THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

MAY 20, 1898.

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SAVING THE EXPRESS.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

"Well, Kent, I guess we can spare you for a couple of weeks, if you would like to take a vacation," said the Gen-eral Manager of the C., D. and P. rail-

Kent Ballard was night telegraph operator for the C., D. and P. road, in the big terminal station at Chicago. He was eighteen years old, and as bright, capable and faithful an employe as the company had in their entire system. As the General Manager came and leaned over the windowshelf of the telegraph office, with his pleasant announcement, Kent looked

pleasant announcement, near hower up gladly and gratefully, "I would like a little outing, sir," he said, "if it is perfectly convenient. It's been pretty steady work the past year; and I must confess that I am a bit tired. When can you spare me,

sir?" " Day after to-morrow, if you wish. We will have a man at our disposal then, and can put him on your work for a couple of weeks. Have you any idea what you would like to do, or where you would like to go-any vacation plan in which I could be of assist ance to you ?"

Kent hesitated a moment. "I have had a plan in my mind for some time, sir," he said, at length; "but I hardly dare to mention it, even now. It would be asking a great favor of the

road." "Out with it, my boy !" cried the General Manager. "If it doesn't in-volve us too deeply in financial embar rassment" — and he laughed good-humoredly—"I can promise you it will be granted." be granted."

be granted." "I want to make a trip over the road in a locomotive," said Kent. "I should like to go clear to the Pacific coast, if there is time. If I could ven-ture to ask you for permission to go out and back with the engineer of one of the operation " of the overland expresses '

"Why, of course you can, my boy !" exclaimed the General Manager. "Say no more about it. Make all your preparations, and come to my office tomorrow for your pass and written per mit, in case anybody should dispute your right of way. I will speak to Mr. Faley, the engineer of the mid-week overland, and he will be ready

week overland, and he will be ready for you on Thursday's out-bound trip." "Thank you, sir—ever so much !" cried Kent. "It will be a great pleas-ure to me, and I shall never forget your kindness. Kent Ballard told his mother next

morning that his pet vacation project was to be realized. "I've always longed to cross the Rockies and see the Pacific," he said; "and now, if you can spare me for a couple of weeks, mother, I am off. Fred and George will take good care of you. They have had their vacations already, you

On Wednesday Kent went up to the general manager's office and got his pass and permit. "I have also repass and permit. "I have also re-served section twelve in the sleeper for you," said the manager. "You will want a good, comfortable bed at night, you know. Here is your ticket. And as for your meals, get them in the buffet cars, regularly. The steward understands.

"Oh, sir ! you are too kind !" cried

Kent. "No, I am not !" laughed the manager. "A man can't be too kind-it's impossible. You must remember, too, that you have served us faithfully in a difficult and responsible position for

miles," said Mr. Faley, the engineer.

"and you will have a good chance to see how No. 312 behaves."

proved a most fascinating study, as

they whirled along over the rails. Then the ever changing scenery ; the

bustling cities and towns along the routes ; the big rivers over which they steamed on spider-web steel bridges ; the

wide level prairies, across which they raced at whirlwind speed, occasionally

sighting a herd of deer or frightening up a flock of prairie chickens—all these

things made an endless programme of interest and pleasure for Kent Bal-lard. Then what a thrill passed through him, when at last they came

in sight of the towering Rockies, with

their terraced foothills, like Nature's doorstep to the threshold of the mighty

So far the overland express had

whirled on in its long western trip, without the slightest adventure. There

had not even been an hour's delay.

The train was sharp on time, and, if everything went well, its journey

would be completed in twelve hours. They had now reached the ascending

gravel over the foothills, and were slowly crawling upward toward the

pass, between the great snow-capped peaks, through which they were to gain the Pacific slope. The scenery

was indescribably grand, and Kent's eyes never wearied of feasting upon it. "Oh, if mother could only see these grand mountains!" he thought. "And

if I ever get promoted to a good salary she shall !"

