TWO

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER

Authoress of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc. CHAPTER XX.-CONTINUED

"Father O'Connor !" interrupted Tighe, his face and attitude expressing his thrilling interest in the artlessly-told tale. Yes; do you know him ?" ques-

tioned the boy. "I have seen him," answered Tighe evasively, not knowing how prudent it might be for him to say more until he had heard the conclusion of the story. "Well, I went out to see the

well, I went out to see the gentleman, and he seemed pleased with my looks, for he gave me the note at once, and said to me what 1 told you before. And now I'll met "

He was very tired; not even the tea which Corny had more neatly prepared than would have been deemed possible from his slovenly surroundings, and of which the injured boy largely partook, seemed able to delay even for a moment the able to delay even for a moment the lethargy into which he sunk. Judg-ing rightly that repose would benefit him most, Tighe partially closed the curtains again, and left the bedside. He motioned to Corny.

"They say all's fair in love an war," he whispered, "an as I'm at war wid ould Carther there can't be any harrum in readin' this." He opened the paper and put it into Corny's hand. The latter seemed to take a similar view of the case, for without any hesitation he softly read

" Rick

I have decided to go to Dublin and the sooner I go the better it'll befor my own interests. I promised Ned Malony a fortnight ago that I'd be down there in time to bring his horse, 'Charmer,' up here for the race that's coming off next week; but I can't do that now. He'll have to bring the horse up himself. Show him this note, and tell him to have no fear. Joe Canty is booked to ride him and the till here. to ride him, and it will be time enough to have the horse in Blenner's stable the day before the race. Tell him the stakes are all right, and that we have heavy right, and that we have heavy backers. And do you, Rick, keep sober, and when I return, be prepared to do what I told you. Yours,

MORTIMER CARTER."

Tighe jumped to his feet, his features undergoing a series of most comical contortions, which features undergoing a zeries of most comical contortions, which were intended to express his intense satisfaction and delight. It was with difficulty he refrained from giving utterance to a loud, wild cheer, the manner in which he usually manifested his joy. "Be the powers, but the saints thimsels' are helpin' me; was I iver in such luck afore! Corny, don't you see how I'll manage now? You'll write a noter to Mr. Maloney, Ned Maloney, the ould miser, imitatin' this hand-writin' as if it kem from Carther,

"whin she didn't become Mrs. tion, the old man would fail on his O'Toole." Corny was violently wiping his face to cover his blushing delight. Tighe continued: "But it'll be in me power, an' that afore long, to place afore her eyes all that she

pleasure from the bald crown of his head to the soles of his ungainly tion of gain to himself, and in view feet.

Tighe moved to the bed to look again at the boy. He was still sleeping, a slight hectic flush on his cheeks, and the rest of his face as cheeks, and the rest of his face as a bargain was at length made which white as the bandage which bound his head.

while as the baladage which bound his head. "He's as purty as a picther," said Tighe softly to Corny, who had also noiselessly approached, "an you'll moind him well, Corny; ar you'll have to call in one o' thim murtherin' docthors; an' I suppose too, the minnit he can sthir at all he'll be for makin' his way to Father O'Connor. Thry an' kape him anyway till get back." Corny promised; indeed the little man, to use one of his own expres-sions, was so wedded to Tighe's interests now that he would spars neither time nor labor in his service.

service. "Supposing Maloney should refuse you the horse," said Corny, as Tighe stood on the threshold ready to depart. "Supposin' he did," repeated Tighe, "do you think his refusal'd bother me?—not the laste bit. I

bother me?-not the laste bit. I wint through bolts an' bars afore tempted for once from his wonted whin I was in a loike scrape, an' now that I know ould Maloney has extreme parsimony by the largeness of the sums which Carter and other a horse in trim for the race, an that ould Carther is safe in Dublin, the divil himsel wouldn't stop me bettors had staked upon the horse bet a considerable amount himself as well as opened a betting-book gettin' possession o' the baste for the day o' the ride." and it was with extravagant signs of satisfaction that he frequently

the day o' the ride." "Will you stable him at Blenner's?" asked Corny again. "Faix, I will not," was the reply. "Is it stable him where the eyes o' "Is it stable him where the transit here the reply. "Charmer's?" access.

"Is it stable him where the eyes of ivery sportial man in the town'd be on him, an' mebbe to have some-thin' thranspire to show thim the decavin' game I'm playin'? No Corny : I have more gumption than Corny : I have more gumption than A general shop in which he drove hard bargains with those who were town intoirely, where no one'll be the wiser, an' where I can go ivery

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

lost whin she took Timothy Car-mody !" and Tighe's voice suddenly assumed an indignant energy. Mr. O'Toole was in a glow of pleasure from the bald crown of his head to the soles of his uncertainty bead to the soles of his uncertainty in the miser for a loan; it was refused where the matter involved a ques-where the matter involved a ques-the miser for a loan is the matter involved a ques-was sadly puzzled. "Very well, Mr. Maloñey," "Very well, Mr. Maloñey," "One master died away in answered Tighe, apparently quite of an opera. "Look her a fellow dow

of the races which marked certain portions of the year, offered to buy resumed; "will that be time

horseman.

street.

who can play better than anyone in 'I shall have him ready for you your employ. It may be worth your morrow morning," the miser while to see him."

