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ously affected by Robert de Bethune's bold outbreak. Many of the French knights had felt inclined to take his ords amiss; but the laws of honor did not allow their interfering in the quarrel. Charles de Valois shook his head with an air of annoyance; and it was easy to see from his manner how much the whole affair vexed him. But a smile of pleasure hovered upon the lips of the old Count Guy, and turning to De Valois he whispered: "My son Robert is a brave knight,

as your king Philip experienced at the siege of Lille, when many a valant Frenchman fell before Robert's sword. The men of Bruges, who love him better than they do me, have given him the surname of the Lion of Finnders, a pattle of Benevento against Manfred."

"I have long known Messire Robert de Bethune," answered De Valois; "and every child, I ween, knows the story, how with his own hand he won the Damask blade he now wears from the tyrant Manfred. His deeds of arms are far and wide renowned among the chivalry of France. The Lion of Fland ers passes with us for invincible, and has well earned his fame."

smile of contentment gilded the man's face ; but suddenly his visage darkened, and his head sank upon his breast, while he sorrowfully re-

plied:
"Ah! Messire de Valois! is it not misery that I have no heritage to ave to such a son? To him who was well fitted to bring the house of Flanders to fame and honor? It is the thought of that, and of the imprisonment of my poor child Philippa, which ng me to the grave.

Charles de Valois made no answer to the old Count's lament. He was sunk in deep thought, so that even the rein had fallen from his hand, and was hangng from the pommel of the saddle. sat, and could not enough admire the generous feeling of the brave knight, who was evidently, from his very heart, oncerned for the woes of the house of

But suddenly the French prince sat up in his saddle, his counterance beam ing with joy; and laying his hand, with a sort of confidential familiarity. upon that of the old Count, he ex

"It is a suggestion of heaven !"

Guy looked at him with curiosity. Yes!' continued De Valois, will bring it about that my brother, Philip of France, shall restore you to the princely seat of your lathers." "And what spell of power, think you,

have you found to work this miracle, sfter he has conferred upon yourself the def that he has taken from me?"

"Give me your ear noble Count. Your daugher sits disconsolate in the dangeons of the Louvre; your fiels are cone from you, and their heritage from our children; but I know a way by and yourself reinstated."

What say you?" cried Guy, indulously. "That I cannot believe, oredulously, "That I cannot believe, Messire de Valois; unless, indeed, your Queen, Joanna of Navarre, should have ceased to live.'

No: without that. Our King, Philip the Fair, is at this moment hold ing court at Compiègne ; my sister-in aw Joanna and Enguerrand de Marigny are both at Paris. Come with me to Compiègne, take with you the chief the land, and falling at my prother's feet, pray him that he will receive you once more to allegiance, as a repentant and faithful vassal."

And then ?" asked Guy, am zed. "Then he will receive you into his favor, and you will recover both your and and your daughter. Be of good urage, and trust to these my words ; or, the queen absent from his side, my other is all generosity and magna

Oh! blessings on your good angel or this saving inspiration I and on you, Messire de Valois, for your nobleness of soul!" cried Count Guy, joyfully.
O God! if only I may be able to dry
the tears of my poor child! But alas! "You say no more of ner than such that first had been given man in deserves, Messire," replied Robert; who knows whether instead of that, I in a moment you shall look at her instead of that, I in a moment you shall look at her instead of that, I in a moment you shall look at her instead of that, I in a moment you shall look at her instance.

"Fear not, Count! fear not!" answered De Valois, "I will myself be your advocate and your protector; and a safe conduct under my seal and princely honor shall secure your free return, even should my efforts be in

Guy let fall his rein, seized the French prince's hand, and pressing it with fervent gratitude, exclaimed, "You are a noble enemy!"

Meanwhile, as they thus discoursed, they had reached a wide plain, apparently of endless extent, watered by the gurgling stream of the Krekel. All now

made ready for the sport.

The Fiemish knights took each his falcon on his wrist; the strings which held the birds were made ready for casting off, and the hounds, were

properly distributed.

