commander-in-chief of all your fellowbelong to our court, and will dwell there whenever it pleases you. And you, Adolf,—you, my friend deserve a yet richer recompense. We have all been witnesses of your prowess; you have approved yourself worthy of the noble name of your forefathers. I have not forgotten your self-devotion; I know what care, with what love, you have protected and consoled my unhappy child; I know the pure, the profound feeling that has taken root and sprung unconsciously to yourselves, in the hearts of you both; and shall I allow you to outstrip me in noble generosity? Let Flanders mingle its stream with that of noble lords of Nieuwland, and let the Black Lion add its glories to your shield. I give you my beloved child, my Matilda, to wife."

From Matilda's heart burst only one word—the name of Adolf. Trembling violently, she seized his hand, and violently, she seized his hand, and looked steadfastly in his eyes; then she poked steadfastly in his eyes, then all yet precious tears, tears of joy, joy ept precious tears, tears of joy, joy expected in the control of the precious tears. outhful knight uttered not a word; his bliss was too great, too profound, too sacred to be expressed in words. He raised his eyes beaming with love, on Matilda; then turned them, full of gratitude, to Robert; and then upwards in adoration to God.

For some little time a noise had been heard in the courtyard of the monastery and it seemed as though a large crowd people were gathered there. The mult waxed greater and greater, and at intervals was heard a mighty shout of joy. A nun brought the tidings that a great multitude stood at the abbey-gate, and demanded, with repeated cries, to see the golden knight. As the door of the hall was opened, Robert caught distinctly the cry:

"Flanders! the Lion! hail to our deliverer! hail!" Robert turned to the

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nun, and said:
"Tell them that the golden knight, whom they demand to see, will appear among them in a few moments." a he approached the sick knight,

Then he approached the sick Kinght, seized his yet feeble hand and said:
"Adolf van Niewland, my beloved Matilda will be your wife. May the blessing of the Almighty rest upon your heads, and give to your children the valour of their father and the virtues of their mother! You have merited yet more than this; but I have no more precious gift to bestow on you than the child who might have been the solace

and the stay of my declining age."

While words of heartfelt gratitude flowed from Adolf's lips, Robert hastily

approached Guy, and said:
"My dear brother, it is my wish that the marriage should take place as soon as possible, with all fitting magnificence, and with the customary religious cere monies. Messires, I am about to leave you, with a hope that I shall soon return to you, free and unshackled, to labour for the happiness of my faithful sub-

After these words, he again drew near to Adolf, and kissed him on the cheek "Farewell, my son," he said.

And pressing Matilda to his heart "Farewell, my darling Matilda. Weep no more for me: I am happy now our fatherland is avenged; and I shall

soon return again. He then embraced his brother Guy, William van Guliek, and some other knights, his especial friends. He pressed with deep emotion the hands of all the others, and exclaimed as he took his de

"Farewell, farewell all, noble sons of Flanders, my true brothers-in-arms

In the courtyard he mounted his horse and resumed his armour; then he lowered his visor, and rode through the gateway. A countless multitude was there assembled: and as soon as they caught sight of the golden knight, they drew back on both sides to make way for him, and greeted him with exulting

Hail to the golden knight! victory

Hail to our deliverer!" They clapped their hands, they gathered the earth he trod, and kept it as a sacred relic; for in their simplicity they believed that St. George, who had been invoked during the battle in every church of Courtrai, had come to their aid in this majestic form. The slow measured thread of the knight, and his deep silence, confirmed them in their belief; and many fell on their knees as he passed by them. They followed him for more than a league into the country, and it seemed as if their gaze of venera ion could never be satiated; for the longer they gazed, the more wonderful did the golden knight appear in their eyes. Their fancy lent him the form and features wherewith the saints are wont to be depicted; one sign from Robert would have laid them in the dust pros-

trate and adoring.
At length he gave his horse the spur, and vanished like an arrow into the wood. The people strove long to catch the gleam of his golden armour between the trees -but in vain : his charger had borne him far beyond the range of their vision; and then they looked sadly on each other and said with a sigh :

"He has gone back to heaven again!" HISTORICAL CONTINUATION.

