

farm to go with the grain, and handle it at both ends of the steamer's trip. That's only a fair proposition. The river—only you've got all summer to post yourself.

"Yes, I know," Rollins continued to object, though more mildly now, "but I don't think it's practicable. Still— I don't know, either. I guess there are some idle barges up Bismarck that I could rent for little or nothing." He began to tug at his white beard, his kindly old face lighted with excitement. "And there's a big Smith down at Pierre—used to be a crack engine man. And Tom Daly, a crack pilot as ever gripped a spoke. Their licenses must be good yet. They'd go in for the fun of the thing, if for nothing more."

That was but the introduction—Captain Rollins was converted. All through the long drive home he and Jamie discussed the plan, and after Jamie looked into his tariff, and found himself correct in his stand concerning the C & N's Minneapolis grain rate; it was exactly half that charged by the O. P. from Bismarck. This, with the addition of the small amount per ton added for the Captain Rollins for his steambark haul, allowed Jamie to fix upon a rate most advantageous and attractive to the wheat-shippers of the Missouri Valley.

Next day, however, to be certain of his ground—his tariffs were not of latest issue—he wired Burton, the General Freight Agent at Chicago, for confirmation. Burton read the message impatiently, wondering what kind of an agent he was at Missouri Station to be worrying over wheat rates to the Little Bad Lands, and ignored the inquiry. Jamie wired again. A chipper clerk of Burton's answered that the quotation named was still, and probably would continue that effect, but further advised Jamie that the time of the freight department was thoroughly to limit his communications to matters of importance.

For an hour or two Jamie was red-hot, but he soon got over it, and began to busy himself with the conduct of the campaign. From a real estate office in Aberdeen he borrowed a set of country maps, which showed the Missouri River's course, the location and extent of the various holdings. These he studied until he was as well acquainted with the valley to the northward as he had been with the village of Read's Landing. Conductor Pat Harris of the Accommodation, and not him so hard at work, and not understanding, used to say in pity, "Some day, young fellow, the company'll give you a real station, and you'll be swamped." But the little agent only smiled good-naturedly and went on with his map.

Jamie advising at every turn, Captain Rollins rounded up by letter his steambark friends at Pierre and other towns. He put the A. Lincoln in the prime condition, and slid her into the river. He ordered a load of coal for her, which arrived in due time over for her, the extension—the first box car Jamie had seen since the beginning of his term in office. A little later a pair of steambark inspectors ran out from St. Paul and gave the old ferry a fresh license.

Then one morning in July the Captain assembled a diet of his cronies for a trial trip. To "look at the river" as passing up on the channel is called among steambarkmen, he successfully made the run with the Lincoln up to Bismarck and return, two hundred miles in all. While at Bismarck the agent in tow barges, the remnant of a once noted freight fleet.

July and August passed. Day by day sun and wind and rain caressed the wheat through the Dakotas and tiny shoots of green had changed at last to stately stalks of gold.

On the first of September the farmers started cutting. Then Jamie took the Captain's team, and drove, day after day and night after night, through the country north of the Little Bad Lands, returning to the depot only when the Accommodation's half-hourly visits called him. He interviewed every farmer along the east shore of the Missouri from the Station almost to the line of the O. P., explained his rate and plan of shipment—by river to Missouri Station, thence by C. & N., and asked all to have their wheat, in sacks, and their men for the handling, on the river bank, ready for the A. Lincoln, by sunrise Sept. 15—a date when it was estimated the harvesting would be finished. And at every farm the owner listened carefully. Many promised patronage on the spot, others wanted time to consider, but all seemed greatly interested.

