

If you cannot get beef, mutton will answer. You may choose between milk, water, coffee or tea. But there is no second choice for Scott's Emulsion.

It is Scott's Emulsion or nothing. When you need the best cod-liver oil, the best hypophosphites, and the best glycerine, all combined in the best possible manner, you have only one choice.

It brings prompt results in all cases of wasting, or loss in weight.

All druggists, spec. and ret. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

DAY BY DAY.

BY LUCIE SYLVA.

Only a day at a time we live. And each day's career is but fugitive. They are sifted through sleep as sand through a sieve.

And are gone ere the matins chime; The heaviest crosses that penitents bear, The thorniest crowns that the martyr wears.

Are borne and worn, not always and ever, But only a day at a time we live.

Only a day at a time we grieve. How bitter soever the woes that cleave Our hearts in twain; for a brief reprieve.

Forasmuch each our sorrow's prism; The sight that echo our soul's dismay; The scalding tears that enforce their way,

Are sighed and cried, not forever and aye, But only a day at a time we live.

Only a day at a time we strive. Mourning that tedious years may roll Ere, our pilgrimage o'er, we reach our goal.

And enter the heavenly dome; For aught that we know the goal may be near, And Death's pale shadow full soon appear,

But we need not heed, if we persevere Just for a day at a time.

—Ave Maria.

CURED AT THE SHRINE.

Almost Hopeless Cases of Kidney Trouble Daily Being Cured by That Most Wonderful Remedy, The Great South American Kidney Cure.

D. J. Locke, of Sherbrooke, P. Q., spent \$100 in treatments for a complicated case of kidney disease and received no permanent benefit. He says: "I began the use of South American Kidney Cure, and when four bottles were used I was completely cured. This is but one testimony of thousands more who have gone almost discouraged to this great cure shrine, and have returned with joyful hearts and lasting cures.—Sold by Geo. E. Hughes.

ELIZABETH

The Exiles of Siberia.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. SOPHIE OZTEIN.

(From the Catholic Review.)

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

Smoloff prostrated himself at the feet of Stanislaus and Pheodora. "Oh," he exclaimed, "condescend, in this moment of your bliss, to regard me also as your child. Hitherto Elizabeth has condescended to distinguish me by the affectionate name of brother, but now, as a pilgrim, she will permit me to aspire to a title still more endearing."

Elizabeth seized a hand of each of her parents and regarding them with looks of the tenderest affection, she thus spoke: "Without the aid of M. de Smoloff I should not have been here. It was he who conducted me into the presence of the Emperor, who advocated my cause, who solicited your forgiveness, and who obtained it. It is he who has been so zealously instrumental in restoring you to your rights, and who has reconducted me to the bosom of my beloved parents. O my mother, instruct me how to convince him of my gratitude! Teach me, my father, how to requite it!"

Pheodor, embracing her daughter, answered: "You must convince him of your gratitude by beseeching upon him your love; a love like that which you have seen me bear to your father."

Stanislaus, interrupting her, exclaimed, in an accent of enthusiasm, "O my Pheodor, who can appreciate the gift of a heart like thine! It is above all value. But, on such an occasion as this, the generosity of Elizabeth cannot be too great."

Elizabeth, uniting the hand of Smoloff with the hands of her parents, said to him, with a look of fascinating innocence and with modest timidity: "Will you promise me—never to leave them?"

"Oh happiness!" he exclaimed. "Her parents give her to me, and she consents to be mine." His rapture was such as to deprive him of further utterance; and such was the enthusiasm of his love that at this moment he could scarcely imagine there was in the disposal of heaven, a happiness more unmingled than that which he now enjoyed. The transports of the mother in again beholding her child; the exultation of the father, who owed to the unprecedented efforts and magnanimity of his daughter the recovery of his liberty; even the inexpressible satisfaction of Elizabeth herself, who had

