In advanced stages of Consumption, Scott's Emulsion soothes the cough, checks the night sweats and prevents extreme emaciation. In this way it prolongs life and makes more comfortable the last days. In every case of consumption—from its first appearance to its most advanced stages—no remedy promises a greater hope for recovery or brings comfort and relief equal to Scott's Emulsion. Book on the subject free for the asking.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D.D.

When knees are weak and palsied,
When brains can toil no more,
When hearts dream o'er the glories,
Of a bright untrodden shore:
When long from nest of springtime,
The summer birds have fled;
Rich tints of autumn faded,
And blooming flowers all dead;

When rooms are lone and silent
Where children used to play
When for eve's welcome shadows
Come sighs at break of day;
Or when gold sunlight smiteth
Damp vales and gloomy caves,
Fresh plaint for stars to sparkle
Above the mournful waves;

When Age grows chill and weary,
When sight is weak and dim,
Comes back the prayer of childhood,
The old familiar hymn:
Desire grows strong to wander
Where Youth's brief sunshine fell—
First home-love unforgotten,
Old garden, well-known dell:

Comes back in summer noontide
The scent of hay new-mown,
Or herb crushed in the Autumn
To make its virtues known:
Come back lost joys and longings,
Missed voices, morning skies,
As flares the flame of taper
Before it falls and dies.

When years have soothed old sorrows,
When Time hath dried the tear
Through loss and separation,
By hearth or home or bier,
Grows strong an old affection,—
Desire, with sigh long-drawn,
To rest where those gone forward
Lie waiting for the dawn:

Beneath the Church's shelter,
Beneath her sacred walls,
Where white snows clothe the grave-mounds
Or warmest sunshine falls;
Where passes daily shadow
From tower or spire or dome—
A resting place at evening—
An antetype of Home.

—Ave Maria.

NEURALGIA TORMENTS.

Thousands Could Tell the Same Story of Misery that William Davidson—And Thousands Have To-day the Same Song of Rejoicing—Cured by South American Nervine.

"I suffered untold misery for every three months from neuralgia of the stomach. Physicians did their best to help me, but all attempts were baffled. I saw South American Nervine advertised and resolved to try it. The first bottle gave me great relief, and after I had used six bottles I was completely cured of the dreadful disease. William Davidson, Theodore, Ont. Sold by Geo. E. Hughes.

ELIZABETH

—OR—

The Exiles of Siberia.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. SOPHIE COTTIN.

(From the Catholic Review.)

CHAPTER I—(Continued.)

The young Elizabeth, who knew no other country than the desolate one which she had inhabited from the age of four years, discovered beauties which nature bestows even upon these inhospitable climes; and, innocence finding pleasure everywhere, she amused herself with climbing the rocks which bordered the lake, in search of the eggs of hawks and white vultures, that build their nests there during summer. Sometimes she caught wood pigeons to fill a little aviary, and at others angled for corassins, which move in shoals, whose purple shells, lying against one another, appear through the water like a piece of fire covered with liquid silver. It never occurred to the happy days of her childhood that there could be a lot more fortunate than her own. Her health was established by the keen air she breathed, and exercise united in her light figure agility and strength, while her countenance, beaming with innocence and peace, each day seemed to disclose some new charm. Thus far removed from the busy world and mankind, did this lovely girl improve in beauty for the eyes only of her parents, to charm no heart but theirs; like the flower of the desert, which blooms before the sun, and arrays itself in no less brilliant colors because it is destined to shine only in the presence of that luminary to which it is indebted for its existence.