Knights and ladies were promiscuously mingled together; by chance
Charles de Valois found himself by the

de of the fair Matilda. I cannot but think, fair lady," said he, "that you will bear away the prize of the day; for a finer bird than yours have never beheld. What perfect umage! what powerful wings! and

then the yellow scales upon her claws!

Is she heavy on the hand?"

"Yes, indeed, Messire," answered
Matilda, "and although she has only
been broken to a low flight, yet she
would be quite a match for any crane
or heron."

"It seems to me," remarked De Valois, "that she is somewhat full in desh. Would it not be better, lady, to give her food softer?"

"O, no! excuse me; no! Messire
De Valois," cried the young lady,
plqued for her reputation for good falconry, "I am sure you are wrong
there; my bird is just as she should
be. Something of these matters I think
I know. I have myself trained this be. Something of these matters I think I know; I have myself trained this noble bird, have watched her by night, and prepared her food myself. But quick, Messire de Valois, out of the way; for just over the brook there flies a snipe."

and I wante feat the largest, calmest and best part of your time to that Heavenly Guest He never wearies you, He always understands you, and He never leaves the sorrowful soul in the same state in which he finds it.

While the prince fixed his eye upon the point indicated, Matilda quickly unbooded her falcon, and cast her off.

The bird gave four or five strokes with her wings, and then circled grace-fully before her mistress.

Off, off, dear falcon!" cried Matiida.

And at these words the bird ros And at these words the bird loss skyward like an arrow, till the eye could no longer follow it; then for some moments, poised in the air and motionless, she sought with her piercing eye her quarry; there, afac off, flew eye her quarry; there, afar off, flew the snipe, and more swiftly than a stone from on high, stooped he falcon on the poor victim, which she soon held in her sharp talons.

l'here, Messire de Valois !" cried Matilda, exultingly; "now you may see that a Flemish lady can break a hawk! only look, how skitfully the

And the last words were hardly over her lips, before the falcon was again upon her hand, with the snipe in its

" May I have the honor to receive the game from your fair hand?' asked Mess re de Valois. But at this request the young lady's

countenance became somewhat troubled she looked imploringly on the knight, and said : "I hope, Messire de Valois, that you

will not take it amiss; but I had at ready promised my first quarry to my brother, Adolf, who is standing yonder beside my father."
"Your brother William, mean you

not, lady ?" No ; our brother Adolf of Nieuw land. He is so kied, so obliging to me; he helps me in training my hawks, teaches me songs and tales, and plays to me on the harp; we all in truth heartily love him."

While Matilda was thus speaking, Charles de Valois had been regarding her with the closest attention; he soon, however, convinced himself that friendship was the only feeling which the young keight had excited in her

"If so," said the prince, with a nile, "he indeed well merits this favor. Do not, I pray y u, let me de-And immediately, without heeding the presence of the other knights, she

called as loud as she could:

'Adolf! Adolf!' and joyous as a child, she held up the snipe for him to

At her call the young knight hastened up to her.
'Here, Adolf," added she, "is your

reward for the pretty tale you last taught me."

He bowed respectfully, and received the snipe with pleasure. The others regarded him half with envy, half with curiosity; and more than one sought to decipher a tender secret upon his countenance; but all such speculations were in vain. Sud dealy a loud exclamation called every

ne's attention to the sport. " Quick ! Messire de Bethune!" cried the chief falconer; "loose your hawk's hood and east her off; yonder

runs a hare.' A moment later, and the bird was hovering above the clouds, and then swooped perpendicularly upon the victim as it fied. It was a strange sight to see. The hawk had struck its claws deep in the hare's back as it ran, and so held fast to it, while both together rushed onward like the wind. But this did not last long ; for the hawk, loosing ore claw, seized hold with it of a tree, and with the other held her prey so fast, that in spite of its despe struggling, there was no escape for it. And now several dogs were uncoupled; hese hurrying up, received the from the hawk, which now, as if exulting in its victory, hovered aloft over the dogs and the huntsmen, exhibiting its joy in the most various sweeps and

turns.
"Messire de Bethune," cried De Valois, "that is a hawk that knows her business! A finer gerfalcon I never

With these words he lifted up his lure, on catching sight of which the hawk immediately returned to her master's fist.

