

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER

Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc. CHAPTER XXVIII.—(CONTINUED)

Arty nodded with provoking familiarity, and returned Tighe's stare with one of equal fearlessness. Coming close to Tighe a Vohr he whispered: "I know all about it, Mr. Carmody, and it was a very clever trick indeed, you played; I have not said a word to anybody here, and I won't, providing you share halves, you know."

Tighe gave a prolonged whistle, pretending to be dumfounded, and awed as well. "Tell me how you found it all out, Arty?" "Well, do you see, I had a great mind to witness the race—a great mind entirely; and when you told me to remain where I was, it seemed very hard. Besides, Mr. Carmody—you'll forgive me for saying so—but when you were so determined on my staying behind there, and not coming forward with the horse, I began to have suspicions of my own. I think as you were well gone, and I followed. It all seemed right enough till the horse was led out as 'Brian Boru.' I knew he had been entered for the race as 'Charmer'; that opened my eyes a bit, and it wasn't very long till I heard the people talking of the dreadful state Mr. Canty was in because his horse didn't arrive, and then Mr. Maloney's name began to be mentioned; it all flashed on me, and faith I couldn't help admiring you for the clever trick you played on old Maloney. I resolved to keep my counsel, for I thought you'd be generous, Mr. Carmody."

"An' I will be, Arty," said Tighe, extending his hand, and assuming an expression as if he was just released from a shower-bath. "But the stakes are you paid up yet, so that I haven't recaved the amount they're to give me. But can I trust you, Arty, to help me, if I say a fair half?"

"With all my soul!" and the groom's hand clasped Tighe's. "Well, thin, it's reported that a tilygraph, or some other divilment, has been sent to old Maloney, an' I'm afereed 'o what that'll bring fourth; now I'd like to have the horse out 'o the way, an' mesel', too. Will you run away wid the bastie for a couple or three days, till I see what turn matters will take? On the third day from now I'll mate you in Dick Courcy's shebeen, the same that stabled 'Brian Boru' for us. You can purtind to payple that you're takin' the horse to his mather—an' that'll be no lie, for so you will take him to his mather, only we'll thray first what we can knock out 'o the old miser. It'll swell our gains. Do you understand me, Arty?"

And Tighe looked with a wonderfully anxious gaze into the snapping eyes of the groom. "I do, Mr. Carmody, perfectly; and I'll do it. On the third day from this, say at noon, I'll wait for you in Courcy's."

The conversation had been carried on in a whisper, but even if it were not, everybody who approached the stall was in too much haste and excitement to give it any attention. "Away with you, thin!" urged Tighe, and it was with a smile of intense satisfaction that he saw a few moments after he beheld the groom, mounted on "Brian Boru," riding quietly away from the course, and in an opposite direction to the town.

In one portion of the course the excitement had received a new and extraordinary impulse in the sudden appearance of a man so tall in form as to inspire awe by his unusual height, and with so sinister and repulsive an expression as to win no brief nor pleasant observation, and dressed in so dirty and strange a garb that many shrunk from his approach. He was screaming at the top of his voice, and gesticulating wildly.

"My horse! my horse! I sent him here; he was to run; somebody has stolen him!"

A crowd gathered about him, and by degrees sufficient of his story was learned for some one to volunteer to conduct him to one of the stands.

Tighe a Vohr, arm in arm with Corny O'Toole, beheld the approaching crowd—for every one who had heard the man's strange account now followed in his wake; he ventured near enough to ascertain the cause of the gathering. "Blood an' ous! Corny, if it isn't old Maloney! Oh, where'll I go at all, at all? It's all up wid me!"

Corny became unexpectedly equal to the occasion. "Get to my room as fast as you can,—and stay there; if they do discover enough to put the police on your track, they'll not find you awhile. I'll stay here and see how things goes."

"But they'll be after you too, Corny; Canty'll tell how you tuk the message."

"The divil a one fear of their getting anything out of me; I'll badger them, Tighe, till they think they've got enough of Corny O'Toole, jackass, as Mr. Canty politely called him."

Tighe a Vohr followed the little man's advice, and was soon safely housed in the bachelor apartment, much to the delight of Shaun, who had been confined there a very unhappy prisoner since early morning. He immediately began, with the help of sundry garments of Corny's wardrobe, to endeavor to change his dress, and thus to disguise effectually his appearance.

