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and see if it isn't true.

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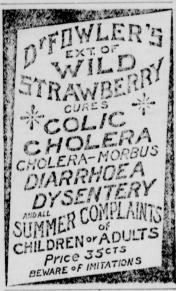




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DEAR SIRS, - I am thankful to B.B.B because I am to-day strong and well through its wonderful blood cleansing powers. I was troubled with scrofulous spots and blemishes all over my body and was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I took one bottle, with great benefit, and can positively say that before I had taken half of the second

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FLORENCE O'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 XXIX.

LETTER FROM ST. GERMAINS

In never ending fear lest the king should again be moved to bestow the hand of Florence on one of his Dutch parasites, the time passed drearily on She often, indeed, marvelled why Oneen Mary detained her at her court unless to answer two ends-the one, to ensure a separation from a person she detested as much as she did the exiled queen; the other, to have the hand of a disengaged heiress to bestow on whomsoever of his Dutch favorites William should hereafter feel inclined to

The news, too, reached her that Sarsfield and Sir Reginald were both fighting in Flanders, under the French king, and sad as she occasionally was under the continued apprehension of danger to Sir Reginald, or a renewa of tyranny to herself, she would have yielded to a much greater extent but for the lessons and example of her handmaiden, who never ceased in times of despondency to remind her of the all but miraculous interposition of Providence in her regard, when within but a few hours of being made an unwilling wife. At the same time it not unfrequently happened that she felt an amount of vexation at witnessing the extreme placidity of Grace, whom noth ing ever ruffled. She was quite right in conjecturing that it was the result of the lesson she had learned so well whilst passing through that fiery ordeal with the husband whom she had

een so eager to obtain. But there was one very near the queen who was made sorely to suffer by Her Majesty, and this was the Princess Anne. The queen was again left by her husband, with difficulties surrounding her at every step. Jacob ites, or persons like Grace, were mov-ing about in her own palace, antici-pating the restoration of her father, and aware that her sister, with whom she was now at variance, had written a letter to her father, which she had intercepted, in which she had told him "she would fly to him as soon as he could land in any part of Great Brit-

Florence was by nature a gentle, mid woman. When she witnessed timid woman. the queen's treatment of her own sister her heart involuntarily recurred to the thought of the danger she had escaped and the certainty there was that in every contest that might await her in the future, the powerful and arbitrary Mary would win the day against her-

The princess had sent a humble mes sage to the queen, when, after a time, fraught with much suffering, a child was born to her, but who expired almost immediately.

If the princess thought her situation seriously ill as she was, and grieving over the loss of her child, would move The Pictorial Lives of the Saints contains. Refections for Every Day in the Year. The book is compiled from "Butler's Lives." and other approved sources, to which are added Lives of the American Saints, recently placed on the Calendar for the United States by special petition of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore; and also the Lives of the Saints Canonized in 1881 by His Holines Pope Leo XIII. Edited by John Gilmary Shea, LL.D. With a beautiful frontispiece of the Hely Family and nearly four hundred other II ustrations. Elegantly bound it extra cloth. Greatly admired by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., who sent his special blessing to the publishers; and approved by forty Archbishops and Bishops. The above work will be sent to any of our subscribers, and will also give them credit for a year's subscription on Tifs Carholic Records, on receipt of Three Deliars. We will in all cases prepay carriage.

queen she hoped, at some time or other, the request would appear as un reasonable to Her Majesty as it then

Hard and inflexible as was her

COULD HARDLY WALK ON ACCOUNT OF

RHEUMATISM



TWO YEARS Suffering IS CURED -BY-

THE USE OF Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For fully two years, I suffered from rheumatism, and was frequently in such a condition that I could hardly walk. Of I spent some time in Hot Springs, Ark., and the treatment helped me for the ottime being; but soon the complaint returned and I was as badly afflicted as ever. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recommended, I resolved to try it, and, after using six bottles, I was completely of "For fully two years, I suffered from mended, I resolved to the using six bottles, I was completely cured."—P. H. FORD, Quachita City, La.

Ayer's This Sarsaparilla

Admitted AT THE WORLD'S FAIR



nature, she was struck, it may be, with somewhat of remorse, for she said in the presence of Florence, on her re

turn to Kensington:
"I am sorry I spoke as I did to the princess, who had so much concern on her at the renewal of the affair that she trembled and looked as white a her sheets.

