

We tell your doctor all these in Scott's Emulsion, just how much cod liver oil, hypophosphites, glycerine. But we do not tell him how these are combined. You have your secrets; this is ours. This knack of making the very best thing has come to us from years of experience with just one thing. We make only Scott's Emulsion—all our energy is bent on making that better than any other emulsion in the world. We have no other business thought. Is it any wonder that it is the standard?

IN THANKSGIVING.

I thank Thee, Lord, for blessings manifold— For countless gifts of nature and of grace; For life and health; for courage to embrace In early youth the calling of thy choice, and hold There to through years when pristine love grew cold; For all Thy patients while I ran apace Down Folly's path; for warnings to retrace My wayward steps ere Death's dread knell be tolled. Not least I thank Thee for each holy friend Whom thou hast moved to tender me a love Unshared as sweet; whose daily prayers ascend More potent than mine own could ever prove; Whose face Thou wilt accept, as Job's of old, And quell condensed, as Job's still upbraid. —Ave Maria.

HEAD-NERVES

Are Disturbed when the Stomach Refuses to do its Work—Indigestion, Headaches, Dizziness, and other ailments. Wrecks of More Hopeful Lives than any other Complaint Under the Sun. "For several years I have been a subject of severe nervous headaches, and last June I became absolutely prostrated from the trouble. I also became a martyr to indigestion. I was persuaded to try Scott's Emulsion. I procured a bottle of this medicine, and after taking it for a few days, I felt a remarkable relief. I continued to take it, and in a remarkably short time, I was enabled to resume my usual avocations. I am now well, and I attribute my recovery to the use of Scott's Emulsion. James A. Bell, New York.—Sold by Geo. E. Hughes.

ELIZABETH

The Exiles of Siberia.

FROM THE PENCIL OF MRS. SOPHIE OOTLIN.

(From the Catholic Review.)

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

"It such is the royal blood that flows in my veins," replied Elizabeth, in accents of modest surprise, "if I am a descendant of monarchs, and if two diadems have graced the brows of my forefathers, I hope to prove myself worthy both of them and of you, and never to dishonor the illustrious name they have transmitted to me; but poverty will never dishonor it. How many, precipitated from the height of human grandeur, have implored charity for themselves? Respite that they, I shall implore it only in the service of my father."

The noble firmness and the pride which sparkled in her eyes at the thought of humbling herself for her father gave to her discourse such animation, and such strength and authority that Springer was unable to resist. He felt that he had no right to prevent his daughter from displaying her heroic virtue, and that he should be culpable in detaching her in the obscurity of a desert. "O my Phedora," he cried, tenderly pressing the hand of his wife, "shall we condemn our child to her days here unknown? Shall we deprive her of the prospect of being the happy mother of children resembling herself? Take courage, my Phedora! This will be the only possible means of restoring her to a world of which she will be an ornament; let us grant the permission she solicits."

At this moment the feelings of a mother tripped over those of a wife; and for the first time Phedora presumed to resist the most sacred of human authorities. "Never," said she, "will I give my permission, even you entreat in vain. I shall have courage to resist. What shall I expose the life of my child! Shall I consent to see my Elizabeth depart? to hear on some future day that she perished with cold and famine in a frightful desert, and live to deplore her loss? Can such a request be made to a mother? Is it possible there is a sacrifice I would not make, and a grief in which all your endeavors to oblige me would be in vain? She ceased to speak; her tears no longer flowed, the anguish of her mind was unutterable. Springer, unable to endure the sight of her distress, said: "My child, if your mother cannot consent, you must not go."

"No, my mother, if you desire it, I will stay," said Elizabeth, embracing her with tenderness; "never

will I disobey you. But perhaps the Almighty will obtain from you that which you have refused to give to me. Join with me in entreaty, my mother; let us ask of God the conduct we must pursue; it is His wisdom that must enlighten. His support that must sustain us; from Him proceeds all truth, and from Him only can we learn submission to His decrees."

With Phedora prayed, tears again came to her relief. That piety which calms and softens human affliction, and possesses itself of the heart to chase away the agonies of sorrow; that divine piety which never prescribes a duty without pointing out its recompense, and never fails to pour the balm of consolation into the souls of those who humbly invoke it, touched the heart of Phedora. The approbation of man can obtain from the ambitious character, which places all its happiness in glory, a sacrifice of the tenderest affections, but religion alone can obtain such sacrifices from hearts like that of Phedora, whose happiness consisted solely in those she loved.