On the strength of his canvass Jamie wired General Freight Agent Burton, Sept. 15, for two hundred box cars for a wheat shipment. Burton at that time was out on the line on an inspection tour; his chief clerk had temporary charge of things. The chief clerk had never seen Missouri Station—in fact, could not recall ever having heard its name before; but he decided directly that a traffic that needed two hundred cars at one time should not be delayed. He passed Jamie's requisition and rushed it into the Car Service Department. The car service agent, a new man from the South, hadn't had time to get well acquainted with the road. He found that, by hard work, two hundred cars could be squeezed out of the St. Paul and Minneapolis yards, and ordered Harry Kelly, superintendent of the Dakota division, with office at St. Paul, to collect and forward them to Missouri Station. Harry Kelly knew all about Missouri Station, and the order puzzled him, but it bore the initials of the car service agent and, still further back, those of the general freight agent. So he hastened to push the thing through. He assembled the cars in less than twelve hours, and then, as the engines of his district were old and feeble, he borrowed, of the River Division, four new Brooks ten-wheel freighters to do the hauling. The evening of the fourteenth he sent the empties west in

four sections of fifty cars each, with orders to turn engines and sidetrack at Bowdle; the sections to back down the extension to Missouri Station one at a time, as fast as called for.

On this same day—the fourteenth—Jamie and Captain Rollins and the crew of veterans went with the A. Lincoln up to Bismarck, arriving shortly after dark. There they worked all night taking on coal, and binding fast to the steamer—five on either side—the ten chartered barges, squat, ugly craft, but each one roomy as a freight train.

At sun-up of the fifteenth the start-down-stream was made. After a run of ten miles, Jamie, anxiously watching from the pilot house, sighted his first patron. And thereafter the "A. Lincoln" came upon great piles of sacked wheat, scores of waiting harvest hands, with every turn of the crooked Missouri. Not only were all the growers with whom Jamie had parleyed on hand, but many as well from the scattered farms in the less fertile region on the west side of the river, who had somehow got news of the expedition. And the loading, too, went smoothly. At every landing, as Jamie had arranged, the crews of farm hands were ready and did their work with a will, afterward coming aboard the boat to accompany the wheat to the cars.

There hadn't been a shipment of wheat like that on the Big Muddy for a quarter century. At times, even Jamie was a bit awed by the vastness of the commerce he had set moving. The freight charges, payable in advance, poured through his hands into the steamer's safe until the rusted iron box was brimming over with checks, bills and coin. And when the loading was done the "A. Lincoln" was completely hidden, save for her pilot house and chimneys, within the towering piles of sacks that freighted the flanking barges.

But Captain Rollins, Pilot Daly and the rest, on their mettle, brought Jamie's cargo safely down the treacherous, neglected river, and tied up before Missouri Station at midnight exactly. And though nothing more could be done until morning Jamie went happy to his berth on the steamer, for, dimly shaped in the gloom, a long string of box cars, with a giant engine up ahead, slept on the main track in front of his shanty depot.

Meanwhile a flood of wrath and bewilderment had swept over the high officials of the C. & N., and almost engulfed Burton, the general freight agent—a flood for which Agent J. Halloran was solely responsible.

On the afternoon of the fifteenth, while Jamie and his thousands of tons of wheat were steaming down the Missouri, Burton, in the course of his trip around the system, had arrived in St. Paul, and sat in the local offices, rubbing through a batch of belated reports from his chief clerk. On one of these he read: "Demand for cars has been very brisk. On the thirteenth Milwaukee made requisition for 150 for freight, Omaha 50 for miscellaneous freight, Missouri Station 200 for wheat."

Burton got no further. An irritable man, with no prudence on the bladders of others, he gaped at the report for a minute as though it were his death warrant, then, bouncing from his chair, he rushed down-hall into the office of Harry Kelly, superintendent of the Dakota Division.

"Kelly," he broke forth, brandishing the chief clerk's letter, "you didn't send out these cars, did you?" "What cars? For where?" gasped the superintendent.

"These two hundred wheats for Missouri Station. Why, Kelly, that agent's crazy! He couldn't load two hundred cars at that station in two hundred years—no, not in two thousand. Wheat! There isn't a spear within fifty miles of the place."

"The order originated in your office," answered Kelly pugnaciously. "I sent the cars yesterday, and four of the new Brooks engines with them."

Burton sank into a seat and groaned. The road was in the thick of the usual harvest car famine—those cars, and engines, too, were sorely needed at a dozen different points along the line.

"Well, it's a bad mess," said he sourly after a time. "I suppose I'll have to go out there to-night and straighten it up. But," he continued with a touch of returning good humor, "I'll get one scalp anyhow; that lunatic agent's—what's his name?"

