

## Sunday Reading.

KING AND RELIGION.

Strict Observer of the Customs of the Established Church.

A member of the royal household is authority for the statement that never in his entire life has King Edward attended divine service on the Sabbath, except when conducted by a clergyman of the established church. This may be said of many Englishmen, and is not due to prejudice against other religions, but to loyalty to their own. King Edward as a tourist has visited all the great cathedrals, Mohammedan mosques and Hindu temples in the world, and is familiar with all the famous churches of Europe. He has witnessed weddings, funerals and other religious ceremonies in Catholic and dissenting churches many times, but never on the Sabbath. Not even in Rome, where he once spent Easter Sunday, was he tempted to witness the impressive ceremony conducted by the Pope at St. Peter's but went quietly to the little English church, where he was one of a very few worshippers, explaining that he did so because he thought when members of the Church of England were in Rome and other foreign cities they should be more than usually particular to recognize and encourage their own form of faith.

No matter where he happens to be on Sunday—at sea, or at a German watering place or camping on the plains or in the mountains or visiting friends in the country—he has always observed the Sabbath in the strictest manner; and when there is no church of England convenient or chaplain present he reads prayers himself at the appointed hour to as many of his companions as are willing to join him in the service. Nor does he ever travel on Sunday, except at sea. This has been the rule of his life, as it was that of his mother, the late queen and his father, the prince consort.

At Marlborough house in London and at Sandringham, his country palace, prayers are read daily in the morning, the members of the household, the servants and the guests being expected to attend, although not required to do so. The attendance is voluntary, but general. The king is not always present in London, but seldom fails to appear at morning prayers while at Sandringham.

On Sunday he invariably attends morning services; in London at the Chapel Royal, or at the church of St. Anne, Soho, and at Sandringham at the beautiful chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, a quaint and venerable structure said to be more than 400 years old, which was restored at his expense for the benefit of his household and tenants and is filled with beautiful memorial windows and tablets. The humblest laborer on the estate kneels beside the king and gives the responses with him, the only difference being that the Royal family have a separate entrance and a section of pews reserved for themselves and their guests. Pews are also reserved for the servants of the household. The remainder of the sittings belong to tenants of the king's estate and their laborers. The princesses teach in the Sunday school and Queen Alexandra has charge of the music drills the choir and on occasions presides at the organ.

Rev. Mr. Onslow has been the curate of St. Mary Magdalene's for many years. He was a classmate of King Edward's at the University, and as boys they were in many a scrape together. He attends to the spiritual wants of the tenantry as well as the Royal household, but when the King is at Sandringham the list of visitors usually includes the name of some noted divine, who is expected to preach on Sunday. The late Dean Stanley, who was the religious preceptor of the King, and the late Charles Kingsley were his favorite preachers and frequent guests, and Rev. John Russell, who is commonly alluded to by unfriendly newspaper writers as 'the Sporting Parson,' is one of the King's most intimate friends. Mr. Russell, who is a keen sportsman and can ride to the hounds with any gentleman in England, once startled the congregation at St. Mary Magdalene by announcing that he had chosen for his text the words of the Saviour in the first clause of the fifty-eighth verse of the ninth chapter of St. Luke.

Among the Miners.

'It must be a very discouraging work,' said a visitor to a young minister who, with his wife had taken up religious work in a wild mining town.

'Come to our prayer-meeting to-night, and see,' said the minister.

The visitor went. It was a mere handful of people who gathered, and the congregation was not at first sight a prepossessing one. Some of the women were

overdressed, and others were shabby. The men had scrubbed the coal-dust from the surface of their skins, but much of it remained, ingrained deeply below the reach of an ordinary nightly ablution.

'About like their religion, I fancy,' thought the visitor, 'a superficial wash.'

There was some ground, perhaps, for the cynical comparison. The parish was no paradise. Few parishes are. Yet the meeting began with a swing and a fervor that soon disarmed the visitor's criticisms. The songs were hearty, the prayers fervent, and the testimonies, for the most part, were the simple and natural expressions of lives that found daily help through faith in God.

Before the meeting was over the visitor was heartily in sympathy with its spirit, and more than one of the prayers and testimonies had started tears in his eyes.

They were soon seated in the minister's bare little study, the guest, the minister and his wife, and the young man was telling with enthusiasm of his work.

'You are evidently doing much good,' said the visitor. 'Of course you are reaching the best of them.'

The minister started to reply, and then thought a second time. He remembered who had taken part in that meeting, and his thought went back a year to the time of the riots, when the name of his obscure little parish was all in the papers.

