JULY 4, 1908.

oppose

and apostates. But the guilds of Bruges reposed too

lofty a confidence in Deconinck and Breydel to admit of reflections such as

these at that moment. Their Deans were now noble; they had now two men who were admitted to the councils

of their Count, who dared look the enemies of their rights in the face, and

greatly increased, and testified by re-

peated cries the rapturous joy they felt. At last the tumult subsided, and

their gestures and beaming counte-nances alone betrayed their gladness. Adolf van Nieuwland advanced to

the Deans, and summoned them to appear before the commander in chief; they obeyed, and joined the group of

knights. The features of the cloth worker betokened no elation of spirit; he moved onwards and ca'mly and

sedately, undisturbed by any exciting emotion; a peaceful serenity and a

noble pride filled his soul. Not so the Dean of the Butchers ; he had never learned to command himself, -the most

trivial incident, the lightest feeling

which passed through his heart, ex pressed itself at once upon his count-

enance, and it was easy to see that sincerity was the chiefest of the many

good qualities which he possessed. And now he tried in vain to restrain

the tears which burst from his blue

eyes; he stooped his head to conceal

them, and thus, with beating heart, followed his friend Decorinck. All the

knights and noble dames had dismount-

ed, and given their horses into the care

ed, and given their horses into the care of their squires. Guy then beckoned to the four esquires at-arms to draw near, and pre-sented to the Deans the costly suits of armour they carried; the several pieces were put on and adjusted, and the helmet with its plume of blue.

honour was his own also.

prince shall summon thes thereto

ceremony was gone through with Brey

of ladies, and placed herself in front of the 3kneeling Deans. She took from the squires the two emblazoned shields,

and attached them to the necks of the ennobled citizens. Many of the spect-ators remarked that she hung the shield

round Breydel's neck first; and this she must have done advisedly, for in

order to affect it she had to move some

steps on one side. "These coats of arms have been sent

Matilda now advanced from the group

this

ey felt that their influence was thus

their lawless usurpations.

1908. was I not n its hour soon know vself quite toble lord, to let you before the

t, Messire f fury and e lose the dew Flem-

1? lose it, believe it ; th too noble rictory sits d; I will would only he likes, he these two. lown a field e ; God and Lord Guy ;

Bave you for low reached they were ist, for they under th ons were of t them were nave already bles rode in t friends of aut ; and in the banner lion. Then

their brethagain and lcome ! Hur-

felt how un-

orlunt drew left wing of nake a good en of Bruges not yield to mon father-he then left strai, that he pose and reunch needed. nt had with ee advanced.

ddle of the ner position ; at the com sse, and the in the herald, impet thrice d with a loud

1 the name of obert de rs, to all who our proclama-In considerloyal service intry of Flany Master Detel of Bruges, on them, in ts, a token of willing, more e their noblerland in such ng, that their i in everlastwhereas our of Flanders, t us, we an-t Peter Dehworkers, and the Butchers, f Bruges, and them for all a held to be, of all the rights ning to nobles And in order led to support we assign to th part of our the maintenhad made an

led in the joy-Clothworkers at favour conas, as it were, ted upon their loyalty and been so well to the rank of dly have been 1 and displeaof the nobility. These feudal if the assertors seducing our nifestations of case the suspicunfounded; for are easily per-, the love to be wonder-erished a bitter

hatred against such of their brethren received him with noisy congratulaas allowed themselves to be thus raised in dignity; for, instead of noble minded friends of the people, they became, for the most part, fawning and craven flattions, and expressed their joy in reiter ated shouts. Before Breydel had

reached his butchers, the armour lay placemeal on the ground, and he re-tained only the emblazoned cut-of-arms which Matilda had attached to terars, and upheld the power to which they owed their elevation. They knew they owed their elevation. They knew that with it they must stand or fall; for they saw that the people whom they had forsaken regarded them with ab horrence and contempt as deserters his neck. " Albert, my friend," he cried to one

of his men, "gather this armour toget her, and lay it up in my tent; I will not cover my body with iron while you nated breasts to the foe; and cover my body with iron while you expose your naked breasts to the foe; I will keep the Festival in my butcher's clothes. They have made me a noble, comrades; but I cannot give in to this. My heart is, and will remain, a true butcher's heart, as I mean to let the French know. Come, we will return to the camp; and I will drink my wine with you as I have ever done, and I will give each of you a measure to drink to give each of you a measure to drink to the success of the Black Lion." The shouting recommenced on all

sides; the ranks were thrown into con-fusion, and the soldiers were beginn ng to rush back to the encamoment in

ing to rush back to the encampment in disorder, so great was their joy at the promise of the Dean. "Hold there, my mev," interposed Breydel, " you must not march in that fashion. Let every one of you keep his rank, or we shall become very queer formed."