The most fervent affections are those which are least divided. Thus Elizabeth, who knew no one but her parents, (consequently could love none but them) lived them with a fervor that scarcely admitted of comparison. They were the protectors of her childhood, the partakers of her amusements, her only society. She knew nothing but what they had taught her; to them was she indebted for her talents, her knowledge, her studies, her recreations and everything, and feeling that without them she could do nothing, enjoy nothing, she delighted in her dependence on them. When reason and reflection, however, succeeded to the carelessness of childhood, Elizabeth observed the tears of her mother, and perceived that her father was unhappy. She often begged them to tell her the cause, but could obtain no other cause than that they regretted being at such a distance from their country. But with the name of that country, or rank they held in it, they did not trust her, fearing to excite a vain regret by informing her of the elevated rank from which they had been precipitated. From the time that Elizabeth discovered the affliction of her parents, her thoughts no longer flowed in the same channel, and the tenor of her life was changed. The innocent amusements she had enjoyed lost their attractions. Her birds were neglected and her flowers were forgotten. When she went down to the lake it was no longer to cast the bait, or to navigate her little bance, but to meditate profoundly upon a scheme which had become the sole occupation of her mind. Sometimes seated upon a projecting rock, her eyes fixed upon the waters of the lake, she reflected upon the griefs of her parents, and on the means of alleviating them. They wept for their country. Elizabeth knew not where this country was situated, but that they were unhappy out of it was sufficient. All her thoughts were directed to devise some plan for restoring them to it. She would then raise her eyes to heaven to implore that assistance, and would remain buried in a reverie so profound, that the snow, falling in large flakes, and driven in violence against her with the wind, could not disturb it. But if her parents called, in an instant she would descend to the tops of the rocks to receive the lessons of her father or to assist her mother in her domestic avocations. But with them, or alone, whether engaged in reading or occupied with her needle, one idea pursued her, one project held possession of her mind; this project she kept profoundly secret, resolved not to mention it till the moment of her departure should arrive.

Yes! she resolved to tear herself away from the embraces of her parents, to proceed alone, on foot, to St. Petersburg, and to implore the Emperor to pardon her father. Such was the bold design which had presented itself to her imagination; such was the daring enterprise, the dangers of which could not daunt the heroic courage of a young and timid female. She beheld in their strongest light many of the impediments she must surmount, but her confidence in the Creator, and the ardor of her wishes, encouraged her and she felt convinced that she could overcome them all. As her scheme began to uphold itself, and she reflected upon the means of carrying into execution, her ignorance could not fail to alarm her. She had never passed the boundaries of the forest she inhabited; how then was she to find her way to St. Petersburg? how could she travel through countries inhabited by people who spoke a language unknown to her? She must subsist upon charity; to submit to this she recalled to her aid those precepts of humility which her mother had so carefully inculcated: but her father had so often spoken of the inflexibility of mankind that she dreaded being reduced to implore their compassion. She was too well acquainted with the tenderness of her parents to indulge the hope that they would facilitate her journey. It was not to them that she could, in this instance, have recourse. To whom, then, could she apply in the desert where she lived? to whom address herself in a dwelling the entrance to which was forbidden to every human being. Still she did not despair; the remembrance of an accident to which her father had nearly fallen a victim had engraven upon her mind the conviction that there is no place so desolate, in which Providence cannot hear the prayers of the unfortunate, and afford them assistance.

Some years before, Springer had been delivered by a young stranger from imminent peril, upon one of the high rocks which form a boundary to the Topol. This brave youth was a son of M. de-Smoloff, the governor of Tobolsk. He came every winter to the plains of Ischim to chase elks, sables and bears, which are found in the environs of Saimka. In this dangerous sport he had met Springer and was the means of saving his life. From that period the name of Smoloff had never been mentioned in the abode of the exiles but with reverence and gratitude. Elizabeth and her mother felt the most lively regret at not knowing their benefactor, that they might offer to him their acknowledgments and benedictions; but to heaven they daily offered them for him, and indulged the hope, at each return of the hunting season, that chance might lead him to their hut. Its entrance had been forbidden to him, as well as to every one else, and he lamented not the restriction, as he was yet ignorant of the treasure this humble habitation contained.

Nevertheless, since Elizabeth had been thoroughly convinced of the difficulty of leaving the desert without some human aid, her thoughts had frequently rested upon young Smoloff. Such a protector would have dissipated all her terrors, and might have vanquished all the obstacles that opposed her design. Who was better calculated than he to give all the information she required respecting her journey from Saimka to St. Petersburg? to instruct her in what method to get her petition delivered to the Emperor? and, should her flight irritate the governor, who was better calculated than a son to soften his resentment, move his compassion, and save her parents from being made responsible for her transgression?

Thus did she reflect on all the advantages which were likely to result from such a support: and as winter drew near she resolved not to let the hunting season pass without taking some steps to inform herself whether young Smoloff was in the country, and, if so of seeking an opportunity to speak to him.

Springer had been so much affected by the terror of his wife and daughter at the mere recital of the danger he had incurred, that he promised never again to engage in the bear hunt, nor to extend his walks beyond the plain but in pursuit of squirrels or ermines. Notwithstanding this promise, Phedora could not see him depart to a distance without terror, and she continued till his return in a state of agitation and anxiety, as if his absence was the presage of calamity.

A heavy fall of snow, congealed into a solid mass by an intense frost, had completely covered the surface of the earth, when, on a fine morning in the month of December, Springer took his gun, and prepared for the chase. Before his departure he embraced his wife and daughter, and promised to return before the close of day; but the hour had passed, night approached, and Springer arrived. Since the adventure which threatened his life this was the first time that he had failed in the strictest punctuality, and the terror of Phedora was indescribable, Elizabeth while she partook of it, sought every means to tranquilize her mother, she would have flown to seek and succour her father, but she had not resolution to leave her mother in the agony in which she beheld her.

At length, however, the delicate and timid Phedora, who, hitherto, had never ventured beyond the banks of the lake, roused to exertion by the violence of her agitation, resolved to accompany her daughter in search of her husband. They proceeded together through the underwood of the forest, towards the plain. The cold was bitter, the firs appeared like trees of ice, their branches being hid under a thick covering of hoar frost. A mist obscured the horizon. Night's near approach gave to each object a still gloomier shade, and the ground, smooth as glass, refused to support the steps of the trembling Phedora. Elizabeth, reared in this climate, and accustomed to brave the extremest severity of the weather, assisted her mother, and led her on. Thus a tree, transplanted from its native soil, languishes in a foreign land, while the young suckling that springs from its root, habituated to the new climate, acquires strength, flourishes, and, in a few years sustains the branches of the trunk that nourished it; protecting, by its friendly shade, the tree to which it is indebted for existance. Before Phedora had reached the plain her strength had totally failed. "Rest here my dear mother," said Elizabeth, "and let me go alone to the edge of the forest. If we stay longer the darkness of the night will prevent me from distinguishing my father in the plain." Phedora supported herself against a tree, while her daughter hastened forward and in a few seconds she reached the plain. Some of the monuments with which it is intersperced are very high. Elizabeth climbed upon the most elevated, her heart full of grief and her eyes dim with tears, and gazed around in vain for her father: all was still and lonely. The obscurity of the night began to render the search useless. Terror almost suspended her faculties when the report of a gun revived her hopes. She had never heard this sound but from the hand of her father, and to her it was apparent that he was near. She rushed towards the spot whence the noise proceeded, and behind a pile of rocks discovered a man in a bending position, apparently seeking something. "My father, my father, is it you?" she exclaimed. He turned hastily; it was not Springer. His countenance was youthful, and his air noble: at the sight of Elizabeth he stood "Oh! it is not my father," she resumed with anguish, "but perhaps you may have seen him on the plain. Oh! can you tell me where to find him." "I know nothing of your father," replied the stranger, "but surely you ought not to be here at this unreasonable hour." "Oh!" interrupted she, "I fear nothing but losing my father." As she spoke she raised her eyes to heaven: their expression revealed at once firmness in affliction and dignity united with softness. They expressed the feelings of her soul, and seemed to foretell her future destiny. The stranger had never seen a person, nor had his imagination ever painted vision like Elizabeth; he almost believed himself in a dream. When the first emotion of surprise had subsided, he enquired the name of her father. "Peter Springer." "How!" he exclaimed, "you are the daughter of the exile residing in a cottage near the lake. Be comforted, I have seen your father. It is not an hour ago since he left me; he must be home ere this."

Elizabeth listened no longer, but flew towards the spot where she left her mother, but Phedora was gone. The terrified Elizabeth made the forest resound with the names of her parents. A well known voice answered her, she redoubled her speed, arrived at the hut, and found her father and mother at the door, their arms held forth to receive her. Mutual embraces were followed by mutual explanations. Each of them had returned by a different road, but all were now united and happy. Not until then had Elizabeth perceived the stranger had followed her. Springer immediately recognized him, and said with profound regret: "M. de Smoloff, it is very late but alas you know I am not permitted to offer you an asylum even for a single night." "M de Smoloff!" exclaimed Elizabeth and her mother, "our deliverer! it is indeed he whom we behold" They fell at his feet and while Phedora, unable to express her acknowledgements, bathed them with her tears, Elizabeth thus addressed him: "M. de Smoloff, three years have now elapsed since you saved my father's life during that time not a day has passed on which our fervent prayers have not been offered to the Almighty to beseech Him to reward and bless you." Your prayers then have been heard," "since He has deigned to guide my footsteps to this blessed abode the little good I did deserved not such a reward,

