

Sunday Reading.

A COURAGEOUS WOMAN.

Augusta Dane married a man who turned out to be a drunkard and a gambler. One day he left her, taking with him their little boy, 5 years old.

The next day found Augusta in New York. Two days were spent in a fruitless search. All her husband's haunts were visited. In Philadelphia Augusta was again baffled in her search. Still she despaired not but went on her way to Baltimore. Arriving there she resumed her weary, weary search.

As she turned away from a place where her inquiries had again been unsuccessful her hope and courage, for the first time since her loss, began to fail her. As she walked slowly along, uncertain where next to direct her steps, a gentleman passed and looked earnestly at her. Augusta, oppressed with her sad and anxious thoughts, had not noticed him. All at once a voice saying, 'Mrs. Dane, you surely do not intend to pass me without recognition, do you?' caused her to start and raise her eyes. It was a friend of her husband who was speaking to her.

I beg your pardon, Mr. Davis. I was thinking and passed without seeing you,' answered Augusta.

'You are on your way, I suppose, to join your husband and child. What a fine little fellow that boy of yours is! You must be very proud of him,' Davis remarked.

Augusta's heart gave a mighty throb, and in a voice which she vainly endeavored to steady she replied:

'Yes; I have been detained at home and did not join them at the time appointed. Where did you leave Mr. Dane—and—my son?'

Ah, how her voice trembled as she asked the question!

'I left them in Washington,' replied Davis. 'I met Fred at M——'s last night (naming a gaming house in that city.) I only arrived in Baltimore an hour ago.'

Augusta scarcely heard any further words that were spoken. She had room for but one thought. She aroused herself sufficiently at length to utter a few words of leave-taking, and the next train to Washington bore Augusta on her way thither.

At length she reached her destination. Stepping into a carriage she gave the order to drive to M——'s.

The carriage stopped. 'Wait here for me. Keep your carriage door open. I shall not be long away,' and she ascended the steps of the house.

A negro opened the door in answer to her ring, and refused her admittance, but Augusta was prepared. Holding up a \$10 bill she said: 'This is yours if you permit me to pass. Sambo found it impossible to resist, and the door was opened to admit her.'

'Which way must I go?' inquired Augusta, when she was fairly inside the hall. 'Do you mean right among all the gentlemen, ma'am?' asked Sambo, with open eyes and mouth.

'Which way must I go?' repeated she. 'Right at the top of the stairs, Ma'am where you see the bright light from under the door.'

As she placed her hand upon the knob she breathed a silent prayer, and then she opened the door noiselessly and entered. Her eyes were dazzled for a moment, then her quick glance took in all at once. Seated at the table near the centre of the large room and with his back toward the door was her husband, and by his side stood a little child. Yes, there was her boy, standing like an angel of light amid that crowd of desperate men.

No one had seen her enter. All were intent on the game then in progress. Another moment, and owing to some turn of fortune, a fearful oath burst from Frederick Dane's lips.

Augusta took a step forward just then. Her boy turned and saw her. 'My mother, oh, my mother!' screamed the child and sprang into her arms.

With her child clasped to her heart Augusta felt a power within her strong enough to defy the world. Her husband had risen from his seat, roused by the childish exclamation, and stood gazing at her in speechless amazement. The room was crowded with men, who were looking on in speechless wonder at the strange scene enacted before their eyes. Augusta was the first to speak.

'Frederick, let me depart in peace with my child.'

'Never!' interrupted he. 'Put down the child!' And he made a movement toward her. Augusta turned white to the lips.

'Frederick,' she again pleaded, 'think of your child's future. You surely would not doom our boy to live a life such as yours has been!'

'Cease your talking and give me the boy!' shouted Dane, and again he made a movement toward her.

Quick as thought Augusta raised her hand and leveled a small revolver at him which she had concealed in the folds of her dress.

She clasped the child still closer to her breast as she spoke.

'Frederick Dane I am a desperate woman! Take heed. Do not defy me further. For God's sake leave me and do not force me to desperate deeds! Stop! Advance one step and the consequences be on your own head!'

While Augusta was speaking she had moved nearer the door. Her husband stood as if petrified. With one last look Augusta turned and left the room.

Augusta Dane's days now passed peacefully and quietly. Her son grew up into a true, noble, honorable man and became one of the most distinguished members of the bar in his native city.

RELIGIOUS NEWS IN BRIEF.