At that same time the train which came down from Dublin brought Carter; he was in a flurry of excitement, having expected to reach Tralee in time to witness the race. He hired a conveyance, and was driven rapidly to the course. He menally cursed Lo d Heathcote, who had been the cause of his unlucky detention, and with a wildly beating heart he ordered the driver to urge his horse, that at least he might be in time for the settling of the stakes. He was met on the grounds, as he ascended, perspiring and panting from the vehicle, by one of his intimate sporting friends.

"Gone—Carter—we've lost!" "Lost!" Carter appeared transfixed; his eyes almost starting from their sockets.

"Yes; Canty's horse didn't appear, and a magnificent animal named 'Brian Boru,' and ridden by one Timothy O'Carmony, distanced all the others without an effort."

"Timothy O'Carmony?" repeated Carter in a dazed way.

"Yes; those who know him say he's always called Tighe a Vohr."

"Tighe a Vohr!" Carter threw up his hands and gasped for breath.

"It's the queerest piece of business that ever happened on a course," resumed the first speaker; "all the morning Joe Canty's been swearing and fuming like a madman, and after the race was over an old man, acting as mad as a March hare, came rushing on the course, screaming for his horse, and saying that it had been stolen. They have got him now in one of the rooms, and he declares that you sent Tighe a Vohr for the horse, which he says is the one that Canty was to ride; and they have dispatched me to find Canty; so you had better hurry in yourself,"—indicating the room he had just left— "and throw what light you can upon the matter."

Carter required no second bidding; excited and panting, he soon stood amid the equally excited inmates of the betting room. On his appearance Maloney, who had been talking and gesticulating wildly, gave a shrill scream; then he bounded toward Carter, uttering some frenzied statement, but his voice was so thick from terror and excitement that the word horse alone could be distinguished.

"Where is your horse?" yelled Carter; "why didn't he run?"

"Where is my horse?" screamed Maloney, this time a little more distinctly. "You scoundrel, tell me where he is?" and he shook his bony fist in Carter's face.

At this juncture Canty entered, and seeing the attitude of Maloney, and fuming himself to be able to revenge his disappointment and humiliation, both of which in his blind passion he attributed to Carter, he rushed forward, and before any one could intercept or even divine his intention, planted a well-directed blow full in Carter's face. It staggered the latter, and but for the friendly support of some one in his rear he would have fallen. The friends of Carter indignantly at the outrage, fell upon Canty; but the latter was not without his sympathizers, and they immediately assisted him in true fighting style; Carter and Maloney, the reluctant centers of the struggle, were obliged to strike in their own defense, even though the courage of neither was of the staunchest kind. Everything became confusion and clamor; it was the first melee of the day, and the hot young bloods, of that class whose chief sport seemed to be breaking heads and disfiguring faces, flled the air with delight. Sticks flew, chairs were overturned, and the pewter mugs, which stood on the table still reeling with the remains of Beamish and Crawford's porter, were hurled among the combatants. Maloney was knocked down, and Carter was shoved heavily upon him, so that the frantic cries of the miser, in which the word horse was incessantly uttered, were somewhat smothered by the heavy weight. The fight speedily attracted without its own immediate precincts, and shortly almost every one on the course had arrived at the scene of the excitement. The police followed, and peace was only restored when arrests had been made of the leaders in the affair—Mortimer Carter, Joe Canty, Ned Maloney, and a couple of others who seemed to have taken the part of instigators. In vain Carter protested, saying that the fight was a mistake, and the origin of a misunderstanding; in vain Canty swore, and in vain old Maloney pleaded on his knees to be released, that he might look for his horse; all were borne in triumph to Tralee bridge, and Corny O'Toole, a spectator from a distance of the whole affair, grew so red from laughing at his yellow complexion, to which Mrs. Carmody objected, quite disappeared for the time.

CHAPTER XXIX. TIGHE A VOHR'S SWEETHEART

Garfield, and the betting circle of whom he was now the popular center, had gayly pocketed their winnings—a proceeding which might have been unpleasantly delayed had it not been for Mortimer Carter's incarceration. He was now out on bail, having been confined but a few hours; and Canty having given surety, was also at large.

