THE SINGER AND THE SONG By LILIAN LEVERIDGE A STRATE BLOS POLE author of "Over the Hills of Home."

him .

For he felt his spirit folded

We present to our readers a poem written especially or The Ontario by Miss Lilian Leveridge, Toronto. As the author of "Over the Hills of Home" and many other poems of rare beauty. Miss Leveridge is al-

well known to our patrons. "The Singer and the Song" In Miss Leveridge has made a successful venture into the field of narrative

In this poem she tells the life-story of Joseph Scriven, author of that tenderest and most expressive of hymns, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," an echo indeed of a tragedy as well as of a philosophy of triumph Jo Vast' Laurentian forests chanted; Echoes waited down the stream. Joseph's soul responded, thrilling To the music of his dream. faith Of this evangel, scholar, humani

because of the appeal to have a suit-able monument placed over his neg-lected grave near Bewdley, at the western extremity of Rice Lake.

western extremity of Rice Lake. The infinite pathos of his bereave-ment because of the untimely death of the beautiful nice of Col. Pengel-ly, is brought out by Miss Leveridge in lines that are powerful because of their simplicity and their compelling appeal to the heart. The same ex-quisite craftsmanship and deliests

quisite craftsmanship and delicate imagination, as have made Miss Leveridge's previous work notable, are here seen in full fruition. "The Singer and the Song" is ap-propriately written in the same metre as Scriven's immortal hymn.

In the purple vault of heaven, Just above the harbor bar, ouching irised waves to silver, Softly shone one limpid star.

Joseph Scriven gazed upon it— Young and ardent-souled was he Gazed with gladness for its shining, As the ship put out to sea.

Dim and dimmer grew the outline

Of the old familiar shore. Ireland, beloved homeland, Would he see it ever more?

Dear its blossoming fields and forests Dear its skies, screne and clear; Dear its highways and its hamlets, And its homes surpassing dear.

Home and mother—words of beauty, Sacred words, divinely 'sweet! How the wandering winds of even Loved their music to repeat!

Mother-would she miss him, nee

In the days that were to be, Longing in the fonely dawnings For her boy across the sea?

"Mother understands." he murmu

"How I love her, how I grieve. Her dear face and gentle presence Countless leagues behind to leave

"Yet I know the blessed angels Will keep watch by day and night, Spread their sheltering wings above

To each prayer I bring as answer; For I bear upon my wings ncense from a thousand altars, Life and health from Love's own springe ou may hear the silver I Clap their slender hands in gle When they hear my bugles blowi They arise and dance with me.

I, the Wind, have many lovers-Wooser bold and blithe am I-urdy oak or frailest blossom, Soft I answer sigh for sigh. Anchored in the port of home. Home? Ah, yes! ' The "Isle

Beauty" Now no more her son might claim. This vast land whose voice had evice L the Wind, leavn many secrets As I circle round the earth; now the deep, dark wells of sorroy And the bubbling springs of mirth." Yearned to give the youth he

'Canada!" "Twas magic music; Wild birds sang it in the trees. 'Canada!" the streamlets murmure "Canada" replied the breeze. beeph listened till his spirit Heard the footsteps of the grass, eard the love-sighs of the flowers. Heard the shadows come and pass.

Hush! Across the brooding silence, While the sunset lights grew pale One clear strain of thrilling cadence Filled with melody the vale.

may hear the bluebells ring-

Vesper chimes at close of day. Thile the buttercups and daisies Fold their fragile hands and pray

was the love-song of the wood

In the country's welcoming arms; And he gave his love unstinted, Yielded to her thousand charms. thrush, Shy, wild, twilight-haunting bird. off his little mate made answer— Sweeter note was never heard. Westward through the land he jour

neyed-Summer smiled from vale n the listener's heart there kindled Sudden longings, strange and wild for a true love warm and tender, For the laughter of a child. height-While his heart awoke to gladness And an ever new delight;

Here, in this fair haven sheltered, led her sunny inland waters,

Leaning lightly on his breast, haring all his dreams and vision O for one fair face to rest! Learned the music of her streams aw her mighty cataracts plunging 'Mid perpetual rainbow gleams; He had seen her in the valley,

Steeped his being in her sunshine, Breathed her ozone-freighted air; In her vast, dim forest temples Where caressing winds blew sweet Seen her soft eyes glow with glad-Lifted up his soul in prayer When they chanced his own Passing from the sweet communi

Of that secret, solemn hour, In the world of men he labored, Spent his store of love and power. Cender as a star of twilight

Lovely as a woodland flower-to see her beauty blooming, Planted in his lowly bower! He, a man of noble presence, Cultured heart and hand and Day had furled his crimson banners

brain, pent himself enriching others, Asking naught but love for gain. Velyet curtains of the night Folded fast the raptured poet-All his dreams were rosy-bright.

