r. Many ings had French retreat. einforce. er wood. gs could th to the ke their efforts of retreat ;

semen to s either us. Half cing foe; that they the horse the Leye miserably his river f his men umbers of n, fought the blood rom num

them had

the horse-

liminished

creasing;

ose of the

one hope ion of his guish ; but his manly ken entire mity with no longer, the very so desper-, as if by Yet the and almost nued their

remnant of

rilous posithe directhe Gaver ed brightly w rapidly might be owards the vidently a ence of his of mail, and with gold. brilliancy. reamed be reins of his Iver plates, cross, sur-Flanders

18 so gorge-

on was his at least a ie knights; ilt, in body t well have the race of e was of a ed to those f foam flew beast, and Theknight han a huge d strangely monk, very and helmet ey seemed his monasard that at a in conflict at once to horses, exiten armour other at his battle field. strong and amed in his is dark eye well how to den in with ght : and as me errand, de together.

the golden he distance. in the word in this their e that God aints, to de ig combined -the gorge-linary form . Guy and surrounde other with ognised the to them as ath doom of skill of the

is the Lion d ask whom uch impetu-struck such f steel, that tten with a from the ; and thus, he reached

with marvellous rapidity the bands which were driven back upon the Leye, and cried:
"Flanders! the L'on! Follow me

Follow me! Repeating this cry, he hurled a number of Frenchmen into the marsh, and performed such prodigies of valour strength, that the Flemings looked on him with awe as a supernatural being.

And now the curage of the Flemings

revived; with shouts of joy they rushed forward, and emulated the prowess of the golden knight. The French could no longer withstand the onset of the dauntless sons of the Lion: their front ranks gave way and fled; but they came in collision with those who were behind them, and the rout be-came general. A frightful slaughter began along the whole length of the line. The Flemings pushed on over heaps of slain. The cry, "Nuel! Nuel!" was no longer heard. "Flanders! the Lon!" alone re-

sounded triumphantly from every part

of the field.

Brother William, the monk, had dismounted, and was fighting on foot. He wielded his sword like a feather, and laughed to scorn every foe who dared to assail him. One would have thought he was playing at some amusing game, so joyous was he and so full of jests. At length he descried Messire Louis de Clermont with his banner at a little distance. "Flanders! the Lion!" shouted Brother William; "the banner is mine!" He fell on the ground like one dead, and crept on his hands and knees between the horses' legs, and suddenly stood by the side of Louis de Clermont, as though he had risen out of the earth. Blows rained on him on all sides; but he defended himself so well, that he received only a few trifling scratches. At first the enemy did not observe that the standard was the object of his attack; but suddenly he turned with the speed of lightning, severed the arm of the standard bearer at a stroke, and tore the fallen banner

in a thousand pieces.

The monk would certainly have been slain, but at that moment began the general rout of the French, and in a short time he found himself surrounded by Flemings with the golden knight at their head. Guy approached him, and hastily whispered to him:
"O Robert! my brother! how I thank

God for sending you to our aid! You have delivered the . . . "
The golden knight returned no answer

but interrupted him by placing his finger on his mouth, as if to say, "Silencel it is a secret." Adolf, too, had observed the sign, and bore him self as though he did not recognise the Count of Flanders. Meanwhile the French were completing their own destruction. The Flemings pursued them closely despatching every fallen horseman with their clubs and halberds. Horses and men were trampled down into the moist ground; the grass of the meadows was no longer visible, nor the Groeningen brook; every where were the ghastly corpses of the slain. The cries of the wounded and dying mingled with the exulting shouts o the Flemings, the flourish of trumpets, the clash of swords upon the coats of mail, and the disma! shricks of the dying horses. The low rumbling of a volcano on the eve of an eruption may convey some faint notion of the terrors

that scene. The town-clock of Courtral struck nine ere the routed horsemen of De Nesle and De Chatillon reached the Seneschal d'Artois. Scarcely had the first Ingitives brought him tidings of blind rage to attack the Flemings with his still numerous reserve. It was all in vain that some of the knights tried to dissuade him; followed by his men, he dashed wildly through and over the crowd of fugitives. The fury of their attack compelled Guy's army to fall back again behind the Greeningen back again behind the Greeningen brook; for there the carcasses of horses formed a sort of breastwork, and im

peded the action of the cavalry.

