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Mrs. Lewis. I do not know how to thank you for all the good your remedies have done her, for the best doctors had given her case up as incurable.

Yours truly, ALFRED LEWIS.

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DEAR SIR:—I am thankful to B.B.B. because I am to-day strong and well through its wonderful blood cleansing powers. I was troubled with scrofulous spots and blemishes all over my body.

REID'S HARDWARE TABLE and POCKET CUTLERY, CARPET SWEEPERS, WRINGERS, BRASS FIRE IRONS. 118 DUNDAS STREET, North Side. ALTAR WINE. We have now on hand a good supply of Excellent Mass Wine. PRICE REDUCED.

TO ACT AS A FOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES WYETH'S LIQUID MALT. IS STRONGLY RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

FLORENCE O'NEILL, The Rose of St. Germain's; OR, THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

By AGNES M. STEWART, Author of "Life in the Cloister," "Grace O'Halloran," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED. "Hark! hark how the knaves beat against the door. Never mind, let them in; Morville boasts a secret hiding-place and outlet for her priests which none have yet discovered."

Florence trembled and turned pale as these words fell upon her ear. There was no "priest's hiding-hole" at Kensington should the visit of Father Lawson be known to any but themselves.

Other thoughts, and holier ones, now fill the mind of the dying man. "Florence, my child," he says, "God protect and bless you. Nay, do not take on so much, my loving niece, because the old man's life is near the end. Rather be glad the aids of religion have sustained him, aids which many cannot have in times like these."

Florence, now a ward of the crown, was not allowed to nurse her grief in the presence of Death. The queen summoned her to the palace, ordered her mourning, treated her with all imaginable kindness, and deputed one of the officers of the royal household to give the necessary instructions for the removal of the body for interment in the family vault of the De Greys at Morville.

This arrangement Florence rebelled against in her heart, but herein the queen was perfectly right in removing her from a scene calculated only to nurse the depression of spirits to which she was gradually yielding.

Once again was she permitted to revisit the house, and gaze again on the features, serene and peaceful in the slumber of the grave. The body of the deceased baronet was removed by night to the hearse which was to convey it to Morville, whither it was to be followed to the grave by his devoted tenants, dependents and friends, but no blood relation. The young heiress, Florence, being his only surviving relative, was at the head of that long troop of mourners.

The Grange was then left in the care of two persons, one of whom, at the express wish of Florence, was Robert Onslow.

Some three or four weeks after the death of Sir Charles the queen had decreed that Florence should look over the papers and personal matters belonging to the baronet, and the house and furniture—the terms of its occupation would then have expired—was to be delivered up to its owner.

CHAPTER XXVII. LETTERS FOR ST. GERMAINS. No suspense or anxiety can well exceed that of watching for the post, above all, when we are on the look-out for, perhaps, important intelligence.

If this is the case in the nineteenth century, when postal arrangements are conducted with such facility, what must the tortures of suspense have been such as those suffered who were situated as were the exiles at St. Germain's.

Weary with vainly watching for news, Mary Beatrice began gradually to awaken to the painful idea that she had forever lost her favorite. It was one trial more to add to the many already suffered, and a very great one she held it to be.

A year has passed away, another and a last effort of any consequence had been made in behalf of James by the battle of La Hague, but the very winds of Heaven were against the hapless king. He had waited a month for favorable winds to cross over to England, and meanwhile the Dutch fleet, joining with that of Admiral Russell in the Downs, appeared on the coast of France.

A Jacobite at heart, and a favorite of his old master, fain would Russell have avoided a collision, and if Tourville, the commander of the French fleet, would consent to pass quietly by with his squadron at night he should not be attacked.

The bravery of Tourville, however, was too unreasonable to allow of his putting his own glory in the shade for the sake of James, and the encounter that ended in the loss of the French fleet sent James back in grief and sorrow to St. Germain's, and filled with despair and mortification his adherents in England.

Down-spirited, the poor king had lingered three sad weeks in Normandy ere he could make up his mind to return to St. Germain's, whither he had at last returned, won over by his sorrowing and anxious queen.

At fitful and uncertain intervals only came news from England. In the previous year they had been prostrated with grief by the news of Ashton's execution. Then when, after the famous Treaty of Limerick had been signed, and Lord Lucan came over to St. Germain's, bringing with him Sir Reginald and a troop of devoted followers, a multitude of letters at the same time reached the hands of the king and queen. On a fine Summer morning, about the end of July, in the year 1693, after several weeks' weary watching, came news from London.