Hark! A shrill sound pierced the stillness; And-the dreamer, with a shock,

Never task too mean and lowly If a brother it might bless. It was joy to bear the burden Of a sister in distress. Woke to keen self-condemnation At the crowing of the cock.

Many a time he fed the hungry, Clothed the naked, cheered the sad; Sympathized in all their sorrows, And rejoiced when they were glad. What is this? Shall I, like Peter, Be a traitor to my Friend? ine for human loves and pleasu Fleeting joys that soon must e

or the liftle ones he labored, Called them to his cottage school; sught them reading, writing, fig-"He, an exile from His homeland Had no where to lay His head. Shall I fail to share His sorrows, Seeking thus a bride to wed?

Chief of all, the Golden Rule

recions precepts oft were woven Into golden threads of rhyme-imple lines for little voices, Ringing like a fairy chime. "Nay! His grace is all-sufficient For my inmost, utmost need. Sheltered in His arms of mercy. My ione soul is blest indeed."

But that love, so pure and pre Stern resolve could not display And his dreams were ever rosy. With the sunshine of her face.

Wildest mood he could beguile Wildest mood he could beguile With the kindness of his counsel And the sweetness of his smile. little feet ran forth to meet him.

Still his work was not diminished. Rather did he labor more. And with firmer faith and courage. Than he ever had before. Little hands stole into his; rusting eyes to his uplifted In their calm, blue depths found

Slowly fade before his sight, ill her face lay like a snowdrop On the pillow, wan and white. igh his love was like a mantle

And his every breath a prayer of he knew he could not keep h Death's dread angel hovered i m tired," she whispered faintly, But they took his lifeless body-Just an empty chrysalls Dut of which a radiant being Had emerged to fields of bliss ut your dear, strong arms around Let me lean upon your bre

nd they laid him by his sweeth ignant sweetness-love's . cr In the hallowed plot of grou Where through many a blos Filled his heart. She murmured Rest and silence wrapt them round Don't be grieving when I'm g

LY ONTARIO. THURSLAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1920.

Let the hands that blessed lie folded At the setting of the sun! Let the lips that sang fall silent, Wor their mission now is done. Jesus calls me. I must go. on her pure and gentle spirit

Homeward winged its starry flight. While the angels sang to welcome. One more pilgrim of the night. But the song, that song of Jesus-It goes singing round the world! Where the tropic islands blossom. Where the frigid snows are whirl-

But the mourners in the valley Who had loved her well and long, Could not see the dawning glory, Could not hear the angel song;

From the West, where first its music Sounded like an angel's psaim. -To the far-off, teeming Orient, -Floats that song of heavenly caim And the world seemed lone and empty When her lifeless form they laid-By the blue lake's murmuring wat-

n the stately church or chapel; In the camp, the field, the street; ers, Where the lovers oft had strayed. the cottage or the mansion. You may hear its cadence sweet.

low in Joseph's memory floated Those sweet words which he had penned, Words of simple beauty, breathing Love of Jesus Christ, the Friend.

Written for his own dear mother In a dark and clouded hour, Little dreamed the humble poet Of his song's far-reaching pow

Like a breath of heavenly blossom Far it floated on the wind, Bringing rest to spirits weary, Ease to anguished heart and mind

What a Friend we have in Jesus All our sins and griefs to bear! What a privilege to carry Everything to God in prayer!"

