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

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED You have acted well;" for an tant there was a distinct softening of the harsh voice; the next, however, it had recovered its repelt tone; "why did you not tell what you have told me today, on the occasion of our first meeting in Tralee garrison, when you

the while. At length he said:
"You will maintain the same

secrecy for the future "Certainly, my lord;" and Carter bowed as low as his corpulent form would permit him to do.

Lord Heathcote, evidently considering the interview ended, turned state of mind, she would better aside to summon an attendant for the purpose of conducting Mr. Carter out; but the latter had an-other, and to him, a most important

item of business.
"Will your lordship kindly reassure me about the reward for my information? Captain Dennier referred me to you for conference about it, though he told me of your promise to attend to it on the con-clusion of the trials."

"Well,"—there was an accent of impatience in his lordship's tone—"what assurance do you wish?"

"That you will use your influence to secure for me the amount of money which I named when I had honor of a previous interview

resumed his seat, covering his face with his hand, and gave himself up to thought; Carter patiently waited, a complacent smile half "The O'Donoghue family repeated his lordship at length, looking up; "the family, I presume, from whom comes this young Australian convict who was recaptured on information furnished, I believe, indir-

Carter bowed, and the nobleman

The estate became encumbered by debt. Again Carter bowed; Lord Heath-

cote still continued: "And you would install yourself on this estate? Well, Carter, if this last informatiou, which you say is so valuable and the most important you have yet given, proves to be all that you claim for it, I have little doubt of your getting the reward you have stipulated."

Carter appeared to be satisfied; he was profuse in his thanks and bows, and when he left the nobleman's presence it was with a mind considerably relieved, and with courage entirely renewed for his nefarious plans.

CHAPTER XXIII.

having accomplished much of his self-imposed mission more success-rest his sowl, an' it's wid no sich It's enough to have him turn in his having accomplished much of his self-imposed mission more successfully than he had dared to hope, Tighe a Vohr trudged on to his mother's house; he did not rebuke mother's house; he did not rebuke to hear me own son axin' me to the same breath."

Tighe a Vohr trudged on to his meck to his stender legs the animal coffin, to mintion the loike o' Corny was the thorough-bred racer, with the blood of sire and dam telling in every spirited motion. Tighe's house; he did not rebuke to hear me own son axin' me to the same breath."

Tighe meekly; "an' I humbly ax admiration was loud and ardent.

Tighe meekly; "an' I humbly ax admiration was loud and ardent. for the weight upon his heart marry!"—sudden emotion was over-caused by the thought of his impriscoming her—" me, a respectable His penitent air quite mollified oned young master, he could have broken into the merriest of glees; as it was, the strain died in his throat, and a prayer for poor, un-happy Carroll found its way to his

Tighe was sorely puzzled lips instead.

Wisha, welcome, Tighe asthore!" stead of being scolded and re-proached, as he had half expected,

tion; the same while he was thinktion; the same while he was thinking how changed would be Father Meagher's notes of praise could the worthy priest know the number of falsehoods recently told by Tighe, and wondering, also, if the old lady knew of his late visit to Dhrommacohol when he and Moira employed Shaun to such effectual purpose. If she did, it was still more surprising that the vials of "No less than Corny O'Toole," more surprising that the vials of her wrath were not poured upon his devoted head, for upon that occasion he had departed without paying her the semblance of a visit. But it was evident that she did not know, for she made no allusion to it; Moira, probably suspecting that Tighe did not call upon his mother, had prudently refrained from mentioning the visit. His mother wantin' to throw the loike o' him at me! he hasn't a sowl above the more surprising that the vials of her wrath were not poured upon his devoted head, for upon that occasion he had departed without but trade Tighe, rising from his chair, and standing with folded arms as if he had nerved himself for the worst. There was a pause, during which of the worst. There was a pause, during which of the worst of whow, for she made no allusion to it; Moira, probably suspecting that Tighe did not call upon his mother, had prudently refrained from mentioning the visit. His mother wantin' to throw the loike o' him at me! he hasn't a sowl above the loike o' him at me! he hasn't a sowl above the loike o' him at me! he hasn't a sowl above the loike o' him at more surprising that the vials of her wrath were not poured upon his devoted head, for upon his chair, and standing with folded arms as if he had nerved himself for the worst. There was a pause, during which of the worst. There was a pause, during which of the worst. There was a pause, during which of the worst. There was a pause, during which of the worst. There was a pause, during which of the worst. There was a pause, during which of the worst. There was a pause, during which of the worst. There was a pause, during which of the worst. There was a pause, during which of the worst. There was a pause, during which of the worst. There was a pause, during which of the worst. There was a pause, during which of the worst. There was a pause, during which of the worst. There was a pause, during which of the worst. There was a pause, during which of the was evident him," said Tighe, dropping his was the object to a wh

