TWO

affecting scene to the guard, even the latter was touched; he drew back involuntarily, as if he would give them another moment.

"Go!" said Carroll, freeing him-self from the frantic clasp of hands self from the frantic clasp of hands that would have held him forever; and they reluctantly obeyed. From the doorway all turned to look one more adieu. On Nora that scene was burningly impressed; in after days, when a more bitter and dread-ful anguigh them are which herd ful anguish than any which had vet come upon her was searing her heart, she was to revert to that solitary figure standing in its miserable cell, with hands outstretched as if in its agony it would have called them back, and face expressive of so heart broken a woe that her soul was wrung by it. Tighe a Vohr awaited them out-side the jail; his ardent imagination

had been picturing an affecting scene, and it needed but one glance at their mournful faces to bring the ready tears to his eyes.

"Accept our thanks, my faithful fellow," said Father Meagher at the station whither Tighe had accom-panied them when he learned that they would take the night car to Dhrommacohol; and the priest warmly shook Tighe's hand.

Tighe dashed the sleeve of his coat across his eyes; he could not trust himself to reply; for if he did he would have blubbered like a child. Pulling his hat over his face. he waited till the car started, and then he turned away to seek the temporary lodging which he had hired in the town. Early the next morning Tighe a Vohr, accompanied by his constant companion, Shaun, was on his way to the stable of "Brian Boru." There were four days yet before that appointed for the race, and thus far all his plans had succeeded admirably; still he was tormented by one fear,—that Carter might return home from Dublin in time to discover the imposition that had been practiced, race and to spoil all Tighe's cunningly contrived schemes. Trusting, how-ever, to the singular good fortune which rarely entirely deserted him, and which so often produced some-thing in his favor at the very last moment, he resolved to yield no more to his fear. His resolution was strengthened when shortly ofter mounted on the back of after, mounted on the back of "Brian Boru," and flying over the country in true racing style, he felt all that elation of spirits which is

due to a fine morning, a magnificent thorough-bred, and a stretch of open, delightful country. Shaun with, an enjoyment of his own, entered into the sport; he could not keep up with the racer, but he gamboled through the fields, and at last waited on the road for his master's return. Arty Moore was as civil and

The time was quite up; the guard already at the door, and the horrible grating of the lock as it turned sounding in their ears; Father Meagher had given his blessing, and torn himself away, unable to say adieu; the distracted "'Oh Compute the same story and entreaty; immedi-ately after by a third; and so on, till he was surrounded by a howling them; oh, Lord 1 it's too much 1"— and give vent his clothes till they didn't leave a whole tatter on his back, and howl-ing and shrieking, till he felt like becoming as mad as themselves. The stand reserved for ladies and gentlemen of high social position Then the priest came on the scene, but as he could only stay a minute was already full, and still each moment brought a fresh accession he didn't make matters much better, for the moment he was gone they of gay gallants and rosy-cheeked, mirthful damsels. The Widow set to on Canty worse than before. By this time they had reached old Moore, stout, fair, and resplendent in a light robe that set off her clear Maloney's place, it seems, and, worse than all, for some reason or complexion and admirably displayed other he had it shut up tight; then some one proposed to have Canty speak through a hole in the door, and when he did he received an satellites. Garfield was there, conand when hat Mr. Maloney was wait-ing to shoot the first man who would where his eyes could devour her.

the post-office, followed again by the whole mad, howling crowd, and when he jumped into the first vehicle he could find to bear him from the scene, they set up such a cheer for the poor torn, desperate fellow, that he swears it is ringing in his ears yet, and he relieves himelf by cursing Dhrommacohol, Mr. And Corny O'Toole was there, in his Maloney, and Mort yCarter. If he knew Carter's address in Dublin he antiquated costume, and as near the knew Carter's address in Dublin he would send him a pretty stinging start as it was possible for him to get, in order that he might have a close view of Joe Canty's discomfi-

There was another prolonged roar, ture ; already it was rumored that in which none joined more heartily than Tighe a Vohr, who, from a safe Canty was well-nigh insane because of the non-appearance of the animal corner, could hear and laugh withhe was to ride, and that messengers out exposing himself to unpleasant and runners were hurrying in every direction to obtain some tid-ings of the absent racer. A teleobservation.

"And do you think he will ride after all that?' gram had been dispatched to Mr. Maloney, but no answer had been

"I do not," replied the man who had narrated the story. "But I do," responded he who previously expressed himself san-

message.

received thus far, and it was within a few minutes of the starting time. Canty danced with passion, swear-ing that he was the victim of some guine as to the prospect of Canty's part in the race. "He'll get over trick, and all his backers looked this, and his backers will urge him ; blue with consternation. then he is such an excellent horse-" Time !" called the starter. man that he can well afford to rely Everything became bustle and expectation. One by one the horses upon his skill to bear him through. even though he does not see were called, and led out to their respective places, their jockeys horse until the morning of the

standing beside them ready to "Perhaps he will make another ""Not he! the very mention of Dhrommacohol is enough to put mount

