DELICATE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
REFRESHING IMPERISHABLE
PURE SWEET LASTING
RICH RARE PUNGENT
FLORIDA WATER
STILL HOLDS THE FIRST PLACE IN POPULAR FAVOR. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
FRAGRANT
E16hn-w.s&w

EMILIA WYNDHAM

The night had been restless—the agitation of yesterday seemed to have brought on some return of the fever. She had left him, when she was suddenly called downstairs, very uncomfortable—she found him talking more incoherently than ever.

She did not stay long in the room. She turned sadly away, more convinced than before that his case was hopeless—that he would, for a long time, perhaps forever, require the most constant and indulgent treatment—that the least roughness, or contradiction, or mismanagement on the part of others, might exasperate him to frenzy.

It was with a heavy heart that she went slowly upstairs to her room, to prepare herself for dinner with her uncle. Her perplexities, her distress, and anxiety seemed to increase every hour.

Her only resource lay in an appeal to her uncle's humanity and kindness. He was not utterly without a heart; she was the child of the sister he had imagined he loved; surely he would not be without pity.

Sir Herbert, in the meantime, had been making his own reflections, and carrying his own resolutions into execution, that is, as far as circumstances would admit. The result was communicated to her in due time.

They met at dinner.

She had been struggling for the last hour to quiet her nerves, compose her thoughts, and call up fresh courage, by the idea that she stood at the worst point of her fortunes. That the appeal she trembled at the idea of making was only in idea a source of terror, for that, however unkind and out of temper her uncle might be, he could not threaten anything worse than he had already done—she might amend, but, however ill she pleaded, she could not aggravate her father's fate or her own.

She looked, therefore, composed, though very serious; and there was an air of severe resolution, if I may use the expression, upon her countenance, what would have given it, interesting as it usually was, a more than ordinary interest to the eye of any discerning observer. Her uncle, however, only reflected that the storm of tears and hysterics, the woman's passion was over; and that she was now in a fit state to receive what he had to announce, without that intolerable thing to men of his stamp—a scene.

So, with a slight gesture of recognition, without uttering a word, he sat down opposite to her at table, and began to eat the delicacies she had provided, though in a sort of absent manner, not engaged, as usual, in culling and picking out the most delicate morsels from the dishes presented to him, he seemed somewhat impatient that his dinner should be over, and pushed away his plate, and looked impatiently at the servant who removed it—but all the time he did not utter one single word.

There was something very alarming in this silence.

Was it the effect of determined resentment? Was she to consider her offence as unpardonable? Her hopes from the effect of her premeditated appeal grew more faint and more faint as, her lips getting whiter every moment, she glanced over the untasted dinner from time to time at her uncle's countenance.

It was impossible for expression to be more gloomy, sullen, and determined.

There is something in features so extremely handsome and regular as his which gives additional force, and a darker horror, if I may so say, to the resentful passions.

The meal, which both seemed to think insupportably tedious, at an end, the small table was as usual placed before the fire, the dessert and wine laid on it, the chairs rolled round, fresh coals put on the fire, the hearth brushed, the different things one by one removed, the ceremony of the servants' departure which she thought interminable—concluded, and the door shut.

Oh, how had her gathered courage gradually diminished at every minute thus passed in expectation! When the door at last closed, she felt that she could hardly find voice to speak.

Her uncle poured out his wine—pared his nonpareil—lifted his glass—looked at it—sipped it—set it down, all in the same despairing silence, all with the same gloomy and determined brow.

At last she summed up all her resolution—she broke the awful silence—the words seeming to sound like thunder in her ears, and echo round the lofty and empty apartment, as she said, in a tone so low and inarticulate, that it was scarcely audible:—

'My uncle——'

'He did not even lift up his head from the fruit he was peeling, his arms leaning upon the table, and his eye intent, as it would seem, upon what he was about.

This was terrible—she felt as if she hesitated one second more she was lost.

It was—with a desperate effort to speak louder—

'My dear uncle, I——'

'Did you speak?' said he, lifting up his head, and with the same immoveable expression.

'My dear uncle—if you would allow me, I should very much wish for a few moments' conversation with you.'

