

**GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER**

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADDLER  
BOOK II  
CHAPTER XIV  
CONDITIONAL PARDON

Lady Bellomont waited for some days until the storm had abated before approaching His Excellency upon the subject of Yvonne Laurens' request. Seizing what she considered to be a favorable opportunity, she began with apparent carelessness and in the most casual manner:

"Is not this a singular adventure in which Egbert Ferrers has become involved?"

"Aye, singular," growled His Lordship, who sorely missed the services of his most efficient officer, "and devilishly traitorous and disloyal in the position which he occupies."

"Pardonance I do not understand," said Lady Bellomont, "but is it not rather a case of romantic gallantry, wherein any young man of his temper might easily figure?"

"The Governor's countenance darkened.

"He has a warm advocate in the Countess of Bellomont," he observed drily.

"Until this moment," said the Countess, composedly, "I should have imagined that you would have found his advocate in you. Since I have heard so often you declare how servicable he had been. But let that pass. My concern is rather for the unfortunate young lady involved in this affair."

"And why, Madam, I pray you," said the Earl, scowling, "should the wife of His Majesty's representative have any concern for a Papist, and one who has been, moreover, a dangerous meddler in forbidden matters?"

"Alack, Sir," my Lady answered, "I have the concern that one woman, be she queen or peasant, has for another who is in grievous straits. For here is the young maid, after being exposed to trials and vexations of many sorts, now alone and exiled from home and friends, having seen her father slain in an attempt to defend her. I vow it is enough to melt a heart of stone."

The Countess wiped her eyes with a pretty handkerchief of lace. My Lord was momentarily softened. His wife was looking particularly charming in a costume which he had often admired, and he did not find it unbecoming in one of the fair sex to feel compassion for the woes of others. It gratified him since he had been accustomed to discover in the woman whom he had so early married only the hard cold brutality of her social exterior. He even put his hand upon her shoulder, and regarded her with a grim smile.

"So you have heard," he said, "though it is a something difficult to find."

My Lady smiled back at him in return saying:

"Yes, I have a heart, and it will be full of gratitude to my Lord, if he will but exercise the royal gift of clemency and permit this poor maid, who has suffered enough, to return to these colonies."

"To wed this romantic fool of a Ferrers?" His Excellency inquired.

"Or to remain unwed, if it so please you," said my Lady, "until Egbert shall have returned home and forgotten her."

My Lord drew his wife towards him with a movement of unwonted tenderness.

"In my busy life, weighted down with public cares," he said, "I have had but little time to know you, and perchance I owe you something for my neglect."

"Could we all but repair our mistakes so easily, Richard, as you can," Her Ladyship said with a sigh, "for you have unlimited power in your hands."

The Governor sat down somewhat heavily in his chair at a desk strewn with papers, and my Lady, with that grace and charm which she knew so well how to employ, laid her hands upon his shoulders and leaned over him, pointing to a blank sheet of paper which lay before him.

"A few strokes of your pen," she said, "will give me great pleasure and to others great joy."

But at the moment, as though he could have foreseen what was in progress, and indeed he had learned that the Countess had gone to seek His Excellency at his office to proffer, as she had said, an urgent request, Captain Prosser Williams was announced. My Lady raised her hand haughtily, Lord Bellomont dropped the pen which he had taken in his hand, and his whole countenance changed as if by magic. Every trace of softness disappeared. For although he was not altogether pleased at the interruption, the very name of Prosser Williams recalled many things to his mind which he had been in danger of forgetting. He remembered all that the young man had told him in distorted and exaggerated terms of Mr. de Lacey's seditious proceedings in England, and how he had made himself obnoxious to His Majesty. Williams had also dwelt upon his exertions under Governor Dongan to spread the Catholic faith, not only amongst the Indians, but amongst the white people of the colonies. Nor did Williams hesitate to make many lying additions to his charges against de Lacey, such as negotiations with the French of Canada and other enemies of the King. He declared that de Lacey had been the open friend of

the Jesuite aid, no doubt, their agent in the colonies of New York. He had laid great stress upon Mistress Evelyn's activities amongst the savages, declaring it to be part of an organized plan, in which father and daughter were confederates, to spread the Romish superstition through all the tribes. He lent to all their doings the most sinister motives. He repeated more strongly than ever his accusations against Pieter Schuyler and Captain Ferrers, whom he blamed for the recent escape, declaring that the skipper Rogers was only their tool and accomplice. He represented their conduct as an open defiance of His Excellency's authority and of the King's Majesty.