"Oh, yes; answered Tighe care-lessly, continuing after an instant's pause: "Do you know the man that's to ride yer horse, Mr. Maloney-Joe Canty he's called?" "No; I have never seen him

"No; I have never seen him, though I was expecting him down manded. next week to see the horse; but I suppose it will be more convenient for him to have the horse in Tralee. 'In open windows, on the sidewalk like this.

"But, great scott ! you cannot I understand that he is a very fine earn much I do not ask anything."

One day he went to the manager

of an opera. "Look here," he said, "there's a fellow down on Elizabeth Street

I left a thousand lires, two hun-

he

dred dollars, to come here,"

"Well, then," an eagerness coming into the manager's voice The divil a betther, butwhich he did not attempt to conceal.

Tighe's fertile brain was hard at work—how would he prevent Joe 'Canty's visit to Mr. Maloney? I will give you \$50 a week to come and play for me." Pietro shook his head. TO BE CONTINUED

THE SOB OF THE

answered. VIOLIN He rose from the box on which he had been sitting, tucked his violin under his arm, and was turning away. But the manager's hand It was a cheap lodging house,

where as many as two or three families sometimes occupied one was upon his shoulder. "Wait a minute," he said earnest-ly. "I want to have a little talk. room or cellar, and perhaps took ly. "I want to have a little to Come in here. And you also," boarders. Newly-arrived emigrants who could not speak English, or who had little money, often came the reporter.

They were at the entrance of an here, and, if economical or shiftless, very likely remained. The more upstairs restaurant, and after a moment's hesitation Pietro ellowed ambitious and energetic soon went in search of better quarters. himself to be drawn in. At the table the manager gave him his card. Pietro was the name given by one these new arrivals, and though

"That is my name," he said "Now, I want you to play for me and you can make your own price." the clothing he wore was evidently coarser than what he was accus-Pietro glanced at the card, his omed to, yet it was so much better eyes brightening a little as though han his surroundings that the other

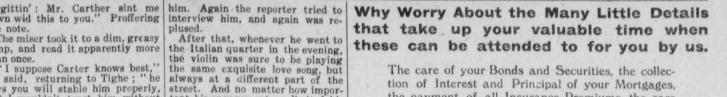
lodgers looked at him askance. The morning after he came the pro-prietor went to him. "What is your business?" he "What is your business?" he asked abruptly. Pietro did not even look toward You are a good manager to work

for." "What !" And there was wonder him. They were standing by the door, and the eager, restless eyes in the manager's eyes. "You know Caruso, and playing here on Eliza-beth Street? I do not understand. were scanning the people in the "I paid you my lodgings last night for a week," was the cold But you will name a price ? at the positive refusal in the other's face. Then at least you will tell me why? Believe me, I am your friend. answer. "Yes, I know," with less aggres-siveness in the voice, " but I help my countryman to make start. If you hand organ man. I have hand why? Believe me, I am your friend. I am the friend of any man who can play like you do. Is there no assistance that I can give?" For some moments Pietro's eyes

remained cold ; then he threw out his arms suddenly, passionately, letting them fall heavily upon the table. The two men looked at each It was like the last sobbing other. notes of the love song.

Yes," he said drearily, " there is no reason why I should not tell. I have tried and failed, and now it does not matter. It was only that I did not like notoriety-but eyen that does not matter now. my own country I loved a girl named Francesca. We were benamed Francesca. We were be-throthed; but I did not dare to tel self, who had been in the country ten years.

loved music, and went away and studied and in time began to earn



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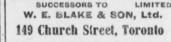


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echoed Tighe, "that's too small entoirely. No; we'll give him one o' the classical names out o' the histhory o' Ireland—a name that isthory o' Ireland—a nat Ireland isthory o' Ireland—a name that isthory o' Ireland—a

nistory o' l'feiand—a hame that manes somethin'.'' "Brian Boru," ventured Corny. "That will do," answered Tighe: then he continued: "An' the rider'll be mesel', Timothy O'Carmody; for there's nothin' like havin' an O or a there's nothin' like havin' an O or a

a man look as if the wind was taken out o' him; but I'll think o' that on oughly as any one in the village,

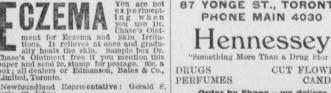
money, and at length I made a great engagement for two years and

rorunately for Tighe, there had never been any unpleasant inter-

organs to rent ; if you grind a knife or sell-a fruit or work-a by day, I

"Well-a," he snarled back, "you better be careful. The p'lice court That evening a reporter was walk-ing along the sidewalk, his eyes open for local color. Opposite the lodging house he suddenly paused. The low, yearning cry of a violin was floating out, failing now almost into silence, as though in despair, the mast for Francesca. He was silent for some minutes, his head dropping upon his hands. At length he went on in the same dreary voice: "She was gone. Her people had lost money and her mother died, and her father had brought her to America. I followed and found her father had died here on this street, and Francesca had





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