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## HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom'

CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED

The strong looker-on seemed engrossed in the picture before him. He saw two men—one in the habit of St. Francis, the other wearing the livery of dishonor—sitting close together, evidently engaged in very pleasant and earnest conversation. He, upon whose tall, thin frame hung the shapeless garments lavish-ly decked with arrow-heads, was seated upon a hard wooden chair, while his arm rested upon the side of a small bed near, and supported his weary head. His forehead looked high and broad, for the once thick brown hair that bad clustered over it had fallen away, and what was left had lost its bright warm hue, and was besprinkled with grey. The fine, classic features were drawn and lined as though by suffering and hope long deferred; but in those large eyes the fire of

this, did you not? I did not dream, did I—that you bade me hope that our weary trial may soon end—that perhaps friends are coming to my. of old; that you have seen her, and perhaps friends are coming to my world aid. But I am weak, Father, and has scannot realize it—so tell me of fully. it all again: I grow stronger as I

clutched his kind friend's hand and pressed it reverently to his lips. "Aye, you are pretty sure of it, or you would not breathe a word of it to me. But tell me, quickly, what friends have I left save her? Their names, Father ?'

"You have, it seems, many, I"—he smiled—" among the rest. But De Woodville heads the list. He is moving Heaven and earth in your

De Woodville! Ah, yes. The me recalls sweet memories. He name recalls sweet memories. He was always true to me. Would that I could see him once more and bless him for his kindness.

Here, open the door!" said Earl impatiently: and the Governor, applying the key, turned

it quickly.

The tall figure pushed rapidly

should revive. It was the sight of you "—turning to the Earl—" that overcame him. We were but just shall I tell her all, the poor little speaking of you. However, joy does wife not often kill."

The Governor was standing, gazing intently upon the prisoner. He was not particularly moved by the scene before him. It did not beseem a man in his position to be sensitive or sentimental. No, he was simply wondering whether, if the prisoner did get his discharge, he would ever live to enjoy his freedom.

As he re-entered the infirmary he found the doctor had arrived; like-wise an official bearing the very suit of clothes worn by the poor the sensitive or sentimental. No, he was simply wondering whether, if the prisoner did get his discharge, he would ever live to enjoy his freedom.

shock to him; he womened why some men and women had so much to suffer, whilst others lived such lives of peace and plenty; and he far from blessed the memory of

Father Lawrence continued to him off completely. lofty temples. His ministrations there was hope of his release, we

Governor, with some ceremony, an official-looking document, bearing on its cover the seal of the Home Office. He turned aside to open and read it. It contained an order of instant reases for the prisoner. of instant release for the prisoner Edmund Leadbitter, based upon the precarious condition of his health as reported by the medical man; an allusion was also made to the discovery of documentary evidence bearing upon the case, which was engaging the attention of the Minister.

De Woodville almost shouted as the Governor made known to them these facts; and kind Father Lawrence clasped his hands to-gether and straight to Heaven sped his heartfelt thanks. It had all come so suddenly-at last!

"Well," remarked the Governor in an emphatic tone, "my orders are to release the prisoner and see that he has every care and attention. This begins to look like work.

has suffered so long and so wrong-

Very well, then, my Lord; it is sten." settled that I leave you gentlemen to look after the poor man for the he must weigh his words; he knew not how much the object of his solicitude could endure. "Very lately, then, your brother died, and ere he did so he made a strange confession, which has fallen into the hands of staunch friends to your cause, and the purport of which will assuredly aid and probably commute your sentence," to look after the poor man for the present. I will now retire to give the necessary orders, so that this susiness may be carried through as speedily as possible. Should you choose to remain here you can see them completed for yourselves. I am indeed truly glad, for your friend's sake; and if there should be any matter in which I can aid you, you have but to acquaint me will assuredly aid and probably commute your sentence,"

"You are sure of it, Father?"
he demanded, and the large eyes were full of eager gratitude as he with it and I shall have immense pleasure in obliging you." Bowing low he left the infirmary.

