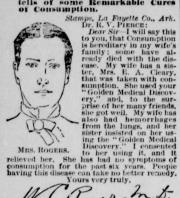
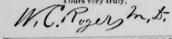
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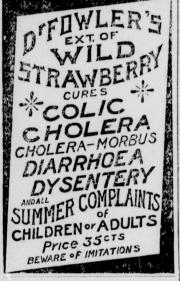
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subscribers, and will also give them credit for a year's subscription on THE CATHOLIC RECORD, on receipt of Three Dollars. We will in all cases propay carriage.

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 XXXI. THE KING'S PLEDGE REDEEMED - ST.

GERMAINS. Well was it for Florence O'Neill that she was able to be chaperoned into France by one as staid and faithful as Grace. The young lady, as we have intimated, by no means intended to visit St. Germains first. It was not her intention to go thither till she had first armed herself by receiv-ing the boon concerning which she was about to throw herself at the feet of the French king. Perhaps she was not unconscious that she was perform-ing a rather daring feat in being

under no protection, when presenting herself at the court of the gallant monarch, beyond that of Grace a woman of middle age, whom Florence insisted on raising from th had humble calling of an attendant to the position of a friend and companion, and which, by her education and good breeding, she was eminently calculated

to fill. On arriving in France she heard that the king was holding his court at Marly, and she immediately pro-ceeded thither. She had resolved, first, to gain an interview with Madame de Maintenon. She knew well that that lady was the bosom counsellor of the king. Moreover under her patronage, notwithstanding her doubtful rank, she should presen herself before Louis with less diffidence It was more than four years since

THE SUPPLY CO., NIAGARA FALLS, DATARIN that pleasant summer day, when she had accompanied the king and queen The place, and persons to Marly.

and times are altered now. Then roses, and lilies, and verbena and sweet scented heliotrope cast their balmy perfume on the air, and the fields and hedges were gay with the wild violet and poppy. Now, the hand of winter was spread over the scene; the hoar frost glistened on Now, the the trees and porticoes, and the minia-ture lakes of Marly were covered with

a sheet of ice. She, too, is changed; she had sprung from girlhood to womanhood; her almost matchless beauty matured, but in no degree lessened. Others have changed ; she will find traces of the presure of its hand on those from whom she has been separated, even as they will no longer behold in her the Florence of four years since. Times, too, have altered. She had smiled when Louis had promised to grant her any boon she might wish for, wondering, in the proud reckless ness of youth, what she could ever want to ask for herself in the way of a boon from Louis

She was at Marly now as a suppliant to beg of the gallant king to make good his word. And why? Two

fair estates are hers. Joyfully would she fling it all at the feet of him to whom she was betrothed ; but well she knows his haughty temper, and that

"Ab, c'est vrai, I had forgotten; the girl is now a woman.

'And lovelier far than when she

was a girl, mon Dieu," said the king, coming forward from an inner apart-

he was near at hand. "My cousins at St. Germains," he added, "will scarce recognize the runaway O'Neill

to meet your majesty," said Florence, rising, with a blush upon her cheek and Louis put out his hand to rais her from the kneeling attitude she had assumed.

"Never fear, maiden," he replied. "I passed my word as a king that I would grant any boon you should ask of me in the day of trouble or distress. What is the trouble, my fair O'Neill? Let me know, and I will right it for

A deep blush again suffused the face of Florence. She had not counted at all on meeting the king on this first visit. She had hoped to in-gratiate Madame de Maintenon in her favor, and tell her story to her first, when the delicate portion of her visit would have been half got over.

At length she, with difficulty, stammered out :

"Oh, sire, I know not how to prefer my petition. It was to ask a boon for a brave English gentleman whom William of Orange has outlawed, and se estates he has confiscated andwho

"Aye, prithee, what then?" inter-rupted the king. "Art pleading for a mate for yourself, maiden? We must see you do not wed a landless knight.