Those words she regretted having spoken were the last Mary ever uttered o her sister.

Meanwhile weeks and months passed away. Behind the scenes as she was in Mary's court, Florence learned wisdom with each recurring day, seeing as she did how very little wealth and exalted rank can purchase in the way of happiness and content. She knew that the mind of the usurping queen was a prey to many cares—treachery often at the council table, unfaithfulness in the husband whom she almost adored, and rumors ever and again of those risings in favor of her unfortunate father—which formed the terror of her whole reign; whilst towards the prin cess the most utter estrangement con tinued during the latter years of her life.

On one evening, many months after her long letter had been received by the ex-queen, the usually impassable features of her handmaiden wore an expression of pleasure. She advanced to meet her mistress with a package in her hand, saying, at the same time. in an under tone, "I have seen Fathe Lawson: these papers are from Mrs

The first enclosure contained a few lines from Sir Reginald. She opened it eagerly, and read as follows:

I repeat my former assertion, though, Heaven knows, with a sore, despairing heart. My fortunes are ruined, I am landless, homeless, a beggar on the face of the earth, and will not do you, my beloved one, such injury as to hold you to your troth. Forget that I ever existed. I ought to have began this letter with informing you that the gallant and brave defender of Limerick, Lord Lucan, has received a mortal wound at the battle of Landen. He lingered a few days, and then expired in my arms. The name of Sarsfield will be held in honor and veneration by Irishmen in ages yet to come, as a pattern of all that should distinguish the character of soldier and a man of honor.

"The last of my kinsfolk, then, is no more," thought Florence, with a sense of the desolation one experience when aware that we stand alone in the world, with not a soul on earth that can claim that blood relationship which, alas, that it should be so, does no always form, as it ought to do, the very strongest bond between man and his fellow-man. Of that, young as she was, she had had practical proc conduct of the queen's own family.

As a relative, Florence knew little of the gallant Lord Lucan, but she had been accustomed to think of him with a sense of gratified pride, and a feeling of gladness that she could claim relationship with a man whom his greatest enemies spoke of as of unsurpassed bravery and un-flinching honor. His conduct at Limerick attested the latter in a perhaps unexampled degree; for when help was at last at hand, he refused to pro fit by it, because he had pledged his

word to the followers of William. The letter from the queen began as

Another Autumn has passed away Shall I ever, my dear child, clasp you in my arms again?

It is now four years since we parted, and if the merciful God has sent us both trials, it has pleased Him to carry both yourself and your fond Mrs Whitely safely through them. At present we are all in good health, God be thanked. The king continues to load us with his benefits, and countless marks of friendship. Every fresh proof fills us with renewed grati-tude. Whilst writing on this subject, tude. do you remember, my child, that he promised to grant our Rose, as he termed you, any favor she might beg of him hereafter. It occurs to me that he might be willing to render you a little service in the affairs of a certain person whose disposition and

hold you to your engagement under present circumstances The remembrance of the sad and des titute condition of these brave gentle men, who have made themselves poor and destitute, and who have given everything for us, fills us with the most poignant grief, and troubles us far more keenly than our own calam

affection is unalterable, but who is,

alas! too proud to marry, and thus

Farewell, ma mignonne. I never cease to pray for you, as for myself, that God may fill our hearts with His love. We may be satisfied with all else that may happen to us if we pos-sess this. I may add that I was much interested in the account you gave me of your attendant. God has given you a great mark of His goodness, my child, in placing such a person near Burn this when read; and, once more, farewell.

CHAPTER XXX.

ALONE WITH RECORDS OF OTHER DAYS "Do you really feel worse, madam?" This enquiry was put to the queen by Florence in a tone of anxious consideration on the evening of the 20th of December, 1694.

Very much worse, child, indeed though the king does not like to hear me say it. I feel ill, seriously ill.'

The end was drawing nigh-that end which levels all distinction, when peer and peasant, the crowned head and the beggar, are at last equal.