In fact, he had so thoroughly inflamed Lord Bellomont's mind against all concerned that he now bitterly reproached himself for the momentary softness he had felt toward his wife. The very appearance of the young officer, pale and haggard from the violence of his late emotion, his fury and balled fists, the wound he had received and the fever that had supervened, caused His Excellency to remember that the man had powerful relatives in England, and might make or mar a Governor desirous of preferment. He, therefore, listened with deep attention to the new details which Captain Williams had to give, and which were put in such a way as still further to aggravate the choleric Governor, after which the accuser proceeded boldly to lay before the Earl a plan, which should, as he said, go far to conciliate all parties concerned.

"For I would venture to declare," he said tentatively, "that the Countess herself would much desire the pardon of some of these malcontents, and especially of Mistress de Lacey."

This was purely a surmise on the young man's part to discover, if possible, what had been the reason for Lady Bellomont's late interview with her husband, from which she had withdrawn in disgust upon his entrance. The Earl gave him no information, however, save an impatient nod of assent.

"If I may make bold to suggest, there is also a powerful faction of Colonials to whom the pardon of Mistress de Lacey would be acceptable."

The Governor stared, as though the man before him had lost his senses.

"You are pleading for the maid," he cried, "you who but just now were chief accuser."

"I will explain to Your Excellency's satisfaction," said the young man composedly. "But in the first place I must mention that it will be necessary for the success of my plan that Captain Ferrers be kept in durance or sent to England for trial."

Lord Bellomont, to whom this advice was highly unpalatable, moved the papers restlessly upon his desk.

"Leave me to deal with Ferrers," he said shortly, "and say as briefly as may be what is your plan with respect to this girl."

"It is," said Prosser Williams firmly, presuming upon his influence with the Governor, "that you grant her a free pardon for all offences, reversing also the attainder upon her late father, on the sole condition that she marry me."

His Excellency, turning about in his chair, confronted the other with a look of black astonishment, which caused the pale face of the younger man to redden. Then he burst into a roar of laughter.

"By all the gods," he cried, "I begin to believe that there is something in this Salem foolery after all. The wench has bewitched you all. Ferrers has lost his liberty and put his neck in jeopardy; young Schuyler had to fly from the consequences of his intervention in her behalf, and now you, whom I have held to be her bitterest enemy—"

"And so I am, sir, her bitterest enemy. But it has been my way never to be beaten at a game upon which I have once entered. Besides which I will freely own that I have been bitten by a love mania which gives me no rest."

Lord Bellomont appealed so forcibly to Lord Bellomont's sense of humor that it was hard to make him serious again. But Prosser Williams, nothing daunted and indeed encouraged by my Lord's mirthfulness, went on to explain that the Salem matter could be easily settled, since numbers of the population there were ashamed of the witchcraft delusion and also at the trick by which the girl had been rescued. As to the indictment of Mistress de Lacey by the Colony of Manhattan, that could be readily quashed by the pardon of His Excellency on condition that the girl should agree to marry a loyal Protestant and have done forever with Papists and Jesuits. There was something in the Governor's remembrance of Evelyn de Lacey that made him feel doubtful if this latter part of the agreement could be very easily carried out. But the young man before him had considerable success, or so it was said, with the fair sex, and might very well get the start in the race with young Schuyler, who to his supercilious mind was merely a Colonial, or with Captain Ferrers, who was before ever thing a soldier. Prosser Williams himself was ready with the assurance that, once his wife, there would be no difficulty whatever in managing this hitherto refractory Papist. There was a gleam in his eye as he spoke and a cold cruelty in his aspect, which the Governor noted, but which did not prevent him from giving his assent to the proposal, saying:

"Be it so, then, and I trust I shall be rid forever of this troublesome business. But if she refuse to accept the offer of pardon?"

