

HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom"

CHAPTER XXIV—CONTINUED

He gained his ground, and was walking quietly on, when his heart gave a sudden bound.

How faint she was growing. "My God?" she gasped, "they're coming now; I hear their tread!"

File by file they passed, those desperate men, in their garb of derision. Last of all, when already she had given up hope, she saw her husband's face.

Marion bounded from her seat. She forgot everything save that her husband lay, to all appearance, dead before her.

"Marion Leadbitter, my child, hold back! Be calm, be firm, and all may yet be well."

"No, sir, I think he has but fainted. He has done it before," replied the warder, calmly.

"Let me assist you to revive him; then we will lead or carry him back to jail."

"I really think he ought, if he is to live at all. It's a shame to work the man like this; he wasn't built for it."

Once more Marion's courage returned. It came like a touch of magic, when she heard the name by which no tongue had addressed her for three long weary years.

"Take this," he said to the warder kindly, "and please fill it once again." When the man had turned his back, he spoke hastily to Marion:

"Marion, poor child! This should never have been! But do not weep. Trust me; I am Father Lawrence, the prison chaplain, and I will watch and tend him daily."

Meanwhile, the prisoner slowly recovered; and by his friend and the warder was supported back to prison.

That night the prisoner slept well, for the bed beneath him was strangely soft and warm.

But Father Lawrence and Marion watched late, for their hearts were full. "Poor child!" he thought, "joy must not kill her!"

beating and pulses wildly throbbing. Never had the good priest shared such earthly joy as this.

CHAPTER XXV

The great living pulse of human life, with its deafening rumble of steam, commerce and pleasure, was seething and throbbing with its usual force and vigor in our famous city of London.

John noticed that as he read his strong hand shook; the handsome face grew clouded, the firm lips tightened.

"Beg pardon, me Lord," said John, hurrying after him, "but be there any answer to go back?"

"No—yes—of course! Follow to the house and wait until it's ready. And stay—take this, my boy! You did well to hurry as you did."

"Where is her Ladyship?" he demanded, hastily, of blooming little Norah, the maid, catching sight of her figure as she crossed the hall in front of him.

"I have just left her, my Lord. She and the young ladies have taken flowers from the conservatory and are now in the little chapel. Shall I tell her that you wish to see her, sir?"

Up the broad staircase, across the picture gallery, hurried the Earl, over the very ground his wife had trod that New Year's Eve when, as a guest, she had secretly left the ball-room and had stolen away to the solitude of the chapel.

TO BE CONTINUED

A MAN NAMED O'DONNELL

By Grace Keon in Rosary Magazine

The car stopped at the curb, and her laughing, roguish face peeped out invitingly. She had the coloring of a gypsy, with red blood under the olive skin, and brown eyes startlingly luminous.

"I'm so glad to see you!" She held out her hand. "I wanted to be sure. You're coming tomorrow afternoon, Kev? Positively?"

"You insist?" He clasped her fingers warmly, leaning forward. "Insist? I command!"

"Then how would I dare refuse?" he asked, with an air of finality. She laughed, down in her throat.

"That is heavenly of you. Breck will be there. And he's so conceited. I do want some one to share honors." His hand tightened.

"If that is the only reason. . . Confess! Is it the only reason?" She flushed under his ardent gaze.

"Perhaps . . . there is another," she murmured. He smiled, the grip of his fingers loosening.

"Nothing would induce me to miss it. And we'll let Breck swallow all the adulation. I'll have a little private worshipping of my own to do."

him. He dominated her, just as he dominated all men and women with whom he came in contact. She recalled very distinctly her father's first description of him on that day two years before when he walked into the Courier office and literally demanded an assignment.

"A chap like Kevin O'Donnell happens about once in a century," he said. "He's worth his weight in gold to the Courier."

And, being consistent always, some six months previously the young man had been invited to meet a leading State official in his chief's home, and the sacred precincts were crossed in a perfectly natural manner.

Beatrice herself, thought of him with mixed emotions. He was evidently in love with her—she knew that—but his love had nothing servile in it.

"And! What is it?" she asked. The man turned a frightened face. "We've hit somebody, Miss Beatrice."

"Hit somebody? Oh, Andy!" "Couldn't help it, Miss Beatrice! He walked right into us—he must have been mooning along, not looking where he was going."

"The hospital's just a block away, Miss Littell—and the ambulance has been called," said the officer. "There it is now," he added, as the gong sounded.

"Seems a fractured skull to me," said the doctor. "But we'll go over him thoroughly at the hospital in a few minutes." Beatrice's lovely face, a little pale now, met his gaze, and she gave him her card.

"Miss Beatrice, honestly . . . you know how careful I am. I never saw him until he stood right in front of the car! I can't tell you for the life of me which way he came."

"Never mind," said Beatrice, comfortingly, "don't worry about it, Andy. He's probably not badly hurt."

"Kevin O'Donnell knew nothing of what had happened, for as he turned away with that tribute to Miss Littell's charms, some one clapped him on the back, heartily, and a pleasant face smiled into his own."

