

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Peliets.
They're so tiny, so easily taken, so easily taken, so easy and natural in the way they act — no disturbance, no unpleasantness, no reaction afterward. They're made of nothing but refined and concentrated vegetable—sugar-coated. One of them at a corrective, a regulator, a gentle leasant Pellets.

laxative.

When you feel "a touch of biliousness" or indigestion, take one of these little Pellets. They go right to the spot.

They absolutely and permanently cure Censtipation, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and every derangement of the liver, stomach, and bowefs.

Almost never does Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy fail to cure the very worst cases of chronic Catarrh. You can judge of the chances of it from the makers' offer. They'll



\$13.00 Plow or Team Harness for \$13.00 COLLARS, Hog skin. Leather lines of full length and good quality. BRIDLES, open or blinds. BACK BANDS, 3½ inch heavy strap with TRACE BEARERS and BELLY BANDS attached. MARTIN-GALE and BREAST CHAINS for neck yoke. HAMES, best white oak, 3 loops and overtop. Warranted to satisfy.

Single Harness, same Quality . \$6.50 This harness will serve as well, and last onger, than a \$40.00 harness.

Address, THE SUPPLY COMPANY.

The Catholic Record or One Year For \$3.00.

Pictorial Lives of the Saints

The Pictorial Lives of the Saints contains Reflections for Every Day in the Year. The book is compiled from "Battler's Lives" and other approved sources, to which are added Lives of "he American Saints, recently piaced or the Calendar for the United State 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 Glimary Shea, LL.D. With a beautiful frontispiece of the Holy Family and nearly four hundred other it ustrations. Elegantly bound in extra cloth. Greatly admired by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., who sent his special besing 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 The CATHOL'R. CORD, on receipt of Three Dollars. We will in all cases prepay carriage.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a reliable remedy that can always be depended on to cure cholera, cholera infantum, colic,

cramps, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all looseness of the bowels. It is a pure Extract

containing all the virtues of Wild Strawberry, one of the safest and surest cures for all summer complaints, combined with other harmless yet prompt curative agents, well known to medical science. The leaves

of Wild

Strawberry were known by the Indians to be an excellent remedy for diarrhæa, dysentery and looseness of the bowels; but medical science has placed before the public in Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild

Strawberry

a complete and effectual cure for all those distressing and often dangerous complaints so common in this change able climate It has stood the test for 40 years, and

Cures

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

Summer

be sure and take a bottle with you overcomes safely and quickly the tressing summer complaint so often caused by change of air and water, and is also a specific against sea-sickness, and all bowel

Complaints.

Price 35c. Beware of imitations and substitutes sold by unscrupulous dealers

for the sake of greater profits. REID'S HARDWARE

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

118 DUNDAS STREET, North Side

An authentic copy of the Ritual of the P. P. A. will be a control of the property of the Ritual of the P. P. A. will be for the property of the property of the Ryhundred, 3c. Address Thos. Coffky, The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

ALTAR WINE.

now on hand a good supply of Excellent Mass Wine, PRICE REDUCED. Write for particulars to

J. D. BURK, Amherstburg, Prop. The Amherstburg Vintage Co

THROUGH TWO FIRES.

CHAPTER I.

Billy Dinneen, own man and factotum general to the promising young physician, Bernard Somers, Esq., M. D., stands at a window of a certain modest city mansion, and looks with grim, contemptuous countenance at the street, at the sky, at all external scenes which come within range of his vision. The streets are wet, slimy, muddy; the sky is flecked with dull, murky clouds which skip, and dart, and chase each other in wild sport. The cold, sleet-laden wind whistles down lanes, shrieks around corners, and sweeps through the open streets. The few pedestrians who are out hurry along their way, if we except a group of little boys who, in defiance of the storm and their mothers' anger, stand in open-eyed, open-mouthed admira-tion outside a toy shop window. "'Tis little I thought," murmured