"Your majesty," replied Florence, blushing yet more deeply, "I have lands and estates in abundance, being heiress to the last of my kindred; but, alas! he to whom I am betrothed has lost his all, and it is for him I beg the performance of your kingly promise. If your majesty would allow him to fight under your standard, and-"

"Fair Florence," said the courtly monarch, interrupting her, "the boon I have promised you I will not fail to pay. Are you pleading for a certain Sir Reginald, who, on account of his poverty, shrinks from redeeming his troth with a maiden of good lineage till he can make good his ruined fortunes?

" It is in behalf of Sir Reginald St. John that I crave the fulfilment of your majesty's promise," answered Florence

"Assuredly I will redeem it ; nay, I have redeemed already to the full the promise I gave four years since. Rest content, Florence, I knew your secret before you came hither. The good queen has already mentioned your betrothal to me. But yesterday Sir Reginald was appointed to a command under one of my brave marshals.

Florence would have spoken her thanks, but could not. She was moved to tears at the delicacy with which le grande monarque had con-

ferred the appointment. "Nay, weep not, Florence," he said ; "I am rejoiced I have had it in my power to serve you, and by so doing forward the nuptials of a brave gentle man with a fair and virtuous lady Now, to turn to other matters. When do you return to St. Germains?"

" As soon as possible, your majesty. I am most anxious again to see my dear mistress

"Let the young lady partake of re freshments, madam," said the king, turning to Madame de Maintenon, and a carriage shall be in readiness a little later to convey you to St. Ger-mains, fair Florence," added Louis, touching her forehead with his lips. It was drawing towards the close of the winter afternoon ere our heroine arrived again at the well-remembered chateau of St. Germains.

The king and his consort were together, seated in the closet of the former. The light of the winter after-

at last got away from Kensington, the manner of her route to St. Germains, and many other questions. Of course her replies involved mak

ing the queen acquainted with the visit to King Louis. It was a step rather at variance with the notions of the queen that Florence should have visited the king's court alone. But she was safe at St. Germains, and had faced and braved dangers greater than that of making detour in her home ward way to pay a short visit to the King of France.

Suddenly pausing the queen rose, saying : "Shall she not see him tonight, he will sleep the sounder for it, depend on it.

"No, not till the morning," replied the king, "he has been at Versailles all day, and has probably not re-turned. Let the chili have refresh ment and a night's rest, and see St John on the morrow.

With her own hands Mary Beatrice, who had followed Florence with an attendant into the old room she had occupied years since, then helped to divest her of her travelling garb, asking in a pathetic tone when she had again seated herself, what she thought

of the king's appearance. "His Majesty," said Florence, "looks much older, but then, madam, four years have passed, those years have made an alteration in all of us." She might have added, "the king looks ill, careworn, and depressed."

The queen never left the side of her favorite that evening. Moreover, she was hurried to the royal nursery, to see the infant princess whom James had styled at her birth La Consolatrice (because, he said, "she was to console him for the evil conduct of his elder daughters," and also the bright and blooming Prince of Wales, now a lovely boy of six years old.

It followed, as a matter of course that Florence spent the entire evening in the closet of the king. Not only was James and his consort rejoiced to see their protegee, again, but she had come from the Court of William and Mary, in which she had spent the four years of her absence. And thoug James never knew to the day And though his death, the extent of the treachery of his daughter Anne, his his eyes were opened to much of family cabal to which she had become prey during her residence at Kensington Notwithstanding their disgust they were both amused by the ludicrous account Florence gave them of the boorish conduct of William to herself, at her last interview, as also at the message that most polite king sent to her the day before she left the palace. Indeed, so fond was William of Orange of appropriating to himself the monies of other persons, that there was but little doubt his dislike to Florence was increased by the fact that, after all, he had to let her and her money slip through his fingers. Doubtless, had she remained at the court long enough for the sore occasioned by the queen's death to have healed up, he would not have stood upon any great punctilio as to whether he fulfilled her request or