"Look here," proceeded Robert, show-ing the bird to De Valois; " see what beautiful fair colored plumage, what a snow-white breast, and what deep blue claws."

"Yes, indeed, Messire Robert," answered De Valois, "that is in very truth a bird that might hold comparison with an eagle. But it seems to me that she is bleeding."

me that she is bleeding."
Robert hastily examined his hawk's legs, and cried impatiently:
"Falconer, hither, quick! my bird is hurt; the poor thing has tried its claws too much. Let her be well seen to ; you Stephen here here

to ; you, Stephen, keep her under your own eye; I would not lose her for more than I care to tell." And he gave the wounded hawk to Stephen, his trainer, who all but wept at the accident; for the hawks he had broken and tended were to him as his

very children After the chief persons present had flown their hawks, the sport became more general. For two hours the party continued the chase after var-ious kinds of birds of high flight, such as ducks, herons, and crayons, without, at the same time, sparing those of low flight, among which were par tridges, fieldiares, and curlews. By this time it was noon; and, at the cheerful summons of the horns, the whole party came tegether again from

every side, and proceeded on their way back to Wynandael as fast as a way back to Wynandael as fas moderate pace could carry them. TO BE CONTINUED.

Silence is the visit of God to the soul; and I would remind you again to conseTHE BELL OF ST. JOHN'S.

the great smoke-filled foundry that stood beside the shipyards of the town of B, one could see a crowd of workmen busied in putting all in readi ness for the founding of the great bell which was to be placed in the cathedral of a neighboring town. Yst another hour, and the boiling, glittering metal would flow from the great kiln into the mold which stood beside it, upon the

ground.

Evening had come and in the gathering twilight the blue flames lit up the chimneys and the neighboring houses with a ghostly glow. The scene in the oundry reminded one of the workshop of a magician, and at the same time of or a magician, and at the same time of a place of torture. The dusky figures of the workmen, partly lit up by the yellow light from the glowing kiln, moved about like shadows in the underworld; and the smoke blackened beams, partly in shadow and partly visible through the golden light have better.

through the golden light, brought to mind the workshops of the Cyclops, be neath Mount Etna.

neath Mount Etna.

The town clock struck six. It was supper time. The men laid down their tools and hurried on their clothes.

"You must be back again in half an hour at the longest!" cried the foreman. "At a quarter to seven we fill the mold." the mold.

Very good, master," answered the

workmen.
"I hear the people from the town are coming to see it." remarked one.
"Yes," said another. "How they will open their eyes! In the whole country

there will not be a bell cast like ours The next moment only one workman dry. This man had to remain and at tend to the furnace. He had brought a double supply of food from his house and would now take what renained

as his supper.

"Perhaps the 'Inventor' will stay with you, George," said the foreman, as he made himself ready to go.

"Yes, where is he?" was the reply in the same jesting tone.
"He has been long enough in the foundry, and alongside the workmen, to know if anything is not as it should be. Halloa, halloa, 'Inventor!' Where

are you? Come here."

In answer to his call there appeared, from behind a heap of metal, a young man with big grey eyes and a white

" Now, Mopus," said George, giving him a gentle slap on the shoulders, "you have sense enough to call and give the alarm if anything happens?" The boy looked at him absently and nodded.

"Stand here, then and see to the furnace. Don't take your eyes off it for an instant."

The lad smiled, and obediently did s he was told.

Mopus was a strange lad, dull in ordinary matters, but remarkably well fitted to watch a smelting furnace. He understood, as it were by instinct, everything that concerned the work of the foundry; and his strange intelligence in such matters was all that was left of his once unclouded mind. If anything was at all out of order, he would always remark it, and say what

would always remark it, and say what ought to be done, although perhaps he could not explain why. Two years before, Mopus had been a bright bey, with good prospects. He was the son of one of the engineers attached to the foundry; he had had free access to the place, and could mix with the men and see them at work. But one day the chain of a crane broke, and a piece of iron struck him on the head, making a deep wound. He recovered, but only partially; for the injury to the brain left a permanent disturbance. But his natural love for machines and mechanical experiments remained; and, as his bodily health re-turned, he spent most of his time among them, making wheels and pipes ready, and repairing old broken things, which he then exhibited with pride and

happiness. "You say no more of her than she earned him the title of "Inventor," which at first had been given him in

rough and impatient.