Of the sixty thousand men whom Philip the Fair had sent to lay waste Flanders, only seven thousand succeeded returning to France. Guy de St. Lille, and hoped to march them safely to but a division of the Flemish army fell on them, and after an obstinate conflict nearly all who had fled from Courtrai were overcome and slain. The

excellente Chronike" tells us—
"And the number of those who fled and escaped may have been in all about three thousand men, sole remains of the enormous host which had gone forth to plunder and lay waste Flanders: and these had a tale to tell at home which was far from being edifying or joyous." All the most illustrious nobles and

bravest knights were slain at Courtrai. There was scarcely a castle of France where there was not wailing and lamen tation for the death of a husband, a father, or a brother. The Flemish gen-

and knights should receive honourable citizens who may be able to assist us in the abbey of Groeningen, as time of war; I know how well this office appears from an ancient painting still to be seen in St. Michael's Church at Courtrai. There is also in the Museum of Messire Goethais-Vercruyssen at Courtrai, a stone which once lay on the grave of King Sigis; it bears his arms, and the following inscription: "In the year of our Lord meccii.. on St.

Benedict's day, was fought the battle of Courtrai. Under this stone lies buried King Sigis. Pray God for his soul! Amen."

Besides the vessels of gold, costly stuffs, and rich armour, there were found on the battle-field more than seven-hundred golden spurs, which knights alone had the privilege of wearing; these were suspended with the captured banners from the vault of our Lady's church at Courtrai, and thence this battle acquired the name of "The Battle of the Golden Spurs." Several thousand horses also fell into the hands of the Flemings, who used them with great effect in subsequent battles. In ront of the gate of Courtrai which open owards Ghent, in the centre of battle-field, there was in the year 1831 a chapel of our Lady of Groeningen; on its altar were to be deciphered the names of the French knights who had fallen in the fight, and one of the genuine old spurs of gold was still suspended from the vault. In Courtrai the versary of the battle was kept as a day of public rejoicing, and its memory still lingers in a Kermes, which is called the Vergaderdagen, or day of gathering. Every year in the month of July, the poor of Courtrai go from house to house begging for old clothes, which they sell in commemoration of the sale of the rich booty of 1302. Then, accompanied by a player on the violin, they betake them-selves to the Pottelberg, the old camp of the French, and drink and dance until evening.

When tidings of this terrible defeat reached France, the whole court was filled with consternation and grief Philip burst into a furious passion Joanna of Navarre, whose evil counsel were the cause of all these disasters, and of all their consequences; and his re-proaches may be read in some quaint contemporary verses by Lodwyk van Vilthen. The historians of France, indeed, have described Joanna in much peculiarity of their national character to handle very indulgently the vices of their monarchs, at least of their dead monarchs; and it is an undoubted truth that the Flemish chronicles give a far more trustworthy description of the odious disposition of Queen Joanna.

The magistrates of Ghent, who wer all Lilyards, and thought that King Philip would send a fresh expedition into Flanders with all haste, closed their gates, intending to hold out their city as long as possible for France. But they met their punishment at the hands of the men of Ghent themselves. The people rushed to arms, the magistrates and every other Lilyard were put to death, and Guy received the keys of the city, and with them a pledge of ever-lasting fidelity, from the hands of the

principal citizens.

Meanwhile Count John of Namur prother of Robert de Bethune, returned to Flanders and assumed the govern far larger army, to resist any further attempt on the part of the French, and restored order everywhere. Without allowing his troops any repose, he marched to Lille, where some disturb ances had broken out; thence he pro ceeded to Douray, which he captured taking the garrison prisoners; and Cassel yielded after a very brief resist mee. After taking some other garri sons of lesser note, he was obliged to re turn; for not an enemy remained on the soil of Flanders; and as he deemed a

and it seemed as though Flanders had acquired new life and new strength. Men thought with reason that the lesson France had received was sufficient. France had received was suffleient. Philip the Fair himself, had in fact, little desire to renew the strife; but the reproaches which burst from all France, the lamentations of the knights whose brothers had fallen at Courtrai and, above all, the instigations of Joanna who thirsted for revenge, compelled him at length to declare war. a force of eighty thousand men, amongs whom were twenty thousand cavalry but it was far inferior to the form er army, inasmuch as it consisted, chiefly of mercenaries, or of re-cruits levied by force. The command was intrusted to Louis King of Navarre he was instructed, before venturing on a general action, to take Douay and other French frontier towns from the Flerings; and with this commission, pitched his camp in a plain near Vitry, a few miles from Douay.

