

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER

Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED

The priest would listen to no more; sternness and decision took the place of whatever amusement he might have felt.

"Moira Moynahan, remember that I command you to discountenance every attention of Tighe a Vohr. He has proved himself noble and devoted in the matter of his master's interests, but he is not the husband for you. His drinking habits alone would make you miserable."

"But, uncle," interrupted the girl eagerly, "he has been keeping sober all the while he was away, and he promises to continue so."

"Don't talk to me like that," answered the priest, peremptorily. "How many times within the past three years has he taken the pledge from me and broken it? No, I repeat that you are to discountenance his attentions under pain of my displeasure."

Father O'Connor, who had donned dry garments, and was anxious to confer with Father Mesgher, became a little weary of waiting; he called for the passage-way to the old clergyman. The call startled the latter into remembering the errand upon which he had sought the kitchen, and from which he had been diverted by the grief of his niece. He looked at the extinguished fire, then at the open cupboard filled with clean, but empty dishes, and lastly at Moira, who from being arch and pretty had become pouting and sullen. She saw his look and divined its meaning, having recognized the voice that sounded from the passage, but she was too full of her own wilful pettishness to pretend to understand it. The tender-hearted old priest, already repenting that he had spoken so harshly to her, orphan that she was, and after all not much more than a child, attempted to make amends by bidding her kindly to bed. Then he answered Father O'Connor, playfully commending him to further patience, and he immediately began to bustle about preparations for making tea. Moira watched him, enjoying with unkind triumph all the blunders his awkwardness and inexperience caused him to make. In vain he tried to kindle the fire; three times the blaze ascended the chimney, but three times it died out in utter blackness; his fingers were burned, his face covered with perspiration, and all hope of any success fast dying within him. The third and last time when the sportive flame went out as if in very contempt of the unskilled hands which had kindled it, the patient old clergyman gave a long, plaintive sigh, and turned and looked at Moira with so woe-begone an expression that the girl could control her mirth no longer; she laughed outright; but then, also, she had been touched by his patience, and by kindly, grateful thoughts of him which struggled with her feelings of disappointment and anger.

"Go," she said, when her laughter had subsided, "go to Father O'Connor, and I will attend to this."

The clergyman was immensely relieved; his long-drawn breath attested it, his beaming smile on Moira, and his meek, gentle "Thank you" bore witness to it. Father O'Connor listened sadly to the account of Carroll O'Donoghue's recapture; then he communicated the information which he had received from Dr. Day relative to Morty Carter. It gava Father Mesgher a painful shock; he believed that Carter was a villain, he was surprised to hear that he had gone to the infamous length of betraying his own ward.

"How much does Carroll know of his treachery?" asked the young priest.

"Absolutely nothing," was the answer. The first intimation of it that even Tighe a Vohr had, was from his mother, who had just learned of Carter's cruel conduct to Clare and Nora. It staggered the poor faithful fellow, his mother says, but he must have repeated nothing of it to Carroll, for the lad did not appear to know it when he was with us; he seemed to think that Nora's and Clare's presence in my house was due to the fact that we all wanted to be together when he came, and I confess I was loth to undeceive him. He had so much to think about, and so much to fear, that I could not burden him with this fellow's villainy; besides I thought there would be time enough to tell him."

"Yes; but he trusts this Carter, trusts him, and even loves him; at least he did before his transportation—trusted him implicitly, and had unbounded affection for him."

"I know it," responded Father Mesgher; "but Tighe a Vohr is aware now of Carter's true character, and the faithful fellow will leave no stone unturned to foil his villainy; he will not fail to put his young master on his guard."

Moira entered with the tea, steaming and neatly arranged as her deft little hands knew well how to arrange it. Her uncle gave her a look of beaming gratitude, and stately Father O'Connor noticed her with a kindly salute; but it was her role to play the deeply-injured maiden, and with a sad face and frequent melancholy sighs, she responded to the greeting of the young priest, placed the tray before

him, and slowly and pensively left the room. She had fancied that Father Charlie, as she was wont to call the young clergyman, would notice her sad manner, inquire the cause of her uncle, and perhaps induce the latter to relent a little from his stern, and as she deemed it, cruel determination; but both priests were too much absorbed in weightier matters, the one either to inquire, or the other to volunteer information pertaining to Moira.