"Halloran. But maybe the fellow's got something for the cars, after all," suggested Kelly, though by the sharp-tongued goading of his imagination he couldn't figure it.

The general freight agent silenced the superintendent with a glare of disgust.

That evening Burton hitched his private car to the Dakota Division passenger, and started for Missouri Station. When he awoke next morning he was already treading upon the heels of the trouble. His train was lying out-time of Bowdle, unable to get within half a mile of the depot; so clogged was the yard with the multitude of Jamie's empties.

through a sluggish mist of dust, despised Missouri Station looking for all the world like the Chicago freight terminal on a busy day. He saw at the riverbank a steambark and a brace of barges all but foundering beneath a cargo of sacked wheat. He saw a train of fifty cars nearly loaded with it. He saw full three hundred brawny harvesters bearing the fat sacks from the bosts to the cars. He saw a young fellow, hatless, coatless, vestless—whom a passing man told him was Halloran, the agent—scattering well-aimed directions with the ease of a general manager.

But for all his confusion, Burton, sharp-witted as he was, recognized what a wheat crop was being moved in the Little Bad Lands with a speed and spirit never beaten anywhere.

Gently he sent his engine back to Bowdle, then buttonholed Jamie and got his story from first to last though Jamie cut it short, for he had little time to give that way, even to a general freight agent.

"Next time you think up a thing like this write particulars beforehand. We're not accustomed to deals of this size on the Dakota division," was Burton's remark at the end. Jamie recalled how his past communications to headquarters had been treated, but he deemed it best to make no comment. That was all Burton said to Jamie then, but afterward he talked long of the undertaking with Captain Rollins and with many of the wheat-growers who had come down on the "A. Lincoln."

At 8 o'clock that night Jamie's 200 cars, all loaded bursting full, were on their way to Minneapolis. The "A. Lincoln" had gone up-river to carry home the farmers' and harvest hands' weary dust of the wheat that costed everything, and the deep path from the landing that three hundred pairs of rough-shod feet had worn told of the day's work. Missouri Station was again bleak and cheerless and deserted.

Only Burton and Jamie Halloran sat in the sleeping car. "Halloran," Burton was saying, "I guess we won't ask you to stay out here any longer. I've been looking for a right-hand man with a head like yours for three years. Can you fix things to start for Chicago with me to-morrow in my car? Until we can assign a new man we'll let Missouri Station go it alone; it's earned a vacation. Willis Gibson in the Saturday Evening Post."

FOR THE ATLANTIC RECORD. ENGLAND'S DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Amongst all the nations that have broken away from the Church of Rome, why is it that England is the principal, if not the sole object of the most fervent prayers of the Catholic world? Why these crusades of prayer and devotion in its behalf? Why this violence to heaven? Why this Archconfraternity of Pity or Compassion, created by the late Leo XIII. for the return of the English people to the faith of its forefathers? England alone enjoys the privilege of attracting universal attention and religious love.

Is not the supernatural reason for this great favor to be found in the intense filial devotion for the Blessed Virgin Mary, that England always had before the Reformation? England has not been the Isle of saints, it is true, but she has always been, and is yet, the special property of Mary. She is the *Dowry of Mary*.

Traces of this title may be found in a letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury, written in 1399: "We English, servants of Mary, who form her heritage, we must surpass the others by the fervor of our prayers and of our devotion."

England has always had for its Patroness the Immaculate Mother Mary. In 1893, the late Sovereign Pontiff officially recognized this Patronage in ordaining that England be consecrated anew to the Blessed Virgin in presence of all the Catholic Bishops of the country. These consecrations are renewed each year on the Feast of the Holy Rosary.

The English people love to address their prayers and supplications especially to the Mother of Pity and Compassion. Before the time of the so-called Reformation, her picture or her statue, were to be found in almost every church or chapel throughout the kingdom; and many of these statues were of a surpassing beauty. The English soul has been so impregnated with this grand devotion to its Heavenly Queen, that in our times, in spite of all that has been done over the past three centuries to destroy every vestige of this reverence for the Mother of God, everywhere this tender devotion is springing into new life, and England is fast returning to its loyalty and affection for its Dowry-Lady.

