CHRISTINE FABER Authoress of "A Mother's Sacrifice." etc. CHAPTER VII. MACHINATIONS

The storm continued, growing each moment in fierceness; torrents of rain accompanied the shrieking wind, and at intervals, when a temporary lull ensued, and the elements seemed to have ended their strife, it was only to break forth again with more appalling

During one of these lulls a man started up from a hedge by the road-side, as if he had been seeking protection from the storm; but he also seemed to have had another motive than shelter, for instead of looking for a more desirable covert, he stood in the attitude of listen-The night was too dark to discern even the outline of a passing form, but the brief subsiding of the tempest enabled him to hear dis-tinctly, and just as the wild strife of the elements was about again to begin, he heard approaching the hurried tramp of men. Veering to the side, he waited until they had passed, recognizing by their voices, and fragments of their conversation, consisting mostly of anathe on the storm, that they were English soldiers. He dropped into the train, the darkness screening him from observation.

Drenched, and heartily tired from their conflict with the wind and rain and the toil of a journey over a difficult road, the party halted after a half hour's march at a sort of country hotel. It was of rather pretentious size for the unassuming little country place in which it was situated, and bore evidence in its well-lighted windows and broad, illuminated doorway, of unusual commodation for wayfarers. Into this building passed Captain Dennier and his men with their prisoner, and closely followed by Tighe a Vohr. He who had surreptitiously joined them kept in the shadow, but in such a position that, without being himself seen, he could observe the men as they passed within the portal. When the door was shut upon the last of the soldiers, he turned suddenly and walked back as rapidly as the storm would allow him, by the road he had just pursued. He needed no light to guide him on his way, and the elements beating about him were in unison with the battle waging in his own heart. Hatred, remorse, and a wretched feeling of despair made him sometimes fling open the tattered coat that covered his naked breast, and lift the well-worn hat from his shaggy head that the wind might cool his inward fever. After intervals when his thoughts grew maddening in their intensity, a curse or a groan escaped him, and he clenched his hands and beat his

osom in fruitless agony. Thus journeying, he arrived at length on the outskirts of a village. Threading the deserted streets with quickened gait, he stopped before one of a row of plain little cottages. Raising the latch, he gave a peculiar signal; it brought at once to the door a man in a gaudy dressinggown, and with coarse sandy hair oristling from under a nightcap. The light shining from an adjoining apartment revealed him distinctly.

'It's time for you to arrive was his salutation, as he admitted the new-comer. The latter scowled.

"Have a care, Morty Carter, for I'm a desperate man tonight. I did your dirty work, and I've come for the reward you promised."

"Easy, now, easy, and we'll see. Come in here and we'll talk the matter over."

He led the way to the open room. seating himself at a little table covered with papers in disordered arrangement, and motioned his visitor to a chair near. Then, appearing to notice for the first ne the dripping condition of the latter, he rose, and going to a cupboard, brought forth a bottle and glass. Pouring out an unusually large quantity of the liquor, he tendered it to his guest. It was angrily pushed away.

until you come to terms. I've done your work, your divil's work, an' now am I to see Cathleen, or not?" He rose in his fierce eagerness,

dripping garments unpleasantly maudlin sentiment, he left the assailed Mr. Carter's sensitive room.

"Sit down, man, and don't be so unreasonable. Give me time to think, and tell me how you succeeded—but no; I'll not hear a word from you, and I'll not speak one word to you, until you take that to keep out the cold you'll get after this wetting. Take it Rick." He held the glass almost to the miserable creature's lips, and spoke in a coaxing tone. It was a tone so foreign to him, and it was assumed with such awkward grace, that he to whom it was addressed laughed

in mockery.
"When did you oil your tongue so, Carter? but you're wasting its

sweetness on me Carter quelled his rising passion

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE wretch, and folding his arms, stood dying man, scarcely a breath back in a resolute attitude. The temptation was strong to one who had not tasted food for hours, and the sparkle of the liquor as it lit up the sparkle of the liquor as it lift up the glass, and its stimulating odor, conquered Rick of the Hills. He raised the tumbler and quaffed its contents at a draught. Morty Carter smiled; then he stepped forward with alactity, and resumed the chair he had left