"We can make, I think, sir, such demand upon the Spaniards, amongst whom, as I opine, she has taken refuge, that they will be forced to give her up."

So Lord Bellomont signed the paper which the young officer had in readiness, hoping that the pardon thus offered would also please his wife. However, he inquired of Captain Williams:

"Was not this maid's troth plighted to this Schuyler, which might make trouble here?"

"Her ambitions flew higher, sir," declared the officer. "Her design was to wed Egbert Ferrers and bring him over with her to the Romish creed."

His Excellency's face grew purple at this truth, which to Prosser Williams was only a surmise, but which would have created such a scandal.

An officer of my Household to become a Papist!" he cried. "The outrageous baggage, I have a mind to put her in a cuncheon, or let them hang her, if they will, on Salem Hill."

"You have promised, sir, to let me be her gaoler," reminded Prosser Williams.

"Aye," said the Governor, "I have promised. So, if you can catch the bird, keep her. But, if you do not force her to amend her ways, I will hang you both, and have done with it."

Prosser Williams then took his leave, and Lord Bellomont congratulated himself upon that upshot to the affair, which he believed would please at once his wife and those cursed Colonials, whom according to the hint from the highest quarters it was now his mission to conciliate.

CHAPTER XV.  
AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE

Going forth with the document to which His Excellency had appended his signature, Prosser Williams was sanguine enough to hope that the Captain Ferrers could be kept out of the way, Evelyn might be so tired of the loneliness of her exile as to be willing to listen to his overtures. He resolved upon the bold move of calling in the first place upon Madam Van Cortlandt. He approached that dwelling with mingled feelings. It thrilled him vague stirrings of hope and at the same time with something of the blankness which he felt for the associations that it recalled made his chances seem slender of winning the love of a girl whom he had so cruelly wronged and subjected to so intolerable a persecution. As he stood a moment watching the house, which had suddenly turned into a shadow against him, he felt that the witness of Evelyn's dead father rose between him and the object of his pursuit as he could never have done in life. Only the solitary hope remained that she might consent to marry him for the sake of a pardon which would permit her to return to the society of her friends and to the places for which she had always expressed so warm an attachment. He did not know her exact whereabouts, which was in a convent in the Spanish city, but he hoped that he might obtain that information from those who had been her most intimate friends.

He was conscious, too, of considerable trepidation in confronting the somewhat formidable mistress of the house, who was no doubt aware of many of his misdeeds where Evelyn was concerned, or who least must be strongly suspicious. He was ushered into her presence, where also he found Polly, who of late had been his very determined enemy. It was a trying moment; the very pendents, which hung in the old lady's ears and swayed with every movement of her head, seemed to his fancy to give weight to the accusations against him as he believed in the dignity and impressiveness of Madam Van Cortlandt's richly attired person.

She received him with a conventional courtesy more deadly than open hostility. He knew, before he had been placed upon the black-list of that household forever. Of course he did not know, though he suspected that Captain Ferrers and Pieter Schuyler had kept her informed of all that had transpired, and had laid the blame where it belonged—amongst other things—for the inquisitorial search of her house. Polly, more openly hostile, barely returned his salute, and, withdrawing to a distant corner of the apartment, busied herself with a piece of embroidery. It was with the greatest difficulty that that hardened and cynical man of the world was able to retain his composure, and turn from ordinary subjects of conversation to that of Evelyn.