No sooner did the Flemings hear that

No sooner did the Flemings hear that a fresh army was being assembled in France, than the ery "To arms!" resounded through the length and breadth of the land. Never was so universal and so intense an enthusiasm known; from every village the inhabitants poured forth with weapons of all kinds on they came, singing and shouting in such numbers, that John of Namur was obliged to send many of them back to their abodes, fearing that it would be impossible to provide for so enormous a host. Those who had formerly been Lilyards longed now to wipe out the stain, and implored, with tears in their eyes, to be allowed a part in the conflict; and this was readily granted them. Besides John of Namur, most of the knights who had shared the glories of Courtrai repaired to the army. William van Guliek, John van Renesse John Borluut, Peter Deconinck, Jan Brevdel, and many others, were amongst them. Adolf van Nieuwland had not

yet recovered from his wounds, and could not therefore accompany them. The Flemings marched against the enemy in two divisions, and at first took up a position about three leagues from the French camp; and they soon advanced to the Scarpe, a small river near

the French; but as the generals or both sides wished to avoid an action, day after day passed on without any re-sult. The cause of this pacific attitude was, that John of Namur had sent am passadors to France to treat with the king for the liberation of the old Count and of Robert, and to conclude, if pos-sible, a treaty of peace. But the French court could not agree on the terms to be proposed or accepted, and the answe was unfavourable.

The Flemings meanwhile began murmur, and longed to fall on the French, in spite of the prohibition of their general; and the discontent became at last so alarming, that John of Namur was compelled to cross the Scarpe and attack the enemy. A bridge of five boats was thrown across the stream, and the Flemish army passed over, singing and shouting with joy that they were at length going to fight; but in ambiguous message from France kep them still for some days longer on the urther side of the river. the army would be no longer restrained and the murmurs threatened to become serious. Every thing was ready for the attack, and the army was put in motion when the French, not daring to meet it hastily broke up their camp, and re-treated in confusion. The Flemings put themselves in pursuit, and slew a great number of them; they possessed them-selves besides of the castle of Harne-where the King of Navarre had taken up his quarters. Their stores, tents, and everything the French army had brought with them, fell into the hands of the Flemings; and after a few in-significant skirmishes, the French were driven back into France overwhelmed with disgrace.

When the Flemish generals saw that no enemy remained in the open field, they disbanded a part of their force, and retained only as many soldiers as were necessary to keep the French frontier garrisons in check, and to prevent their undering expeditions.

For a long time there were occasional attles and enterprises of lesser import ance and of various success. At length Philip collected a third army to avenge the defeat of Courtrai. The command vas given to Walter de Chatillon, and ne was instructed, on his arrival Flanders, to take with him all the troops in garrison on the frontier, which would make his army far more than one hun-

dred thousand strong.

Philip, one of the sons of the old
Count of Flanders, had inherited the territories of Tyetta and Loretto in Italy. As soon as he heard of the French levy, he hastened to Flanders with his troops, and was appointed by his brothers to the chief command of the army. He assembled about fifty thousand men, and marched on St. Omer to

await the French assault. The two armies soon met; for two days there were only some lesser actions, in one of which, however, Peter de Coutrenel, one of the French generals, fell with his sons and many of his soldiers, Walter dared not stake all on a decisive battle; in the night he decamped, and narched on Utrecht : and this so quietly, that the Flemings knew nothing of his departure, until they opened their eyes with astonishment in the morning on a vacant encampment. Philip then took by storm several French towns,

took by storm several French towns, and the army returned laden with spoil.

The King of France saw at length that it was impossible to subjugate Flanders by force of arms, and sent Amadeus of Savoy to Philip with proposals of peace. The children of the captive Count were eager for the liberation of their father and hysther and in the renown of Flanders, and fell saleep in the Lord on the 18th September 1322.

THE END. tion of their father and brother, and in clined gladly to peace; they therefore smoothed all difficulties, and a truce was proclaimed, which was to last until a treaty of peace should be signed by oth parties

This was framed at the French court, The land was still and at rest; trade and commerce flourished with renewed vigour; the wasted fields were sown with better hope of a bounteous house. that he would return to his prison in the following May, if he did not obtain the recognition of the treaty in all its articles

Count Guy was received in Flanders with the utmost rejoicing, and returned to Wynandael. But when he read the treaty to the assembled states, it was rejected; and the old Count saw him self obliged to return, like another Regulus, to France in the following April. During the truce, Philip the Fair had nade every exertion to collect a mighty army. Mercenaries were every where enlisted, and heavy taxes imposed to meet the expenses of the war. The king himself marched with the army to Flemish frontier towards the end of June. Besides the land forces large fleet, commanded by Renier Grin aldi of Genoa, sailed along the coast Flanders, to attack the young Guy and

Flanders, to attack the young Guy and Jan van Renesseein Zeeland.

Philip of Flanders had meanwhile sent forth his proclamation through the land, and gathered a valiant army around his standard; and with these he marched to give battle to the ener On the first day there was a partial gagement, in which one of the French generals was slain, with many of his men. The next day the Flemings stood drawn up eager for fight, and prepared for an impetuous attack; but the French were again panic-stricken, and fled to Utrecht, leaving their camp a prey to the Flemings. Then Philip a econd time stormed Basse, and burnt

the suburbs of the city of Lens. The king next resolved to attack Flanders on the side of Henegauw, and marched towards Doornyk; but the very first day the Flemings had overtaken him. He was the less willing accept battle, that he had received no tidings of his fleet; and in order to avoid an engagement, he broke up his camp in the night, and fled from place to place, closely pursued by the Flem-

The action between the two fleets was fought on the 10th of August, 1304; it lasted two whole days from morning to night. The first day the Flemings had the advantage, and would certainly have gained a total victory, had not some of their ships been driven on a sand bank in the night. This gave the

that they gained the battle with little burnt all the ships and even cook the young Guy prisoner. John van Renesse, the valiant Zeelander, who vas in garrison at Utrecht, wishing to eave the city, attempted to cross the civer in a small barge. The barge was inhappily over-laden; it sank in the arrior was drowned.

When the news of the happy issue of the sea-fight reached the French camp was posted near Lille on the Peuvel-erg. Advantageous as the position ras, Philip quitted it; and it was imnediately taken possesion of by the lemings. The later would no longer lelay the action; the generals found in mpossible to restrain their ardour, and they drew them up in order for ar ack. Philip the Fair no sooner saw his, than he sent a herald with condi-ions of peace; but the Flemings would t hear of peace, and struck the herald ad. They then fell with wild shouts the French army, which fled in onishment and terror. The Flemings t with even more intense bitter of hatred than at Courtrai, and mmanding position helped then Philip of Flanders and William Gulick pierced through the end's ranks, and reached the king him who was for a moment in extrem-His body-guards were struck at his side; and he would cerly have been taken, had not thos stood by removed his mantle and r insignia of royalty. He was then abled to escape unnoticed, with only slight wound inflicted by an arrow. slight wound inflicted by an arrow, the Flemings gained a complete vic-ry; the oriflamme itself was seized and torn to pieces. This battle was ught on the 15th August, 1304.

William van Gulick the priest lost his fe in this action. The Flemings were y until evening pillaging the king's t, and amassing incredable spoil. by then returned to the Peuvelberg to refresh themselves; and finding nothing there, marched on to Lille. The day after they resumed their march

Fourteen days after this, Philip the Fourteen days after this, Philip the Fair came again with a large army, and laid seige to Lille. The citizens closed their shops, and seized their weapons; and Philip of Flanders collected the men of Courtral, and marched them to Lille in a few days. When the king saw their numbers, he exclaimed:

"Methinks Flanders must spawn or rain soldiers."

in soldiers. He risked no further defeat; but ter some attempts at evasion, proposed peace, and meanwhile proclaimed a ruce. It was long before both side uld agree upon the terms of the eaty. While it was pending, the old ount died in prison at Compiegne, and

as soon followed by Joanna of Navarre Not long after the peace was con-cluded, and the treaty signed by Philip the Fair and Philip of Flanders, Robert de Bethune, with his two brothers William and Guy and all the captive knights were set at liberty, and turned to Flanders. The people, he ever, were not content with the article of the treaty, and called it the "Treaty of Unrighteousness;" but their dissatis-faction had no further consequence at

the time, Robert de Bethune was received on his return to Flanders with surpassing

THE YEARS BETWEEN A Novel by William J. Fischer-

Other Poems," Etc.

CHAPTER VII.

DR. CHARLES MATHERS.

The first weeks that followed Mrs Mathers' death were bitter ones for Charles. His young heart had always been a stranger to great sorrow. It had never been schooled in the deeper myssteries of life, and he could not help feeling very keenly the great loss that had come to him. With his darling mother gone out of his life forever, we can easily picture the lonely life of the boy, who with heavy heart began his studies in medicine at the university. But Mrs Atherton proved a second mother to him. She took the boy into her own large, warm heart and cared for him zealously as she would have done for her own child.

Two-three years passed swiftly on, and Time, the gentle healer of great sorrows, set Charles' thoughts upon pleasanter ways. Mrs. Atherton also felt elated at the boy's progress and suc-cess. For three terms he had carried off the annual scholarship—not an easy task-and the faculty necessarily were

proud of their student.

The last months of the fourth year were closing in rapidly. Charles was busy preparing for the final examinations and incidentally to land the scholarship a fourth time—God willing! He was ambitious and he burned much midnight oil, but Mrs. Atherton did not

One evening she returned home so what late. The train from Kettleboro, whither she had gone to spend the after-noon with a friend, arrived several hours after time. To her surprise she noticed a light in Charles' room. "What could a light in Charles' room. "What che be doing at this time of night?" thought. Just then the city clock struck 12. Perhaps he was ill. A sickly feeling pierced her heart, and in a minute she stood at his door. There was a gentle rap and a tired voice from within called : " Come in !"

"Charles, what are you doing up so late? You should have been in bed long ago. I do not like to see you poring over those books at this hour. It will be the death of you yet."

Her voice had a note of anger in it, and Charles the

not fulf and to the point. And then, just think of it, one week more and I will have to write for the degree.

"Yes, child, I know, But you have studied so faithfully all year, you don't

need all this extra preparation."
"But, Mrs. Atherton, I would so like to carry off the scholarship again."
"You have done so three times,
Charles. Is not that sufficient?"

" If it falls to my lot again just think "Only a few paltry dollars as on the

previous occasions.
"Ah, no! more than that. The winner of the scholarship in the final year is entitled to a year's post-graduate abroad. It is worth in round numbers about \$2,000. Is this not worth

"It is worth working for, Charles certainly, but then it is not necessary your case. If you should like a year even a few years abroad I should glad to help you. I do not mind advan-ing the expense of it all. It is only pleasure and a very great one to serve you, but I don't like to see you working so hard. Take things a little easy and all the good things will come to you in

"Thank you, Mrs. Atherton, you are so kind. But think how good that year abroad would make me feel, knowing that had earned it myself."
"But come, Charles," interrupted the

good woman, "close your books? You are tired, I know. Let's go down stairs for a cup of tea and then we will talk over the trip across the ocean."

A pleasant smile stole into the

student's face and made it really beauti-

Graduation night arrived in good time. The evening papers of the night previous had printed the names of the accessful M. D.'s. In large black type wenty-four, was the successful winne of the Harvey Scholarship. There was the history of the school, who had ever carried off the scholarship for four cessive terms. The auditorium was packed to the doors. Thousands were anxious to see the young doctor who was destined to enter the halls of the great universities in Europe. Mrs. Atherton's heart beat with joy. It had only one regret. The dear woman could not help wishing that his mother might have been a witness to it all. That same regret also echoed in the boy' gratulations of hundreds of his friends

Before he left his room that evening Mrs. Atherton entered with a telegram Nervously he opened and read it.
"From Stanford!" he explained a

his eyes met Mrs. Atherton's. Then he read loudly : "Congratulations! May God be

good to you.

THADY CHARLTON. "Poor Thady!" he remarked, over-come with emotion as he folded carefully the little piece of yellow paper. "How good of him to remember me!" Instantly his thoughts stole to Stan-

ford-beautiful spot ever green in hi the strong, everlasting hills. The music of the early days came into his young heart and filled it with half joy, half sorrow. Then in fancy he wandered back to his own home, plain little house on a quiet street, but no one seemed to answer his knock on the door. The voice of the canary inside, sweet and familliar, sounded no more. The flowers had wilted in their pots. There was a solemn stillness all over the place. He heard nothing but his slow footsteps or the creaking stairs. His own little study upstairs seemed cheerful enough There was Thady's painting on the wal n all its splendor, and on the other side the orderly rows of precious books. But the life of the old home was gone. A siekly feeling came over him for a minute, and his face clearly showed signs of deep emotion. Memory had just then painted him a picture of his mother as he had seen her the last time; and now on the eve of his greatness he longed for the gentle press of her hand. But he knew full well that such a pleas-