Three years later the pages of history make known to us that the queen Mary Beatrice suffered fearfully from this dishonest propensity of the king to appropriate to himself the money of others. Parliament had agreed to pay a pension of £50,000 per annum to that unfortunate queen, of which she never received a farthing. William deceived the nation, and defrauded the queen ; he put the money into his own pocket. That pension might have obtained at a later date when been obtained at a later date when William and Anne had both passed away. The money might have been reimbursed, but the royal exiles would

chateau, at present vacant, in the valley, might be redecorated, and of all the good she with her wealth might be able to do for the poor emigrants, when the words,

"Florence, my betrothed," fell on her ear in the tones of a well-remembered voice, like a stream of music, the melody of which has never been forgotten.

The surprise was too sudden, she would have falien but for a strong arm outstretched to support her, and then when she recovered, and he grew eloquent in praise of her constancy and truth, and forgetful of all the world beside, they talked over the days that had gone by, and conjured up fair visions of the future, of home ties and joys which Death alone should break. In the midst of her new found hap piness, Florence had not forgotter

Grace, the friend to whom she owed so very much, in whose character flourished, by the grace of repentance, those same virtues inherent in the queen. The packet containing the story of

her life, Florence had a year since for-warded to the queen, had of itself been sufficient to introduce her to her notice.

Not very long, you may be sure, were the nuptials of Florence and Sir Reginald delayed. In the Chapel Royal of St. Germains that ceremony which completed their betrothal was soon celebrated, being fixed to take place immediately after the Easter fes

tivities. In the middle of the week following Low Sunday, there was a great gather-ing at the Chapel of St. Germains. The fond hands of Grace, who looked on Florence as her own child, had dressed the bride's hair, had twined amongst the golden tresses the delicate orange blossom, and arranged the veil, and had decked her in as costly a robe as that which Mary of England had presented her with two years since ; it

was the gift of Louis of France. Eight young ladies, chosen from the most distinguished Jacobite families resident at St. Germains, acted as bridesmaids, and King James gave the bride away. The French King was also present with Madame de Maintenon and many of the nobles of his court. Without doubt, those who gathered within the Chapel Royal were right in saying there could not be found in the whole realm of France a lovelier or more virtuous bride, or a braver knight than Florence O'Neill and Sir Reginald St. John.

* * CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

Without Hands.

There are some good men who seem to be without hands altogether. "They have hands, but they handle not ; fee have they, but they walk not.' From dawn of life unto dusk they do nothing expressly for Christ. All the day passes thus in idleness with them, as to work. They could work with hands, because do, in other things.

They will express themselves (and no harm) enthusiastically, and you can see that the enthusiasm is sincere, about a song or an oratorio ; their soul flows out at once on waves of music ; or they can strive manfully enough in a political struggle, or in a question of social right ; or they are as diligent as the noments of the day in their business. But as soon as they come up to any expressly Christian work both hands drop down, and there they stand-without hands.

I know the excuses that will be pleaded, and the bars that will be put in for arrest of judgment. It will be said and truely, "it is not all unwillingness.

MISSIONARY WORK FOR THE LAITY.

A Word to Our Young Men and Women.

"If I believed as you believe," said a well-known Infidel addressing some Christians of his acquaintance, would go round the world to proclaim the folly of doing as you do." Catholic men and women, young and old, who have so many opportunities for doing good, and profit by so few of them, may well take this reproach to Alas! how little is effected heart. anywhere, in comparison to what might be accomplished everywhere, if all were imbued with the spirit of the faith which they profess with their lips! Think of the hosts of neglected, ignorant, or ill instructed children in danger of being lost to the Church ; the number of unfortunate, exposed, suffering, tempted, friendless persons in need of help and encouragement, that could so easily be given ; the sick in hospitals, to whom a friendly visit would be as a ray of hope; the orphaned children, whose sad lot so few compassionate, whose little hearts are hungry for some one's affection ; those languishing in prisons, who long for a kind word, to whom some good reading would be a blessing and a joy. In a word, what a vast amount of good is to be done everywhere, which the laity might do, and which they have no valid excuse for not doing ! The Christian life is a warfare. The batteries of the enemy are ranged on all sides, and to each of the enemy's guns there should be opposed a Catho lic work ; and every Catholic ought to feel bound in conscience to contribute to its strength.

