some vent y he rose and down partment, a Flemish

" Hark !" one of the del heard k no notice his tune. mewhat, as

renchmen :

meaning of ve in their of a Fieme, who was it is, that aracens and

ror of Conried Lerour n has had to lip's lilies ; ad, for good

) the song,

ar Lily as explained ately rose, m, and exfe long, if I

f you speak o be silenced ydel, with a all the like v you-here's a fig for the

this Flemish my hand!"
Breydel, he lie! the Lily

Black Lion a Frenchman. wn the Lily!

d the sooner easure to me rouble!" ords uttered and straight t a convenient v paces apart, their prepar edel first tool

and threw it are his sinewy struck with ho were stard-

Conse-

iter and d blood. ty of the In the be thin starved and de-; of the

d diproreadirrit. pirits, gs of

worn-out tive treat-E'S NERVE

filled with ver winter ment, and germs is

20

ry highest vigor and strength his sword and dagger, and so remained totally unarmed; then turning to his

totally unarmed; then turning to his comraces, he said:
"Mind, come what will, let there be fair play! he's a brave fellow, this Fleming!" eming!
"Are you ready?" cried Breydel.
"Ready!" was the answer.

The word was given, and the comba tants advanced upon one another, their heads thrown back, their eyes flashing, their brows kult, their lips and teeth forcibly pressed together; like two furious buils they rashed upon each

A heavy blow resounded upon either preast, as of hammer upon an avil, and both reeled backwards from the shock, breast, as o however, did but inflame their rage the more. A short deep growl mingled with their heavy breathing, and with their arms they seized each other round the body as in a vice o steel. Every limb was strained to the uttermost, every nerve quivered, every muscle was in play; their veins swelled, their eyes became blocdshot, their brows from red grew purple, and from purple livid; but neither could win upon the other by an inch of ground; one would have said their feet were rooted

where they stood.

After some time spent in this desperate struggle, the Frenchman suddenly backwards, twined his arms round Breydel's neck, and taking a firm purchase forced the Fleming's head forward and downwards so as in some degree to disturb his balance; then, following up his advantage with out the loss of a moment, Leroux made yet another effort with increased energy. and Breydel sank on one knee beneath

the overpowering attack.
"The Lion is on his knees already!" cried the French champion, triumphantly, dealing at the same time a blow on the head of the butcher that might have felled an ex, and well nigh laid him prostrate on the ground. But to with effect, he had been obliged to release Breydel with one hand, and, at the very moment that he was raising his first to repeat the blow, the latter extricated himself from the single grasp which held him, rose from the ground, and retreated some few paces; then rushing upon his adversary with the speed of lightning, he seized himfround the body with a hug like that of a forest bear, so that every rib cracked in his turn, again. The Frenchman, in his turn, wound his limbs about his fee with a terrible vigour, strengthened by practice and directed by skill, so that the Fleming felt his knees bend beneath and again they nearly touched

An unwonted sensation stole into Breydel's heart, as though for the first time in his life it had begun to fail him. The thought was madness; but, even like madness, it gave him strength; suddenly loosing his hold, and again retreating, at the same time lowering his head, like a furious bull he rushed upon Leroux, and butted him in the st, before the Frenchman could foresee, much less provide against this new attack. Reeling under the shock, blood burst from his nose, mouth and ears; while at the same moment, like a stone from a catapult, the Fleming's upon his skull; with long cry he fell heavily to the earth,

and all was over.
"Now you feel the Lion's claws!" cried Breydel.

The soldiers who had been witnesses of the conflict had indeed encouraged the French champion by their shouts; but had rigorously abstained from any further interference. They now crowd ed about their dying comrade, and raised him in their arms; while Breydel, with slow and deliberate steps, retired from the ground, and made his way back to the room where the quarrel had begun. Here he called for another beer, which he hastily and repeatedly drank to quench his burnthirst

He had now been sitting there some time, and was beginning to recover himself from the fatigue of the combat, before he could turn his head, he was eized by four pair of powerful bands, and roughly thrown upon the ground, while in a moment after the room was filled by armed soldiers. For some time he maintained a fruitless struggle against numbers; but at last, exhausted with this new conflict, he ceased to realst, and lay still, regarding the Frenchman with one of those terrible looks that precede a death blow given Not a few of the soldier on the Fleming, as he lay, with hearts ill at ease, so fiercely and threateningly did his flaming eyes glare upon them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

EFFECTS OF IRRELIGION.