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER
Authoress of "A Mother's Sacrifica," etc.

Meagher and the young ladies in Tralee, and to know about his fortunate recovery of Shaun; and at last she turned to bestow a little of her affectionate attention upon the dog. The animal never responded demonstratively to any attentions, however affectionate, but Tighe's, and now he received all Mrs. Carmody's pats on the head, and stroking down of his long straggling hair, and all her phrases of welcome, such as: "I'm rale glad to see you, Shaun—an' it's a foine dog you see!" with a gravity quite

reverted to our acquaintance twenty-seven years ago?"

"I had not then, your lordship, penetrated the present state of put fresh touches to the room which always kept prepared for him. Lord Heathcote was silent for a she always kept prepared for him, moment, looking keenly at Carter and to set out the remains of her own frugal supper. Tighe ate and drank, and took so much pains to be his own old bright, witty self, that the simple soul was lost between admiration and affection. Tighe read it all in her face, and he

> that was costing him more appre-hension than his visit to old Ned Maloney had done. " Mother," he said, taking one of her hands affectionately in his own,

"it's very lonely for you here wid me away so much."

"It is, Tighe," replied the inno-cent old soul; "but I'm contint so long as no harrum comes to you, an' that I can see you once in a while."

that I can see you once in a while."
Tighe shook his head. "It's
many an anxious thought I have o'
you, mother, whin I'm away from you, an' somehow I can't help feelin', that is"—glancing furtively with your lordship."

"Your price is high," said Lord Heathcote; "what do you propose doing with such a sum?"
Carter replied: "To purchase the encumbered estate of the O'Donor handle family."

"That what? say it out, Tighe," in the sudden dread of coming to the point—" that is, thinkin', havin' a thought—a soort o' an idea—jist a somethin' that "—disconcerted by outright.

"That what? say it out, Tighe," in the sudden dread of coming to the point—" that is, thinkin', havin' a somethin' that is, thinkin' havin' a somethin' that is, thinkin' havin' a somethin' into her eyes, and experiencing a sudden dread of coming to the point—" that is, thinkin', havin' a thought—a soort o' an idea—jist a

entreated the old lady.

But Tighe still found it difficult

to bring himself to an accurate expression; he continued to beat about the bush. "A soort o' a feelin' that somehow comes round me heart—a squeezin' loike that makes me think o' I don't know

what—a sinsation—"
"Why, thin, Tim Carmody, what
are you dhrivin' at?" broke in the
old lady, too impatient and too
angry to hear further; "what do you mane be spakin' in such riddles to yer poor ould mother

to yer poor ould mother?"

"Aisy, mother, awhile," coaxed Tighe, "an' I'll tell you; only give me toime, for it's a delicate subjict." Then straightening in his chair, as if he was desperately nerving himself, he continued: "I was detentioned to the continued of the continued o was often thinkin' that if you had a husband to take care o' you whin

I'd be away---'
He was cut short by a half shriek from his mother, accompanied by the noise of the falling stool which, in her sudden rising from it, she had upset. She stood before him, her arms akimbo, her face as red as the handkerchief about her neck, and the frilled borders of her cap shaking threateningly with every indignant word she uttered.