CHAPTER X.

SHAUN

Carroll O'Donoghue, guarded by a mounted force, was hurried on to prison, and the news of his arrest telegraphed to Dublin Castle; Tighe a Vohr faithfully followed him; badgered by the soldiers, threatened by the police, and almost ridden down by the mounted guards, he still kept in the wake of his master—assuming the part of a good-natured simpleton, but keeping every sense on the alert for the benefit of the prisoner. Thus far his wit and vigilance were of little avail; the prison was reached and its heavy doors opened and closed on Carroll, and Tighe was left without, with, as he himself expressed it, "a heavy heart in his burzum." He stood scratching his head and looking up at the grim stone walls with an expression assumed for the occasion: one of ludicrous amazement and fear. Suddenly there was the bound of a dog round the corner of the jail, a succession of quick, sharp, yelping barks, and a lean, scraggy, tawny animal had jumped on Tighe's breast, and was making frantic efforts to pass his tongue over the whole of Tighe's face at once.

"May I never be shot in a duel, but it's Shaun!" Tighe's arms were round the dog, squeezing him in the most human-like of embraces, and Tighe himself was crying like a child.

"Shaun, me beautiful Shaun! Sure it bates all iver I heard. How did you make out at all, at all? an' it's good luck sent you. You cheered me afore when I was down-hearted, an' you've kem again to do the same thing."

The boisterousness of the dog, and Tighe's own tearfully-delivered apostrophes, attracted the attention of the soldiers who were lounging about, and they drew near to witness the scene, many a guffaw sounding as they beheld Tighe's ludicrously extravagant welcome of the animal. But in a moment an officer in full uniform appeared among them.

"Here fellow," he said roughly, "what are you d'ing with that dog? He belongs to me."

Tighe came forward carrying his burden. "If you please, yer honor, would you mind tellin' me how you kem by him? I was his former master; sure he'll tell to that by the tricks I'll put him through. Down, Shaun, an' show how a gentleman courts his lady love."

The dog jumped from Tighe's arms, looked round at the laughing soldiers for a moment, as if making his selection, then with a sudden spring he bounded to the neck of an unsuspecting fellow near, and passing his tongue rapidly over his face, sprang back to Tighe's arms. Every one laughed loudly and applauded, even the officer who had claimed the dog.

"Now, Shaun, pick out the biggest rogue in the company—mind you, I said rogue."

Shaun was on his feet again, going to every one in turn, and looking into the face of each with a most comical gravity; finally he stopped before Tighe himself, and announced his selection by a loud bark.

Every one laughed loudly again, this time with louder and more prolonged mirth. Tighe affected to be displeased, and swore that the dog's judgment was wrong, much to the increased amusement of the spectators, now swelled to a large crowd.

"He has another trick yet, gentlemen. Now, Shaun!" Shaun immediately put himself into his attitude of attention, which was sitting upon his hind legs, and letting his forepaws drop, something in the style of a mincing miss of the present day.

"Now, Shaun; do you mind what I say?" Shaun nodded his head as much as to say that he understood his master.

"Well, go around now, and pick out the gentleman of the company—the true gentleman, that wouldn't do a mane act for love nor money."

I became his master, and now, if you will name your price, I will buy him."

"Is it sell Shaun?" said Tighe. "Oh, your honor, don't ax to part us! I'll bring him ivery day to see yer honor, an' I'll put him through his trick for your diversion, but I'll have us together."

There was so much pathos mingled with the comical entreaty that the Englishman, somewhat inclined to good nature, and rather fancying Tighe for his simplicity, said hastily:

"Well, keep him, my good fellow."

