### THE CATHOLIC REGISTER

## **Century Heroine**

age, the four corners brass tipped, his soft brown eyes, and growl omin- mother. and the top transparent with many ously. He, too, understood. Of late "Eithne, thou art early at thy liers, his doubtlet was in shreds, and the time-worn carpet like some gro- not seemly that a daughter of the O'- disturbed thee?" tesque insect. When it was opened More be out alone. Our household I tried to tell her, but my tongue the toom, and also revealed number- spared to accompany me. less little drawers with mother o' One day we were seated at the great She followed my glance, but the man pearl knobs that were reflected in the south window which overlooked the was gone. blackness of the wood like so many river. Peggie was teaching me my At that moment Peggie came hurminiature ghosts.

longed bore a certain resemblance to favorite air, "The Coulin." Her face white and scared. "Madam," she the escritoire, inasmuch as it pre- looked sad, and as the plaintive mel- cried, "the soldiers! They are alserved the same dignified front to the ody floated through the room she most at the door. inroads of time. It was old and gray broke down utterly and wept. but its walls were stout, and had In a second I had my arms around quietly replaced the manual. Again stood many a blockade when the her and was trying in my childish I tried to warn her, but the words mother. She fell in a dead faint and bullets whistled round it like hail, way to soothe her.

and the clang of arms resounded as "Eithne, child, I had bad news this Irish pike crossed English steel in morning. Your Uncle John is on his Eithne. Be brave. Remember thy fierce encounter. And, as if to hide way from Spain and may arrive when father. I must away to warn thy its wounds, a glory of ivy clothed it we least expect." in a robe of russet brown, wherein "Ma mere," I cried, "but that is courage she was gone.

the birds nestled and sang, and a good news!" I clapped my hands debroad green meadow fronted it, slop- lightedly. ing down to the river, and in the Peggie looked grim. Was it pos- alone. I was nigh to swooning. Sud- And Finn, not to be outdone, rested

meadow was a fairy ring where the sible that her lip was quivering and denly my mother's words came to my his great head in my lap. Bittle folks came out o' nights in the that there was a suspicious moisture mind. "Remember thy father." Was moonlight and danced a fairy mea- in her eyes. I stared from one to it thus that he would have me act? is well that ends well."-Sheila sure to the sound of weird music.

To the lonely child lying amid the John was my favorite relative. He with it a certain quick-wittedness long grasses at the river brink, the was a Jesuit, and had spent half which told me how to act. I ran to old house was a veritable palace of of his life abroad. It was a red let- the escritoire to get the manual. But dreams. Sometimes the sun kissed ter time when he visited us in Paris. alas! I could not find the secret it, and the diamond-paned windows He had promised to come to Ireland spring. I placed my fingers over mamed with lights which were reflect- to prepare me for my first commun- each separate panel, but to no pured in the river, and to the watcher ion. Now, instead of my mother and pose. I could, hear the tramp of came visions of ladies in farthingales, Peggie being overpowered with joy, it marching feet coming nearer and nearand brave knights in armor, and bat- was as though a bombshell had drop- er. I had almost given up hope when, tles fought and won, until her little ped in our midst. brain, tired with thinking, would "Eithne, darling," said my mother, lo! the book lay in my hands. To into the dream-land of sleep.

of the gallant eleven who held the does not know that he is rushing in- was my relief. bridge at Athlone, first saw the light. to the lion's mouth. grieved that my father had died in that it were treason to harbor a front I knew she was scared. such a glorious cause.