"Timothy Carmody, if you have no betther word for yer ould mother TIGHE A VOHR'S PROPOSAL TO HIS

MOTHER

With a comparatively light heart.

With a comparatively light heart.

over her head and began to sop.

Tighe was sorely puzzled; he the eyelids of all within the number could cozen Corny O'Toole, he could cabin, including Shaun, who slept at the foot of his master's bed. And Tighe a Vohr, to his agree-ble surprise, found himself, in-tead of being scolded and re-troached, as he had half expected,

o' me heart that I spoke; I was thinkin' o' the poor fellow that's heart-broken wid love o' you."

Tighe remained in his erect position, too astonished and too discomfited to do more than look after his mother, and then turn his eyes with a crestfallen air to the lid do it, but I can't."

Ingure, with an indefinable air of aloofness and despondency, in spite of her ultra-fashionable garb. There was a hard look on the handsome face, a contemptuous droop to the full red lips, a world of despair

"That's bad for Corny," muttered. Then with a sigh as if he had heroically resigned himself to circumstances, he resumed his seat, and patting Shaun, relieved himself by one of his wonted addresses to the animal., "It was no lie, Shaun, whin I tould Garfield that wimen wor quare; faith, from one to the other o' thim, from Moira Moynahan down to me own mother, receive the communication he was about to make: a communication they have as many thricks as a wild colt. 'Yellow, wizened, Corny O'Toole'—thim's the words she used; so it's a fair face she wants; I don't know if I tould Corny to powdher would it help matthers." He shook his head dolefully, as if the idea met with little favor, and at length, unable to make affairs look more hopeful, he threw himself on the settle and was soon

sound asleep.
His mother, her indignation this gintleman?" spent, and her affection for her scape-grace son back in all its wonted ardor, stole softly to his side; having fondly contemplated his round, rosy face, and soft brown hair clustering in curling profusion round his forehead, she called softly: "Tighe, darlin'!"

The sound of the voice partially disturbing Tighe's slumbering enses, gave a livelier turn to his dreams; in another moment he was

talking in his sleep:
"Whisht, Corny! it's too yellow you are—the culd woman has an eye for beauty; you won't do at all,

"You niver can thrust a mis

Tim Carmody!" and the old oman, again rendered irate by the disjointed phrases which she knew had reference to herself, gave her son a vigorous shake. Tighe started up, his slumber-bound son a faculties not yet in a condition to remember that he was in his own home with his mother beside him instead of in Corny O'Toole's little bachelor apartment.

"Don't be so obstrepolous, man," he said, striking at his mother under the impression that it was Corny's bald head that glistened before him; "I popped the question mesel' for you, but it was no use." By this time he was quite awake and realizing, by his mother's face

and his own consciousness of having talked in his sleep, that he had hindered more than ever the result he wished to effect. Timothy Carmody !"-whenever she called him by his full Christian name, Tighe knew that his mother

was hurt in her most tender spot. "Niver agin, as you respect me gray hairs, an' the bones o' yer father in his lonely grave, talk the way you did tonight. Yer father, may the heavens be his bed, was a foine, big man, six feet in his shoes, wid a clane, sthraight face

coming her—" me, a respectable single, forlorn widdy, nineteen the old woman, and restored min to single, forlorn widdy, nineteen the old woman, and restored min to her favor; he was conducted with her favor; he was conducted with

CHAPTER XXIV.

proached, as he had half expected, heartily embraced by his fond, simple old mother. Curious to know what could have made her conduct so different from that which he had anticipated, he said slyly, when released from her loving clasp: "Why thin, what has happened to you, mother, that you're not angry wid me for shtayin' away so long?"

"Because I know all about it, Tighe, darlin'; wasn't I up to Father Meagher's, an' didn't his riverince tell me himsel' that he was plazed wid you, an' that he had great hopes intoirely o' you?"