Did Mary entertain a presentiment that this was to be her last? Her

day in question would lead posterity

to believe that she did. She always had a high, fresh color, so she had on this day in question. She did not look ill, and the two ladies who were in the room with our heroine when this conversation took place, were loth to believe that her Majesty indisposition were other than trifling. Indeed, she had never been in her usual health or spirits since about threeweeks ago, when the service at Whitehall came to a full stop in consequence of Archbishop Tillotson who was officiating in the queen's presence, being struck with apoplexy, he never spoke again, but died in a few days.

Like many ladies in our own time, Queen Mary was apt to be obstinate in remedies she used when unwell. Vainly had a faithful physician warned her against the use of a spirituous cordial, which she accustomed to swallow in large doses. She partook of it on this occasion, and shortly afterwards became much

For a short time Florence was alone with the queen, and many thoughts passed through her mind, connected with her own presence in the palace. She had been endeavoring to rally the queen's drooping spirits to the best of her power, and the latter seemed to have fallen asleep, and ceasing to talk, Florence fixed her gaze on the face with that high complexion, and the large corpulent figure of the queen—her size had become such as is rarely seen in a woman—still in the prime of life. Suddenly the queen opened her eyes; she was not asleep as Florence had imagined, but was thinking with closed eyes, probably on the more youthful personage beside her, whom partly from whim, and partly from interested motives, she had for some four or five years monopolized to herself in a species of honorable cap tivity. Suddenly Mary exclaimed in hard, abrupt tone, which made Florence start:

"What are you thinking of, what made you stop so suddenly? believed you were asleep,

and-"Yes, very well," interrupted the queen, "I will not press you too closely; instead of insisting on your queen. telling me your thoughts, you shall hear what mind were; I was thinking

of you."
"Of me, madam," said Florence, in a tone of astonishment.

"Yes, I was analyzing the reason which had made me constitute you one of my maids of honor. I was thinking of a terrible night three years since when you saved my life; also, of your conduct at the time the king had decreed that you should marry that unfortunate Count. You very rashly con tested the point at the time, but I was well satisfied with your conduct later. Tell me, child, in case I should die, is there any request you would like granted. I do not know why, but I feel a passing sympathy for you at times, and so put it to account of the circumstances I have mentioned.

A strange feeling kept Florence for moment silent; she was aroused by the queen demanding if she had heard what she had been saying to her.

"Yes, madam, but I was perplexed to know how to answer Your Majesty. This is but a passing illness, let us hope, why should you think you will die?"
"I am mortal, am I not," said the queen; "fetch me a pen, and ink,

and paper from my escretoire. With an expression of unfeigned wonder in her face, Florence assisted the queen to rise, though she still maintained a reclining position; she was about to write when, as if a sud-

den thought occurred to her, she paused, saying: There is a person acting as your maid; how very ugly she is; she has known better days, as the phrase goes, and I fancy she is attached to you; do you like Grace Wilmot? Tell me briefly, child, for I am very faint and

must lie down again speedily."
"Yes, madam, I like Grace Wilmot

very much, " was the reply. Then Mary grasped the pen, and paused for one moment as if to clothe her ideas in words; then the royal hand passed hurriedly over the paper. When she had finished writing, she again laid down, whilst she requested Florence to light her a taper, and bring her wax and a seal. She then folded the together in form of a letter,

sealed it and wrote upon the cover. "To be delivered to the king in case of my death."

"If I recover from this illness, you will return this letter to me unope if I die, you will deliver it to the king within a day of my decease. Be careful to do as I tell you, as you value what you may consider your own hap piness

A faint smile crossed the queen's face as she noticed the look of bewilder ment on that of Florence, who replied not without emotion, that she day of her death might be long distant, and that she trusted to return

it to the queen in a few days.

"Remember, not a word is to be said in connection with that to any breathing being; put it carefully aside, child, and now leave me to nyself. I do not want you again tonight.

Returned to her own room, Florence carefully locked the queen's letter in her cabinet, and lost in a maze of the wildest conjecture, for the paper certainly concerned herself. She was still sitting by the fire, abstracted and thoughtful, when Grace entered the room; the latter was at no loss to divine that something more than usual had occurred during her interview with the queen, but delicacy and respect kept her silent.

no loss to surmise that she had touched the heart of the queen, in so far as it was at all accessible, but never dreamed of the matter the papers really

contained. She had gone to rest at her usual hour, but had lain awake till after the palace clock had struck the hour of twelve, vainly trying to guess purport of those hurriedly written

When she at last fell asleep, all was silent as the grave; not the faintest sound was to be heard.

