

**CARROLL O'DONOGHUE**

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

**CHAPTER XLII.—CONTINUED**

"Faith he did!"  
"Well, this is what the letter says, Mrs. Carmody."  
"Respected Mrs. Mollie Carmody: Permit one to address you who, despite the changing vicissitudes of an unhappy fortune, has ever retained your image in his secret bosom. In the golden and hallowed glow of a never-to-be-forgotten past, your beautiful face was the star that lit my ardent destiny, and in the desolate present, your widowed heart is the only one to which my own solitary and forlorn organ turns. If, oh, if, respected Mrs. Mollie, it be in your power to withdraw your lonely affections from the grave of your lamented husband, and you are not averse to bestow them where they shall encounter only the deepest appreciation and the most respectful regard, then Corny O'Toole will be proud and happy to receive them, and to make you, dearest Mollie, the wife of the undersigned."

I remain, dearest Mrs. Carmody, yours with the most profound sentiments of regard and enraptured admiration.

CORN O'TOOLE."

meel' at short warnin', an' it's nothin' I moind about this but the looin' o' you. You were viry koind, and Tim Carmody'll never forgit you!"

There was an accent of touching sincerity in the last words which went to the young officer's heart. He stopped short in his walk, and extended his hand. "And you, my faithful fellow, I feel that I owe you much for your honest service." Tighe grasped the outstretched member, gave it a hearty shake, and turned aside to control his emotion.

"If you could be induced to come to Dublin, Tighe, I could provide well for you there."

"Don't spake o' it, yer honor, plaze; aside from Shaun, that the climate wouldn't baneft, I couldn't go so far from Dhrommacool—me heart is there!"

Captain Dennier turned away; the very mention of a spot, the memory of which was at once so sweet and so bitter to him, in some measure unmanned him—he was forced to acknowledge to himself that his heart also was in Dhrommacool.

**CHAPTER XLIII.  
SINGULAR INTERVIEW**

In one of the apartments of Dublin Castle, where military accoutrements, disposed with no neat nor careful hand, and the general air of carelessness prevailing, indicated the abode of some free and easy liver, Captain Crawford reclined at full length on a sofa of worn lounge. A fragrant cigar was between his lips, but after intervals of slow, irregular puffs, during which some pleasant conceit seemed to fill his mind, he would remove the cigar in order to burst into a hearty laugh. In the midst of one of these ebullitions he was surprised by a knock, and to his response there entered Captain Dennier. Captain Crawford bounded to his feet.

"Egad, Dennier! the very one I was thinking about—I was wondering how you get along with that specimen of humanity, Tighe, and laughing at my own experience with him. But how are you, old fellow, and what lucky wind blew you up here?"

A summons from Lord Heathcote, the officer responded, returning the hearty shake with which he had been greeted. "It was my intention to come unsummoned, but my arrival in that case should not have been so speedy."

Lord Heathcote's summons—why—what is the matter? any unusual occurrence?

Captain Dennier shrugged his shoulders, and threw himself into a chair. "You know as much about it as I do; though I suspect the informer, Carter, has something to do with it. However, it makes little difference to me—my mind is firmly made up. I shall tender my resignation to his lordship."

"You are not in earnest?" burst from Captain Crawford.

"Never more so."

"But what if Lord Heathcote meets you as he did before—you will be obliged to defer again to his wish."

"No; not this time!" and there was a look in the young officer's sparkling eyes, and an accent of determination in his voice, which convinced his hearer. "I must be free," he continued; "I cannot be shackled to a profession which harrows my feelings, which conflicts with my manhood!"

"Well, Dennier," answered Captain Crawford, "it is just as I have said. These rascally Irish have thrown some witchery about you, and won you over; or is there an Irish maiden in the case—now that I remember, Jack Cade, who was up to see me the other day—you remember Jack? he used to be in the Life Guards, you know—was telling me of some ladies who called upon you at the barracks; two ladies, I believe, accompanied by a gentleman; at least that was the way the gossip of Tralee had it. Oh, don't look so displeased about it—as Captain Dennier strove to conceal his embarrassment under an appearance of indignation—"I understand these things, Walter; but seriously, old fellow, I wish it were otherwise with you!"