Billy, as he resumed his suspended occupation of laying a luncheon for one person, "when I left my good old naster's an' kem to this onlucky, big, dirty town to have an eye after this poor, soft, aisy-blinded son, poor Mas-ier Bernard—'tis little I dreamed the way he'd be treated, an' half kilt an murdered by day an' by night by these audacious, imperant, assumptious Dubliners an' their wives. An' their wives!" reiterated Billy, as he placed a plate on the table with an emphasis suggestive of destruction — "that's twice as bad. Thanks be to God" here he piously elevated his eyes-"I never tied myself to a woman; no, nor never will, with the help of God. but Master Bernard is to blame himself. He is. He wouldn't take my good advice, first, to stay snug an' aisy at home in his own house, an' divart him self fishin', an' hunting, an' knockin' up sport for himself. He wouldn't up sport for himself. take my advice, second, an' not go for to get himself into these butcherin' hos pitals and poor-houses. He wouldn't take my advice, third, an' not be turnin' this house into an hospital consultin' room; and he wouldn't take my advice, last, an' go to bed o' night, like a decent Christian, about 9 or 10 o'clock, the hour he was reared to by his good mother, an' along with that take a stretch on the sofa whenever the murderin' public gives him a chance. But no-no," he repeated with drama tic earnestness, "instid o' that he goes writin'-writin' like mad-an' studyin them dirty prentins an' books, that I believe no wan understands but doctors an' devils. Here, this Christmas Eve, when every decent Christian that's not a dirty pagan all out is occupyin' themsels in lookin' for a bit of sport an' diversion, I declare to you"—Billy evidently forgot there was no audience—"as sure as my name is Billy Dinneen, a boy o' fifty come Michaelmas, that has good blood

in him, though it's himself is sayin' it, from the old ancient county o' Limerick, 'tis a hundred times more work they're heepin' on the poor persecuted young gentleman."
The sudden entrance of the "poor persecuted young gentleman," so feelingly referred to, cut short Billy's in-

teresting soliloquy. Billy's master immediately applied himself to the viands set before him in a manner which proved that the "persecutions to which he was subject did not impair his appetite. Somers was over the middle height, strong, and sinewy looking, with genial Celtic features, broad fore-

head denoting thought, dark gray eves, crisp brown mustache, abundant bright brown hair, which, despite the utmost efforts of the barber's art, would send a few boyish halfwaves over the forehead. His years appeared to be about twenty-six. ovements were quick and energetic, and there seemed about him the atmos phere of subdued, unconscious power, combined with quiet humor and an

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

ADMITTED

READ RULE XV. "Articles



cines, nostrums, and empirical preparations, whose ingredients are concealed, will o not be admitted to the Expo-

Why was Ayer's Sarsaparilla admitted? Because it is not a patent medicine not a nostrum, nor a secret preparation not dangerous, not an experiment, and because it is all that a family medicine

······ At the WORLD'S FAIR 🖁

Chicago, 1893. Why not get the Best?



aptitude for enjoyment of simple, good

looked toward Billy, and caught that gentleman's eyes fixed sadly upon him. "Billy," said the doctor, laughing,
"I perceive by your expressive countenance that the muscles of your heart
are deeply affected. Kheumatism, the accumulated miseries of mankind, the last massacre by the Bashibazouks, the latest edict of Bomba for the imprisonment of innocent men, the cold assurance of the Dublin public, or any new grievance? Pray, enlighten me,

"Bedad yer very funny, sir. There's a few new griefs for you, then," returned Billy, as with grim solemnity he laid before his master a salver on which lay five printed cards, each praying the doctor's immediate official attendance at the designated address.

"'Tis well for some people," resumed Billy. "How funny they can be, an' all for nothing, an'—"

A faltering knock at the door arrested his further observations. He

made his exit grumbling, but returned in a few minutes, closely followed by thinly-clothed, pale little boy, apparently of eight years or thereabouts.

"This lad says he must speak to you,
. He wouldn't go away or wait," said Billy.
"Give him something to eat, Billy!"

commanded the doctor, noticing the longing glance the boy cast on the un-

removed viands. "If you please, sir," exclaimed the boy, "I don't want it bad. But, oh! would you come at once to where the lady is. She told me not to delay—but I forgot the name she mentioned—the doctor's name. 'Twasn't you! but,

oh! won't you come?"
"Who is the lady, and where is the sick person?" inquired the doctor.