Once he had broached that topic, however, his effrontery seemed to return, as well as his powers of dissimulation. He told in moving language of his devotion to Mistress de Lacey, which had never changed nor faltered, even in the face of her bitter and unjust prejudice against him. He explained, as he believed to their satisfaction, all that had taken place. How he had gone to Salem for the purpose of protecting her, and had again boarded the "Hesperia," with the sole purpose—which he had been obliged to keep secret from his associates—of rescuing Evelyn from the piratical attack of Greatbatch. Polly blushed a deep red at this allusion, for she felt certain that he included her husband amongst them. Nor could she deny such an allegation. In conclusion, his voice trembling with emotion, he displayed the pardon,

which he had himself obtained from the Governor, but with the added condition that the girl should become his wife. On other terms, he said, would Lord Bellomont listen to such a petition. He appealed to each of his hearers in turn to take note that he was acting in a perfectly disinterested manner, and was willing for the sake of an unrequited love, to risk the displeasure of wealthy relatives and even of the Home Government.

Madam Van Cortlandt, who had never wavered in her opinion of the man and of the methods he employed in the pursuit of Evelyn, could not but admit the sincerity of his passion. Nevertheless, she was totally opposed to his suit, and felt convinced that Evelyn would prefer perpetual exile to a union with this suitor, whom the old lady herself both disliked and despised. She did not, however, give expression to these sentiments, but drily inquired in what manner could be arranged, even taking the consent of Evelyn for granted, the religious differences between them.

Captain Prosser Williams, with some hesitation, replied that of course, as his wife, it would be necessary for Mistress de Lacey at least outwardly to conform to the established religion.

"Were there no other obstacle, that alone," Madam Van Cortlandt had greatly to commend, was insupportable. Any one who has known Mistress Evelyn de Lacey as I have, must be aware of that."

Prosser Williams reddened and bit his lip, turning at the same time an inquiring glance towards Polly. Now that young woman, less experienced than her grandmother, and who in the earlier days of their acquaintance had been more favored, looked towards the young officer, had relented considerably in her attitude towards him. She had been deceived by his protestations of devotion to Evelyn, which she knew to be genuine, and by his explanation of the part he had played in subsequent events. She had had no communication with Captain Ferrers or Pieter Schuyler, and her grand- mother had kept her in ignorance of their part in the various transactions and their knowledge of Prosser Williams' nefarious schemes. Hence, when the young man displayed the pardon, she had immediately foreseen the prospect of enjoying once more the society of her dearest friend, to whom, as the wife of an officer in His Excellency's Household, she would have the most hospitable tongue, that of her husband included. Already she rejoiced in the pleasurable anticipation of astonishing and confounding him by the fresh information which she had to give. As to the question of religion, which naturally she had never discussed with Evelyn, she could not believe that gave him any weight. She fancied that it would be a very easy thing for her friend to appear on the Sabbath in the nave of Trinity Church with the brilliant young officer at her side, and herself an appanage of the gubernatorial establishment, even if she chose to practise her own religion, as she had hitherto done, in secret.

Prosser Williams caught the spark of her dark eyes and the smile which she now quite willingly accorded him, and he knew that, in so far as she was concerned, his case was won. Her influence with her friend, which could only be by correspondence, he felt sure would be altogether upon his side. As for Madam Van Cortlandt, her manner, no less than the decisive tone of her voice, seemed to give him but little hope. He intuitively felt that he had not prevailed at all with her. It was only at Polly's earnest entreaty that she consented to forward the conditional pardon to Evelyn, together with a letter from the dejected suitor, though she utterly refused to disclose the fugitive's place of refuge. And with that concession Prosser Williams had to be satisfied.

When Mistress Evelyn de Lacey refused in the most emphatic manner to accept the amnesty which had been offered on such conditions, her letter produced on the minds of Madam Van Cortlandt and her grand-daughter a precisely opposite effect. When Evelyn declared that, leaving Captain Prosser Williams and his house, she would never again be seen, it was impossible to give up her faith that was dearer than life and for which she would gladly suffer martyrdom, the elder lady saw therein the expression of a noble nature. She admitted that it was just what she would have expected, and that she would have been disappointed in any other answer.

"These Romanists, Polly," she said, "are not like others, who change their religion like a garment, and it is unthinkable in any case that Evelyn could have consented to marry that altogether odious person."