It is to this cult of the Mother of God that England owes those sources of delicacy and tenderness, and of real grandeur, and those sources of Catholicism which are ever to be found there, often in the most unexpected places.

Unknowingly the writers of Great Britain have often exhaled reflections of love to our Blessed Lady. Think of the beautiful verses of Byron for example.

The author of Don Juan was at Ravenna, when one evening he heard the bells of a neighboring convent ringing the "Angelus." "These calm, melodious sounds," appeared to him as so many heavenly voices speaking of Mary to the earth. Much affected by their mysterious touch he wrote the "Angelus."

"Ave Maria! Over land and sea, this hour is the most celestial of the heavens, a most worthy of you, O Mary, 'Ave Marie! Blessed be this hour! Blessed be the time, the climate, the places where I have felt the influence of this moment carried to its highest power, and expanded over the earth with so much sweetness and charm when one hears in the distance, the sound of a bell swinging in some town and the dring echoes of the evening hymn rising upwards to the skies, and the leaves of the forest seem

agitated by prayer although not a breath disturbs the rose tinted air."

John Keble, who approached even to the doorstep of the Church, but failed to enter, writes also some stirring stanzas to the Invisible Mother: "Mother of God, oh! it is not in vain that we have long learnt to know your humble countenance. Willingly will we repose in your shadow, and we will kneel with you, and will call you 'blessed,' and with you will we learn to magnify the Lord. "What glory you have acquired up there in heaven, through the special grace of your dear Son, we can not see yet. We dare not lift our regards to contemplate you kneeling before the sweet crib, your brow veiled and hidden, or again at the moment when the angel salutes you in the name of the thrice holy God, and Jesus descends into your virginal womb."

Southery, Thomas Moor, Walter Scott, Edgar Poe, Rossetti, Thomas Davis, all Protestants—have chanted the grandeur of the Mother of God, but to quote from their works would occupy too much time and space.

In conclusion, as our Lord Jesus Christ when hanging on the cross, commended us all in the person of His disciple St. John, to His most sweet Mother that we might find in her our refuge, our solace, and our hope; let us implore her to look graciously upon our beloved country, and on those who are bereaved of as powerful a patronage; that this Holy Virgin, we may honor and venerate her with all our affection and devotion, and own her as Queen and Mother. May her sweet name be glorified by little ones, and linger on the lips of the aged and dying; may it be invoked by the afflicted and hushed by the joyful, that this Star of the Sea being our protection and guide, all may come to the harbour of eternal salvation. Amen. C. R. I. C.

A PENTECOST THOUGHT.

To-morrow the Church throughout the world will celebrate the great feast of Pentecost. Literally, the word means fifty. The feast is so called because of the fact that it was fifty days after the resurrection of our Lord that the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity descended upon the Apostles. As we have learned, the Holy Ghost appeared in the form of tongues of fire. Fire, we know, illuminates; it purifies and changes that which it consumes.

Such was the effect produced upon the Apostles by the Holy Ghost. They were men of no education, most humble origin and devoid of every requisite to continue the work of their glorified Master. They had been commissioned to preach the gospel throughout the world, but had not been trained for the task. Neither were they competent. Ignorant themselves, they could not instruct others. Consequently Christ's commission apparently had been given into hands that could not execute it.

Until the coming of the Holy Ghost on Pentecost Sunday this was true. How different, however, after that event. They conversed one with another in words they knew not before. Ignorance gave way to wisdom, timidity to fearlessness, and understanding no longer halted. They were illumined, purified and changed. In a brief time, thereafter they had carried God's word to many people of diverse speech. The centuries have multiplied since their mission ceased. World conditions have changed. Places where the Apostles had planted God's law the firmest have long ago gone back to ways of idolatry. Fields where the harvest was richest are now barren. New lands have been conquered by the gospel. It is true, but some render next, to no worship whatever, while others profess a Babel of beliefs.—Church Progress.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

AGAINST VAIN AND WORLDLY LEARNING.

I am He who teacheth men knowledge, and I give a clearer understanding to little ones than can be taught by man.