The German Missionary Societies in the United States report an aggregate of 16,212 baptisms in twelve months.

The Bible used by Milton, author of 'Paradise Lost,' was sold recently for \$1,125. It bears the poet's signature on the fly-leaf.

The membership of the Presbyterian Church of England has during the past year risen from 74,541 to 76,098, an increase of 1,557.

The recent additions to the Vatican, the palace of the Pope in Rome, bring the number of rooms under its roof up to twelve thousand.

English congregationalists have contributed to the Twentieth Century Fund £512,704; Welsh Congregationalists, £28,000, and Irish, £10,000.

Among the degrees conferred at St. Andrews University recently was that of doctor of law upon Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis and Mrs. M. D. Gibson, Cambridge.

The important town living of St. Nicholas, Newbury, England, formerly held by the Rev. James Leslie Randall, now Bishop-Suffragan of Reading, will become vacant in June.

The Rev. Charles Bigg, D. D., rector of Fenny Compton, succeeds the late Dr. Bright as Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical history in the University of Oxford, and canon of Christ church.

An exciting contest is expected at St. Augustine's, Kilburn, where Mr. John Kensit has been proposed for the post of people's churchwarden. He was defeated on a show of hands, and has demanded a poll.

Within the past month the presbytery in London has been called upon to lose by death two of its best known laymen, Mr. R. T. Turnbull of Regent Square church, and Mr. John Paton of Marylebone church.

At one of the vestry meetings at Terquay the vicar complained of the number of public house tokens and silvered farthings placed in the offertory bags. He described such contributions as on the verge of blasphemy.

The forty-seven members of the Board of Education for London hold a prayer meeting every week before the regular meeting, to beseech special guidance in their labours. Lord Reay, the chairman of the Board, presides at the prayer meeting.

A curious old custom was revived at Great Oakley vestry, when the parish lands were let by 'pin and candle.' The local clergyman presided. A pin is inserted in a burning candle, and so long as it remains in its tallow resting-place bids are taken. The last bidder before the pin drops is declared the tenant for the year.

The owner of the factory at Washington, Ind., has engaged the pastor of the Presbyterian church of the town to visit his factory each morning and give a fifteen minutes' sermon to the operatives, the

preacher being on the pay-roll of the factory and the men receiving pay for the time taken to listen to the sermonette.

In reference to the Rev. Grimshaw Brown's decision that ladies have no votes at vestry meetings, a correspondent of the London Daily Mail points out that 1 and 2 of William IV., 1831, regarding vestries, states, 'No person shall be entitled to vote at vestry unless he or she have duly paid their rates to within a certain specified period.'

An interesting pioneer of missionary work is at present on a visit to England in the person of the Rev. John McDougall, who is here on the invitation of Lord Strathcona, acting for the Canadian Government. Mr. McDougall was born in a log cabin and has spent his life ministering to the Indian tribes in Manitoba and the North-West province.

A novel departure from the prosaic rule applicable to the election of churchwardens has been made at the Easter vestry in the parish of Penn, Buckinghamshire, where the vicar (the Rev. B. J. S. Kerby) has nominated a lady, Mrs. Larkin, as his warden for the ensuing twelve months. The announcement was received with evident pleasure and appreciation.

An excellent story of the late Archbishop Magee was told at the Norwich Diocesan conference. Complaints were made of the exorbitant fees exacted from the clergy upon their induction to their benefices. The Rev. Canon Thomson remarked that when Dr. Magee took office as Archbishop of York, and was presented to her late Majesty, he said, 'Madam, you are the only official who has not asked me for £50.'

The Rev. A. C. Tomkine, of Great Oakley, Northampton, has declined to leave his rectory, although offered a pension by Sir Arthur Brooks, the patron of the living. A photograph of the house was shown at a meeting of the Kettering Rural council yesterday. Several breaches were to be seen in the walls. It is stated that there was a hole in the roof, and that Mr. Tomkine slept in his great coat with an umbrella over his head.

Closely following on the appointment of a retired Australian bishop to a post of importance in the diocese of Manchester comes the selection by the Bishop of Bath and Wells of another retired Colonial bishop for a dignity in the western dioceses, and it naturally seems a hardship to the diocesan clergy that the local posts of importance and responsibility should go to men who have had their chance elsewhere.