But Polly was quite of another mind. She warmly defended the young man, and declared that Evelyn was unreasonably stubborn in her prejudice against him. And as to the question of religion, Polly surprised her grandmother, and justified the fears she had always entertained as to the influence of her fanatical husband upon an impressionable nature.

"Henricus says," Polly broke forth with great bitterness, "that those Papists are sly and underhand folk, who practise their religion in secret."

"But my dearest child," cried her grandmother aghast, "how can they do otherwise when all public profession or practice is forbidden, espe-

cially by the laws of 1691 and the more recent law of our present Governor?"

Polly was in no mood to hear reason and counsel, and she said:

"Henricus, who is a Councillor and knows what he speaks, declares that they are plotting to undermine the State, to exterminate Protestants, and to found the Romish superstition in these colonies with the Pope of Rome as ruler."

"Why," exclaimed the grandmother much distressed, "they are but a handful, poor and scattered."

"Their number no man knows," declared Polly, "and they are forever intriguing with the French of Canada."

"Can you believe," inquired the grandmother sternly, "that Evelyn, who even in trifles is the soul of honor, and that high-minded gentleman, her late father, were engaged in such conspiracies?"

"I believe naught against Evelyn," said Polly, "save that, being herself deceived, she did the work of the Jesuits in leading the *Wilden* to Popery and so to league with the French."

"If," demanded Madam Van Cortlandt, "you could credit these fables, would it not be a crime against the State to bring so dangerous a person back to the colony, or for an officer of the Household to marry her?"

"But if she were once of the Protestant faith?" Polly suggested.

"That she will never be," Madam Van Cortlandt declared decidedly, "and to put an end to all these discussions I will tell you, though as a matter which it is advisable still to keep secret, that she is the betrothed wife of an honorable gentleman, and one who is in every way worthy of her, Captain Egbert Ferrers."

But, even before this astounding announcement, Polly's indignation had vanished. And presently her disappointment expended itself in a shower of tears.

**JOHN MARTIN'S VIGIL**

By Anna Blanche McGill

"Get your hat, father; it's time for church—there to the Martins," said Mrs. Campbell—not the only person who, figuratively speaking, set her clock by the Martins' punctuality. Saving those Sundays when they drove to church, Mrs. Martin and her son John might be seen regularly passing to St. Peter's.

It's wonderful how active Mrs. Martin keeps," continued Mrs. Campbell, a married daughter sitting at another window remarked.

"John Martin grows handsomer all the time. It's a wonder he never married."

"Yes, it's a pity, too," acquiesced Mrs. Campbell, "he would have made a good husband, judging from his fidelity to his mother. We used to say something similar of her—she was so young and pretty when Mr. Martin died. Everybody thought she would marry again—it was not that she could not, but she was so wrapped up in Jack."

"Well, he's certainly repaid her devotion."

The couple thus commented upon wended their way down the street—the tall man of forty years and the small, slender woman of sixty-five. At the door of St. Peter's they parted. Mrs. Martin going in to High Mass, her son setting forth to the golf links. This was their regular routine Sunday after Sunday. The pious little mother was not content with the brief early Mass at which she received Communion; her Sunday devotions included the High Mass also. Particularly precious to her was the merit accruing from her works of supererogation. Of such merit she made an offering in behalf of him who was dearest to her—the son who in one respect only gave her cause for unhappiness—his failure to fulfil his religious obligations. When she first became aware of his negligence she had expostulated with him and had let him see her distress; but, paradoxically, John's good nature and his easy-going temperament made him less accessible to argument than persons of sterner mould might have been. With characteristic if provoking amiability he evaded her persuasion. Every Sunday at the church door the mother asked:

"Are you coming in?"

And always the son lifted his hat respectfully, smiled fondly, and answered:

"I'll see you at dinner-time."

Friends usually accompanied Mrs. Martin home from church; John always felt assured that she would have an escort. Not often did it happen, as on this particular Sunday, that she was delayed by stopping to speak to friends and was, consequently, left to walk home alone.