By Helen Moriarty in Rosary Magazine "Ah-hah!" Mr. Fenlon remarked. And his companion winced. In all the world there is no interjection so

to hope for one-half of what had on the lips of an Irishman. It can occurred in the bare space of those carry surprise, incredulity, amazefew moments. He took off his ment, agreement, intolerance, conglasses and wiped them, as well as tempt, doubt of a searing and dishis eyes; for both were dim and moist, and he could with difficulty what it conveyed in this instance, see or comprehend what was occur-ing around. "Poor Leadbitter! Jimmie Barlow. Outwardly, howing around. "Poor Leadbitter! Jimmie Barlow. Outwardly, how-brave No. 75—always so full of hope and courage—was to leave these hated walls, God grant for ever! That's right, Uncle Fen—just and courage—was to leare these hated walls, God grant for ever! He had permission to help him forth. What about the little wife, Marion?" He glanced at his watch, then took an envelope from his pocket and, tearing it open, wrote in the clear space inside these words:

"That's right, Uncle Fen—just as I tell you. A nice room and bath for a reasonable sum. You know in the winter we freeze in this joint, and in the summer—whew! And"—this very firmly—whew! And"—this very firmly—where I can't afford it, you know."

As he re-entered the infirmary he

ly kind-hearted, was sincerely in-The Earl had sunk upon the terested in the patient. Already he wooden chair vacated by his friend, had examined him carefully and and sat gazing with pitiful eyes at had administered to him a soothing the weakened and prostrate form draught-one, he said, which would It was all a great not lessen the already too feeble action of the heart, but would, he row

far from blessed the memory of Manfred when he saw and realized the havoc his wicked conduct had here has almost killed him. A little longer and it would have finished Father Lawrence continued to chafe gently the thin, hard hands, but he had ceased from bathing the but he had ceased from bathing the but he had ceased from bathing the there was hope of his release, we will don't know exactly. I told

of a rousing nature; he judged that the prisoner's swoon was not safety be permitted and coaxed into a child-like and restful slumber.

As they were thus occupied a warder entered and handed to the Governor, with some ceremony, an official-looking document, bearing on its cover the seal of the Home Office. He turned aside to open and read it. It contained an order of instant release for the switch of the switch of the switch of the swood will gladly at the woman I'd let her know this week."

The reason I asked," said Mr. Swood and I know this sweek."

The reason I asked," said Mr. Fenlon, hesitating a little, "Mrs. Wood any later Jimmie Barlow!" He shook an accusing finger at the woman I'd let her know this week."

"The reason I asked," said Mr. Fwood any later Jimmie went away of a week's business trip and when he returned found a message from Mr. Fenlon. He had been sick and wanted Mr. Barlow to call him up as soon as he came home. This resulted in an invitation to come down that night, if he could spare the time, and have supper in the woman I'd let her know this week."

The reason I asked," said Mr. Two days later Jimmie went away in a week's business trip and when he returned found a message from Mr. Fenlon. He had been had taken it for granted that he was going, had she, and before he had decided it himself! "Who is it?" he demanded in some suspicion."

On It is a proting the word of the woman I'd let her know this won conceit.

Two days later Jimmie Barlow!"

He shook an accusing finger at the woman I'd let her know this won conceit.

Two days later Jimmie went away on a week's business trip and when he returned found a message from Mr. Fenlon. He had been had taken it for granted that he was going, had she, and before he had decided it himself! "Who is it?" he demanded in some suspicion."

Window for I'l' Jimmie Barlow!"

I won day task in which I know you will gladly join us. Come here and give us your counsel. Where shall we remove him to? It must not be far

distant for the present."

"To my house, doctor. Its surroundings are plain and homely; the change will not be too sudden; the change will not be too sudden; it is very quiet, and he is accustomed to seeing me near him.

pe over delicate valets."

So the official looked on whilst gentle hands divested the inanimate sufferer of his coarse, detestable garments, and clothed him in those revealing in their depths a soul of untarnished integrity.

"And you tell me that she is well, Father," the listener caught the words;" that she loves me as of old; that you have seen her, and of the sister's loge him? I don't think he could be in better hands."

Will you —turning to the Earl—to his delicate nature. There was even something of the sister's touch in the brother's hand as he will you delicate nature. There was even something of the sister's touch in the brother's hand as he is attentions, and duly acquaint us with the full address of where you loge him? I don't think he could be in better hands." been? Too weak to help himself, it raised kind hearts and stout arms to tend and bear him.

