

DOCTORS ENDORSE IT.

An Eminent Physician of Arkansas, tells of some Remarkable Cures of Consumption.



Mrs. Rogers. She has had no symptoms of consumption for the past six years. People having this disease can take no better remedy.

W.C. Rogers, M.D.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826 BELLS HAVE BEEN USED IN THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS.

MAY WE SEND YOU FREE OUR CATALOGUE HARNESS & SADDLES.

It contains cuts, descriptions and prices. We have a larger trade in these goods than any other firm in Canada. We sell them in every Province and Territory. We guarantee prices lower than any local dealer can possibly give.

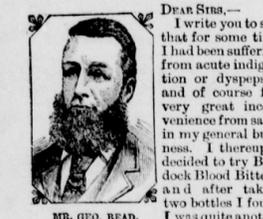
Advertisement for Fowler's Wild Strawberry Cures, listing ailments like Cholera, Diarrhoea, and Dysentery.

Pictorial Lives of the Saints

The Catholic Record for One Year For \$3.00.

The Pictorial Lives of the Saints contain Reflections for Every Day in the Year. The book is compiled from "Batter's Lives" and other approved sources.

His Dyspepsia Cured.



Dear Sirs:— I write you to say that for some time I had been suffering from acute indigestion or dyspepsia, and of course felt very great inconvenience from same in my general business.

REID'S HARDWARE

TABLE and POCKET CUTLERY, CARPET SWEEPERS, WRINGERS, BRASS FIRE IRONS.

ALTAR WINE.

We have now on hand a good supply of Excellent Mass Wine. PRICE REDUCED.

IT HELPS DIGESTION WETH'S MALT EXTRACT

is largely prescribed TO ASSIST DIGESTION AND IMPROVE APPETITE FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND AS VALUABLE TONIC.

FLORENCE O'NEILL,

The Rose of St. Germain; or, 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 so staid and faithful as Grace. The young lady, as we have intimated, by no means intended to visit St. Germain first.

On arriving in France she heard that the king was holding his court at Marly, and she immediately proceeded thither. She had resolved, first, to gain an interview with Madame de Maintenon.

Then roses, and lilies, and verberna, and sweet scented heliotrope cast their balmy perfume on the air, and the fields and hedges were gay with the wild violet and poppy.

She, too, is changed; she had sprung from girlhood to womanhood; her almost matchless beauty matured, but in no degree lessened.

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.

"And you are the petite O'Neill, whom I have heard Madame la Reine deplore the loss of so bitterly," said Madame de Maintenon.

"You must be pleased to remember, Madame, that four years have passed since I left St. Germain."

"Ah, 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 apartment.

The king and his consort were together, seated in the closet of the former. The light of the winter afternoon was fading away.

"Tall, and veiled, and slender, a 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.

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

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

"Now, Florence, Florence, is it possible," said the king, good-humoredly, rising, as she drew near.

"I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for forty years, and regard them as the very best."—Uncle MARTIN HANCOCK, Lake City, Fla.

AYER'S PILLS

Received Highest Awards AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

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

"Oh, sire, I am indeed unprepared to meet your majesty," said Florence, rising, with a blush upon her cheek.

"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."

"A deep blush again suffused the face of Florence. She had not counted at all on meeting the king on this first visit."

"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 whose estates he has confiscated and—"

"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."

"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 fulfillment 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 grand monarque had conferred 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 gentleman with a fair and virtuous lady. Now, to turn to other matters. When do you return to St. Germain?"

"Let the young lady partake of refreshments, madam," said the king, turning to Madame de Maintenon, "and a carriage shall be in readiness a little later to convey you to St. Germain, 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. Germain.

The king and his consort were together, seated in the closet of the former. The light of the winter afternoon 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 a small table, in the centre of 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, unrecalled, and without sending him one kindly word.

Tall, and veiled, and slender, a 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.

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

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

"Now, Florence, Florence, is it possible," said the king, good-humoredly, rising, as she drew near.

"I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for forty years, and regard them as the very best."—Uncle MARTIN HANCOCK, Lake City, Fla.

AYER'S PILLS

Received Highest Awards AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

at last got away from Kensington, in the manner of her route to St. Germain, and many other questions.

"Of course her replies involved making 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."

"No, not till the morning," replied the king, "he has been at Versailles all day, and has probably not returned. Let the child have refreshment 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.

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.

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.

When Florence first awoke on the following morning, she had some difficulty in comprehending that really she was back again at St. Germain. She had to glance round the old, well-remembered room, and rouse herself thoroughly before she could satisfy herself that it was not some pleasant dream, the illusion of which was about to be dispelled.

When Florence first awoke on the following morning, she had some difficulty in comprehending that really she was back again at St. Germain. She had to glance round the old, well-remembered room, and rouse herself thoroughly before she could satisfy herself that it was not some pleasant dream, the illusion of which was about to be dispelled.

When Florence first awoke on the following morning, she had some difficulty in comprehending that really she was back again at St. Germain. She had to glance round the old, well-remembered room, and rouse herself thoroughly before she could satisfy herself that it was not some pleasant dream, the illusion of which was about to be dispelled.

When Florence first awoke on the following morning, she had some difficulty in comprehending that really she was back again at St. Germain. She had to glance round the old, well-remembered room, and rouse herself thoroughly before she could satisfy herself that it was not some pleasant dream, the illusion of which was about to be dispelled.

When Florence first awoke on the following morning, she had some difficulty in comprehending that really she was back again at St. Germain. She had to glance round the old, well-remembered room, and rouse herself thoroughly before she could satisfy herself that it was not some pleasant dream, the illusion of which was about to be dispelled.