'What does this fine preface mean? What hinders you from speaking to me whenever you like? I only wish you may have something reasonable to say.'

She hesitated—her breath seemed to forsake her—she really did not feel it possible to proceed.

'Well,' he said, with an impatient shrug of his shoulders, as much as to say, 'is that all?' and he resumed his occupation.

She made another desperate effort with herself.

'I feel—it seems to me .... that I ought distinctly to know in what situation I stand.'

To be continued.

A glorious drink. The incomparable Montserrat Lime Fruit Juice. Cools you and keeps you cool. Non-alcoholic. Tastes like Nectar. When hot and thirsty it feels like a drink for the Gods.

ON THE BIAS.

A CONSISTENT WOMAN.

She'd studied in a German school,
And when she daily played upon
The grand piano, great the din
That instrument she made upon.
She'd never subjugate her mood
To grasps of pianissimo.
But slug and slug the ivories
In sturdiest fortissimo.

In every channel of her life
Her tendencies were thunderous.
Her dresses were so loud, a sight
Of them from sleep would sunder us.
And when her lover came and she
In throes of love would kiss him, oh,
The welkin would reverbate
With echoings fortissimo.

She's married now, and has a brace
Of very noisy little ones,
And fortunate it is for them
That they were not made brittle ones;
For when they all offend, at once,
With movements allegrissimo,
She hammers on their nether parts
In muscular fortissimo.

"This is a cold snap," said the slangy girl as she partook of the ice cream.

It is surprising the amount of trouble a man will endure before it reaches him.

Failures of hatters are nearly always due to the fact that they cannot get ahead.

It is always the jaded and weary sinner who declares:—"Now I'm going to swear off."

The reason some people "love at first sight" is because they don't know each other then.

"Do you think, Cousin Fred, I'm very fond of dress?" "No; I don't." "Why?" "Because I don't think you wear enough of it."

Early rising isn't what it is credited with being. Who or what rises earlier than the fly? And yet see the confounded nuisance he makes of himself.

He (accepted)—Ah, what happiness! Now I can call you mine, love! She—Sh! You haven't got through with your interview with papa yet.

He who courts and goes away,
May court again another day;
But he who weds and courts girls still,
May go to court against his will.

Mrs. Brown—"I declare! Just hear that canary sing! It's always so; every time anybody begins to play on the piano that bird begins to chatter." Mrs. White—"Yes; one would almost think the bird to be human."

THE SUMMER GIRL.

The summer girl is at the shore
And mountain, lake and river
As fascinating as of yore,
As beautiful as ever
In linen, lawn, tulle or pique
Or navy blue she dresses,
And jaunty hat with trimmings gay
Perched on her bangs or tresses.

Her shapely form does not require
The aid of bands or gussets;
She is a something to admire
From hat to tiny russets.
In rustic scene, in fashion's whirl
Admirers throng about her,
Good luck attend the summer girl—
What would we do without her.

WANTED TO KEEP THE LAWN MOWER.

Suburban resident—Good morning, Tommy. I've concluded not to go into the city to-day, and I wish you'd ask your father to let me have the lawn mower. He borrowed it of me several weeks ago.

Neighbor's small son—Papa's just gone to the city.

"Well, you can get me the lawn mower, can't you?"

"It's locked up."

"Locked up?"

"Yessir. Papa said he was afraid if you got it back you'd be waking up the whole neighborhood at 5 o'clock every morning like you did before."

VON MOLTKE'S CREED AND HABITS.

A Remarkable Letter on Religion—Rules of Health.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

"Very little is known of Count Moltke's religious doctrines, except that he shared the simple faith in which his old master, William I., lived and died. There is, however, a passage in one of his books which gives a clew to Moltke's conception of the central figure of the Christian's faith. Referring to Christ's life on earth he said: 'His life was humble; he was the descendant of a people in bondage, and he had not a place where to lay his head. To the fishermen he talked in parables about God; he healed the sick and died the death of an evildoer. And yet there has never been anything on this earth that could be purer, more elevated and also—even seen from the worldly point of view—more successful than this conduct, this teaching and this death.

