### THE CATHOLIC REGISTER

Thursday, October 12th, 1905

# **GREATER LOVE**

Dan Kelly, who was working chief in those days, had just completed his eight-hour trick and was check-Eng his transfer with the dispatching sard, who would "sit in" until mid- weeks?" The last written page of the message the book in which were preserved in permanent form orders from head- his shins in the cab. As for Arthur quarters, weather reports, advices of mrains "in sight" east and west, and grew dark as the afternoon sky of dead which he contemplated for a aninute before speaking. He turned be? at the sound made by the chair as

Kelly pushed it back to rise. "Dan," he said, "did you get any word from Haysworthy about that motary?

'No; I had 'PR' for a few minutes whis morning, but Dean said that Mr. IL was out on the line, and he had ine instructions.

"Out on the line! Great Scott, Dan, what if he is? Can't he be think that with two rotaries of their "own on that division they have to Iborrow ours, and then hang on to it like a green brakeman to a running board. What in Sam Hill are we to do with a couple of wing ploughs and "three flangers if the long cut fills in?"

With a gesture of impatience he turned once more to the window. Kelly crossed the floor and stood beside his chief as he worked his way into a heavy raccoon overcoat. Simpson spoke without turn-Ang.

This business of miracle working is getting tiresome," he growled. "If a fellow's a blamed fool, or a pup sent straight from the Old Man's 'Wall street office to take charge of a division, they give him help and descent equipment. But if he knows the difference between a pony truck and an eccentric strap, and saves on everything from salgries to shins, they reward him with a round-house "full of junk and-"

"A chief dispatcher who doesn't know a switchboard from a section shovel, eh?" laughed Dan.

The laugh of Dan Kelly's had helped in the working of many a miracle before, and it worked another that Instant. Simpson's face relaxed until he smiled down at the smaller man

"I suppose it's the weather, Dan,' said. stalk as though we were grown up. After all's said and done, I guess neither of us would have got half as much fun out of any other game.

were, with the snow hiding the ber pared with the job of sorting out cars in the long sidings near the sem-aphore, and a healthy baby bliz-zard which had arrived an hour be-at it with a langh if he's not on the analysis of the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the analysis of the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the analysis of the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the analysis of the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the analysis of the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the second sorting out at it with a langh if he's not on the second sorting out at it with a lange sorting out at the sor

is his business. Mine is to see that the daughter of an old school chum down East is not disgraced by a

dian, raising Cain from one end of express waggon whenthe reservation to the other. Now been used, even between them, for that you understand, do you think it years, and the conductor's face fairly sheet preparatory to signing it and is worth while to stay, and if so, glowed), it's -ob, it's too much. I relinquishing the chair to Mark Bon- will you take any job I offer for six

anight, when Simpson, the division side for me, if I get next to a stea-superintendent, opened the door con-dy job, Mr. Simpson. I've tried the it came easier for me. But I undermeeting with his office and came into other game too long. It's like twist-stand; I knew that you didn't really the room. As he ran his eye down ing brakes from the rear end with mean any harm. Don't let's talk thermometer at twenty below, about it. Are you really coming when the front end man is toasting down the line with me?" and the sister-in.law, why, they'll be and the sister-in.law, why, they'll be so proud of Shorty Sam in a month ""You—in the snowplough gang?" as score of other matters, his face from now that they'll be sending "Yes, Simpson's going to try me flowers out to wherever you choose out. He's right not to trust me too to bury me. Now where might that far. But, Art, old boy, this is where

nedy, the new roadmaster, on the the band wagon. I told him he floor below, and ask him to sign you up and to put you in the plough gang. Arthur takes out one of the wing ploughs dead in twenty minutes from now, and you can tell him all your good resolutions between here for me and respect for you from this and Castleton. Better cut your story short as possible, however, for you'll be doubling back on a working trip bouquets." meached? It's an infernal outrage to through to the West End within an hour or so after you get there, and a little sleep won't hurt you.'