sure was forever denied him—poor boy!
Mrs. Atherton did not like to see the little rain of tears on Charles' cheeks. "What's the matter, Charles?" sked kindly. "This should be happiest night in all your life and I do

not like to see you feeling badly.' "Oh, it is nothing much. Thady's telegram took me back to Stanfold for a moment and I thought of mother. That's all. Oh, if she were only here to-night! This is the broken Thady's ink in all my chain of happiness. oul seems to pause and wait for the

touch of her pure fingers but—"
"Never mind, Charles. Have courage. I am sure two eyes are watching you in heaven to-night."

At the auditorium Charles was the eynosure of many eyes. He looked so nanly in his black silken gown and, when he rose for the conferring of the degree and the Harvey Scholarship, the large packed room fairly thundered its volume of applause. Even when the noise had partly died away downstairs, the students in the various balconies above took up the echo and cheered the young doctor lustily, for no one was so univers-

ally loved as Charles.
Two months later Dr. Mathers set sail for Europe. Two people were at the station to see him off—Mrs. Ather-ton and Father Salvini. "Good bye, Charles!" the stout little

woman cried after him as the train started out of Billington. "Be a good boy and write often and remember that you have a friend whose purse is always open to you!"

> CHAPTER, VIII. THE MAN FROM PARIS.

Two years passed quickly. One day n late November Mrs. Atherton and Father Salvini chanced to meet on one of the down-town streets. It was a cold, cheerless day, with heavy gray clouds in the skies overhead. Everywhere the crowds were hurrying along, anxious to

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REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., President.

"Any news from Charles lately?" the

priest asked, good-naturedly.
"Yes. I had a long letter from him last evening. He is getting along nicely and has been appointed one of the resi-dent-surgeons in one of the large London nospitals. He likes his work immensely, and of course during spare hours there are a thousand and one things for the stranger to see in old London. He likes everything so well I am afraid we will have a hard time coaxing him back to

" I am glad to hear such good account of the boy," Father Salvini remarked,
"but I always said he was the makings
of a solid man and that he would chisel out a career for himself. " He seems to have taken such a fancy

to surgery. Goodness gracious! that would be the last thing on earth to appeal to me. Ugh!" And the woman peal to me. Ugh!" fairly shuddered. "Ah, my dear madam, it is a difficult

thing to master, but the knife in the skilful surgeon's hand has saved millions of lives, and some day no doubt we will hear of Charles' skill. It is good that he went to London. There he'll come in contact with all that is new in medicine and surgery."

The next moment the priest's eyes

stole to the woman's face. "Mrs. Atherton," he continued, "I am afraid you have not been well lately. Your eyes show it."

"I will confess that I've not been well. Father. I have suffered no bodily pain, but trouble and worry have just been gnawing at my very heart almost con-

"What has happened?" asked the

priest, somewhat anxiously.

"A great deal in the past few months—more than I dared tell. My heart has been fairly crushed. Of course you know all about the fire. Two weeks ago Of course you my two large stores were burned to the ground. They were insured for a mere trifle, and the fire has cost me thousands of dollars."
"Yes, that was a great loss, Mrs. Ather-

ton" he interrupted, sympathetically.

"But that is nothing compared to another. You remember my only sister's child—Arthur Neville? I had him with me here after his mother's death for a number of years. His father died you know when he was still a babe in arms." "Arthur Neville? Ah, yes. The ever chap who travelled so much clever chap who travelled so much through Europe and who is supposed to

have amassed a great fortune by means of various financial investments abroad." "Yes, that's the lad. He came to see me about three months ago. He is a man of thirty-five now, erect, active, and quite good looking. I had not seen him in fifteen years though we corresponded at a regular intervals. Arthur at a regular intervals. Arthur was al-ways a great pet of mine. Isabelle's un-timely death had left him a very young orphan and consequently I always kept a warm spot in my heart for him." "Yes, he must be quite a man now," said Father Salvini. "Is he married?"