One loaf of bread may be light, sweet and digestible. You may use the same materials for another and have it heavy, sour and soggy. The knack is in putting the ingredients together just right. A substitute for Scott's Emulsion may have the same ingredients and yet not be a perfect substitute, for no one knows how to put the parts together as we do. The secret of "how" is our business—twenty-five years of experience has taught us the best way.

Two sizes, 50 cts. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

A MEMORY.

I was out in the storm, but I feared not
The wind and the lightening flash;
And far down the gorge by the waters,
I heard a riven oak crash,
There was stillness e'en though there was tumult;
The wings of the tempest drew near,
Enshrouding the earth in their darkness,
And yet I thought never of fear.

For deep in my soul there was raging
A storm that wild over it swept;
Before it I trembled and cowered,
And alone in the darkness I wept.
"Would my soul like the oak tree be riven?"
That thought like a flash my heart thrilled;
And I cried, 'Mother Mary, O help me!
And the wild storm of passion was stilled.

—Ave Maria.

PRONOUNCED INCURABLE.

No Case of Catarrh Too Acute, or of Too Long Standing but Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Can Allay and Cure—When All Else Fails it Cures—Try it First and Save Experimenting.

"Five years ago my little daughter was attacked with catarrh of a very severe type. We used all kinds of Catarrh cures, and treated with most skilful physicians for over three years, and her case was pronounced chronic and incurable. Last winter we heard of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. A bottle was procured, and I here state for the benefit and encouragement of all sufferers from this dreadful malady that after using two bottles my child was completely cured, and I consider it my duty to give my testimony for the benefit of like sufferers." Mrs. Geo. Graves, Ingersoll, 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.)

Elizabeth was dressed, according to the custom of the peasants of Tartary. Its simplicity seemed to enhance the mild dignity of her manners, and all her gestures were accompanied with a grace which did not escape the observation of Smoloff, who, as he watched her, experienced an emotion to which he had before been a stranger. Elizabeth beheld him with equal delight, but it was a delight that was founded in the gratitude she owed him, and on the hope of his assistance in her projected journey. That Power, who dives into the inmost recesses of the heart, beheld not in Elizabeth a single thought which had not for its object the happiness of her parents.

During supper young Smoloff said he had been three days at Saimka, where he learned that a great number of wolves infested the neighborhood, and it was in contemplation to hunt and destroy them. At this intelligence Phedora changed color. "I hope," she said, addressing her husband, that you will not join in this dangerous diversion. Oh! do not expose your life, the greatest of my blessings." "Alas! Phedora, what is it you say?" exclaimed Springer, with a sensation of grief which he could not repress. "Of what value is my life? Do you not know what would restore liberty to yourself and to our child? Do you not know. . . ." Phedora interrupted him with an exclamation expressive of the anguish of her soul: Elizabeth rose from her seat, and drawing near her father; "My dear father," said she, "you know that, reared in this forest, I am ignorant of every other country. With you, my mother and I are happy; in losing you our happiness would be lost. I answer for her as well as myself, without you we could not be happy in any situation on the globe; not even in that country you so much regret." "Possibly M. de Smoloff," resumed Springer after a pause, "you should think these words should bring me comfort; on the contrary, they plunge the poinard of grief still deeper in my bosom. That virtue, which should be my delight, creates new pangs, when I reflect that it will ever be concealed in this desert, a sacrifice to me. My Elizabeth will never be known, never meet with the admiration and the love which are so justly her due." Elizabeth hastily interrupted him: "O, my father! placed between my mother and you, can you tell me I am not loved?" Springer, unable to moderate his affliction, continued thus: "Never will you enjoy that happiness which I received from you; never will you hear the voice of a beloved child addressing you in angelic words of consolation. Your life will be spent without a companion, without any of the tender, the endearing ties of life. An innocent victim! You know not the blessings from which you are debarred; but I, who no longer possess the power of bestowing them upon you, I know and feel their value!"