"On the occasion of Count Moltke's ninetieth birthday a Viennese educational society asked a number of eminent men who attained a 'ripe old age' as to the best way to grow old. Fourteen men, whose combined ages amounted to 1,160 years, answered the questions, and of these answers the most interesting were those supplied by Count Moltke. We give the questions, together with the nonagenarians's answers, in full:

"'1. At what age did your schooling begin, and how many hours a day did you study?—In 1808, when I was 8 years old, I learned four hours a day; after 1810 I studied ten hours every day.'

"'2. Was your health during youth delicate or strong?—I was of a tough nature.'

"'3. Were you brought up in town or in the country?—In the country, up to my 10th year.'

"'4. How many hours daily did you spend in the open air?—Irregularly, and only a few hours.'

"'5. Did you have athletic and other physical exercises?—No methodical ones.'

"'6. Special observations? — Joyless youth, scanty food, away from home.'

"'7. Did you finish your education in town or in the country?—In town.'

"'8. How many hours of mental work daily?—Differed greatly.'

"'9. Do you attribute a favorable influence on your health to a special manner of living? — Moderation in all habits; out door exercises in all weathers; no day entirely spent indoors.'

"'10. How long did you sleep?—About eight hours on the average.'

"'11. What changes in your daily habits did you make on the approach of a ripe age?—None.'

"'12. What were your recreations?—Riding on horseback up to the age of 86.'

"'13. How do you sleep?—Eight hours still.'

"'14. What are your habits with regard to taking food?—I eat very little, and substitute concentrated nourishment.'

"'15. To what reason do you primarily ascribe your healthy old age? (in which may God long preserve you!)—To God's grace and moderate habits.'"

The drouth continues in New York. Jefferson, Lewes and St. Lawrence County farmers are discouraged.

If you are bilious,
Try Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters
If you are Dyspeptic,
Try Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters
If your Liver is sluggish,
Try Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. 6

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Greeting—From Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, General Secretary of the International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons, to the Canadian branch of the order, read at the recent meetings in Toronto and London.

DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW-WORKERS,—Often in the busy weeks just past I have found my burdens lightened by my cherished hope that I should stand face to face with my Canadian brothers and sisters of the Silver Cross, many of whom have grown so dear to me, and say my little word within touch of your welcoming hand and the sound of your answering voice.

My one consolation in my great disappointment and regret at my loss is, that I may send you my word of greeting by my friend and coworker, our corresponding secretary, who, by labors more abundant and by gifts greater than mine, has already found her welcome in your hospitable hearts and home, and her place and here in the noble work, which, though born of our thought, is yet so peculiarly and emphatically your own. She will say to you all I could say and more. She is already in touch with your personality and your method of organization and efforts of service; she will carry to you, not only our best, united thought concerning this whole work, but she will bring back to me, in the midst of great responsibilities and heavy burdens, the cheer and comfort of a better knowledge of your noble inspiration, of your devotion to our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, and the consciousness of your union and sympathy with us in all endeavors to uplift humanity in His name.

It would be very easy and very delightful for me to feel, that I might trespass upon the time of this meeting, to make my own utterance concerning the development of the grand ideal we have placed before us, and the progress of some phases of this many-sided work, as observed in places where it has not only taken root, but is already bearing glorious fruit. But I fear this would be an utterance involving more of self-indulgence than of service, robbing you of time that might better given to others, who will be gathered with you on this occasion.

I desire, however, to say that from all advices concerning the Canadian work, followed, as it is, in a great spirit of interest and rejoicing, we know that here, as in many other places, the idea has been accepted in its broad and true aspect, and without any yielding to the more sensational and sentimental phases, the dangers to which lay in its mighty and abnormal growth. I believe it is already here, what ultimately it will be everywhere. What those of us who have felt most profoundly its solemn significance have always desired it to be, a great educational force, working no longer in womanhood alone, but in all social and philanthropic channels, and through these possibly touching even the governmental conditions of the world.

Beginning, as it does, with the individual, down at the bottom of the heart, being, as it is, only another mode of expression for Christian vitality, it will not fail to work its way upward through every phase and condition of human life.