The F ench knights could not keep their footing on the slippery soil: they fell over one another, and buried one another in the morass. Messire d'Artois lost all self-command: with some intrepid knights, he sprang across the brook and tell on the ranks of the Flemings. After a brief conflict, in which many Flemings were slain, he which many riemings were sian, he succeeded in seizing the great banner of Flanders, and tore a large piece of it away, with the front paw of the Lion on it. A cry if rage ran through the Flemish ranks—"Strike him dead! strike him dead!" The seneschal strove with all his strength to wrench the standard from Segher Lonke; but Brother William, throwing away his sword, sprange towards the horse of Messire d'Artois, threw his sinewy arms round the general's neck, hurled him from his saddle, and both rolled together to the ground. The butchers had now come up; and Jan Breydel, burning to avenge the insults offered by Robert d'Artois to the standard of Flanders struck off his right arm at a blow. The hapless seneschal saw that his end was near, and asked if there were no one of noble blood at hand to whom he might with horour surrender his sword? But his words were unintelligible to the butchers and were lost in their wild cry of vengeance: they hacked and hewed the luckless knight until death ended his sufferings.

golden knight was now fighting on the left wing, against a large body of horsemen; at his side were his brother Guy and Adolf van Nieuwland. The latter threw himself every moment upon the enemy; and was so often in immin-ent danger of death, that it seemed as though he had resolved to die before the eyes of the Lion of Flanders. Matilda's father sees me! thought he; and his breath came more freely, his muscles acquired new strength, and his spirit rose with a loftier contempt of The golden knight warned him repeatedly not to expose himself so recklessly; but these warnings sounded in Adolf's ears like the sweetest praise, and made him only more rash and daring. It was fortunate for him that a stronger arm than his own shielded his life, and that one was by his side who had vowed, in true paternal love, to protect him to the utmost of his power.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE YEARS BETWEEN.

A Novel by William J. Fischer.

Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winon

CHAPTER V. THE BENEFACTRESS.

"Strange! I was just thinking of you a few moments ago, and here you are as big as life. How happy you look! Oh, I'm so glad you came to see me,"
the stout little women replied smilingly as she placed her work-basket upon the table near by.

Mrs. Atherton was deeply interested in settlement work, and many an hour she plied with her needle to provide clothing for the uncared for children in the swarming alleys. Her heart was with the poor, and her kind-ness and riches did much to let in a burst of light upon many a bitter

gloomy Calvary.
The afternoon sun stole merrily into the neat and well kept drawing ro and threw pleasant shadows upon the carpeted floor. Mrs. Atherton had spent a busy morning in the down town streets. In rain or shine, at a certain hour every morning, she could be seen making her house to house visit in the neglected parts of the city, relieving suffering on all sides by

word and deed. "You're a regular Sister of Charity. Mrs. Atherton," Charles exclaimed, when the woman had finished telling him some of her daily experiences among the poor, "and I am sure you find much gratification in your work. After all, our short stay in this Now should he a preparation for that eter should be a preparation for that eter nal Then which awaits us—somewhere at the parting of the ways. You are making other lives happier by your contact with them. The world too, is brighter for the sound of your voice

and the warmth of your smile. I short, you are making the most of life. "I do not know what I would do without those little waifs I meet daily on my visits—the little begrimed angels. Born and raised in an atmosphere of crime and degradation, the poor little things hardly know how a kind word sounds. Only to day, I entered a hovel, the like of which I hope I may never see again. In a dark, damp cellar, in one of the tenement houses, I came upon this touching little drama. As I entered the ovel, in the light of a tallow candle, I heard the rats scurrying over the wet earth. The heavy breathing of a living person was all that broke the breathing of a silence around. Upon a bundle of rags, in one corner lay a little girl, probably two or three years old, fast asleep. Near by, on a couple of boards that served as a bed, lay a young woman with a new born babe in er arms. I thought of the stable at Bethlehem, but it was heaven com-pared to this place. The only bit of furniture in the room was an old table and a broken chair. I drew near to the sick mother and she greeted me with a wan smile. 'I am so glad you came,' she whispered faintly. The child lay sleeping in its mother's arms -poor, frail lily amid life's rosemary and rue. An old soiled towel was all

that covered the little form.
"Was there no one around in that dingy place to wait upon the woman?" es asked, sympathetically. " No one but the other child, and

she, poor thing, looked white as death, Taink of a woman being left alone in the supreme Lour of motherhood in that hovel of darkness and rats !

"It is pitiful! pitiful!" cried out Charles with emotion.
"The sick woman told me she had been alone two whole days, and, dur-ing all that time, she and her child had not tasted food."