During this scene young Smoloff had in vain endeavored to repress his tears; they had fallen more than once. He had attempted to speak, but his voice refused utterance. At last, after a pause of some minutes: "Sir," said he, "from the melancholy office which my father holds, you must be well aware that I am not a stranger to the sight of distess. Often have I travelled through the different districts under his extensive jurisdiction. What lamentations have I heard! what solitary wretchedness have I witnessed. In the deserts of Berisow, upon the borders of the Frozen Sea, I have seen men who possessed not, in the wide world, a single friend, who never received a caress, nor heard the soothing language of consolation. Insulated and separated from all mankind, they were not merely banished, their misery admitted of no alleviation." "And when heaven has spared you and my child" interrupted Phedora, addressing her husband, in an accent of tender reproach, "should you complain so bitterly? Had she been taken from you what would you have done? Springer shuddered at the idea. Seizing their hands and pressing them to his heart, he exclaimed: "O heaven! be my witness how strongly I feel that I am not deprived of every blessing."

As soon as the morning dawned young Smoloff took leave of the exiles. Elizabeth, with sorrow saw him depart, for she was impatient to reveal her project to him, and to implore his assistance. Not a moment's opportunity had presented itself for her to speak to him in private. Her parents had never quitted the apartment, and she could not address him unobserved in their presence. She hoped, however, she would see him often and be more fortunate; and therefore, as he took leave she said, in the most anxious manner: "Will you not come again M. de Smoloff. Ah! promise me that this is not to be the last time I am to see the deliverer of my father."

Springer was surprised at the earnestness of her address, and felt uneasy. He reflected on the orders of the governor, resolving not to disobey them a second time. Smoloff replied to Elizabeth's request that he was certain of obtaining from his father an exception in his favor, and would that day go and solicit it. "But, sir," said he to Springer, "when I am asking this favor for myself, can I not deliver any message from you? Is there any favor you may require at his hands?" "No, sir," answered Springer with unusual gravity, "I have no request to trouble you with." His guest looked down rejected; then, addressing himself to Phedora, repeated the question in nearly the same terms. "Sir," she replied, "I should be glad if he would allow me and my daughter to go to Saimka to hear Mass." Smoloff undertook to obtain this permission, and departed with the benedictions of the whole family, and with the secret wishes of Elizabeth for his speedy return.

During his walk back to Saimka, Smoloff could think only of her. His imagination had been forcibly struck at her first appearance in the desert, and his heart had been deeply interested in the scene which he had witnessed between her and her parents. He recalled to his memory every word she had uttered; her looks, her manner, and his mind dwelt particularly upon the last words he had heard her utter. Without her last address, a sort of respect, approaching to veneration, would have deterred him from presuming to love her; but the eagerness with which Elizabeth had expressed a desire to see him again, and the tender sentiment by which her request had been accompanied, could not fail to excite a suspicion that she was actuated by feelings similar to his own. His ardent and youthful imagination dwelt upon the thought, and persuaded him that no mere chance had brought about the adventure of the preceding evening, and that a mutual sympathy now existed between them. He was impatient to read in the innocent heart of Elizabeth the confirmation of his hopes. How far was he from imagining the sentiments that he was destined, on a future day, to discover there!"

After Smoloff's visit to the hut Springer's melancholy seemed to have increased. He reflected upon the generosity, the intrepidity, the gentleness of character this young man seemed to possess; and it was ever present to his mind that such was the companion he would have chosen for his daughter. But her situation prevented him from dwelling on the idea, and, far from being desirous of seeing Smoloff again, he dreaded his return, for it would be insupportable to see his child the victim of hopeless love.

One evening, while plunged in hopeless dejection, his head supported by his hand, his elbow resting on his knee, he heaved a deep sigh. Phedora dropped her needle, and fixing her eyes upon her husband with an expression of the most heartfelt commiseration, implored Heaven to enable her to banish his vain regret, and to pour the balm of consolation into his wounded soul.