"Now tell me, Rick, how you acceeded." 'I went, asyou told me, an' prowled unobserved about the priest's house till I saw Carroll O'Donoghue an' Tighe a Vohr go in; then I posted away to Casey's an' told Captain Dennier. It wasn't long till the soldiers were at Father Meagher's, an' keeping guard outside the house as well as in it; Carroll tried to as well as in it; Carroll tried to escape by the back door of the kitchen but I spotted him, an' gave the alarm to the soldiers that were almost next him. After that, I waited on the road till the soldiers passed with him, then I followed, and the soldiers into Casey's."

an' watched them go into Casey's.''
Carter rubbed his hands. "Well Carter rubbed his hands. "Well done, Rick."
"Aye, it's well done for you, Morty Carter, but it's hell's own work for me; my soul was black enough before, but how is it now? I tell you,—" roused into his old fierceness by the tenor of his thoughts—"I'll do no more of it. Tell me where Cathleen is, an' I'll beg my way to her. You promised to tell me if I succeeded in this, keep your word."

'Never fear me, I'll keep my

Again he poured from the bottle, and again, more easily tempted than before, because of his recent potation, poor, miserable Rick quaffed the contents.

"Do you see, now," resumed carry Carter, drawing his chair closer to leen. his visitor, and speaking in a confidential whisper, "it'll not be safe for you nor me till Carroll O'Donoghue is hung-the evidence is pretty sound against him—and then the property will be mine, and maybe her dainty ladyship Miss McCarthy wouldn't mind becoming Mrs.

Carter. Despite Rick's rapidly increasing maudlin condition, there arose within him amazement and indignation at such an aspiration on the part of his companion, and he started from his chair, but finding himself too unsteady to stand, he

sunk into it again,
"She wouldn't look at you, Carter, if you had all Ireland to your back; and I'd be sorry if she would. Again Carter, by an effort, con-

trolled his rising anger.
"Maybe she won't be able to help herself; maybe she'll be glad to accept me when she knows—" he stooped forward and whispered in Rick's ear. It had the effect of completely sobering him for a moment. He jumped to his feet, this time able to stand without even

the support of the chair. "Are you man, or divil, Morty Carter, to plot the like of that? And do you think I'll lend myself to that scheme for you? I did as bad for you twenty-five years ago, but it wasn't the hellish work then that it would be now. No, you'll never count on me for that; and the tongue that would utter that lie

ought to be blasted forever.

perity to boot. But if you refuse me, never shall you see Cathleen, never shall you know her fate, and you shall swing for the murder at always if it wasn't for the lonesom

B—; I swear it."

The sudden sobriety of Rick had as suddenly yielded to his former condition, and confused by the as suddenly yielded to his former condition, and confused by the horror of Carter's proposition, and the fear caused by the latter's de-termined attitude, he yielded to all the weakness of his wretched state.

"For the love of God, Morty "You'd play on my weakness again, as you did many a toime before. No, I'll have none of it you. Have you a heart, man—"

Utterly overcome, he dropped is head on the table and his head on the table and cried like a child. Carter looked at nim contemptuously for a moment. bending across the table till his hot then, knowing that a sound drunken breath and the steam from his sleep would speedily succeed all this

> CHAPTER VIII. FATHER O'CONNOR

"Will he ever come?" The words were spoken by a man ho seemed to be in the agony of death, his pallid face, more ghastly pallid because of the contrast its bandage about the temples, was contracted into an expression of intense pain, and his large, black eyes burned with the fire of a

escaped them.
"Will he ever come?"

The words were repeated with a sadly pathetic force, and he struggled to free one of his hands from the coverlet, and raise it to his head; it was bandaged, and before he had half succeeded in his task he had dropped it with a moan of intense pain.

'He will come, acushla," whispered the woman at his side, as she gently covered the poor helpless

Father Meagher, God bless him, never disappointed one of us yet, an'

little party in the doorway; a respectful falling back to make way for some one, and Father O'Connor entered, his dusty garb and perspiring face giving evidence of somewhat long and hasty travel.

"At last," murmured the sufferer; and the woman respect-

fully courtesying to the priest, said We were expecting Father

Meagher, your riverence."