The apathy toc often manifest, the utter neglect of what is not for per-sonal advantage, saddens the heart of many a zealous priest. In numerous instances, the Sisters engaged in vorks of mercy receive most support from those not of the household of the faith. The lively interest which Protestants take in Sunday-schools, fresh air funds, and similar undertakings. is in sad contrast to the seeming indifference of many Catholics. Some people seem to think that they do their full duty by contributing an alms to

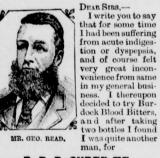
promote any praiseworthy object to which their attention may be directed they do not want to be troubled further. They will give a little money, but they want all their time for them-selves. And yet in so many instances the success of a good work demands a sacrifice of time, personal interest, and persevering effort. How many undertakings languish or fail utterly among us for lack of organization and sup port

The graduates of our colleges, acad emies, and schools must be convinced that they have a great work to do in the world ; that they are bound to do good as well as to avoid evil. If not, then they are unworthy to call any Catholic school alma mater, or their teachers have lamentably failed in their duty. An educational institution that does not send forth earnest, practical, well-instructed Catholics is a sham and a shame. Parish priests have a right to expect that their most zealous co-operators will be found among those who have been under the care of religious teachers. They should be the leaders in parish work, care They the life of its societies, - always ready and willing to engage in any under taking calculated to promote glory of God and the good of souls. to promote the The young gentlemen who gradu

ated last month with high honors, and who harangued patient audiences on such subjects as the aristocracy of Christian manhood ; the young ladies was so " lovely "-and so long, -whose essays on the higher life "took the audience by storm," ought to begin to practise now. There is much for them to do, and they have not to go far to find it. The young men's and young ladies' sodalities, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, etc., need recruits, teachers are wanted for the Sundayschool; voices are in demand for the choir, some one to play the organ perhaps; prefects are needed to conduct the children's societies ; then there may be a sewing circle to form, a parish library to establish, and so on.

AUGUST 4, 1894.





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AYER'S PILLS **Received Highest Awards** AT THE WORLD'S FAIR 0000000000000000000000000 noon was fading away, but the bright. red glow of a large wood fire fell upon

the antique panellings of green and gold, and gave a cheery appearance to the chamber and its surroundings Beside the fire sat the queen, her hands folded on her lap. Time had left its traces on her fair face, but withal there was an expression of patience and resignation that told she had learned to place her hopes on other than an earthly kingdom.

Beside a small table, in the centre ot the room, sat the king, his countenance more impaired by sorrow than by years. He had not yet recovered from this second scar, the grief which his daughter's death had caused him, dying, as she did, unreconciled, and without sending him one kindly word. Suddenly there was a slight tap at the door, and the page announced a lady. Tall, and veiled, and slender,

female form advances ; but uncovering her face as she approaches the queen, she throws herself at her feet.

King James started at the intrusion He had not recognized the visitor. For a moment, too, the queen was equally lost in surprise, but the tones of the voice are remembered, as, ex-claiming, "My dear, dear mistress," Florence pressed the queen's hands to her lips, and bathed them with her tears.

For a moment Mary Beatrice could Then she pushed back the not speak. golden locks that clustered over her brow, saying :

"Yes, it is herself, her very self; but yet how changed, the girl has be-come a woman, but it is the face of Florence still."

