

1908.

was I not a son of your race... I will not be a deserter...

But the guilds of Bruges... they felt that their influence was thus greatly increased...

They felt that their influence was thus greatly increased, and testified by repeated cries the rapturous joy they felt...

Adolf van Nienland 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...

Guy then beckoned to the four esquires at arms to draw near, and presented to the Deans the costly suits of armour they carried...

Deconinck had shut himself in his tent to avoid the congratulations of his cloth workers, their expressions of affection moved him too deeply...

Stanford was a very busy Canadian city, always bristling with activity and excitement. Travellers at all times had a good word for it...

Deconinck claimed the distinction of turning out anything from a battery to a huge powerful engine. The large wooden mills that stood in the heart of the city were the delight of every one...

Deconinck made a lowly reverence and retired, followed by Breydel; but the latter had gone but a few steps when he felt the movements of his body impeded and restrained by the weight of the armour...

"You are now at liberty to return to your troops, messieurs," said Guy. "We hope that you will be present this evening at our council; we have need of your counsel."

"I mean that this armour constrains and oppresses me beyond endurance, noble Count. I cannot move in this coat of mail, and the helmet is so heavy that I cannot bend my neck; in this prison of iron I shall be elain like a calf bound hand and foot."

"Yes," cried Breydel; "but that is quite needless in my case. So long as I am free with my axe I fear nothing. I should cut a pretty figure standing in this stiff and ridiculous fashion. No, no, messieurs, I will not have it on my body; therefore, I pray you, noble Count, allow me to remain a simple citizen until after the battle, and then I will try to make acquaintance with this cumbersome armour."

"You may do even as you list, Messire Breydel," answered Guy. "But you are, and must remain, a knight for all that."

received him with noisy congratulations, and expressed their joy in reiterated shouts. Before Breydel had reached his quarters, the armour lay plashed on the ground, and he retained only the emblazoned coat of arms which Matilda had attached to his neck.

"Albort, my friend," he cried to one of his men, "I will not give in to this; I will not 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 the success of the Black Lion."

The shouting recommenced on all sides; the ranks were thrown into confusion, and the soldiers were beginning to rush back to the encampment in disorder, so great was their joy at the promise of the Deans.

"Hold there, my men," interposed Breydel, "you must not march in that fashion. Let every one of you keep his rank, or we shall become very queer friends."

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

In a very short time the Flemings were sitting in front of their tents discussing the elevation of their Deans. The butchers sat on the ground in a large circle with their goblets in their hands; huge casks of wine were standing 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 preacher. He drank, in repeated draughts, to his country's liberation; and endeavored, by drawing more closely the bands 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 companion as in time past.

Deconinck had shut himself in his tent to avoid the congratulations of his cloth workers, their expressions of affection moved him too deeply and he could with difficulty conceal his emotion. He therefore passed the whole day in solitude, while the troops abandoned themselves to feasting and rejoicings.

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

Deconinck claimed the distinction of turning out anything from a battery to a huge powerful engine. The large wooden mills that stood in the heart of the city were the delight of every one 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 with all that had been just and honorable. In the hearts of the poor, especially, was his name treasured like some holy thing, and no one knew the extent of his charity save his Creator. Thrice he had been elected to the Mayor's chair by his fellow citizens and on all occasions had discharged the duties of his office faithfully and conscientiously.

A storm was brewing—a terrible storm—which was sooner or later to devastate his whole career. Business embarrassments had been threatening, and now there were complications in his affairs, and his commercial interests were steadily weakening. He had made several investments in the vain hope of bettering his condition, but alas! all attempts proved futile. Blow followed blow, and each time it smote him with 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 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 but coldness and emptiness.

Always of a bright, sunny disposition, he was now dull and apathetic, verging on the melancholic state. In a short time he became only a shadow of his former self. He shunned company and would sit for a whole day at his window and move his lips only to let sigh after sigh escape. His wife, who had always been his inspiration, vainly tried to restore the smile to his pallid face. One could almost see him failing—his vitality was ebbing low. He contracted a cold which settled up on his lungs. Pneumonia and a protracted convalescence led to phthisis. His weakened tissues could not combat the powerful toxemia that was raging within. It was a great struggle and finally, after a very long and wearisome illness, the power, that had for years run the Stanford Mills, unaccountably and the inevitable—and many hearts were sad for the passing.