"Oh, you are the fellow with the dog," said the man on guard, catching sight of Shaun, who had remained behind to gratify his canine curiosity. "I have heard nothing since the morning but the wonderful tricks of that ugly animal of yours, you can go in there and wait," pointing to the open door of a long, low room again; the sides of which sandy benches were arranged; and turning away to resume his sentry walk, he muttered:

"What with pretty women that floor you with a look if you dare to wink at them, an' cunning Irishmen that get the best of you at every turn, and wonderful dogs that puzzle you with their tricks, this same Ireland is a queer place, and I wish I was out of it."

Tighe quietly seated himself on one of the benches, and Shaun went on an inquiring journey around the room. A stout, burly soldier occupied another of the benches a little removed from Tighe; he was engaged in writing, a sheet of paper half filled lying on a large book on his crossed knees, and a huge inkhorn by his side. It was evidently a difficult task, for the pen was often idly poised between his fingers, and his face wore the puzzled, blank expression of one who did not even comprehend his task.

TO BE CONTINUED

A LILY AMONG THE LILIES

George Hilton was slowly pacing up and down the terrace walk of his beautiful home at Belmont, in the Adirondacks. Lelia, his only child, would be twenty one the following week. What gift would she like? He was a millionaire, and money meant nothing to him. What would she like?

He was so lost in thought that he did not see Lelia standing on the terrace, till she laughingly asked what on earth was puzzling him. "You, my dear—you are the puzzle," he replied.

"I—a puzzle," she echoed. "Why, Dad, what have I done?"

"Nothing at all—nothing, really, but I want you to choose. What will you have for a birthday gift? A pair of earrings, a trip to the Rockies, jewels, a watch?"

Lelia paused, and her father watching her, thought what a perfect picture she made. Her slim figure in a simple white gown was boldly outlined against the mountains. In her arms she held a sheaf of lilies. Her face was as pure and as sweet as the flowers; her dark blue eyes and her black hair of Celtic descent, for her mother, dead now for eighteen years, had been an O'Sullivan from Kerry.

After a few moments' thought, Lelia spoke. "The tour of Europe, Dad, that is what I would like best. But, of course, you must come with me. I do want to see Florence and the paintings and everything. I've been longing for this. And Dad, I want so much to see Ireland, my mother's land."

"No, no, not there," he said firmly. "I cannot take you there."

She acquiesced, but she wondered at his decision. Later on she understood. Together they planned the tour. It was then the end of July. In August they would sail from New York. September would find them in Geneva—then Lucerne and the Rigi. In October they would go south.

The programme was followed. Chillon on Lake Lemman aroused all the latent romance in Lelia's soul. She was simply ravished with its beauty. And the Rigi! She wrote thus to a former school friend: "If you have ever doubted that there was a God, come here and see the sun rise over the Alps. There in the dawn the great heights in crystalline glory, stretch from the green valleys to the purple sky. Then a streak of gold in the east, and over it a curtain of delicate rose tint reaching from north to south—a shaft of dazzling light! The Day-king, preceded by cloudlets of green and amethyst, casts a spear of gold at each crystal peak—from summit to summit the colors flash, and the Alps are aglow with pink and gold and green and violet. Who but God could work such a wonder?"

In October, Mr. Hilton and his daughter went to Italy by way of Lugano. Lelia felt like "Alice in Wonderland." She had never dreamed of such beauty. Later they went to Florence, where they established their headquarters. From their hotel on the Lung'Arno they sallied forth each day to see some of the sights. For Lelia the Church of "Santa Maria del Fiore" had a special charm. She would sit for hours watching the sunbeams as they played "hide and seek" among the lilies in the mosaic that paved the central aisle. But

the girl felt more than a mere artistic pleasure in the church. She had been brought up in the Protestant belief, but she was conscious of a something supernatural when she sat there. She had a strange feeling that she was in some mysterious way, in touch with the mother whom she could not remember. It was as if her mother's "Friend" lived there, and was able to give news of her.

She mentioned this casually to her father, and at once she saw he did not like it.

"What's coming over you, Lelia?" he said crossly. "You are becoming a dreamer. You'll write poetry soon! I must look out for an artist who will give you lessons. That will occupy you usefully."

To himself he said: "I had better take care. She is getting more and more like her mother. It's well Lelia does not know that she lived and died a Catholic. How hard she pressed me when she was dying to promise to have the child brought up in her faith—and I dared not promise. Lelia was very ill at the time—dying, we thought, and the poor mother rejoiced when she heard it, and said: 'Thank God, thank God she will be among the lilies for aye.'"

"Surely there is something in heredity, and in telepathy, too. Lelia does not know that it was in Florence we spent our honeymoon, and the poor mother and myself—well I remember the fascination that church had for her. I must look up a painter and arrange about lessons."

True to his word, he engaged the best artist in Florence to teach his daughter. Her lessons were an endless delight, and she made great progress.

In the spring the teacher was commissioned to paint his pupil's portrait. He sketched her in a simple white gown with a sheaf of lilies in her arms—and the hills of Fiesole as a background. In his own mind the artist called the picture "A Lily among the lilies," but the scroll bore the one word, "Lelia," and in a corner was the painter's name, "Benedetto del Rosso."

It was his masterpiece. He so loved it that he painted a miniature one for himself.

Before leaving for Rome in April, Mr. Hilton directed Rosso to have the portrait safely packed and to forward it to his home in New York. On seeing the address, the artist exclaimed: "Strange, I go there soon. Americans of wealth have promised me many orders. I go in June."

"Good," replied Mr. Hilton, "we want men like you over there—real artists. My daughter will resume her lessons in the fall—we don't return to New York till then."

The lessons were resumed, and anyone could force what was bound to follow—but somehow, Lelia's father did not. Rosso was so perfect a gentleman that he never betrayed his feelings, but he knew intuitively that it was with his pupil as with his mother.

After Christmas there was a change in Lelia. She was thoughtful, preoccupied. There was seemingly no cause, but her teacher clearly saw she was suffering. The fact was, religion, the Catholic religion had become a necessity to the girl. She hungered for the faith. She longed for the peace, the restfulness of belief. Day and night she thought and struggled. She knew well her father's unreasoning dislike of Catholics; she knew also that as a Mason he could not allow her to embrace the hated creed, and she was absolutely sure that to declare her intention of embracing Catholicism, would be to evoke his sentence of banishment from the home she loved. She simply could not do that. Leave her home—her own suite of rooms, her beautiful roof garden, her dainty pictures, her well-chosen library. She could not give them up. Again and again she implored God to have pity on her, and not to ask such a sacrifice.

Night after night she lay awake, struggling ever. Then she gave up her painting. She was tired, she told Rosso—and she certainly looked it.

Her maid, Clara O'Donovan, a Catholic from the County Cork, got ill suddenly—a bad heart attack. Lelia did all she could to relieve her sufferings, and tried to cheer her up.

"Afraid! Miss Lelia?" said Biddy. "Sure, how could I be afraid to meet Our Lord? Sure, I loved Him always. And Father O'Brien, that's the priest was here just now—he's bringing me Holy Communion."

"O Clara! May I stay here? I'll kneel over there and won't be in the way. Do let me stay."

Protect Your Wife and Children

By suitable provisions in your Will, safeguarding the principal sum of your estate.

We will be glad to confer or to correspond with you in regard to your Will free of charge.

The Capital Trust Corporation

10 METCALFE ST. OTTAWA

174 BAY STREET TORONTO

Correspondence Invited

Dainty Delights

that reveal unsuspected possibilities in the use of Ingersoll Cream Cheese are found in our new Ingersoll Recipe Book. We are holding your copy here for your request.

Ingersoll Cream Cheese



True to his word, he engaged the best artist in Florence to teach his daughter. Her lessons were an endless delight, and she made great progress.