"Oh, that's it!" said Tighe, slowly, as if he was taking time to understand his mother's explanation; the same while he was thinking how changed would be Father to the dog in a whispered aside which the loudness of his mother's grief prevented her from hearing:

"She's a woman, Shaun, an that be adgreat hopes intoirely o' you?"

"Oh, that's it!" said Tighe, slowly, as if he was taking time to understand his mother's explanation; the same while he was thinking how changed would be Father to the fath time and the diamy being able to make Joe Canty swallow one of his plausible inventions, but how to win his mother was entirely beyond him. He looked on whispered aside the situation and to sympathize with his master, saying understand the situation and to sympathize with his master, saying counsel, his mother, entirely recovered from her indignation of the previous night, and satisfied which the loudness of his mother's grief prevented her from hearing:

"She's a woman, Shaun, an that be a woman, Shaun, an that be rayson in her; but the wimen are always onmanageable. Mother,"

"Oh, that's it!" said Tighe, o' me heart that I spoke; I was despite his vagabond reputation, for thinkin' o' the poor fellow that's heart-broken wild ove o' you."

The approximation of the previous night, and satisfied which the loudness of his mother's grief prevented her from hearing:

"She's a woman, Shaun, an that be a was man there'd be rayson in her; but the wimen are always onmanageable. Mother,"

"Oh, that's it TIGHE SECURES A HORSE simple candor when, to use his own words, hand," he had no divarsion on hand," made him universally beloved. Pressing were the invitations which he received to rest him-self and to partake of a bountiful was for his sake that I vintured on me unlucky spache to you."

"Who is he?" interrupted his mother.

"No less than Corpo O'Tools"."

letthers he writes, an' he's as ugly an' musty as the one little dirty room that he cooks, ates, an' sleeps in. You can tell him from me that if it's marryin' a second toime I was thinkin' av, it's a dacent husband I'd look for, an' not the loike o' yellow, wizened Corny O'Toole."

And with the borders of her cap still indignantly shaking, and her whole form responding by its tremor to her outraged feelings, she flounced into Tighe's chamber and slammed the door hard behind her.

Tighe remained in his erect women hearers, devoutly crossing herself, "sure that's dhredful!"

"It's awful!" said Tighe, lifting full consciousness returned, and with it the suspicions which were place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on the watch for him—sure place, where he must surely come, to be on th

"Oh, we'll do it, Tighe," spoke up all the voices at once.

"It'll be a noble act." resumed Tighe a Vohr; "an' tell the other neighbors, so that whin you all together waylay Mr. Canty he'll surely have to belave you, an' he'll get away wid his loife; but don't let ould Maloney know a syllable o' this; nor don't let him see you watchin' him any more than usual, for there's no knowin' what desperate turn he moight take among yersel's." "Oh, we'll do it, Tighe," spoke

"Thrue for you, Tighe; sure they say he signed his sowl to the divil long ago for the sake o' good luck in his stills an' his smugglin'."

Tighe shook his head; "I am afeerd the divil'll have himsel' an' his money afore a great while."
"But what is the rayson," asked one of the more inquisitive of his listeners, "that he wants to shoot

"The divil alone, besides ould of trouble.

Maloney himsel', could tell you As the that," was the response; "he has such terrible saycrets, that same ould man, that it'd take betther brains than any one here has to discover them. I'm goin' down mesel' to see him this mornin' on a thrifle o' business for another person, an' it's frightened enough I am afther all I've heerd o' him to go near him.

You needn't be afeerd, Tighe spoke up a couple of voices;

"You niver can thrust a miser,

The miser, seated in the doorway of his shop, was awaiting his my cross!" expected visitor. A greasy coat, voice ended in evidence of any recent ablution. assumed for the purpose of impressing the old man, was slowly and gravely returned. Then without another word he bade Tighe follow him to the stable. Report had not Ned Maloney had built a better stable for his horse than he had a house for himself; the stable was a stanch, comfortable structure, well-roofed well-floored and should be structure, well-roofed well-floored and should be structure. and the groom was a close, wiry fellow, who evidently knew his fellow, who evidently knew his don't want to be without my business well. The horse was led out, and stood in all its noble fore he went to the big War." proportions before Tighe, whose eyes sparkled as he noted the signs her interest was aroused in this -a task in which no one in the country was better versed than himself—that marked the horse as being sound of wind and fleet of limb; from the proud arch of his neck to his slender legs the animal

