

# THE SASSANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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## 'Tis True as Truth.

My boys! come listen while I teach  
A lesson true as truth;  
A lesson that you all should learn  
By heart in early youth.  
'Tis this: There's naught upon the earth  
That hapless home can cheer,  
Where but five cents is spent for bread  
To fifty spent for beer.

The wife and mother, though she be  
As patient as the best,  
Wears on her face a look that tells  
Of nights unknown to rest.  
The children shiver oft with cold,  
And tremble oft with fear,  
Where but five cents is spent for bread  
To fifty spent for beer.

The holidays bring but fresh grief—  
Fresh want and added care;  
And while, around it, happy songs  
And laughter fill the air.  
The sounds of curses, sighs, and sobs,  
Is all that one can hear  
Where but five cents is spent for bread  
To fifty spent for beer.

And, boys, I beg you, let my words  
On fruitful soil be sown;  
So, when you've left your boyhood's days  
And are to manhood grown,  
No one can speak of homes you've made  
As places poor and drear,  
Where but five cents is spent for bread  
To fifty spent for beer!

## WHICH IS THE WISER, MAN OR BRUTE?

The Dutchman in the picture thinks it a capital joke to try to make the goat drink a mug of beer. But Billy has more sense than Hans, and repels with indignation the proffered draught. I am sure he exhibits more wisdom than the whole drinking crew. They say goats will eat almost anything, from old boots to tin cans. But not a goat in Christendom will eat the stinking weed tobacco which Hans seems so to like. Beg pardon for using the nasty word, but no other will describe the nasty thing. When will men, created in the image of God, and destined for immortality, learn to be as respectable in their habits as the beasts that perish.

## ABOUT RAILROAD DANGER SIGNALS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

"WHAT is the danger-signal?" asked Hal, who was beginning to consider these railroad signals almost as important and well worth knowing as those in which he drilled his foot-ball team.

"Red for danger, green for cautions and white for safety; flags by day and lanterns by night," replied the railroad uncle, adding: "I am sure you must have noticed men at roadcrossings waving white flags to show that the track was clear, as your train rushed by?"

"Of course I have," answered Hal.

"Or the watchman on sharp curves and bridges waving green flags as much as to say: 'You may go ahead, but you must do so with caution?'"

"I don't remember seeing them," re-

sponded Hal, but I'll look out for the green flags the very next time I go in the cars."

"A red flag or a red light is imperative," continued Mr. Holden, "and means, 'Sound the call for breaks and stop at once.' There are other danger or caution-

about the size of a silver dollar, filled with percussion-powder. Attached to it are two little leaden strips that can be bent under the edges of the rail, so as to hold the torpedo firmly in position on the top of it. In this position when a locomotive wheel strikes it with the force of a sledge

that the train has just passed over. Then, going back about two hundred yards further, he places two more torpedoes a rail's length apart. He then returns to the first torpedo, and, with his red flag in hand, stands there until the recall signal is sounded from his own train. On hearing this he picks up and takes with him the single torpedo, but leaves the other two where they are.

"These two torpedoes thus form a cautionary signal, and, translated by the next following engine-man, means, 'The train ahead of you has met with a delay. Move cautiously, and keep a sharp lookout.' The single torpedo is an imperative warning to apply air-brakes, 'Shut off,' and 'Reverse!'—in other words, 'Stop at once, for there is danger immediately ahead.'

"If a train is delayed at night, the rear brakeman sometimes leaves another bit of fireworks behind him when called in. It is a 'fusee,' which is a paper cone containing enough red fire, inextinguishable by wind or rain, to burn exactly five minutes, which is the shortest time allowed between two running trains. The engine-man of a following train must stop when he comes to a fusee, and not move ahead until it has burned out, though he can calculate from its condition just about how far ahead the next train is."

## RUM'S DESPOTISM.

"COME in, Patrick, and take a drop of something," said one Chicago Irishman to another. "No, Mike; I'm afraid of drops ever since Tim Flaherty died." "Well, what about Tim?" "He was one of the liveliest fellows in these parts. But he began the drop business in Barney Shannon's saloon. It was a drop of something out of a bottle at first. But in a little while Tim took a few drops too much, and then he dropped into the gutter. He lost his place, he lost his coat and hat, he lost his money; he lost everything but his thirst for strong drink. Poor Tim. But the worst is to come. He got crazy with drink one day and killed a man. And the last time I saw him he was taking his last drop with a slipping noose around his neck. I have quit the dropping business, Mike. I have seen too many good fellows when whiskey had the drop on them. They took just a drop from the bottle, then they dropped into the gutter, and they dropped into the grave. No rumseller can get the drop on me any more, and if you don't drop him, Mike, he will drop you." The whiskey business is a lawless desperado. It tries to "get the drop" on boys and girls, on men and women, on politicians, and officers. The train-robber presents his pistol with the demand, "Your money or your life." Rum gives us no such alternative; its demand is, "Your money and your life."

NEVER try to outshine, but to please.



TRYING TO MAKE "BILLY" DRUNK.

any signals I think you will be specially interested in," added his uncle, "torpedoes and fusees, for instance. A torpedo upon the rail is one of the most used and most reliable of all danger-signals."

"But I shouldn't think it would be loud enough," objected Hal. "Why don't you use something louder—say, cannon-crackers?"

"Oh, you are thinking of the little paper-wrapped torpedoes, such as children play with; but they are not the kind I mean. A railroad torpedo is a round tin box, just

hammer, it explodes with a report, fully as loud as a cannon-cracker, that can be plainly heard above all other sounds of the train. It is a warning sufficient to arouse the engineman, and to render him keenly alert.

"If a train meets with any accident or obstruction that bids fair to cause a delay of more than a few seconds, the engineman sounds five short whistle-blasts (- - - -). On hearing this signal the rear brakeman must run back a quarter of a mile or so, and place a torpedo on one of the rails