made an outlaw and a beggar.

"Very little, my lord; the gentle-

at present, but it is a very bad case; it is more than probable it will prove

severe wounds at the hands of the

of a very melancholy day, assembling

those under his command, exhorting

them to peaceable and quiet living,

and inquiring into the number of the

men who intended to become exiles

rather than submit to the usurper's

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SHADOW OF THE GRAVE.

that season of the year in which the bright green foliage of Summer gives

stitute the chief charm of woodland

The queen and her court are a

Kensington, the king's favorite palace,

he being daily expected in England; and as the baronet's health had not

improved sufficiently to allow of his

return to Morville, the proximity of

his house to the palace gave Florence

the opportunity of frequently visiting

her by handing to her a small packet.

It had reached the baronet's hands

through a private channel, and from

Florence grew red and white by turns, as, with cold and trembling

fingers, she untied the silken ribbon that fastened the packet.

good aunt of her's, and tears fell to that

paper containing a few hastily written lines, of the purport of which the

reader is already aware. Within them

was wrapped the miniature, a welcome

She sat still a long while pondering

over the contents of that last letter,

and angry with herself, after all, that

any thought should distract her from

sorrow at the sudden and violent death

Of course Sir Reginald had been

cause of King James? She had riches enough for both, notwithstanding his

confiscated estates; but the trouble

now would be to escape from her present thraldom. She had no hope of

miniature in his hand; "you

there against my will?"

ouvenir indeed.

of her aunt.

Lord Lucan It ran as follows:

their renowned kinsman, Sarsfield,

On one of these visits he surprised

him

Lord Lucan,

It is a lovely evening in Autumn.

and-and-

surgeon.

fatal one.



LOSS OF POWER and Manly Vigor, Nervous Deblity, Paralysis, or Palsy, Organic Weakness and wasting Drains upon the system, resulting in dullness of mental Faculties, Impaired Memory, Low Spirits, Morose or Irritable Temper, fear of impending calamity,

ties, Impaired Memory, Low Spirits, Morose or Irritable Temper, fear of impending calamity, and at the usand and one derangements of both body and mind result from parnicious secret practices, often indulged in by the young, through ignorance of their ruinous consequences. To reach, re-claim and restore such unfortunates to health and happiness, is the aim of an association of medical gentlemen who have prepared a book, written in plain but chaste language, treating of the nature, symptoms and curability, by home treatment, of such diseases. The World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., will, on receipt of this notice, with 10 cents (in stamps for postage) mail, sealed in plain envelope, a copy of this useful book. It should be read by every young man, parent and guardian in the land.



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summer complaints so promptly, quiets the pain so effectually and allays irrita-tion so successfully as this unrivalled prescription of Dr. Fowler. If you are going to travel this

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FLORENCE C'NEILL.

The Rose of St. Germains ;

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK

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

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MINIATURE.

Ghastly sights met the eyes of Lord ucan after the capitulation. The re mains of his heroic cousin, lying amongst the dead, filled his heart with oignant grief; and he stood some ime, lost in his melancholy thoughts. peside her remains and those of little ones who had fallen by her side. when the voice of his faithful servant Dennis aroused him.

The poor honest-hearted fellow could scarcely speak for emotion. At last, after two or three inarticulate efforts,

ne managed to say :
"Arrah, thin Gineral dear, murtherous Saxons have done black work, bad cess to them for that same; but I come to tell ye there's one Eng-lish officer, Major St. John, just afther lying, as I may say, and he begs to see ye, Gineral; he is mortal bad, and has had two ugly wounds. He keeps saying, 'Fetch me the Gineral,' and I tell you his spirit can't go in peace till he sees you

"Come with me, Dennis, and show me where he is; I will go to him at

Dennis led the way to the hospital in which extra beds were being hastily improvised. All around lay the wounded and the dying, their white faces looking ghastly, as though already the life had departed.

On a low settle bed lay Sir Reginald. grievously wounded in the right arm and left shoulder. incoherently when Sarsfield approached A surgeon, assisted by a Sister of Charity, was binding up his vounds.

He was talking of his early English ome, of the happy scenes of child hood, forever gone-

"Yet who for power would not mourn, That he no more must know; His fair red castle on the hill, And the pleasant lands below."

These beautiful lines, of one of our English bards, might well answer for such as Sir Reginald St. John.