According to the iRome correspond ent of the London Morning Post, there were no fewer than five thousand suicides in Rome last year. An Italian paper supplements this by saying that per cent, of these spicides were boys and girls under twenty years of age. The explanation offered for this shocking state of affairs is that the horribly obseene and blasphemous papers and pamphlets which an anti Papal govern-ment and an anti Christian municipality allows to be freely circulated have corrupted the Roman youth to such an extent that they are worn out with vice before they reach manhood, and be leving in no hereafter, they seek relief

in death. Commenting on the above shocking results of war on religion, the Lamp

(Anglican) says: Several months ago we quoted from official documents to show that similiar results were taking place in France owing to the same causes. 'Oar houses of correction are gorged with boys and girls;" the young criminals spring up like weeds between the cracks of the pavement;" "our prisons are crowded and too small;" and yet certain of our eading Church periodicals continue to show very plainly that they have more sympathy with the anti-Christian governments of Italy and France than they entertain for the Roman curia and the Holy Father of Christendom. If only our Protestantism would commit the anti-Christian

A WOMAN'S WAY

THE PATHETIC STORY OF A WOMAN WHO LOVED TOO WELL. With considerable difficulty Lewis Ivers persuaded Annie Dokson to marry him. If she had loved him less ne never would have succeeded. Nor does the fact that she loved him dearly prove that his pleading was unnecessary. There is a type of wo man who sets out in life with her mind nade up to marriage in the abstract, marriage to almost any one rather than to no one. There is another type whose love annihilates doubt and hesitation, who flies to her lover when he appears like the approved heroing the last chapter. But there is a third type of which the romancers are less cognizant—the woman who has no de sire whatever to marry, and in whom even strong affection does not over-come her repugnance to merging her identity in one whom she instinctively feels will be her master as well as he

Of the last named was Annie, not from independence nor strong-minded ness, for she was the least self assertive of beings, hat because she was thus by nature bent. Lew Ivers—all tive his acquaintance called him Lew-had all the traits that Annie lacked. He was brown-eyed; her eyes were dark blue, as soft as his were flashing. He was full of talk and laughter: she was quiet, and laughed inwardly more often than audibly. He made acquaintances, whom he called friends, wherever he went; she cared for but few, and rarely added a new friend to the old ones, but these few were door to her, as she to them, beyond the need of

naming.
So all the traits that Annie lacked, Lew had. But when one went to turn the statement about, Lew came out less well, for not all the virtues that Annie went, for not all the virtues that Armie had, Lew possessed. In the matter of unselfishness, for instance, in a capa city for entire devotion, in sweetness of temper and in patience Annie was publishing law arely are all law arely rich, while Lew - well Lew rarely thought of other people except as accessories, and he was far too jovial abroad to be always amiable at home, while patience is less a virtue in a woman than it is her business.

"And so they were married," as the

story books say, ending at the begin ning.

As if to atone for her reluctance to e a wife, Annie became a rapturously happy one. She threw all her singleof heart, all her strength of love and devotion, into the scale to weight it on the affi-mative side of the question as to whether marriage is a success and marriage, plus these qualities the bride, could not be a failure. Lew was so pleasant, so droll, so easy going, that housekeeping was a pastime, the most difficult of its tasks light—at first.

Annie surprised herself by learning to laugh at nothing, even by making her own jests as she made her own bread, by singing as she ran out and in and up and down. She had been rather a demure little creature, but she was expanding into liveliness under the the inspiration of Lew's merriment. Content had taught her heretofore, now active happiness was arousing her into activity of wit as well as hands.

The first quarter of a year went thus winged like Mercury who brings the messages of the gods. Then the days moved slower; Annie wendered if the mestic cares which had been so easy

could be tiring her. Lew began to go out more—without her, but Annie persuaded herself that she was glad that he could enjoy himself—and she was so happily kept at home! She could not quite persuade herself that she liked to have him find fault with small things when he was with her, and this he did. However, ske accomplished the next best delusion—she persuaded herself that she was invariably in the wrong, which com-

forts a truly weminly woman.

The baby that was born died. Lew mself from the fatigue of the combat, was very kind, then. He was atten hen the door opened behind him; and tive to the poor little mother, who tive to the poor little mother, who barely lived herself, and he told her not to grieve; that if the baby had lived it would have come discordantly into their duet of happiness.

"Ah, you don't mean that, dear! It is good of you, but you don't mean it. I grieve for your bitter disappointment in the less of your son. I am more

in the loss of your son. I am more sorry for you than myself, poor Lew!' Annie cried.