Here and there in the world there has been a misapprehension with reference to the true character and significance of the movement, but here in Canada it met a quick recognition of the fact that it did not offer a new and supplanting religion, but called for a practical demonstration, that, in the dear old religion of Jesus Christ, lay the hope of the ages, and that the ultimate purpose of God was to bring the world, through this faith, to redemption, and unity, and brotherhood, and the blessedness of service.

Believing that failure to accomplish this, up to the present time, was because Christians did not know how effectively to grasp and apply our faith's Almighty power.

The Order called for an opening of eyes to the university of human responsibility, and aimed to show every soul that it stood in the Universe alone with its God.

It aimed to help souls into a relationship of committal and obedience; a committal which we felt would be more sincere; an obedience more complete, if one bore always in plain sight before the world a sign that showed under whose banner we were bound to serve; hence the use of the little silver cross.

With that upon the breast, saying, as it does say, "I obey; I believe; I follow," belief could not be denied; faith and service could not be refused. The whole movement was an effort to intensify and vivify the Christian life already existing, to render it more vital, more practical, more really what the Father meant it to be. The secret of its growth lies just where the secret of the Christian religion lies in the fact of its adaptation to the universe. We called on women to open their eyes to the misery and sin resultant from the lack of the spirit of the living Christ. We called them to take hold of hands, to drop their differences and doubts, to recognize their oneness in Him, to make of their clasped hands a chain whose beginning and whose end was God, and, only holding more tightly together when the strain grew severe, to begin to draw the world little by little nearer to the heart of God. When the weight grew heavy, let the grasp tighten till the power of the whole chain should be imparted to each little link.

Union of effort, union of service everywhere, co-operation in everything, differences sometimes in opinion; because, like travellers upon a mountain, the wideness of our horizon and the breadth of our vision depends upon our point of view. Those souls creeping slowly, making their first upward steps on the mount of self-denial and sacrifice and prayer, could not hope for the vision of the saint who had trodden that mount year after year, when its paths were a veritable via Dolorosa, up which must be borne unflinchingly the burden of the cross of Christ. Yet even the blinded eyes, seeing not yet beyond the valley mists, might lift themselves, and even the feeble hands make part of this great chain. How else indeed could they be helped upward by the hands stretched down from above? So the obligation in the Order was for each soul to give to the next below it all the inspiration and help and power and comfort that was given itself from any of the discipline or any of the experiences through which God had compassed its own uplifting.

From this great obligation to give to the one standing next to us that out of our lives which was most needed for the other's development in the life of God, for its help of body or its help of soul, from this obligation, I repeat, there was absolutely no escape.

This mighty chain once bound together link by link, this great glad-giving in the name of Christ once begun, it is no marvel that out of it we have seen children in multitudes saved from vice and crime; weary mothers, staggering under their burdens, strengthened by the love and power of other women's hearts, the lost brought back from the brink of the pit, schools and nurseries, and hospitals, and churches, and missions created, or, if already established, stimulated, vivified and set glowing as with a flame from the very heart of Christ. And this is the whole story:—Just where we are, in our littleness, in our weakness, in our pitiful selfishness, in our devotion, in our consecration, in our noblest and best, as well as in our weakest and poorest, this order finds us.

To every woman and every man, it says: "From this time forth make your religion and your profession of religion such a reality to you, and all those whom you can influence by your union in little bonds for brotherly and sisterly help and comfort, become actual regenerative forces for good, become channels through which His spirit of loving kindness is transmitted steadily and constantly to the world. Become, if you may, thinkers of great thoughts, makers of great plans, honest workers in great deeds, or, if God denies you this, taking unto yourselves the silent work, the humble place, the lowly walk, for, so He calls you to the larger greatness that comes with willingness to suffer and to wait, and to be absolutely nothing, if so He wills it, for His sake and in His name.

In this spirit was born the order of the Silver Cross. In quick recognition of its true significance and power, you, our brothers and sisters of Canada, were among the first and the readiest with your loving and eager response.

No longer a child of our order, you have sprung to the place where we reach out cordial hands to your Canadian organization, and claim you, not as the parent claims the full-grown child, demanding of it aid and service, but as brother claims brother, and sister claims sister, standing side by side, joint heirs with Jesus Christ in the family of God.