The other divisions were already in motion, and returned with sounding trumpets and fying banners, to the entrenchment, while the party of knights entered the city gate and disappeared ehind the walls.

In a very short time the Flomings were sitting in front of their tents discussing the elevation of their beans dis-cussing the elevation of their Deans. The butchers ast on the ground in a large circle with their goblets in their hands; huge casks of wine were stand ing near them, and they were singing, in exulting unison, the lay of the Black Lion. In their midst, upon an empty barrel, sat the ennobled Breydel, who began each stanza after the fashion of a precentor. He drank, in repeated draughts, to his country's liberation ; and endeavored, by drawing more close-ly the bonds of their common hopes and sympathies, to obliterate the memory of his change of rank; for he feared that his comrades might no longer regard him as their friend and boon com-

the helmet, with its plume of blue, clasped on their heads. The men of Deconinck had shu; himself in his Bruges regarded this ceremonial in breathless silence; their hearts were tent to avoid the congratulations of his clothworkers ; their expressions of affecfiled to overflowing with glad emotion, and each man felt that a measure of tion moved him too deeply and he could with difficulty conceal his emotion. He therefore passed the whole day in soli-When the Deans were fully equipped, they were directed to kneel; and Guy ad-vancing, raised his sword over the head of Deconinck, and said : tude, while the troops abandoned them selves to feasting and rejoicings. TO BE CONTINUED. "Be thou a true knight, Messire Deconinck ; let thine honour know no

stain, and grasp thy sword then only when God, thy fatherland, and thy THE YEARS BETWEEN. A Novel by William J. Fischer-"With these words he touched the shoulder of the clothworker gently with his sword, according to the custom of knighthood; and then the same

Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winon and Other Stories," "The Toller and Other Poems," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

ONE EVENING AT STANFORD. Stanford was a very busy Canadian eity, always bristling with activity and excitement. Travellers at all times had a good word for it, and, go where you might, everybody seemed to know Stanford, and that it was a city of fac tories, foundries and mills, and that nearly a hundred chimney stacks pointed heavenwards and sent their moke into the air from dawn until sun set.

to you from my father," said she, turn-ing herself rather towards Breydel. Stanford claimed the distinction of ing herself rather towards preserve "I feel assured that you will preserve turning out anything from a button to a huge, powerful engine. The large woolen mills that stood in the heart of them in all honour ; and I rejoice that I have been permitted to bear a part in the city were the delight of every one this requital of your noble patriotism." Breydel regarded the noble maiden with a look of profoundest gratitude—a not only in that they gave employment to over six hundred hands, but because the name of Charles Dudley Mathers, who owned them, had been connected look which was a pledge of the most ardent loyalty and devotion ; he would with all that had been just and honor-able. In the hearts of the poor, espec ially, was his name treasured like some certainly have thrown himself at her feet, had not the stately and coremoni ous bearing of the surrounding knights holy thing, and no one knew the extent of his charity seve his Creator. Thrice he had been elected to the Mayor's checked his impetuosity. He remained as one petrified, without speech or motion; for he could searcely comprehend what had happened to him. "You are now at liberty to return to chair by his fellow citizens and on all occasions had discharged the duties of your troops, messires," said Gay. "We hope that you will be present this evening at our council; we have need his office faithfully and conscientiously. Bat a storm was brewing-a terrible storm-which was sooner or later to de-vastate his whole career. Business em barrassments had been threatening, and of long deliberation with you. Lead back now your troops to the camp." Deconinck made a lowly reverence now there were complications in his affairs, and his commercial interests and retired, followed by Breydel ; but the latter had gone but a few steps were steadily weakening. He had made several investments in the vair hope of bettering his condition, but alas! all when he felt the movements of his body impeded and restrained by the weight of the armour. He turned quickly attempts proved futile. Blow followed blow, and each time it smote him with back to Guy, and said to him : "Noble Count, I pray you grant me greater force until he was financially crippled. Then came failure -- black as a starless night-- and forever shut out the sunlight in his day. From that "Speak, Messire Breydei, it shall "Look yeu, most illostrions lord, you have this day conferred on me a signal honor; but yet you will not, of a surety, hinder me from fighting against our snemice." moment Charles Mathers was a changed man, and, when his creditors closed the doors of the Stanford Mills, they also closed the portals of his heart against the low, incessant, monotonous murmurs of a world that was to him now nothing the low, inc The knights, astonished at these