It is the Bishop of Carlisle who declares that the church must now 'collect the poor man's penny as well as the rich man's pound.' For in the diocese of Carlisle things ecclesiastical are impoverished indeed: there are not 300 livings all told in the diocese, but 150 of these have less than £200 a year and not a few of them are under £100 a year. And the poor man will gladly give his penny to help his poor church, but he may perhaps ask first why the Bishop of Carlisle has £4,500 a year and a 'castle' to live in.

Miss Jones' Voice Greatly Improved.

The many admirers of Miss Jones singing have been greatly pleased at the improved clearness and richness of tone, so noticeable in her late renderings. Miss Jones attributes this improvement to the recent use of Catarrhoxone. It gives clearness and brilliancy of tone, and prevents hoarseness and huskiness. Prominent singers, ministers, actors and public speakers use Catarrhoxone for the voice, and find it of inestimable value. You breathe the medicated air from the inhaler into the throat and lungs, where it kills disease, prevents and absolutely cures Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh. Catarrhoxone never fails; never harms; pleasant to use and always successful. Sold with a guarantee on every \$1.00 package, to cure these diseases, or your money back. Small size 25c. Druggists Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

The Breton Peasant.

If there is a country where the tradition of hatred of 'the Englishman' as a hereditary enemy still holds it is in Catholic Brittany. In the eyes of the Breton peasants and fishermen the Englishman is the enemy with whom they have fought battles and will fight them again.

That is to say, the Englishman stands for the typical sailor of a man of war or torpedo boat, whom they will fight when the time comes for the attack, but no one thinks of him as a man. The enemy is a unit of war, something outside ordinary life, a being in uniform whom it is glorious to kill. He is 'the enemy'—something which will do great mischief to France if one does not take care, something which must be much more terrible and dangerous than they can imagine, since all the men of France lose the best years of their youth in learning to kill this eventual adversary.

If ever the peasants come clearly to realize that the only use of war is to kill people like themselves; if ever each soldier

becomes capable of imagining what the shock of two armies is and by what complicated series of lies and intrigues peoples are brought to the point of killing each other, the work of peace congresses will be wonderfully simplified.

VERY EXPLOSIVE WOOD, THIS.

Difficulty in Disposing of Casks that Have Had Nitroglycerine.

'One of the most puzzling of the many difficult problems that confront our trade is how to get rid of the empty casks that have contained nitroglycerine,' said a manufacturer of explosives. 'The wood of the casks becomes so saturated with nitroglycerine that in explosiveness it equals the nitroglycerine itself.'

'It does not pay, or is it safe, to refill the casks. To burn them is out of the question. If left around they are a constant menace, for while all men are prone to show their respect for a dangerous explosive, there are few that think that harm can come of a kick at an empty barrel. There is nothing to do but explode the casks.'

'This is generally done by placing them on open ground and firing a rifle bullet at them from a safe distance. The concussion produced by the bullet is more than enough to bring about an explosion, and there is one good thing about those casks when they go off—there are no fragments to pick up.'

'When I said that the shock of the bullet was more than sufficient, I meant every word of it. To prove this, I'll just tell you what happened at our factory not so very long ago. Two empty nitroglycerine casks were to be blown up. Three men with a team of horses, a wagon and a rifle set about the business. They reached the spot selected for the explosion in safety, and lifted the casks to the ground.'

'One of the casks was carried to a proper distance. The other was left standing near the wagon. The man who was to do the shooting then conceived the idea of leaning his rifle against the top of the second cask to get a better aim. He thought this was safe because he knew that the recoil of the rifle was almost unnoticeable.'

'Well, when he fired, there were two simultaneous explosions. His bullet hit its mark and did its work. At the same time the other cask was exploded by the slight jar produced by the firing of the shot. The three men, the two horses and the wagon were literally swept off the earth, and when a few moments later you passed the spot where they had stood, it was hard to believe that they had ever existed. The largest fragment recovered after them was a harness buckle.'

Reading as a Cure.

The practice of reading aloud at regular intervals is of great benefit to any one affected with a chest complaint. In all cases of lung trouble it is important to indulge in those exercises by which the chest is in part filled or emptied of air, and reading aloud, singing and whistling are three of those exercises.

There are many who cannot sing, and we do not expect the fair sex to whistle, but reading aloud can be practised by all. Care must be taken not to overdo it, of course, and the body should be in such a position as to allow the chest to have free play.