Captain Dennier arose, and passing his hand over his face as if he would brush from it its troubled expression, he said hastily: "I have reason to suspect that your birth and early childhood have not been what I have been permitted to think them. I fancy that Lord Heathcote can, if he will, give me information on the subject, and I intend to urge him to do so."

Captain Crawford, in the generosity of his friendship, and noting the troubled look of the speaker, became painfully interested. "What are your suspicions?" he asked.

"Do not ask me," responded the young man; "I cannot tell you—I shall not even suffer myself to dwell upon them until I learn the truth."

"And then?" asked Crawford.

"And then," was the agitated response, "I shall seek an entirely new career, far from all the scenes in which I have mingled. But let us cease to speak upon this subject; it is unaccountably painful to me; and pass the cigars—straightening himself and trying to assume a cheerful air. "The time for my meeting Lord Heathcote is fixed for four—I have barely an hour."

He remained chatting over the wine and fragrant Havanas which Crawford produced, occasionally catching so much of the latter's

convivial spirit as to burst into momentary laughter at some well-told story, glad to find himself detailing a ludicrous experience of his life while in Tralee garrison.

"By the way," said Crawford suddenly, "how about that laughable incident which occurred during the trial in Tralee a fortnight ago? some of the papers gave a most amusing account of it. A ridiculous letter, was it not, that was read in place of some Fenian document which should have been forthcoming?"

"Yes," replied Captain Dennier, smiling; "that letter, I believe, took the place of the paper which, according to his lordship's order, I entrusted to you to bring safely to Dublin."

"Oh—oh!" and Captain Crawford's face elongated in accompaniment to his prolonged ejaculation, "that explains all the fuss they have been making here in the castle. I was summoned before some of the grave signors to swear how, and when, and where I delivered that precious document. It is said that the last official to whose care this paper, together with other damning proofs against these rebels, was committed, was taken suddenly ill, and remaining too unwell to discharge his duty with regard to close examination of the papers, the document, detained here longer than it should be, owing to his illness, was sent down to Tralee at the last moment, and without any inspection, further than what was given to the superscriptum. But who could have abstracted it, and substituted that ridiculous letter in its place?"

"I do not know," was the reply; "it certainly was all right when it passed from my possession to yours—remember, I read it for you."

"Yes," said Captain Crawford thoughtfully; "and it never left my keeping till I delivered it here at the castle."

"Well, I am sorry for its loss," responded Dennier; its absence on the trail has been the means of saving the lives of six poor creatures, and its absence would also benefit the case of the prisoner who is to be tried next week."

"That young rebel, Carroll O'Donoghue?" asked Crawford, an unpleasant expression coming into his face.

Dennier observed the look, and anxious to avoid the conflict which seemed to threaten because of his own frank avowal of compassion for the Fenian prisoners, he hastened to burst into a ludicrous account of Tighe's escapade from the jail yard, and the consternation it had created. His *ruse* succeeded. Crawford, whose sense of humor was unusually keen, laughed heartily.

"What have you done with him?" he asked. "I would give a good round sum to take him back with me to England. The folk would look with horror, I know, on uncouth a specimen for a body-servant, but it would be worth it all to watch Tighe's manner, and to hear his ludicrous observations. Tell me, Dennier, what have you done with him?"

"I was spared the trouble of exerting myself at all in his behalf; he is such a general favorite in the barracks, he and his inseparable companion, Shaun, that I believe the very privates would conspire to keep him for the sake of the entertainment which he affords them; as it was Major Capdale said he would find use for him, and so Tighe changed masters, not, however, without some touching signs of his attachment to me. I discarded him at the station—though I had already bade him good-by in the barracks—superintending the stowing of my baggage, much to the wonder and perplexity of the valet I had that day engaged, and who stood idly by; and when I expressed my surprise and my gratitude for all the trouble he was taking, he whiskered—here Captain Dennier, bending forward, gave an excellent imitation of Tighe's brogue: "Sure, yer honor, I'm used to yer ways, an' I'm jist tacin' the perticler drift o' them to the valet you're takin' to Dublin."

Captain Crawford laughed again more heartily than before, both at the picture which his own imagination drew of Tighe, and at his visitor's comical imitation of the brogue.