Had he known this, John would have left his game to be her knight; as it was, while his mother reverentially bent her head at St. Peter's, John was enjoying his golf—he played admirably, as he did nearly everything else. Today he was in particularly good form. He went over the course once, winning the game from one of the local champions; he started over the links again, and had made four holes when a caddy ran across the field in his direction, spoke to his own caddy—the two boys together approaching him while the former delivered a message:

"You're wanted at the telephone, sir—it is important!"

John rested his stick a moment impatiently and speculated: What could the message be! He always left business behind him on Sundays, especially Sunday morning. His associates were unlikely to call him. The only thing he could think of was that perhaps some one from out-of-town was passing through, and wished a word with him. Reluctantly he hurried across the green to the Club House. As he entered, the man in charge said quickly:

"I tried to have the message delivered, but they wouldn't leave it. It's Dr. Brown—nothing wrong, sir, I hope."

The man's tone startled and worried John Martin as he hastily took up the receiver. Over the wire came Dr. Brown's voice:

"John your mother has been hurt—a fall—I'm with her—"

"I'll be right along," said John hanging up the receiver and tersely telling the men in the room what the physician had said. Immediately a quicker man came forward:

"I'll take you in my car—it will be quicker than the trolley—"

"I'd be greatly obliged," answered John evidently troubled and striving to control his nerves.

As they sped across the country, John's anxiety was at high pitch. The doctor's voice had been serious, so he had not asked for details. He was too eager to get home; the car could not carry him fast enough. As they drove up to the house it seemed strange not to see her at the window. Always she greeted him from there on Sundays. This was almost the first time since his childhood that there had been no sign of her. His suspense was harrowing. As soon as the car stopped, he leaped out and hastened up the steps. At the door Dr. Brown met him.

"What is it? Where is she?" asked John.

"A bad fall," the doctor's face indicated that it was a serious one, as he continued: "I've given her an anesthetic. I was with her right away. The wound in her head is dressed—her left arm is badly bruised—no bones broken. I hope John was running up the stairs leading to her room, but the doctor laid a restraining hand upon his arm:

"Wait a moment; she has dozed off. Nora—Moran—the best nurse in town—is with her; I took the liberty of calling her right away. Fortunately she was home and of course only too willing to come. Liza is there, too, within call. They will let us know the moment she rouses. I thought we had better stay here till I tell you all I know about it."

"Yes!" said John eagerly.

"As nearly as I can learn, she was crossing Fifth Street. An automobile suddenly turned the corner—I don't believe she was struck. She must have taken a quick step to escape—slipped—and struck her head."

John groaned.

The doctor continued:

"It's a bad-looking wound, but not necessarily fatal. With the right care and no complications she ought to rally—but, of course, it's slow at her age!"

"Is she conscious?"

"Scarcely—but that is natural."

"Was any one near when it happened? I don't understand I see one usually comes home with her on Sundays; though she goes about, of course, alone whenever she wishes—she has always been so active."

"That's greatly in her favor," said the doctor.

"Tell me more about it, doctor."

"Young Wm. Norton, standing at the drug store on the corner, saw her fall and hastened to pick her up, calling the drug clerk to assist him. My car was at my door and when I received the message I came right over, and had one of the boys drive her slowly. I knew you would prefer to have her at home. I have been with her ever since. I shall not leave till she wakes."

As they spoke, the maid, Liza, came half-way down the stairs. Dr. Brown went to meet her.

"She's stirring," said Liza. "Miss Nora said to call you."

Together the two men entered the room. Heart-breaking to the son was it to see the slender, usually active figure prone on the bed, an ominous bandage around her head. As the doctor felt her pulse, his expression was grave but non-committal. It was too early, he said, to be able to form any definite idea as to the extent of her injury; her condition was such that the slightest complication might prove fatal.

450 PAGES

In the tedious weeks that followed John Martin fretted over the slow change for the better. He scarcely left the sick room, attending to as much of his business as he could over the telephone, and leaving the remainder in the hands of his assistants. During the first week his mother lay almost in a stupor. Now and then her lips moved, but no words came; there was no recognition in her eyes. John's chief consolation was that both doctor and nurse encouraged him to hope for her final recovery. It fairly madened him to think he could do so little.