Old Maloney was not yet released, owing to his inability to procure a bondsman; he was utterly unknown in Tralee, and if he sent to Dhrummacoill he would be as little likely

to find any surety there. In this respondent state he was visited by Carter, at sight of whom the old man raved like a wild beast. "My horse! my horse," his loud and incessant cry. It required time for Carter to quiet him sufficiently to gain a coherent statement; but at length he learned all; the visit of Tighe a Vohr with the note, the extraordinary tale of Canty's forthcoming arrest, the line of conduct prescribed by Tighe for the miser in the event of Mr. Canty's anticipated visit—all of which Maloney divulged now without a regard for the oath of secrecy he had taken,—his yielding of the horse and groom to Tighe, and his remaining in quiet certainty of all being right—a certainty which the fact of his receiving no visit from Mr. Canty rather strengthened. The old miser did not suspect, and the cunning rascal of Dhrummacoill, each of whom was too ardent a friend of Tighe a Vohr to disobey him in the slightest particular, did not see him that the excitement and terror into which he was thrown one afternoon by the horde of yelling people in front of his door was due to the occasion of Mr. Canty's visit. He had no suspicion of aught being wrong until the arrival of the telegram on the morning of the race. The contents of that which ran:

"Your horse, 'Charmer,' has not arrived; have you sent him?"

and which was signed Joe Canty, put the old man into a fever. His horse not arrived, when a week ago the animal was supposed to be stabled in Tralee! Horrible fears immediately crowded on his suspicious and sinister mind. Like a mad man he locked up his abode, from which he had not been absent for years before, and took the first car to Tralee. He arrived on the course to find the race over, and that his horse was not among those in the stalls; nor had any animal by that name been seen.

Carter was in as violent a rage as the miser; all the more that the payment of the stakes to the fortunate winners was the occasion to him of no inconsiderable loss. Maloney's grief for his forfeit was somewhat absorbed in his greater distress for the abstraction of his horse. "It's all the doings of that devil of a Tighe a Vohr," said Carter, striding the prison floor; "I wrote a note telling of my intended journey to Dublin, in consequence of which I should be prevented from going down to Dhrummacoill for the horse as I had promised, and bidding you bring him up yourself; and that note I gave to a little runner at Hoolahan's, who was going down your way, to give you."

"He never came near me!" protested Maloney.

"Nor Canty?" asked Carter, though he had already heard a second time from Maloney that there had been no visit of the sporting man to his place.

"The miser answered testily: "I told you before he didn't come."

"It's a past understanding," resumed Carter; "but there's nothing too big nor too bad for that infernal Tighe a Vohr; he'd go to hell to serve Carroll O'Donoghue, and I'll warrant he's had some object that was to benefit his master at it;—he has a clear case against him;—he obtained the horse on false pretenses, and if it is the same animal that he entered for the race he entered him without any right to do so; and now it looks as if he had stolen him. I'll get out a warrant for his arrest immediately."

"And the horse?" "broke in Maloney, trembling; "will the warrant recover him?"

"To be sure; if we find Tighe, the horse I think'll not be far off; but I'll off to Canty now, and find out why he didn't go down to Dhrummacoill as he promised."

"And me?" whined the miser; "how long must I stay here?"

"Be still, you old fool! you'll be out tomorrow," and Carter hastily departed to procure a warrant for Tim Carmody's arrest, and immediately after to seek Canty.

Canty, not altogether convinced that he was not the victim of a trick originated by Carter, met the latter somewhat haughtily, and seemed inclined to maintain his proud and moody reserve throughout the interview. Carter explained and protested, and swore that he was as innocent of any part in the transaction, and as deeply injured; those of the duped party, and then he retaliated by denouncing in no easy terms, Canty's faithless omission to see the horse prior to the race; upon which followed from the sporting man, in graphic and violently indignant language, an account of the message that was sent to him by Maloney, the messenger being described by Canty as "a little old yellow fool," and a description of his visit to Dhrummacoill, with enlarged details of the reception that was accorded him by the people of that memorable village. Carter was shrewd enough to detect in all that further evidence of Tighe a Vohr's work, and it made him more madly eager for the arrest of Tighe. Venting his rage in loud, deep oaths, he left Canty's presence, the latter at last satisfied that Carter had been as badly tricked as any one else.