already fulfilled the most sacred of human duties, and who had evinced a virtue unparalleled, did not, in the estimation of Smoloff, appear in any degree comparable to the happiness for which he was indebted to love. Were I to attempt a description of the days that followed, I would represent the fond parents informing their child of all the apprehensions, alarms, and anguish they had felt during her long absence; I would represent them listening, with the alternate emotions of hope and fear, to the recital of the various adventures of her long and perilous journey; I would recount the blessings which her father invoked on all who had been the friends and protectors of his child, and show the tender Pheodor exhibiting the look of hair-shirt by Elizabeth, which she wore next her heart, and which enabled her to support many a tedious hour; I would attempt to convey to my readers some idea of their feelings on that day when the exile who brought it presented himself at the door of the cottage, to inform them how greatly he was indebted to the generosity of their daughter; I would endeavor to paint the grief excited by the narrative of her sufferings, and the joy which they felt upon the recital of her virtues; and, finally, I would describe their departure for their rustic habitation, and for the land of exile where they had encountered so many evils, but where they had likewise experienced the greatest happiness, enhanced by the sorrows which had preceded it, and by the tears which its acquisition had cost them, like the sun, whose rays are never more vivid and refreshing than when they penetrate the vapors which envelop them, and reflect their bright beams upon the fields and foliage bespangled with dew.

Pure and almost as sinless as the angels, Elizabeth was destined to participate on earth a happiness like theirs, and, like them, to live in innocence and love.

Here I shall conclude; for when representations of human happiness are proffered they become fatiguing, because they become unlikely, and the moment we lose sight of probability the narrative ceases to interest us, for we know from experience that a perpetuity of bliss is not the lot of humanity; and even language, which is so copious and varied in its expression of sorrow, is poor and inadequate to the delineation of joy.

Elizabeth is restored to her parents; by them she is conducted into Poland, the place of her nativity, and reinstated in the exalted rank occupied by her ancestors; by them she is united to the man she loves; to the man whom they esteem worthy of her.

Here, then, let us close the story, and leave her completely happy. If I were to add one page more to my story I should be apprehensive, from my own knowledge of the vicissitudes of human life, of the crosses, the fallacious hopes, and the obnoxious happiness which mark its career, that I might have some misfortune to recount, since temporal happiness can never be of long duration.

(Concluded.)

The Papal Palace at Viterbo.

In a private and very modest way the beginning has been made of a public work of great historical and artistic importance. This is the restoration of the Papal Palace at Viterbo. The restoration is at present in a merely initial stage, having been intentionally begun only in such a way as to afford the strongest and sufficient reason for the continuance of the restoration from the success attendant on its beginning. The Papal Palace at Viterbo was far more spacious, and was far more valuable from the point of view of art, yet that of Orvieto has been restored wisely, if not well. Viterbo was less casually a residence of the Popes than was Orvieto and Perugia. It was the centre of the patrimony and a fortified Guelfic city to boot.

These three qualifications made it pre-eminently suitable for its high purpose in the sad turmoil of the thirteenth century, so that from the being an occasional place of residence to such Pontiffs as Eugenius III. and Gregory IX., upon the death of Alexander IV., with its walls, became the centre of Christendom. Perhaps no Italian city retains so many and such complete pictures of that century as its oldest quarters show. To the same century belong its memories of St. Thomas Aquinas and of St. Rose; in the latter centuries those of St. Bernardine, Blessed Lucy of Narni, and St. Giacinto Marsicotti. In its church of San Francesco is the best preserved of medieval Pontifical tombs—that of Adrian V., in a transept where is also buried Pope Clement IV. But the chief interest of the kind centres in the Papal Palace. It is approached by a simple spacious stairway leading to the hall of conclave. Lucius Lector has made everybody familiar with the ambition, the wit, and the rigor which fixed its first conclave as an epoch in the history of Papal elections. Hitherto the Cardinal electing a Pope had met on the morning of each day just as in consistency. After the death

of Pope Clement IV. the Cardinals deliberated fruitlessly for the space of two years—since months and years, Philip of France and Charles of Sicily had come in person, urged a speedy election, but in vain, so John, the Cardinal, Bishop of Porto, said: "Domini discoperimus sanctum cameracensis, qui Spiritus Sanctus requirit ad nosper tota ingredi." "My Lords, let us remove the ceiling," etc. With the help of the Viterbese the thing was done, and at the suggestion of St. Bonaventura Theobald Visconti, Archbishop of Liege, was elected. When the latter heard of it he is reported to have said: "Papatu mupus tult archidiaconus unus Quem patrem patrum fecit discordia fratrum."