"You needn't be then!" Law declared fervently. "I was ready enough to accept the baby, but I am just as ready to go on without one. Truly, Annie, I can't mourn deeply for a young person whom I did not know. you fret about me, little girl? Now when I feared you were going—that was

Aunie tried to smile, but it was a wan failure. He was good to try to comfort her, but this was not the way o do it. Rather the heartache for him than to know he was outside her grief. For Lew prided himself on his candor, and his words rang sincerely. They fell on her empty, disappointed heart almost as if some one had struck a blow at the tiny face which had slipped away from her when she had so long counted on pressing it to that empty

heart. Then she instantly reproached her self. A mother was a mother from the first hour's thought of the child-nay, from her childhood, when she held her dolls and planned the names of her future children. But a man was dif ferent. Paternity had to be practiced to be perfected. Men were not usually interested profoundly in their offspring until their intelligence dawned; even Annie had discovered that, most of all things, the average man likes to be entertained. So she tried to rest on Lew's expression of the supreme imof her own life, and as the portance of her own life, and as the Mother of mothers hid in her heart the words of her Son, this little mother hid in her heart her longing for the

son who would never speak to her.

It was after this, long enough for
Annie to seem herself again, while she
felt conscious of being altogether an-

never to find anything as I leave it. Why will you always mash potatoes when you know I prefer them baked? Lambagain? Beef is the only mest fit to eat. You were out to-day when I came home; I detest coming in to an expert, however, when the government. empty house. You want me to go out with you? Isn't the day long enough You want me to go out for you to go out in without dragging me about at night? Yes, I am going out, but not to walk-there is some one want to see. Annie, I found a button off this morning. Are you going to be the sort of woman that neglects her mending? Appie, how often must I tell you that I abominate socks that are over-darned. For whom are you saving? When my socks are worn throw them away. I won't stand for pilgrimages with peas in my shoes. Buy a new set of shirts? Not much Do you think I am made of money? You have time; put in new bosems."

Annie listened to the ceaseless flow

complaint, at first making the mis taken effort to explain, to apologize eagerly to promise better, then listen-ing in silence, realizing that it was not a real grievance that Lew was voicing each time, not a distinct and individual error of which she was guilty, but that he was " flading fault" in the literal meaning of the words—seeking for it and so finding it, out of his new atti

when a loving woman discovers this she has traveled far on the road to complete misery. The blindest, the most adherent, must understand that love does not thas express itself. She s conscious of the mute pleading of her sorrowini eyes for mercy, and not receiving it, she knows that she is not loved, and to deprive the Annies of this world of love is taking from them

the oxygen of the air they breathe.

If Annie had had a temper, if she
had ever retorted with sharp strength to her husband's reproaches, perhaps they would have ceased. There is a temper that is exasperated by meek-ness, that is infuriated by kicking something soft and yielding.

breaketh wrath." "A mild answer breaketh wrath," says Solomon, but it is not always true, for the mildness of the victim of a bad temper emphasizes the wrong of the wrathful, and it is not soothing to the disposition to know one's self in the wrong.

"I'm truly sorry that you don't like it; I try to please you, Lew," little Annie said each time, and because he knew that this was true Lew grumbled more and oftener. The little wife, growing thinner, with pathetic patience deeper engraved on her worn face, tried to smile at the man, who still gay and debennair among his acquaint ances, was fast becoming a nagging brute at home. His wife's silent, un complaining pathos irritated him; he worked himself up into the daily furies of fault unding to drown the voice of self-reproach, to numb the pangs of conscience as he looked at her.

In the meantime the little house was the model of the neighborhood, spotlessly clean, perfectly in order—no other child had come to disturb that rder, nor to fill the lonely woman's beart-it was also the headquarters for cooking recipes at once the desire and the despair of the housewives of Applie's acquaintance. No one, not her nearest and dearest friend, ever heard a syll-able from Annie that should reveal the tragedy of her humdrum life, but women are quick to read one another, and the merest acquaintance knew that little Mrs. Ivers was miserable. There were some who said that "It was a shame for such a charming, entertaining, merry, big hearted creature as Lew Ivers to be tied to that dull, lifeless woman. But there were others who guessed that Lew's charm was left at his door, kept in his yard, like his bicycle, to be taken and to take him abroad, and they condemned him. It cost him friends, and the day came when he needed friends.

For when the mainspring of a life is broken, it may run on for a time-the Annie died. The priest who knew her heart, knew her sanctity, knew her serrow, her patience under a burden more wearing than the wife of many an actual criminal bears, looked on her, dead, with infinite pity, and a certain triumph.

"This time she has answered his reproaches, and at last he will listen!'

He was quite right. Lew was be wildered by the havor in his home that Annie wrought with her folded, waxen hands. He had never read Coventry Patmore, but he thought it "was not like her great and gracious ways to leave him thus." He was lost, he'pless and worse, he was overwhelmed with a contrition, imperfect enough since it had its roots in selfishness, but

still contrition for his cruelty.