Six years had elapsed since Mr. Mathers' death when this story opens. Mrs. Mathers had not borne the sadness of the trial very well. She and her child—a boy of twelve—had not been separated a day in all their lives, but the hour of parting was soon to come. Thoughts of that leave taking

were even then tracing the deep lines of suffering on Mrs. Mathers' face as she sat on the verandah with Charles by her side, one evening late in August.

In the West the twilight sat palaced in an array of gorgeous clouds, and the dark pines that bordered the lone, stone driveway stood silhouetted against the red sky, like sextons rigging 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 fountain 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-morrow you leave for college. 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 which 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 give you what you most needed, my child. I rejoice to think that the day is near at hand."

Mrs. Mathers really felt glad for her child, but she had 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 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 little blue child, to spare him for her sake. And he had spared him, and, one by one, the stars bright for to-morrow, and she was grateful for 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 and she paid them partly with money that had come in with insurance on her husband's life, and partly with 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 horizon, and about the 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 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 fingers caressingly 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 them as he looked at her face, such as she 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!"

"A priest! interrupted his mother, somewhat nervously. She was surprised, 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 contempt. You are young, Charles, but I will pray that God may favor your choice."

For some time Mrs. Mathers gazed into the gathering night. The strands of gray hair, which the years had whitened prematurely, were silvery in the moonlight. Her lips moved slightly, and she dreamed of that bright day in the far off future, in the splendor of which her son was to come to her as one of God's anointed and lay his hands upon her head in priestly blessing. 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 cheeks 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 eyes fell upon a large open trunk before him. All day long a busy mother had been packing it. Then he turned to the wall. Ah! 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 tenderly.

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

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

beams on the wall. When he had dressed he strolled down the driveway, and on his lips lingered the words of a song his old nurse had sung him many a year—

"Sing high! Sing low! While the birds are in the air, Let us run the fields together, And tune to gladness, Our hearts to God, In every kind of weather!"

"Sing high! Sing low! The moments go, but pleasures sweet are fleeting; But sweet thy lay, O happy day, This singing 'me in greeting!'"

The fountain nearby sparkled in the sunlight, and several white doves gaily flapped their wings in the cooling waters. When Charles drew near they cooed lastly and flew upon his outstretched arm. They were very tame, and as he stood there, he wondered if the little white doves would really miss him when he was gone. He had been a kind master to them, and many happy hours had been spent with them, and now he seemed to him as if his heart's kingdom was all of a sudden to lose all its richest treasures. The little things of life! One does not appreciate them half enough while they last, and only when the parting comes one seems to know their real value—and it is too late.

Charles had always loved these innocent 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 tears.

"Fly away! fly away! good bye!" he muttered hoarsely as he snapped his fingers. In a moment they were off. He stood watching them wing their flight through the morning air, until they seemed but a few small specks in 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 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 conductor brought the welcome news that 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 during the last six years. Forty years ago we were neighbors' children in Stanford, and when we both grew older we went off together to the convent. At graduation we were fast friends, and all the succeeding years that followed have only helped to cement those sacred bonds. Mrs. Atherton was the first to marry. Colonel Atherton, her husband, had inherited a large fortune in early life from his grandfather and was considered very wealthy. But he was not strong, and two years after marriage he died of the diphtheria, whether he had journeyed to receive a severe illness. Mrs. Atherton was, therefore, left a very rich widow early in life. But see, Charles! here we're in Billington 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 platform was literally packed with men, women and children.

"Ah! there she is, the dear soul," burst out Mrs. Mathers, excitedly. "I just caught a glimpse of her, Charles." 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, sharp-featured, and delicate looking as a 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 kaleidoscope of the early past. At times their voices would sink into a deep, tender tone of pathos, lips 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 newboys and streeturchins turned their heads 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 L'uzig, swayed the baton, and everybody 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 humdrum of their gladdened voices, and the constant clump of feet on the asphalt pavements were to be heard above the noises of the large river that flowed 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 Schiller, in his hand his trusty baton.

