Of all the nerve-tonics—bromos, celeries or nervines—your doctor will tell you that the Hypophosphites are best understood. So thoroughly related is the nervous system to disease that some physicians prescribe Hypophosphites alone in the early stages of Consumption. Scott's Emulsion is Cod-liver Oil, emulsified, with the Hypophosphites, happily blended. The result of its use is greater strength and activity of the brain, the spinal cord and the nerves.

Let us send you a book all about it. Sent free. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

THE DE PROFUNDIS.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

Out of the depths of my woe have I
cried to Thee;
Lord God compassionate, hear thou
my voice;
Lend me Thine ears who for mercy
have sighed to Thee,
Pardon me suppliant, bid me rejoice.

Lord, if iniquities Thou wilt mark heedfully,
Who 'mongst Thy servants Thy wrath
may sustain?
Clemency bides in Thy Heart for us,
needfully:
Thine, on account of Thy law, I remain.

Resteth my soul on His words all confidingly,
Hopeful for aye of His mercy's award.
E'en from the morn unto night, and
abidingly,
Israel, child of Him, hope in the Lord.

For with the Lord there is mercy and
graciousness,
Plentiful flows his redemption's deep
stream,—
Broader than ocean its infinite spaciousness:
Israel's sins will he also redeem.

—Ave Maria.

WHAT AILS YOU?

A Cold in the Head? Some Sneezing? Pain over the Eyes? Disgusting Dropping in the Throat? Headache?—It may Mean that the Seeds of Catarrh Have Been Sown—Don't Neglect it an Hour-Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will Give Relief in 10 Minutes.

"I had chronic catarrh for a number of years. Water would run from my nose and eyes for days at a time. I tried many cures without any permanent relief. I was induced to try Dr Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It cured me and I have had no return of the malady. I find that for a cold in the head it gives almost instant relief. I would not be without it and I recommend it most heartily." C. G. Archer, Brewer, Me.—Sold by Gee. E. Hughes.

ELIZABETH

—OR—

The Exiles of Siberia.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. SOPHIE COTTIN.

(From the Catholic Review.)

CHAPTER I—(Continued.)

Without waiting for an answer she flew to Smoloff, and in the way met her mother, whom she seized by the arm, and embracing her, cried: "Come with me, he is returned; M. de Smoloff is returned."

On entering the cottage they perceived a gentleman, apparently about fifty years of age, in a military dress, accompanied by several officers. The mother and daughter started back. "This is M. de Smoloff," said the young Tartar. At these words all the hopes of Elizabeth were destroyed. Her color fled, her eyes were filled wih tears. Phedora, grieved at the excess of her emotion, placed herself before her, to conceal it from general observation. Happy would the afflicted mother have esteemed herself, if, by the sacrifice of her life, her daughter could have been released from the fatal passion which she no longer doubted held possession of her soul.

The governor of Tobolsk dismissed his retinue, and, turning to Springer, said: "Sire, since the time when the court of Russia deemed it prudent to condemn you to banishment, this is the first time I have visited this spot, and it is a duty now pleasing to me, since it affords me the opportunity of testifying to an exile so illustrious how sincerely I feel for his misfortunes, and how deeply I regret that duty forbids me to offer the assistance and protection which otherwise I would gladly bestow." I expect nothing from men. "Sir," replied Springer, coldly, "I want not their commiseration, as I expect nothing from their justice; and since my misfortunes have placed me at a distance from them I shall pass my days contented in this desert."

"Oh, Sir!" said the governor, with emotion, "for a man like you to live an exile from his country is a destiny to be lamented!" "There is one, Sir, more lamentable," replied Springer, viz., "to die an exile." He said no more; for, had he added another word, he might have shed a tear, and the illustrious sufferer wished to appear above his misfortunes. Elizabeth, concealed behind her mother, watched the governor, to see if his countenance indicated a character which would encourage her to disclose her project to him. Thus the fearful dove, before leaving her nests, surveys the beavers, to mark whether the appearance of the sky promises a serene day.