Nine hours passed, and at length the great engine, with an almost human sigh of relief, stopped, panting, on a

range

seat on the rear platform of the last car, where he could could look back at the grand snow-capped mount is a minute of terrible encount

up the grade, until it had passed the lower end of the siding, and then stopped at the water tank on the main track. A few minutes later the express pulled out, and the switchman again set the main track open. Kent remained on the rear platform of the train, looked back at the mountains. Presently he saw the freight train endeavor to start up again. The engines backed a trifle, and then, as the car breaks were released, went forward with a jerk.

Kent Ballard suddenly jumped to his feet. What could it mean? — the freight train seemed to be backing down the heavy grade after the ex press, instead of going straight ahead. But no! the engines and the main part of the train were going the other way. Then the startling truth flashed upon the young man. The jerking start of the heavy engines had broken the train in two, and the rear part of it, without a brakeman aboard, was running wild down the steep grade after the express.

What was to be done ! Fortunately, Kent Ballard was not one to be easily confused in an emergency. He was noted for always "having his wits about him." Plainly, the first thing to do was to warn the engineer of the express. But this must be done withexpress. But this must be done wind-out alarming the passengers and throwing them into a panic. Some persons would have been just foolish enough, on making the discovery which Kent had, to run back through which isent had, to run back through the train, crying: "Get ready to jump for your lives! There's a runa-way freight train on the track behind us!" But Kent did not even hurry throught the cars on his way forward to the arging lot ha should thereby to the engine, lest he should thereby excite the suspicions of the passengers. Even the brakemen did not suspect any danger from his actions as he passed through the train. But as soon as he reached the baggage car, where the conductor was sitting, he motioned the latter to follow him. Rushing to the forward platform he climbed on top of the tender and shouted : "Faley !"

The engineer did not hear him at first. "Faley!"

The man turned quickly. "Crowd on steam! That freight train has broken in two and is chasing

us down the grade !" "Good God!" exclaimed the con-ductor, who had followed Kent out on the platform of the baggage car." "Let her out, Faley! I will go back and signal you from the rear car. "The conductor disappeared, and

The conductor disappeared, and Kent crawled over the tender into the engine cab. Faley had already "let her out" as much as her already her out" as much as he dared on so her out " as much as he dared on so steep a grade. Presently, however, came the clear signal of the conductor's bell—" More steam !" Faley's hand was on the throttle, but he hesitated. "It's worse to jump the rails than to get overhauled on the track," he mut-tered. "But here goes ! I'm in this

cab to obey orders." He threw the throttle wider open, and the great engine rocked and plunged at more terrific speed down

the sharp incline. "Those stone cars must be terribly

ern grade. The express had to wait on the siding until this freight train should pass and leave the main track clear. While they were waiting, Kent Ballard left the engine, and took his seat on the regulation of the leave of the list of the signal says 'siding open.' You've either killed us or cured us— depends on how close behind the freight case are "

car, where he could could look back at the grand snow-capped mountains they had just passed. The heavy freight train struggled up the grade, until it had passed the lower end of the siding, and then cars came on ?

shadow passed with the swiftness of lightning.

It was the runaway freight cars, thundering by on the main track The station master had thrown open the switch rod and closed the siding,

just in time. It was not long after this experience that Kent Ballard got his promotion : and the next time he visited the Rockies it was as Assistant General Passenger Agent of the C., D. and P. railroad. On this trip he brought his mother with him in a Pullman car.

BALFOUR "A POPULAR STATES. MAN."

Mr. Balfour's veracity has not always escaped hostile criticism, and it is at least certain that he has been more often convicted than any other leading politician of a rashness of asser-tion which does not leave him time to base his words on fact. Probably never was this characteristic more vividly displayed than when, in the Leinster Hall, on Saturday night last, he spoke of himself as "a popular statesman." It is said that George IV., whenever he had dined, "not wisely, but too well," used to assure the Duke of Wellington that he, too, had been at the Battle of Waterloo. We do not know if Lord Iveagh's hos pitality had been of a nature to pro-duce that hilariousness of intelligence which might induce Mr. Balfour to think that he really was "a popular statesman," but the probability is that the ex-Chief Secretary has become the victim of a delusion created by the excellently organized performances of the hired Unionists mobs, who have had their faces washed and old clothes lent them in order that they might do duty as "the loyal population." In fact the well arranged scenes witnessed during Mr. Balfour's visit to Belfast irresistibly remind us of what Mr. Pickwick saw at the Eatenswill Elec-tion, and which Dickens thus recorded: "Is everything ready?" said the Honorable Samuel Slumkey to Mr. Perker.