But as Lord Lucan listens he discovers that the incoherent wanderings of St. John are not the mere ramblings of delusion, for words like these fell from his lips:

"Yes, it was all my fault ; I took Benson to the Grange, I induced her uncle to go to London. But for $my \sin y$ and folly in that matter, my Florence. my betrothed one, would never have been seen at the hateful Mary's court.

"Aye, a light breaks upon me, then," thought Lord Lucan; "you have done mischief. Major, now I can account for that which has perplexed -the reason of your sad, dejected countenance and constant fits of ab straction. It was through you, then, my kinswoman, Florence, ha has go

The good General, however, kept down all expression of what he really and bending his ear low so as to catch the words which fell in broken entences, and taking the cold hand of St. John within his own, he lent an at tentive ear to what he thought the last

injunctions of a dying friend.
"Will you give my Florence thisand this?" he murmured, giving Sarsfield a small miniature of himself, set with diamonds, together with an un

sealed letter. "On my faith as a soldier and a gentleman, I promise to do as you reuest," replied Sarsfield, much moved.

in battle, he resumed. "It begs her to forgive the folly which my her to forgive the folly which my the end of her letter. Then Florence unfolded a sheet of That letter I wrote lest I should fall loyalty to William led me to commit for, but for me, she had never been



SEVERE COUCH At Night Spitting Blood

LIFE SAVED BY

Given Over by the Doctors! AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe attack of lung trouble which of the physicians pronounced consumption. Of the cough was extremely distressing, of especially at night, and was frequently of attended with the spitting of blood. Of the doctors being unable to help her. Of induced her to try Ayer's Cherry Peedral and was supprised at the great of the country and was supprised at the great of the property of the country and was supprised at the great of the country and was supprised at the great of the country and was supprised at the great of the country and was supprised at the great of the country and was supprised at the great of the country and was supprised at the great of the country and was supprised at the great of the country and was supprised at the great of the country and The doctors being unable to help her. Of induced her to try Ayer's Cherry Peetoral, and was surprised at the great Peetoral, and was surprised at the great bottle, she was cured, so that now she is of quite strong and healthy. That this medicine saved my wife's life, I have not the least doubt."—K. Morris, Memoris, Tenn.

phis, Tenn. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Received Highest Awards AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

the sound of carriage wheels; it tells me my time is up. Farewell, my own dear uncle, till to-morrow. I shall come and see you every day whilst I am in Kensington." On her return she was summoned to

attend the queen. After a few com-monplace remarks respecting the health of her uncle, the queen said : Do you remember Count Von Arn-

at the court of Mary. It begs her to think with tenderness of my mem-ory, when she looks upon that likeness, if I die; and if I live, it releases her heim, a very handsome young officer, high in favor of the king? He holds a very honorable post at the Hague, and accompanied the king to England from the engagement she has made to one whom the Prince of Orange has on his last visit hither.'

"Yes, madam, I do remember such

a person slightly."
"The king has formed intentions will you me once more, my lord, will you undertake to-to promise, that in some respecting him which we mutually way my Florence shall—shall surely have these tokens of—of our betrothal, hope will not be displeasing to our protegee, Florence O'Neill. The count has a fine estate near the Hague, and as he But St. John had lost all power to is a favorite of the king's, I need not proceed. The cold fingers which had tell you that his interests will be cared tightly grasped Sarsfield's hand re-laxed their hold, a pallor like that of death overspread his face, and his head fell heavily on the pillow. "Is there any hope, think you?" said Lord Lucan, addressing the for.

Florence set like a statue, pale and speechless, whilst the queen delivered this tirade. When the queen paused, "Madam," she said, "I beg the

"Madam," she said, "I beg the king and yourself to accept my grateful thanks for your kind intentions, but I cannot marry Count Von Arnman has been badly wounded. I would be sorry to give an opinion heim.

Not marry him, and why? He is handsome, amiable, and wealthy. Surely you are not encouraging an further attachment to the traitor St. John?

Lord Lucan carefully placed the letter and miniature in his breast "Spare me, gracious madam," said the girl, rising, and then leaning against a chair for support; "I have pocket, resolving to carry them with him to France, as amongst the ladies at the exiled court there might probno intention to marry; it is impossible ably be one who could undertake, for me to wed the count. "The king will be displeased that you should reject an alliance which we through her friends, to transmit the packet safely to Florence. He then visited the beds of other officers, as

have thought well of. Still more, should he deem that you persist in your rejection of the count because well as of the men who had received enemy, and ended the painful duties you encourage still an attachment for the outlaw St. John. With no friends in England but your uncle, who will not tarry long, it is something worse than foolish to refuse overtures which the king and myself consider it will be

for your advantage to accept."
"It is simply impossible, your Majesty, that I can ever marry Count Von Arnhiem."