"There's no fear, Mr. Maloney, but he'll win the race; he's a rale beauty!" and with his wonted artfulness Tighe began to display his feet, with a smile. powers, he dismounted, and immediately began to hurry the groom's

questions that the groom, shrewd and artful as he appeared, was unacquainted by any personal experience with the topography of the country three miles beyond Dhrommacohol, Tighe determined to so divert the attention of the fellow that he would forget to observe the direction they were taking, or the places through which they were traveling, beyond such information as Tighe himself chose they were traveling, beyond such information as Tighe himself chose

the full red lips, a world of despair in the big brown eyes that watched without interest the groups of bathers and the people who passed to and fro over the sands. It was evident she knew none of the motley crowd, and her disdainful glance forbade any friendly over tures from the comfortable looking matrons seated here and there in her neighbourhood. It was a glor-ious day in February, and the season at Muizenberg was at its height. Friends and acquaintances each other hilariously. The air was buoyant as it swept in across False The sunlight glinting on the green, translucent waters near the shore, the league-long rollers breaking in foamy spray on the sands, the blue of the summer sky, the dream-like hills running south and fading into the deeper blue of the ocean beyond—none of these things stirred the heart of the woman whose stormy eyes were full

As the morning wore on and luncheon hour drew near, the heach slowly emptied and the crowds passed up to the long road running homesteads dotted, one behind the other, in irregular lines on the mountain-side overlooking the bay.

The beach was almost deserted Sr. HYACINYKE now, and the sudden sound of a childish treble voice near her somewhat startled Alexia Barnett.

"Oh, dear St. Anthony! You just must find the cross what daddy gived me. It can't be losted for was Tighe's reply, as with a friendly farewell, responded to by hearty God-speeds, he departed.

gived me. It can't be losted for ever and ever. Please St. Anthony! you're my patron saint and you've always found losted things for always found losted things for Mummie and me. Please do find my cross!" The little childish voice ended in a sob. "It can't be buttoned so as to conceal his shirt-less bosom, hung upon his spare form, and his great bony hands, resting on his knees, gave little the chain, always was a bit weak. We've looked everywhere possible, Tighe's salute, accompanied by an energy and independence of manner darling, would find it hard to recover a tiny cross and chain from

roofed, well-floored, and abundant-lv supplied with straw and forage; and heaps and heaps of things he's found when we asked him. And I

the everyday incident, but she rose and came round the big rock on which she had been seated, with a quick

eager step.
"Can I help?" she said with a both grubbing earnestly in the

The mother rose quickly to her fulness Tighe began to display his horsemanlike powers—vaulting on the back of the steed, and with his knowing hand causing him to prance, and corvette, and ample in the knowing hand causing him to prance, and corvette, and amble, in the inclosed space which surrounded the inclosed space which surrounded the stable, till both the old miser and it was her father's last gift to her. the groom were convinced of Tighe's superior skill as a rider. Then, when Tighe deemed that he had given sufficient exhibition of his someone who did not know the nowers he dismounted and imme.

"But I have been sitting here preparations for departure.
Out on the road, and Tighe made
label alone for hours, and no one could have picked it up without my seeing alone for hours, and no one could full use of that talent for droll story-telling which he possessed in no limited degree. Having ascertained by apparently aimless questions that the groom, shrewd and artful as he appeared was a cross and chain.

information as Tighe himself chose to volunteer. And he succeeded: the mind of the groom was so amused, perplexed, and at last so beclouded with the absurd stories in which horses, devils and ghosts were mingled in strange and terror. were mingled in strange and terror-striking fashion, that the little, wiry fellow was as abstracted and absorbed as his abstracted and hands in the loose, white sand, and

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