The officer could not suppress a smile as he witnessed the scornful cick bestowed by the Earl upon the discarded garments of which they had divested poor Leadbitter. How he resented and loathed the indignities and dishonor this garb had represented.

TO BE CONTINUED

## TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT

By Helen Moriarty in Rosary Magazine Never had Father Lawrence dared expressive as this same "Ah-hah

as they lifted him on to the bed; he felt their gentle hands bathe his temples, and yet he made no effort to rouse himself lest he should break the spell of undefined happiness which enthralled him.

""He is a written answer; bring it back to me at once. Now, like a good boy, run as quickly as you can, and you shall be rewarded."

"All right, Father; I know all the short cuts"—and away he height of foolishness himself. break the spell of undefined happiness which enthralled him.

"He is very weak," explained Father Lawrance; "he has held out too long; but with care he should revive. It was the sight of will be even now waiting for mate the should revive and away he darted.

Once more the kind man looked once in a while to the 'circus parade' and eat a bite with the old man?"

How leave you," said Jimmie uneasily.
"Maybe you won't believe it—"
He stopped with a man's inexpressive awkwardness. He wanted to say that the new place would not be the same without Uncle Fen, but in the face of his anxiety to get away, would Uncle Fen believe it? That Jimmie was yearning after "style was the old man's firm belief, and the young fellow despaired of convincing him otherwise. Suddenly he had a happy inspiration. "Maybe you won't believe it now, Mrs. K

but you just wait till I get a home of my own!" He wagged his head laughingly. "If you don't take your place in the chimney-corner, there's grain the chimney-corner, would not be back until ten o'clock.

man like me in it!"
"Then she won't have me!"

So Father laughed Jimmie.

"She wants to keep the room rented, don't she?"
"Very well. I'll tell her I'm leaving at the end of the week."

Mr. Fenlon's pipe lost some of its savor as Jimmie left the room. So he was really to lose the boy, after all these years! He got up and began to prowl aimlessly around the room letting his pipe go out "Well thought of, Father! We will first change his attire ourselves. It is necessary that he should not be unduly roused nor disturbed just now; and the attendants here are not trained to be over delicate valets."

Began to prowl aimlessiy around the room, letting his pipe go out while a lonely feeling settled around his heart. To lose Jimmie for good and all—that was what this move meant. Mr. Fenlon would not deceive himself. When the boy left Lawson Street that was the eft Lawson Street that was the beginning of the end. One by one the ties that bound him to the old man would be loosed. He wouldn't garments, and clothed him in those softer ones, so much more suited to his delicate nature. There was even something of the sister's touch in the brother's hand as he assisted in this work of charity. And all the time the sick man lay passive, as if in a peaceful slumber. Could Heaven do less in answer to such faith and trust as his had been? Too weak to help himself. wean Jimmy away from him. He approached the front window and stared out into the busy street, trying to see it with Jimmie's eyes. A busy thoroughfare, it was true, teeming with wagons and heavy trucks and automobiles. An apple that at all. But maybe, he mused, some people would mind it, people besides Jimmie even. . . Mr. Fenlon frowned thoughtfully.

Jimmy Barlow, was an odd one. The former had made his home at Mrs. King's boarding house for nearly thirty years, occupying the same room all the time and not bothering himself very much about the other boarders, who in all that time had been many and various. No one bothered him either, having words:

"Remain where you are: you must not return home. I will be with you shortly. Most important and good news awaits you, poor child.—Father Lawrence."

The information these these know."

Mr. Fenlon might have said, "So with you shortly. Most important and good news awaits you, poor child.—Father Lawrence."

The information the fell into the habit of dropping know."

Mr. Fenlon might have said, "So with you shortly. When the boy, and by the boy's liking people who could afford things.

The information the habit of dropping know."