Not a corner, not an object in the house that did not cry aloud to him declaring her devotion. needed her; before he had her, he buried her he had seen how her patience, her goodness had borne him, wrought for him, but he saw it in the midst of despair, as a man buried under an earthquake looks back at the light. The woman who had Annie's playmate, schoolmate, life-long friend, stood long and tearlessly look ing down into the casket. She had put a palm branch into Annie's hand, but had strewn her pillow with white

rosebuds.
"I'm glad you have won the palm, dear," she whispered. "He was not worth it, but it earned you the palm at last. Curious," she thought, straightening herself as she prepared to go "Unkindness, cruelty, selfishness neglect, but made her more faithful Depth against shallowness, nobility opposed to meanness, the rich nature lavished on the poor one-it's the old story: A woman's way!" - Marion

Spend the time of such dull and dry prayer in saying to God such things as these: "O my God, I love Thee, O my God, I offer my mind and body to Taee; other and less strong self, that Lew fell into the habit of constant fault-finding.

"Did you move that chair? Well, I

"Did you move that chair? Well, I

THE EVANGELINE OF REALITY.

The Chicago New World Everybody knows the story of Evan-eline, as told by Longfellow. Many, too, know the story of her people. he famous American poet himself olic graveyard, and the same noble priest who had shielded her in girlhood blessed her lowly grave. The only trace to day of her grave is a slight ves us glimpses of their history, but arkman and Bancroft do better still. e of Evangeline which the post does the stump of the tall oak which once by give us, and which are more pathic than the denouement furnished by im. The real is often more tragic oak which stands within the church han the imaginary, only there is no agiclan present to throw over it the carried away by tourist as souvenirs of lamor of poetry and romance. As one Evangeline first saw the light of heaven n the northern harbor of Grand Pre, and who has also stood on the banks of he languid Teche, where the old town St. Martinsville dreams amid the illness that lies upon "the Eden of ouisiana," perhaps I may claim to peak from knowledge of things seen id heard.

The expulsion of the Acadians of Canada was an act of consummate cruelty and injustice that has no parallel in history. "Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers too late saw their children left on land extend ing their arms in wildest entreaties." Evangeline Bellefontaine (whose real name was Emmeline Labiche), just name was Limietine Labene, just seventeen years of age and the pride of the village, was slilinged to Gabriel Lajeunesse (Louis Arceneau), the son of Basil the blacksmith. Longfellow thus describes Evangeline :

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventen summers,
Back were her eyes as the berry that grows on
the thorn by the wayside.
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath
the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine
that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reap
are at noonlide.

ers at noontide. ons of home brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden. was the maiden c was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret tied with holy sounds the air, as the triest with his hysop iles the congregation, and scatters bless-age upon them

ings upon them
we the long street she passed with her chap
let of beads and her missal
saring her Norman cap and kirtle of blue,
and the earrings,
ught in the olden time from France, and
since as a heliton since, as an heirlocm, oded down from mother to child, through

long generations, celestial brightness—a more etherea dark ground; that seed springs up into beauty and fragrant life; we grind the wheat in the mill and the flour is made on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession, eward screenly she walked with God's benediction upon her, n she had passed it seemed like the ceas-

She and Gabriel were carried away on separate ships. The efforts of Evangeline, accompanied by Father Felician (Father Felix Palm,) her friend and father confessor, to find the whereabouts of her flance, their wanderings from town to town and through the wilderness to Louisiana, is a story that touches the heart as no other

ever could.

It was the latter part of a very cold winter that I visited the land of the live oak, jasmine and magnolia for the first time. When I left my northern home the whole face of nature was locked in fetters of ice and snow, but as I journeyed southward indications of verdure graw more perceptible and when I reached the Gulf of Mexico the buds had burst forth and the flowers were abloom with all their glorion beauty and fragrance. All th beauties of a perfect morning in that matchless clime were abroad when I took the boat at New Orleans for the habitat of Evangeline at the old town of St Martinsville, on Bayon Teche. From the deck of the steamer, as she majestically moved down the bayon, a scene of rare beauty was witnessed, the bright rays of the sun glinting through tropical foliage and casing shadows tropical of wonderful beauty upon the water, the hedge fences of wild roses, abloom pink and white blossom. plantations of rice and sugar that lay upon either side of the bayou and the beautiful residences with their wide only mechanism that will run under verandas, which were so close to each those conditions — but not forever. other as to appear as the steamer glided along to be a continuous vil lage, the atmosphere surcharged with the sweet, pungent odor of the jasmine and magnolia, charmed my senses with