Joseph's heart his treasure followed

All his thoughts were fixed above Yet the winds of earth seemed ever Sighing, seeking his lost love.

and the blue lake missed and mourn ed her, Lisping low a tender song; While the listening fir trees whisper

Where does Sweetheart wait so long?" All the good that he had done;

Daisy, violet, rose and aster, Breathed her name in perfum Télling how his memory lingered All about the paths he knew, Like the fragrant breath of flower: Washed in morning's early dew.

rare, and with tears upon their faces Offered up their vesper prayer.

then, hands clapsed in loving token Tenderly they sang his song, While, by church bells chimed, its All the woodland ways seemed lon

ly. All their music out of tune; ione the sweetness of the starlight, Gone the spiendor of the noon.

Joseph's dreams had lost their magic. Lost their beauty and their light Yet his sour with clearer vision Looked beyond the realms of night;

nd he saw that earthly sorrows

As a vapor pass away. All forgotten in the gladness • Of the everlasting day. Weary oft, and heavy-laden, And with cares encompa

Reverent voices in devotion Lead the hushed and silent throng round, All his load he cast on Jesus. And they bless the love that bl In His arms a solace for

Murmured softly, "He is dead." Train Crew Exercised Proper Precautions was perfectly satisfied then that it was impossible for either to stop and reached for the throttle and brake or they wist not in their blindness Of the more abundant life nto which his soul had entered, Passing from earth's pain an

J. Moore Seemed to Be Trying to valve at the same time. He was Stop Car When Struck Said Engineer Barlow. It is a bout two hundred feet from the crossing. Mr. Barlow saw the

"We, the coroner's Jury, call-ed to inquire into the death of Dr. John Moore, of Shannon-ville, Ont., do hereby find after hearing the evidence submitted, that he came to his death on the 12th day of November, 1920 in the township of Thurlow, County of Hastings, Ont., by be-ing struck by G.T.R. train No. 29, at the railway crossing on the Point Anne road and we find that the train crew exercised all proper precautions."

The train came to a standstill three car lengths beyond the switch. Mr. The above verdict was returned to Barlow was the first to reach Dr coner Dr. H. A. Yeomans last eve- Moore. The injured man was takag at the close of the inquest into en on the train to the hospital. the Point Anne road fatality of last Friday morning. Crown Attorney Carnew conducted the examination of the time of the accident. witnesses. **Fireman** Welsh

Smith heard the whistle of the Dr. Tennent thought it a bad cross-

the top up and the curtains down. Conductor Thos. Farrell testified

asked the Grown. "It is rather dangerous, going in-to Point Anne, on account of the pleep cut. There is a curve and there is a clump of cedars. The trouble is from the east, but not from the wast in mbdy be the injured man made no statement.

rest, in which direction there is no Frank Bateman, brakeman; John

Engineer Jesse W. Barlow, of G. Coroner Dr. Yeomane stated that

T. R. train No. 29. running from the whole occurrence was a most un-Kingston to Toronto, and from Na- fortunate one. Dr. Moore was a man

ance to Colbright over the C. N. R., held in the highest reputer. The cor-estified that the train was on time. oner then reviewed the evidence. The there was a flag stop at Thurlow coroner said that there might be

Station. From the station to the Point Anne road the distance was less than a mile, a speed of 35

miles per hour having been attain- Crown Attorney Carnew explained

ed by the time the crossing was the laws as to transportation and the

reached. At Thurlow station the movement of trains. Whistling is

also testified.

"How do you term that crossing?" that train No. 29 was a G.T.B. train

have been ringing. The auto had coming from the east.

and moving slowly and jumping as

if the brake was not working. He

the crossing. Mr. Barlow saw that

the brake was on the car and that it

was almost stopped on the track.

He was then about 15 feet away.

The engineer could see the occu-

pant of the car, the curtain was

own on the east side of the car.

Witness saw the driver had a fur

coat on. The engine struck the car

about the front seat. The car came

up on the engine front and was car-

ried up to the switch stand, 129

yards west, which released the car.

The car broke in two and Dr. Moore

fell from the rear part of the car.

Percy Welsh, fireman, testified

that Engineer Barlow always blew

Anderson, Canadian Express Messen-

ger and Charles Hood, baggageman.

MADOC

Work of Gradi

the Spring-

Denyes, M. F

The Department of Publ

of Ontario, through its mini

F. C. Biggs has decided to

the Madoc Road, leading f

ville to Foxboro as a full !