The governor remarked and knew her. His son had often spoken of her; and the portrait he had drawn could resemble none but Elizabeth. "Madam," said he, addressing himself to her, "my son has mentioned you to me; you have made an impression upon his mind which time will never efface." "Did he tell you Sir," said Phedora, "that she is indebted to him for the life of a father?"

"No, Madam," answered the governor, "but he told me how willing she is to devote hers to that father and to you." "She is," said Springer, "and her affectionate regard is the only blessing we have now left, the only one of which mankind has not been able to deprive us." The governor turned aside to conceal his emotion. After a short pause, he addressed himself to Elizabeth: "Madam, it is two months since my son, then at Saimka, received an order from the Emperor to set off immediately to join the army assembling in Livonia. He was obliged to obey; but, before his departure, he conjured me to convey to you a letter, I could not, without the most imminent danger, send it by a messenger; I could only deliver it myself, and now his commission shall be executed." Elizabeth, blushing, took the letter which he presented to her. The governor, observing the surprise of Springer and Phedora, exclaimed: "Fortunate are the parents from whom a daughter conceals such secrets." He then recalled his attendants, and in their presence said to Springer: "Sir, the commands of my sovereign still prevent me from allowing you to receive any one here; nevertheless, if any poor missionaries, who, I am informed, must cross these deserts in their return from the frontiers of China, should come to your dwelling to beg a night's lodging, you are permitted to receive them."

After the governor had taken leave, Elizabeth still kept her eyes fixed upon the letter she held in her hard, not daring to open it. "My child," said Springer, "if you are waiting for permission from your mother and me to read your letter, you have it."

With a trembling hand Elizabeth broke the seal, and, as she read the contents, she made frequent exclamations of gratitude and joy. When she had finished she flung herself into the arms of her parents, exclaiming: "The moment is arrived; every circumstance contributes to favor my enterprise; Heaven approves and blesses my intention?"

Springer shuddered at the words she uttered; he knew the intention to which she alluded; but Phedora, who had not an idea of it, exclaimed:

"Elizabeth, what means this mystery? what does that paper contain?" She made a motion as if to take it; but Elizabeth interposed;

"O my mother, pardon me," said she; "I tremble to speak before you; you have not guessed what I would say, and the idea of your terror disheartens me, and is now my only remaining impediment. I know not how to obviate it. Oh! permit me to explain myself before my father only, you are not yet prepared as he is."

"No, my child," interrupted Springer, "do not separate us; do not that which exile and misfortune has never yet done. Come to my heart, my Pheora, and if your courage fail you at the words you are to hear, may mine sustain your drooping spirits."

Phedora, terrified and dismayed, seeing herself menaced by some dreadful calamity, but knowing not whence the stroke was to come, said, in a tone of alarm: "What can you mean? Have I not endured with fortitude every reverse of fortune? Nor will that fortitude forsake me now," pressing to her heart her husband and her child," between you it will sustain me against the worst that fate can do." Elizabeth attempted to reply, but her mother would not hear her. "My child," exclaimed she with anguish, "ask my life, but do not ask me to consent to our separation."

These words proved that she had penetrated into the secret, and the pain of telling it to her was spared; but to induce her to consent seemed an undertaking so arduous that the sanguine hopes of Elizabeth were daunted. Bathed in tears, trembling at the sight of her mother's agitation, Elizabeth, in broken accents, uttered only these words:

"O my mother! if, for the happiness of my father, I asked of you some days only?"

"Oh no! not one," exclaimed her mother in an agony, "what happiness could be worth such a price? No, not one day. O Heaven! do not permit her to ask me."