Mr. Fenlon might have said, "So whose respectful deference was so unlike the frank disregard meted out to him by the other young men in the habit of dropping know." The tail figure pushed rapidly forward; his heart was full almost to bursting; he scarcely knew whether joy or sorrow was uppermost as he rushed across that cold bare room. Ere the prisoner state of bare room. Ere the prisoner shall almost him in a warm embrace Cold this be the proud Except the provided of the control o then sank half-unconscious into his arms. He felt those strong arms supporting him, the breath of his friend upon his cheek, and heard, as in a dream, the subdued voices as they lifted him on to the bed; he felt their gentle hands bathe his street is; I have an aunt who lives near,"

"Then take it as fast as you can. Ask to see the lady yourself, and wait for a written answer; bring the bast you and your fine friends!" retorted Mr. Fenion. "She has nothing else to do, I'll go his intention of seeking better at tone as Jimmie laughed a little, at the wait for a written answer; bring the bast your of the world in a different tone as Jimmie laughed a little, at the wait of the world in the past year, but it received a setback when one day Jimmie announced his intention of seeking better quarters, for them both, he said at first; but at any rate for himself if Uncle Fen wouldn't go. He had, Lawson Street. He wanted and

would have a nicer place to live. So Jimmie moved into a bright, airy, well-furnished room on Hemairy, well-furnished room on Hemlock Avenue, where he would have been perfectly happy if it were not for thinking of the lonely old man he had left behind. He knew no one could take his place with Mr. Fenlon. No one, in fact, would try. And he pictured his old friend sitting disconsolately by the window And he pictured in the window watching for him to come. So he hurried back the very first night, though he had numerous things to do, only to be greeted with the announcement that Mr. Fenlon had gone out with a friend.

"With a friend?" Jimmie ex-nimed. "Who was it?"

Mrs. King was vague about this. there's going to be a man's size
Jimmie to wait, so he took his "I say chimney-corner to you!" retorted Uncle Fen, but he looked pleased nevertheless. "Herself, when you find her, won't have either a chimney-corner, or an old man like me in it!" so he took his departure, marveling considerably about Mr. Fenlon and his mysterious friend—Mr. Fenlon, who never went out at night except when inveigled by Jimmie and who made no hence of having the favour poor sible friends.

"Well, I'm glad he has some

Jimmie.

Jimmie breezed in early. Well, Uncle Fen, how's tricks? What do you mean by getting sick? See here, you do look pale, all

What do you mean by getting sick?
See here, you do look pale, all right!"

"Of course I do!" testily. "And so would you if you were as sick as I was. 'Twas in my bronchial tubes, and 'tis there yet, by the same token." He coughed hoarsely in divert testimony. Jimmie was won't " was the cautious reginder." same token." He coughed hoarsely in direct testimony. Jimmie was properly sympathetic, and when it developed that Uncle Fep was still people, taking his meals in his room, said: "Oh, then I'll take a sandwich here taking his meals in his froom, said:
"Oh, then I'll take a sandwich here with you—I won't go down to the dining-room."

"Oh, she'll bring your supper in with mine," stated Uncle Fen casually.

"Yes, it's a very nice room," said:

"Yes, it's a very nice room," said

"Oh, then I'll take a sandwich here business trip and the new room and how he liked it. He supposed now it was a great deal nicer than his old room here.

"Yes, it's a very nice room," said

"Yes, it's a very nice room," said

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Shut the door when you go out! People are so careless," he grum-bled, audibly, before the door was

Peach! I'll say she is! Where on earth did Mrs. King get her?"
Mr. Fenlon frowned. "A little Mr. Fenlon frowned. "A little out of the ordinary, that's what I was goin' to say," he stated sternly.
"She's a nice girl. Don't you be

'Oh, ho, they're all making eyes her, are they? Well, you can't

mured absently, "Yes, please," only to be brought up sharply by Uncle Fen: "When did you start takin' sugar in your coffee?"

"Oh," confusedly, "I beg pardon—no sugar! I—I was thinking of something else." He felt himself flushing under the calm eyes of the waitress, and he did not feel quite at ease again until she had left the room, closing the door quietly.

"Not much like Georgie, is she?" he remarked, with assumed care-lessness. "If Georgie shut that door you could have heard it all in reaching King's, and as he over the house."

"You could so," agreed Uncle Fen. But he did not pursue the subject, and it was some time later when Jimmie, diplomatically, as he thought, brought the conversation around again to the new waitress. Er-she wasn't a stranger in town, was she? She was, admitted Uncle

Fen.
"I'm keeping an eye on her," he said. "Like I used to do on you,"

he added quizzically.

"I'm glad of that," with great earnestness. "She's such a pretty girl—she needs some one to look after her, especially if she hasn't many friends here."