"Right, Mr. Simpson, and you won't forget the yard?"

yours will make me de that, Tooke. to the rear end of the van. This is your last chance, but it will be a fair one if you don't queer it laughed Arthur. "Swears the old vourself.

blizzard was whistling weirdly around fool to be in the railroad business the station building, but scarcely had the upper half of the door closed on cupola where we can be alone, and "Shorty" when from the stairway tell me all about it. rose in defiance another whistling chorus, proclaiming defiantly the glories of the good old summer time. Superintendent and dispatcher looked

at one another and smiled. 'The same 'Shorty,' '' said Dan. 'The plough doesn't bother him, and wing plough in this weather makes him whistle 'The Good Old Summer Time,' what will phase him?

"Nothing, I'm afraid," replied Simpson. "That's the trouble. If only there was something that would bother him, there's be more chance that I'd get the man I've been looking for until my eyelids are sore."

you know what will happen. West End will borrow our ploughs, "Let's quit fooling, and turn the cars over to us, and when we get them this far, half our engines will be in the shops, and the told his conductor. other half will be bucking snow between here and Raymond. Can't you see the sidings when we get a chance kind, Jack. We've just got to get "But we're really up against it this see the studies wheels? Good Lord! kind, Jack. we've just got to get Nigger Mar-And it certainly seemed as if they the fifteen puzzle will be easy com-were, with the snow hiding the be-mared with the job of sorting out "Gness he was alread of him." at it with a laugh if he's not on the rampage by that time, and that's the hold back the full we're sure going to

"His name's Sam." "Sam?"

brother-in-law who is likely at any He has curly hair just like a little wheezed and coughed in distress, time to become an irresponsible In- brother I used to haul around in an "Don't, Arty (the old name had not

"Pinochle and soda water on the at that, boy. I know all about it.

"I'm going with Steeve Perfeto's

I'm going to fool him. You just "Go down to the office of Mr. Ken- watch the little brother climb into might try to bury me, but that you would be sending flowers inside a that I can dispose of; I'm going to

harvest a crop that'll bring money out. That's why I say that even on the plough gang you'll be sending me

Five minutes later the conductor and engineer of Tooke's special had read each to the other instructions

to run "white by Pratt" from Eagle Rock to Castleton, holding at Mer-"Only some new foolishness of win for orders. "Shorty" swung on "Dexter's growling as usual,

girl will never get to the East End By this time the rapidly increasing in this weather, and that a man's a anyway. Now, boy, get up in the

It was good, after all, to sit there and talk about boy and girl cousins whose existence he had almost forgotten, and to be made almost to feel physically the warmth of love

of a brother who never preached, but just ignored things. "Shorty, thinking of the last two years, decided that he'd have to stay and repay to Arthur's Sam some of the blessings that had been wasted in the

past on another Sam. It was a rough country, with no towns to be passed, and often only a blind siding between stations twenty-two or twenty-four miles apart The blizzard had come now in earn-"Yes. If this weather keeps up, rock almost continuously. "Yes. If this weather keeps The they stopped for water, and it was they stopped for water pulled up the slack and got going again. "Steaming like the Old Harry," he "Bet we never make Castleton this night, Arthur.' "Don't give me any yarn of that

"Guess he was scheduled to get

Pardee was only one station west of Castleton, and all the way, as

"Yep. And, boy, what d'ye think? [the storm grew worse and the 274] Moore was taking a sardonic pleasure in crowding the train ahead. But with the journey almost ended there was expectation that the last few miles would be run in peace, or there were orders for Tooke to make his crossing at Wellesley, a "blind"

siding half way to Castleton, which carried with them the inference that the humorous Moore would meanwhile be cooling his drivers at Par-

Worse and worse grew the storm. At last, however, with much labor and many groanings, the 274 topped the grade and started to slide to the foot of the hill, where showed the flicker of the switch lights of the siding. In the cupola the brothers still talked of boyhood days and of other

days that were to come Suddenly, as the foot of the grade was reached and the train slackened preparatory to taking the switch. there came from somewhere one short toot of an engine. Both men heard month. I've raised all the wild oats it, but it affected them in different wavs.