These words entirely subdued the courage of Elizabeth. Unable to utter what could to such an excess afflict her mother, she presented to her father the letter she had received from the governor of Tobolsk, and made a sign to him to read it. He took it, and in a faltering voice read aloud the following lines, written by young Smoloff at Tobolsk, about two months before,

"The greatest concern I experience on leaving Saimka, Elizabeth proceeds from the impossibility of informing you that an indispensable obligation forces me to an absence from you. I can neither see you, write to you, nor send you the information you have asked of me, without acting in opposition to the commands of my father, and without endangering his safety. Perhaps my wish to oblige you might have induced me to have failed in my duty towards him, had it not been for the example you have shown me. But after I had learned what is due to a parent, I could not expose the life of mine. To you, however, I will confess that my duty was not, like yours, performed with delight. I returned to Tobolsk with a broken heart. My father informed me that a mandate from the Emperor must transport me a thousand miles hence. I depart, Elizabeth, and you know not what I suffer. Ah! I did not ask of Heaven that you should know my feelings.

"I have opened my heart to my father. I have made you known to him, and his tears have flowed at the recital of your project. I believe he will visit the district of Ischim this year, and that it will be expressly to see you. In the meantime he will, if possible, convey to you this letter. I depart with greater tranquility, Elizabeth, since I leave you under the protection of my father. But do not, I conjure you, do not think of setting out on the expedition until my return; I expect it will be in less than a year. I will be your conductor and your guard to St. Petersburg, and will present you to the Emperor. Do not fear that I will address you again on the subject of my love. No, I will be but as a friend, a brother; and if I serve you with all the fervor of passion, I swear never to address you but in a language pure and innocent as that of angels or yourself."

A poststcript was written by the governor himself:

"No, it is not my son that must conduct you. I doubt not in his honor, but yours must be placed beyond the reach of suspicion. When at the court of Russia, you exhibit instances of virtue too heroic not to be crowned with success, the breath of envy must not whisper that you were conducted thither by a lover, and thus tarnish the noblest instance of filial piety the world can boast of. In your present situation there are no protectors worthy to guide your innocence but Heaven and your father. Your father cannot accompany you, but Heaven will not forsake you. Religion will lend you her aid, shield yourself, therefore, under her guidance. You know to whom I have given permission to enter your dwelling. In giving these directions I render you the depository of my fate. Were this letter to be made public, and were it known that I had favored your departure, my ruin would be the inevitable result, but I have no fear, I know in whom I confide, and what may be expected from the heroism and honor of a daughter willing to sacrifice her life for a father."

As he finished the letter, the voice of Springer became firmer and more animated. He gloried in the virtues of his daughter, and in the admiration they excited. But the tender mother thought only of losing her. Pale, motionless, and unable to weep, she regarded her child in silence, and raised her eyes to heaven Elizabeth threw herself on her knees before them both. "O my parents," said she, "let me speak. I presume to aspire to restore you to liberty, to happiness, and to your country, for more than a year has this been the object of my fondest hopes. The season for it approaches, and you would forbid me to attempt it. If there be a blessing greater than that which I entreat, I will consent, but if there be not. . . ."

Agitated and trembling, the accents she would have uttered died on her lips, and by looks and motions of the most earnest supplication only could she finish her prayer. Springer laid his hand in silence upon the head of his daughter; her mother exclaimed:

"Alone on foot, without help! Oh no, I cannot! I cannot!"

"My Mother," answered Elizabeth eagerly, "do not, I beseech you, do not oppose my wish. You would not, if you knew how long I have indulged in it, and the consolation I have derived from it. As soon as my reason enabled me to comprehend the cause of your unhappiness I resolved to dedicate my life to the removal of it. Happy was the day on which I first contemplated the design of liberating my father! Blessed the hope which supported me when I saw you weep. Long ago would your silent sorrow have overwhelmed me, but I reflected, it is I who may restore that of which you lament the loss. If you deprive me of this hope, in which all my thoughts are centred, I shall no longer attach a value to life, and my days will linger away in misery. Oh! pardon me for grieving you. No, if you forbid my departure I shall not die, since my death would be an additional source of affliction to you. But I beg of you not to oppose my happiness. Tell me not that my enterprise is impracticable. My heart replies that it is not, Heaven will give me strength when I go to claim justice, and eloquence to obtain my demand. Nothing will daunt me, neither sufferings nor contempt, neither the dazzling splendor of a court nor the awful brow of majestesty, nothing but your refusal."