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

were even then tracing the deep lines of suffering on Mrs. Mather's face as she sat on the varandah with Charles eams on the wall. When he had dressed he strolled down the driveway, and on his lips lingered the words of by her side, one evening late ong his old nurse had sung him many a year :--

agust. In the West the twilight sat palaced in an array of gorgeous clouds, and the dark pines that bordered the lone, stone drive way stood silhouetted against the red sky, like sextons ring-ing the death-knell for the dying day. Upon a willow a sparrow was calling for its mate, and, within a stone's throw from where the two were sitting, the splashing waters of the great foun-tain made sweet music for tired hearts. Mrs. Mathers raised her head slightly and for a moment her eyes were full of tears. Then she revived her courage and said cheerfully: "Well, Charles, to-morew you leave for col-lege. I know I will miss you, my dear, but 'tis all for the best. You will like it I am sure and you will make many new friends in that little world whic you are about to enter. There will be some little difficulties, to be sure, that will try your perseverance and patience but firmness and strength will be given you when most needed, my child. I rejuice to think that the day is near at hand.

Mrs. Mathers really felt glad for had she not made a promise, when Charles was but a babe in her arms, that she would give him a good, thorough education? It was her great ambition to see him well brought up and perhaps some day have him take his place some day have him take his plaze among the great men of the world. Her every thought, her whole life was wrapped up in her child. How often she asked God, when sickness brought death very close to the thin little body, to spare him for her sake. And He had spared him until now, and she was gratefal, for to morrow's sun was to bring her the realization of her most sacred wish. The six years that had elapsed since her husband's death had made a rather heavy call upon her purse. Many old debts had to be met purse. Many old debts had to be met and she paid them partly with money that had come in with insurance on her husband's life. But there was still a little left, and after all she would not mind, if the worst came, drifting to the alm's house in the end. She would know well that she had done her best

to carry out her wish. The bright red tints of the western sky had faded. Dark, lengthening, purple shadows were creeping along the burjet and so the theory of a stars peeped out and threw their radiant gleams over the city, like so many little bright angels of the Most High. A hush had come over all—a silence that was profound. Only a passing wind disturbed the scared peepe of the wind disturbed the sacred peace of the evening hour. One could almost hear the throbbings of nature's own wild heart, so intense was the stillness. Mrs. Mathers moved slightly and ran

her flagers careesingly through her son's dark locks and said in a low sweet voice : "And now, Charles, tell me what place you would like to take in this great, active world?" The boy raised his eyes to his mother.

There was a look of intense joy in ther -a somewhat strange look, such as she had never seen before. The moonlight

had never seen before. The moonlight shone full upon his face, and, when his lips parted, they gave birth to a smile. "Mother ! I have only one desire— one wish, but I'm afraid I'm not good enough. I want to be a priest like Father Flynn. I want to be good to the poor and the orphans like he is. Oh! I would so like to become a priest if I could!" if I could!'

" A priest ! interrupted his mother, somewhat nervously. She was sur prised, but gladly so. It was the first time in her life that she had asked the boy this question and he could not have given her an answer dearer to her heart.