"But I must go," said Captain Dennier, consulting his watch; "Lord Heathcote rarely forgives remissness in punctuality, and I have no desire to anger him at the outset of our meeting." He wrung Crawford's hand, promising to return in one evening, and left his lordship's apartments.

Lord Heathcote appeared somewhat of an invalid; a great easy chair supported his person in an attitude that betokened weakness, and his face had all the pallor and lines of physical suffering. He returned, by a slight inclination of his head, Dennier's respectful bow upon the latter, and was ushered into the room, and pointed to a chair directly in front of his own. Then, with a painful effort, he sat erect, and fixing his eyes with no diminution of their keen, discerning look at the young officer, he said haughtily: "I have received a recent letter detailing account of an interview which took place between you and a man—a hireling of the government named Mortimer Carter,—the account is not to your credit as an English officer."

He paused as if expecting a reply. The young man was silent, returning the nobleman's look with one

well-nigh as stern and undaunted. His lordship resumed: "You are spoken of as one in secret sympathy with these Irish rebels—as one privy to the disappearance of the paper entrusted to your charge."

Again Lord Heathcote paused, expecting a reply; but again he was met by the same dignified silence—the same unflinching look.

"Have you nothing to say, sir?" he demanded, with some asperity.

"Has your lordship already condemned me?" Captain Dennier responded calmly, though his lip trembled; "have the charges preferred against me by this hireling, as you term him, carried such weight that your lordship was forced to a conviction before I could be heard in my own defense?"

"I have sent for you, sir, to give you an opportunity of making that defense," replied his lordship, coldly.

TO BE CONTINUED

**THE BUSINESS RAIDER**

Laura Reid Montgomery in Rosary Magazine

"Just think," cried Anne, her eyes blazing with enthusiasm, "how proud you will be of me when I come back with a degree. Then I shall be able to do so much. Up to now the giving has all been on your side."

The August sun streamed into the sitting-room showing up the shabbiness of the old-fashioned furniture and the worn places in the rug. Anne's father, Donald Smith, looked up from his breakfast and smiled at Anne, as she smiled back, fancied that there was something forced about his assent.

"I hadn't noticed how grey he was getting," she thought, and, startled by her discovery studied her mother. There, too, the wrinkles of the past year had left unmistakable traces, "why" thought the girl, a bleak sensation displacing her joyous anticipation of college-life, they are getting old! It hardly seems fair that I should go away and leave them for the best part of four years."

Donald Smith owned the village newspaper and did job printing. He employed a lad to help him and made barely enough to keep his family. Anne had grown, lately, to have an amused intolerance of the business and had planned that, when she got some wonderful position, she would have him sell out and begin to enjoy life.

"Daddy," she spoke up after a long silence, "do you enjoy running the newspaper? Keenly, I mean?"

"I'm afraid I have lost interest in it," he admitted languidly, "business is so bad and the old shop is in need of so much."

He picked up his hat and went down the wide street slowly.

"He seems so tired," cried Anne, contrasting her own vivid anticipation of life with his stillness.

"He has not been strong since his last illness. Anne, when we have done up the work shall we go down to Peterson's and get some materials to start your clothes? You need just everything and I plan to begin right away. I want my girl to look as well as the others," she ended, a touch of the old youthful radiance coming into her tired face.

"Not today, Mother, if you don't mind. I—have to think something up," Anne said, rushing from the room.

Mrs. Smith looked a little surprised, accustomed to the whirlwind ways of her only child, she merely picked up some dishes and carried them into the kitchen.

Presently Anne joined her and together they did up the work.

Anne had often helped down at the printing-office but in a distinct minor capacity; for the papers were waiting to be sent out she attended to it and sometimes wrote letters for her father but she had assisted in the same manner that she helped in the house, with her mind preoccupied with other and more delightful plans. She had merely done what needed to be done at that time.

The girl had done almost brilliantly at school. She had gone through high school in three years because of her studying during summers, and she had won a scholarship so that her board would be the only expense at college outside of her clothes and she hoped to get tutoring to take care of those. So it was not surprising that she had drifted along in her world of books without perceiving that family conditions were also drifting—drifting to a dull haven of fatigue and old age.

"Mother, would you like to move from Oglethorpe?"

The older woman looked apprehensive. "No, I'm too old to be uprooted now," she said quaintly, "why?"