After the signing of the treaty of it meant death or transportation. Limerick we returned to the old home where we lived in the strictest re- sobbed as if my heart would break. tarement. In those days my education It was my first glimpse of sorrow, would have been sadly neglected had for, shielded by mother and Peggie, it not been for my mother and Peg- my life had been all sunshine, and my mother?' gie, our ancient serving-woman, for I knew naught of the storm of persethe Penal laws were still in force, cution which was even then breaking though not so severe, and unless over the land. one conformed to the so-called estab- All that day we suffered agonies of lished religion it was next to impos- suspense. Mother had dispatched a

jabbered to me in French, having chance of intercepting my uncle, and to this day. learned the language nuring our so- the west room was put in order, for The red flamed to my cheeks, and journ at St. Cloud I called her ma bonne; indeed, with er showed it to me for the first time. most unexpected tribute to my faher huge white crimped cap, under- Pushing aside some tapestry, she ther's prowess. And to think that meath which her face shone like a pressed a secret panel, which immedi- but a short time since that I, his rosy pippin, she looked not unlike a ately slid open, revealing a flight of daughter, felt sick with fear! I turn-French nurse. What was more useful, stone steps which led to an under- ed my head away lest he should see she taught me the mystery of pot- ground passage to the river. In the the moisture. books. Many an hour I spent at the passage a small room had been furnold escritoire trying to form letters, ished with a chair, a table, and a my fingers smudged with ink, a quill bed. Everything was neatly arrangmen in my hand, and my forehead ed, as if some one were expected. puckered with the effort, Peggie "Mother," I cried reproachfully, why did you not tell me of this met the commanding officer. standing over me in despair. From mother I learned the harpisdelightful hiding-place? Uncle John chord, and how to dance a minuet. will be quite safe. No one would I could flirt my fan and twist my ever dream of searching here.' small person in ludicrous imitation of "God grant it," she uttered ferthe court beauties, much to the de- vently, "but I need not tell you, light of Peggie, who never tired child, to be discreet.' watching me. Mother also taught me "Ma mere," I answered with to embroider. I soon became profi- nity, "I was eleven years old last of us are under suspicion. It is our cient in the art, and my first attempt birthday. was an emerald green silken banner, Just about dusk a fisherman with also it hath come under our notice on which shamrocks and the Fleur de some fine salmon in his net came to that certain Popish works forbidden Lis of France were entwined. To the door. It was Uncle John. So by the State are concealed. We must Peggie, in a great secret, I confided perfect was his disguise, that I did make a thorough search.' That I intended sending it to Sars- not know him, and felt afraid until he mield, who was in France fighting the spoke and blessed me. enemies of Ireland. Next to my fa- The days that followed were the hinder thee." ther he was my greatest hero. These accomplishments I greatly ing until night I was in a tremor of turning to a man who had hitherto liked, but abhorred my pot-hook les- fear lest the soldiers should discover escaped my notice. I immediately reson. To escape it, I would quietly my uncle's hiding-place. No one in cognized him as the same who had so hie me to the river where my curragh the house knew of his arrival save terrified me at the window. I stoopwas always at hand, and my wolf- Peggie, mother, and myself. He liv- ed down to pat Finn's great head to found Finn lay basking in the sun ed in the west room so that in case of hide the impish glee in my eyes. The awaiting my appearance. With Finn danger he could easily escape. seated at its prow I would row to After a time, there being no hue the spy. Only that I held him in my favorite haun's. Ah! those were and cry, and lulled by his apparent leash, he would have caught nim by the golden hours as we glided past security, we resumed our usual occu- the throat. We followed the soldiers the emerald-tinted banks with round pations. One of the tasks I loved upstairs into each room. towers and castles standing like gray was polishing the old escritoire. I As we entered the south chamber, sentinels, past the fields of yellow would rub the brass tips until they the wretch made straight for the corn waving in the breeze, past the shone like gold, and gaze into the escritoire. "You will find proof enwood of young larches where the sun shining wood at my distorted face, ough here without going further.