"He sent me in his place,"
answered the clergyman as he drew
a stool to the bedside and seated himself.

The wondering faces in the doorway had disappeared, withdrawn to one of the neighbors' houses while the priest should be closeted with his penitent, and the woman and promise; but I have a word or two to say. But drink, man, to keep out the cold."

nis penitent, and the woman and the say respectfully retired, but only to the outer apartment.

ment.
"You are badly hurt, my man," said the priest, kindly.
"I am, your riverence: I got my

death wound; but I'd not mind it if it wasn't for the two I left in Ballycarry, my old mother and Cath-

For an instant his eyes were dim with tears, then, as if even in that final moment he deemed such an emotion unmanly, he stifled it by a convulsive effort, and continued :

"I'd give my heart's blood for Ireland, an' count it little. When the news of the rising in Kildare came to us I was for joining the boys at once, an' I did, though me mother strove to hinder me with her prayers an' her entreaties, an'

Cathleen tried hard to keep me."
Again he paused, because of the emotion which would have unmanned him, and Father O'Connor said with firm persuasiveness:
"You must stop this, my poor

fellow; you are too weak to talk in that strain. "No father! for the love of Heaven let me go on. My heart's burstin' with all I'm thinkin', an' it'll be a relief to spake my thoughts to you, for you'll not revale them. Cathleen came to us when she was a baby—a man named Morty Carter brought her." Father O'Connor gave a slight start. "He brought her for my mother to take care of, saying that she was an orphan niece of his an' that he was an orphan income.

of his, an' that he was flyin' with her from her father's people, because they wanted the child to make her a Protestant, an' he was in mortal dread that they'd ever find her. My mother was a widow then, and I her only child, was eight years old. The infant was to be called by our name, Kelly, an' she was to be told nothin' beyant that Carter was her ought to be blasted forever."

For an instant Carter quailed before this sudden and unexpected resistance; then recovering his wonted boldness, he said:

In this, an' he came regularly to see us. We were very happy, for Cathleen was the same as an own work of the same as an own within the growth and the growth you know sister to me, an' whin she grew up you will, and then I'll keep my she was more, father, for I loved word with you; then you shall see her; but she wouldn't listen when Cathleen, and have peace and pros- I'd spake of that; her heart was set on other things-it was in the convent where she went to school, an' where she'd be willin' to stay

> ness my mother'd have without Again he was forced to pause from exhaustion and pain, and the priest, leaving him for a moment, went to the outer room to learn if a

"No, your riverence," said the man, "he begged us not to get a docthor, only the priest; an' sure it's little good the docthor could do

him anyhow."
Father O'Connor could not help mentally agreeing with the observa-tion, but he insisted on a messenger being dispatched immediately for the nearest physician, and returning to the sufferer, he held to his lips the drink of cold water which the latter craved.

"I'm stronger, father," he said, letting his head drop back on the pillow with a sigh of relief, "the pain is easier." Then, pausing to draw a deep breath, he resumed: "It's two months now since I said good-by to my mother and Cathleen, since I joined the boys. I thought we'd do great things for Ireland, we were all so hot an' eager to be we were all so hot an' eager to be that attack on the barracks. I was that attack on the barracks. I was own white hue presented to the blood stains just showing beneath a bandage about the temples, was strong. We can't do much only die summoned to attend Sergeant for the old land. They beat us back Hooper's little daughter. The today when we made the attack on the barracks, and if it wasn't for anxiety about her was considerably woman was endeavoring in simple, and trust him entirely. The other was every short of the captain's daring they'd have aggravated by the fact that he was murdered me outright. But it's not that I'd talk of now. I want to ask you this, father. Will you try woman was endeavoring in simple, trust him entirely. The other who pretends to be one of the Carter quelled his rising passion by an effort, and again tendering the liquor, he said, less persuasively, however: "Refuse it or not as you will, but you'll get no answer from me until you take it, and until I hear what you've done; nor shall I listen to you until you drink it." He set the glass down where the tempting fume could ascend into the face of the poor, half-famished

A middle-aged kindly-faced woman was endeavoring in simple, uncouth fashion to soothe him, and uncouth fashion to soothe him, and in the dress of an Irish laborer stood sorrowfully looking on. To the rear of the bed in an open doorway were grouped a half dozen sad, expectant, wondering the set the glass down where the tempting fume could ascend into the necessity of silence for the laboration in simple, then think a power of him, and trust him entirely. The other think and trust him entirely. The other think a power of him, and trust him

He paused to recover his gasping breath, and when he resumed, his voice was thick and hoarse. "Altogether it would have been a great document for the government to get hold of, an' somehow I didh't like the look in Carter's eyes when he took it, but maybe I was wrong."