Elizabeth, from a corner of the room, observed them both, and felt a secret joy as she reflected that a day might possibly come when she should be able to restore them to their former happiness, not doubting that Smoloff would encourage and felicitate her enterprise. A secret instinct assured her that he would be moved by it, and would assist her, but she feared the refusal of her parents, and particularly that of her mother. Nevertheless, to depart without their knowledge would be repugnant to her feelings, nay, would be impossible, as she knew not the name of their country, nor the nature of the offence for which she was to supplicate forgiveness of the emperor. It was necessary, then, to discover to them her intention, and the present seemed to be a fit moment for the disclosure. Therefore, bending one knee to the ground, she fervently implored aid from the Almighty, and that He would incline her parents to grant her suit. Then, approaching her father, she stood behind him, leaning on the back of the chair on which he was seated. She remained silent, in the hope that he would perceive and speak to her, but he continued in the same dejected attitude, and she broke the silence thus: "Will you permit me, my father, to ask you a question?" He raised his head, and made a sign that she might proceed. "When M. de Smoloff inquired the other day if you wished for anything, you answered: 'No.' Is it true there is nothing you wish for?" "Nothing he could procure me." And who then could grant your wish?" "The hand of justice." "Where, my father, is it to be found?" "In heaven, my child, but if you mean on earth—nowhere." As he ceased speaking, a deeper gloom overcast his brow, and he resumed his melancholy bearing.

After a short pause Elizabeth again spoke. "My parents," said she, "hear me, I have this day completed my seventeenth year. From the time of my birth not a day has passed unmarked by your benefits and unendeared by tokens of your love. Hitherto, the only return in my power to make has been gratitude and tenderness: but what avails gratitude if it be not shown? What avails tenderness if I cannot prove it? O my beloved parents! forgive the presumption of your child, once in her life she would do for you what, from the hour of her birth, you have unceasingly done for her. Entrust, then, to her the secret of your misfortune. "My child, what would thou ask?" interrupted her father. 'That you would inform me of as much as it is needful for me to know to be able to prove the extent of my regard for you. Heaven bear testimony to the motive which induces me to make this request!" As she uttered these words she fell on her knees before her father, and raised her eyes towards him with a look of the most moving supplication. An expression so noble shone through the tears that overflowed her countenance, and the heroism of her soul, reflected an air so angelic over the humility of her attitude, that a suspicion of her design darted across the mind of Springer. Unable to shed a tear, or breathe a sigh he remained silent, motionless, struck with a sort of awe like that which the presence of an angel might have inspired. No circumstance attending his misfortune had ever had the power to move his soul to such a degree as the words Elizabeth had uttered, and his firm spirit was subdued by the voice of his child, and he attempted in vain to strive against the emotions that overpowered it.

While Springer remained silent Elizabeth continued kneeling before him. Her mother approached to raise her. Phedora had not noticed the motion or the look which had revealed to Springer the secret of his daughter, and she was still far from imagining the trial with which her tenderness was threatened. "Why," said she, "why do you hesitate to confide to your child the history of our misfortunes? Is it her youth that prevents you? Can you fear that the soul of Elizabeth will suffer itself to be weakly depressed by the knowledge of our reverse of fortune.

"No," replied Springer, looking steadfastly at his daughter, "no, it is not weakness that I apprehend from her." From these words, and from the expressive look which accompanied them, Elizabeth saw her father had understood her. She pressed his hand in silence, that he alone might comprehend her meaning, for she knew the heart of her mother, and was glad to retard the moment in which it must be afflicted "O heavens!" exclaimed Springer, "forgive me that I dared repine. I regretted the blessings of which I was deprived, but knew not those in store for me. Elizabeth, in this one happy day you have made me ample amends for twelve years of suffering." "My father," she replied, "say not again there is not real happiness on earth, when the child of such a parent can be blessed with hearing words like these. But speak—tell me, I conjure you, your name, that of your country, and the cause of your unhappiness." Unhappiness! I am unhappy no longer: my country is wherever I can live with my daughter. The name in which I place my greatest glory is that of the father of Elizabeth." "O my child!" interrupted Phedora, "I did not think the tenderness I bore you could admit of increase; but you have afforded consolation to your father."

At these words Springer's firmness was entirely subdued. He burst into tears, and pressing his wife and daughter to his heart, repeated, in a voice broken with sobs, "Pardon, O Most High!—pardon one who presume to murmur at Thy decree; and, O God! withhold the chastisements which his temerity has deserved."

When these violent emotions had subsided Springer said to his daughter: "My child, I give you my word that I will inform you of every particular which you wish to know; but you must wait some days. I cannot speak of my sufferings at this moment, you have taught me to forget them."