RECENT BOOKS

SECOND-HAND COPIES of the most popular books recently published are being offered in our Second-Hand Department, at one half, and even at one quarter of the published prices. These books, withdrawn from the Guaranteed Section of our Library, are all in excellent condition. Often they have had no more than three or four readings.

Write for any of the following Catalogues:— Newly published Books. Second-hand Books at greatly reduced prices. List of Pocket Volumes. Recent Novels by the Best Authors, at reduced prices. New Books at Second-hand Prices.

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB 42 Wigmore St., Cavc. dish Square LONDON, W. 1, ENGLAND

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

Restored to Health By Taking "Fruit-a-tives"

Made of Fruit Juices and Tonics

The most convincing proof of the true worth of "Fruit-a-tives" as a medicine for women is found in the letters written by them to "Fruit-a-tives". For instance: "I suffered with all the symptoms of female trouble, pains low down in the back and sides, constipation and constant headache. A doctor advised an operation. I started taking "Fruit-a-tives" and this fruit medicine completely relieved me of all my misery!"

Mrs. M. J. GORSE, Vancouver, B.C. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

Casavant Freres CHURCH ORGAN BUILDERS

ST. HYACINTHE QUEBEC

F. E. LUKE OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN

167 YONGE ST. TORONTO (Upstairs Opp. Simpson's) Eyes Examined and Glass Eyes Fitted

FITS

Send for free book, giving full particulars of French's world famous preparation for Eczema, Itch, and other skin troubles. Over 30 years' success. Testimonials from all parts of the world. TRENCH'S REMEDIES LIMITED 240 St. James' Chambers, 29 Adelaide St. E. Toronto, Ontario. (Cut this out.)

ECZEMA

You are not experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Ointment. It relieves at once and gradually heals the skin. Sample box Dr. Chase's Ointment free if you mention this paper and send 20c. stamp for postage. See a box at dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Solicitors for The Home Bank of Canada Barristers for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation Suite 21, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, CANADA Phone 125

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. A. E. Knox E. L. Middleton T. Louis Moynahan George Kovacs Cable Address: "Foy" Telephones: Main 66 Main 92 Offices: Continental Life Building CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS TORONTO

DAY, FERGUSON & CO BARRISTERS James K. Day 38 Adelaide St. West John M. Ferguson Joseph P. Walsh TORONTO, CANADA

LUNNEY & LANNAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Harry W. Lunney, K.C., B.A., B.C.L., Alphonse Lannan, LL.B. CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN H. McELDERRY BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER Money to Loan Telephone 1083 HERALD BLDG. ROOM 34 GUELPH, ONT.

Residence Park 1355, Cable Address "London" Hillcrest 1977 Park 4241W Main 1288 Lee, O'Donoghue & Harkins Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc. W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L. J. G. O'Donoghue, K.C. Hugh Harkins, Esq. L. O'Donoghue Offices: 941-942 Confederation Life Chambers S. W. Corner Queen and Victoria Sts. TORONTO, CANADA

V. T. FOLEY BARRISTER-AT-LAW HURON AND ERIE BUILDING CHATHAM, ONT.

DENTAL

MICHAEL J. MULVIHILL L. D. S., D. D. S. 25 PEMBROKE STREET W. PEMBRKE, ONT. PHONE 175

ARCHITECTS

WATT & BLACKWELL Members Ontario Association of Architects ARCHITECTS Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, ONT.

Members Ontario Association of Architects Millson, Burgess & Hazelgrove REGISTERED ARCHITECTS 209 Sparks St. OTTAWA, ONT. Specialists in Ecclesiastical and Institutional Construction.

EDUCATIONAL

St. Jerome's College Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT. Business College Department. High School of Accounting Department. College and Philosophical Department. Address: REV. W. A. BENINGER, C. R., President.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST. The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone—House 373 Factory 848

E. G. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR Open Day and Night 389 Burrell St. Phone 9971

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL CHURCH WINDOWS Executed in Our Own Studios Colonial Art Glass Co. 586 BANK STREET, OTTAWA, ONT.