

A pure hard Soap

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

Our Boys And Girls.

LITTLE JOE was perched on top of the big locomotive as though he were going to ride her to water, as Engineer Toban would say when he saw the boy up there. For this was not the first time that he had climbed into that position to rub the big brass whistle, which now shone like gold, with a piece of flannel rag that he always carried in his pocket. He loved that whistle as any boy ever loved a dog or a new knife, and he patted it and stroked it as gently as the huntman caresses his faithful hound. But do not think that Joe did not care for dogs because he loved the whistle of engine No. 65, for he had one of the noblest of canine companions, Sniffer by name, a big, shaggy fellow, who was sitting alongside the engine, curiously watching his master.

"Ho, there, you're at that talking machine again," called Fireman Welsh, as he entered the stuffy little engine shed. Joe only smiled, and kept on rubbing the whistle.

"Pretty hot up there, isn't it," said the fireman as he stepped up to the iron monster and felt her side. Joe reached down and began rubbing his bare legs with his hands. "Bites 'em a little," said he, not having before noticed the slightly stinging sensation in the calves of his legs.

"Better get down, for I'm going to give her a breath of air and a little something to eat," added the fireman, who thereupon stepped into the engine cab, opened the dampers and threw in several shovelfuls of coal. "Guess we can't take you along up the road to-day," he continued, as he closed the furnace door.

Joe's eyes were immediately filled with disappointment. The kind-hearted fireman saw the look and wanted to say something cheering. "Engineer Toban and I have talked it over and he also is afraid some harm might come to you. We're going to have a heavy train coming down and there may be trouble."

"Yes, indeed, my boy," said another voice, and Joe felt the big hand of the engineer take him by the shoulder. "By the way, they wonder down at the yard in the city what it is that makes No. 65's talker so bright. I've been telling them about the boy up at Thompson's siding, and they say he's bound to make an engineer some day."

At these words the face of Joe brightened up a little, but it was very plain that he was not feeling his usual self.

No. 65 was soon filled with all the steam that she could carry and, with a creaking and groaning, as though her old joints had received an attack of rheumatism during the night, the fireman ran her out of the shed. With a parting wave of the hand to Joe, they went speeding up the track to get a train of coal at the mines. Joe watched the engine until she disappeared in a minute brown spot far up the long stretch of track. She had gone out into those mysterious regions beyond the woods and the hills, where only Joe's imagination had yet wandered, for he had never been outside the forest where stood the cabin in which he had been born.

One ever-present conclusion Joe always carried was a much tattered and worn pemphig. Over and over again he had spilled out its contents. Fireman Welsh had given it to him, saying that it contained all the tuns that engine 65 played meaning by that all the whistle signals were therein explained. Joe had played trainman so often that the coal now got through all the motions and signs almost as well as the man of the road. He knew how to draw the throttle and to throw the reverse lever, for had he not seen it done many times by Engineer Toban?

There were but two engines that stopped at the little roundhouse of Thompson's siding. But the one that came in the evening after No.

65 left had an ugly little iron whistle that screeched terribly, and for that reason Joe did not like No. 85 and seldom went into the shed when she was there. However, each night when No. 65 came down the road, he would get up out of his bed and watch her as she flew past with her train of coal, and would then listen until the rumbling of engine and train had become no more than a faint swinging, sounding motion, that finally mingled with the sighing of the trees.