"I am glad, Charles." she said at last, "that your wishes run toward so holy a vocation. Nothing would please me more than to see you ministering to God's poor and orphans who too often long for the sound of a kind, encouraging word and receive only jeers and words of coldness. You are young, Charles, but I will pray that God may favor your choice." For some time Mrs. Mathers gazed

" Sing high! Sing low ! While winds do blow. Let's run the fi-ids together, And tune to give. Our hearts so free. In ev'ry kind of weather!" "Sing high! Sing low! The moments go And pleasures swift are floating; But sw set thy lay. O happy day. Thou singest me in greeting!"

The fountain nearby sparkled in the inlight, and several white doves gaily flapped their wings in the cooling waters. When Charles drew near they oed lustily and flaw upon his outstretched arm. They were very tame, and as he stood there, he wondered if he little white doves would really hiss him when he was gone. He had niss him when he was gone. He had been a kind master to them, and many appy hours he had spent with them and now it seemed to him as if his eart's kingdom was all of a sudden to ose all its richest treasures. The ittle things of life! One does not preclate them half enough while they t, and only when the parting comes seems to know their real valueat the seems to know their real value-at then it is too late. Charles had always loved these inno-

cent little birds, and as they turned their heads and opened their large eyes so wistfully, his heart gave a sickly beat and his eyes grew moist with ears.

" Fly away! fly away! good bye!" he uttered hoarsely as he snapped his lagers. In a moment they were off. He stood watching them wing their light through the morning air, until they seemed but a few small specks in the distant ether-space. Then he the distant ether-space. Then he turned mechanically toward the house and his poor heart felt the first pangs of the suffering that parting always brings with it.

An hour later he and his mother were comfortably seated in a Pullman car bound for Billington-the college city. Tender farewells had been snoken, and Tender farewells had been spoken, and now, that they were all over for a time, both breathed more easily. It was a tedious journey. The day was very hot, but towards evening the air grew cooler. At 6 o'clock Mrs. Mathers gave a sigh of relief when the con-ductor brought the welcome news that in about ten minutes the train would in about ten minutes the train would arrive at Billington.

"I wonder if Mrs. Atherton will be at the depot to meet us, Charles," she said. "I sent her a telegram early this morning and surely she must have received it. However, I know Billington fairly well and Grosvenor street will be found very easily. You have often heard me speak of Mrs. Atherton,

Charles. She is the dearest friend I have in all the world. I hardly know what I would do without her. She has shown me much kindness, especially daring the last six years. Forty years ago we were neighbor's children in Stanford, and when we both grew

older we went off together to the con vent. At graduation we were fast friends, and all the succeeding years that followed have only helped cement those sacred bonds. to

cement those scored bonds. Mrs. Atherton was the first to marry. Col-onel Atherton, her husband, had in herited a large fortune in early life from his grandlather and was considered very wealthy. Bat he was not strong, and two years after marriage he died in the Bermudas, whither he had journeyed to recuperate after a severe ill ness. Mrs. A herton was, therefore, left a very rich widow early in life. But see, Charles! here we're in Billing-

ton at last. Do you see those fine buildings yonder? I think they are part of St. Jerome's." They were now nearing the depot, and mother and son were both looking out of the windows. The engine and cars were moving slowly and the plat form was literally packed with men, women and children.

"Ah ! there she is, the dear soul,"

The murmuring of voices in the streets around suddenly ceased. All eyes were on the gentle professor as he mounted to his place. A white gloved hand was raised into the air; there was a sudden downward sweep of the steady arm, and a volume of delightful sound floated into the cool air. Then followed

the ringing, soothing air of a rapturous Strauss waltz which made one dream of Hungarian life. One could almost feel the breath of the blue Danubo and hear the roar of its many tongued waves. When the number was finished, rounds of applause followed from the delighted spectators. Von Schiller's face was quite red and a bright smile brought

Out upon the air again floated liquid "Romance sans Paroles," and the delisate little song sought out every longing, every pain. It was a beauti-ful legate movement and could not be ful legato movement, and could not but recall in the hearts of the andience burning memories. The two women on the Atherton balcony listened eagerly. What's the name of that select Minnie ?" at last broke forth Mrs. Atherton. "The music is very fami