On the following day Springer, being alone with his daughter, gave her an account of his misfortune. He informed her of the dreadful wrong which had afflicted the kingdom of Poland, and in what manner the unfortunate nation had been subverted. "My only crime, my child," said he, "was too strong an attachment to my country to endure the sight of its slavery. The blood of some of my greatest monarchs flowed in my veins, its throne might have fallen to my lot, and my services and my life were due to the country from which all my glory was derived. I defended it as I ought. At the head of a handful of noble Poles I fought to the last extremity against the three great powers which combined to destroy it; and, when overpowered by the numbers of our enemies, we had to yield under the walls of Warsaw, in sight of that great city deluged with flames and pillage, though forced to submit to tyranny at the bottom of my heart I remained still, ashamed to remain in my native country, which was no longer in possession of my countrymen, I sought allies to assist me in restoring to Poland its existence and its name. Vain effort! Ineffable attempt! each day revolved faster those chains my feeble endeavors were unable to break. The lands of my ancestors lay in that part of the country which had fallen under the dominion of Russia. I lived upon them with Phedora, and should have with felicity unequalled, but the yoke of the stranger weighed upon my mind. My open murmurs, and still more the murmur of those who felt with me, and who resorted to my house, alarmed an arbitrary and suspicious monarch. One morning I was torn from the arms of my wife, from yours, my child, and from my home. You were then four years of age, and your tears flowed not for your own misfortunes but because you saw your mother weep. I was dragged to the prisons of St. Petersburg. Phedora followed me thither, where the only favor she could obtain was permission to share my confinement. We lived nearly a year in those dreadful dungeons, deprived of air, and nearly of the light of heaven, but not of hope. I could not persuade myself that that just monarch would forgive a private citizen for having endeavored to maintain the rights of his country, and that he would trust to the promise I gave of future submission. I judged mankind too favorably; I was condemned unheard, and was banished for life to the deserts of Siberia. My faithful companion would not abandon me, and, in accompanying me, she succeeded to follow the dictates of her heart rather than those of her duty. Had I been condemned to linger out my existence in the frightful darkness of the terrific Beserow, or amidst the undisturbed solitudes of the late Baikal, or of Kamchatka, she would not have forsaken me. In short, whatever would have been my destiny, Phedora would still have proved my consoling angel. To her goodness, to her piety, to her ever generous sacrifice, I shall believe I am indebted to my milder doom. O my child! it is so far I owe all the happiness of my life, while in return I have associated her in my misery."

"Mistaken, my father," said Elizabeth, "when you have loved her so tenderly, and so constantly?" In these words Springer recognized the heart of Phedora, and perceived that Elizabeth, like her mother, could live contented with the man she loved. "My child," resumed he, resigning young Smoloff's letter, which he had kept since the preceding evening, "if I one day owe to your seal and courage the restoration of that wealth which I no longer desire but to place you in the bosom of prosperity, this letter will remind you of our benefactor. Your heart, Elizabeth, is grateful, and the alliance of virtue can never disgrace the blood of royalty." Elizabeth colored as she received the letter, and placing it in her bosom, answered: "The remembrance of him who pined, who loved, and who served you, shall ever be cherished by me."

For some days the departure of Elizabeth was not mentioned. Her mother had not yet consented; but

from her air of melancholy, and from the deep rejection of her consent, it was plain that the solidified consent was in her heart, and that all hope of resistance had forsaken her.

One Sunday evening the family was assembled at prayer, when a gentle tapping at the door disturbed them. Springer opened it, and a venerable stranger presented himself. Phedora started up, exclaiming in agony: "O Heaven! this is he who has been announced to me; he comes to deprive me of my child." She hid her face in her hands; even her piety could not induce her to welcome the servant of God. The missionary entered, a long white beard descended to his breast. He was bent more by long labors than age. The hardships of his life had worn his body and strengthened his soul. There was an expression of sorrow in his countenance, showing he had suffered much, and the whole of his appearance inspired the beholder with veneration.

"Sir," said he, addressing himself to Springer, "I come to dwell with you, and to share your lot. The blessing of God is upon this cottage, for it contains a treasure more precious than gold and pearls. I come to solicit a night's lodging."

Elizabeth hastened to fetch him to her. "Young maiden," said he to her, "you have early trod the paths of virtue, and in the spring-time of human life have left us far behind." He was preparing to seat himself when the sight of Phedora arrested his attention. Addressing himself to her, he said: "Why do you weep? Is not your child favored by the Most High? Heaven sends you her steps, and you should consider yourself blessed far beyond the common lot of parents. If you grieve because, for a time, you separate from your child, who must become of those mothers who see their offspring torn from them by the ways of virtue, and lost to them for eternity?"

"O that I am to see her no more!" exclaimed the afflicted Phedora. "You would see her again," answered with animation, "in that celestial paradise which will be her inheritance. But you will see her again on earth; the difficulties of her undertaking are great and various, but God will protect her. He tempests the wind to the clothing of the lamb."

Phedora bowed her head in token of resignation. Springer had not yet spoken. His heart was oppressed and he could not utter a word. Elizabeth herself, who never before felt her courage relax, began to experience sensations of weakness. The animated hope of rendering service to her parents had hitherto absorbed every idea of the grief of leaving them, but now, when the moment was arrived that she should say to herself: "Tomorrow I shall not hear the voice of my father, I shall not receive the fond caresses of my mother, perhaps a year may pass away ere such happiness be mine again," she felt as if the success of her enterprise could scarcely make her amends for so distressing a separation. Her eyes became dim, her whole frame was agitated, and she sank weeping upon the bosom of her father.

