

THE KID ENGINEER

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

When the big strike caught us at Zanesville we had one hundred and eighty engineers and firemen on the pay-roll. One hundred walked out. One of these men—stayed with the company; that was Dad Hamilton.

"Yes," growled Dad, combating the protests of the strikers' committee, "I belong to your lodge. But I'll tell you now—an I've told you afore—I ain't goin' to strike on the company so long as Neighbor is master-mechanic on this division. Ain't a goin' to do it, an' you might as well quit. 'F you jaw here from now till Christmas 'twon't change my mind n'r a bit."

And they didn't change it. Through the calm and through the storm—and it stormed hard for a while—Dad Hamilton, whenever we could supply him with an engineer, fired religiously.

No other man in the service could have done it without getting killed; but Dad was old enough to father any man among the strikers. Moreover, he was a giant physically, and eccentric enough to move along through the heat of the crisis indifferent to the abuse of other men. His gray hairs and his tremendous physical strength saved him from personal violence.

Our master-mechanic, "Neighbor," was another big man—six feet an inch in his stockings, as strong as a draw-bar. Between Neighbor and the old fireman there existed some sort of a bond—a liking, an affinity. Dad Hamilton had fired on our division ten years. There was no promotion for Dad; he could never be an engineer, though only Neighbor knew why. But his job of firing on the river division was sure as long as Neighbor signed the pay-rolls at the round-house.

Hence there was no surprise when the superintendent offered him an engine, just after the strike, that Dad refused to take it. "I'm a fireman, and Neighbor knows it. I ain't no engineer. I'll make steam for any man you put in the cab with me, but I won't touch a throttle for no man. I laid it down, and I'll never pinch it again—an' no offence 't you, Neighbor, neither."

This ended negotiations with Dad on that subject; threats and entreaties were useless. Then, too, in spite of his professed willingness to throw coal for any man we put on his engine, he was continually rowing about the green runners we gave him. From the standpoint of a railroad man they were a tough assortment; for a fellow may be a good painter, or a handy man with a jack-plane, or an expert machinist, even, and yet a failure as an engine-runner.

After we got hold of Foley, Neighbor put him on awhile with Dad, and the grizzled fireman quickly declared that Foley was the only man on the pay-roll who knew how to move a train.

The little chap proved such remarkable find that I tried hard to get some of his Eastern tricks to come out and join him. After a good bit of hustling we did get half a dozen more leading boys for our new corps of engine-men, but the East-End officials kept all but one of them on their own divisions. That one we got because nobody on the East End wanted him.

"After we got hold of Foley, Neighbor put him on awhile with Dad, and the grizzled fireman quickly declared that Foley was the only man on the pay-roll who knew how to move a train. The little chap proved such remarkable find that I tried hard to get some of his Eastern tricks to come out and join him. After a good bit of hustling we did get half a dozen more leading boys for our new corps of engine-men, but the East-End officials kept all but one of them on their own divisions. That one we got because nobody on the East End wanted him.

"They've cramped the whole bunch, Foley," said I, answering his inquiries. "There's just one fellow reported here—came in on 3 this mornin' with him; but he doesn't think much of him. I guess we're out on the transportation on that fellow."

"What's his name?" asked Foley. "Is he off the Reading?" "Claims he is; his name is McNeal." "McNeal?" echoed Foley, surprised. "Not George McNeal?" "I don't know what his first name is; he's nothing but a boy."

"Dark-complexioned fellow?" "Perhaps you'd call him that; sort of soft-spoken." "George McNeal, sure's you're born. If you've got him you've got a bird. He ran opposite me between New York and Philadelphia on the limited. I want to see him, right off. If it's George, you're all right."

Foley's talk went a good ways with me any time. When I told Neighbor about it he picked up his ears. While we were debating, in rushed Foley with the young fellow—the kid—as he called him. Neighbor made another survey of the ground in short order; ran a new line, as Foley would have said. The upshot of it was that McNeal was assigned to an engine straightway.

As luck would have it, Neighbor put the boy on the 244 and Dad Hamilton; and Dad trembled at once to make what Foley termed "a great roar." "What's the matter?" demanded Neighbor, roughly, when the old fireman complained.

