certain poisons may, from time to time, be taken into the system and not cause death. In fact, for a while, the effect is hardly noticeable. Yet, a constant repetition of small doses will eventually break down the delicate tissues and if death is not the actual result, the body will be sapped of its former vigor and robbed of its natural strength. Grace's deep faith was yielding to a too constant repetition of "small honeyed doses."

Grace had dropped back into her former languid position and continued to watch her sister pack the valise.
 "What time are the girls going to call?" Florence asked.
 "They promised to be here at half past seven. That will give us plenty of time to get into the city without having to rush. The boat does not leave until nine, but there is nothing I dislike more than having to rush to a place at the last minute."

Florence looked up quickly.
 "You do not mean half past seven?"
 "Why, yes, half past seven."
 "But Grace, the first Mass is not until seven. You must have misunderstood the time, for the girls could never get back from hearing Mass and call for us at half past seven. We shall not be back ourselves at that time."

"Mass!" Grace exclaimed. "Who is thinking of Mass? None of us are going to Mass tomorrow. We couldn't go to Mass, and get down to the boat on time."
 Florence looked at her sister in astonishment, but her tone was gentle when she spoke.
 "Grace, dear, I know you do not realize what you are saying. Of course, we are going to Mass in the morning. Just because we might miss the boat is no excuse for missing Mass. Every one of the girls is a Catholic and knows what a serious thing it is deliberately to miss Mass for a flimsy reason like that. You had better call up the girls and decide on a later boat for them to call; they surely did not think what they were doing when they made the present arrangement."

"Really, Florence," Grace retorted with a sarcastic smile, "your scruples amuse me. Call the girls up and explain to them! Do you suppose I want to be looked upon as a regular goody-goody. They laughed at Ethel Joyce when she even suggested that we might be able to stay for the beginning of Mass. Agnes Lyons said she never heard of such a thing, and Ethel soon changed her mind. The Church must be reasonable, you know."

"Ah, Grace, you know that the Church is not unreasonable. As to what Agnes Lyons may say, experience should have taught you that she can hardly be held up as an exemplary Catholic. You recall how shocked you were when she openly and deliberately ordered meat on Friday, just as she said, to show her Protestant friend that she was not narrow-minded. Then too, you must remember that merely staying for the beginning of Mass does not fulfil the obligation of hearing Mass. Call up Agnes now, Grace, and tell her that it will be useless for her to come for us. We will take the eight o'clock car into the city, and we shall get down to the boat in good time. In fact, I think we shall make even better time than if we went by machine. You know the car line is direct while the machine has to take a roundabout way since the road along the track is so full of bumps that it can't be used."

"It is useless for you to think of my calling the girls. I do not intend to have everybody in the neighborhood laughing at me. You may do as you wish, but as far as I am concerned, your scruples are not going to affect me or change any of my plans."
 "Scruple!" The word chilled Florence. Such a short time ago,

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