"But where was her husband?" "Down town spending all his noney on drink. He knew I was

money on drink. 'He knew sick,' she told me, and when the baby was born he seemed displeased and "The brute! he deserves to be horsewhipped," Charles interrupted

"I tidied up the dingy place as well as I could, went out and bought some eatables, and in a few minutes a brisk fire was glowing and a feeling of warmth stole through the damp hovel. I made the little mother a good cup of strong tea and she seemed pleased. The tears of gratitude flowed freely from her eyes and when I parted from her, she fairly burst out into convulsive sobs. On the burst out into convulsive sobs. On the stairway I met the drunken husband. His glassy eyes had a strange look in them. He brushed me a ide angrily and stumbled down the steps. When he entered the place, the baby woke from its sleep and cried pitifully. 'Stop your yelling, you little, impudent brati' he hissed vehemently, as his knees weakened and he fell to the ground. "There'll be no sleep for me to night. I guess, he muttered angrily. Then a volley of curses came from his lips. In a few minutes I heard his heavy breathing in sleep. I returned again this afternoon and he still lay there on the ground, but the poor woman in bed was happy in her new blankets and snowy white pillows. I promised her a dress for the little babe and here it is, Charles. I put the finishing touches on it just before you

[And Mrs. Atherton rose and proudly ifted from her work-basket the dainty. little white dress

"It is beautiful," exclaimed Charles. "You will get your reward for all of this, Mrs. Atherton May you long be spared in the noble work!"

"There are hundreds of women in this city, Charles, who could help the good work along. They spend millions on diamond; waste whole fortunes on dinners, banquets and other social fur tions; build homes for their pet dogs, wait upon them, nurse them, care for them and dress them as zealously and

carefully as a mother would her child.

And, yet, these so called leaders of And, yet, these so called leaders of women never think of the thousands that are starving in the hovels for the want of milk and bread. Two real pictures I see every day, full of strange contrasts, the personality of the Divine Galilean visible only in the one where omen never think of the thousands

Poverty toils on and sheds hitter tears But why talk of these things, Charles? I am afraid I am growing just a wee bit morbid. I hope I have not depressed

Anything touching humanity dear to the boy's heart, and he drank in all the lit le lessons that came to him as a result of Mrs. Atherton's words.

"Depressed me, Mrs. Atherton? why, no! Instead, you fill my heart with fresh courage and nerve me stronger for life's battle."
"Let me see, Charles, your school

term is nearly over. Is it not?"
"Yes. Only three more weeks and

commencement will be here.' "You must be a happy boy, now that ar course is nearly over. Happy and not happy," thoughtfully answered Charles.
"What's the matter, Charles?"

asked Mrs. Atherton, surprised.
"I am happy to know that the course will soon be over. It is a pleasure to think of it but I am afraid it will hold for mother such bitter disappoint-

"Disappointments? Child! what do

Charles moved about nervously and is sentences came with great effort.
Mrs. Atherton-I—cannot—do not want to—become a priest."

The woman eyed the boy intently and

In trembling voice the boy began again: "No! I cannot become a priest. It is not my vocation. For the past few years I have felt it, but I dared not tell a soul. Only last night, in the bitter stress of worry, I uncovered my heart to Father Salvini and told him all."

"And what did he save." some moments neither spoke.

' And what did he say?' "He gave me every encouragement, and told me not to worry—that I was the master of my own vocation. If I felt that I did not want to become a priest I was to give up the thought for-

"To be sure, Charles. Do not worry about it. It would be foolish to do so, and, besides, we need strong mer the world. All men cannot go to

"Yes, but what will mother think of It will break her heart. You know she always wanted me to-.' The poor boy could go no farther.
A sigh escaped Mrs. Atherton's lips.

She also knew how his mother would feel. She had set her heart upon his becoming a priest, but then she surely did not want to see her boy unhappy in a vocation which, if once accepted, he could never forsake. "Dry your tears, Charles! I will

write your mother and tell her all and everything will be all right." "It is very kind of you, Mrs. Atherton, but then I think you might save yourself all this trouble for, when I return home again, I expect it will be to stay there. My arms are strong, and l feel that I ought to work and support mother. She is not strong. In her last letter she wrote that she had had

several fainting spells. I think it's my duty to go—but then, it will be hard to forsake my books for the spade or the office desk "Surely you do not intend doirg this. You have a bright future ahead of you and it would be folly to turn back noting Yes, but what am I to do? path I see before me leads to the uni-

versity, but I dare not think of it. It's Nothing is impossible, Charles. There is no such word for those who have courage and pluck."