"If you're goin' to pull these trains with boys I guess it's time for me to quit; I'm gettin' pretty old, anyhow." "What's the matter?" growled Neighbor, still surlier, knowing full well that if the old fellow had a good reason he would have blurted it out at the start.

"Nothin's the matter; only I'd like my time." "You won't get it," said Neighbor, roughly. "Go back on your run. If McNeal don't behave, report him to me, and he'll get his time."

It was a favorite trick of Neighbor's. Whenever the old fireman got the master-mechanic threatened to discharge the engineer. That settled it; Dad Hamilton wouldn't for the world be the cause of throwing another man out of a job, no matter how little he liked him.

the old man's stubborn as a dun mule, ain't he? The injectors bother George some; they did me. He'll get used to things. But Dad thinks he's green—that's what's the matter. The kid is high-spirited, and seeing the old man's kind of got it in for him he won't ask him anything. Dad's sore about that, too. George won't knuckle to anybody that don't treat him right.

"You'd better tell McNeal to humor the old crank," I suggested; and I believe Foley did so, but it didn't do any good. Sometimes those things have to work themselves out without outside help. In the end this thing did, but in a way none of us looked for.

About a week later Foley came into the office one morning very much excited. "Did you hear about the boy's getting pounded last night—George McNeal? It's a shame the way these fellows act. Three of the strikers piled on him while he was going into the post-office, and then they got out of on a man's back that way!"

"Foley," said I, "that's the first time they've tackled one of Dad Hamilton's engineers." "They'd never have done it if they thought there was any danger of Dad's getting after them. They know he doesn't like the boy."

"It's an outrage; but we can't do anything. You know that. Tell McNeal to keep away from the post-office. We'll get his mail for him." "I told him that this morning. He's in bed, and looks pretty hard. But he won't dodge those fellows. He claims it's a free country," grinned Foley.

"But I told him he'd get over that idea if he stuck out this trouble." "It was three days before McNeal was able to report for work, though he worked full time just the same. Even then he wasn't fit for duty, but he begged Neighbor for his run until he got it. The strikers were jubilant while the boy was laid up; but just what Dad thought no one could find out. I wanted to tell the old growler what I thought of him, but Foley said it wouldn't do any good, and might do harm, so I held my peace."

One might have thought that the injustice and brutality of the thing would have roused him; but men who have repressed themselves till they are gray-headed don't rise in a hurry to resent a wrong. Dad kept as mute as the Sphinx. When McNeal was ready to go out the old fireman had the 224 shining; but if the pale face of his engineer had any effect on him, he kept it to himself.

As they rattled down the line with a long stock-train that night neither of them referred to the break in their run. Coming back next night the same silence hung over the cab. The only words that passed over the boiler-head were "strickly business," as Dad would say.

At Oxford they were laid out by a Pullman special. It was 3 o'clock in the morning and raining hard. Under such circumstances an hour seems all night. At last Dad himself broke the unreportable silence.

"He'd have waited a good bit longer if he had waited for me to talk," said the boy, telling Foley afterwards. "Heard you got licked," growled Dad, after tinkering with the fire for the twentieth time.

"I didn't get licked," retorted George. "I got clubbed. I never had a chance to fight." "These fellows hate to see a boy come out and take a man's job. Can't blame 'em much, neither."

"Whose job did I take?" demanded George, angrily. "Was any of those fellows that jumped on me in the dark looking for work on this engine?" "There was nothing to say to that. Dad kept still."

"You talk about men," continued the young fellow. "If I am not more of a man than to slug a fellow from behind, the way they slugged me, I'll get off this engine and stay off. If that's what you call men out here I don't want to be a man. I'll go back to Pennsylvania."

"Why didn't you stay there?" growled Dad. "Why didn't you?" "Without attempting to return the shot, Dad pulled nervously at the chain.

"If I hadn't been fool enough to go out on a strike I might have been run out there yet," continued George. "Ought to have kept away from the post-office," grumbled Dad, after a pause.

I get a letter twice a week that I think more than I do of this whole road, and I propose to the post-office and get it without asking anybody's permission." "They'll pound you again."