The windows of the king's favorite closet were formed in a large bay, and jutting boldly forward, they presented a fine view of the valley beneath, as also of the surrounding country. It was in this room that the queen had held an interview with the unfortunate John Ashton at the beginning of our tale.

Down in the valley he recognizes, making his way to the chateau, an old sea commander of his own, a man of large proportions, stout, and tall, his features hard and weather-beaten, and his hair, whitened by the hand of

time, blowing about in the summer breeze. "Why, surely, yonder is my brave old friend and mate, Davy Lloyd," said the king, watching the man beneath ascend with some difficulty the ascent leading to the chateau. "Had I known he was at St. Germain's, a carriage should have been sent for him. Time begins to leave its traces on him now; how old he looks."

How prone were he to notice its trace on others, and forget ourselves. James looked old and care-worn beyond what he imagined. Time and trouble had plowed deep furrows in his face.

Heartily the king welcomed his old sea commander, and not long had he been seated before he informed the king, with a significant glance, that he had letters from England, which he had promised to deliver with his own hands.

"I met and recognized the Earl of Lucan and Sir Reginald St. John, of your Majesty's Guards. 'Sdeath, how the young rascal's eyes sparkled when I gave him a letter from his lady-love, the fair Mistress O'Neill. She also sent one for Lord Lucan; and I must crave your Majesty's pardon for giving to any one before yourself," said Lloyd to the queen, "but I thought I might not meet with them again, as my time here will be but short. Here, madam, is the letter," and the old sailor presented it to the queen, whose eyes sparkled with delight, for she recognized the handwriting of her favorite Florence; "and here, sire, are two of the greatest consequence, and you see they are presented last, which ought to have been the first. Do you know the handwriting, sire?"

Poor fond father! A flush of pleasure lighted up his face as the king recognized the handwriting on one of the letters. He remembered the other also, but laid it aside till he had perused the first. It ran as follows: December, 1691.

I have been very desirous of some safe opportunity to make you a sincere and humble offer of my duty and submission, and for you to be assured that I am both truly concerned for the misfortune of your condition, and sensible, as I ought to be, of my own unhappiness. As to what you may think I have contributed to it, if wishes could recall what is past, I had long since redeemed my fault. I am sensible it would have been a great relief to me if I could have found means to have acquainted you earlier with my repentant thoughts, but I hope they may find the advantage of coming late—of being less suspected of sincerity than, perhaps, they would have been at any time before.

It will be a great addition to the ease I propose to my own mind by this plain confession, if I am so happy as to find that it brings any real satisfaction to yours, and that you are as indulgent and as easy to receive my humble submission as I am to make it, in a free, disinterested acknowledgment of my fault, for no other end but to deserve and receive your pardon. I have had a great mind to beg you to make one compliment for me; but fearing the expressions which would be most proper for me to make use of might be, perhaps, the least convenient for a letter, I must content myself at present with hoping the bearer will make a compliment for me to the queen.

The king laid it aside, and took up Marlborough's letter. The queen meanwhile had vanished, and was busily employed with the perusal of her old favorite's epistle in her own cabinet. Lord Marlborough wrote, averring that he could neither eat nor sleep for his remembrance of the crimes he had committed against his king. "I make your Majesty," he added, "offers of unlimited service, and I assure you I will bring back the Princess Anne to her duty if I receive the least word of encouragement."

"I shall write to Marlborough," said the king, laying his letter aside, "that his good intentions must be proved by deeds rather than words."

At that moment there was a knock at the closet door, and a page introduced Lord Lucan, whose prodigious size far exceeded that of the stalwart Welchman, Davy Lloyd.

"I have had a letter that has given me pleasure, Lucan," he said, showing him the epistle of the princess, as Lloyd was leaving the room, the fond, weak heart of the king yearning towards his younger child. My daughter Anne, Lucan, is surely better than her sister Mary."

Captain Lloyd's hand was yet on the handle of the door, when this remark attracted his attention. He paused, half opened it again, thrusting forward his white head, saying: "I beg your Majesty to understand they are both alike in principle; the one is not a whit better than the other; a couple of—," and here the rough seaman used a canine comparison, to which an oath was added, which we may not repeat in these pages.

Poor, foolish, fond James! A deep sigh escaped as Captain Lloyd closed the door. His words had been harsh and coarse, but the king knew him to be warmly devoted to his interests, and felt that he must be well convinced that Anne was only seeking to further her own selfish views, or that he would never have burst out with such uncontrollable indignation.

"Well, Lucan, and what news has the captain brought for you," said the king, as he threw the letter of the princess aside.