When to them who inquire of men after many curious things, and are little curious of the way to serve Me. The time will come, when Christ, the Master of masters, the Lord of Angels, shall appear to hear the lessons of all men: that is, to examine the consciences of every one.

And then He will search Jerusalem with lamps, and the hidden things of darkness shall be brought to light, and the arguments of tongues shall be silent.

I am He who in an instant eleveth a humble mind to comprehend more reasons of the eternal truth, than could be acquired by ten years study in the schools.

I teach without noise of words, without confusion of opinions, without ambition of honor, without contention of arguments.

THOUGHTS ON THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is our God, but our hidden God. The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and the Word made flesh stooped yet lower, taking the form of our flesh, that He might dwell amongst us still, abiding upon our altars and within our hearts.

O Soul, formed to the likeness of God! how is it possible that thou art not enraptured with joy? Thy heavenly Spouse has, in His transcendent love, opened His inmost Heart to thee, that thou mayest offer Him thine.

Says St. Bernard: "Could our Saviour have better shown us that fire of love which so inflames His Heart than that He would not only let His Body but even His very Heart be transfixed with the lance?"

Love lives upon excesses, and the Sacrament of the Altar is the love of loves. God's love for man is the mystery of mysteries; and that mighty mystery itself inexplicable, alone explains all other mysteries.

SANG TO THE LAST MOMENT OF HER LIFE.

BEAUTIFUL CLOSE OF THE EARTHLY CAREER OF MADAME BARR, A GIFTED RELIGIOUS OF THE SACRED HEART. Communicated to the Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

"When Shall I See Thee Face to Face?" With this sigh of love expressed in clear, sweet song, Madame Annie Barr, religious of the Sacred Heart, fell asleep in the Lord on Thursday, April 7, 1904, at the Convent, 1819 Arch street, Philadelphia. We have read of the song of the dying, but can now witness to the truth of what often seems like poetic fancy.

For twenty five years Madame Barr had consecrated her voice to the praise of God, and it seemed like a reward for her fervor that she was allowed to sing to the last moment of her life. "This a sweet memory for those who have so often been led to God by the clear tones that came from a deeply religious soul. As we looked upon the lifeless form the closed lips seemed to say, 'I have seen Him face to face!'"

Madame Annie Barr was the daughter of the late James P. Barr, of Pittsburg, Pa. She entered the Society of the Sacred Heart in 1878, and during her religious career was employed as teacher to the children of the junior department. She was tenderly loved by her little pupils, and for them her time was wholly given in untiring devotedness. Long will she be remembered as the gentle teacher and "mother." The "dear children," as she called them, will find in her an intercessor and watchful guardian. One little girl when looking upon the face, so peaceful in death, said: "I now have two mothers in heaven, and as I am very young you must help me to remember them always."

The Rev. Fr. Mass at the convent was more like a triumph than a dirge. The children surrounded the casket, and as the last Benediction of the Church was given they sang the hymn which had been Mother Barr's last conscious prayer: "When Shall I See Thee Face to Face?" A sense of peace descended on all present, and when, in the evening, friends and relatives returned from Eden Hall, where the body had been laid to rest, a rainbow spanned the sky. It seemed like a promise that the gates of eternal light had been opened and the face to face vision had been granted to the beloved dead.

As pants the hart for cooling springs, Among the rocks and barren sands, So doth my soul, O King of kings, Long rest beset me at Thy hands.

Chorus: My soul, O God, doth thirst for Thee, For Thee, the source of every grace; O when shall I Thy beauty see, When shall I see Thy face to face!

Where art Thou, Lord, my life, my all! They art above, around, within; Whatever besides, on Thee I'll call To save me and to pardon sin.

Why, then, my soul, art thou depressed? O God is here, and His love is true; Healed to the life His last bequest— His Body and His precious Blood.

Pertinent to Protestants Also.

While some of the Pope's suggestions are hardly applicable to Protestant churches, like the forbidding of the singing in the vernacular in liturgical services, the tendency of his encyclical favors of a more reverent service is pertinent to Protestant as well as Roman Catholic churches.—The Watchman (Baptist).

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