He remembered how one man who had spoken in the meeting, penitently, trustingly, and in terms which his neighbors understood, had only twelve months ago run red handed and with a gun, firing all the way, from the coal shaft toward the company's office at the head of a mob. He remembered how it was not the state militia, but the love of Christ, that found and subdued the man.

He remembered the time, not so long ago, when another man had been a terror to the town every pay-day, and until his money was gone, and how that man was struggling now against the habits formed during years of sin, and how his testimony tonight had had a ring of growing triumph in it. He remembered a woman whose face was hard once with lines of vice and passion, but had shone tonight with the radiance of a regenerate life.

All these things he remembered, and for the time the discouragements sank out of sight. There came into his heart a sense of pride in his parish, a glory in the moral heroism of tempted men and women striving to be good. He looked across the table and caught the eye of his wife, and with a tone of certainty and the least suggestion of a smile, which she saw and returned with her eyes, he answered:

'Yes, I think I can truly say that we are reaching the best of them.'

### THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRIVATE

A Pleasant Anecdote Told of Lincoln by a Soldier.

When Mahlon Shaaber, of the Ninety-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, was passing through Washington with his regiment in 1862, he noticed standing on the pavement an unusually tall man in a group of tall men. As Shaaber marches on, this man extended a long arm and called out, 'Bub! Bub!'

Captain Arthur of my company, says Mr. Shaaber, saw that the man was addressing me, and without telling me who he was, ordered me to leave the ranks and go to him. With a friendly smile the stranger took my hand and said:

'Excuse my rudeness. It was jealousy on my part that made me call you out to size you up. How tall are you, and what is your age and weight?'

'I am six feet six and one half inches,' I said, 'in my seventeenth year, and weigh one hundred and thirty five pounds.'

As he jotted these figures down in a black memorandum-book it seemed to strike him that I didn't know who he was, so he said:

'I am old Abe. This gentleman, my son, is Vice-President Hamlin.'

The other members of the party were General Cameron and Governor Curtin.

'It will be a good while, I guess,' went on the president, 'before a small party as this can show so great a total of inches.' And he read out the entry as he put it down:

Mahlon Shaaber, Ninety-third Penn. Vol., 6 feet, 6½ inches  
Abraham Lincoln, 6 " 4 "  
Hannibal Hamlin, 6 " 3½ "  
Governor Curtin, 6 " 2 "  
General Cameron, 6 " 1 inch.

The president gave me a good deal of advice. I remember that he cautioned me against pie and particularly warned me against liquor. He told me that when I lay down to sleep I should rest the head lower than the chest to expand my lungs, and he added: 'I am afraid you won't stand the service.' When he bade me good-by he put his hands on my shoulders and said, 'With the kindest love:

'Good-by, my son, God bless you! Come soon and dine with me.'

After I was wounded and had returned to Washington I remembered the President's invitation, and went to call on him. He knew me at once, gave me a cordial greeting, showed me around the building, presented me to the guests of the day, and invited me to dine. There I lost courage, but Mr. Lincoln insisted, and said:

'I will give you a seat on my right hand as my particular guest.'

This frightened me the more, and I confessed that I was ashamed to sit in my shabby clothes with such elegantly dressed company. To this the president replied gravely.

'It's not the clothing that makes the man my son, it's the heart. I think more of the man dressed in blue for the love of his country than of these gay visitors whose chief business in these trying times is simply to dress for receptions.'

But I still declined, and the president took both my hands in his, gave me a parting blessing, and said:

'If you lie around Washington in the future, call again.'

It has been my lifelong regret, concludes Mr. Shaaber, that I did not dine with the President.

### KITCHENER'S SENSE OF JUSTICE.

How He Righted a Wrong Done by Doctor to a Private.

A sergeant of the Royal engineers who has just returned from the front tells the following story of Lord Kitchener's stern sense of justice. In the sergeant's company there happened to be a private who always did his duty in a quiet, unobtrusive manner which gained for him a certain respect from his immediate superiors and companions. One morning this man presented himself at the office and reported that he was ill and unfit for duty. He was ordered to appear before Dr. X., the medical officer of the corps, who pronounced him in good health and ordered him back to duty.

Against this verdict there was no appeal and the soldier returned to his work, which was preparing planks for a contemporary bridge. He found it impossible to work and mentioned the fact to the sergeant, with whom he was on most friendly terms.

'Why not lay the case before Lord Kitchener?' said the sergeant. 'He is in the office now.'

'Oh, I dare not,' replied the man. 'He is too stand off and cold.'

'Well, if you're afraid I'll do it myself,' and he did.

'Order the man here at once,' said Kitchener without looking up, and also Dr. Y. and Z.

Each of these he made examine the patient in his presence. Dr. Y. reported 'typhoid in a marked stage.' Dr. Z. made the same diagnosis.

'Send for Dr. X. immediately,' slowly muttered Lord Kitchener.

'Please Dr. X. examine this man carefully. He is either ill or malingering.'

Dr. X. performed the commanded task and nervously said: 'Sir, I fear that I have made a mistake. This man is in the early stages of typhoid.'

'Have the man at once removed to the hospital,' came in cold, passionless tones. 'And you, sir, apply to the adjutant for your papers and at your earliest convenience return to England!'

### Gas on the Stomach

result of imperfect digestion pressing up against the heart, it excites alarming symptoms. Instant relief is afforded by taking half an hour after the meal, ten drops of Polson's Nerveine in a little sweetened water. Nerveine aids digestion, expels the gas and imparts a sense of comfort. Nerveine is good for lots of other things, and wise people keep a 25c. bottle in the house for rheumatism, cramps, neuralgia, toothache &c. Try it.

### Gladstone's Advice to Young Men.

Be sure that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself find it. Do not believe those who lightly say: 'Nothing succeeds like success.' Effort, honest, manful, humble effort, succeeds like success, which, indeed, too easily and too early gained, not seldom serves, like winning the throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy. Get knowledge, all you can. Be thorough in all you do, and remember that though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable. But you, like men, be strong and exercise your strength. Work onward and upward, and may the blessing of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labors with reward.

## Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 50c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

## The Ability of Dr. Chase.

Is Measured by the Cures He Makes—Each Remedy Specific for Certain Diseases—A Remarkable Cure of Bright's Disease.

In this practical age a physician's ability is measured by the actual cures he makes. Judged by this high standard, Dr. Chase stands pre-eminent as a giant among physicians. Take kidney and liver derangements, for example. Dr. Chase by means of his Kidney-Liver Pills, has brought about some of the most surprising cures ever effected. This is due to the direct and specific action of this great home treatment on the liver and kidneys. Here is the experience of a highly respected resident of Coneseon, Ont.:

Mr. James Delihunt, Coneseon, Prince Edward County, Ont., writes: 'For several years I suffered great tortures of mind and body from Bright's disease of the kidneys. The pains were sometimes almost beyond endurance and extended from my head and between the shoulders down the whole spinal column and seemed to concentrate across my kidneys. My back was never entirely free from pain. When I got up in the morning I could not straighten myself at all, but would go bent nearly double most all day. My water was scanty and at other times profuse, and

it gave me great pain to urinate.

'I could do no work, and though I tried many kinds of kidney pills, could get no relief. As a last resort I was induced by a friend to give Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a trial. I felt a change after the first dose. I used in all about five boxes, and they have entirely cured me. I have no pains now and can do as good a day's work as I ever could. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, as they have done so much for me.'

Mr. J. J. Ward, J. P., Coneseon, certifies that he has known Mr. Delihunt for years as a truthful man and respected citizen, and vouches for the truth of the above statement.

You cannot possibly obtain a more beneficial treatment for the kidneys and liver than Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. It has stood the test of time and has proven beyond dispute its right to the title of 'the world's greatest kidney medicine.' One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

### Locked Out.

An amusing story was recently told a correspondent of the Companion by the heroine of the adventure, who is now past three-score and ten, it may be mentioned, incidentally, that the lady is of dignified presence and has the 'bluest' of Boston blood in her veins. Her eyes twinkled merrily as she recalled the experience. 'I do not feel old today' she said, 'and fifteen years ago, when I was sixty, I was as young at heart, I think, and enjoyed life quite as well as my daughter of twenty.'

One evening Mrs. Smith, as we will call her, went with her daughter to a dancing party at a Beacon street residence. The daughter feeling tired, returned home, leaving the mother to enjoy the dancing a while longer. The servants heard the young woman come in, and assuming that Mrs. Smith was with her, locked the doors and went to bed.

An hour later Mrs. Smith reached home and rang the bell. No response. Again and again she rang. Tired servants sleep soundly, and it began to look as if Mrs. Smith would have to spend the rest of the night outside.

The weather was bitterly cold, and the lady's costume was quite inadequate for comfort.

She bethought herself. If she could get to the rear there was a window which could be raised. She looked at the brick wall, eight feet high, which separated her from the back yard.

Despite her sixty years she was still agile the result of early training. To think was to act. She quickly doffed her light silk dress of the old-fashioned heavy quality.

The skirt stood alone and she placed the waist on top of it, in the vestibule. Then my lady tipped over an iron urn, wherein plants had been, rolled it to the brick wall, and by its three feet of aid was able to surmount the obstacle between herself and the back yard.

Meantime her daughter had been awakened by the ringing of the bell, and suspecting that her mother was locked out, hurried down to let her in.

She opened the door and stood amazed to see her mother's costume—the shell of her mother, so to speak—standing erect in the vestibule. Where was her mother? Peering anxiously about, she discovered Mrs. Smith in the act of surmounting the high wall.

'Mother, are you out of your senses?' she cried.

'No,' returned Mrs. Smith. 'I'm only out in the cold and trying to get in.'

'I bribed my daughter to silence for a time,' said the narrator, 'but the story was too good to keep.'

### Licked the Bottles.

During Lord Salisbury's recent illness the doctor who attended him was surprised and yet flattered at the continual calls for 'more medicine.' 'Well, my lord,' said the medical man one morning to his distinguished patient, 'you flatter me, I can assure you; I always had a considerable faith in my medicine, but now I have a greater faith than ever. Why, you must have had from me lately dozens of bottles.' 'Dozens?' said Lord Salisbury, in quite a surprised tone of voice. 'Scores' you mean?' 'Most gratifying. I can assure you,' said the doctor, almost overcome with pride and pleasure. 'Oh, you needn't say that,' replied his lordship, calmly. 'As you know, my great hobby is chemistry, and I find that your medicine bottle are just the right size for some of my drugs.'

### The Canny But Courteous Ont.

The Scotch are a truthful people, and the man who tells this story of a Scotch cat must be politely believed:

'I once had a cat which always sat up to

the dinner-table with me. When he had finished the fish prepared for him I sometimes gave him a piece of mine.

'One day he was missing at his place, and did not appear until dinner was half over. He rushed in with two mice in his mouth, and before he could be stopped, dropped a mouse on his own plate and one on mine. In short, he divided his dinner with me, as I had frequently divided mine with him.'

This story, accepted at its face value, would bear out Robbie Burn's observation that

The best laid schemes o' mice and men  
Gang aft a-gley.

### The Deaf Made to Hear.

St. Thomas, May 11.—A modern miracle was made known today when Mr. Riddle, of this city, announced that he had recovered his hearing. He has been almost entirely deaf, and it borders on the marvellous to find him able to hear everything with great distinctness. As his case is proving of such universal interest, we give Mr. Riddle's own statement. 'My hearing was always poor, and not long ago I became almost deaf. It was the result of Catarrhal inflammation, but nothing did me good until I used Catarrhazone. It cured my trouble, and I strongly recommend it to the deaf.' Fully nine tenths of the deafness is the result of Catarrh, and can be cured by Catarrhazone. The cures of deafness wrought by this remedy in cases of even twenty years standing are really astounding. Among many others, ministers of the gospel testify to the wonderful powers of Catarrhazone, and your druggist can tell of some astonishing cases in his own experience. Better give it a trial, if your hearing is impaired. Price \$1.00; small size 25 cents, druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S.

### Dentistry For Dogs.

The indulgent American parent of two or three boys and as many girls, each with a pet dog,—or, conservatively, with three pets among them,—will learn with regret that dogs may have their teeth drawn or filled.

At present the only dog dentist is supposed to be in London, but there is no telling how soon existence in the United States may be further complicated for the good man who pays the family bills by an account with Doctor Stopen, such as:

'Filling Fido's bicuspid, \$5.'

'Crowning Nero, \$10.'

'Extracting Primay's right molar, under ether, \$1.75.'

However, as dogs have teeth, there is no reason why they should have toothache; and if they have toothache, why should they not be taken to a dentist to have the offending teeth drawn?

A good deal of the snapping and snarling of puppies is due to teething. As in infants of the human race, new teeth come and try to push the old ones out, and sometimes complications ensue. So the dog dentist has to take out the milk teeth and give the second ones a chance.

The London dentist who devotes himself to the pets of his patrons does not use amalgam fillings, but gold. The bulldog is said to be the best patient; he will bear having his jaw pulled off without a whimper. On the other hand, the 'selfish' dogs are the King Charles spaniels. These delicate, high strung little creatures are sometimes frightened into fits when the work of extracting a tooth begins.

On the whole, dogs bear the torture to which the dentist subjects them about as well as most men. Sometimes they bite, but that, we may assume, is because they have never been taught to find relief in exclamations.

Of course the 'yaller' dog, which nobody owns, will never be in a position to patronize a dental surgeon. He must grin and bear his toothache, and continue to wear his own teeth long after he has ceased to look pretty when he smiles. And there is a nobler type of dog for which one could desire such artificialities—the dog of the lost tribe to which the tremendous 'Rab' belonged.