"Cease, Elizabeth, oh, cease!" interrupted Springer, "my ideas are confused, my soul till now, never sank before an noble action, till now, it never heard of virtue too heroic for its strength to bear. I did not think myself weak. O my child! you now teach me that I am, no, I cannot consent."

Encouraged by his refusal, Phedora, taking her daughter's hand, said:

"Hear me, Elizabeth. If your father betrays weakness you may well excuse it in your mother. Pardon her that she has not resoltion to give you permission to display your virtue. Strange! that a mother must ask her child to be less excellent, but your mother asks it, she does not command, possessed of such greatness of soul you ought to receive no command but from the dictates of your own heart."

"My dear Mother," replied Elizabeth, yours shall ever be held sacred. If you desire me to remain here, I hope I shall have resolution enough to obey without repining; but suffer me to hope that my scheme will yet receive your assent. It is not the result of a moment's enthusiasm, but of the reflection of many years, and it is established upon reason as well as affection. Does there exist any other means of rescuing my father from exile? During the twelve years that he has languished here what friend has undertaken his justification? And were there one who dared to do it, would he dare to say as much as I should? Would he be instigated by motives similiar to mine? Oh no, let me indulge the thought that Heaven has reserved for your child the blessing of restoring you to happiness, and do not appose the glorious undertaking with which Heaven has designed to charge her. Tell me what it is you consider so alarming in the enterprise. Is it my temporary absence? Have I not often heard you lament that exile which forbids you the hope of bestowing me in marriage? And would not a husband have separated me from you entirely? Is it danger? there exists none; the winters of this climate have accustomed me to the utmost severity of the weather, and the daily exercise I have taken on these plains to bear the fatigue of lone travelling. Are you alarmed on account of my youth? it will be my support; the weak meet with general assistance. Or do you fear my inexperience? I shall not be alone; do you remember the words of the governor? he permits the poor missionary to take shelter under our roof, to give me a guide and a protector. You see that every danger, every obstacle is removed. Nothing is wanted but your consent and benediction,"

"And you must beg your bread," exclaimed Springer," in a tone of poignant distress. "The ancestors of your mother, who formerly reigned in these territories, and mine who were seated on the throne of Poland, will look down and see the heiress of their names begging her daily bread in that Russia which has made of their kingdoms provinces of her empire."

(To be continued.)

Governor Murray, of Newfoundland, on the 17th, cancelled the appointments made by the defeated Whiteway administration. A commission to reform the civil service has been appointed, consisting of Attorney-General Winter, Receiver-General Morine, and Hon. George Shea. The commission on the tariff will commence work in December. Department bye-elections will take place on December 6th, nomination November 29th. Startling revelations of corruption under the Whiteway government are expected.

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Medicinal value in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other preparation.
More skill is required, more care taken, more expense incurred in its manufacture.
It costs the proprietor and the dealer
More but it costs the consumer *less*, as he gets more doses for his money.
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The One True Blood Purifier. $1 per bottle.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25 cents.

Burdock Blood Bitters has the most natural action on the stomach, liver, bowels and blood of any medicine known, hence its effects are prompt and lasting. It cures, without fail, all such diseases as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Billousness, Bad

Blood

Sick Headache, Boils, Pimples, Tumors, Scrofula, Kidney Complaint, Jaundice, Coated Tongue, Loss of Appetite and General Debility. The fact that it is guaranteed to cure if used according to directions warrants any sufferer in giving a fair trial to Burdock Blood

Bitters

Miscellaneous Locals.

SNAP AND VIGOR WANTED.