It was now night; profound darkness covered the forest. A return to Saimka at this hour would be attended with danger, and Springer knew not how to refuse the rights of hospitality to his deliverer; but he had pledged his honor to the governor of Tobolsk not to receive any one under his roof, and to fail in his word, solemnly given, was a dreadful alternative. He proposed therefore to accompany Smoloff to Saimka. "I will take a torch," said he; "I am well acquainted with every turn of the forest, and with all those places which we must avoid, and fear not to conduct you safely." The terrified Phedora rushed forward to prevent him; and Smoloff, addressing him respectfully; "Permit me, sir," he said, "to solicit a shelter in your cottage till break of day. I know what are my father's injunctions, and the motives which compel him to show you so much severity; but I am certain that he would permit me, on this occasion, to release you from your promise, and I will engage to return shortly and thank you, in his name, for the asylum you have granted me." Springer assented, and took the young man by the hand, conducted him into his cottage and placing him near the stove, seated himself by his side, while Phedora and her daughter prepared their repast,

(To be continued.)

FARMERS, if you want good goods there is no better place than W. A. Weeks & Co's. Read their big bargain list in this week's paper. They offer good reasons why you should trade with them. They buy for cash, buy direct from the manufacturers. They are large wholesalers. They save big discounts, they save middlemen's profits. An immense new stock of ladies' jackets, fine furs, dress goods, gents' furnishings. They buy good English goods whenever they can. The wear in English made goods are the best. Go and see them. They are certain you will be satisfied with their goods.—W. A. WEEKS & Co.—oct. 6—3i

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS TRADE MARK

IF YOU HAVE WEAK BACK, LAME BACK, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO OR RHEUMATISM,

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS WILL CURE YOU.

DO YOUR HANDS OR FEET SWELL? IF SO YOU HAVE WEAK KIDNEYS. DOAN'S PILLS WILL STRENGTHEN THEM.

HAVE YOU DROPSY, KIDNEY OR URINARY TROUBLES OF ANY KIND? IF SO, DOAN'S PILLS WILL CURE YOU.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

HEADACHES, DIZZINESS, FRIGHTFUL DREAMS, DISTURBED SLEEP, DROWSINESS, FORGETFULNESS, COLD CHILLS, NERVOUSNESS, ETC., ARE OFTEN CAUSED BY DISORDERED KIDNEYS.

EVEN IF YOUR MEMORY IS DEFECTIVE YOU SHOULD ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT DOAN'S PILLS CURE ALL KIDNEY TROUBLES, AND EVERY DOSE HELPS THE CURE.

SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY

BABY WAS CURED.

DEAR SIRS,—I can highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured my baby of diarrhœa after all other means failed, so I give it great praise. It is excellent for all bowel complaints.

MRS. CHAS. BOTT, Harlow, Ont.

THE HEAD MASTER

GENTLEMEN,—I have found great satisfaction in the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and consider it invaluable in all cases of diarrhœa and summer complaint. It is a pleasure to me to recommend it to the public.

R. B. MASTERTON, Principal,
High School, River Charlo, N.B.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS

CURE

BILIOUSNESS
CONSTIPATION
SICK HEADACHE
AND ALL LIVER TROUBLES

AS a laxative, one pill acts perfectly, and if a stronger action is desired a cathartic effect is produced by two pills. In obstinate cases, where a purgative is necessary, three pills will be found sufficient. These pills leave no unpleasant after effect.

One pill taken each night during thirty days will cure constipation.

PRICE 25C. OR 5 FOR $1.00

Miscellaneous Locals

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Beneath the same old chesnut tree, the village smithy stands, but the smith found business was N. G., and time hung on his hands. And so his sledge he laid away—No hot iron now he strikes; For since horseshoeing doesn't pay he's gone to mending bikes.—N. Y. Journal.

BETTER THAN THE KLONDIKE.

Mrs. E. Winkworth, Morrisen Street, Niagara Falls, Ont., says: "I was attacked by kidney trouble about two years, and steadily grew worse until November last, when I became so low that I thought I would live only a short time longer. The doctor here pronounced my case a complication of Bright's disease and dropsy, and said I could not get well. Dr. McDonald advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills as it was my only chance to get well. I did so and now can truly say that I owe my life to following his advice for I am strong and well to-day. My life has been spared to my three children and I think Doan's Pills are worth their weight in gold."