Atherton. "The music is very fami-liar. I have often played it myself and yet I cannot recall the name." "" "Played it yourself, Mae ? Well, I should think you have," quickly inter-rupted Mrs. Mathers, in faint, trembl-ing voice. "Why, years ago you used to play it for me often at the convent. Do you remember now ?" "Let me see! Ah, yes! Why, to be sure. It is Francis Thome's dear little heart-song—' Simple Aveu."" Again the two listened attentively. When it was over Mrs. Mather's eyes were moist with tears and her face bore a troubled look. The music had touched

a troubled look. The music had touched her deeply; she tried to speak, but the words would not come. Just then Mrs. Atherton tarned slightly—her ϵ yes still fastened on that throbbing sea of humanity down in the streets, Cheer ollowed cheer, and then there was a

mighty clapping of hands. "See, Minnie ! Von Schiller is going to favor us with an encore, the good fellow. He is always so generous."

Then her eyes fell upon Mrs. Mathers and she grew sympathetic and much concernel. "Ah I you're crying 1 Vay, what is the matter ?" she asked "Do tell me, Minnie ! Unburden the heavy load that seems to be crushing you

"Oh, 'tis nothing much, Mae. Music often gets the better of my feelings.' Even then her voice trembled.

"But there is something more, know it-I feel it. You must tell me!

know it -- I feel it. You must tell me!" "Why should I tell you, Mae? You have had troubles enough of your own without being burdened with mine. And after all, I was only thinking.

Music always sets me thinking." "Why are we friends Minnie ? Is it not that we may give sympathy when needed most? Is it not that we may heeted most ? is it not that we may dry the tears of sorrow that wear deep lines on pallid cheeks ? God desires them to blossom as the rose, and, when their color is waning, 'tis then a friend's sympathetic hand should always be willing to retouch the faded bloc kind. ly and lovingly. Again, then, I crave an answer.' Mrs. Mathers moved about nervous

ly. The moonlight shone full upon her white face and revealed pearly tears that were realy to fall. At last, she began. Her speech came interruptedly : 'It seemed so foolish, and yet I

could not help it. The music impress could not help it. The music impressed me deeply. Heavy thoughts came upon me and in a moment of weakness, overpowered me. These thoughts often come to me during the day. I try to fight them, but I am not strong enough. A few minutes ago, while my eyes rested upon my sleeping boy in yonder harmock, they came again-burning thoughts-and they melted my heart into tears. I thought of him, my boy, and won-dered-wondered if my money would last until his education was completed and he would come back to me a priest. and he would come back to me a priest. I am not rich, and I have often thought the undertaking too great for me, but, burst out Mrs. Mathers, excitedly. Mac, I would sacrince everything to "I just caught a glimpse of her, feel that my boy was making the most of life. Now, these are the thoughts

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"You're so good, Mae, and I thank you," she said gratefully, "but I would rather you would leb me pay for Charles' education so long as I am in a position to do so, and some day—some day, when I am in want, God knows, I will come to you and remind you of the promise.

Later there was a stir in the hamtock, and out jamped Charles, sleepily, mock, and out jumped Charles, sleepily, and came to where they were sitting. Then he yawned and stretched himself and rubbed his eyes. The band con-cert was over; Charles was sorry he had missed it all, and for some time he stood gazing from the baleony into the strengt number of the last street, until the footfalls of the last straggler died away on a distant, onely pavement.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PARLOR PHILANTHROPISTS.