Modern life demands snap and vigor from all. The race for existence is hotter than ever. Keep your blood pure by using BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, and you will be healthy, vigorous and strong. Miss Jennie A Gleason, Centreton, Ont., says: "For two years I suffered from poor, thin blood. I grew weaker every day until I tried B.B.B. It completely cured me by enriching my blood, making me strong and vigorous again."

REGULAR ACTION of the bowels is necessary to health. LAXA LIVER PILLS are the best occasional cathartic for family or general use. Price 25c. Any druggist.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diptheria.

Come All Who Suffer.

Mrs. E. Brown, Hamilton, Ont., says: "I have used Laxa Liver Pills and find them perfect as a cure for billousness and sick headache. I strongly recommend them to all who suffer from such troubles as an unrivalled remedy."

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL cures all pain in man or beast; for sprains, cuts, bruises, callous lumps, swellings, inflammation, rheumatism, and neuralgia it's a specific.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

People Talk Back.

Many people talk back. Here is one. Miss Katherine Weese, Belleville, says: "I have had a pain in my back accompanied by general debility and tried various remedies for the same but without deriving much benefit, until I took Doan's Kidney Pills, which I am glad to say, entirely cured me. They are certainly a grand medicine and I can say in my case proved to be a thorough specific.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

ANXIOUS MOTHERS find DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP the best medicine to expel worms. Children like it--worms don't.

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Jas. McKee,	Linwood, Ont.
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John A. McDonald,	Arnprior, Ont.
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THAT aching head can be instantly relieved by taking one of MILBURN'S STERLING HEADACHE POWDERS. One powder 5c., 3 for 10c., 10 for 25c.

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The sign of strength, a ruddy countenance depends upon rich, red blood. To make the blood rich and ruddy, the countenance clear and bright, and the step firm and elastic, use BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. J. A. Gillan, B. A., Toronto, Ont., says: "I enjoy good health now to the greatest degree, ever since the day I started to use B.B.B.

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DEAR SIRS,—I have often had coughs and colds, as well as bronchitis. Norway Pine Syrup cures me every time. I recommend it as a perfect cure for all throat and lung troubles. LIZZIE HARDY, Mayfield, Ont.

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Sleeplessness is one of the most frequent symptoms of heart and nerve troubles. It affects all classes and all ages. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills restore the nerves to healthy action and regulate the heart. Mr. Miles Boone, Frederickton, N. B., tells how they work. "I could never rest well, and often woke up with a start, and then sleep left me for the night. These pills gave me almost immediate relief, giving me healthful, refreshing sleep, and I am now strong and well."

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DEAR SIRS,—We have used Norway Pine Syrup in our home a great deal. I have a little boy who has had asthma for five or six years, (he is only 10 now), and during the severe attacks he would get great relief from using the syrup. For an ordinary cold it is ahead of any cough medicine I ever took.
EDWARD WINCHESTER,
Smith's Cove, N. S.

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Mr. Samuel Huphries, retired carriage manufacturer, Strathroy, Ont., says: "For a long time I have had kidney troubles pain in the back. I could not straighten up and often had to sit down until the pain and weakness went away. I have taken one box of Doan's Kidney Pills and must say they are a great kidney medicine because they have entirely removed all pain from my back, curing the urinary difficulties and benefiting my general health in a remarkable degree."

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FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

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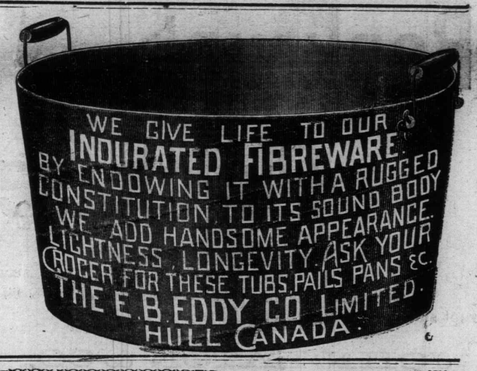

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