The work of grading

mence early next spring.

way will be made the same

the road along the front of

ty and the same high sta

instruction will be observ

This decision was arrive

night after a prolonged

carried on by Mr. H. K. J P.P., representative for E

ings. Mr. Denyes induced

ter to come to Belleville a

Buried With

Masonic Hor

ward M. Fisk.

Last Tribute Paid to the

All that was mortal of the

ward M. Fisk, C. N. R.

Belleville for the past fou was laid to rest on Wednesd

noon in the family plot in I cemetery. Despite outward conditions, the funeral was attended and was under the

of the Masonic order. At th

residence, 67 Dundas street

Rev. Dr. Cleaver, pastor

St. Methodist church, cond

George Brown, Rev. Dr. Ba Rev. W. H. Wallace. V. W.

O. Herity of Eureka Lodge,

A. F. and A. M., officiated Masonic service at the house en by Bao, Rev. Dr. Bak brethren, all of the C.N.R.

and C.P.R. Services acted

earers. Wor. Bro. Jesse Ban

Walter Boyes, R. D. Ada

ributes bore testimony to

em in which the decease

eph Waddell. Numerou

os. Claude Wallace, A.

ressive service, assisted

highway.

FOXB

Eve-Witness of Accident.

ked the Crown.

incer Barlow's Story.

bstruction"

Children sing its simple music; Youth and maid take up' the strain; Aged lips and quavering voices Linger on its loved refrain. Everett Smith, driver of a Pack- the whistle distinctly. He substan-

ard truck for Mr. C. C. Walker, en-gaged in hauling crushed rock from The engine was in good working or-Point Anne to Belleville, saw the der. "What a Friend we have in Jesus!"-How this sad world needs Friend! One Who never chides no change But is faithful to the end. train approaching and waited. "I saw the approaching car coming

down the hill very slowly," he testi- Dr. R. W. Tennent swore that Dr. fied. Smith expected the anto to Moore had been at his office a few stop and as it did not, he put his days before the accident waiting for Hymn of hate" were never harbored In the heart that knew His love; eace above the lands that own Him Hovers like a brooding dove. hand out to try and warn the driver repairs on his car at a garage. He of the motor. The car came on to was called to the hospital on Nov.

ed:

the crossing and was about half way 12th to see Dr. Moore, who died in In the "Year of Peace" that followe across the track when the train several minutes. His right arm and struck it and carried it up to the skull had been fractured. Dr. Those long years of fearful strife, hen the hearts of suffering millions switch. Dr. Moore's body was found Moore was sober and temperate and Yearned for rest and love and sast of the wrecked car in the ditch always took good care of himself.

ame a little band of pilgrims To that lowly, unmarked shrine, Smith heard the whistle of the Dr. Tennent thought it a bad cross-Where he slept whose voice had wait- train, but not the bell, which might ing from the north side if a train is On the winds that hymn divine. and they strewed with sweetest blo Joseph's grave so low and lone

Wafted on the winds alon

ce again the Moon of Bloss Makes the glad world are fair.

fair. Buds are bursting, perfumes breath

Warm life springing averywhere: bere in yonder hallowed acre, What is this to-day we find?— fen and women massed in thousand Music pulsing on the wind.