A Daring Little Sixteenth light, past the great black thicket would be in danger. I daved not A burst of laughter from the men where the ogre lurked waiting to de- dwell on that. I clenched my seth was the only response. The spy had your perverse young maids who would in agony, and prayed inwardly for fled through the half-open window, not hearken to their mother's advice. help. The answer came in a flash, but unfortunately for his escape, his I always trembled when I passed that I felt that if the spy saw that his doublet had caught in a great hook wood, knowing well that I came un- presence were known he would imme- hidden amid the ivy, and he hung der that category. Finn would glance diately denounce us. Dancing lightly twixt heaven and earth a sorry It was an old escritoire, black with at me with a look almost human in into the room I stooped and kissed sight. When he was cut down, amid

polishing. It had spidery legs and these excursions were forbidden, for pranks," she murmured fondly. "But the look on his face pitiable to see. feet that sprawled amid the roses of the troopers were about, and it was what makes thee so pale? Has aught Finn had found his hat, and was

a delicious odor of pot-pourri filled was small, and Peggie could ill be clave to my palate, and I could only

point dumbly toward the window.

sampler stitch, and mother was sit- riedly into the room. The ruddy The house to which this treasure be- ting at the harpsicord playing her color had left ber face, she looked

Mother, with great presence of mind refused to come "Thou hast naught to fear, my

Before I could regain my uncle."

My head swam, there was a buzzing in my ears when I found myself daughter," she murmured softly.

the other, not understanding. Uncle At once my courage came back, and Mahon.

oh! joy, my fingers touched it, and

wander from her enchanted garden "Uncle John would be in great dan- conceal it about my person was the ger were he to visit us now. I am work of a second. I put my book of It was in this ancient house that I, only afraid that he will be arrested Esop's Fables in its place, and ran Eithne, daughter of the O'More, one on his way to Limerick. He surely down-stairs humming an air, so great

The soldiers were in the hall, and After that desperate fight we fled to Then she explained to me that with Peggy was parleying with the com-France. My mother had the spirit the coming of Anne to the throne, the manding officer, a goodly-looking man of a hero, and rejoiced rather than Penal laws were again in full force, with a kind face. Despite her brave

priest, and if the priest were caught "Prithee, be not afraid, pretty one," he said on catching sight o

It was now my turn to cry, and I me. "I am the O'More's daughter," I answered , proudly, giving him sweeping curtsy. "Dost wish to see

"Bravely said, little maid. In good sooth, thy father has left a fair substitute. He was a fighter, none better. His record will live in Ath-

lone. Though well nigh a dozen sible to acquire an education. Peggie trusty messenger to Limerick on the years have passed they speak of him

the jeers and laughter of the sold-Red Rose slowly crunching it between his strong white teeth. The plume was already in tragments.

"Madam," said the commanding officer, courteously to my mother, "if the rest of our search bears as much fruit, I shall have to ask pardon for our unseemly intrusion.

My mother bowed a :nute assent. Sne was simply incapable of speech. After a few moments' search, they left, the clank of their sabres cchoing through the house.

The reaction was too much for When she recovered, I danced round the room like a wild thing. "Look, look!" I cried, holding the manual aloft. Then I told my story My mother's answer was to enfold me in her arms. "Thy father's "Deo Gratias!" cried Peggie. "All

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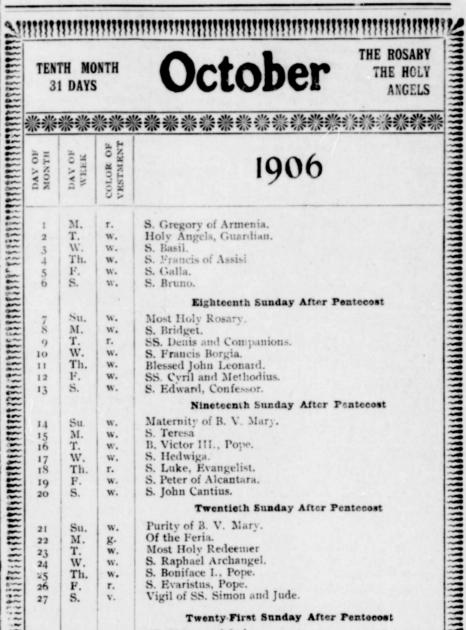
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Twenty-First Sunday After Fentecost

Simon and Jude.