George looked out into the storm. "Well, why shouldn't they? I've got no friends." "Got a girl back in Pennsylvania?" "Yes, I've got a girl there, as the rain tore at the cab window. She's gray-headed and sixty years old—that's my girl—and if she can write letters to me, I can get them out of the post-office without a guard."

the old man's stubborn as a dun mule, ain't he? The injectors bother George some; they did me. He'll get used to things. But Dad thinks he's green—that's what's the matter. The kid is high-spirited, and seeing the old man's kind of got it in for him he won't ask him anything. Dad's sore about that, too. George won't knuckle to anybody that don't treat him right.

"You'd better tell McNeal to humor the old crank," I suggested; and I believe Foley did so, but it didn't do any good. Sometimes those things have to work themselves out without outside help. In the end this thing did, but in a way none of us looked for.

About a week later Foley came into the office one morning very much excited. "Did you hear about the boy's getting pounded last night—George McNeal? It's a shame the way these fellows act. Three of the strikers piled on him while he was going into the post-office, and then they got out of on a man's back that way!"

"Foley," said I, "that's the first time they've tackled one of Dad Hamilton's engineers." "They'd never have done it if they thought there was any danger of Dad's getting after them. They know he doesn't like the boy."

"It's an outrage; but we can't do anything. You know that. Tell McNeal to keep away from the post-office. We'll get his mail for him." "I told him that this morning. He's in bed, and looks pretty hard. But he won't dodge those fellows. He claims it's a free country," grinned Foley.

"But I told him he'd get over that idea if he stuck out this trouble." "It was three days before McNeal was able to report for work, though he worked full time just the same. Even then he wasn't fit for duty, but he begged Neighbor for his run until he got it. The strikers were jubilant while the boy was laid up; but just what Dad thought no one could find out. I wanted to tell the old growler what I thought of him, but Foley said it wouldn't do any good, and might do harm, so I held my peace."

One might have thought that the injustice and brutality of the thing would have roused him; but men who have repressed themselves till they are gray-headed don't rise in a hurry to resent a wrong. Dad kept as mute as the Sphinx. When McNeal was ready to go out the old fireman had the 224 shining; but if the pale face of his engineer had any effect on him, he kept it to himself.

As they rattled down the line with a long stock-train that night neither of them referred to the break in their run. Coming back next night the same silence hung over the cab. The only words that passed over the boiler-head were "strickly business," as Dad would say.

At Oxford they were laid out by a Pullman special. It was 3 o'clock in the morning and raining hard. Under such circumstances an hour seems all night. At last Dad himself broke the unreportable silence.

"He'd have waited a good bit longer if he had waited for me to talk," said the boy, telling Foley afterwards. "Heard you got licked," growled Dad, after tinkering with the fire for the twentieth time.

"I didn't get licked," retorted George. "I got clubbed. I never had a chance to fight." "These fellows hate to see a boy come out and take a man's job. Can't blame 'em much, neither."

"Whose job did I take?" demanded George, angrily. "Was any of those fellows that jumped on me in the dark looking for work on this engine?" "There was nothing to say to that. Dad kept still."

"You talk about men," continued the young fellow. "If I am not more of a man than to slug a fellow from behind, the way they slugged me, I'll get off this engine and stay off. If that's what you call men out here I don't want to be a man. I'll go back to Pennsylvania."

"Why didn't you stay there?" growled Dad. "Why didn't you?" "Without attempting to return the shot, Dad pulled nervously at the chain.

"If I hadn't been fool enough to go out on a strike I might have been run out there yet," continued George. "Ought to have kept away from the post-office," grumbled Dad, after a pause.

I get a letter twice a week that I think more than I do of this whole road, and I propose to the post-office and get it without asking anybody's permission." "They'll pound you again."

George looked out into the storm. "Well, why shouldn't they? I've got no friends." "Got a girl back in Pennsylvania?" "Yes, I've got a girl there, as the rain tore at the cab window. She's gray-headed and sixty years old—that's my girl—and if she can write letters to me, I can get them out of the post-office without a guard."

long Catholics say, and that without apparent regret, they do not feel specially drawn toward the Blessed Virgin. Some converts, too, complain of this, but usually, unlike their fellow-Catholics, in this matter, they complain of it in terms of self-reproach. In Catholics from childhood this lack of devotion might be explained by the readiness with which they take up everything recommended to them as a devotion, and thus distract their minds and dissipate their emotions so as to be unable to apply them to objects really worthy of devotion.