That night, when Joe went to bed in the little cabin by the railroad, he dreamed. But that was nothing strange, for he did that almost every night after he had been thinking about engines and whistles so much. In his vision he saw No. 65 running away and saw it coming right toward the cabin and that the iron whistle was doing all the mischief. The latter had assumed the gigantic proportions of a demon and had the brass whistle by the throat, for, strange to say, it had a human shape and was struggling to get away from the black monster which was screaming with all its might. On rushed the mad engine, no longer guided by the brass whistle's commands, but running to destruction in the hands of the crazy iron one. Joe fought to get loose and rush to the aid of his favorite whistle, but he seemed tied by iron bands. He struggled, he yelled, but all was of no avail. At last his body really began to quiver and he leaped from bed and rushed to the window. He was awake now. He listened. Sniffer was barking fiercely, and from far away came the churning rumble of an approaching train, and then the faint murmur of the big brass whistle. "She's coming!" Joe muttered to himself. Then he looked down the track in the direction in which Sniffer was barking. What was that standing big and black in the middle of the track right below the engine shed? Joe jerked on his clothes as quickly as only a boy can, and jumped from the cabin window, for it was not far to the ground, and he had done that act many times. Again the warning of the brass whistle sounded, but this time much nearer. No. 65 was coming down the road at a fearful speed. She had a heavy train behind her that was rolling down the grade with a terrible momentum.

Never had Joe such fleetness in his legs. Never was he so strong. It took him but a few minutes to gain the black object, which was none other than engine No. 85, whose brakes had become released during the night, leaving the iron creature free to run down the sloping switch track upon the main line.

Joe leaped into the cab, grasped the reverse lever and pulled with all his might. Again the brass whistle pealed forth and then began to signal "danger ahead" in short, desperate toots. With a last fierce tug Joe managed to swing the reverse lever. Jumping upon the engineer's seat, he grasped the throttle. The din of the oncoming train told him that he had but a few moments more. The brass whistle was screaming danger with all its might. He jerked the throttle wide open, and there was just enough steam to move No. 85's ponderous wheels. Slowly she moved back into the switch, and none too soon, for with a swishing and a wheezing roar No. 65 lunged by as though in terrible agony over the danger just escaped.

By this time the crew of No. 85 were alongside their engine. They understood it all, for they had heard the danger cries of the brass whistle and had jumped from the caboose where they had been sleeping just in time to see their engine, in the power of little Joe, swing back out of the way of No. 65 and her madly rushing train. When they climbed into the cab they found little Joe clinging desperately to the throttle and staring out of the cab window at the iron whistle. It had all seemed to him just like a dream, and he could hardly yet believe that the ugly whistle was not a demon. Time and again the grateful fireman and engineer grasped the boy's hands. He had not only saved their lives, but prevented a terrible wreck.

It was two days after the brave act of little Joe when the passenger train stopped at Thompson's siding. It had never been known to do that

before. But two passengers had stepped shyly into a coach; they were Joe and Sniffer. The superintendent had sent for them, for he had heard from Engineer Toban himself how they had saved the freight train.

"My boy, I shall make arrangements with your father to send you to school until you are 18 years of age, and then I shall have a position for you. I have need of such boys as you on this railroad." Those were the words of the superintendent and he kept his promise. Joe was sent to the city school, where he soon learned other things than railroad lore, but after leaving there he went to the railroad yards, where he soon rose to have charge of all the engines, among which was his old No. 65 and her big brass whistle. As for Sniffer, he went back to watch over the little cabin.

presses. Its touch has chilled the hearthstones of both rich and poor, of the mansion and the hovel, and brought sickness, suffering and death to many victims. In Chicago 200,000 persons have been rendered sick through the shortage of coal, and elsewhere people are doubly threatened, first through lack of fuel in the home and secondly through lack of fuel for the industries which are their sole support.

What makes the situation more desperate from the public standpoint is the fact that in many communities there is an organized conspiracy for the withholding of coal for still higher prices. The culpability for this is not fixed. The dealers accuse the railways and the mine-owners. The mine-owners accuse the railways and the dealers. The railways accuse the dealers and the mine-owners. Meantime the public famishes.

Household Notes.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—This method is very easy and is generally successful: Pour some turpentine on a clean cloth, rub the spots with this, and polish with a dry cloth.

TO REMOVE OIL MARKS.—Drops of oil on the clothing may be removed with benzine or ammonia. Take a piece of flannel, saturated with the liquid, and rub all round the spot with it, working gradually toward the centre. As benzine is very inflammable it should be handled with care. Another way to remove grease spots is to cover the injured part with a piece of brown paper and press it with a hot iron.