"I was just thinking. There isn't much money in the newspaper."

"There was when Donald was younger but he is too tired to go out after business . . . now. You see, there is no other printer within twelve miles of here and he ought to get most of the work but people have fallen into the way of going to Menora."

"I see," Anne's fingers were busy with the peas she was shelling but her mind was busy with the new ideas that had, apparently, entered the dining-room upon the shafts of a breeze.

After the early dinner Mr. Smith rather wearily picked up his hat to go downtown.

"Stay here on the porch and read awhile, Daddy, I'd like to keep the office this afternoon. Yes," she said in answer to the unspoken question on his face, "I am perfectly capable. If any question comes up I'll phone and ask you."

There came a queer lump into her throat as she saw the relief in his eyes. The heat was taking a good deal out of him.

Going down the pretty peaceful street she seemed to see the place with a new vision. Of course, her parents could not be moved to a new, progressive place where she would be able to earn real money and keep them in comfort. The little town was beautiful a garden filled with memories: "Of course," she thought, "I am living in the future and they are in the past."

The boy grinned widely at her as she entered the hot office: "Pretty dusty down here for you, Anne, you'll spoil that dress."

"There ought to be an awning here, that west sun streams in."

Ned looked as though he thought the heat had affected her for, in his time, there has never been anything new bought there except paper.

During the afternoon one man dropped in with an advertisement. Anne scanned the few lines he had scribbled and said: "I wonder if I believe I could write up something that might pull better. Want me to try?"

"I'd appreciate it," he answered in some surprise, "I don't think there is much use advertising in this paper, anyway. Menora would be better but I happened to be down street so I stopped."

With the concentration that had stood Anne in such good stead during her years of study she went to work.

"There," she said, and read aloud her advertisement for the farm-land he had for sale.

"Great," he approved, "you sure know how to write."

"Thanks," dimpled the girl, thinking of her absorbing ambition to write fiction. "I wonder if you wouldn't like me to list your place for you? Father is going to start real estate here and we could handle it for you on the usual commission."

Ned, passing the dummy, snickered. The idea of anything except cobbles flourishing in the dim, shabby, amused him. Anne frowned at him and the lad bent over his work.

The farmer looked amazed: "That so? Well, I don't know why it wouldn't work. I'll go home and think it over."

The idea was as new to Anne as it was to her prospective client but of that she was unaware: "Think here," she murmured, whirling about in the shabby swivel chair, "if you decide to place the property with us I shall give you a blank to fill out giving us the sole right to dispose of it and—her eager eyes fell upon the dull dummy-sheet that Ned was arranging—"I did think of giving a half-page advertisement for the land. That would be noticed."

"I couldn't afford anything like that," protested the man, "half a page. Never!"

Anne looked up from the form she was making out for him: "No," she said evenly, "don't you think advertising pays?"

"Maybe, but I'm not going to spend my money finding out, his tone was almost sullen and he half rose from his chair."

"If you give us the sole right to sell we will take care of the publicity. I'll have some sale sheets struck off at once and I'll see how our exchange list stands. Probably I can advertise in Menora and—oh, well, you are not interested in how we do it. All you want is the cash."

"You don't mean to charge me for advertising my land? Nor for the sale bills?"

"You pay absolutely nothing except our commission. It is all down here," Anne handed him the form she had made out, "I know your land fairly well but I believe I'll take the time to run our ad look it over. The paper does not go to press until Monday and I'll have time to go."

Catching some of her enthusiasm the farmer affixed his name and went out, inwardly chuckling to think that the seventy cents he had expected to pay for the small advertisement still remained in his purse.

"Put that dummy sheet down, Ned, we are going to fill that space with advertisements," ordered Anne, her cheeks flaming with the excitement of her first venture.

"I want to print some big signs on the heaviest card board we've got," she said, despite the heat for Anne was mentally constructing a going business. She had Ned polish the dusty windows and they then fastened up the cards she had had run off.

Next she called up the carpenter and asked him to come to the shop.

"Right here," Anne indicated an expanse of wall that was on the street side, "I want a large window cut there and a shelf run along beneath it. Is business pretty good just now?"

"In August? Hardly," answered the carpenter, "what's the use of having a window there?"

"Why don't you give us a good big ad?" countered Anne, "so that

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