And yet if he could do so little with his hands, during these long vigils John Martin was exercising certain unwonted energies. In those first nights when her life seemed at so low an ebb, when the chief sign of vitality was the pain-wracked expression on her face and the moans from her lips never before known to complain, his spirit besieged heaven for her. Denied the power of serving her with that physical strength he would find have given her, now night after night all the powers of his manhood went forth through space and stormed heaven in her behalf. At other times of his life he had prayed—with simplicity in childhood

**TO BE CONTINUED**

**JOHN MARTIN'S VIGIL**

By Anna Blanche McGill

"Get your hat, father; it's time for church—there to the Martins," said Mrs. Campbell—not the only person who, figuratively speaking, set her clock by the Martins' punctuality. Saving those Sundays when they drove to church, Mrs. Martin and her son John might be seen regularly passing to St. Peter's.

It's wonderful how active Mrs. Martin keeps," continued Mrs. Campbell, a married daughter sitting at another window remarked.

"John Martin grows handsomer all the time. It's a wonder he never married."

"Yes, it's a pity, too," acquiesced Mrs. Campbell, "he would have made a good husband, judging from his fidelity to his mother. We used to say something similar of her—she was so young and pretty when Mr. Martin died. Everybody thought she would marry again—it was not that she could not, but she was so wrapped up in Jack."

"Well, he's certainly repaid her devotion."

The couple thus commented upon wended their way down the street—the tall man of forty years and the small, slender woman of sixty-five. At the door of St. Peter's they parted. Mrs. Martin going in to High Mass, her son setting forth to the golf links. This was their regular routine Sunday after Sunday. The pious little mother was not content with the brief early Mass at which she received Communion; her Sunday devotions included the High Mass also. Particularly precious to her was the merit accruing from her works of supererogation. Of such merit she made an offering in behalf of him who was dearest to her—the son who in one respect only gave her cause for unhappiness—his failure to fulfil his religious obligations. When she first became aware of his negligence she had expostulated with him and had let him see her distress; but, paradoxically, John's good nature and his easy-going temperament made him less accessible to argument than persons of sterner mould might have been. With characteristic if provoking amiability he evaded her persuasion. Every Sunday at the church door the mother asked:

"Are you coming in?"

And always the son lifted his hat respectfully, smiled fondly, and answered:

"I'll see you at dinner-time."

Friends usually accompanied Mrs. Martin home from church; John always felt assured that she would have an escort. Not often did it happen, as on this particular Sunday, that she was delayed by stopping to speak to friends and was, consequently, left to walk home alone.

Had he known this, John would have left his game to be her knight; as it was, while his mother reverentially bent her head at St. Peter's, John was enjoying his golf—he played admirably, as he did nearly everything else. Today he was in particularly good form. He went over the course once, winning the game from one of the local champions; he started over the links again, and had made four holes when a caddy ran across the field in his direction, spoke to his own caddy—the two boys together approaching him while the former delivered a message:

"You're wanted at the telephone, sir—it is important!"

John rested his stick a moment impatiently and speculated: What could the message be! He always left business behind him on Sundays, especially Sunday morning. His associates were unlikely to call him. The only thing he could think of was that perhaps some one from out-of-town was passing through, and wished a word with him. Reluctantly he hurried across the green to the Club House. As he entered, the man in charge said quickly:

"I tried to have the message delivered, but they wouldn't leave it. It's Dr. Brown—nothing wrong, sir, I hope."

The man's tone startled and worried John Martin as he hastily took up the receiver. Over the wire came Dr. Brown's voice:

"John your mother has been hurt—a fall—I'm with her—"

"I'll be right along," said John hanging up the receiver and tersely telling the men in the room what the physician had said. Immediately a quicker man came forward:

"I'll take you in my car—it will be quicker than the trolley—"

"I'd be greatly obliged," answered John evidently troubled and striving to control his nerves.