"Merely a letter from Florence, your Majesty. Poor child, she seems to entertain no hope of getting away from Mary's Court. She has also sent a letter to St. John, releasing him, I believe, from the contract that existed between them; behold him, sire, he is walking on the terrace beneath the window. He looks very lachrymose, does he not, rather unlike the fine, dashing, young fellow, who last year offered me his services at Limerick. Active service will rout him out of his trouble most speedily, your Majesty."

"He will not be suffered to remain long inactive," replied the king, "but I grieve for Florence very much; there is little doubt, Sarsfield, but that the rich estates of your young kinswoman

are coveted by William. His conquests in Flanders are costing him dear; he is impoverishing England to carry on his wars, and the larger the number of the estates confiscated on the plea of rebellion, the better for him. My poor Lucan, how severely have you and many others suffered by your devotion to our cause."

A tear stood in the king's eye as he spoke. The brave, warm-hearted Irishman beheld it; his heart was as soft as that of a woman, and muttering a few words about only having done his duty in sacrificing his estates, and urging his countrymen to go to France, he turned to the window to conceal his emotion. For the old mansion in which he was born, and the green hills and dales surrounding it, swam before his eyes, and with the expressions of his royal master's sorrow was more than he could bear. Nor was the scene in the open meadow beyond, where the troops had mustered for their daily exercise, in their dingy, hardworn uniform, more cheering to the spirits, for it clearly manifested the scant condition of the poor king's finances.

A moment later the queen entered the closet followed by her beautiful boy, a child of some four years of age. The little prince, as soon as the door was opened, rushed at once to Lord Lucan; his head reached not much above the knee of the somewhat gigantic figure of that personage. The boy's large, dark eyes were fixed on his face, with an earnestness such as is not often seen in childhood. Alas, the little prince was well accustomed to the sight of tears, if you only remember what his parents suffered, and with the acute apprehension of an intelligent child, he at once concluded that something had occurred to make "big Lord Lucan," as he used to call him, look so sad to-day.

With dark eyes, a fair, bright complexion, an abundance of clustering curls of golden hair, and the rest of his features equally good, the little Prince of Wales deserved the appellation of a beautiful child.

He was dressed in his usual attire, a frock of the royal Stuart tartan, with a stomacher of point lace, a cap of dark blue velvet, set somewhat fancifully on the top of his pretty head, adorned with a small plume of black and blue feathers. His tiny hands caught firm hold of those of Lucan, and his golden curls fell over that brave Irishman's arm, as in childish prattle he begs him to come and see a beautiful pony which Monsieur the Dauphin had sent him.

Very good, fast friends, indeed, are the child and the earl, though the brave Sarsfield did not live to raise a sword in defence of the rights of the prince he loved so dearly.

He lifted the boy up in his arms, fondling and caressing him as though he were his own. In fact, the little fellow knew well the power he possessed over the brave and gallant Lucan, who, turning with a smile to James and his consort, said, laughing, for the sight of the boy had driven away his sadness: "You see your Majesties, big Lucan is fairly caught, and as he cannot say 'no' to your child, why you must excuse him, he is going to look at the Dauphin's present."

"A word first, Lord Lucan," said the queen. "I have a long letter from my beloved Florence. I shall read it to the king, and then send it to yourself and Sir Reginald."

"A long letter at last, sire," he resumed as Lord Lucan withdrew with the boy under his care, shall I read it aloud?"

The king assented, and placing her chair beside that of the king, she began to read.

We must here remark, however, that the date of the letter was that of October of the previous year. Consequently it had been commenced in the form of a journal, which had been kept at random, for sometimes weeks or even months had elapsed without an entry having been made. The corn was now ready for the reaper, its golden sheaves were being gathered in. Nearly another year had passed, showing that the journal had been kept by irregular intervals, and as circumstances allowed, most probably with a view of having it at hand whenever a fortuitous chance might occur, through which she might transmit it to her friends in France.

Without any preamble, for cogent reasons addressing no particular person, it began thus: TO BE CONTINUED.

Father Elliot's Missions.

The mission of the distinguished Paulist, Father Elliot, in Michigan, closes this week. It has been more than successful. Its aim was to put the doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church in a true light before non-Catholic Americans. A query-box at the door of each hall he lectured in invited explanation and inquiry as to the teachings and precepts of the Church. Our separated brethren crowded the halls and listened to him with attention and respect. Wherever he was heard he set a fertile seed plot for the growth of Catholicity. This valiant soldier, this eloquent apostle, met with many scar decorated by his brethren in arms, some who, in his own regiment, had "felt the touch" with him in the rush on the intrenchments of the foe; some with whom he had shared the "camraderie" of the bivouac. They thronged to hear him.