"I see well how it is," replied the queen;" also, that I have pressed the matter too much. The count is coming here along with the king in a few weeks; you will overcome this reluctance

tance.

"Madam, spare me any overtures
on the part of the count," said Florenc; "my mind will remain unaltered; I shall never marry him."

"I see that you are obstinate," was the reply. "Time effects great changes. Before very long you may be as anxious to complete this match as you are now violently opposed Obstinacy is the prevailing character istic of the dispositions of certain members of my own family. It is that of my own sister, and her positiveness in retaining those mischievous favor-ites of hers, the Marlboroughs, are a proof of it. She will have to yield, and so will you.

Florence stood as one bewildered, as uttering these words, the queen - her majestic, portly figure erect as a dart, and her countenance expressive of anger-left the room.

The first letter she opened was from Lord Lucan. It ran as follows:

My Dear Florence:—In compliance with the sequest of a brave officer, who has been fighting under my command, I transmit to you the enclosed. I also beg, at the same time, to acquaint you with the death of your aunt, the amiable and beloved Catharine O'Neill. She was killed by a shell falling on her house whilst the town was bombarded, at a moment in which she was actively engaged in comforting and helping those who had flocked around her.

I am glad to tell you that the writer of the enclosed letter, written by him several weeks since, is pronounced out of danger. As soon as he recovers sufficiently to travel, he will accompany me to St. Germains.

I must not forget to add that all cousin Catherine's wealth is bequeathed to yourself.

I hope, my dear Florence, that the day is "Was ever anyone in this world more tormented," sighed she as, entering her own apartment, she sat down, and thought over the events of the last few hours. "With no friend or relative in London but the dear old man, who will not, I fear, linger long, as the queen coldly reminded me, and unable to get over to France, what step can I take to guard myself against this new tyranny?

Then she sat still for a time, but her tears fell fast. She might seem to be looking out, as she sat at the open window, on the prospect in the distance, self.

I hope, my dear Florence, that the day is not far distant when I shall have the pleasure of assisting at your nuptials with one who was the best and bravest of my late officers.

I remain, dear Florence,
Your affectionate cousin,
LUCAN. for the last rays of the sun were set ting and the tops of the tall trees and the stately mansions in the distance were lighted up by its golden beams, the clouds tipped with the brightes hues of the ruby and amethyst. Well did Florence remember that

"I am rich, and what does my wealth do for me," sighed the girl.
"Better be the daughter of a poor cottager on my uncle's estate, or some humble peasant woman in la belle France, than suffer as I do. What is the use of wealth, I wonder," she rambled on, "when one cannot do as one pleases? I would do much good if I could but be left alone, and try to put to good account what God has given me; yes, I am sure, I am sure, I would. Riches I would make a passport to heaven, unless my nature changes; but, will they ever make me happy, I wonder, this wealth that people covet so; I shall have in abundlong since forgiven; had he not perilled his life in fighting for the ance, but deprived of my liberty, I am worse off than the poorest woman in England.

She was silent for a little while, then suddenly a perplexing thought filled her; she rose and walked about the room, then sat her down and rambled

being able to do so even had she been this moment free. Could she leave on again. "Well, if this be the case, then that aged man, whose days were fast drawing to a close, and who was clingindeed, I am undone," she said. "I heard the Lady Marlborough say that ing to her as a father to a beloved the queen was so angry that the Princess Anne got the pension from th "I will leave them with you, uncle Government, because she wanted the dear," she said, kneeling by his bed-side, and placing the letters and money to help the king with his continental wars. Von Arnheim is one of his foreign subjects and a favorite; is take care of them for me. It is hard it possible, that from interested motives to part from them, but I dare not have they are trying to force me into a marriage with this man. If so, the them at the palace under my care, deaths of the only two relations from whom my wealth is derived, at this particular juncture, is favorable to any Is it not hard to bear this restraint? What right has the queen to keep me No right, my child, but by her er. Moreover, I fancy she is as queen force me into compliance? No, not while Reginald lives, or even if I much attached to you as she can be to am to have the pang of hearing of his death, she shall shut me up in the The queen cares for no one but her husband, uncle. But, hark, there is gloomy old Tower first."