Tighe, arrayed in some old-fashioned garments of Corny O'Toole's, the said garments being much too wide and too short for their present wearer, presented a more odd and

droll-looking figure than he had been wont to do in his own old costume before he exchanged the latter for a valet's outfit. He was listening with every evidence of delight to Corny's animated description of the fight on the grounds and the arrest of so many of the parties, but when Corny ceased Tighe became suddenly responsive.

"They'll make out a clear case agin me," he said, "an' they'll put me in jail; an' begorra that won't suit at all—to be losin' me toime in prison when the mather's trial is so near comin' off." He bowed his curly head on his hand for a moment. "Corny, in deep sympathy, but unable to afford any consolation in the face of what he felt to be the truth, was silent; suddenly Tighe looked up: "Corny, jist write a bit o' a note to Carther in my name; tell him I'd loike to see him a few minits on business that's o' life an' death importhance, an' I'll run down where he is."

"I'll find him there," said Tighe, "Sure that'll be putting your head in the trap at once," said Corny; "if you trust yourself out of here before nightfall, you'll not stand much chance of an escape from the peelers."

"I have an idea, Corny, an' it's that idea that's drivin' me to what I'll do; the help o' God, mebbe it'll come out all right, but, for fear it shouldn't, do you kape Shaun here for a while."

At the mention of his name the dog roused from his sleepy attitude near Tighe, shook himself, and drawing closer to his master, looked very expressively into the latter's face. Tighe returned the look with one of admiring affection.

"Faith, it's supernatural sinse you have, Shaun, to be understandin' ivery word I say! look at that now, Corny, the way he tuk it the minit I said his name! They say similies have no brains, but the divil as much intelligence among some of the two-legged animiles that have the impidines to be christenin' thimself's min'." An assertion with which Mr. O'Toole fully agreed, and to which he certified by patting the dog very affectionately. "Write the note, Corny," urged Tighe; "it might be as well for me to have it, in case I can't git seein' Carther at once. Niver mind bein' partlicer."

—as he saw Corny making the same elaborate preparations as he would for the inditing of a more important epistle; "You'd be wistin' your book larnin' an' big words on the loike o' him—he's not worthy o' thim' Corny."

But Mr. O'Toole would not permit his literary reputation to suffer, even in so trifling an effusion as a brief note, and he wrote as follows: "Mr. Carter, I would like the privilege of your personal and individual presence for a few minutes; I have a communication of business to make to your private ear which is of the most valuable and highly important consequence and necessity. TIGHE A VOHR."

"You gev him too many foine words," said Tighe, turning the end between his fingers with evident dissatisfaction; then, catching sight of Corny's disappointed look— "for there was nothing which so touched the little man's feelings as disparaging criticisms of his literary efforts—he artfully added: "I was forgittin', Corny—didn't me mother once tell me as how it was possible for you to write anything else but foine big words, be rayson o' the great stire o' larnin' you got in yer youth?"

Mr. O'Toole was beaming again, and explaining to Tighe the mysterious and wonderful power which a big word had of placing the writer in a very important and exalted position before ignorant folk.

"Yes," but old Carther knows well what a never got beyond, pot-hooks—an' thim same wouldn't be in me head now, only the mather dhruv thim in wid a shick that he broke over me knuckles. How an' iver, I'll thry me luck; so good by, Corny, an' take good care o' Shaun."

TO BE CONTINUED AN EXTRAORDINARY CONVERSION

By Edward Munn, K. B. S., in Stella Maria

When my friend, Sir Walter Humphries, the eminent Catholic composer, invited me to his home for a week or so following the conclusion of my concert-tour as pianist on the Continent, I felt grateful; for I knew that, amid the intellectual atmosphere and beautiful country surroundings of his residence, I should enjoy a well-earned rest. I accordingly accepted and prepared for a good holiday.

The day following my arrival had been spent in making a walking tour of the woods and valleys in the vicinity; the party consisting of my host, Captain H. Humphries, his nephew, and myself. We divided the time between drinking in the delights of nature and listening to the many stories of events in Sir Walter's career, which he told us in delightful fashion.

