

## SAM. HOBART.

He was an engineer on the Boston and Worcester Railroad, and one of the right stamp. Dr. Fulton, of New York, has written a Biography of him, a narrative as fascinating as a novel. All who have seen and read it give it unqualified praise. Our advice is—and it is given from experience—buy it and read it, it contains so much valuable information, especially to ALL Railway men, from a president, to the lowest employed in any establishment, that you cannot afford to do without it.

Dr. Sheraton, of Wycliffe College, remarked to us that "It is as good a book of its kind as ever he read. All should read it."

Mr. Wm. Blight who often addresses us acceptably on Sundays, enquired, "Can you not do something to induce the men, one and all, to read *this excellent little book*."

Dr. Geikie, Senr., remarked to us that "It is a very, very, VERY good book."

It is only 25c. If any one to whom it is inconvenient to get into the book stores in business hours desires to possess it, the Secretary will gladly secure it for them.

## ALL RAILWAY MEN

Are invited to attend the

## Sabbath Afternoon Meeting

At Three o'clock in the

G. T. R.

GENERAL WAITING ROOM

**UNION STATION.**

Railway Men, their Families and Friends cordially invited.

## THE SIGNAL'S ALL RIGHT.

I'm only an Engine-driver,  
That works on the line of rails,  
Without e'en a mother or sister  
Or wife my lot to bewail.  
I've nought very lively to think of,  
But I have a sensitive mind—  
At least, that is, for a Driver,  
A thing that you don't often find.

It's not very pleasant to fancy  
Each day you may drive to death,  
And yet that's the case with us Drivers,  
Safe neither in limb nor breath.  
I've had friends on many an Engine  
Who died in red blood on the line  
Crushed like a dog :—and I'm thinking  
One day that same end may be mine.

Did I ever have a fond mother ?  
Well, stranger, I just think I had,  
But 'twas years ago in the far off,  
When I was a roving young lad.  
Don't laugh—I loved my good mother :  
No, no, it wasn't a tear  
I dropped from my smoky eyelids.  
Do you want to hear me swear ?

I used to, and that in earnest,  
But that's some time ago ;  
I've got to be somewhat religious,  
A respectable Driver now ;  
It's praying, I 'spose, for our parson  
Says that it's right to pray ;  
There's room for us Drivers in heaven  
Last Sunday I heard him say.

'Tain't often I go to the church,  
For us chaps ain't got no time,  
From morning to night we're driving  
Along this old smoky line ;  
But I went, and felt very funny,  
A dreadful sinner, I guess,  
And I've prayed that I might be religious,  
Though I wear but a Driver's dress.

Well, there, I must turn on the steam ;  
A Driver's no time to lose ;  
The whistle's the word to us chaps,  
And 'tain't for ourselves to choose.  
So push on, my hearty : I'm longing  
To hear her shriek in her flight ;  
It's only the signal that stops us,  
And now the signal's "All Right."

AN ENGINE DRIVER.