"At Choke lane, sir-44 Choke lane. She fell down the steps last night. Mother brought her in—the lady says she's dying.

In a few minutes the doctor, accompanied, to Billy's great disgust, by the poor little boy, was rolling in a cab through the streets.

"I rapped at three doctors' doors," explained the boy in answer to the gentleman's inquiry — "I knew they were doctors by the brass plate on the doors that I read — but two of them were out, and the other was gone away. Then I saw Dr. Somers printed on your door, so I rapped, and the little, cross man that opened it said you were in, and where else would you be? Do you think the lady will be sorry that I didn't bring the right gentleman?" he said, with an appearance of concern.

"Let us hope not," said the doctor, with a smile; "but who is this won-derful lady?"
"Don't you know?" returned the

boy, opening his eyes with half pity, half incredulity. "The grand young lady that comes with her servant every day up Choke lane. She got a situa-tion for my sister, and work for mother, and she helps all the people. I am to teil her when any one is strange or sick in the lane. My very self is to tell her. Oh! do you know what hapyesterday? I'll never, never pened

forget it. "Well, I don't think I know everything happened yesterday," was the

loctor's amused reply. "Oh! I must tell you. Mind, 'twas my own fault, and no one else's, that the lady walked by accident on my foot — for I was too near her. She didn't hurt me a bit; but she thought looked at my foot. So she brought me these boots this morning. She spoke to me—me, mind you, that every one used to abuse and box !—as if I was a gentleman, and—and I'll never forget it," the boy added with a flush of pleas-

"Tell me her name?" asked the doctor, with a thrill of admiration for the unknown lady, and of pity for the poor, roughly-used waif before him.

"Her name!" reiterated the boy 'She never told. Oh! she's a lovely lady. She's a living saint! Myself thinks she's nobody only an angel.

Their destination, 44 Choke lane, was a miserable, rickety tenement The doctor followed his guide up a couple of flights of wretched stairs and stopped at a half-open garret door while the boy stepped inside and an-nounced his advent in a whisper. A respectable - looking, middle - aged woman was preparing food at a re-cently-lit fire. There was no furniture in the room, no pictures on the walls; one cracked pane of glass illuminated the place. On a substitute for a bed lay a woman — or the living skeleton of a woman—whilst kneeling beside her and endeavoring to force some liquid between the closed teeth, was a slight, youthful, dark-robed figure, with a small head covered with a wealth of auburn plaits, swan-like neck, and white, well-shaped hands, So much the doctor saw at a glance. She heard his step, but did not look from the poor patient.

"Ah! thank God you've come, Dr. Williams," murmured the girl.

" Dr. Somers !" " Miss Gregory !"

The lady extended her hand and blushed deeply. The gentleman took it, looking mightily mystified.
"Has Dr. Williams sent you instead of himself?" Miss Gregory at length interrogated.

"No, but your messenger" (parenthetically, "heaven bless him!") "for-got the name which you confided to him, and came to me instead."

heiress of Sir John Gregory, was a slight, fragile-looking girl of about eighteen or nineteen summers, of medium height, with pure, pale face lit up with lustrous eyes of blue, low brow, rose red lips, and auburn hair.

The doctor knelt by the poor patient, felt, her, pulse, evanipad, the work.

felt her pulse, examined the worn, starved features, and pronounced her dying - dying of want, or to put it plainly, the woman was dying of that Irish complaint called starvation He endeavored in vain to force some

warm cordial between her lips.
"Let me try, please?" said Miss

Gregory.

The doctor immediately yielded the goblet and spoon to the young lady. She knelt, and with coaxing words and caresses induced the poor woman to drink the cordial to the last drop.