TO CLEAN DULL MIRRORS.—If mirrors are very dull and speckled the following method is excellent: Take a small portion of whiting and add sufficient cold tea to make a paste; rub the glass with warm tea, dry with a soft cloth; rub a little of the paste well on the mirror and polish dry with tissue paper. Stains and finger marks may be removed from a looking-glass by rubbing with a soft cloth wet with alcohol.

STAIN REMOVER.—To take out fruit stains from cotton, muslin or any light article, take the stained article and damp it. Then pour a little sulphur, holding it under the damp portion of the cloth, and the stain will vanish.

THE NAILS.—Always wash in hot water and soak the fingers in it, using plenty of soap. When quite soft use a stiff nailbrush and plenty of soap. If the nails are still dirty, clean them with a piece of sharply pointed orange-wood, so as not to scratch the nails. When doing any kind of dirty work always wear gloves.

HOT MILK.—Hot milk is the newest panacea for all complexion ills. If the face is wrinkled, sallow or otherwise afflicted, hot milk, says the enthusiast over this new remedy will produce a cure. Converts declare that the face, after being washed with milk at night, feels wonderfully refreshed, while the skin soon becomes very white and soft.

FRESH AIR.—The air is a cordial of incredible value. It is the close confinement indoors that kills, for human beings were not made to live constantly within walls. Energy and force of character, strong muscles and steady nerves come from the stimulus of outdoor exercises and physical contact with the earth. Luxurious homes and habits of indolence are responsible to no inconsiderable degree for the ill health of civilized communities. Breathe pure and fresh air, and get all you can of it, for it is food, as essential as bread and other articles of daily necessity.

THE CRY OF COAL.

In Canada and the United States the cry of coal is heard in all large centres of population. Coal, says an American contemporary, is the living necessity of the hour. Whether in the great cities where blue-eyed children perish with cold, in the arms of despairing mothers, or on the frozen plains, where farmers are feeding corn to their furnaces, the cry for fuel goes up from millions of throats and from the black chimneys of cold hearths. All over the land the chilled grip of winter

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A.O.E. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward; financial secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

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ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Selgneurs and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

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EPIS
"If the English-speakers best interests, they would so coverly Catholic papers in the world."

NOTES

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH some weeks past the diocese this city has published ors which appeared to national, concerning making some of our Catholic Montreal. Up to the present ignored those rumors, days ago one of them what lightly, a most sation to a large section of the Sulpician Order rent Irish parish of Montreal. The daily privilege of being tuss such questions as of a parish, much in the ner as they would the man's chattles and garding entirely all the both spiritual and temp are associated with it. information at present liability or unreliability ors arid concerning S parish, nor do we wish matters that may be un ation, because we know not the policy of the a our Church to make su as the one involved in of a parish of such imp St. Patrick's, without rious consideration. Th case, together with the the "True Witness" is Irish Catholics, and Cat ing the English langua in this diocese, and the approval of His Grace bishop, we venture if such matters were consideration, or to ried into effect, we woul information from those to speak. Should the r any foundation in fact, sacred ties of long ass matters spiritual and ter the priests of St. Suble severod, the "True Witr clings most tenaciously that the spirit which is chief pastor—His Grace Bruches—to kneel at th that loyal Catholic an Irishman, the immorta would urge His Grace to action which would be c with the loyalty and de the Irish Catholics have played towards him sing tion to the Episcopal T this change which may future in every sense for to come. We repeat the Witness" has the most fidence that in the event ish coming under the ext rol of Archbishop Brue do the Irish Catholics ar speaking the English I in the present time, whose mothers have worshipped grand old shrine during tury, a full measure of taking them into the whilst giving the mat found consideration whi ways devotes to every

For long years Irishme women have made sacrifi parent Irish Church, and vatedly seconded every forth by their spiritual g fices which have made St the premier Irish parish minion.

We have no misgivings future of the old parish, have confidence that the if of Catholicity and th pride of our race will, help, and the co-operate Archbishop, ensure a vigor and enterprise for of all Irish churches in

EDUCATION IN QUE has always been a favor