"Murphy already," said Arthur. 'Now, that's what I call a pretty crossing on a bad night."

But he spoke only to himself. Shorty had grabbed the lantern standing lighted between them. dived to the floor below, and dropped off the rear end. As he rushed blindly up the incline, battling with the cyclone and blundering through the drifts, he needed not the shower sparks now showing over the ridge to tell him that either the dispatcher at Eagle Rock or the operator Pardee had blundered, and that Martin had been given a clearance at the ast station. Even now the train he had left had not started into the iding-perhaps the snow made the urning of the switch unusually diffi-When Moore got over the rise, cult. he'd never hold her on the slippery

He knew it was idle to shout in the face of such wind, and yet he shouted. Another minute and the glare of the headlight almost blinded him. He waved the lantern frantically then as the iron monster went by he hurled the light at the side of the

Thank God. Moore must have seen is warning or the tail lamps of the train ahead as soon as he topped the grade, for the sand was striking fire on the burning rails, and swaying on the second car was the front end man est, and its blasts caused the van to in bare head twisting the head off almost continuously. Once a brake. He jumped wider into the drifts and again looked back.

The lights were slowly moving. Afer all, there were only eight cars and the plough, and Moore was performing miracles. From far east on the main line came a wild screeching; that must be Bill Cameron asking the meaning of the two headlights. He stepped on the ties once more and tarted back on the run.

Surely, More was working won-He'd hold her yet, if that ders. steady stream of fire on the rails, that audible jangle of link and pin and that kicking of cars meant any-

way up the big scoop and toppled it

to one side. The bracket lamps had

soaked floor below, and already vol-

fallen from their holders to the oil-

showed something lying under

against the door was the bent

thickly, "where is he?"

"In-in there?"

The man nodded

"He



SOMETIMES for the sake of making a little extra profit a dealer may urge you to buy an inferior class of goods, saying "It's just as good as Eddy's," but experience proves to the contrary, so don't be

sign of phenofore showing every menally rapid growth. What are you doing with the

plough that Carter's men worked stairs. down?" the superintendent resumed.

to get all the sleep they could, as they'd likely be wanted to work ther clear to the west end on their Tooke ought to book out way up. within an hour."

"He can handle her all right, can The; what's he got?"

'Only half a dozen wheat that unight have to double at Conkling and maybe stall.

"Who's pulling him?"

'Dexter, with the 274."

Then he don't need much more. "That old scrap heap is wheezing as though every bolt in her chest had a rseparate attack of asthma. Well, II'll be-'

The beginning of prophecy contain-ed in these last words had been preceded by a quick turn in the direction of the cut door, the upper half of which had opened to admit a slough hat, powdered liberally with snow, set very much on one side of a tangle of fiery red curls that even the meited flakes had been unable to darken. Two blue eyes dancing bemind a thin yeil of moisture ranged from one to the other of the persons in the room. As they lighted upon The superintendent the hat came off.

"Why, if it ain't Mr. Simpson. Glad to see you, sir, although I thought you was down at the head office writing 'general' in front of the superintendent' ages ago. Nice weather for this season of the year, min't it, sir?"

And I'll be the same if it isn't "Shorty' Tooke,' said Dan. "Where'd you blow in from?"

'Mexico," answered 'Shorty.' "Too warm there, but I reckon you manage to sleep fairly comfortable under Blankets up here.

'How did you get here?'' asked

Well, sir, if I wanted to lie about it, I suppose I should say I slid up on the new seventy-two-pound I see you've been laying since I was here before. But to tell the truth, I paid my fare."

A hearty laugh, which Dan manag-ed only partially to check, detracted somewhat from the studied severity of Simpson's next question.