"Well, I'm keepin' an eye on her," repeated Uncle Fen. "I told her to keep her distance with these

her," repeated Uncle Fen. "I told her to keep her distance with these whipper-snappers around here, and before I got this cold I took her to the picture show a couple of times. Sure, I know young people like a bit o' life," he explained with an odd, apologetic laugh.

Jimmie gave a shout of laughter, I will a mile. The area of all the grapes of all the grapes of all the grapes of all the grapes. I the grapes of all the gra

came in only that day and I knew she was lonesome, too, so we both went out for a bit of recreation."

"I see. Well, the only thing I'm sorry for is that I wasn't here to go

along. Maybe you'd let me in on it

won't," was the cautious rejoinder.
"She's a nice girl—I knew her
people," he vouchsafed before he
changed the subject definitely,

around, too, ready to greet Georgie,
Mrs. King's elderly factotum, but
the greeting died on his lips, leaving his mouth wide open, for here
was a trim maid, neat, shortskirted and unbelievably pretty,
bearing a large tray from which
ascended many pleasing odors.

Jimmie was on his feet instantly.
"Let me help you. . Where
do you want to put it? Where's trucks and automobiles. An apple man was crying his wares and rising above all, the melodious song of a colored coal man who told the world tunefully that he "might have some mighty good coal" with a humorous reserve that seemed not to effect his basket sales in the least. The coal man assured Mr.

"But the tray's heavy isp't it?" this was toward the end of the week when acquaintance with Rita had progressed. He had found her a couple of times playing cards with Uncle Fen, and a three-handed not to effect his basket sales in the least. The coal man assured Mr.

"But the tray's heavy isp't it?" not to effect his basket sales in the least. The coal man assured Mr. Fenlor and the busy scene always he said to the girl smiling. Fenlor and story for noise, he "Where's Georgie?" he asked young girl. He himself experients had no nerves and he did not mind that at all. But maybe, he mused, "She's downstairs," the girl enced a knightly desire to protect the friendless and to stand guard

that at all. But maybe, he mused, some people would mind it, people besides Jimmie even. . . Mr. Fenlon frowned thoughtfully.

The tie between Mr. Fenlon, crusty and crabbed old bachelor that he was reputed to be, and Jimmy Barlow, was an odd one.

Jimmy Barlow, was an odd one.

"She's downstairs, the girl the friendess and to stand guard over the innocent and unprotected. "How did she come to be a—a waitress?" he asked Mr. Fenlon one evening. Jimmie told himself he was no snob, but in proportion as his interest in the girl grew, his distaste for her job increased. To judy the door when you go ut! distaste for her job increased. picture her waiting on table galling, and the thought of her being at the beck and call of the fairly closed.
"Uncle Fen!" Jimmie's tone was reproachful. "I'll bet she heard you."

King boarders was a constant source of irritation. This, however, he kept from Uncle Fen, who, strong for the dignity of labor, had a reproachtu.
you."

"Oh, she doesn't mind me,"
easily. "We're great friends, the
two of us. You can see she's a
two of us. You can see she's a

indifferently for the young man, on whose lips was burning a dozen eager remonstrances.

"She's superior to it, that's all,"

he permitted himself to say shortly.
"I hate—" he burst out—" to think makin' eyes at her now like all the rest of 'em around here!"

I hate—he burst out—to think of her waiting on all those silly dubs down stairs!"

dubs down stairs
"Ah-hah!" drooped his eyelids over a satisfied twinkle, there was no evidence of it at her, are they? Well, you can't blame them after looking at Georgie all these years." Jimmie attacked his steak with appetite, attacked his steak with appetite, word more did he say.

> perating, but Jimmie kept on haunting the house with the fond hope that some time the unexpected might happen. Evaded or forgetten were all his other engagements, completely neglected the friends at whose solicitation he had sought a pleasanter neighborhood, as night he took his way down Lawson Street, to the place, so lately adjured, that now housed his

divinity.
One evening, detained by some sprung lightly up the stairs, antic pation running gayly ahead of him he heard his own name pronounce first by Rita and then by Uncle Fen. Something in their tones made prospective caller stop short. oor must have been slightly open,

for he heard plainly:
"Jimmie Barlow! What do you
want to tell him for?" "Because! I don't like it—it was fun enough at first, but now—it

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