"Ah, you do not understand," he in-terrupted nervously. "Personally I would be willing to do anything to accomplish my ends, but I am airaid my ambitions are so high that I can never reach them.

"What course would you like to follow, Charles?

" Mrs. Atherton, I wou'd like to be come a doctor. This suffering humancome a doctor. This sufering humanity about me is calling—calling incessantly for help. I like the sound of her strong, clear voice. I know I shall never be happy in any other calling. But I should not entertain so false

"Why, Charles?" interrupted the interested woman. "What difficulties seem to be standing in your way?" "Only one, but it is a great, a mighty one,"

"Then name it. child!"

The climax was now reached. Like a lawyer he had led his questioner to the crucial moment in which his future

the crucial moment in which his tature fate was to be decided.

"Mrs. Atherton, to be plain with you," he answered, "the great dim culty in my way is the important ques-tion of funds. Mother, you know, cannot afford the expense of a medical course. I am penniless. God gave me orains but no gold.

Instantly Mrs. Atherton's promise to the boy's mother years ago flashed across her mind.

across her mind.

"If that is all, Charles, then calm your thoughts at once! You shall never suffer as long as I have a dollar left. Therefore, throw all your worry aside! I mean to pay for your education from now on. Only be a good boy, and I will do all I can for you. You shall go to the university when it opens in the fall, and money shall be the last thing that shall stand in the way of you and your cherished ambitions." your cherished ambitions.

"Thanks, Mrs. Atherton! This is all so very good of you, and I fear I shall never be able to repay you. At some time in the future, however, when fortune smiles upon me, I shall

return to you every cent you so kindly advanced for my education."
"Then you mean to borrow this money from me?"
"Yes, until such a time as I am able

to pay it back."

"But Charles, that is not at all necessary. I am quite willing to give you all this as a present. Your mother and I are bosom friends, and for her sake

"I shall never be able to accept a cent from you, Mrs. Atherton, upon such conditions. It hurts my manli-

hope it wil not be long before I can pay

"Yery well then, Charles. Let it be as you wish. Pay me back at any time—ten—fifteen years from now, but remember, consider your own wants first."

"A thousand thanks, Mrs. Atherton!"

Charles seemed puzzled for a minute, is brow wrinkled, and he continued But what will mother say to all this he would so like to see me a priest."
"Leave that to me. I will write her long letter to night, and tell her all. I now she will be satisfied. Why, gracnow she will be satisfied. Why, gracus! in two weeks she will be with us here in Billington at your graduation, and then we will celebrate in honor of the prospective doctor."

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE CURE'S ROSE GARDEN.

On his way back to St. Jerome's harles could not help feeling elated. Irs. Atherton had come to his rescue at a most opportune time, and his heart fairly leaped with joy. The obstacle that lay in the path of his ambition was ow removed, and the future lay before ima promising land, no longer shrouded purple mist, but clear and bright and sun-shiny. In the heart of the boy there were other feelings stirring in this supreme hour. There was a feeling of pain creeping out of all this great joy that he could not subdue. What will his mother say when she hears it all? The disappointment will almost kill her. Charles loved his mother deeply—but, after all, was he, by gratifying his mother's desires, to add misery and unhappiness to his own

The first person to meet Charles that fternoon was Father Salvini.

"Well, my boy, how did you fare?"
"Very well, Father. Just think of
it, Mrs. Atherton has promised to put me through the university. I shall be frightfully in debt at the end of my

"I knew she would stand by you, Charles. There are few such genuine hearts as hers in this weary, strenuous work-a-day world. She is always will ing te extend a helping hand. You must be a happy boy now, Charles."
"I am. If mother will only be satisfied, then everything will be all right. You know I never told her. I never had the heart to tell her that I did not want to become a priest, and now, when she hears it all, I am afraid it will be soo much for her, poor soul! You know

Father, she is not very strong. "Never mind, Charles. I will write her and tell her all, and, when she comes to your graduation, believe me it will be with feelings of joy and pride. I'll write her shortly."
"Thank you, Father! You are very

good. Mrs. Atherton also said she would write. Surely the two letters will bring her some comfort."
"Rest assured, they will."
Mrs. Mathers in far away Stanford

was very busy arranging her house for her son's home coming. Only two more her son's home coming. Only two more weeks she thought and he would be with her, and it would all seem like home again. How she had longed for the day to hear his voice about the house again! Even the little birds near the window seemed to be waiting for the sound of his footsteps.