As they sped across the country, John's anxiety was at high pitch. The doctor's voice had been serious, so he had not asked for details. He was too eager to get home; the car could not carry him fast enough. As they drove up to the house it seemed strange not to see her at the window. Always she greeted him from there on Sundays. This was almost the first time since his childhood that there had been no sign of her. His suspense was harrowing. As soon as the car stopped, he leaped out and hastened up the steps. At the door Dr. Brown met him.

"What is it? Where is she?" asked John.

"A bad fall," the doctor's face indicated that it was a serious one, as he continued: "I've given her an anesthetic. I was with her right away. The wound in her head is dressed—her left arm is badly bruised—no bones broken. I hope

Phone Main 5249. After Hours: Hillcrest 3215  
**Society of St. Vincent de Paul**  
**Bureau of Information**  
Special Attention Given to Employment  
Cast of Clothes Always in Demand  
25 Shuter St.  
Office Hours 9 to 4  
TORONTO

**St. Jerome's College**  
Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.  
Excellent Business College Department  
Excellent High School or Academic Department  
Excellent College and Philosophical Departments  
Address:  
REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., Ph. D., PRESIDENT

PROFESSIONAL CARDS  
**FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN**  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc.  
Hon. J. J. Foy, K. C., A. E. Knox, T. Louis Monahan  
E. L. Middleton George Keough  
Cable Address: "Foy"  
Telephones (Main 794) (Main 795)  
Offices: Continental Life Building  
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS  
TORONTO

P. O. Box 7093 Phone M 4116  
**H. L. O'Rourke, B.A.**  
(Also of Ontario Bar)  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY  
Money to Loan  
Suite 5, Board of Trade Building  
231 Eighth Avenue West  
CALGARY, ALBERTA

**JOHN T. LOFTUS**  
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc.  
715 TEMPLE BUILDING  
TORONTO  
Telephone Main 622

**Reilly, Lunney & Lannan**  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES  
CALGARY, ALBERTA  
DENTISTS  
DR. BRUCE E. EAD  
Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers  
Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 5660

**Funeral Directors**  
**John Ferguson & Sons**  
180 KING ST.  
The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers  
Open Night and Day  
Telephone—House 373 Factory 543

**E. C. Killingsworth**  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
Open Day and Night  
583 Richmond St. Phone 3971

**QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY**  
KINGSTON ONTARIO  
ARTS  
MEDICINE EDUCATION  
APPLIED SCIENCE  
Mining, Chemical, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.  
HOME STUDY  
Arts Course by correspondence, Degree with one year's attendance or four summer sessions.  
Summer School Navigation School  
July and August December to April  
19 GEO. Y. CHOWN, Registrar

**STAMMERING**  
or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural method permanently restores natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.  
THE ARNOLD INSTITUTE  
KITCHENER, CANADA

**Gerald de Lacey's Daughter**  
An Historical Romance  
By Anna T. Saddler  
No Catholic writer of fiction in English is more widely known and none more deservedly popular than the author of this book, which will probably add more to her fame than anything bearing her name. For the time of her story, she has chosen one of the most interesting periods in this country's history, that immediately following the accession to the English throne of William of Orange, a time of bitter memories for those of the Faith, filled with deadly persecution and with glorious heroism. It is a story of virtue, spirit, brimful of action, and highly dramatic in parts. The love scenes are charming. Every Catholic should read it.  
450 PAGES  
Price, \$1.35  
Postage 15c.

**The Catholic Record**  
LONDON, CANADA

SPEND a few days, a week or a week-end at this popular Resort Hotel, noted for Service, Cuisine and Amplements.  
ON THE OCEAN FRONT  
Hot and Cold Salt Water in all baths. Croquet, Golf privileges, Special Spring Rates. Booklet.  
NEWLIN HAINES CO.

Phone Main 7215 117 Yonge St. Toronto  
**Hennessey**  
DRUGS OUT FLOWERS  
PERFUMES CANDLES  
Order by Phone—we deliver  
Watch our Ads. in Local Dailies Thursday