Again he paused and in response

Again he paused, and in response to the priest's whispered admonition, said, when once more he had recovered sufficient strength; "Yes, father, I will be quick now, for I have only this to say; will you tell Morty Carter all that I told you about Cathleen? he can't blame me for tellin' you, as you are a priest, and he knows that I never told whin he hears of this case where it was a fight wid the soldiers, he'll fly like the lightnin'; but it's a good step away, an' the messenger's not step away, an' the messenger's not along gone."

To tellin you, as you are a priest, and he knows that I never told mortal before, anything save that Cathleen was a cousin of my own—I never told that Carter was here There was a movement among the title party in the doorway; a espectful falling back to make way or some one, and Father O'Connor his dusty garb and regret.

support to my poor ould mother?
Cathleen will not leave her till she dies; I know she'll not."
The whole of his poor, struggling soul seemed to be in his pleading eyes as he turned them on the pitying fee shove him.

yould be too far for your reverence out write to her, an'

He was utterly exhausted, and the priest looked in some dismay at the ghastly countenance, and the scarcely breathing form; but the poor fellow rallied once more, and asked with painful eagerness:
"Will you promise that also,

father?"
"Yes, all that you ask."
"Thank God!" he had freed his hands from the coverlet and he strove to clasp them in hisgratitude but they fell helplessly on the bed. "I can prepare to die now," h said, "there's a load off my mind.

He motioned for another drink, and then signified his desire to make his confession. On its conclusion the doctor arrived, and instantly pronounced the case hopeless. Death would ensue within the next twelve hours.

The dying man caught the half-whispered words, and he smiled. I am not afraid to go now," he , "an' somehow I think it's best. Sure it was glorious to get my death striking a blow for old

Ireland. I shall return," the priest said to the woman and her male compan-ion, who had entered the room with the doctor; the latter having given some brief directions about the treatment of the wounded man, departed with the clergyman.

Groups of men and women were everywhere; on the road, in the doorways, and everywhere with the same melancholy and somewhat defiant expression of countenance. Gloomy determination looked from every brow, and a fierce animosity gleamed from every eye. conversation was always in tones, but it was accompanied at times by a bodeful shaking of the and his companion, who, as the parish doctor, was well known, and ardently liked because of his sym-pathy with the Irish cause and his kindness to the poor, though he was himself a Protestant, and descended

from an aristocratic family.
"This is bad business," he said to Father O'Connor, when the two had gone beyond seeing and hearing distance of the groups they had passed. The priest did not answer; he was absorbed in perplexing thought of Morty Carter. The

excited thoughts he continued: "A country badly governed will ever be a thorn in the side of the dominant country, and there will be agitations, and risings, and blood-spilling till England either wipes us entirely from the face of the earth, or leaves us to legislate for ourselves; but she has trampled upon us until in our misery we have turned, and now she would crush us out. Yet, with all her power she could not do it; by Heaven! she could not do it, if there was not

child was very sick, and the father's

"Some escaped Australian convict, I believe. I did not hear the name. But, father, how excited you are!

does my news affect you?"

The priest was violently trembling, and the perspiration stood thickly upon his face. It was some moments before he could speak, and then his voice sounded husky and strenge. and strange. TO BE CONTINUED

A SEVRES VASE

By Florence Gilmore

tively harmless one.