"Now, Florence, Florence, is it possible," said the king, good humor-edly, rising, as she drew near. "At last, then, you have got quit of the court, and come back like a weary bird to its nest. I wonder not that the queen did not know you ; you are changed, very changed," and an ad-miring gaze it was that he fixed upon Florence, while his queen overwhelmed

not, and rightly, stoop to ask for it as subjects. When Florence first awoke on th

following morning, she had some diffi culty in comprehending that really she was back again at St. Germains She had to glance round the old, well remembered room, and rouse hersel thoroughly before she could satisfy her self that it was not some pleasant dream, the illusion of which was about to be dispelled. I beg you also to bear in mind that there was a person to whom she was, in a manner, already united, and whom she was, of course very anxious to see once again, whom during the years of their separation she had never forgotten ; every moment seemed trebled in duration till she beheld him again ; no formal meeting was theirs to be either. The king and queen were to have nothing whatever to do with it. She could not sleep again for very joy though it was ye early; the morning was bright and clear, there was the valley once more. How different the prospect to that of four weary years! She arose, and four weary years! She arose, and dressed herself, threw on a heavy furred mantle, and went out to ramble on the terrace, enjoying with the keen relish of one who had long endured a sort of honorable captivity, the cool bracing air, the lovely prospect, notwithstanding it was winter, and above all the blessed consciousness that she was with those whom she loved, and by whom she was beloved.

She paused after a while, leaned against the palisades, and a sense of quiet happiness, to which she had long been a stranger, took possession of her heart.

Absorbed in her own pleasant, joyous thoughts, she heard nothing, saw nothing, regarded not the lapse of time, knew not that the fond eyes of Queen Mary Beatrice, attended by another to whom she was dearer far than life itself, were looking down upon her from a window of the chateau, and was still looking far away into the future, weaving bright dreams of wedded happiness, her with enquiries as to how she had picturing to herself how a certain

We are afraid. We do not like to make a high profession which might not be substantiated. We do not like to begin work which might stand like an unfinshed tower to reproach us, and really be perhaps a hindrance rather than a

be perhaps a mintrance rather than a help to the cause." Well, well ; let these things be as they may. I am not judging. I can-not judge. You must judge ; and that you may, I am pointing you the fact that there you stand—a brother or a sister. as we home, in the great family sister, as we hope, in the great family which God is gathering home-and yet you have nothing to say to those with out, some of them just on the threshold longing to come in, waiting but a word welcome or the touch of a friendly hand; and you are without hands, without voice, almost without form, to them.

There you stand, in the heart of this agonizing world, in the great toil and strife of which even the "principalities and power," both of the light and of the darkness, are mingling - with all the means of action within easy reach of you, and yet idle, doing nothing ex-pressly for Christ—"without hands." Oh, idlers in God's busy world, hear

these words and bestir yourselves. 'Go, work in My vinevard. ' says the Lord who bought you with His blood. Get your work and do it — with one hand at first, if you will; then, per chance, you will prove the joy of Chris tian service, and cease not till you ex perience the deeper joy — the positive luxury — of putting both hands to the plow and serving God with all your might, with both hands earnestly.

What causes bad dreams is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered ; but, in nine cases out of ten, frightful dreams are the result of imperfect digestion, which a few doses of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will effectually remedy. Don't delay-try it to day. reinedy. Don't delay-try it to day. Costiveness, Inward Piles and Kidney Com-plaint. We tried two physicians and any number of medicines without getting any relief, until we got a bothe of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. This was the first relief she got, and before one bothe was used the benefit she derived from it was beyond our expectation."

We began by quoting the words of a famous infidel, let us conclude by cit-ing the example of al non-Catholic famed for good deeds, especially bene-factions to the poor. We are told that Hannah More was filled with the very enthusiasm of humanity, with that spirit of love to her fellows which, to horrow her own words. borrow her own words,

Gives like a thoughtless prodigal its all ; And trembles then, lest it has done too little

When the power of writing and of active personal exertion on behalf of the poor failed her she wrought in their interests at the humbler employ ments of fancy work and knitting, with such characteristic energy as to bring on an abcess in her hand. "I am ashamed of my comforts," she once wrote, speaking of the sufferings of the poor, "when I think of their wants." And again, referring to the delight of her villagers at the present of a wagon-load of coal: "One feels indignant to think that so small a sum can create such feelings, when one knows what sums one has wasted."-Ave Maria.

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