"Brian Boru" was the last called, and a buzz of admiration followed the appearance of the magnificent steed. Timothy O'Carhim in a cold sweat, and he'll no more set foot in that part of the mody, in true, jockey style, every garment a perfect fit, and his lithe country than the divil'd dip his hand form cunningly made up to reach the required weight, stood beside

Tighe, holding his sides, left the coffee-room. "Oh, Shaun, we fixed him—sure we laid him out beauti-fully ! an' now we'll hurry to tell it The horse "Charmer," not ap-

all to Corny." The side-splitting recital which Tighe gave to Mr. O'Toole proved a sovereign balm to the little man for pearing, was withdrawn. The jockeys mounted, the signal was given, and the horses started. They kept well together for the first stretch, neck and neck with even speed and equal mettle. Intense excitement and eager exthe humiliation to which he had been%ubjected by Mr. Canty. He chuckled, and rubbed his hands, and shook Tighe's hand in congratulapectation prevailed, even among the fair sex, who, as enthusiastic as the began to think somewhat of what most interested of their masculine friends, leaned forward, clapping

TWO
THE CHARGE ALCORNE
Other set of the set of t each in turn shaking him by the hand and congratulating him and themselves in a breath. Corny O'Toole was beside himself

with joy. He threw up his hat, and he executed pirouettes, to the intense amusement of wandering spectators, and then, ven before he would see Tighe a Vohr, he went in search of Joe Canty, who, some one said, was being held by main force within one of the booths. Corny's pleasure would not have been complete without a sight of

the humbled and discomfited sport,

trick to make me fail, and that fellow Carmody, whom nobody except Garfield seemed to know anything about, is at the bottom of itthe, and Maloney, and that jackass that came with the message to me growing more bitter as the days the other day.

"How can that be," answered one of his friends, "when Carter and Maloney both will be heavy losers by this affair ?" Luct then Carter 0."Toola thrust

Just then Corny O'Toole thrust his head into the inclosure. "The jackass'd like to congratuanticipated the sharp realizations which had been increasing. As the late you, Mr. Canty, on the success recent days and evenings had gone by she had zealously addressed herof your knavery, and to tell you you'd better spare your powder on Carter—it'll do you little good." "Let me at him!" shrieked self to her work in the hope of forgetting about Dalton. She had painted more furiously than she had done for months before. That served very well at first. But of late her interest had begun to flag;

Canty, striving desperately to release himself, and to spring after Corny. His rage was so violent that froth issued from his mouth; but

cunning seemed to have forsaken her hand. That in itself was proof he was firmly held, and Corny O'Toole, with a mocking chuckle, enough of her mere pretenses in set lisappeared as suddenly as he had ting forth for Giovanni's for the thrust himself into their sight. avowed purpose of getting some

Excitement reigned' everywhere, and on different parts of the course flowers to copy-flowers that would likely fade before she put a dab of and on different parts of the course shillalahs and whisky had a due meed of attention. The bettors were busy with their important interests, and Garfield was in too much demand to be able to seek the Widow Moore, as he desired anxiously to do. Now, in the flush of that success for which he fondly believed she also ardently had hended It was just a farce. She would, of course, get the flowers. The signor would choose them with that exquisite care he had always given since that first day when Dalton had taken her to the wonderful little garden. Onthatoccasion Dalton had lieved she also ardently had hoped introduced her to the gardener as one who painted pictures of flowers he thought he might venture to approach and address her ; but his that almost surpassed their models presence was necessary in the sport-With what fine gallantry the old ing circle whose interests were so

Italian, courtly gentleman that he intimately concerned with his own. was, had heaped her arms with the and thither he was reluctantly borne choicest of roses, refusing to let Dalton pay for them, saying with by his friends. Tighe a Vohr, now that so much that quaint, amusing quixotism of

We artists must stand by began to think somewhat of thin-the consequences must be to him-self. Breaking away from his this friends many of whom Arty Moore was as civil and obsequious as Tighe could wish, and the latter dropped shrewd remarks calculated to impress Arty with the fact that Mr. Maloney had been cuid only see that, her heart'd be vijited by himself since the latter by her, that a visit to him would do her good. And yet she took her way with

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

grimage to the several people who Whoever

knew of its existence. Whoever entered its walls went forth there from a little wiser under the spell of its peace and beauty, supple mented by a word or so of Gio-vanni's philosophy. The old man had lived long enough to have his own heart grow as mellow as the rich fruit that hung, trained in old-world fashion, along his garden

wall. As she walked along in the direc-tion of the garden, Miss Margaret Crutcher knew that whatever her ostensible purpose was, she was really going in quest of some of Signor Giovann's philosophy and the serenity of his garden. The very direction of her steps to the place whither she had gone so often with Dalton was proof positive that Dalton was disturbingly in her thoughts. Hitherto, for all her clear, self-knowledge, she had refused to face the truth—the par-

ticular truth that Dalton's absence from her life during the past few wore on, that therefore and unmistakably she cared for him more than she had realized before their Like the strong-hearted, proud-spirited girl she was, she had not

calculated to impress Arty with the fact that Mr. Maloney had been visited by himself since the latter had brought up the horse, and how satisfied the old miser was with all arrangements.