We have the same great ideal; before us lie unlimited opportunities for glorious work. Many questions of how best we shall make this great unused, untrained force that is now astir throughout the church of God and throughout the world, of greatest value to the greatest number in all its phases of work, are questions which I should be glad to enter upon with you.

We have here one of the greatest beneficent and educational forces of the times. What shall we do with it? How shall we best apply it, so that it may meet, and in the most effective way, the needs of humanity? For what fields are we ready—for our education is not yet progressed to the point where we can enter every field? Are we possessing those for which we are prepared? How shall we equip ourselves for the work needing us on every hand?

Questions relating to your own organization; questions as to your bonds of union and sympathy with other organizations; practical questions of every kind will crowd upon you in the days to come. Concerning all these, it would have been a joy to me to sit with you in council, and it may be my privilege at some future time to have my little share in your deliberations; but you have one better than I, and I am sure the Great Counsellor will guide you into all wisdom

For one last word, let me say:—Move slowly; be not too eager for rapid development; lay your foundations broad and strong upon the Rock, Christ Jesus. Do not divorce religion and common sense; God meant they should bide together. Let all practical views concerning the conduct of philanthropic work and the development of methods of work have large place in your deliberations. Let us also save our order from the curse of ambition, from all seeking for personal preference or notoriety, and show the world the possibility of a united effort on the part of Christian men and women, for the greatest good of the greatest number, the absolute unselfish willingness to suffer that other human beings may be better fed, better housed, better clothed, better taught, better added here and better guided home to the heart of God. Just remember that religion and practical executive powers go hand in hand, that human hearts need clasping hands to keep them united; that united prayers prevail, and that among these offered for you during this convention mine will ascend for grace and guidance and power, and blessing to be upon you all.

COLUMBUS RELICS.

Proposed Reproduction of the Convent La Rabida at the Exposition.

The World's Fair Directory is recommended by its foreign affairs committee to appropriate $50,000 for the purpose of building at Jackson Park a facsimile of the ancient convent of La Rabida, of Palos, Spain. It is believed that this would be the most appropriate structure possible in which to exhibit the large number of relics of Columbus which is being collected. If the project is carried out, as it seems probable it will be, this building and its contents will doubtless be one of the Exhibition attractions which no visitor will be content to leave without seeing.

It was at the door of the convent of La Rabida that Columbus, disappointed and down-hearted, asked for food and shelter for himself and his child. It was here that he found an asylum for a few years while he developed his plans and prepared the arguments which he submitted to the council at Salamanca. It was in one of the rooms of this convent that he met the Dominican monks in debate, and it was here also that he conferred with Alonzo Pinzo, who afterwards commanded one of the vessels of his fleet. In this convent Columbus lived while he was making preparations for his voyage, and on the morning that he sailed from Palos he attended himself the little chapel. There is no building in the world so closely identified with his discovery as this, and fortunately its architecture is of such a character as to permit a reproduction at a comparatively small cost, and at the same time furnish a picturesque view and appropriate group among the splendid buildings that will be erected at Jackson Park. It will not only be of itself a monument to Columbus, but it will furnish commodious and convenient show rooms for the collections and relics of Columbus that are to be exhibited. Besides a large collection of maps, manuscripts, books and pictures that are being secured there will be among them public and private collections both from Europe and the United States. Many of the articles being of great value, it is proposed to bring them altogether in this building, where they will be secure from fire and all other dangers.

The Butter-Fat Test.

Hoard's Dairyman says the same story comes from all factories that use, and pay for milk, according to test of fat,—the average quantity of milk in the pool increases as to the per cent. of fat. Why? Simply because it takes away all inducement for the owners of the milk to either water or skim their milk. Again, some pride in not having their milk test low, induces better feeding, the butchering of the poor cows, and the buying of those that will test well up, in fat.