"Well met, Kev! How are you?" "Fine, Ted! Couldn't be better."

"Say! That article in the Courier was the best ever. Where do you get all that inside dope? You're certainly going ahead, darn you—and everybody's happy!"

"Think so?" grinned Kev. "Old Man sent for you yet?" "No," said Kev. His voice sounded flat, suddenly. "But I'm going in today. It's double or quit." He drew himself erect. "Takes the good out of it when one has to ask," he added.

"Of course—some of the good. But there's satisfaction in knowing that he daren't refuse."

"No, there isn't," said Kev. "Unless . . . he's got a partnership up his sleeve!" "Whew!" Ted Conklin whistled. "But, say! Why not? And something a little closer, too? They're beginning to link the Princess Beautiful and you together, Kev."

"Don't jump at conclusions, Ted," said Kev. "You're about the closest friend I have. I think you know me pretty well."

"And even if you did have the nerve, you know the Old Man's opinion of Catholics?" "The Old Man's opinion of Catholics?"

"The Old Man's opinion of Catholics?" Kev looked at him oddly. "Why . . . that makes no difference to me, Ted."

"Why," began Ted, very much confused, "I apologize, Kev. But your name—Irish—and Kevin, a saint's name! Hardly seems possible that you're not."

"I'm sorry Ted, if you're disappointed," said Kev, imperturbably. "Religion of any kind, and I, do not mix. I'm too busy a man just now to play with religion. What little devotion I have—"

"Steady!" warned Ted. "I may have been mistaken in one thing—but not in this! Steady!"

"Steady it is, old boy. I'm no fool. An hour in a garden won't hurt me."

"It's the wrong garden," said Ted. "Why not? When there's an angel with a flaming sword before the right one?"

"You're the sort of fellow—"

"Look here, Conscience, you and I part at this corner. I'm going in to see Curran—you hurry and get something to eat—you sound empty."

So, knowing Mary well, this scrap of knowledge was the most vital thing that could have come to him. For Mary was ardently, zealously, practically Catholic, and would certainly shrink with horror from even caring for one outside the Faith, let alone marrying him!

"The Princess Beautiful had an accident yesterday afternoon," remarked the city editor, next morning. "Ran into a man named O'Donnell."

"I met him after she ran into him," he said, "and he seemed none the worse for it." Then, as the door opened, and Kev came in, "Look here, Kev. Lewis is trying to make a new item out of your meeting with Miss Beatrice Littell yesterday afternoon."

"If you have any sense, Ted," he remarked, "you ought to show evidence of it . . . occasionally. I said that Miss Littell ran into a man named O'Donnell, and so she did. Michael O'Donnell, carpenter. He was taken to the Knickerbocker Hospital."

"Oh," said Ted. Lewis turned to his desk and picked up a proof.

"You're to go in to the Old Man, Kev. He's waiting for you. Orders." So Kev went into the sanctum where the Old Man reigned supreme.

"Thank you, Mr. Littell."

"All right! All right!" Old Man Littell waved the thanks aside, and then as Kev stood with his hand on the doorknob, he recalled him.

"Yes." For the first time in Old Man Littell's experience, Kev O'Donnell seemed embarrassed. "Miss Beatrice—"

"Don't hesitate." Again a swift glance from his piercing eyes. "You've got it in you, Kev. Give those dancing popinjays up there a jolt or two. That man Breck ought to be peddling peanuts."

"This is bringing a private matter into business," he said. "But I'm no dodger. If Miss Beatrice consents to be my wife what objections will you raise?"

"I have never refused my daughter any reasonable request," he said. "As for my opinion—I've given her that already." And as Kev O'Donnell turned without another word and walked out of the office, his firm bearing giving not the slightest intimation of the tumult within his brain, the Old Man began to laugh.

"You look—like a conquering hero," she remarked, surveying him critically over the top of her fan. "If there are such things nowadays."

"There aren't," he answered promptly. "All the conquering heroes are dead—and I am very much alive. Would you mind, fair lady, his eyes twinkled at her merrily, "making a business appointment with me . . . for tomorrow at ten? I have something to discuss with you."

"At ten? Tomorrow!" She looked her regret. "I'm sorry—but I'm in court tomorrow. My man drove into some poor chap and hurt him yesterday . . . a man named O'Donnell, too," she added, with a mischievous glance.

"Of course! That had to be. You are fated to injure men named O'Donnell."

"I don't know whether that's pretty—or horrid."

"Both," he said. "Shall we make your appointment with Kevin O'Donnell for the afternoon, then?"

"If I refuse I suppose you will go on—and on—and on—"

"No," he reflected, "I won't. But I'll waylay you coming from court tomorrow, and kidnap you."

"I'm tempted to dare you."

"Don't. Give yourself a loophole in case—"

"I would, you see, in broad daylight—and your friends might misunderstand me. At least I will not play Lochinvar to Ellen without her consent."

"And if you never get it?" "Never?" He seemed puzzled. "What is that word? I do not know it."

It was rapid-fire American courtship, straight enough, with a prize well worth the winning.

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