It was not often that a new mem-

ber was received, and then only by invitation and with the consent of all the old ones; but on a Thursday morning, late in November, Father

Johnston brought a woman into the

sewing-room, introduced her as Mrs. Capretta, and quietly an-

nounced that she had spoken to him about joining the Guild, and

that he had assured her she would be most welcome. She was an acquisition, he told the ladies, for

she had done tabernacle work in

Rome for one of the great churches; he explained, also, that she had

just come back to the city with her mother, and as they were living in

a hotel she would have ample time

be other than cordial, and too greatly amused by Father Johnston's temerity to feel very indignant. So Mrs. Capretta was given

an altar-cloth to hem, and the place

of honor beside Mrs. Baker, the presi-

The women were too well bred to

St. Bonaventure's parish was the richest in the city, and the richest and most prominent women in it formed the Tabernacle Guild. They did careful and beautiful work, for love of their Eucharistic Lord, and if they seemed to forget that Christ belonged to a humble village home, as well as to the house of King David, the failing was a compara-

ing face above him.
"Yes, my poor fellow," answered
the priest, "I shall do all you ask?" "An one thing more—will you write to Cathleen? I'll not ask you to make the journey to see her; it the love in my heart for her never left it, an' how, whin she's one day afore the althar givin' her pure young heart to God foriver, she will not forget to pray for William Kelly. An' say to my mother, father, that I lave her the love of

my dyin' heart.'

dent, who carried on a rather labored conversation with her during the remaining half-hour of the meeting. Across the sewing table from them sat Mrs. Norton, who had decided opinions on every subject and was never slow to express them. Seeing that Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Capretta were talking together and paying no heed to her, she said,

or good works.

undertone, to the woman at her left: 'Priests do such strange things! What was Father Johnston thinking

of!"
"I don't know when anything has amused me as much! Evidently he had no doubt that we would all be delighted to get any new member, her friend said, with a low laugh.

"If he does such a thing two or three times he'll ruin his Guild," Mrs. Norton said, rather hotly. Her friend laughed again, and said, half-seriously: "What rights has he here? He's only the pastor."

Mrs. Norton tried to glare at her. "Don't preach to me in that under-hand way!" she retorted, laughing

in spite of herself.

Mrs. Capretta was younger than any of the other members-about twenty-eight or thirty years of age -and slight, and almost girlish in appearance. She did not seem to feel at all shy, or to be in the least awed by the wealth and aristocratic promptly to a second meeting, and a third, and was always the same: pleasant, capable, but somewhat aloof from the others. A few of the women were attracted by her most of them were not interested Only Mrs. Norton disliked her. She confided her feeling to Mrs. Baker the third time Mrs. Capretta

"You dislike her!" Mrs. Baker echoed in surprise. "I can't imagine why. Surely she is as thought of Morty Carter. The little physician appeared not to mind the absence of a reply; following the bent of his own foolish, but her eyes annoy me every time I look at her. People with those big, bright blue eyes are always horribly stubborn," Mrs.

Norton said. Mrs. Baker was greatly amused. What a strange idea!" she exclaimed, and laughingly added: "Do you know, since you have called my attention to Mrs. Capretta's eyes, it occurs to me they are very like your own. Truly, I mean it!"

turned, and now she would crush us out. Yet, with all her power she could not do it; by Heaven! she could not do it, if there was not treachery among ourselves."

The vehemence of the last words startled Father O'Connor from his reverie.

"What do you mean, Doctor Day?" he asked with some surprise.
"Why, early this morning, before "mean it!"

"Nonsense! Don't dare to say such a thing!" Mrs. Norton cried.
"Surely you don't mean to imply that I am stubborn."
"No, no! I wouldn't imply such a thing for the world; but, of course, we both know that you are," Mrs. Baker answered. The two were the best of friends and delighted to tease each other.

lighted to tease each other.

Mrs Norton laughed, but did not

Mrs Norton laughed, but did not defend herself. After a short silence Mrs. Baker said, in another tone: "We have business to discuss today. Every one is here now, so it would be well to begin."

"What is the business?" Mrs. Norton inquired.
"Oh, it's a long story; you will

hear with the rest," Mrs. Baker answered gently. Then, having rapped on the table for silence, she addressed the meeting: "We must make up our minds how we will raise money for the fine new will raise money for the fine new will raise money for the fine new yestments. You know we promised Father Johnston to pay for all of them, and he told me a few days ago that he wishes us to raise the money in January, as he has already B. Leonard Sast John St. Quebec. Que

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