

Sunday Reading.

Our Lost.

They never quite leave us, our friends who have passed
Through the shadows of death to the sunshine above.
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast
To the places they blessed with their presence and love.

The work which they left and the books which they read
Speak mutely, though still with an eloquence rare,
And the songs that they sung, and dear words that they said,
Yet linger and sigh on the desolate air.

And oft when alone, and as oft in the throng,
Or when evil allures us or sin draweth nigh,
A whisper comes gently, "Nay, do not the wrong."
And we feel that our weakness is pitied on high.

In the dew-drenched morn and the opaline eve,
When the children are merry or crimsoned with sleep,
We are comforted, even as lonely we grieve,
For the thought of their rapture forbids us to weep.

We toil at our tasks in the burden and heat
Of life's passionate noon, they are folded in peace.
It is well. We rejoice that their heaven is sweet.
And one day for us will all bitterness cease.

We, too, will go home o'er the river of rest,
As the strong and the lovely before have gone;
Our sun will go down in the beautiful west,
To rise in the glory that circles the throne.

Until then we are bound by our love and our faith
To the saints who are walking in Paradise fair.
They have passed beyond sight, at the touching of death,
But they live, like ourselves, in God's infinite care.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

TONY'S TEMPTATION.

A whole dollar of his very own! This was something new for Tony Rockwell. It had come to him on his birthday, and still burned in his pocket, six weeks afterward, waiting for Christmas.

Five people to plan for; but the division required fractions. After much planning, the account stood thus:—

Mother	\$.30
Aunt Esther20
Kate16 2/3
Helen16 2/3
Little Robbie16 2/3

\$1.00

Tony had one dear friend, Mason Earle. Mason was seventeen, and Tony ten. But never had a boy of ten a better friend. He knew weeks beforehand how the dollar was to be spent, and had helped in adjusting the fractions.

It wanted but two days to Christmas. It was four o'clock of the afternoon, with snowflakes in the air, and slippery steps and crossings. Tony Rockwell, brimful of prospective Christmas joy, stood on the front steps of the bakery, waiting for Ben Holcomb, who was buying buns for supper. Beside him stood Dick Wilson. What fun it would be to plump Dick into the snow-bank, and see him scramble up and shake himself! Dick always took jokes in such a serious, wondering way. Tony could not resist the temptation; one quick, dexterous movement, and the thing was done. Why does the thing we did not plan so often happen? Who supposed that Dick would have his elbow in just the position to thump the window-pane? Who would have thought that so slight a thump would break the glass? Both of these things happened.

Dick Wilson picked himself up, and rubbed his elbow, and said: "How came I to fall? I was standing real still, but I must have slipped. And I've smashed the window. O dear me! Is n't that awful?" The bakery-man thought it was. He came out quickly, ready to say so; but Dick spoke first.

"O Mr. Perkins, I'm awfully sorry! My foot must of slipped, and I went down before I knew anything about it, and my elbow went right through your glass. Can you please tell me what it cost? My father will pay for it, of course."

"Well," said Mr. Perkins, meditatively, "the glass was cracked, or I suppose it wouldn't have broken; but then, it might have lasted a good while, if it hadn't been thumped. Still, as it was an accident, and you weren't fooling, you can tell your father if he will send me a dollar, we will call it square."

Then Tony Rockwell turned and walked away. Nobody knew anything about his share in the tumble. He was mistaken; a young man in the bakery looked after him and sighed. He had been standing near the open window all the time. He was disappointed in Tony Rockwell. The young man's name was Mason Earle.

Dear, dear! Who shall undertake to describe the misery of Tony Rockwell's evening? He did not one of the pleasant things he had planned. He could eat almost no supper, whereas his mother was so alarmed that she questioned him closely, and Aunt Esther wanted his throat looked at, and recommended hot drinks and soaked feet. It would be too bad for him to get a hard cold to spoil his Christmas fun. At the mention of Christmas poor Tony shivered.

If he could only sleep until Christmas was over, and forget that it had been! He would be willing to take even castor oil to help bring that about.

What was the matter with Tony? Only that he had been brought up to be honorable. He needed nobody to blame for that broken glass, and that it made not the least difference in his duty that nobody but himself knew it.

But his Christmas dollar! How could

he give it up? The day after to-morrow would be Christmas, and to-morrow morning Mason Earle was to go with him to buy the Christmas gifts.

How could he possibly face the Christmas morning without a present for anybody, after all his cheery little hints about his intentions?

After all, why should he? Dick Wilson's father would not mind paying the dollar.

"If I had a father," said poor Tony, brushing away a great tear, "I would tell him all about it, and he would make it right somehow."

The thought helped him. He knew what sort of a boy the father that had been in heaven for two years wanted his son to be. As for his mother, well, there was no question as to what she would say.

Oh, he knew how it would end. It was just that knowledge that made his voice so husky when he spoke at all that his feet were soaked in spite of him, and he lay in bed and sweated under a flannel cloth wrung out of mustard water. Lying there he heard himself saying to his mother, with his arm about her neck: "Dear mother, will you and the others mind if I don't give a single Christmas present, after all? I have had a horrid accident, and lost my dollar."

The next morning he watched for Mason Earle to pass, and raised the window, and called out: "I say, Mason, I shan't need your help today, after all. I've changed my plans." Then he shut the window, and turned away quickly.

By ten o'clock Mr. Perkins was reading a note, written in a careful schoolboy hand with a few mistakes in spelling.

"Dear Mr. Perkins,—There was a mistake about that dollar. If Mr. Wilson brings you one, don't take it please. Here is mine. I dumped Dick into the snow just for fun; and if the window hadn't gone and smashed, there would have been no harm; but it did, so here's my dollar."

"Respectfully, Antony Rockwell."

"Look here!" said Mr. Perkins, a little later, "I call that an unusual boy." As he spoke he handed Tony's note to Mason Earle.

The young man read it, and went away whistling.

By four o'clock Tony was looking out of the side window, wishing it was night, and he could go to bed and cry. In the morning it would be Christmas; and he had not told his mother; he couldn't.

The side door opposite their own opened and their neighbor's hired girl came in a stealthy way across the alley.

"Be you all alone?" she asked cautiously.

"Then here is a parcel I was to give to you and nobody else; and no questions was to be asked; so mind you don't ask none."

The parcel changed hands, and the neighbor's girl ran back.

In great wonderment Tony carried his treasure to his own room and locked the door.

What a time he had untying those strings! But at last the paper was off and the box opened. Behold! here were the very Christmas gifts he had planned—fine handkerchief, booklet, paper-cutter and all.

Lying on top of the packages was a card, which read, "Merry Christmas to Tony Rockwell, whom I am proud to call my friend."

Even without being sure of the handwriting, he knew that of course this was Mason Earle's work. Nobody else knew about the several gifts.

"But how in the world did he find out about it?" said Tony. "And what does he mean by being proud of being my friend? I guess if he knew how I almost—for a minute—"

Then as his eyes rested again on his treasures, he broke off to say: "Hurrah for Christmas morning! Come on, now, just as fast as you're a mind to. O isn't Mason Earle just perfectly splendid?"

Heirs of God.

The fact of our being heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ proves that all things are ours. Are there crowns? They are mine if I be an heir. Are there thrones? Are there dominions? Are there harps, palm branches, white robes? Are there glories that eye hath not seen? And is there music that ear hath not heard? All these are mine if I be a child of God. "And it doth not yet appear," etc. Talk of princes and kings and potentates. Their inheritance is but a pitiful foot of land across which the bird's wing can soon direct its flight; but the broad acres of the Christian cannot be measured by eternity. He is rich, without a limit to his wealth, he is blessed without a boundary to his bliss.—A. W. Bradford.

Begin Now.

If you want to live a better life, begin where you are. How can you gain a lofty altitude for a starting point? Commence just as you are, now and rely on God to help you. Each day will bring its own duties, therefore discharge every day's obligations when they come.

Life's Little Days.

One secret of sweet and happy Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think of life as a whole, running on for us. We cannot carry this load until we are three-score and ten. We cannot fight this battle continually for half a century. But really there are no long stretches. Life does not come to us all at one time; it comes only a day at a time. Even to-morrow is never ours till it becomes to-day, and we have nothing whatever to do with it but to pass down to it a fair and good inheritance in to-day's work well done and to-day's life well lived. It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Anyone can carry his burden, however, till nightfall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly and purely till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us—just one little day, 'Do to-day's duty; fight to-day's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them. God gives us nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.

Don't Give Up.

Sorrow came to you yesterday and emptied your home. Your first impulse now is to give up and sit down in despair amid the wrecks of your hopes. But you dare not do it. You are in the line of battle, and the crisis is at hand. To falter a moment would be to imperil some holy interest. Other lives would be harmed by your pausing. Holy interest would suffer, should your hands be folded. You must not linger even to indulge your grief. Sorrows are but incidents in life, and must not interrupt us. We must leave them behind, while we press on to the things that are before. Then God has so ordered, too, that in pressing on in duty we shall find the truest, richest comfort for ourselves. Sit tight down to brood over our sorrows, the darkness deepens about us and creeps into our heart, and our strength changes to weakness. But if we turn away from the gloom, and take up the tasks and duties to which God calls us, the light will come again and we shall grow stronger.

"When all our hopes are gone,
'Tis well our hands must still keep toiling on
For others' sake;
For strength to bear is found in duty done;
And he is blest, indeed, who learns to make
The joys of others cure his own heartache."
—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Cheerful People.

One is always refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. The thought ought to teach us a salutary lesson, to be always cheerful ourselves. The cheery person, who has a pleasant smile for all, a genial word for every acquaintance, a happy expression for the world, is the person whose companionship is sought, whose presence is indispensable at a party or dinner, and whose absence is always noted.

Young Again.

Do You Wish to Avoid the Infirmities of Old Age?

Paine's Celery Compound An Invigorator and Life-Giver for the Old.

Old people seem to grow weaker as the months go by. They are troubled with constipation, flatulence, drowsiness, rheumatism, indigestion and neuralgia. They have had one or more of these troubles for years. Their diseases are truly all of nervous origin.

Paine's Celery Compound is the world's great specific for all the difficulties that beset old people. Its regulating influence on the liver, bowels and kidneys removes the disorders that old people suffer from. Paine's Celery Compound is recommended by the best medical practitioners as a grand stimulant to the vital powers, productive of appetite, and a wonderful promoter of indigestion.

When you are old, use Paine's Celery Compound; it will strengthen and build you up, and add years of comfort and peace to your life.

In the past, multitudes of people, reduced in vitality and strength, and on the road to becoming life-long invalids, have been made hale, hearty and strong by using nature's great life-giving medicine.

See that you get "Paine's," the kind that makes old people feel young, and that always makes the sick well.

RAILROAD LANTERNS.

All About an Important Adjunct of Transportation Business.

Few people who see a railroad trainman passing through a coach with a lantern on his arm give any thought to the large number of these lanterns that are used in a year or the amount of money that it costs a big railroad to supply the train hands with lanterns.

Owing to the rough usage that railroad lanterns get, they must be made of the strongest and best and at the same time of light material. In many respects they are like bicycles, in that they must have lightness combined with durability. They are also expensive. They are also things of beauty, and when they are well shined up are about as attractive as a nickel-plated bike. Railroad men all take pride in a bright lantern. The lantern is now constructed in such a way as to leave little or no room for improvements. Many of the lanterns used on the various railroads are made in Rochester. The New York Central Railroad uses thousands of lanterns a year in its various departments. So with the large number of railroads in the country it can be easily seen to where the output of the big lantern factories goes. Still the lanterns are constructed to be very durable, and the question often arises as to what becomes of them. While this is difficult to determine, large numbers are stolen and given away, a great many get caught between the couplers and are crushed while the brakemen are coupling up, and others slide from the roofs of freight cars, especially in the winter when the roofs are covered with ice or sleet. It is also frequently necessary for a brakeman to use his lantern as a weapon, particularly when running through a country infested with tramps, and, while the tramp generally gets the worst of it, it often happens that the lantern is more or less seriously damaged.

The frames of railroad lanterns are made entirely of steel, the circular 'guards' being of No. 9 hard steel wire and the upright 'guards' of No. 10 sheet steel. The lanterns are made almost entirely by boys, who are paid by the piece, each boy doing but a single part of the operation. The lantern is started with a circular piece of tin. This piece of circular tin afterward becomes the part into which the oil cup for the lantern is inserted, being held in place by suitable springs and catches.

The upright guards, of which there are six, are stamped from sheet steel by heavy presses, one guard being stamped at a time and the necessary holes being punched. After the tin ring, already referred to, has been punched with the proper number of holes and the ends soldered together, a boy catches up six of the guards and fits them into the slots or holes in the tin ring, soldering them at the proper places.

The circular guards, of which there are usually two, are obtained by twisting a full coil of tin-hard steel wire over an iron roller of about half the diameter of completed rings. When the coil of wire is removed from this roll the spring in it causes the coils to expand to twice the diameter, or just the size wanted for the guards. Each one of the coils of wire is then cut, which produces the required ring, one side of which is open.

After the upright guards have been soldered to the tin ring, the frame is passed on to the next boy, who takes two of the wire circular guards and dexterously and quickly hooks them through the holes in the upright guards and then fastens the two ends together with a small tin clasp. The top guard of the frame is made of steel, pressed into angle form to give it increased strength. This is next soldered to the top of the upright guards, and a No. 8 steel wire is run through the bottom ends of the upright guards to form the bottom of the lantern.

Two of the upright guards are left of unusual length and are made with a loop in their upper ends. These ends, before the guards are put into the frame, are twisted half around to form ears to which the handles of the lanterns are afterward attached. The upright as well as the circular guards, before being placed in the frame, are carefully cleaned of all foreign substance by soaking them in muriatic acid. Then they are dipped into a pot of melted tin and given a heavy coat. The frame, after the top and bottom rings have been put in place, is dipped into a pot of heated muriatic acid to remove any grease or dirt that may be clinging to them and then dipped in pots of liquid solder, the result being that the solder runs into the holes punched in the upright guards and firmly secures the circular wire guards, which

TRY

SATINS,

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GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

have been run through these holes. It is also firmly soldered together the ends of the circular wire guards, which before were only fastened together with a tin clasp.

While the frames are being put together in another department the oil cups for holding the oil are being made. These cups fit up into the tin ring, to which the upright guards were soldered, and are made from a single piece or circular disk of tin by the drawing process, two operations being required to draw the cup to the proper size. The first operation makes a shallow cup of the disk, three or four inches in diameter and about an inch deep, while the next process reduces the diameter to about two and a half inches and increases the depth to three inches. This drawing is done by heavy presses, which force the tin over suitable dies, giving it the proper shape. As the strain to which the metal is subjected is considerable, the tin must be of superior quality to withstand it.

The top of the lantern is made from tin drawn to the desired shape, in the same manner as the oil cup. This cup is hinged to the top guard of the frame, the front being held in place by a suitable spring catch. The handles for the lanterns are simple pieces of No. 8 wire bent to the proper shape, the ends of which are turned up into hooks, which are slipped through the ears, made for the purpose, in two of the upright guards; the hooked ends are then tightly closed with a pair of pliers. By making a small notch in the top of the loop, or ear, the handle will always remain in an upright position, so that the lantern can be picked up from the floor easily.

While there is nothing about a lantern which can wear out, and it should last for years unless some accident happens to it, as a matter of fact the life of a lantern is comparatively short. In order to get more service out of their lanterns, some railroads make a very strict account with their men. Each lantern, on being issued, is given a number, which is stamped on the top. This numbered lantern is then put down against the name of the person to whom it is issued, and if anything happens to the lantern to make it unserviceable, it has to be surrendered before a new lantern can be obtained, or in case the lantern is lost, a new lantern is issued only after the minutest description of the way in which the lantern was lost, the main facts being placed in the record against the man's name.

Other roads charge their men for the first lantern issued to them, and when such lantern becomes unfit for further use it can be exchanged for a new one; but if the lantern is lost, this brakeman is obliged to pay for another one, as it is assumed that the loss was due to carelessness on his part.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

NIAGARA NEVER RAN DRY.

What is Said by Old Residents About the Current Story.

The talk about the successful transmission of Niagara power to Buffalo, twenty-two miles from the great cataract, has resurrected the story of "the time Niagara Falls ran dry." It is now going the rounds of the press, and the winter depicts with remarkable detail the appearance of the falls and bed of the river above and below the falls, and relates many wonderful incidents in connection. He says:

"Where from the remotest ages and until a few hours before my visit had rolled and tumbled those awful rapids, there were now to be seen only great masses of rock and boulders, between which trickled little threads of water, none of them larger than a tiny woodland trout stream."

The writer also tells of people crossing on foot and with horses and carriages the dry bed of the river, and says there was no water below the falls, a most impossible occurrence. He says all this occurred in the last part of March, 1848.

The best authority to be obtained in this city—the oldest living inhabitants—say that the falls have not run dry within their recollection. Major Solon M. N. Whitney, the oldest living resident of this city, and the discoverer of the cave of the winds sixty years ago, in discussing the matter, said:

"I well remember the time that the story refers to, and I was one of the first to notice the fall of water in the river. I know it was April 1, because when I related the fact to others on that day, they thought it was an All Fool's Day joke. It was early in the morning of April 1 that the water began to recede, and in a short time many rocks appeared above the surface that had never been seen before. The American fall, I think, was the lowest it has ever been, though it was very far from being dry. The Horseshoe fall was low, but of enormous volume just the same. The statement that has been sometimes made the ladies drove in carriages two-thirds of the way across the river is false. There was no lady who would have done such a thing. Ladies were timid in those days. 'The cause of the water getting so low,

I remember, was an ice jam up the river somewhere near Buffalo.

"Now about where the falls ran dry. If you walk to the head of Goat Island you will notice that for several hundred feet from the shore up the river the bottom of the river is very close to the surface. It is a ledge of rock which extends out toward the Canadian shore to a point beyond the Third Sister Island. When the water got to its lowest point on that day this ledge of rocks was completely dry, and a man named Hamlin drove across the Goat Island bridge and up to the head of the island, and from there was able to drive on this rock around to the third Sister Island and back. The water had stopped flowing between Goat Island and the Three Sister Islands entirely, and it was nothing but black rock. That is the nearest to the falls ever running dry. The water at the point mentioned is always shallow, and at times the rock shows itself now, but never so much as on the date referred to. As to the American fall, there was lots of water passing over it at the time referred to, but not so much as under ordinary head. Table rock was still uncovered, I remember, but at no time did either fall stop."

Major Whitney's account is corroborated by Judge T. G. Hulett, who has lived here ever since 1834.—Buffalo Times.

THE BOTTOM PRINCIPAL.

Nothing "merely happens so." Always keep that fact where you can see it. Whatsoever comes to pass has an adequate cause right behind it. I don't say this as though it were a new discovery. Not a bit. It is the bottom principal of all knowledge. But we are apt to forget it—that's the point; we forget it, and so have a lot of trouble there's no need to have.

Here is Miss Esther May, whom we are glad to hear from, and to know. In the matters set forth in her short letter, she speaks, not for herself only, but for two-thirds of the women in England.

"In July, 1890," she says, "I had an attack of influenza, which left me in a weak, exhausted condition. I felt languid and tired. Everything was a trouble to me. The good appetite that was natural to me was gone; and when I did take a little food it gave me a dreadful pain in the chest. There was also a strange sensation in my stomach. I felt as if I had eaten too much when perhaps I had scarcely eaten anything."

"Then, after a time, I began to have a dry, hacking cough, and to break out in cold, clammy sweats. Not very long afterwards my ankles began to puff up and swell, so that when I stood on my feet it was very painful."

"I gradually got worse, and worse. The medicine given me by the doctors seemed to have no effect. I lost flesh, like one in consumption, and I feared I should never be any better."

"In March, 1893, a gentleman told me about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and said he believed it would help me. Although I had no faith in it I sent for the Syrup and began taking it. One bottle relieved me and gave me some appetite. I ate and enjoyed my food as I had not done for years. I gained strength every day."

"I am now as healthy and hearty as I ever was in my life, and I owe it to Mother Seigel's Syrup. (Signed) Esther May, Buckingham Road, Northfleet, Kent, September 8th, 1893."

"In the Spring of 1887," writes another correspondent, "my wife got into a low state of health. She complained at first of feeling tired and weary, and could not do her work as usual. Her mouth tasted badly; she couldn't eat; and she had a deal of pain in her chest and back."

"Later on her legs began to swell and soon the swelling extended to her body. With all this her strength failed more and more, until she could just go about the house in a feeble fashion, and that was all. No medical treatment did more than to relieve her, as you may say, for the moment."

"This was her condition when Mother Seigel's Syrup first came under our notice. We read of it in a book that was left at our house. After she had taken the Syrup only a few days she was decidedly better. And, to conclude, by a faithful use of the medicine the swelling went down, her appetite came back, and she was soon as well and strong as ever. Seeing what the Syrup had done for my wife, I began to take it for indigestion and dyspepsia, which had troubled me for years; and it completely cured me. (Signed) J. Heath, Oratava House, Alpha Road, Cambridge, June 15, 1893."

We were speaking of nothing happening without a cause. The cause of all the suffering of these two women was one and the same—indigestion and dyspepsia. Men have it often enough, but this disease is especially the bane of women—with chronic constipation as one of its worst features. It is the cause of nearly all the ills and ailments they suffer from. Let every woman get the book which Mr. Heath speaks of and learn all about it. They can thus find out what the first symptoms are, and take Mother Seigel's Syrup the very day they appear.

The Power of Electricity.

By this agency Nerviline is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficent power. Nerviline is a wonderful remedy pleasant to even the youngest child, yet so powerfully reaching in its work that the most agonizing internal or external pain yields as if by magic.

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