When Florence first awoke on the following morning, she had some difficulty in comprehending that really she was back again at St. Germain. She had to glance round the old, well-remembered room, and rouse herself thoroughly before she could satisfy herself that it was not some pleasant dream, the illusion of which was about to be dispelled.

When Florence first awoke on the following morning, she had some difficulty in comprehending that really she was back again at St. Germain. She had to glance round the old, well-remembered room, and rouse herself thoroughly before she could satisfy herself that it was not some pleasant dream, the illusion of which was about to be dispelled.

When Florence first awoke on the following morning, she had some difficulty in comprehending that really she was back again at St. Germain. She had to glance round the old, well-remembered room, and rouse herself thoroughly before she could satisfy herself that it was not some pleasant dream, the illusion of which was about to be dispelled.

When Florence first awoke on the following morning, she had some difficulty in comprehending that really she was back again at St. Germain. She had to glance round the old, well-remembered room, and rouse herself thoroughly before she could satisfy herself that it was not some pleasant dream, the illusion of which was about to be dispelled.

When Florence first awoke on the following morning, she had some difficulty in comprehending that really she was back again at St. Germain. She had to glance round the old, well-remembered room, and rouse herself thoroughly before she could satisfy herself that it was not some pleasant dream, the illusion of which was about to be dispelled.

When Florence first awoke on the following morning, she had some difficulty in comprehending that really she was back again at St. Germain. She had to glance round the old, well-remembered room, and rouse herself thoroughly before she could satisfy herself that it was not some pleasant dream, the illusion of which was about to be dispelled.

When Florence first awoke on the following morning, she had some difficulty in comprehending that really she was back again at St. Germain. She had to glance round the old, well-remembered room, and rouse herself thoroughly before she could satisfy herself that it was not some pleasant dream, the illusion of which was about to be dispelled.

When Florence first awoke on the following morning, she had some difficulty in comprehending that really she was back again at St. Germain. She had to glance round the old, well-remembered room, and rouse herself thoroughly before she could satisfy herself that it was not some pleasant dream, the illusion of which was about to be dispelled.

chateau, at present vacant, in the valley, might be redecored, 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 fallen 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 happiness, Florence had not forgotten 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 forwarded 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. Germain that ceremony which completed their betrothal was soon celebrated, being fixed to take place immediately after the Easter festivities.

In the middle of the week following Low Sunday, there was a great gathering at the Chapel of St. Germain. 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. Germain, 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.

Without Hands.

There are some good men who seem to be without hands altogether. "They have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not." From dawn of life unto dusk they do nothing expressly for Christ.

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 moments of the day in their business.

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 truly, "it is not all unwillingness. 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 unfinished tower to reproach us, and really be perhaps a hindrance rather than a help to the cause."

Well, well; let these things be as they may. I am not judging. I cannot 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 hope, in the great family which God is gathering home—and yet you have nothing to say to those without, some of them just on the threshold longing to come in, waiting but a word of 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 expressly for Christ—"without hands."

Oh, idlers in God's busy world, hear these words and bestir yourselves. "Go, work in My vineyard," says the Lord who bought you with His blood.

Get your work and do it—with one hand at first, if you will; then, perchance, you will prove the joy of Christian service, and cease not till you experience 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.

Costiveness, Inward Piles and Kidney Complaint. We tried two physicians and any number of medicines without getting any relief, until we got a bottle of Northrop & Lynn's Vegetable Discovery. This was the first relief we got, and before one bottle was used the benefit we derived from it was beyond our expectation."

A FAIR TRIAL of Hood's Sarsaparilla guarantees a complete cure. It is an honest medicine, honestly advertised and honestly cures.

I WAS ATTACKED severely last winter with Diarrhoea, Cramps, and Colic and thought I was going to die, but fortunately I tried Dr. Flower's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and now I can thank this excellent remedy for saving my life. Mrs. S. Kelleth, Minden, Ont.

Derby Plug The Coolest And Most Endurable Smoke Ever Produced.

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, "I would go round the world to proclaim the folly of doing as you do."

The surprise was too sudden, she would have fallen 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 happiness, Florence had not forgotten 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 forwarded 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. Germain that ceremony which completed their betrothal was soon celebrated, being fixed to take place immediately after the Easter festivities.

In the middle of the week following Low Sunday, there was a great gathering at the Chapel of St. Germain. 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. Germain, 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.

Without Hands.

There are some good men who seem to be without hands altogether. "They have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not." From dawn of life unto dusk they do nothing expressly for Christ.

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 moments of the day in their business.

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 truly, "it is not all unwillingness. 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 unfinished tower to reproach us, and really be perhaps a hindrance rather than a help to the cause."

Well, well; let these things be as they may. I am not judging. I cannot 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 hope, in the great family which God is gathering home—and yet you have nothing to say to those without, some of them just on the threshold longing to come in, waiting but a word of 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 expressly for Christ—"without hands."

Oh, idlers in God's busy world, hear these words and bestir yourselves. "Go, work in My vineyard," says the Lord who bought you with His blood.

Get your work and do it—with one hand at first, if you will; then, perchance, you will prove the joy of Christian service, and cease not till you experience 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.

Costiveness, Inward Piles and Kidney Complaint. We tried two physicians and any number of medicines without getting any relief, until we got a bottle of Northrop & Lynn's Vegetable Discovery. This was the first relief we got, and before one bottle was used the benefit we derived from it was beyond our expectation."

A FAIR TRIAL of Hood's Sarsaparilla guarantees a complete cure. It is an honest medicine, honestly advertised and honestly cures.

I WAS ATTACKED severely last winter with Diarrhoea, Cramps, and Colic and thought I was going to die, but fortunately I tried Dr. Flower's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and now I can thank this excellent remedy for saving my life. Mrs. S. Kelleth, Minden, Ont.

Derby Plug The Coolest And Most Endurable Smoke Ever Produced.