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 Danube 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 many wrinkles on it.

Out upon the air again floated liquid notes. The selection this time was a "Romance sans Paroles," and the delicate little song sought out every feeling, every pain. It was a beautiful legato movement, and built not but recall in the hearts of the audience burning memories. The two women on the Atherton balcony listened eagerly.

"What's the name of that selection, Minnie?" at last broke forth Mrs. Atherton. "The music is very familiar. I have often played it myself, but I cannot recall the name."

"Played it yourself, Mae? Well, I should think you have," quickly interrupted Mrs. Mathers, in faint, trembling 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 A-ven.'"

Again the two listened attentively. When it was over Mrs. Mathers' eyes were moist with tears and her face bore a troubled look. The music had touched her deeply; she tried to speak, but the words would not come. Just then Mrs. Atherton turned slightly—her eyes still fastened on that throbbing sea of humanity down in the streets. Cheer followed 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 concerned. "Ah! you're crying! Why, 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, I know it—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 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 wanting, 'tis then a friend's sympathetic hand should always be willing to touch the faded blooms, kindly and lovingly. Again, then, I crave an answer."

Mrs. Mathers moved about nervously. The moonlight shone full upon her white face and revealed pearly tears that were ready to fall. At last, she began. Her speech came intermittedly.

"It seemed so foolish, and yet I 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 hammock, they came again—burning thoughts—and they melted my heart into tears. I thought of him, my boy, and wondered—wondered if my money would last until his education was completed 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, Mae, I would sacrifice everything to feel that my boy was making the most of life. Now, these are the thoughts 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 disappointment."

Again the streets resounded with loud cheers and the riotous clapping of hands. The two women were too absorbed to notice what was going on below. Mrs. Atherton was trying to decide how now she might best act the God Samaritan to her old friend.

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"You're so good, Mae, and I thank you," she said gratefully, "but I would rather you would let 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 hammock, and out jumped Charles, sleepily, and came to where they were sitting. Then he yawned and stretched himself and rubbed his eyes. The hand concert was over; Charles was sorry he had missed it all, and for some time he stood gazing from the balcony in the street, until the footfalls of the last straggler died away on a distant, lonely pavement.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PARLOR PHILANTHROPISTS.

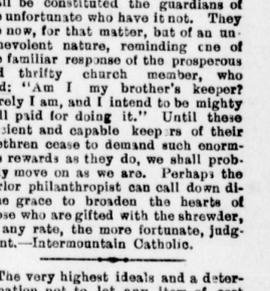
There are "parlor philanthropists" as well as "parlor socialists," through Archbishop Glennon's denunciation of them in his Chicago address, although he does not give them that name. The Archbishop says: "For those whose lives are in the shadows, who possess nothing, in some instances not even hope, the laws that are written and the principles that are offered will not be sufficient to satisfy them. If the charity committees meet in upholstered club rooms to discuss the sorrows of the poor, the poor will answer to the club room apostle that it is home they want and not the patronage of those who rejoice in the luxury of their dining tables and their fashionable meeting house."

Charity "fadists" from the ranks of society, the professional philanthropist claiming notoriety as his fee and hired charity officials who make sorrows and tears a part of their business life, get a scolding from the churchman which was in no way softened by qualifications. The problem of the poor seems eternal, as normal as the problem of the rich with their foolishness of extravagance, their costly fads and follies, their selfish 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 the most necessary demand for it. The poor have no more of it than the rich, and if they could get possession of wealth would be no wiser.

Parlor philanthropists with the most selfish intentions can not confer what is most needed. What can they do for the distressed woman who gives money to buy coal, spends it for a fascinator trimmed in silver beads? No body can be profoundly unhappy or desperately poor who has good sense. It is the tall man that commands comfort and content. But how to get it? Most vexing and elusive is its pursuit, and until it is more generally conferred on the human race the only modern remedy 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 keepers of their brethren cease to demand such enormous rewards as they do, we shall probably 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 shrewdness, at any rate, the more fortunate, judgment.—Intermountain Catholic.

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