MILBURN'S STERLING HEADACHE POWDERS cure the worst headache in from five to twenty minutes, leaving no bad after effects. One powder 5c., 3 powders 10c., 10 powders 25c.

Judge—You are accused of killing your best friend.

Prisoner—He hit me, sir.

Judge—I should have thought that that would have been the last thing he would do.

Prisoner—It was, sir.

STOUT PEOPLE.

Stout people are in great danger of having the muscles gradually weakened by infiltration of fat. This can be prevented by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Mr. Jas. Kelly, Hamilton, Ont., says; "I have been sick and feeble for five years, with a weak, fluttering heart, sinking feeling, nervousness, shortness of breath, etc., but am now glad to say that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have completely removed all my heart and nerve troubles, and given me back my health."

Minard's Liniment the lumberman's Friend.

"They Suit Me Exactly!"

"I have had dyspepsia and stomach trouble for the past two years," says Miss Ellen Whelen, Niagara Falls, and took various remedies in search for a cure. None of them suited my case like Laxa-Liver Pills. They suited me exactly and removed the troubles promptly and effectually. I willingly recommend them to all who suffer as I did."

"Let me have a fiver old man, I want it bad."

"Glad to oblige you, old boy, take this counterfeit. So long."—N.Y Journal.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

One LAXA-LIVER PILL every night for thirty days makes a complete cure of biliousness and constipation. That is—just 25 cents to be cured.

First Cannibal—What made your wife scold you so Thanksgiving day?

Second Cannibal—I was late to dinner and the missionary was cold,

NO ROOM FOR SALT RHEUM.

Salt rheum, erysipelas, tetter, shingles rashes, scurf, etc., cannot exist where BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS is used. Here is the proof: "I was so bad with salt rheum that my finger nails came off. B. B. B. cured me completely and I have had no return of the disease during the past three years."

MRS. JAS. SANDERS,
Emerson, Man.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

DEAR SIRS,—A few days ago I was taken with a severe pain and contraction of the cords of my leg, and had to be taken home in a rig. I could not sleep for the pain, and was unable to put my foot to the floor. A friend told me of your MINARD'S LINIMENT, and one from the first application I was able to walk, and the pain entirely disappeared.

You may use my name as freely as you like, as I consider it the best remedy I have ever used.

Ingersoll, Ont. CHRITOPHER GERRY.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

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Heads that ache can be made bright, clear and free from pain by using BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, the true natural cure for headache from whatever cause arising. "Headache and pain in the back afflicted me for a long time; but now I am free from them, thanks to the use of one bottle and a half of B. B. B." MISS J. MCALLISTER, Almonte, Ont.

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The breath of the pines is the breath of life to the consumptive. NORWAY PINE SYRUP contains the pine virtue, and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthama, hoarseness, and all throat and lung troubles.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL cures sprains, bruises, sores, wounds, cuts, frostbites, chilblains, stings of insects, burns, scalds, contusions, etc. Price 25c.

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We are making an extra quality of these and selling at moderate prices.

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Cheapness is not peculiar to prices. Goods are often cheaper than the prices; particularly is this true when the purchaser feels that the goods are bought with a certain amount of uncertainty and unreliability. We have no cheap goods, although no one disputes the cheapness of our prices.

Your friends would appreciate a nice Fancy Rocker or Table, selected from our stock. Goods selling now will be stored until required.

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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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The finest ever brought to the city; and Trouserings, the finest you ever laid eyes on; and for Suitings, they are beautiful in the extreme. Those goods will be shown with much pleasure, and will be on exhibit this afternoon and to-morrow.

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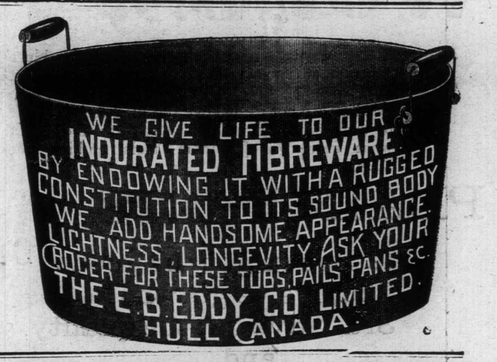

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