Dr. Somers, the servant, and the messenger still watched the proceedings

At length the patient, grasping the girl's white hand with her own, and staring wildly into the beautiful, pity ing face bent over her, began to mut

ter and rave:
"O allannah bawn!" she mur mured, hollowly, whilst a wild light flashed over her face. "O Gracie, acushla machre! you came back to me. Darling, darling of my heart, you parling, darling mother! They came back to your poor mother! They told me—oh! oh! what did they tell me?—that my Gracie, my lovely darling child, was dead—in America—dead along with Pat and Myles and Annie. All dead-O Mother of Sorrows, all dead! But I never believed you were dead, Gracie, never, darling. Are you hungry, allannah? Are you cold, acushla? You were often hungry and cold when the landlord took the oats and the cow, and so was your mother. But I never let on. And oh! I was never hungry and cold in heart till my Gracie went away to America to earn for me. Ah! my birdie, my pet," she added with sudden energy, rising on the pillow, "did you hear that the agent tumbled the roof on me, and then your mother went to beg? Oh, Gracie," she added with dreadful, unearthly vehemence, almost raising herself to a sitting posture and grasping her weeping benefactress more closely, "don't go to the poorhouse! Die, Gracie—die a thousand times but don't go there! Don't cry, avourneen "-Miss Gregory's tears were fall ing fast upon the woman's fingers
-"don't cry, don't cry. We'll meet

in heaven. The poor creature fell back ex hausted; the doctor walked hurriedly to the cracked pane of glass; the little messenger cried openly; the good woman at the fire became ostensibly whilst the lady smoothed the

heart broken woman's pillow. Arrangements were made for the dying woman's comfort. Everything was done that could be and should be done under the circumstances.
"There's no hope, I fear, doctor,"

half queried Miss Gregory, as she donned her wraps. "None. Want and exposure have

done their work. Do you know anything of her, Miss Gregory?"
"I beg your pardon, doctor," here
interposed the servant, breaking
silence for the first time, "I recognize that woman as a neighbor of my own. Her words told me who she is. She was turned out of her farm the same time as my own father. Lord Cunla and his agent, Lake, did the work. I lost sight of her since. But I re-member her children well. They were considered models of goodness, and they were splendid looking boys she did, and says she: 'I beg your pardon, my dear.' I said I wasn't — for sure I wasn't; but she stopped and sire I wasn her-but the minute she spoke I knew her. God forgive them that brought her to that !'

'Ah! why will men be so cruel, so heartless, so unfeeling to their fellow - creatures!" ejaculated Miss

"Ah, why indeed!" echoed the doctor. Then, glancing at the poor dying victim, "O eternal Father," dying victim, "O eternal Father," he murmured, "give us patience, as

Thou hast patience with us sinners!' Five minutes later Miss Gregory and Dr. Somers were standing on the broken steps that led to the hall of 44 Choke lane. The little messenger had been dispatched for a cab. The lady and gentleman stood side by side.

"Doctor," said Miss Gregory, "you are so silent and so dreadfully serious that I am almost beginning to doubt your identity. But, alas! such scenes as the one we have just witnessed are enough to silence and sadden. It can't be possible," she added, seeing him still maintain his grave look and unbroken silence, that-that you disapprove of my coming here-

"Disapprove," repeated Dr. Somers; 'may beaven forbid! Indeed, Miss Gregory, I admire your kindness and charity more than any weak words of mine could express. But I have been so surprised. Hitherto I have but met you in society, and you always appeared so gay, and to-day l find you-"So dull, I suppose," interrupted

the girl. "Oh, no, no. So good, so heroic,

so brave!" "Nonsense, doctor," she interrupted, "you will surely give even poor me credit for performing some more important duty than playing sonatas at Madame Leront's, or dancing at Judge Balwick's ball, and especially at this

holy season of peace and joy."
"I trust it may ever be a season of peace and love and joy for you,
Miss Gregory. Good-bye; I wish you
a very happy Christmas."
"Thanks. Many happy returns to Many happy returns to

yourself, doctor. Remember, you are to come to our Twelfth Night party. Marion Gregory, only child and Keep Minard's Liniment in the House

Papa will take no excuse; neither

shall I. Goodbye."
They parted—the lady and her at tendant returning to the beautiful city mansion of Sir John Gregory,

the doctor proceeding to pay the five official visits.