There are "parlor philanthropists" There are "parlor philanthropists" as well as "parlor socialists," through Archbishop Glennon's denunciation of them in his Chicago address, al-though he does not give them that name. The Archbishop says: "For those whose lives are in the shadows, who possess nothing, in some instances not even hope, the laws that are written and the principles that are off-ared will not be sufficient to satisfy them. If the charity committees meet them. If the charity committees meet in upholstered club rooms to discuss the sorrows of the poor, the poor will answer sorrows of the poor, the poor will answer to the club room apostle that it is a home they want and not the patronage of those who rejsice in the luxary of their meeting house." Charity "faddists" from the ranks of society, the profess-ional philanthropist claiming notoriety as his fee and hired charity offlials who make sorrows and teers a part of their as insteen and interview of their business life, got a scolding from the churchman which was in no way softened by qualifications. The problem of the poor seems eternal, as eternal as the problem of the rich with their foolishness of extravagance, their costly fais and follies, their selfsh divorces, their childish chase of pleasure. But the poor have as many weaknesses as the rich. They are all human beings together, except that too much money brings out more clearly the want of good sense, which is our common inheritance. No-body has enough of it. The supply of good sense per capita has always been far below a most necessitous demand for it. The poor have no more of it than the rich, and if they could get posses-sion of wealth would be no wiser. Parlor philanthropists with the most unselfish intentions can not confer what is most needed. What can they do for the distressed woman who, given money to buy coal, spends it for a fascinator trimmed in silver beads? Nobody can be profoundly unhappy or desperately poor who has good sense. It is the talisman that commands comfort get it? vexing and elusive is its pur uit, and until it is more generally conferred on the human race the only modus vivendi appears to be that those who possess it shall be constituted the guardians of the unfortunate who have it not. They are now, for that matter, but of an un-benevolent nature, reminding one of the familiar response of the prosperous and thrifty church member, who said: "Am I my brother's keeper? Surely I am, and I intend to be mighty well paid for doing it." Until these efficient and capable keep rs of their brethren cease to demand such enormous rewards as they do, we shall prob-ably move on as we are. Perhaps the parlor philanthropist can call down divine grace to broaden the hearts of those who are gifted with the shrewder, at any rate, the more fortunate, judg--Intermonntain Catholic ent.

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but coldness and emptiness. Always of a bright, sunny disposidrew nearer to the Dean. "What do you mean?" asked Guy. "I mean that this armour constrains

tion, he was now dull and apathetic, verging on the melancholic state. In oppresses me beyond endurance, noble Count. I cannot move in this coat-of mail, and the helmet is so heavy a short time he became only a shadow of his former self. He shunned com-pany and would sit for a whole day at that I cannot bend my neck; in this prison of iron I shall be slain like a call bound hand and foot." his window and move his lips only to let sigh after sigh escape. His wife, who had always been his inspiration,

"The armour will defend you from the swords of the French," remarked a vainly tried to restore the smile to his pallid face. One could almost see him "Yes," cried Breydel ; "but that is

failing—his vitality was ebbing low. He contracted a cold which settled up on his lungs. Pneumonia and a proquite needless in my case. So long as I am free, with my case. So long as I should out a pretty figure standing in this stiff and ridiculous fashion. No, tracted convalescence led to phthisis. His weakened tissues could not combat no, messires, I will not have it on my the powerful toxaemia that was raging within. It was a great struggle and body; wherefore, I pray you, noble Count, allow me to remain a simple citfinally, after a very long and wearisome izen until after the battle, and then I will try to make acquaintance with this cumbrous armour." illness, the power, that had for run the Stanford Mills, succum that had for years the inevitable-and many hearts were "You may do even as you list, Messire Breydel," answered Guy; "but you are, and must remain, a knight for all that."

and for the passing. Six years had elapsed since Mr. Mather's death when this story opens. Mrs. Mathers had not borne the sad-

that," "Well, then," cried the Dean, eager ing, "I will be the knight of the axet Thanks, thanks, most illustrious lord." Thereupon he left the knightly group and hastened toward his men. They

of gray hair, which the years had whitened prematurely, were silvery in the moonlight. Her lips moved slight ly, and she draamed of that bright day n the far off future, in the splendor o which her son was to come to her as one of God's anointed and lay his hands upon her head in priestly bessing. Oh! what happiness lay in waiting in the lap of that precious future, if her

dream should ever come true ! "Good-night, my boy," she said kindly, as she kissed his red checks at the bed room door. "I hope you will sleep well. We have a long day ahead of us to-morrow." Then the door closed gently. Now that Charles was alone with himself,

he felt a sadness creep over him. His eves fell upon a large open trunk be fore him. All day long a busy mother had been packing it. Then he turned to the wall. Ah I she had forgotten

something. In a moment the picture was down. It was a little painting in oil of his parents, and he kissed it "Poor father ! poor mother !" he

whispered to himself as he carefully placed the picture in his trunk, 'know I shall often feel lonely when am gone from home, and then little picture, you will bring my parents very near."

