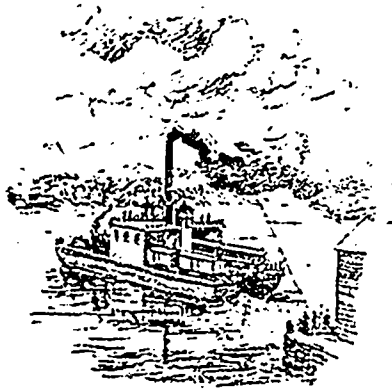


How they whistle 'good morning' and snort 'goodnight.' A railway man is at sea any where else. The men of the Grand Trunk have an Insurance Provident Society among themselves with twelve thousand five hundred members, and two hundred and thirty thousand dollars invested for their benefit. There's the ambulance room with remedies at hand in case of necessity: and on the other side the auxiliary car the "aye ready" with tools, bolts, ropes, blocks, everything from an needle to an anchor for a car off track.



FERRY-BOAT BRIDGE.

AND THE PASSENGER TRAINS.

think of one thousand cars, and two hundred and eighty thousand people in a week.

Imagine more than the entire population of the largest city in the Dominion passing through the hands of the Railway in a short week of seven days. Look at the tickets alone: the making, counting, checking: the distribution to clerks: the sale: the conductor's check and re-check: the gathering of them all back again: the counting, checking, and arrangement in order of numbers: the labelling, classification, and filing. Every ticket starts from its printing house: passes through the hands of suites of clerks: is despatched to its proper station: slips into our respective pockets: travels along every stage of railway we stumble upon: gets its own mark from every conductor: makes for its first home: tells its whole story with frankness and candour: and takes the place that has been kept warm for it till its return. Most of us find it hard enough to keep track of one, and too often fail in the effort.

But the General Offices, you should see them. I cannot describe them. The departments: the heads: the subs: the clerks: the system: the audit and check, and check and audit: and withal the peace and quiet. The mail-room, with its great leathern sacks of mail matter carried in on the shoulders of stalwart porters: the mail-master distributing it to its destined boxes: the clerks from the departments coming for their load: and the telephone boy connecting and disconnecting the various offices all day, would fill our young Canadians with wonder.

And Sir Joseph Hickson at its head, just, frank, kind, straightforward, gentle: first a railway boy: then agent in Carlisle; assistant-manager at Manchester: chief accountant of G.T.R.; secretary and treasurer: then general manager: and you may see him any day leisurely enjoying his summer farm, patting his favourite horses and cows, and so fond of young Canadians that he was President of the Montreal Carnival one winter. How we all want to honour him. Till he came to the railway it made no dividends: that is, it made no profit: the expenses of running equalled the receipts, and sometimes surpassed them. The testimonial in silver plate from the London directors a few years ago and the Knighthood from our own beloved Queen are not too much. Now as he has retired from the tremendous responsibility to enjoy the autumn years of his life THE YOUNG CANADIAN is proud to count him among the very first to encourage the enterprise and wishes him many happy years of leisure.

But here is a passenger train whizzing in to the terminus with people from five hundred different stations. Let us take a peep. As it is during the day the day station master is on duty. From seven to seven he is there, and when he goes home to rest, the night station agent takes his place from seven to seven. The people quickly pour out, pick up their belongings and make off, with never a word of thanks, never a look of acknowledgement. The conductor, engine driver, fireman, brakeman, the chubby little news boy, what of them? Even the engine and the cars what of them? As we all "specks they grewed," so we all "specks they shall ungrow" again. As we

smartly and gaily trip off the platform, the conductor goes to register his train, his name, the names of his engine-driver, fireman, brakeman, the number of the engine and the make up of cars on his train. First in first out, so he hastens to his rest to be ready for the next call: but if he should feel that he would be better off a little extra sleep he writes it down in his register. Immediately it is granted.

The engine is reversed. The train backs out. A gang of men is in waiting night and day. The cars are turned out. Cushions are beaten. Windows are polished. Scrubbing goes on. Cars are re-watered, and re-seed. Fresh fires are made and everything put in readiness for another start. Fires are now almost altogether a thing of the past. The cars are heated from the engine by steam. The conductor is chief on his train. The engineer controls the engine. The fireman minds the fire and the ashes. The brakeman sees to the lights, the car fires, the baggage at the side stations, and the brakes. The brakes are now, however, managed by the engineer, who by a little turn of his one hand applies the brake to every carriage on the train. An indicator is being put into every car. A bell rings and the name of the next station appears on a card at the end of the car. In the Pullman the conductor is subject to the conductor of the train: and the porter has charge of the beds, boots, fire, water, ice, and the cleaning. Every conductor has his own peculiar punch which is numbered and registered as his.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE WHISTLE.

How reckless it all seems to us. It has so little meaning. What the man is aiming at is to deafen us, to startle us needlessly, to air his authority. Indeed no such thing. Here again the human mind steps in and says law, every where law. One short whistle, to which we are so familiar, means apply the brakes. Two short tells that they may be turned off. Three short is back up. Four short says signal for switch. One long, three short, and one long tells the conductor that the train has broken loose. Five long recalls the flagman if he should have gone along the track to survey; one long tells the station master that the train is at hand and wants a clear path. One long low whistle warns us we must look out on the platform. One long and two short reminds some of us that we are about to approach a level crossing in