She awakened, startled by a noise of that she was certain, for beat and she started as one is apt to do whose sleep is not naturally disturbed.

The beams of the wintry moon streamed through the curtains, partially drawn aside at the foot of the bed. The room was flooded with its strong light; she could see around it, all was perfectly still and safe.

But again she heard that noise, and again she fears, for she remembers the night at Whitehall.

A few moments more and a deep sigh breaks upon the dead stillness around, and then she hears the rust ling of paper, and becomes aware that some one whose chamber is very close to her own, is keeping watch that cold December night. And, moreover, that their occupation must needs be the examination and destruction of papers of importance. Then Florence began to think what rooms were be tween her own and the queen's bed chamber, and she remembered that the bed-room gave admittance to a private closet used by the queen, and that the corner of her own room, near the head of her bed, must run parallel with this very closet.

A thrill of horror ran through her

veins, and she still listened attentively, hoping she might hear the murmur of the king's voice or some other person's. It seemed so very terrible to her to think, that, ill as she was, the queen was sitting up alone, forgetting the folly of such a step. She had partially thrown aside her bedclothes with the idea of going to the queen's room and urging her to go to rest, and allow her to perform the work on which she was engaged.

Again a deep sigh, and a moan a of a soul in anguish, as it looks over the records of the past. It is followed by the sound of paper being crushed or torn ; she hears, too, the queen's low cough, and shudders, for she knows well what her occupation must be that long cold winter's night.

She was alone, quite alone; of that Florence was now perfectly convinced; nor is it likely was she at all incorrect in surmising that the queen's occupation was that of destroying important papers connected with her usurpation of the crown.

Florence remembered having heard the late king speak of the pains he took the night before he left Whitehall, to preserve every document or paper which could inform posterity as to his conduct, whilst his more fortunate and

guilty daughter was evidently destroy

ing with her own hand, every paper

that could speak with certainty of her

own personal history. "She does then entertain an idea that she will not live," said Florence 'and how terrible must such an occupation be.

One, two, and three o'clock struck, and though she fought against it for a long while, Florence at last fell asleep, but not for long. She dreamed she was sitting with the queen looking over old letters; old letters that had passed between herself and the Princess Anne, when they were villainously plotting about their best of fathers Old letters from her father to herself. old records of the times forever gone, Having taken which, if she part. would retrace one step, she could not any more than that the dead can come to life again. And the queen sat opposite to her, looking, as perchance she really did look, as she must have looked on that terrible night, unless

she was more than human, for the fever of death was even then, be it re membered, coursing madly through her vains. One after another, one after another, she glances at those old letters and documents, then tears them, or crushing them in her hot throws them beneath the stove, watching the blue flame play over them, with a smile of infinite satisfaction at the thought that she has robbed posterity of much it would have liked to know One after another, have rolls of

papers been opened, patiently scanned, and the greater portion of them committed to the flames. And Florence in her vision of the night, sees she grows weary of her task; she leans forward, pressing the throbbing head with the hot hand, and says to herself: "Three hours and not yet done," for the crowing of the cock in a distant farm-yard, tells the unhappy queen how long into the night, or rather the morning, her watch has extended; and Florence fancies she hears her say, "and if I die now it was all done, but for six short years of restless ambition.

She awakened at first scarcely conscious till a smothered exclamation, alike of bodily and mental suffering, followed by a sound as if the unhappy occupant of the adjoining cabinet were sobbing violently, burst upon her ear. All was then perfectly quiet. The dream of Florence, you see, was but the recitation of what she had heard whilst she was awake. It was hard to think the sight, if mortal eyes could have beheld it, were one whit less pitiful than she had dreamed it to be you bear in mind what such a sight would be to you, if death were coming on with rapid strides, and if earnest

that this was to be her last? Her Coupled with the remarks the queen to destroy records of your past life; compromise her salvation, without conduct on the night following the had previously made, Florence was at instead of the rest so necessary, such dividual and complete repentance.

occupation as I have described was yours, and if you closed it too, as Mary did with a letter to her boorish, brutal husband, reproaching him with his love for the notorious Elizabeth She had sinned very deeply in her idolatrous love of him, and this was the last letter she ever wrote, endorsing, "Not to be delivered except in case of my death," then she locked it up in an ebony cabinet, where, of course, it was found after all was over.