Spread their sheltering wings above		And with firmer faith and courage,	And with cares encompassed round,		bell was started ringing and was still required. A man on the highway is	Leem in which the decease
Gild earth glooms with heavenly light.	Late and a second round	Than he ever had before.	All his load he cast on Jesus. In His arms a solace found.	And they bless the love that blossom ed In that sweet and simple song.	"On account of the slight curve. approaching crossings.	rites were conducted by the George Brown and the
"Closer, tenderer than a brother, There's a Friend, her Friend and mine.	But his yearning, burning passion, Was to tell of Jesus' love.	He had won the maiden's love. Angels seemed to bend in blessing From the realms of joy above.	Nor alone o'er grief he triumphed: Many a heart oppressed and sad, Learned through Joseph's loving	Once again they tell his story, Once again his hymp they sing, While the listening hills and valleys	I saw the truck stop just before I got to the whistling board." There a coroner and had conducted such is a cut there, and on the bank is a investigations as this. Hence it	Wor. Bro. J. O. Herity, ass B. W. Bro. F. D. Diamond
Shall I not with faith unfailing Leave her to His care divine?	Pointing world-worn souls and weary To a happier home above.	Never love was purer, sweeter.	To look up and to be glad.	With the vibrant echoes ring. Forest choirs take up the chorus,	clump of cedars. This obscured the might be expected that he would ex- view to the north, but a little further ercise caution.	Bro. Dr. M. A. Day.
"Forward! Forward be my watch- word, Forward to the lands afar!	Street or market comp on tol-	Joseph found life's fullest meaning, Slaked a thirst so long denied.	In the little church on Sundays He with earnest tones and grave Told of One, the Friend unfailing.	While the leader of the land 'Neath the waving elm tree's shadow	on the view is clear for three-quar-	Col. O'FLYNN AT BOWMA Col. O'Flynn, Provincial
Lol there beckons like a beacon Yonder glory-beaming star.	There he told the Old Old Story, There he voiced his ardent prayer.	From his lips—the poet-lover— Many a fond endearment fell. He pronounced her name as "Sweet-	Swift to bless and strong to save.	By that low grave takes his stand And unveils the stately pillar Marking Joseph's place of rest,	Car Brakes Not Working. Ine cold, frosty weather of the last week makes us look around for	dent of the G.W.V.A., was the speakers at the G.W.V
"O that land beyond the sunset, How its myriad voices call! 'Come' in golden dawns they whisper	Some there were, perchance, who marvelled At his saintliness and grace,	And the wild winds loved it well.	Of his toil from day to day. Wealth or fame he did not covet- What he had he gave away.	There who will may read engraven Those sweet words divinely blest:	The engineer then looked to the our fur coats and high collars. North and saw the car approaching at Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Watt and two the rate of about 20 miles per hour. sons motored through here on	quet held at Bowmanville la The Statesman refers to the of Col. O'Flynn as follows
'Come!' they plead at evenfall.	Knowing he had been with Jesus By the light upon his face. Others scoffed, despised, or scorned	Like a blossom of the bower Opening in a dawn of May, Kissed by sunbeams into beauty,	Was there child that faced the tem-	"What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a privilege to carry	As he caught sight of the auto he Thursday and called on relatives. saw the car slowing up. The en- Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Ellis and Mr.	LtCol. E. D. O'Flynn, B a former O. C. of the 2nd B
music Floating o'er a sea of dream: Shall I doubt their mystic message. Say thay are not what they seem ?	nim.	By the lake at eve they wandered	Minus shoes and thinly clad. Joseph's own scant store provided Warmth and comfort for the lad.	Everything to God in prayer! "O what peace we often forfeit.	sincer naturally thought the driver and Mrs. Isaac Ellis were over- was going to stop. When about night guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ross	paid tribute to the splendid Bowmanville boys in his l
Say they are not what they seem? "Nay! I know beyond all question	Months grew into years of service.	Where the wavelets kissed the shore, And they never wearied telling	Did he find one old and lonely, Bent with toil and grief and care,	O what needless pain we bear, All because we do not carry Everything to God in prayer!	thirty yards from the crossing the Cruickshanks at Melville on Tuesday car was slowed down to about 19 night. miles per hour. Mr. Barlow then Mrs. Morden of Rose Hall, visited	but there was a sadness owi
There is somewhere need of me In that country vast and distant, Country of the brave, the free.	Joseph, solitary still, Journeyed from the city, guided	Love's old story o'er and o'er. "Tired, dear?" he whispered soft-	Placed his shoulder 'neath the bur- den Glad a brother's load to share.	"Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?	looked to the switch on the west side Mr and Mrs. Ryan on Sunday. of the crossing to see if it were all Wedding Bells will ring on the	