Dark night had fallen on the city ere Dr. Somers was free to return to his home. The storm had lulled. The doctor walked briskly along the now thronged streets, occasionally taking in with pleased philosophic glance the numerous scenes and sights of Christmas Eve in the city. haps it was to prolong this enjoyment that he lengthened his homeward route by taking a detour which led him through that part of the city

Gregory. As he nears the fashionable square his ears are assailed by strange sounds, men run swiftly by him, and just as he has begun to speculate on the cause of the commotion he is borne along irresistibly by an excited crowd, while cries of "fire, fire!" resound in

where stood the dwelling, of Sir John

all directions. He comes to a full stop on the outskirts of a swaying, terror-stricken multitude, who stand with bated breath watching the fierce flames and dense smoke which burst from the windows of the lower story of the mansion of Sir John Gregory. He makes frantic efforts to get nearer the

burning building, but without avail.
Two fire engines are at work. Fire escapes have been placed in position. Dark-looking men rush about and endeavor to save some of the valuable pictures and furniture. The con-flagration has already made fearful havoc; even the upper story is now belching forth dark torrents of smoke and jets of flame. A lurid light illumines with dread distinctness the

surrounding objects.

Suddenly a wail of terror escapes from the crowd as a little girl of ten or twelve years appears at one of the as yet uninjured windows, beating the air frantically and apparently deliri ous in dread.

A man standing near our hero shouts, "Tis the housekeeper's grand-

child, an' she was forgot!"
"Oh, the child! the child is lost!" "The escape is not high enough. "Five minutes will see her in eter

nity!"
"O Lord, look!" Dr. Somers, who is all this time working his way through the crowd by sheer force of will, looks and sees a

slight, dark robed female figure dart ing up the escape; which reaches to within a couple of feet of the window at which the child stands. "'Tis Miss Gregory," says some one

in the crowd. "Sir John's daughter! She's lostshe's mad."

'Oh, holy angels, save her !" "Up, up, swiftly goes the slight figure through the blinding smoke, until, like a thick shroud, it envelopes her, and she is undistinguishable.

Knocking out of his way a couple of the firemen who now stood beside the escape, the doctor, regardless of the words which fell on his ear like the echoes of a bad dream, warning him to desist, began the ascent. Hold ing on with one hand, blinded, scorched, half-suffocated, he ascends twelve steps, when suddenly a dark object seems hurled with awful velocity against him. Instinctively he clutche at it, but as he does so loses his hold on the ladder, and is hurled with his dual burden—Marion Gregory and the

CHAPTER II

It is July. Heat, light, brightness and beauty are in the acme of their power in this clime of ours. The magnificent garden of the seaside villa o Sir John Gregory is beautified, irradiated, overflown with the torrid accessories of the season. One is overpowered by the rich food of delights offered to the senses on this July day

A very beautiful girl in white dress and straw hat issues from a entrance, and walks slowly and abstractedly towards a vine-covered, flow-hidden bower, which she enters Seating herself, she throws aside the hat, and, burying her face in her hands, remains perfectly motionless for a con-

Quick footsteps hurrying toward her retreat arouse her. She arises nerv-ously just as Dr. Somers enters the One quick look is interchanged, and the words, "Bernard. 'Marion," fall simultaneously from their lips. A short pause ensues

"No need to ask the result of the interview, Bernard," the girl at length says slowly, tremblingly; "but does

he give any hope?"

"Marion," said the young man, take ing her hand gently in both his own, and speaking in deep, earnest tones, "your father is quite insulted at the idea of a beggarly doctor like me presuming to aspire to his daughter's I know it is presumption, darling, for no man on this wide earth is worthy of you. I pleaded our true, true love, and that you would wait and would work until I win a name and fortune. Twas useless. His cutting remarks and his refusal I bore; but, His cutting oh, Marion, he made one observation which disquiets me more than any He says he intends to be thing else. stow your hand on young Lord Down

"On Lord Downland !" repeated the girl, with a shudder, whilst a fright-ened shadow swept over her features. Then, with a heightened flush and renewed energy, she continued:

"Never, Bernard, never! Welcome death a thousand times before this hand -yours-is bestowed on a villain and

"This is bravely and nobly said, my heroic little love; and, thank God! I can and do believe that you have strength and firmness to resist all the worldly temptations that will be set before you. But now comes the saddest part of my answer. Your father forbids me holding any further correspondence with you - forbids my vising or writing to you. Ah! Marion, Marion, what then is the world to me? But, oh! forgive me," he added in different tones, seeing the distressed look on her face. "What a wretch I am! How unmanly for me to grieve, instead of to cheer you! Marion, be true to me for a few years. God has given me some talents, which I will cultivate and use as no man ever did before. But I ask so much much.

"Bernard, listen to me," returned the girl in tremulous tones; "I will be true to you; I will obey my father as long as the obedience brings no sin.

I have prayed fervently to God to direct me—to direct you; and I bedirect me-to direct you; and I be-lieve that if He destines me to marry, that you are the partner His providence has ordained for me. I will pray now more fervently than ever for you and for myself, that God may direct us according to His holy will. Be patient, be good, and you will not fail to be happy, and-and you may trust

"God bless my brave Marion! I will indeed treasure your encouraging words. But I can say no more. You'll accept this-'tis an emblem of hope He unfastened a small, gem-studded anchor from his watch guard and

pressed it into the girl's hand. "And, Bernard, you'll accept this-'tis an emblem of faith," said Marion, as she took from her throat a small,

quaintly wrought silver cross.

The young man pressed the holy em blem to his lips. A brief farewell, and they parted.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NO PLACE TO GO.

One of the complaints of young men in all the large cities is that they have "no place to go." It is a serious com-plaint too. Of course this does not plaint too. apply to the young man who is living with his parents, but to the great horde of young men who are living away from their parents, beginning their career in the world, unmarried, and dwelling in hired lodgings or boarding houses of some sort. What shall they do with themselves during the hours when they are not at work and not asleep or eating their meals? This year the fiftieth anniversary was celebrated of the Young Men's Christian Association, and Queen Victoria conferred the honor of knighthood on its founder in recognition of the good that has been affected by the organization. Is there any good reason why an organization on Catholic lines yet offering some of the attractions of that Protestant society should not long ago have come

into existence? When shall we have a Young Men's Catholic Association? There is an unmistakable demand for such an organization, a very urgent need for ne. That has long been recognized Mere money will not do it, nor will mere desire for it. Years ago there was erected in Cincinnati a very fine building in one of the principal streets, and this building is still called by some of the old fogies the "Catholic Institute," though in reality it has for years been used as an ordinary theatre. Our older cities are all full of such failures to found and carry on to success some sort of organization where our Catholic young men who "no places to go their leisure pleasantly and harm-

lessly, if not profitably. Who shall solve the problem, who shall be able to form or develop a plan of society that will attract Catholic young men and continue to attract them and to hold their interest? most of the plans that have been tried have been copied from methods employed in France, or Germany, or other home lands of Catholic emigrants where the conditions of life are very different from ours. What is wanted is a plan that shall be both Catholic and Ameri can, something suited both to our religion and our country. Who shall give us the plan? The inventor will leserve and receive a reward better than any knighthood that Queen Vic-

toria could bestow.-Catholic Review. The Young Heart Made Pure.

Cardinal Newman, in his first year as a Catholic priest, preached some sermons which even he never surpassed before or since and which form his first Catholic book, "Discourses to Mixed Congregations." In one of these he makes a remark which I have often repeated to others aloud, and hundreds of times to myself as a sort of meditative ejaculation: for I hold strongly that the holy practice of ejaculations may very profitably include more than direct aspirations to God and His saints and even more than directly spiritual sayings. But this is a directly spirit-ual saying. "It is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste; and why is this, but that it gives us Jesus as our food, and Mary as our nursing Mother?

The hair, when not properly cared for, loses its lustre, becomes crisp, harsh and dry, and falls out freely with every combing. To prevent this, the best dressing in the market is Ayer's Hair Vigor. It imparts that silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.