The more Florence suffered her mind to dwell on this new idea, the more convinced she became that an ulterior motive was at the bottom of the marriage they were evidently about to coerce her into making, and the more terrified she became, at the near prospect there evidently was of her uncle's but he could sa death. The queen, early in the first his utterances.

year of her regal power, dismissed all Catholics from the vicinity of the me-tropolis, and Florence was at no loss guess why her invalid uncle was suffered to dwell at Kensington, or she herself in the palace, and could no longer shut her eyes to the fact that she would ere long be subjected to some cruel tyranny, unless some fortuitous chance occurred in her favor.

Warned at last by a sudden chillness seizing her whole frame, she closed the open window near which she had been seated.

The moon had sunk beneath a cloud, and the sky now looked wild and stormy, a wind had arisen, and a few rain drops pattering against the win-

dow, betokened an approaching storm.
"Dark as is my own fate, oh, my
God support me," sighed the girl,
whilst her eyes filled with bitter tears; but even as she turned away, one bright star shone out in the canopy of heaven, whilst all around was black and glaomy. Call it imagination, call it enthusiasm or what you will, that bright star appeared to her as a pres sage that all would yet be well, an answer to the aspiration she had uttered, the almost wild cry which in the agony of her heart she had sent up to Heaven for help. Turning from the casement she fell upon her knees, and with uplifted hands prayed long and earnestly for guidance and assistance and then soothed and comforted, and sustained by the providence of the God in whom she placed an un-wavering trust, she slept in the midst of the dangers that beset her path, the calm, peaceful sleep of an infant cradled by the protecting arm of its mother.

queen, she observed that her manner was cold and restrained to herself, but more than usually free and pleasant with the other ladies, and it was a relief to Florence when business on matters of State summoned the queen to her cabinet and left her free to visit her uncle.

The baronet was propped up by pillows, and she observed, with a shudder that a change had taken place since she was with him on the previous even-ing. She had never stood face to face ing. She had never stood face to face with death, had never before been present when the spirit was passing away from its earthly tenement, con sequently, she was not aware that the grey shadow which seemed to rest upon his countenance was the shadow that betokens speedy dissolution; had she been concious of this she would not have distracted his mind with the narration of the tyranny of the queen on the previous evening.
She had dismissed the nurse immedi-

ately on her entrance, and seated herself by his bedside, her hand resting

"Does he not feel for my wretchedness?" thought she, when she had concluded. "He seems as if he did not heed what I have said.

She was mistaken, however, but the sands of life were running quickly out, though at last he gathered strength to speak.

"My child, be firm and courageous, whatever you suffer: I charge you with my dying breath, do not marry the king's favorite, be true to yourself, as I was not when I came to Lon Remember my words: the day will come, sooner or later, in which impossible as it now appears, you will return to France. Now draw up the blinds and let the glorious sunlight fall upon my room, the next rising of which mine eyes will not behold, and then give ear to what I am about to say.

A spasm shot across her heart, as drawing aside the heavy curtains of crimson satin, she suffered the soft beams of the October sun to enter the room, and, at the same time, beheld more vividly the dusky shadow over the face of the dying man, more painfully vivid by the clear light of day, than when she had first entered the darkened room.

"Dearest uncle, my beloved and only friend," said she, "do you really believe that you are dying?"
"I know it, my child, now do not take on so; now listen to me, I am

about to ask a question. Know you that Father Lawson is in London?"

Florence shook her head, her emotion was too great to allow her to speak. "Well then, he is stopping at a house

in Soho, the direction of which I can give The servants can be trusted. you. they are all from Morville, and without one exception, are good Catholics; the nurse must be got out of the way, she being a Protestant. In the dead hour of the night, my child, Father Lawson must come hither and sustain a dying man with the life-giving Sacraments he so sorely needs.

"I will write to the queen," said Florence, "and shall ask leave to be absent some days from the Palace. I will take the nurse's place at night,

and send her to bed."
"Ring the bell then, and tell the servant who answers it to send the house steward to me immediately Florence delivered her uncle's mes-

age and a few moments later, Onslow, a white-headed man, who had grown scheme they may have formed. Shall they have their way then, shall the service, as dependents were wont to do in old times, made his appearance.