"There, perchance, are lost ones seeking	Filled with sunching to the hole	He had caught her fluttering sigh. "Just a little," she made answer,	Thus in acts of lowly service - Joseph's long, lone years were	We should never be discouraged. Take it to the Lord in prayer.	right and then looked to the car. It Lake Shore and at Rose Hall before was about 10 or 12 feet from track this goes to press.	
Christ the Life, the Truth, the Way; There are little laughing children	Where the fragrant flowers of spring time Seemed to nod and smile at him;	"I will rest me by and by." In his arms he held her closer, Kissed her blooming lips again,	Till beside Love's quiet waters Peace and joy he found at last	"Can we find a friend so faithful Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our every weakness.		
Who have never learned to pray. "Souls that choose life's blossoming	Where the welcoming winds blew softly.	While his eves grew dim with yearn,	He had thought his thirst to slake,			
byways, Heedless of their downward trend; Lonely, sorrowing hearts by thou-	Redolent of forest baim, There he found a home, a refuge. A perpetual part of calm.	pain; For her beauty was so fragile.	At the cool and limpid lake.	Cumbered with a load of care? Precious Saviour, still our refuge, . Take it to the Lord in prayer.		
	When that lovely road he travelled,	Pure her thoughts as crystal springs.	In the calm and quiet night. And the harvest moon was flooding The blue lake with slivery light.	"Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer.		
To that bourne across the deep;	Where the songs of birds were ming- led With the rinnling of the sills	Would they some day lend her wings?	All the shadowy woods were silent. All the shimmering-fields were	In His arms He'll take and shield	a	
His the still, small voice that whis- pers; If thou lov'st Me, feed My sheep.	Where a quiet lake lay dreaming, Blue as sacred Galilee	But she sensed that dread unspoken, And she laughed away his fears, Led his thoughts to happier visions	still; Nectarous balms and odors floated Up the vale and o'er the hill	and the second s		17-
"Who am I that I should waver? Wheresoe'er one lost lamb bleeds,	"This," he thought with silent glad- ness, "This, at last, is home for me."	Of the long and fruitful years, When they two should toil together	Down beside the rippling waters Knelt the aged Christian there.	• West Indies		
Be the pathway smooth or thorny, Let me follow where He leads,	Once again his heart was folded	Love's sweet mission to fulfil.' Till. grown old and grey and weary. They might rest by "waters still."	While the mellow moonlight haloed Saintly face and silver hair.	Mr. H. D. Cole, of Barbados, West		
"Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee. Sweet it is Thy love to know.	For a season he would rest.	Then they dreamed long, silent moments	wave,	Indies, has completed the Business Course at Ontario Business College		
Cladly to the earth's last limit Hand in hand with Thee I'd go."	Long he sat in contemplation There beside his lowly door. Listening to the forest voices	By the still. moon-silvered tide. When they kissed "Good-night" and parted,	Sweetheart in her quiet grave.	and left Belleville on Wednesday to return home. Mr. Cole will sail from New York on December 9th	A size	
Thus in silent meditation Stood the youth upon the deck. Till the Emerald Isle had faded	Calling, calling o'er and o'er. Winds came rustling, through the	Both were soothed and satisfied. Bat the summer glory faded,	"I am weary, Lord," he whispered, "I am lonely for my love When Thou wilt, O come, Lord	and on arriving in Barbados he will open a business of his own. He was		HON. C. C. BALLANT
To a dim and misty speck; Till the stars in silver clusters Hung above the silver sea.	spruce trees. "Hush!" they whispered, "Hist! O hist!	And the lovers roamed no more. In the twight or the starshine By the blue lake's murmuring	Take me to Thy home above!" Was it but a dream, a vision-	joined here a few days ago by his father, who is accompanying him to Toronto, New York and back to the		The Minister of Mari outo, addressed the offici
Silent in the silent spaces, Dreaming through eternity.	There's a song of singing grasses; You may hear it if you list.	shore. Fairest of the forest flowers	There above the glimmering foam? Was it his lost love that beckoned? - Had she come to lead him home?	West Indies.		luncheon in the King Edu al Brigade on the "Co
Day by day the ship, unswerving, Ploughed a pathway through the foam;	"You may hear their fairy footfalls, While a velvet pall they spread, Making all your dittle pathways	Sweetheart felt the chilling breath Of the weary winds that nightly Prophesied of doom and death.	When the golden morning wakened. And they missed him from his bed,	Every successful man owes inde- pendence to individual energy and	Mr. Lloyd George being presented with a Bound Address inside the	shows from left to right Campaign Committee; H en, and Mr. D. B. Hann
Then at last, the voyage ended,	Fairer, softer to your tread.	Joseph saw her bloom and beauty	There his friends, sad-hearted. found	enterprise.	Town Hall, Carnarvon, on opening his campaign in Britain.	Railways.