Reading aloud, if we pay attention to what we are doing, will not only be beneficial from the standpoint of health, but will also have the effect of making us better speakers by teaching us proper modulations of the voice and by increasing our knowledge.

This is where it has the advantage over whistling and singing.

A Disappearing Town.

From Northwich, the centre of the salt industry of Great Britain, 1,200,000 tons of salt are shipped annually. When the industry was started it was considered that only one stratum of salt existed, and that was only a few feet below the surface. Fresh water found its way to this extensive salt deposit, with the result that the salt dissolved like snow. A huge subterranean lake of water, charged with 20 per cent of salt, was thus formed. Pumping engines were then installed to convey this brine to the surface to large evaporating pans, in which a heavy deposit of salt was left after the water had evaporated.

The result of this extensive pumping is that Northwich now rests, as it were, upon a shell of earth, which at times proves insufficient to support the weight of the houses, with the inevitable consequence that the buildings are constantly sliding and collapsing in every direction.

There is scarcely a perpendicular wall to be seen; in numerous cases the doors and window frames of the houses are awry; the roads are extremely uneven, and are often closed owing to the falling in of portions. Houses are being continually condemned as unsafe for human habitation and demol-



With these

three things you can wash. Just so you can do many other things that are tiresome, unhealthy, unpleasant and wasteful. If it's necessary, well and good; but it isn't with PEARLINE washing. PEARLINE'S way is best, easiest, quickest, most economical—no soap, no washboard, no rubbing, little work—best results. 635

ished. The depreciation of public property is enormous. No matter how substantially a house may be built, or how great the care observe to obviate the subsidence, the building is bound to sink, sooner or later. In one instance a house that cost \$30,000 to erect was shortly afterwards sold for \$7,500, it had been so injured by subsiding. In some cases the sinking is very gradual, while in others it is unexpected and instantaneous.

Yawning chasms are constantly appearing in the streets, and in some instances the cavities are so extensive as to necessitate the closing of the thoroughfare.

The area in which these subsidences occur covers about two square miles. A few years ago the matter was brought before the attention of the British Parliament, and the result of their investigations showed that damage had been inflicted upon 892 buildings, of which total 636 comprised houses and cottages. Some idea of the extent of the excavations in this area may be gathered from the fact that as a ton of salt represents one cubic yard, and 1,200,000 tons of salt are produced every year, therefore 1,200,000 cubic yards of solid material underlying the town are removed annually.

Notwithstanding the frequency of these subsidences and that they are often unexpected, strange to say not a single life has been lost. Havoc has been wrought among cattle, however, several animals having been completely engulfed.

Pain in the Back

makes life miserable. Can it be cured? Yes, in one night. Polson's Nerviline gives a complete knockout to pain in the back, for it penetrates through the tissues, takes out the soreness and pain, invigorates tired muscles, and makes you feel like a new man. Nerviline cures quickly because it is stronger, more penetrating, more highly pain-subduing than any other remedy. Don't suffer another minute, get Nerviline quick, and rub it in, for sure as you were born it will cure you. 25c.

A Paper Found.

An English paper offers a practical illustration of Trollope's saying, 'It's dogged as does it.'

Jack Sullivan was a soldier, and a good one, but suddenly he began to act like a crazy man. When on duty or at drill he would break from the ranks and run after an imaginary scrap of paper, visible to no one but himself, shouting as he ran:

'There it goes! There's the paper!'

This occurrence became so frequent that officers and men alike agreed that Jack was insane, and the matter was brought before the medical authorities. After some scientific research he was declared to be suffering from monomania, and in consequence he was given his discharge.

But it was monomania with a method, for when Jack quitted the service and his comrades, he flourished his discharge, saying:

'Faith, boys, sure I've got the bit of paper I've been runnin' after this long time!'

Engagement Confidence

'You trust me thoroughly, don't you, Ethel?'

'Of course, Edgar; but, tell me, are the installments on this diamond ring all paid off?'

You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark, for home use Magnetic Dyes give excellent results.

'That child is going to make a great golf player,' said the proud young father. 'How can you tell?'

'I was teaching him to walk this morning and the first thing he did was to toe-in as if he were about to make a drive.'

Twiddle—I read last night of a man who was buried alive so that he might know what the sensation is like.

Twiddle—Don't you think that was a grave thing to do?

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. For ten days in the daily press read and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. Get a box, at all dealers or EDWARDS, BARNES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment