

Sunday Reading

Surreum Corda. Sing, O soul, his grace and glory Who redeemed thee from the fall...

EMERGENCIES.

It is important for every boy and every girl to have presence of mind. Perhaps you think you have. Many of us think we have, too.

The other day I heard a story of unusual presence of mind. It was told me by one who had himself received it from an officer of one of the great railroads that cross the Alleghany Mountains.

'There,' said the officer to my informant, as both were going about a great central station, where cars and locomotives were made, repaired and kept, 'there is the very man. It wants any favor of the road, he has only to ask for it.'

Many years have elapsed since the incident happened; many more since the telling of the tale to my friend. The details and the coloring vary somewhat as they pass from mouth to mouth.

Puff, puff, puff! It was hard work; for the grade was steep and the train long and heavy. The engine panted as its strength were falling. And no wonder!

The changing scenes kept the passengers in a tremor of half joyful, half anxious excitement.

'How beautiful that wooded slope!' 'Shall we ever get to the top of the ridge?'

'Ah, here we go through a tunnel!' 'That great boulder looks as if the slightest jar would bring it down upon us!'

'On, here comes some trestle work! How frail it looks! And what a dizzy height! If it should break under us—oh!'

Just then a quick, sharp whistle was heard. To those that understood it, it said imperatively, 'Down brakes, and be quick about it, too!'

Far up the road the engineer had caught a glimpse of an awful peril. It was a train of runaway freight cars. For a moment it

was in plain sight dashing around a curve. Then it was lost in the woods. No engine accompanied it; there was no brakeman visible; there was no sign of life anywhere about it.

What should the engineer do? To stop the train would not mend the situation. To reverse the engine and go the other way—there was hardly time for that.

The engineer eyed the situation on every side. After plan rose before him; plan after plan was dropped. But it was all done with that wonderful speed which the mind shows when under the stress of a swiftly nearing danger.

'Free the engine from the train!' he shouted to the fireman. The engine was uncoupled, and the train was left lagging behind. 'Now jump for your life!' There was no time for parley.

'Now fight the battle for us!' exclaimed the engineer as he sprang from the steps. His quick eye had chosen a favorable spot on which to alight.

That something serious had happened or was about to occur began to be clear to the passengers. One or two had seen the fireman jump, two or three the engineer; and larger numbers from the car windows had caught snatches of men that, soiled and bruised and dazed, were trying to rise to their feet by the side of the track.

Up the track, meanwhile, went the iron monster to meet the foe alone. Down the track, into full sight, came the wild freight cars with a speed so great that they almost rose from the rail as they rounded the curves.

The crash shook the hills. A great roaring cloud of steam burst into the air while another of dust and debris boiled up and mingled confusedly with it. Then the shattered ends of cars shot out here and there from the smoke, and a grinding, crackling mass rose up, quivering in the air for a moment, reeled, and then went crashing down the embankment into the ravine below.

The gallant engine was a hopeless ruin; but it had done noble service. It had fought a battle in which hundreds of lives and untold interests were at stake, and it had won it.

With tears of joy and gratitude they blessed the engineer whose quick wit and daring plan and instant execution saved them from a fate that at one moment it seemed beyond human power to avert. And to the poor locomotive that lay dismembered and useless on the rocks below there went out a kind and tender feeling, as it, in giving its life to save others, it had shown something akin to the love and bravery and sacrifice of a noble human being.

Blind Bartimeus.

As our Lord on a certain occasion was journeying to the city of Jericho, he came in contact with a poor blind man who sat by the wayside to receive alms of the

people. The rustling tramp of the approaching crowd caught the quick ear of the sightless mendicant, and when he understood that Jesus of Nazareth was drawing near, he cried out, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!'

He was blind, and lived in a perpetual midnight. Beauty surrounded him, but he saw nothing but the impenetrable environment of gloom. The sun shone fair above him; but while he felt its glowing kisses upon his cheek, and its warm beam resting on his head, his eye beheld no radiance, and he looked not on the smiling of his glorious face.

Who has not seen a blind man in our streets groping his way alone, or led, it may be, by a child, or even by a dog? He hears the hum of traffic and the shout of men, but he sees no shape through the grim cloud which veils him. He passes by the statue, and the carved cathedral, but they are lost on him, for he sees nothing but a waste of gloom.

Who does not breathe a sigh of pity for the blind? And yet there is a deeper blindness by far than his. The sinner and the Christian stand side by side. The outspread landscape lies before them both; both bend their eyes upon it; but one looks into vacancy, while the other looks upon a scene that fills him with delight.

O better stay and look upon the Christian's vision, for he sees a prospect glorious indeed. He sees a city paved with gold, and with bright domes and buildings flushed with an affluence brighter than the noon-day sun. He sees fair troops of shining ones gathered about the city gates, whose crown and circlets coruscate the self-same radiance; the portals are of pearl, and the robes of those who through them are of spotless white.

This is a beatific vision of the saints of God. But the poor purblind sinner sees it not. He is so dazed with the glare of the haunts of men, and with the grating music of their revels, that he cares not for the seats or songs of angels. He cannot see them; and if he did there would be no beauty in them that he should desire them. And why? Because he is morally blind, and has not felt his way to Christ, the source and center of all light, to have his eyelids touched and the curtain drawn away that hides the brightness of the day.

The eye's light is one of heaven's kind, best gifts to man! but it were better far never to see a single work of the great

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Creator's power—never to gaze upon the light of day, upon the beauty and glory of the flowers, or upon the face of man—better to have the vision black as the blackest darkness of night, than have the eye of faith eclipsed, or the vision of the spirit dimmed. Let it be our prayer that we may have faith to realize the wondrous verities of redeeming love, as we feel in anxious helplessness around us, if haply we may touch the hem of Jesus' garment, crying, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.'

A CARD.

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RENDS ITS ELECTRIC MOTORS.

Remunerative Experiment Conducted by City of Bradford, England.

One obstacle to the more rapid adoption of electric power, especially in the case of small users everywhere, is undoubtedly the want of capital to purchase the necessary motor; but where the power to purchase exists the buyer often has little or no experience with electrical matters to guide him in his purchase, and if his means are limited he will naturally be tempted to venture on a cheap line with probably unsatisfactory results.

The Bradford corporation inaugurated their scheme of hiring—in which, by the way, are lamps also included on similar terms—in November, 1896, and up to October of this year had supplied ninety-eight motors to consumers. The increase in electricity supplied for motive power in 1896, with only two months of the hire system in force, over that supplied in 1895, was a little over 19,000 Board of Trade units; in 1897 the increased sale over 1896 was 52,000 units, and for 1898 the increase over 1897 will probably be nearly 63,000 units, representing a more than 50 per cent increase.

small power uses, such as for cranes, hoists fans, pumping and similar purposes. More recently, however, applications for motor service have come from a large spinning and weaving firm, several foundries where blowers are to be driven, a sawmill requiring about twenty horse power, and an engineering shop requiring about fifty horse power, all of which indicates growing and gratifying confidence in electric power.

KICKED HIS PHYSICIAN.

'Never Leave His Bed Alive,' Said the Doctor—South American Rheumatic Cure Does the Miracle.

Mr. Granville Haight, of Sparta, Ont., says his father, who is a very old man, was very low from an attack of rheumatism. His physician assured the family he would never leave his bed alive. A friend took a bottle of South American Cure to him. A few days later upon receiving a visit from the doctor, he ran across the room, and playfully administered a hearty kick. He is now up and as well as ever.

The Spectre Is Coy.

'Every now and again ghosts crop up in out-of-the-way country places,' remarked a reporter on a provincial paper. 'On such occasions we often get sent down to investigate. Needless to say, we never succeed in laying the spectre, for whilst we are on the spot it never seems to have an inclination to walk. What is the trick about these baffling visitors from another world? As far as I have been able to discover, some country person, going home down a dark lane late at night, sees, through a gap in the hedge, a white horse or pale colored cow in a field, and imagines it a ghost. Flight is rapid, and, with the wind whistling in their ears, the fugitives hear all manner of weird sounds. In the village they tell the tale. It gives an idea for a bit of fun to those fond of mischief. They procure a sheet, and the ghost is soon seen by others. But when taken seriously in hand, and invited to a conference, the spectre is ever absent.'

Milkmaid Taught the Professor.

Rev. Dr. Upson says that he was once rusticated with Dr. Timothy Dwight, who had just resigned the presidency of Yale, when they borrowed a horse from a farmer on condition they unharnessed him when through their drive. They filled the contract except as to the collar, which they could not get off. Mr. Dwight said: 'It must have been put on when he was a colt, and the way his head's grown since it's impossible to remove it. Just then a passing milkmaid told them to turn the collar round if they wanted it off. 'My dear brother,' said Dwight, 'either of us thinks he knows ten times as much as that woman and yet we didn't know enough to turn the collar.'—Pittsburg Dispatch.

'What can equal the warmth of a true woman's love?' asked the dearest girl. 'Her temper,' replied the savage bachelor.

Energy Easily Earned.



Wasted energy must be made up or the body will weaken and perhaps perish.

For a long time prior to taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills my nerve system was greatly deranged and I was terribly nervous, so much so that in my business (Linesman of the Kingston Electric Light Co.) my extreme nervousness naturally made the following of my business extremely hazardous. Before taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills my kidneys had been affected for some time. I had constant soreness and stiffness across my loins and the small of my back. My appetite was variable and very poor. I also suffered greatly with constant headaches. I am glad to be able to inform you that Dr. Ward's Pills completely cured me of all the above ailments and made me a well man. I have found no medicine like Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, although I have tried many different kinds. They acted quickly and effectually on my nerve system, making my nerves strong and removing all indications of nervousness. These valuable pills also removed all kidney and back trouble and restored to me a healthy vigorous appetite. I have had no headache since five months ago and feel justified in saying that they are a wonderful remedy. They not only removed nervousness, but gave me healthy kidneys, removed all soreness and stiffness from my back and loins, cured me of headache and gave me a good appetite, consequently I am highly pleased. I know of no medicine that equals Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills for nervousness, chronic headache, sore kidneys and back and loss of appetite. Yours truly, John McCutcheon, 523 Princess St., Kingston, Ont.

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