The little study upstairs was neat and tidy, ready to welcome back the busy student from college halls. The flow ers in the window looked fresh in the Jane sur. A mother's tender hand had watered them faithfully thes

long months.
On this particular morning, two days tollowing Charles' visit to Grosvenor street, Mrs. Mathers rose very early. She had a thousand and one little things to do. First of all a number of new pictures had to be hung up in Charles' study. One in particular was Charles study. One in particular was to occupy a place of honor. Poor Thady, the cripple, trusted friend of Charles boyhood's days, had in time developed into quite an artist. One day his father carried him to the river's bank, just a few blocks away. Here, he and Charles had spent many a pleasant hour in the long ago watch ing the boats come in, loaded down with people and freight. That after noon Thady busied himself with brush and palette, and, when evening stole quietly around, he had painted the whole scene before his eyes—the blue waters below, spotted here and there with boats and steamers, the lonely mountains full of majesty, and still farther in the distance, in a soft, red twilight glow, the many stately pine

twilight glow, the many stately pine trees that skirted the busy little city. It was a beautiful water color scene.

"I am going to give this picture to Charles Mathers' mother. When he comes home for his holidays, "he said, "he will find it hanging in his study. It will be a pleasant surprise for him, I know. It will remind him of the days we played together. Ab. then I could we played together. Ab, then I could use my limbs just as well as any boy.

use my limbs just as well as any boy. Charles was so good to me, when I had the fever and lost the power of walking, that I can never fully repay him."

Mrs. Mathers hung the picture where the light shone full upon it. She did not seem to notice the rose-tinted skies, the blue waters and the lonely mountains. Ah, no! that mother gaze rested upon the two inno cent children sitting on the river's bank—the Thady and Charles of those white days of childhood. Her eyes had tears in them. That morning something heavy seemed to be laying hold of her heart. She felt depressed, and at times a sinking feeling would come upon her and almost pull her down.

When she had finished her work about the house she dressed for Mass and hurried down the busy streets as the chimes beat music through the pleasant, morning air. It was the anniversary of Mr. Mather's death, and the thoughts of the delicate woman stole back to that quiet evening in the far off past when she and Charles and Father Flynn had watched patient ly at the bedside of the sick man. Her heart ached within her; she had borne

ing of her husband. Oh, if he were

only here to help share the happiness that would soon be hers! Mrs. Mathers remained kneeling metime after the service was over When she rose to go the church was de-serted, and, brushing away a few hot ears, she hurried nervously down the

It was a bright sunny morning. The very winds seemed to pause and listen to the sweet strains of bird music in the many trees and thickets. A clear, warm sun made golden all of Stanford. The Cure's rose garden stood very close to the old church. It was one of the brightest spots in Stanford and the special delight of Father Flynn. An eld grow haired was the loved and old grey haired man, he loved and guarded it as zealously as a mother did her home. There roses bloomed all the summer long, red and white and yellow, summer long, red and white and yellow, waiting their perfume near and far. Early or late, the old priest could be seen walking the well-kept garden path, book or beads in hand. The little children in passing called to him, the men tipped their hats politely, and the women bowed gently, and the good old Cure had a smile and a kindly word for all. For over half a century he had toiled faithfully amongst his children, and they loved him tenderly. He was a distinguished figure there, amidst the hundreds of beautiful roses, in his plain hundreds of beautiful roses, in his plain black cassock and little velvet cap. When Mrs. Mathers passed the gar-den she noticed the good priest, brevi-

den she noticed the good priest, brevi-ary in hand, coming down the garden

"Good morning, Mrs. Mathers!" he called out lustily as he made for the closed gate. "Good morning, Father!" And the

The priest noticed that Mrs. Mathers had failed considerably in health since he had last spoken to her. There were heavy, black rings about her eyes, and they had a distant tired look in and they had a distant tired look in them. Her face somewhat alarmed him, but he did not want her to read his

but he did not want her to read his thoughts just then.

"How are you, Mrs. Mathers?" he asked kindly. "I have not seen you for weeks. Are you well?"

"Yes, pretty well. Some weeks ago I was not myself, but lately my strength seems to be coming back and I am so glad."

glad. " And how is Charles ?" " Quite well, Father !