" Everything, my dear sir," was the little man's reply. "Nothing has been omitted, I hope?

said the Honorably Samuel Slumkey. "Nothing has been left undone, my dear sir—nothing whatever. There are twenty washed men at the street door for you to shake hands with ; and six children in arms that you're to pat on the head, and inquire the age of be particular about the children, my dear sir, it has always a great effect, that sort of thing." "Ill take care," said the Honorable

dispensable-but if you could manage to kiss one of 'em, it would produce a

ings of the original inhabitants of British North America is that which assembles in the Province of British

Columbia every second year. St. Mary's Mission, an Indian village on the banks of the Fraser river, was the spot chosen for the cars came on? "Jump !--we've done everything we can," cried Faley to Kent and the fireman, as the express stopped on the siding. Even as they jumped, there right side of the engine, and a dark shadow passed with the swiftness of Church in that province have established the custom of holding these every second year gatherings of the Indians under their teaching in order that, by spectacular means, they may present more impressively to the minds of the natives the leading

truths of the Catholic faith. The ceremonies, as described in the London *Graphic*, began after the elergy and their visiting guests who had come to attend the convecation had dined. The leading members of the coast tribes assembled in front of the convent, upon the steps of which stood the dignitaries, with Ermine Skin as the central figure, near him standing Alexander Strongman.

Ohief Henry, of the Squamish tribe, read the address of welcome, it being translated into the Cree language by Father Lacombe; into French, by Father Marichal; and into Chinook, by Father Chirouse. Replies were made by Ermine Skin and Alexander Strong man, their words having to pas through the medium of an interprete before becoming intelligible to the audi ence. Chief Henry also replied, reci proceeding the kindly sentiments of Ermine Skin and praising the priests, and concluded by saying that if they never met again on earth he trusted they would in heaven.

The representation of the Way of the Cross was then commenced under the direction of Father Corniellier, principal of the Mission school.

The Indians were appropriately dressed, their garments and accountrements being a representation of those worn at the time of the Saviour. Prayers having been recited, a procession was formed at the bottom of the bluff, and amid the chanting of the Passion Hymn wended its way by a circuitous route up the hill, and continued at a very slow pace until the place of crucifixion was reached. On the route the procession had to pass the representations of various scenes which occurred in the few hours preceeding the crucifixion of the Saviour. First came the agony in the garden -four Indians in habits the disciples are supposed to have worn, representing the characters in that event. Then came the arrest of Jesus by Judas

and the soldiers. The third was Christ before Pilate; then the scourging; next came the crowning of the Saviour with thorns; following that was Christ and Veronica, and then the holy women meeting Jesus, and, lastly, the Crucifixion. All of these were very realistic representations, the Scourg ing and Crucifixion being especially

" Ill take care," said the Honorable Samuel Slumkey. "And, perhaps, my dear sir," said the cautious little man, "perhaps if you could—I don't mean to say it's in-dispensable—but if you cauto to say it's in-dispensable—but if you cauto to say it's inarriving at the scene, prayers were said, all kneeling, a striking feature being the repeating of the Pater Noster difficult and responsible position for three years. You deserve a favor now and then, according to my way of look. ing at things. Well, good-by to you, and a pleasant trip!" The mid-week overland express pulled out at 10 c'clock on Thursday if the big mogul locomotive. "Our first run will be express for fifty represented blood was made to trinkle from the wounds in the head, hands feet and sides. One soldier stood ready with hyssop upon a staff, and on the other side a soldier with a spear, while at the foot of the cross upon which hung a statue of her beloved Son, was the Virgin Mary, her black hair flowing down her hack and black hair flowing down her back and bitter gri f expressed in every move-ment. The solemn services were brought to a conclusion without bring ing a thought of irreverence, but on the contrary inciting a stronger feeling of devotion and love for the Cruci fied One.