The obedient Elizabeth ventured not to press him further, determining to wait with deference till he should feel inclined to give the information he had promised. But she waited for that in vain. Springer appeared to dread it and to avoid her. He had guessed her intention and, though no language could express the gratitude and admiration of this fond parent, his tenderness would not grant the consent which she knew she would entreat; nor did he consider himself absolutely authorized to refuse it. This was, indeed, the only way by which he might hope to be re-established in his rights, and to place Elizabeth in the rank to which she was born, but when he reflected on the fatigues she must undergo, and on the dangers she must incur the idea was insupportable. Willingly would he have sacrificed his own life to reinstate his family in their rank and possessions, but to risk that of his daughter in such an attempt was a trial to which he felt his courage was unequal.

The silence of her father taught Elizabeth the line of conduct she ought to pursue. She was certain that he penetrated into her design, and was more deeply affected than she had ever seen him; if he approved of it would he, with so much precaution, have avoided speaking to her upon the subject? Indeed, when she considered her scheme, it seemed, to herself, so impracticable, that she feared her parents would only regard it as the effusion of filial enthusiasm. In order, therefore, to place her project in a point of view more favorable to its execution, she must represent it divested of some of the greater obstacles by which it was opposed, and so she must solicit the advice and assistance of Smoloff. Resolving, therefore, to maintain silence upon the subject, and not to disclose the secret entirely to her parents till she had conversed with him, she waited impatiently for his return.

Elizabeth foresaw that one of the strongest reasons that would withhold the consent of her parents would be the difficulty of undertaking to travel eight hundred miles on foot, in the severest climate of the earth. To lessen this difficulty as much as possible, and to prepare herself for hardship and fatigue, she exercised her strength daily in the plains of Ischim. Whether the snow, drifted by the wind, beat against her with a violence that opposed her passage, or a thick mist concealed the path before her, she relinquished not her resolution, sometimes in contradiction even to the wishes of her parents; thus, by degrees, inuring herself to the inclemency of the weather.

(To be continued.)

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Or have you palpitation, throbbing or irregular beating, dizziness, short breath, smothering or choking sensation, pain in the breast or heart. If so, your heart is affected and will in turn affect your nerves, causing nervousness, sleeplessness, morbid anxious feeling, debility.

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Cure all these complaints by regulating the heart's action and building up the nervous and muscular system to perfect health and strength. Price 60c. per box or 6 boxes for $2.50. At all druggists.

Miscellaneous Locals

Two Irishmen recently were crossing Marlinstown bog, on their way to the market, when one of them, Mick, slipped and fell into a bog hole.

Pat, his mate, immediately ran to the nearest farmhouse, and, meeting the farmer, asked for the loan of a spade.

"What der yer want the spade for?"

"Mick is stuck in the bog," said Pat, "and I want to dig him out."

"How far has he sunk?" queried the farmer.

"Up to his ankles," said Pat.

"Begone," said the Farmer; "sure, he can aisy walk out."

"Begorra," said Pat, "he cant', for he's in head first!"—Answers.

Minard's Liniment the lumberman's Friend.

THERE IS HOPE.

There is hope for those who suffer from biliousness and liver complaint, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS regulates the liver and restores health and vigor. Here is the proof:

DEAR SIRS,—I was troubled with biliousness and sick headache, and could get no relief until I tried B.B.B. I have taken four bottles and am now completely cured. I recommend it as the best cure for all liver troubles.—Mrs. George Haddow, Walkerton, Ont.

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.

"I am glad," said the ardent patriot "that the Russian Flag no longer floats over Alaska."

"So am I," replied the man who wants to go, but is afraid. "Now, if they only could get rid of the cold-wave flag, the country would be alright."—Washington Star.

CAN'T YOU SLEEP?

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."

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.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Beneath the same old chesnut tree, the village smithy stands, but the smith found business was s. n., 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.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

A CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.

DEAR SIRS,—I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for chilblains this winter and found it most effectual. It relieves the irritation almost instantly, and a few applications resulted in a complete cure.

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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.

BETTER THAN THE KLONDIKE.

Mrs. E. Winkworh, 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."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

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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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.

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Only a job lot of Boys' Long Boots in sizes 1, 2, 3; and price $1.75, now $1.39 to clear out.

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