It is a fact, and it might as well be stated, that the bulk of the operators and workmen at the factories are averse to testing; for one reason, because of the labor and some expense involved; and another, they fear to lose the patronage (?) of the men with low grade milk, by their going to another factory! As though the honest patronage of an adjoining factory would let them in without "kicking," themselves! The farmer who would thus advertise the character of the milk he makes, would have a gay time, living and trying to do business in a neighborhood of honest patrons! He would soon be held up to scorn, the same as are the men caught at skimming or diluting their milk

The taunt would soon be thrown up to him, "you are not willing to take the pay for your milk, according to value, but you want part of the earnings of your neighbors."

Again, the operator of any factory that does not test, and so does not induce his patrons to make better milk, takes a course that will compel him to make a poorer showing as to yield of butter or cheese per 100 pounds of milk, than he need to if he applied the test, beating him on yield, and selling more product, from handling less milk; and his honest patrons who would like the test applied, will raise the question whether he is both skillful and honest, when he reports a low yield. So of all men he should be in favor of testing the milk, when he sees and knows it raises the quality of it, for the reason given above.

SOMETIMES NAUGHTY!
SOMETIMES NICE!

This little chap may at times be naughty, but for all that he is the joy of the home. In this latter respect he resembles "Sunlight" Soap, which brings joy and comfort to the house which uses it—lessening the labor of wash-day, saving the clothes from wear and tear, doing away with hot steam and smell, bringing the clothes snowy white, and keeping the hands soft and healthy. Be a happy user of "Sunlight" Soap.
F111-s,w

Burdock Blood Bitters
CURES DYSPEPSIA.
CURES DYSPEPSIA.
CURES DYSPEPSIA
PROMOTES DIGESTION.
Mr. Neil McNeil, of Leith, Ont., writes:
DEAR SIRS,—For years and years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst forms, and after trying all means in my power to no purpose I was persuaded by friends to try B.B.B., which I did, and after using 5 bottles I was completely cured.

Burdock Blood Bitters
Cures CONSTIPATION
Cures CONSTIPATION
Cures CONSTIPATION
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Rapid Recovery.
DEAR SIRS,—I have tried your B.B.B. with great success for constipation and pain in my head. The second dose made me ever so much better. My bowels now move freely and the pain in my head has left me, and to everybody with the same disease I recommend B.B.B.
MISS F. WILLIAMS,
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Burdock Blood Bitters
Cures BILIOUSNESS.
Cures BILIOUSNESS.
Cures BILIOUSNESS.
REGULATES THE LIVER.
Direct Proof.
SIRS,—I was troubled for five years with Liver Complaint. I used a great deal of medicine which did me no good, and I was getting worse all the time until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. After taking four bottles I am now well. I can also recommend it for the cure of Dyspepsia.
MARY A. E. DEACON,
Hawkstone, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters
Cures HEADACHE.
Cures HEADACHE.
Cures HEADACHE.
REGULATES THE KIDNEYS.
A Prompt Cure.
DEAR SIRS,—I was very bad with headache and pain in my back; my hands and feet swelled so I could do no work. My sister-in-law advised me to try B.B.B. With one bottle I felt so much better that I got one more. I am now well, and can work as well as ever.
ANNIE BURGESS,
Tilsonburg, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters
Cures BAD BLOOD.
Cures BAD BLOOD.
Cures BAD BLOOD.
PURIFIES THE BLOOD.
Bad Blood may arise from wrong action of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. B. B. B., by regulating and toning these organs, removes the cause and makes new rich blood, removing all blood diseases from a pimple to a scrofulous sore.

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Big G is acknowledged the leading remedy for Gonorrhœa & Gleet, The only safe remedy for Leucorrhœa or Whites. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers.
A. J. STONER, M. D.
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Organic Weakness, Failing Memory, Lack of Energy, Physical Decay positively cured by Hazelton's Vitalizer. Also Nervous Debility, Loss of Ambition, Dyspepsia, Loss of Power, Pains in the Back, Night Emissions, Drain in Urine, Seminal Losses, Sleeplessness, etc. Every bottle guaranteed; 20,000 sold yearly. Address, enclosing stamp for treatise, J. E. HAZELTON, Druggist, 308 Yonge st., Toronto, Ont. Mention FREE PRESS. D20ly

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