Then he sank upon his knees beside the truck and wept convulsively, and long his eyes rested on that painted treasure. When he at length fell asleep, the midnight lamps in the blue asieep, the mining at lamps in the blue skies were still burning, and long the moonbeams stole in through the car-tains to dry the tears on his cheek and brighten the smile that played over his face in his slumbers.

CHAPTER II.

MRS ATHERTON'S PROMISE.

Charles awoke quite early next morn-ing. A flood of golden sunshine burst from the portals of morn, through the

arles. And together they elbowed their way out of the crowded car into the fresh air. Two hours later the two old friends

were sitting on the balcony of the Atherton residence. Charles had swung himself into a hammock and was soon

fast asleep. Mrs. Mathers and Mrs. Atherton were about of the same age, but in looks one was the decided opposite of the other. The former was tall, sharpfeatured, and delicate looking as flower. The latter was short, plump, rosy cheeked, and her voice was strong, almost masculine. The two chatted briskly, and laugh followed laugh as they recalled old faces in the brilliant kaleidoacope of the early past. At times their voices would sink into a

deep, tender tone of pathos, lip; would sink into a deep, tender tone of tremble, eyes grow moist, as the songs of bygone days came ringing through the vistas of golden years ; then again the next minute would bring forth so much brightness, and their voices would break into such loud peals of laughter, that even the little passing newsboys and street urchins turned their beads and wondered.

It was band evening. Billington had already begun to turn out "en masse," for its people was a music loving people and prided itself upon the excellence of its strong musical organization. Herr Von Schiller, a brilliant son of Leipzig, swayed the baton, and every-body loved him for it. His promenade concerts were a fixture with the good people of Billington, and the jolly German professor was always sure of a smile and kind word from every one in the city. The streets below the balcony were

now black with people ; the noisy hum-drum of their gladdened voices, and the constant tramp of feet on the as-phalt pavements were to be heard above the noises of the large river that dowed but half a block away. The lights in the bandstand across the way suddenly lit up, and one by one the musicians entered. Then last, but not least, came the gray-haired Von Schil-ler, in his hand his trusty baton.

that sway my feelings continually, and to night, as the dancing moonbeams traced a smile on his innocent young face they came upon me, heavier and more resistless than ever, and I felt like snatching him in my arms and flying back to Stanford, rather than that the future should hold for me bitter disap pointment."

Again the streets resounded with loud cheers and the riotous clapping of hands. The two women were too ab sorbed to notice what was going on be low. Mrs. Atherton was trying to de cide how now she might best act the Good Samaritan to her old friend.

"Banish those thoughts forever, Minnie!" began Mrs. Atherton. "Twenty years have passed and yet I have not forgothen the promise I made you that bright June day we parted at the convent. The morning was strong odorous with rose perfume,

happy commencement chorus was still upon the air, and in our ears the words of the valedictorian still lingered. Nov I see it all. There we stood beneath the willows, near the old convent gate arm in arm with dear Sister Camille God bless her !-- from whom we were a

loadt to part. Do you remember how we swore to be true to the old love, and how I asked you to come to my arms at any time in the future, when in trouble or need, and I would help you? Even now I see upon your bosom the silver crucifix which I gave you to remind you of that sacred trust. Now God gives me the opportunity of doing something for you, Minnie, and I in-tend to make the most of it. You shall not pay one cent for the education of that child, and, when I go to St.

that child, and, when I go to St. Jerome's with you to morrow, I will pay Father Salvini the first year's tuition. I do so willingly and gladly for your sake, Minnie, and for the sake of your child. The more I look at him, the more I think of my own boy. But then, I must not murmur. I had no right to keep him with me when the Master's voice called him away!" In the meantime the color had re-In the meantime the color had re-turned to Mrs. Mathers' cheeks and the tears flow d freely.

The very highest ideals and a determination not to let any item of cost hinder their achievement is the cornertone upon which the reputation of the Gourlay piano is being built.

A Sedentry occupation, more than any other, requires care in the selection of food. With the selection of food. With ordinary food the system easily becomes over-loaded and conse-quently thrown out of gear. Bovril is the one food that fits the case exactly. It contains in small bulk, in a form which is easily digested, all that is good in beef. It builds blood, brain and muscle. Try it in a sandwich or as a Bouillon. Get the cook to add a little to soups, gravies and all made dishes.