'And now that you're here, what do you want?" "Job of some kindf sir. I could

play switching in the yard to win, But if that's scratched, why, brak-Eng, car checking, or a pump for It's a little early for the miace. steam shovels, ain't it?"

The next question appeared to Bonsard, who has only been on the division for eighteen months, to be more or less irre ant.

"Do you know that your brother "has married?" "Arthur-married- why, no, 1 did

yet.

whether you mean to take a brace.

If you show that you do, you can merely a switchman. But if you do self?

man who's just gone down those that's all. Well, we're off now, I think.

Meanwhile "Shorty" had reported to the roadmaster, and been welcom-Tooke's special, with orders to dou- ed like a long-lost brother by Steve Perfeto, the foreman of the plough engine. Told Carter to tell the men gang, whose joy in learning that he was to have Arthur Tooke's brother for a lieutenant was only equalled by his surprise that a former yardmaster should have been given such a job.

Scrawling his name at the bottom of some forms, the new member of the plough gang sauntered out of the I chopped off 42 here, for fear she roadmaster's office, and on to the then backed down on to the main line, and a tall, thin man, with a fur cap pulled forward so that it almost hid his face, was running along the partially cleared platform he asked. writing car numbers in a book.

As the prodigal looked at him, the softly repeated whistle in honor of the days when the shovels would be and the ballast pits working, out broke off in the middle. His face took on an expression of earnestness that would have delighted at least one of the men in the dispatcher's of-

fice could he have seen it. He walked into the waiting room near by, and turned over the pages of the register, in which the concuc-Contors booked "in" and "out. ductor Hartley, train No. 1. Engineer Curran, engine No. 189, O. once been one who went to far coun- take the siding and you can let him Half a dozen small fires clouded tries and fed on unsatisfying husks, up on the main line, But he had married soon after he got his first freight train, and here he those things that cannot be explain- door. That second was enough. was running passenger. "Conductor ed. Secor, train No. 42, Engineer Lo- read, even his vocabulary proved mis, engine No. 214; one hour and inadequate. ten minutes late; broken eccentric." | time himself, then spat square in the And so Jack Lomis had an engine. middle of the floor which the agent That must mean that the long nights had scrubbed that day. The disin the back room of the Holel Re- patcher merely warned him not to been shoved a little harder the big

dollars and maybe a B.F.L. ring in the jackpot, no longer were attrac-to tell his engineer to keep a close. It was There was a night when two look out ahead. tive. wise men from the East had sat in, and Phil Marsden had staggered

against the elbow of one of them and caused half of a new desk to bestrew the floor, that he and Jack-"Excuse me, partner, but if you're

not using that book-Sam-dear old Sam.

Of course, it ought to be proper at this point to tell how "Shorty," ed with disgust for the food of the swine in Mexico and other far countries. fell upon his brother's neck and informed him that he was not worthy to be called his relative, but had round his metier with Steeve Pera fetto and the plough gang. But, as a matter of fact, the far-seeing eyes began to twinkle once more, and the prodigal merely said:

'Well, Arthur, and how's the miss-Are you still teaching the call us?" boys the Shorter Catechism when you make this lively burg for a Sunday lav-off?'

The somewhat sad, gray eyes of the not know it, sir. Haven't seen im older man beamed upon irreverence and recklessness personified. Their Now, listen to me. Tooke, 1 m go- owner ignored the second question. ing to give you something to do for but added something to the prodia month or six weeks, just to see gal's information by his answer to the first.