Catholic circles at Indianapolis are onsiderably agitated over a circular that is being sent through the mails and which purports to be addressed to members of the Catholic Church, and urges them to stand together in defens of their religion and eschew politics except when it may be advantageous to the interest of the Church. The circular is marked "confidential," and declares that the masses cannot be kept in ignorance, the confessional maintained and the absolute supremacy of the Church continued. The clergy arranged to organize in order to counteract the influence of societies which have been formed and which have for their object the overthrow of the Catholic Church. Prominent Catholics who were shown the circular said that it probably emanated from the American Protective Association, which has recently been formed in a number of counties in Indiana. They say that the document bears upon it face the evidence that it did not eman ate from persons having the good of the Church at heart. Father Alerding expressed the sentiment of Catholics when he said that the circular was intended for Protestants only, with the hope of creating prejudice against Catholics. He said the A. P. A., has

an organization at Indianapolis and a an organization at indianapoins and a few days ago a member was fined for buying a hat of a Catholic dealer, while another member was fined for employing a plumber who is a Catholic. The circular is causing much feeling.

The Work of Rum.

Chauncy Depew, against whom no one could think of charging a Puritanic spirit, speaks as follows on the temper-"Twenty-five years ago I knew

very man, woman and child in Peek skill, and it has been a study with me to mark boys who started in every grade of life with myself, to see what has become of them. I was up last fall and began to count them over, and it was an instructive exhibit. Some of them became clerks, merchants, manufactures, lawyers, doctors. It is remarkable that every one of those who drank is dead ; not one living of my age. Barring a few who were taken off by sickness, every one who proved a wreck and wrecked his family did it from rum, and no other cause. Of those who were church going people, who were steady, industrious and hard-working men, who were frugal and thrifty, every one of them, without exception, owns the house in which he lives and has something laid by, the interest of which with the house would carry him through many a rainy day.

Be charitable towards your neighbor,

1892, "The Cream of the Havana Crop."

Crop." "La Cadena" and "La Flora" brands of cigars are undoubtedly superior in quality and considerably lower in price than any brand imported. Prejudiced smokers will not admit this to be the case. The connois seur knows it. S. DAVIS & SONS, Montreal. HOAST is the old Scotch name for a cough The English name for the best cure for coughs is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.



Hood's

Sarsaparilla

It would be difficult to find a man better known in the vicinity of Burlington, Vt., than Mr. R. D. Wheeler of Winooski Falls, the efficient Deputy Sheriff of Burlington county. He says: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "Dear Sirs: If Hood's Sarsaparilla cost

SIO.00 a Pottle

I should still keep using it, as I have for the past ten years. With me the question as to whether life is worth living depends upon whether I can get Hood's Sarsaparilla. I don't think I could live without it now, certainly I should not wish to, and suffer as I used to. For over ten years I suffered the horrors of the damned with

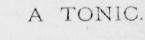
Sciatic Rheumatism

for if ever a man suffers with anything in this world it is with that awful dis-case. It seems to me as if all other ease. If seems to the as if an other physical suffering were compressed into that one. I took about everything man ever tried for it but never got a dollar's worth of help until I began taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I have taken it now pretty regularly for I have taken it how pietry regularly for ten years and have no more pain and can get around all right. I have advised a good many to try Hood's Sar-saparilla." R. D. WHEELER, Deputy Sheriff, Winooski Falls, Vt. Hood's Pills Cure Liver Ills

THE VITAL PRINCIPLES ____OF ____ BEEF AND WHEAT HYPOPHOSPHITES plicity, purity and humility of heart. destrious only of pleasing Him, and of attributing to Him the glory of every-thing.—Blessed Margaret Mary. A FOOD -AND----



CHURCH BELLS CHERAL MeSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD. WENT THOY, N. Y., BELL

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and you will have a good chance to ee how No. 312 behaves." It was a trip full of profit and delight the young to here the second secon

to the young telegraph operator. He was very fond of all kinds of machin-ery, and the mechanism of the engine proyed a most free with and delight the second televise of the second televise with the second televise of te "if that doesn't save us, it will smash us!