After dinner, we retired to the study to enjoy a little music. Sir Walter was a delightful pianist, and together we played one or two duets, which we all enjoyed. As we were preparing to smoke, badly tricked as any one else. Captain Humphries spoke to his uncle. "Have you arranged your E major Symphony for piano duet? You know how I like that instrumental masterpiece of yours," he said.

"Yes, I have arranged it," responded Sir Walter. "Perhaps you will play it over then?" asked his nephew. "I really am in love with that work," he continued; "and then, turning to me, said: "You will be delighted with it."

I then remarked that it would give me great pleasure to attempt this Symphony with Sir Walter, who thereupon pressed to his book-case. He brought from it two books.

"One of these," he said, "contains the full instrumental score; whilst the other is the piano arrangement. I have brought both, as I wish to tell you the story of the composition of this work. I shall always remember the influence under which I worked at the time. We will, however, play the symphony over first."

Of all the duets in which I have participated I should think that the one which we now embarked upon will always remain vividly in my memory. Sir Walter took the "First" and I the "Second"; and so we entered into a veritable delight of sound. Notwithstanding the fact that I was sight-reading, and consequently there were many inaccuracies, I was enchanted. The beauty of the themes, the richness of the harmony, the scientific treatment and loving workmanship expended on the three movements, quite captured my affections. Above this, the exalted idealistic tone of the whole work had a chastening effect on me; and when the last chords had ceased to vibrate I sat for some seconds absorbed by the atmosphere created by this unique work.

"Bravo!" applauded our audience. "Isn't it great!" he went on. "It becomes better at every rendering."

"Yes," returned Sir Walter, "I myself consider it my best work; and if you will draw your chairs up to the fire I will relate the story which I promised to you."

We lit cigarettes, made ourselves comfortable round the roaring fire, and waited for Sir Walter to begin.

"You must remember," he began, as he pulled at his cigarette, "that I am a convert to Catholicity, and that the fact of me being musical has a lot to do with it. Well, when I was eighteen years of age, I went over to Leipzig to complete my musical studies at the Conservatoire there. I worked fairly consistently; but the most important event was my commencement composition quite seriously. Up to the time of my arrival in Leipzig I had composed a few pieces, both vocal and instrumental; but not with any serious intention of becoming a composer.

"However, when I began to see the glories of orchestral music at the Conservatoire, I became fascinated with composition. I studied instrumentation with feverish energy with the hopes that I would be able to produce my first orchestral essay before long. I studied the orchestral works of many of the great masters with great diligence, and it was not long before I made my first attempt."

Our narrator flicked his cigarette and resumed.

"This was an 'Adagio,' and I had the satisfaction of hearing it performed at the next school concert by an efficient band. I shall never forget the delight of hearing my first composition for concerted instruments.

"Since my arrival at the College I had made many friendships; but of all my associates I regarded John Newton with the greatest warmth. He was as old as myself; tall, well-built, and with the most handsome face I had ever seen. He was an enthusiastic aspirant to the honors of composition like myself, and we spent most of our spare time in discussing the works of Beethoven, Schubert or Brahms, or in performing each others musical efforts.

"He was an ardent Catholic; whilst I, who had been a fervent member of the Church of England until I was about sixteen, had almost neglected my religious duties, so engrossed was I in the delights of my art. I very rarely prayed, and when I did so, the completeness with which music had enshrouded me made my supplications mechanical and devoid of concentration, so that I obtained very little spiritual comfort from these slight religious practices."

"At last," continued Sir Walter, drawing at his cigarette, "after many preliminary essays, including the 'Scherzo in B flat,' and the 'Miniature Overture,' I decided to venture on the writing of a Symphony.

"I wished the opening theme to be the best melody with which I had so far been inspired. I hunted through my numerous notebooks for any tune which I had jotted down, but I could find nothing to satisfy me.

"For days I tried to compose a suitable melody, but could not. I was unable to summon that great treasure—inspiration. "John saw how I was affected. He cheered me up with kindly encouragement; but was not intrusive when he knew I wanted isolation. "Well, time went on, and still I was not satisfied with my efforts. "At last, one sunny afternoon, John walked into my sanctum, where he found me deep in the great attempt."

"What!" said he, "are you staying indoors on a day like this? Come, man, you'll make yourself ill

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