Before they retired to rest the missionary supped with the exiles. Freedom and hospitality presided at the board, but gaiety was banished; and it was only by the utmost effort that tears were suppressed. The missionary regarded them with tender concern. In the course of his long travels he had witnessed much affliction, and the art of bestowing consolation had been the principal study of his life. For different kinds of sorrow he pursued different methods; for every situation, for every character, he had words of comfort. He knew that it is possible to withdraw the mind from the contemplation of its own sorrows by presenting the image of some calamity greater than the one lamented, the tears that flow through pity will soften the agony of woe. Thus, by relating the long history of his own misfortunes and of the various distressing scenes he had witnessed, he by degrees attracted the attention of the exiles, moved them with compassion for the sufferings of his fellow creatures and led them to reflect that their lot had been mild compared with that of many. What had not this venerable old man seen? What could he not relate? He for sixty years, at the distance of two thousand miles from his own country, in a foreign climate, and in the midst of persecutions, had labored incessantly for the conversion of savages, who he entitled brethren, and who were not infrequently the most inveterate of his persecutors. He had visited the court of Pekin, and had executed the atonement of the mandarin by the extent of his learning, and still more by his rigid virtue and austere self-denial. He had assembled together tribes of wandering savages, and taught them the principles of agriculture. Thus were barren wastes changed into fertile lands, savages became mild and humane, and families, to whom the fond titles of father, husband and son, were no longer unknown, raised their hearts to Heaven in tributes of thanksgiving. All these blessings were the result of the pious labors of one man. These people did not condemn the missions of piety. They presumed not to say that the religion which dictates

them is severe and arbitrary, and still further were they from affirming that men who practise that religion with such success of charity and love towards their fellow creatures are useless and ambitious. But why not pronounce them ambitious? In devoting their lives to the service of their fellow creatures do they not aspire to the heights of awards? Do they not seek to please their Maker, and to reach heaven? None of the most celebrated conquerors of the earth ever raised their aspiring thoughts so high; they were satisfied with the esteem of men and with worldly dominion.

The good father then informed Springer, that, recalled by his superior, he was now returning on foot to Spain, his native country. On his road thither he was to pass through Russia, Germany and France; but he desired to think little of the journey. The man who had traveled over vast deserts that yielded no shelter from the inclemency of weather but a den, no willow for the weary head but a stone, and whose only food had been a little rice flour moistened with water, might well consider himself at the period of his labor on approaching to civilized nations. He gave an account of the dreadful sufferings he had endured, and of the difficulties which he had overcome, when, after passing the wall of China, he had entered the extensive territories of the Tartars. He told them that, at the entrance of the vast deserts of Songria, which appertain to China, and which serve it as a boundary on the side of Siberia, he had discovered a country abounding in rich and valuable furs, by which commodity it was able to maintain an extensive commerce with European nations. No merchant had dared to carry his goods, or attempt a lucrative traffic where the missionary had ventured to plant the cross and had distributed blessings; so true it is that charity will stimulate to enterprises from which even avarice recedes.

A bed was prepared for Father Paul in the little chamber occupied by the Tartar peasant, who now slept wrapped up in a bearskin, near the stove. As soon as day began to dawn Elizabeth rose. She approached softly to Father Paul's door, and, hearing that he had already retired, she ventured to enter, and, conversing with him in private, as she felt that she dared not speak of her project before her parents, much less express her wish that they might set out the following morning on their journey. She related to him the history of her life; it was a simple and affecting story, which consisted chiefly of anecdotes of mutual tenderness between her parents and herself. In the long recital of her doubts and hopes she had occasion more than once to pronounce the name of Smoloff, but it seemed as if his name occurred only to lighten the picture of her innocence, and to show that it was not wholly through the absence of temptation she had preserved so entire the purity of her heart. Father Paul was deeply affected with the recital. He had made the tour of the globe, and had seen almost all that it contained, but a heart like that of Elizabeth's was new to him. (To be continued.)

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Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism. HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL cures all pain in arm or hand; for sprains, cuts, bruises, callous lumps, swellings, inflammation, rheumatism, and neuralgia it is a specific.

People Talk Back. Many people talk back. Here is one, Miss Katherine Wess, Belleville, says: "I have had a pain in my back compounded 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 own name that they are a thorough specific."

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Miscellaneous Locals. Bank Defaulter.—I would give 10 years of my life to get out of this scrape. Lawyer.—That's about what you will get if I don't succeed in getting you off.—Odds and Ends.

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Calendar for Dec. MOON'S CHANGES. Full Moon, 8th, 12h. 41.9m. Last Quarter, 15th, 12h. 9.4m. New Moon, 23rd, 3h. 42.7m. First Quarter, 30th, 3h. 14.2m.

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