"Annie's first-rate, boy, and so is have the ward itself instead of being the young 'un. But what about your-Where have you been, and

not, you can get off this division and stay off. Your breath has suffered too much at your hands already, and would be justified if he refused to took at you again. But I suppose he'H simply fall on your neck and or-ficr veal for you instead. Well, that what's his name?"

hold back the fellow that's behind us. thing. Running over his ankles in he was still gaining every SHOW. ard

At last the lights of Merwin came And then it came. But not the crashing and rending that he had first into sight, with the board out for the holding order. Engineer and conexpected. Merely a bump. Hurductor battled their way to the ofrah! Another minute and he had overfice, where a half-frozen operator hauled the now stationary train and held out the tissue order book for had swung himself to the top of the signature, describing meanwhile the last car. The wind nearly tore him difficulties which a man had with his off, but he dropped to his knees and station lamps when the thermometer gripped the sides of the running chose to drop ten below zero, and the wind to blow sixty miles an hour. board. Loping on all four he made Dexter ran his eve over the form his way to the front end and clambered to the ground. Tooke's special, Engineer Dexter, Only a bump, and yet the van, foul

engine 274, will run from Merwin to Castleton, crossing Murphy's of the main line, had been struck special, Engineer Cameron, almost at an angle as it was about gine 415, at Pardee," read the new or to clear the switch. Ahead was the plough, and the blow, breaking the ders coupling, had sent the caboose half "Where's Martin's down special?"

Even as he put the question a

shrick at the west semaphore answered it.

"Arthur," said Dexter. "if Moore on the 514 will let me have my turn from the cupola. out of Castleton ahead of him, think we'd better send a joint mes sage from the Nigger and yourself. asking Bonsard to let us take the siding here, and let Martin through. blurted one of the brakemen. The old girl is steaming worse every minute, and this storm isn't getting much better.

"All right," replied the conductor. 'Wait until he comes in and I'll talk Old Bob Hartley! He, too, had to him." Then to the operator: "I'll

The answer to the request is one of When swarthy Martin heard it He read it a second public, with more than a hundred leave Merwin before Tooke had been

It was a had fifteen seconds, but, thank God, he had him. Dragging



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umes of black smoke were issuing him by the boot, he half raised him-"Shorty" glanced at the little self and groped for the handle of group surrounding the engine torch the door. held by Moore, "Arthur," he said, holding the What was it that was holding things back? A wrench in the dark, then another, and a breath went in for his way bills, of cold, fresh air struck him in the face as he pushed Arthur out on to the step.

The door closed again with a crash Something held the door as "Shor- and something fiercely hot and overy" plunged at it, but he squeezed whelmingly heavy pinned him to the

in, and dropped at once to the floor, He was conscious only for a few by the thick black smoke flared for a moments after they had taken second under the draught from the out through the opening at the side It that they chopped with axes. As he looked into the face bent close to the tiny stand desk. It showed also (but his own, he smiled weakly.

"Arthur-I'm glad-kiss me-for lit-'Shorty'' did not see this) that the tle Sam. Afraid after all-need bousomething which had been pressing quets-but different kind to what had pipe intended. Tell other Sam-some day of the stove, and that had the door -that meant you to be proud of meand-that-I said-it-must-be-up white-bellied heater would have topto-him."-Frederick Payton, in the New York Evening Post.

> A Magic Pill .- Dyspepsia is a for with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearances vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach ensue from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Parmelee's Veg-etable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

### NOR.

His Lordship Bishop O'Connor set out on the 23rd inst., on his annual Bracebridge, northern visitation. Trout Creek and North Bay will he amongst the places visited. His Lordship will be absent three weeks.

#### Sisters to Take incurables

There seems to be at least some solution reached for the housing of incurables in Montreal.

Until very recently there has been no accommodation for such people and cases have often come up in the Recorder's Court in which they had the proper place for them. to be sent to jail where they could get whatever care they could. At



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tre Dame de Grace. The Sisters have agreed to make a nominal charge of 30 cents a day for each person.

Lately the Assistance Publique, an institution subsidized by the city, has been receiving these people; but it has always been felt that this is not

The Recorder's Court -officials are glad that some management has been times they have been sent temporar- arrived at, for they have often had ilv to homes of refuge, but now they to appeal to the Mayor to assist are to be taken care of by the Pro-vidence Sisters at the Hospital des Incurables, which is located at No-ity, apply at the City Hall for help.