This memorable hall is an immense structure. It has been deformed out of all recognition. Now the splendid medieval windows placed in two rooms of six on either side, are being re-opened with the result of revealing not only its noble proportions, but interesting frescoes of the period when the Papal Court resided at Viterbo. On one side it has a loggia erected by one of the Splendid Gatti of Viterbo, and the splendid imagery of its marble tracery work will be relieved from the present cumbersome supports. On the other side opens the Papal Palace, which is episcopal also, and now the residence of Mgr. Grasselli, titular Archbishop of Colosse; and Administrator-Bishop of Viterbo, Mgr. Orati, who is Nuncio at Paris. This is spacious within and castled without, and its deliverance from modern incumbrances and the restoration of it to its ancient majesty will give to the world the only perfect specimen of a medieval Pontifical residence. The Lateran has been destroyed by fire; the Vatican has been transformed in a variety of ways; the Villa at Magliana has been a farm house for centuries; Villa at Castel Gandolfo is not ancient, and is without great artistic merits, the Palace at Orvieto has been hopelessly restored, while that at Avignon has not yet been restored.

Except on the two sides making a parallelogram with the Cathedral, the Papal Palace at Viterbo has been preserved in its integrity and splendor. From the path on the side of the valley may be seen preserved even such details as the bars of the dungeon windows. A series of vast buttresses, only very slightly damaged, support the great window forms. It is intended to restore all this castellated residence within and without, and it is apparently possible to do so without giving it the appearance of a new building. Only one point has the palace suffered destruction, at that which is famous in the life of Pope John XXI. It looks across the Campagna between Vetralla and Montefiascone. The Via Ostia moved outward across the Campagna and a part of its deviation is visible from the Papal Palace. Hither (towards Vetralla) must have passed Corradin with his escort, when the Pontiff seeing him said that he was a victim moving towards the shambles (Plat. in vit. Clem. IV.) It is a still living tradition of the episcopal household that Pope Clement IV. said these prophetic words, and saw that sad sight from the window of the last room of the grand suite. Apparently by the tradition seems to be capable of withstanding criticisms. John XXI, built a protection and furnished a bed room with every comfort then known, promising himself a lengthy term of Pontificate. One night, says the local legend, after a few months of rule, he heard the roof fall in a dream, and suddenly waking, was horrified to hear the timbers groaning. They fell and crushed him so severely that he died within six days, on May 15, or 16, 12. He was buried in the Cathedral, where the Duke of Salasaba, recently Portuguese Ambassador to the Holy See, has erected a worthy monument in his honor as a Pope and as a companion. By the work now begun, a piece of Papal past will be given whole again to the nineteenth century.—London Tablet.

Printer's Errors.

Mr. Charles T. Jacobi, who has just issued an amusing collection of printer's errors and fancies, under the title of "Gesta Typographicæ," tells us that a French writer committed suicide when he found three hundred printer's errors in a work he had carefully revised. The mistakes were all the work of a mischievous proof-reader. Very illogically, he refrained from murdering the reader and took his own life instead. It must be allowed on his behalf that no kind of error is so heinous as to write as the inserted error. It is hard to forgive a printer's reader who does not save you from ignominy when you have passed an obvious mis-spelling, but it is less hard to forgive the reader who turns critic at the eleventh hour and refuses your composition as it goes to machine. Mr. William Black has told us how the printer insisted after he had made the correction three times, on making one of his heroines die of "opinion" instead of "opium." "What is this," exclaimed a compositor, who was expecting to be promoted to a readership shortly: "Sermons in stones books in the running brooks!" Impossible. He means of course, "Sermons in books, and stones in the running

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TORPID LIVER, CONSTIPATION, SICK HEADACHE, AND DYSPEPSIA.

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 25 CENTS OR 8 FOR \$1.00.

brooks!" And a new reading of Shakespeare, appeared next morning. A sporting compositor thought "A cricket on the Heath" must be "A cricket on the Heath." A writer on angling had the joy of seeing his sentence, "The young salmon are beginning to run," printed "The young salmon are beginning to swim," another thoughtful compositor having been at work. Happier was the transformation of the sentence, "Bring me my togs," into "Bring me my togs." We strike a less subtle vein of humor in the story of the editor who wrote during an election

"The battle is now opened," the compositor spelled "battle" with an "o," and the other side said, of course, that they had suspected it from the first. It was by a similar mistake that the late Baker Fache, who might fairly be described as a "battle-scared veteran," was called a "battled-scared veteran," the libel being by no means purged when the newspaper called the gallant officer a "bottled-scared veteran." Owing to an error in printing, the announcement: "A sailor going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation," became "A sailor going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." It is not necessary to believe this in order to enjoy it. The statement Messrs.'s preserves cannot be eaten," was rather vitiated as an advertisement by the omission of "b" in the last word. Innocently gay was the newspaper report which said that the London express had knocked down a cow and cut it into "calves."

WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS

It is a well-known fact that health and even life itself depends upon the condition of the blood. Feeding, as it does, all the parts of the body, it must be rich and pure in order to give proper nourishment. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood rich and nourishing, and in this way strengthens the nerves, creates an appetite, tones the stomach and builds up the health. Hood's Sarsaparilla wards off colds, pneumonia, and fevers, which are prevalent at this season.

Throughout the ages of Christianity only eleven Popes have attained a pontificate of twenty years. These are: St. Peter (34-57), St. Sylvester I. (314-337), St. Leo the Great (440-461), Adrian I. (795-816), St. Leo III. (795-816), Alexander III. (1159-1181), Urban VIII. (1623-1644), Clement XI. (1700-1721), Pius VI. (1775-1799), Pius VII. (1800-1823), Pius IX. (1846-1878). On the 20th of February, 1898, if it please God, we shall be able to count our Holy Father Leo XIII. as the twelfth. The number of Popes who celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their priesthood is far smaller, the last of them being Benedict XIV. But throughout all these nineteen centuries no one is found of a Pope whose pontificate included these two dates; the first, if Providence spare him will be the reigning Pontiff.

In the new convent of the Redemptorists of Gagay a mother and son have just met in a touching and beautiful ceremony. The occasion was the taking the veil of a Redemptoristine Nun by the Marquise de la Salle, inheritor of one of the noble names of Lorraine. It was this lady's son, a young Redemptorist, the Rev. Pere Maurice de la Salle, who received her profession of faith, and from whose hands she received her religious habit. On the occasion he presided his first sermon. Among their ancestors who were his mother to emulate were St. Pierre Fourier and Jean Baptiste de la Salle. The Redemptoristine Convent of Gagay is in the midst of the old forest of Bondy, just outside Paris.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Heals and Soothes the delicate tissues of the Throat and Lungs. CURING COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, and PAIN IN THE CHEST. EAST TO IBER. SURE TO CURE.

MILBURN'S STERLING HEADACHE POWDERS are easy to take, harmless in action and cure any headache in from 5 to 20 minutes. REGULAR ACTION of the bowels is necessary to health. LAXA LIVER PILLS are the best occasion at cathartic for family or general use. Price 25c. Any druggist.

Miscellaneous Locals.

You've got an awful cold, Smithers. Why don't you go to a doctor and get him to give you something for it? Give me something for it, man? He can have it for nothing, and welcome.

Napoleon's Loss. To be said that but for an attack of indigestion, brought on by over eating, Napoleon would have won Waterloo. Great losses depend on good digestion—good digestion depends upon BURDOCK'S Blood Purifier.

Minard's Liniment is the best. DON'T GO ON! Don't go suffering from nervous troubles that make strong men weak, impatient, and unable to do the right thing at the right time. All these the system is so easily poisoned. We urge you to test MINARD'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS, they will make the blood pure and rich, singling with life and energy, and the man who feels old they make young and happy again.

Liver troubles, biliousness, yellow complexion, yellow eyes, jaundice, etc., yield to the curative powers of LAXA LIVER PILLS. They are sure to cure.

FOR internal or external use HAYGARD'S YELLOW OIL cannot be exceeded as a pain relieving and soothing remedy for all pains.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria. An Irish tenant observed that it was a "hard thing for a man to be tarred out of the house which his father built, and his grandfather was born in."

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL. To be beautiful we must have pure blood and a pure skin. BURDOCK'S Blood Purifier purifies the blood and makes the skin bright and clear. It cures all skin and blood diseases. Witness the following: "I had scrofula on my face for some time, and could get no relief until I tried B.B.B. One bottle healed me and left no scars. It is the greatest blood purifier in existence."

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Calendar for JANUARY. Days of the week and moon phases.

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