Such was the lad to whom was entrusted the watching of the furnace, from which the tenor bell of the Cathe dral of St. John was to be cast. The "Inventor" remained steady at his post, while George went aside to eat his supper. Undoubtedly George had meant to keep a general oversight, but he left to the 'Inventor' the greater share of this superintendence. Whether he placed too great confidence in the instinct of his companion, or whether it was laziness that whispered to him that nothing could go wrong; in either case he was much to blame for relieving his own shoulders of any part of the weight of responsibility.

Not a word passed between the two watchers, and nothing was to be heard in the whole foundry but the dead roar of the furnace. George had finished

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his meal and had gone into a corner of the workshop for his pipe. The "In-ventor" sat alone before the glowing e of the liquid metal. The one clear aty; and he himself felt something of he greatness of the undertaking hich was making ready in this molten low. He understood that this furace was full of costly metal; and close behind him, buried in sand, he ecognized the mold that would soon a filled with the precious moiten tream. He knew and saw how the gutters were prepared through which e glowing mass would flow; and by e mouth of the furnace he noticed a long fron bar; which would be used the moment the metal was allowed to run into the mold. He understood all this with his infirm mind, and he had a dim consciousness that he would soon

see something strange. So there he sat, his eyes fixed on the furnace.

Suddenly something frightened him; he heard a noise, and saw that there was a rift at the top of the furnace. Again he heard a sharp crack, and a ed-hot stone fell down close to his feet.
The boy opened his mouth to shout, t he was so bewildered that the cry ck in his throat, as if he were maseed by a nightware. A thin red eam followed the fallen stone, and okled like lava down the furnace. en there came another noise, as of guish, and a thin crack in the upper rt of the furnace allower more of the

otten metal to escape.

Where was George? Was that lightered workman still puffing at his parted workman still puffing at his parted. ment to burst, and there was no one t a half-witted boy to watch it. ast could be do? He did what, perps a boy in full possession of his milities would not have dared to do. sprang to the mouth of the furnace, esprang to the mouth of the furnace, sized the long iron bar which lay here, struck with the sharp point gainst the stopole which closed the arnace, and after a few swift, sharp layer that states a few swift, sharp lows, the stopple gave way, and the ellow stream flowed out with no little orce. It ran into the clay pressed

mold, and the flames burst out.

The "Inventor"—the imbedile—had done a deed worthy of a general on a battlefield. Had he done it too late? Every moment new rifts appeared in furnace. Stones kept falling from above, while the molten stream flowed ever more widely into the mold, alough much was lost through the en cracks. The pressure would be emparatively slight through the flow

the glowing mass, but every minute ere were fresh cracks round about It seemed rushing to destruction. Poor Mopus! He stood helpless beside the danger; his knees gave way under him, and it seemed to him that everything was turning around. Great pieces of red hot stone and lime feil t his feet, and he thought of nothing At last he heard in the distance a confused noise of men's voices, which gradually came nearer; then a fearful crash behind him, and streams of molten metal flowed all about him. Stinging pains made him groan and cry, and everything rushed together into one dreadful dream. It to him as if he suddenly sank into the ground and was forever swallowed up. At 7 o'clock comparative tranquility reigned in the unfortunate foundry. Fragments lay everywhere. The flames, which were to be seen above everything, had wrecked the furnace :

and the men, black with smoke, were standing in silent groups around the ruins. The furnace had completely falled in, and nothing was left but heap of smoking rubbish.

The poor "Inventor," who was found lying on the sand covered with terrible burns, his hand grasping the iron bar, was carried to his house. Not much was said; but the reproaches cast by the workmen and foreman

with natural indignation, on George's head, were plain enough, and his ex cuses made his fault still worse.