Kent Ballard had been thinking very hard for a few minutes. A pro-ject was forming itself in his mind. suddenly he grasped the engineer by the sleeve, and asked, eagerly : "How far ahead is the next

station ?' "About five miles."

"Siding there?"

"Yes.

"Telegraph operator ?"

"Yes. "Good ! I have a plan. Let me work the whistle. I'll signal them ! What is the name of the station ?'

" Mineville. Kent Ballard grasped the whistle cord. In sounds corresponding to those of the Morse code when ticked

those of the Morse code when ticked out by the instrument, he signaled— "Mineville! attention!" After a few seconds' pause, he re-peated the call. "How far are we from the station now?" he asked. "Between three and four miles," answered the engineer. "You can calculate a little more than a mile to the minute.'

Kent repeated the cell once more, and allowed a pause of ten seconds. Then he telegraphed, by sounds— "Open the siding, quick !"

Then a pause of ten seconds, and again-

"Open the siding !" The station was now in sight. Men were running to and fro in front of it. "I've telegraphed them to open the

Samuel Slumkey, with a resigned air, "then it must be done. That's all." "Arrange the procession," cried the twenty committee men.

There was a moment of awful suspense as the procession waited for the Honorable Samuel Slumkey to step

into his carriage. Suddenly the crowd set up a great cheering.
"He has come out," said little Mr.
Perker, greatly excited ; the more so as their position did not enable them to see what was going forward. Another cheer, much louder. "He has shaken hands with the men," cried the little agent.

Another cheer, far more vehement. "He has patied the babes on the head," said Mr. Perker, trembling

with anxiety.

A roar of applause that r nt the air. "He has kissed one of 'en!" exclaimed the delighted little man.

A second roar. "He has kissed another," gasped

the excited manager.

A third roar. "He's kissing 'em all !" screamed the enthusiastic little gentleman. And hailed by the deafening shouts of the

multitude, the procession moved on. By a strange oversight the babies appear to have been forgotten both in Leinster Hill and Belfast, but the "twenty washed men "were not over-looked; the handshaking was duly performed, "immense enthusiasm" was aroused, and consequently Mr. Balfour styles himself " a popular statesman "-Irish Catholic.

Spring medicine and Hood's Sarsaparilla are synonymous terms, so popular is this great medicine at this season.

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Exter-minator because they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an effectual availar of warms

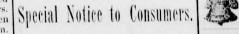
The Dignity of the Priesthood.

In Heaven only will the priest com-prehend what he is. If he could com-prehend it on earth, he would die, not of fright but of love. The priesthood is the plentitude of the love of Jesus's heart. How sublimely great is the priest! What an honor, what a happi-ness, to serve or help a priest! If I were to meet an angel and a priest, exclaimed a great saint, I would salute the priest first, for he represents Our the priest first, for he represents Our Lord Himself.

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture. How to Get a "Sumlight" Picture. Sond 25 'Samlight" Saap wrappers (wrappers bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sconer Than a Man") to LEVER Bros.. Ltd., 13 Scott street, Toronto, and you will re-reive by post a pretty picture, free from adver-tisine, and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The scap is the best in the market, and it will only cost to postage to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

the ends open. Write your address carefully. Perfect Satisfaction. GENTLEMEN. – I have found B. B. an excellent remedy, both as a blood purifier and general family medicine. I was for a long time troubled with sick headache and heartburn, and tried a bottle, which gave me such perfect satisfaction that I have since then used it as our family medicine. E. BAILEY, North Bay, Ont. COMPUTED, UNDER AND LUSS, cracked

ERNEST GIRADOT & CC Altar Wine a Specialty. Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the best im-ported Bordeaux. For prices and information address, E. GIRADOT & CO. Sandwich, Ont CHAPPED HANDS AND LIPS, cracked skin, sores, cuts, wounds and bruises are promptly cured by Victoria Carbolic Salve.







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in operation, can be seen at our wareroom

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with stone, and drawn by two locomo-tives, was slowly puffing up the west-