On his return through the town with a determination of dropping in upon Corny O'Toole, he sauntered into the hall of the "O'Sullivan Arms," knowing the place to be the headquarters of much of the sportheadquarters of much of the sport-ing gossip. An excited group sur-rounded one of the tables, but they were talking so rapidly, and so many voices together, that for a time Tighe could not catch the drift of the eager conversation. At last he was convinced that the sub-

ject was Joe Canty. "He is so sore about this affair

that he will not ride, I tell you." "Oh yes, he will; his indignation

is somewhat spent now, and for the sake of the backers he will not with-

sake of the backers he will have draw at this late date." "I doubt it; why, I tell you I never saw a more violently inflamed man than he was; good Heavens! "the I think of it---," and the when I think of it ----," and the speaker paused to laugh loud and noderately. 'Tell us about it !'' echoed a half

dozen voices; "give us the true version of the affair, for there are so many stories afloat about it that it is difficult to pick out the right one; one rumor is that he was set on by this Mr. Maloney and beaten almost to death; another, that the people of the confounded village, or hatever it is, threatened to devour him, body and bones, if he did not him, body and bones, if he did hot immediately return; and still another says that the horse, which is reported to be Mr. Maloney's bedfellow, thrust his head through

ance of the animals. Neck and neck they flew; now one horse a

taken intoirely." Whereupon Mr. O'Toole's ungainhead's length in front, now another head's length in front, now another badly lagging for a moment, then recovering lost ground by a sudden feat which brought him the length of a neck ahead; but "Brian Boru" seemed to continue at the same rate of speed with which he had started, nor did his rider appear to be melting one outro effort. With ly feet executed new flourishes, until Tighe, catching the spirit of the movement, joined in the jig, snapping his fingers to the motion or his feet, and frequently giving utterance to a cheer expressive of

be making any extra effort. With a careless grace Tighe sat his horse, attracted by the noise, began to collect outside the door. "Well done, me boy !" said Tighe, stopping at last and shaking Corny's nand vigorously; and then both, tired and breathless, threw them-selves into seats, while the neighnew stretching forward to slacken his bridle rein, new straightening himself to hold in the animal, but doing all with an easy manner which proclaimed his perfect skill and confidence. There was none of the nervous dash about him that marked his fellow riders, and his bors, hearing no more jigging, passed on, entertaining stranger opinions than ever about that odd little man, Corny O'Toble. "You'll horsemanship, so easy, so apparent-ly careless of effort, was rather

be to the fore on the mornin o' the race, Corny?'' said Tighe. "Of course, my boy; if it was calculated to make an unfavorable impression.

will take his disappointment." "But what, Corny, if ould Carther should come back afore the day o' the race; what'd become o' me?" "Tighe, my boy, Heaven always

protects its own; and you the duti-ful son of so respected a mother as Mrs. Mollie Carmody, and the truthful, upright, noble boy that you are, Timothy Carmody, who ought to be Timothy O'Toole, are the object of its constant and the object of its constant and special protection."

Either the great and unwonted exertion which Mr. O'Toole had so recently made, or the effect of a potation that he had taken before

ardent friendship, would have de-tained him by main force, he sought the stall of "Brian Boru," and there, attending to the horse, he encountered Arty Moore, the groom, whom he had left in the little counsome hesitation, for she knew there was some likelihood meeting Genetry place where the horse had been stabled, with an injunction to re-main there till he, Tighe, should return with the animal. There was a knowing look in Arty's eyes, and a boldness of manner very different from the cringing, humble air which down to see the dahlias this autumn had previously marked his deport-ment to Tighe. afternoon.

ment to Tighe. "How dare you disobey me ordhers?" asked Tighe, with an assumption of indignant authority that would not have done discredit to Lord Heathcote himself TO BE CONTINUED

streaming, hoofs striking fire from the track, and riders strained to their utmost nerve. More eager, more wild, grew the expectation of the spectators—a breath might he heard ; and check edge of one of the city's populous districts. Yet there in an oasis amid urban brick and morter the

more wild, grew the expectation of the spectators—a breath might be heard ; and cheeks flushed, and bosoms swelled with the ardor of the moment. The attention of Garfield, at last withdrawn from the widow, was tremblingly centered on the race. His heavy face was unusually shone with a singular light; he leaned forward, clasping his hands so tightly together in his excite-ment that the nails sunk deep into the flesh. A half-smothered oath

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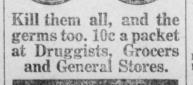
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after using four cakes of Soap with the Ointment, I was healed." (Signed) Miss Martha Theusch, R. 2, Box 45,

Thinking this as she walked along, Margaret reflected, as she had often done, that, after all, Dalton and Genevieve would be an **Casavant Freres** CHURCH LIMITEE Datch and Genevieve would be an ideal couple. Between them there would never be so slight a differ-ence which had made the little coolness between herself and Dal-ton, that somewhat chilly atmos-**Organ Builders** ST. HYACINTHE F. E. LUKE OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN 167 YONGE ST. TORONTO Eyes Examined and Glass Eyes Fitted





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