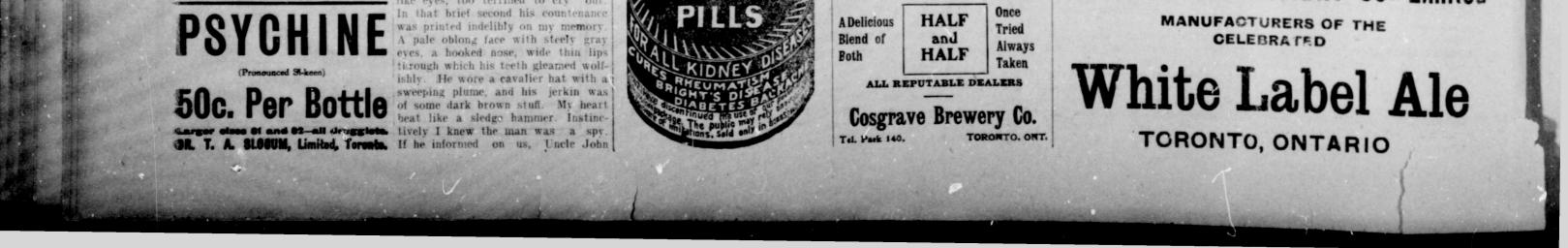


Died of Consumption, but this Linden make my presence known by a sudlady used Psychine and is strong and well

"My mother, brother and sister died of consumption," says Ella M. Cove, of Lin-den, N.S., "and I myself suffered for two observation, touched a little panel years from a distressing cough and weak dungs. I suppose I inherited a tendency in this direction?

"But thank God I used Psychine and it fouilt me right up. My lungs are now estrong. I enjoy splendid health, and I owe all to Psychine.

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in it was a secret hiding-place. Moth- the sudden tears to my eyes at this

"What means this unseemly intrusion?" It was the voice of my mother, clear and bell-like. Her face was pale, but there was no sign of fear in her calm steadfast eyes as she

> "We come in search of one John O'More, a Jesuit priest, who, con-

trary to the law, has returned to freland." He bowed courteously. My mother answered with a faint inclination of her head. "These are troublesome times, madam, and the best digunpleasant duty to search the house,

"Do thy duty," said my mother, quietly. "It would ill become me to

most exciting of my life. From morn-| "Lead the way, Larmour," he said, \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* hound growled and made a spring at

illtered through in a fairy network of that grotesque view giving me more There is a Popish Mass book conceal-

pleasure than the finest mirror. ed here. He ran his ingers along One day on coming into my room the wood until they touched the sein anticipation of having a glorious cret spring. The aperture slid open

time pulling out the contents of the and the book lay revealed. My mothlittle drawers and revelling in the er's face blanched, and she turned Old World treasures of ribbons and away her head as he handed it to the ancient miniatures, I saw my mother commanding officer. beading over the escritoire. Silently

"My book!" I screamed, darting I stood watching her, intending to forward. "That is my book. Give it to me!"

den embrace-a favorite practice, one "I am sorry, pretty one," said the which my mother loved, although she officer as he took the book from the pretended not to. Suddenly, somespy, "to deny thy request, but the thing caught my attention. It was a book-" he stopped suddenly, and an man's face peering in at the window. expression of amazement-and was it relief?-crossed his face. "This is not a Popish Mass book, but a copy observation, touched a little panel of Esop's Fables. What do you mean, which flew open, revealing an apersir," he said to the wretch, who ture, from which she took a large stood, the picture of foiled villainy book with a cross of gold on its "by leading us on this wild goos cover. I recognized it at once as a chase?

Catholic manual, one that I had never seen her read save in the privacy Cousumption, whether hereditary or con-tracted, cannot stand before Psychine. of her room. I realized the conse-quence were such a book found in our possession, for outwardly we were of no sect, and we's we, known to be Catholic, our lands and homes would be confiscated. Fascinated, I watched unseen every glance of the hawkike eves, too terrified to crv out



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