inexpressible delight. The twilight of this region is very brief, and the moon was rising above the moss-covered trees as we approach ed the quaint old town. As the orb of night majestically arose in a faultless sky and gilded the cross of the little Catholic church with a splendor all its own, I was filled with mute wonder at beauties felt, but neither questioned nor understood, and for the moment I imagined that I was in another world, it seemed so strange, so beautiful, so

right. The ancient live oak known as 'Evangeline's tree, upon which was fastened a shrine of the Blessed Mother, threw its vivid outline upon the surface of the Teche and was perfectly mirrored in its moonlit waters. As I gazed upon the sleeping town which the Acadians of Louisiana have built, my thoughts went back to the village of Grand Pre, Weymouth, Nova Scotia, which I had visited years ago, and it seemed to me that one was a reproduction of the other.

From the Acadians themselves I learned the true story of Evangeline, about whose life and character Loogfellow has written so beautifully, but strangely enough from the latter part of whose career he has entirely de parted, leaving untold the most path the poet's version of her life was that when she arrived at the old town

in Louisiana, where Gabriel and his family had taken refuge that he had gone to the Far West, and after seek ing him for years without avail, she had become a Sister of Mercy, and finally found him in old age, dying at a Philadelphia alms-house. This is no true. She was never a Sister of Neither faded nor old was she when her long journey from Grand Pre to St. Martinsville ended in a disap-pointment unspeakably more bitter than death.

Believing that they were separated forever, the Gabriel of her love had married another. Her reason was de-

than a year the spirit of Ermeline Educational. Labiche was summoned by the heavenly

marriage bells to meet the bridegroom

of the forsaken. She was laid to rest by a little band of exiles in the Cath-

depression in the earth; nothing but

carried away by tourist as souvenirs of

Gabriel, I was told, after Evangeline's

arrival, left for the interior of the state and never returned, but his des cendants, the Arcenas, are living in the

parish of St. Martin to-day. The number of Acadians in Nova Scotia before the expulsion was 17,000 and

the number who returned after the

amnesty in 1774 was 2,000. Present number of Acadians in Canada 130,000

and the present number in Louisi.na

where he closed his eyes in death, is

WHY DOUBT?

FURNISHING PROOFS OF THE RESUR-

Why are there any doubters in the

resurrection of our bodies from the dead? We look in March on the leaf

less trees: in May they are alive with leaf and bud and bloom. We put the

hard, small seed of corn into the hard,

flour and we eat it and grow strong.

All about us, in many ways of our ordinary every-day existence, life comes

ness, and we prove, over and over again, the gain that comes through

Why, then, should it even appear to

us strange, let alone incredible, that our bodies shall rise again? Has the

God who gives life to the tiny seed,

the frost-bound branches the snow-clad

to make of that clay-cold body a ma-

from death, strength comes from weak

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estic and glorious body, forever free

from pain or loss?

Why, too, should we not meet again, and talk again and abide in holy love forever? What, after all, is death but a curtain behind which our friends are world, so is the historical story of Evangeline from the little Acadian village of Grand Pre in Nova Spetia, where she was born, to the sunny southern hamlet of St. Martinsville La., where she died, the saddest and the sweetest. Neither of these stories, waiting for us to come? We part here. Neither of these stories, while living; one goes to Alaska, another to Australia; the seas, the which are so dissimilar in character, ever lose their interest, but on the contrary, as the years roll on, constant rivers, the oceans divide us but love abides. Well, the river of death may separate us, the unknown paths of anly challenge the admiration of the world. other world than this may be trodden by those we love; but as on earth we write, we pray, we love, though absent THE EARTH ITSELF IS CONSTANTLY

by many miles from one another, so we may pray and love, and meet in God, though sundered by death's power.
"One never loses," said St. Augustine, "one never loses those whom one loves in Him Whom we can never lose."

The Lord watches ever all of " The Lord watches over all of us. That child, that parent, that friend, whom He takes from us, shall wa gradge them to Him Who loves them best? Shall we act as though all was lost, and life was blasted, because one we love has gone to Him Who should be our first and truest love? By and by, it will be "face to face" for us; not who are His own .- Sacrea Heart Raview.

Sometimes it so bappens that both the imagination and the reason seem to be paralyzed, so that after faithfully trying to go on with our meditation for a little while, the soul finds itself so dull and stupid as to be able to imagine cr reason upon nothing. Let her not be discouraged. Let her make simple earth, less power to raise the dead, and acts of the will, however hard they may



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