In the early days of the coming year he will open, in the diocese of Cleveland, a mission on the same lines as that which he has now closed in the diocese of Detroit.

Have You Tried Derby Plug Smoking Tobacco, 5, 10 And 20 cent Plugs.

TENDING ROME-WARD. High Churchmanship in Favor of the Episcopal Clergy of Chicago.

Bishop William E. McLaren, the head of the Episcopal diocese of Chicago, is charged with being a boycott-cotter of low churchmen. This charge is brought by Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, jr., who has been the rector for three years of St. James, the oldest and most influential church of the diocese. Boycott is the word Rev. Tomkins himself employs in characterizing the treatment that has been accorded him ever since his arrival in Chicago. He says he came to St. James as a confirmed evangelical. The parish had united in giving him a unanimous call, knowing of his low church views. Bishop McLaren, Rev. Tomkins says, was fully aware of this situation, but instead of acquiescing in it he has steadfastly refused to give the parish the recognition its standing warranted and that had always been accorded it. And this treatment, the rector stoutly maintains, is due wholly to the fact that the standard of his own churchmanship is below that of the head of the diocese. "The upshot of this difference is the resignation from the rectorship of St. James by Rev. Tomkins and his acceptance of a call to Grace church, Providence, R. I. BISHOP McLAREN'S HIGH CHURCHMANSHIP.

"As to Bishop McLaren's High Churchmanship," says Rev. Tomkins, "it is becoming more marked with his advancing years. An instance of this is seen in the practices which he not only permits but openly sanctions in the Church of the Ascension—practices for which he called the Rev. Arthur Ritchie to account several years ago, when he was rector, but which Father Larabee now maintains without rebuke. Notable among these is the celebration of Mass, at which the churchman alone partakes of the sacrament in the presence of the congregation—a Catholic rite which has brought Father Ritchie into discredit with the Bishop of New York. When so conservative churchmen as Bishop Potter and Bishop Paret of Maryland, neither of whom belongs to the Low Church party, find it necessary to firmly rebuke and check this tendency toward Catholicism, it certainly seems time that something were done here in Chicago."

FATHER LARABEE HEARS CONFESSIONS. At the Church of the Ascension, a reporter found Father Larabee engaged at the confessional. He waited during the observance of this rite, against which Low churchmen hurl so many anathemas, in a room where censurs hung, great altar candlesticks stood, and from whose door an open closet could be seen in which were the phylacteried sacrificial robes of the priests. When the last penitent had departed Father Larabee appeared. In answer to a question as to the treatment accorded Mr. Tomkins by the Bishop and the diocese he said: "Of course, I cannot presume to say just what that treatment has been in detail. As to that the Bishop and Mr. Tomkins are the best authorities."

"In your High church service here at the Ascension, Father Larabee, do you find Bishop McLaren in full sympathy with you?" "O, yes, indeed, I am sure he is."

"Does he approve of the confessional?" "Yes, he does very fully, I know. Not only that, he has a confessional at the cathedral, and I am quite sure he goes to confession himself."

"But Bishop McLaren is not looked upon as being so high a churchman as Bishop Grafton of Fond du Lac, is he?" "Well, he doesn't wear a cope and miter, but in sentiment and belief I think they are in full agreement."

Turning to a case of books that stood under a picture of Cardinal Newman Father Larabee pulled out a red volume, remarking: "GROWTH OF HIGH CHURCHMANSHIP. 'The growth of Catholic practices in the Church of England has been surprisingly rapid. Here in this book of statistics for 1893 is a comparative statement of the number of churches that were observing certain rites, against which low churchmen rail in 1882 and in 1892. As an instance of this growth there but about 1,000 churches that had candles at the altar in 1882, while in 1892 there were nearly 4,000; at an earlier date there were 77 churches in all England in which censers were swung, while ten years later 177."

"But the growth hasn't been so rapid in America, has it?" "No, but it has been marked. Right in this diocese there have been at least 4 churches where there are confessionals, including the cathedral, and a large number of the churches are using candles at the altar, and other parts of the higher service."

Home Education.—Do you ask what will educate your son? Your example will educate him; your conversation with your friends; the business he sees you transact; the likings and dislikings he sees you express—these will educate him. The society you live in will educate him; your rank, your station in life, your home, your table will educate him. It is not in your power to withdraw from him the continual influence of these things, except you were to withdraw yourself from them also. Education goes on at any instant of time; you can neither stop it nor turn its course. What these have a tendency to make your child, that he will be.

IT IS NOT what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. When in need of medicine remember Hood's Cures.