Now it very probably was this letter she was writing, when all was still beyond the heart-rending sobs Florence had overheard, for there was no more rustling of papers, and a very little time afterwards, after the clock had struck four, she heard the queen pass into the adjoining bed-chamber, and you may suppose that Mary was worse, as she really was, after such a watch as this. The following day she was declared to have the small-pox; think, I beg you, how her previous night had

Florence, with the other ladies of the court, wondered much what steps the Princess Ann would take (of course need not tell you she said nothing of what she knew respecting the queen's

frame of mind on the previous night) The princess did her duty; she was ill and confined to a couch; neverthe less, she sent a message to her sister entreating her to allow her the happi ness of waiting on her. She would, notwithstanding the condition she was in, run any hazard. The message was delivered to her Majesty, and the messenger sent back with word that "the king would send an answer the next

day."

No kind sisterly message was returned; no reconciliation could have been desired. Have we not seen all along that Mary's heart was almost dead to human feeling except for her husband? And even to him she left a

letter of rebuke It happened the next day that Florence was with two other ladies in the queen's bed-chamber; the queen was sinking fast into unconsciousness, when Lady Fitzharding, who under-took to express to all the concern of the Princess Anne, forced herself into the queen's bed-chamber; the dying queen gasped out one word "Thanks." That single word was, indeed, all she

was able to utter. At length a terrible erysipelas spread itself over the queen's face, and a frightful carbuncle settled immediately over the heart. The king was in ately over the heart. despair; he ordered his camp bed to be placed in the chamber of his dying consort, and remained with her night

and day. She received the communication that she was dying with calmness, said "that she had wrote her mind on many things to the king," and spoke of the escretoire which he would find in her closet; and avoided giving herself or her husband the tenderness a final parting might have caused to them both. This idea is, however, much at variance with the rebuking letter she wrote to him a few nights since in her

After receiving the Sacrament, she composed herself solemnly to die. slumbered some time, but said her soul was not refreshed by it and that nothing did her good but prayer. Once or wice she tried to speak to the king, but could not go through with it. For some hours she lay silent, then when she spoke she wandered very wildly and her hallucinations led those who were around her to believe that there

"I have something to tell the Archbishop; leave me alone with him," said the queen, and the room being immediately cleared, Tennison awaited in breathless impatience, the expected

was something still upon her mind.

He afterwards said that the queen's mind was wandering, "she had fancied Dr. Radcliffe, her Jacobite physician, had put a Popish nurse upon her, and that she was lurking behind a screen. One who lived in the time of the queen on speaking of her last moments uses these words:

"But whether she had any scruples relating to her father, and they made part of her discourse with Tennison. and that arch-divine took upon his own soul the pressures which, in those weak, unguarded moments might weigh upon hers, must now remain a secret until the last day.

At that most solemn hour between night and morning, the spirit of the queen went forth, without one word of reconciliation or remorse with regard to her injured father, either to ask his forgiveness or to express sorrow for her conduct.

Father Lawson was yet lingering in the vicinity of the palace when the queen's death took place. There were others, beside Florence and her hand maiden, secretly of the proscribed faith, and by one of these, the tidings was conveyed to James, who though he would not put himself in mourning for her death, shut himself up in his apartments and refused all visits. His horror was great on finding that one he had loved so dearly had expired without senging him the slightest expression of sorrow at the misery she

had been the means of causing him. To the great honor of that primate, Dr. Ken, who had been Mary's chap-lain in Holland, we may add, that he wrote indignantly to Tennison respecting his conduct at the queen's death-bed, charging him with not acting up to his position as primate, in failing to call on the queen to repent on her death-bed of her sins towards her father," reminding him in very strong language of the horror Tennison had expressed to him of some circumstances in the queen's conduct at the time of the revolution, affirming that they would compromise her salvation, without in-