Suddenly her eyes brightened.
"I expect to leave for Billington to morrow," she said, "to visit my old friend, Mrs. Atherton. You know of course that Charles graduates in a week or so. I am so acxious to see him." You must be a happy woman, then,

to know that there is much p'easure in store for you.' Just then a passing breeze caught up ome of the rose perfume and drifted

on.

"My! how delicious your roses make the air," exclaimed the woman.

"And the flowers! they're exquisite. Your garden, Father, reminds one of a regular fairyland."

"Pray, step inside Mrs. Mathers, and I will pluck a little bouquet for you. What's your favorite color, red or white or yellow?"

or white or yellow?"

"Red for love," she thought, and gladly she uttered: "Red, Father, please! I always had a preference for

red roses. While the old priest was busy cutting the stems and arranging the flowers the sickly woman's thoughts wandered to a lonely grave not far off wandered to a lonely grave not far off.
Then a sigh escaped her lips as her
eyes followed the priest, and she whispered to herself: "How good of him!
On my way home, I will visit the Silent
City and place the roses upon a lonely
grave there, for I know some one in
heaven will be looking for me this
morning."

morning. The gentle priest was ever liberal with his roses, though they were tressures very dear to his heart. When a call came in the summer that some one was sick and dying Father Flynn could be seen leaving the rectory with a summer that some one was lock and the summer that some one was lock and dying Father Flynn could be seen leaving the rectory with a summer that some one woman. She will die." Then Father be seen leaving the rectory with a bunch of roses. They brightened many a sick room, many a last hour as well. And how his children treasured the And how his children treasured the lovely blooms from the cherished garden! Each little flower seemed to deliver and slower and finally drifted into a short sigh. to them some special message, for Father Flynn always carried consolation, com-fort and good cheer into the sick room, and hearts warmed and brightened im mediately.

"Take these roses, Mrs. Mathers, with my good wishes!" the old priest spoke kindly. "The reds are particularly bright this summer.'

Just as Mrs. Mathers raised her hand to accept the flowers, she uttered a sickly cry and staggered for a few moments. Had not the priest caught her, e priest caught her, she would have fallen.

Concational.

St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, CANADA REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., PRES.

June, July and August leads any break. Enter any time. New catalogue free. for it to-day. Central Business College, Toronto. The largest, most reliable of its kind. H. Shaw, Principal, Yonge & Gerrard Sts. Toronto.

IN A NEW HOME.

The Canada Business College CHATHAM, ONT.

Ganada's Greatest School of Business

500 Students in attendance during year.
It stands in a class by itself. FALL TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER FIRST

\$100 Saved in board alone, by attending a atham, as compared with any of the larger les, besides getting your training in Canada's eatest Business School.

Railways bring our long distance students it take them home again for half rate, while we ke a further allowance up to \$8.00 on travelling

It pays to go to the best. 400 Students

ir splendid catalogue C tells all about this school, and its grand work at Chatham. If you cannot come to Chatham, we can tea Shorthand, Bookkeeping and Penmansi

Catalogue H tells about the Home Courses. Write for the one you want, addressing D'CLACHLAN & CO., CHATHAM, ONT.



Send 30 cents for a copy, addressing as ove, and mentioning this paper.

"I grow faint," she whispered — "
"water—water—"
A few men in passing saw the staggering form in the garden and in a few minutes were at the priest's side.
Father Flynn laid the woman on the grass and ran to the fountain nearby

for water.
"Telephone for the doctor—the ambulance! quick!" he cried, somewhat agitated. The excitement seemed alost too much for the old man.

In a few minutes the ambulance came and the sick woman was hurriedly re-moved to her home. Father Flynn acompanied her.
When they arrived the doctor was

Flynn administered the sacraments and said the prayers for the dying. doctor injected a second stimulant into

The doctor again felt her wrist. "She is dying, Father," was all he said.

Just then there was a rap at the door. Father Flynn opened it quietly. It was the postman with two letters ad-dressed to Mrs. Mathers, bearing the Billington post-mark.

The white soul of the sick woman was now hovering on the brink of eternity, and in an instant it passed the foothills of Peace into the great Beyond.

TO BE CONTINUED.





The KELSEY has three times as great area and heating surfaces and more than twice as much warm air circulating capacity as any other warming device with the same diameter of fire pot and fuel capacity

It will heat dwellings, so churches, etc., with a sup Coal which with any other system would be wholly inad

Any interested person will find our Booklet very valuable. THE JAS. SMART MFG. CO., I

BROCKVILLE, ONT.