The poor fellow was much moved when he approached the

baronet. The simple, unaffected manner of the old gentleman, who was one of the best type of the school of country squires, had attached his servants and his tenantry strongly to his person. He had been a good master, an indulgent landlord, and a faithful friend.

"My dear Sir Charles," said Onslow, but he could say no more, grief choked

"Onslow, my good fellow, give me your hand," said the dying baronet; "you are witness for me that I have never been a hard master, nor a grasping landlord; that I have ever made it a rule to allow every man as much or more than his due; that I have lead a moral life, bringing shame and trouble to no man's household that I have opened my purse and fed those that were hungry; that no poor person was ever suffered to pass the gates of Morville Grange unrelieved; that I have been called a good man, and held by my neighbors in respect, as one who lived in good accord and fellowship with others; and yet, Onslow, now that I come to die, I see sins where of old I saw not anything; now, I see cause for repentance many things, which in past days

seemed of no account. "My dear, dear master, would that when I myself die, my conscience may reproach me with nothing more of weightier import than that which is on 'said Onslow. yours,'

"Sufficient for every man is his own burden, and mine seemeth very heavy now; so Onslow, I warn you by our common faith, hasten to Soho, in Bolton street, at the sign of the Blue Boar. You will find, on asking for him, and pre senting this ring, one Mr. Allen ; wait, if he be not within; when you see him you will recognize mine own saintly chaplain, Father Lawson, forced by the perils of these dangerous times, to abide in places scarce seemly for a priest of our holy Church to dwell in. When you give him the ring it will be sign to him that my hour has come tell him not to fail to be here as soon as the shades of night have fallen, for that his old friend may see the setting of the sun, but will never look on its ris

Onslow, much moved, took the ring and hastened to execute his errand, and a short time after, the physician, calling to see his patient, the fears of Florence and the conviction of Sir Charles that he was near his end, were confirmed by him.

The only difficulty was in the disposal of the nurse in such a way as not to give rise to suspicion; it was managed by Florence herself. Her eyes, swollen by her tears, testified to her affection, and sending for the woman she said to her,

"I am going to take upon myself a portion of the task of nursing my uncle, therefore, during the early por tion of the night alone, should your services be required, should you be wanted I shall have you called."

The woman, who had for several nights been deprived of her rest, was nothing lothe to hear that she could have her placed supplied, and thus procure comfortable sleep; and as florence took care to arrange that the room provided for her use should be quite at the other side of the house, there was no fear of molestation or intrusion from her.

In the early part of the night, then, Florence, in compliance with the wishes of her dying uncle, took a few hours rest. At midnight she was again seated by his side, the woman having been conducted to the room destined for her use. The door communicating with her uncle's suite of apartments she ordered to be carefully locked, lest curiosity or any other cause should lead the nurse to leave her room in the night and wander to any other part of the house.

Between the hours of twelve and one, disguised as a farmer, Father Lawson was ushered into the sick chamber. The metamorphosis was complete, as far as outward appearances went. looked like some one of the stout, honest, and somewhat rough mannered men whose character he had assumed for the time being.

After the confession of the baronet

had been heard, the servants were summoned (none but the Protestant nurse went to bed that night), and the little party, kneeling around the bed, joined in prayer whilst the last rites of the Church were administered and the Bread of Life broken to the dying man.

The ceremonies were over, but still Father Lawson lingered, wishful to see the last of the friend to whom he had for many years been chaplain, in the quiet solitude of Morville. The end drew very near ; the dull.

glazed eye, the heavy death dews, the restlessness, all betokened approaching dissolution.

Present to him now are the times for-

ever past; he rambles, and his speech is thick and incoherent; secular amusement and religious persecution are all mixed up together. "A fine morning for the hunt, gentlemen. Sir Thomas, I shall come

and see your pack. Hallo - to horse - bring out the hounds - rare sport shall we have to day—"
There was a pause. The eyes of the dying man are closed, the breath sus-

pended; will he speak again? TO BE CONTINUED.

Not many business houses in these United States can boast of fifty years' standing. The business of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., whose in comparable Sarsaparillia is known and used everywhere, has passed its halfcentennial and was never so vigorous as at present.

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My feet were so badly swollen that I could not wear my shoes. I got Yellow Oil, and to my astonishment it gave instant relief, and two bottles completely cured me. Mrs. W. G. McKay, Berwick, Ont.

i Minard s Liniment is the Best.