Most of them however, as all the converts who really lack devotion to Our Lady, could account for this by the fact, either that they were not trained to cultivate it when young, or that in later life it was recommended to them in a way to repel rather than to attract their interest. Childlike confidence is the chief thing needed for devotion to Our Lady, and this is not easy to acquire in later life without proper direction and diligence, or even in earlier years without a thorough religious training at home and at school. It is not enough to respect Mary as Mother and to conceive a high regard for her sanctity and prerogatives, and to feel implicitly trust in another's fidelity, belief in the power and reliance on the readiness of another to help us by granting or obtaining what we need.

Confidence in the Mother of God implies a disposition to make known to her the most secret needs and wishes of our hearts, to invoke her aid, to obtain the favor of her powerful intercession. It is the highest expression of our filial love for her to whom we become sons by our brotherhood with Jesus Christ. She loves us with a tenderness no words can express, with a love that is not less for each one personally, because our number is multiplied, and her love is so constant that neither time nor absence, nor our own indifference or ingratitude can turn her from us. She is all-powerful with God, "full of grace," worthy of every divine favor, and consequently able to prove her love by obtaining for us from Him His choicest gifts. We need but to invoke her aid to obtain what we desire, and with each new gift a new motive of confidence. We cannot exhaust her generosity. We need not exhaust her confidence. We need this confidence in Our Lady in these days of mutual distrust, as we advance in years and suffer the loss of our earthly mothers who were given to us by God to inspire us with confidence in Him. We need this confidence in hours of desolation and temptation, when disposed to take gloomy or pessimistic views of the world about us. We need to have on our lips the familiar cry of her Litany: "Virgin Most Powerful! Cause of Our Joy, Gate of Heaven! Help of the Weak! Consoler of the Afflicted!" and all the tender expressions of love with which, as true children, we can confidently invoke her motherly intercession.

THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS. American Herald. The Mass is a work to which the salvation of the world is attached.—St. Oden, Abbot of Cluny. It is to the Mass that the earth owes its preservation—without this sacrifice it would long ago have been annihilated on account of the sins of men.—Timothy of Jerusalem.

Every time that the Lord is immolated on our altars He confers no less favor on the world than which He gave it in becoming man.—St. Bonaventure. The sacrifice of the altar, being but the application and the renewal of the Sacrifice of the Cross, a Mass is, in regard to the well-being and salvation of men, as efficacious as the Sacrifice of Calvary.—St. Thomas Aquinas.

A Mass is worth just as much as the death of Christ on the Cross.—St. John Chrysostom. Should anyone die on the day on which he has pliously assisted at Mass, without being able to receive the Sacrament, he is considered to have received them, provided he had at his death contrition for his sins.—St. Augustine.

He who hears Mass in the state of grace, for a greater reason, the priest who celebrates in piety, merits more than if he went on a pilgrimage all over the world, and gave all his possessions to the poor.—St. Bernard. Without doubt God will grant us all that we ask of Him during the Mass, and very often He grants more than we ask for.—St. Jerome.

The Sacrifice of the Mass is so excellent that nothing created can give us an adequate idea of it. Add together all the merits of the incomparable Mary, all the adorations of the Angels, all the sufferings of the Martyrs, all the austerities of the Anchorite, all the purity of the Virgins, all the virtues of the Confessors; in a word, all the merits of the Saints who, from the beginning of the world to the consummation of ages; then join to all these merits the virtues and merits of millions and millions of supposed worlds still more perfect than ours—and still you cannot have the exact idea of the value of one Mass. A Mass in value is infinitely beyond all these, and never can there be a comparison between the finite and the infinite. Reason itself is not slow in comprehending this. All the honors, all the homages which all actual and possible creatures can give to God, even though they should be incalculably more perfect than they now are, have but finite value, whereas the honor given to God from Mass is infinite. Faith proclaims all this, and there can be no question on this matter. The Sacrifice, considered in itself, is of value infinitely beyond the conception of the highest Angel in Heaven!