"Just see what he has done!" said they a few days later, when they were together in the half-burned foundry. "A thousand pounds of metal lost in a few minutes, and the best work that has been done for years destroyed. The fool, to go puffing at his pipe, leaving the overseeing to that poor lad! Is that all he can produce in defense? Absurd! The boy

hadn't the sense to run away when the furnace went to pieces." The proprietor, who had suffered a greater loss than all the men together, felt the misfortune still more than more than they. He nearly wept with vexation and anger; but suddenly his eyes fell on something strange under the heap of rubbish and he cried with a trem-

bling voice. "Halloa! Why, what's this? Just

look! What's this ?" He seized a piece from the remains one of the gutters, through which the molten metal in the furnace must have flowed. There were traces on it of the bronze that had passed through There was just the possibility that the anding of the iron bar in the hand of the victim of the flames had been no mere accident.

"Bring me a spade, quick !" he

move the hot masses of rubbish that had fallen on the mold. It was the work of a Hercules; but, with the help of some of the workmen, he brought to bear upon it almost superhuman strength. Pieces of stone, ore, dross and earth flew in all directions. At last the chief's spade dug through to the sand and struck against something hard. He stooped, he looked—then he sprang up, and like a man half de mented, cleared away the remaining and, and something came into view

that was like a great metal bell.
"My men," he cried, his face all radiant with excitement, "see, the nell is cast." bell is cast !'

"Who did it?" voices were asking on every side, as soon as the jubilation was some what calmed down.
"Two or three of you come with
me," said the master. "I think I

know who did it. It is a marvel!"

They hurried to the half witted boy's house. A nurse came to meet them,

"The poor boy has brain fever,"

she told them.
"Does he say anything in his de lirium?" asked the chief in a low

about the mold of the bell. about the mold of the bell. He says he hopes it will have been filled." The men looked at one another. It was really true that the imbecile had, all alone, cast the bell of St. John's Cathedral!

At that moment the doctor came out.
"When he recovers," he said, "it
may well be that this tremendous shock

will have restored his reason"
"Do you really think so? Heaven
grant it!" said the chief. And the workmen began to talk again in sub dued voices, and dispersed to their

Two months later the ponderous bell hung in the foundry and under it stood the great dray on which it was to be let down and carried away. A deep silence held the crowd of men, as the thin form of the "Inventor," with his pallid face, was borne into the foundry from an invalid chair. He had recovered his mind, and his body was daily getting stronger. His big grey eyes were forthwith turned to the bell, that splendid masterpiece, the casting of which had had for him such deep significance. He had been told the story of the casting and of the destruction of the farnace but it had seemed a mere romance or fairy tale.
"I can remember nothing about it,"

e said, laughingly shaking his head. 'It is all new to me: and so strange, to strange!"

"Yes," interposed the chief, solemn-

ly, "it was God's hand."

All eyes were turned toward the convalescent, and some felt even a thrill of fear as they looked at him. He seemed like one that had come back from the dead. The boy who had been so long an idiot was now a young man with unclouded mind-a totally differ-

ent being.
"I should like to hear the bell

once," said he.
Two strong men lifted him up, and a hammer was put in his hand. He struck the bell lightly. In response there was a deep, soft, mournful tone, like the murmur of a distant waterfall, that woke an echo in the foundry. The eyes of the rough fellows filled with tears at the splendid tone.

"Listen!" exclaimed the master. "An Alleluia rings in that sound, and fitting it is to be the first tone we hear. May the bell long proclaim God's praise! It was He Who saved the bell through one wise thought in the boy's point in his sick brain kept him at his place, making him comprehend his Concational.

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sick brain. Our furnace is rebuilt, and thank God, this good lad has re-covered his reason! The bell and the boy will both glorify God.'

Amen !" said his hearers softly. Then the bell was let down; and while the wagon rolled away with its sweet toned load, the boy was lifted up and carried out; and both left the oundry together that bright summer's day, while the men hurrahed and threw up their caps.

The little "Inventor" later on proved his right to the title which had been so lightly given him in his un-happy youth. His name could be read on many a bell, whose noble fullness of tone spoke through his unsurpassed genius from the metals his art had blended .- Ave Maria.

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