Hence there is no action that is more dear to God than the Holy Mass; none that renders Him so much glory; that disarms so efficaciously His wrath; that obtains more successfully His favors than is more succoring to the Church on earth, or more comforting to the souls in purgatory, or gives more joy to And the fruits of the Holy Mass are simply innumerable. Those specially

You Can Buy BEST FOR WASH DAY. SURPRISE SOAP. BEST FOR EVERY DAY. of any Grocer

mentioned in the "Sayings of Saints" above will suffice to give you a fair idea of them. Always, then, hear Mass when an opportunity is given you, not only on a Sunday, but also on other days, even though the church be far away and the weather somewhat unpleasant, and make it a point to be in time. And, when attending, avoid all willful distractions and sinful behavior, such as laughing, talking, gazing about, disturbing others. Comply with the ceremonies, and do it reverently; when called for stand erectly, kneel devoutly, or sit devoutly. Always remember that, while Mass is being said, you are present at the same spectacle that the Jews witnessed when Christ was crucified on Calvary, then Mass will be for you a strong means of salvation.

Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be. Nor have all things been, when compared with Thee. In having all things, and not Thee, what have I? Not having Thee, what have my labors got? Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I? And having Thee, what have I not? I wish no sea nor land; nor would I be Possessed of Heaven, Heaven unpossessed of Thee. —F. QUARLES.

Powerful Words. God knows it and He loves me! Oh! the marvellous power of these words! They adapt themselves to every circumstance in life and to every situation of the soul. All that is necessary that they should produce their effect is that we should "watch over the purity of our souls and our union with God." —Golden Sands.

THOUGHTS ON OUR LADY. O Mary, who so much desirest to see Jesus loved, if thou lovest me, the favor that I now ask of thee is to obtain for me a great love of Jesus Christ!—St. Alphonsus Liguori. Go to our Lady, whose love is as the sea; pray her to help you to overcome your faults, to obtain for you never to commit a deliberate fault, never to offend God. She will not only make you very good but very happy.—Father Dignam, S. J.

Intelligent people who know no more than the externals of our religion, all admire, if they do not feel moved, to imitate our devotion to the Mother of God. They appreciate the spirit which prompts it, and its influence on our relations to Almighty God. This change of sentiment cannot all be explained by the enlightenment or liberality of the age; the constancy of Catholic devotion has had much to do with it, but without a doubt Our Lady's own sweet influence has been the chief factor in bringing it about.

THE BLOOM OF HEALTH. How to Keep Little Ones Bright, Active and Healthy. Every mother knows that little children need careful attention—but they do not need strong drugs. When baby is peevish, cross or unwell, it is an unfortunate fact that too many mothers dose them with so-called "soothing" medicines which stupefy and put the little one into an unnatural sleep, but do not remove the cause of the trouble. What is wanted to make the little one bright, cheerful and well, is Baby's Own Tablets, which will promptly cure colic, vomiting, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and soothing troubles. They give children sound, refreshing sleep, because they remove the cause of the trouble. These tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. Mrs. James Found, Valentin, Ont., says: "Before I got Baby's Own Tablets, my baby was very pale and delicate, and so peevish that I had to walk the floor with him day and night. The first tablet I gave him helped him, and that night he slept soundly. Since then the tablets have made him perfectly well, and he is now a fine, healthy looking baby, and is getting quite fat. I would not be without the tablets if they cost a dollar a box."

Baby's Own Tablets are good for children of all ages and are taken as readily as candy. Crushed to a powder, they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest baby. Sold by all druggists, or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Miss Jones' Voice Greatly Improved. A startling improvement is noticeable in Miss Jones' singing. Her voice is stronger, and sounds clearer and sweeter than before using Catarrhose, which is a wonderful aid to singers, speakers and musicians. CATARRHOSE makes the voice brilliant and enduring, and is uncommonly well recommended by Prima Donnas, members of Parliament, Lawyers, Doctors and thousands that use it daily. Better by Catarrhose. Price \$1.00 per six 6's. Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns from my hands by the use of Holy Way's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience. HAMILTON'S PILLS. CHILDREN all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

FATHER KOENIG'S FREE NERVE TONIC. A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor get this medicine FREE. KOENIG MED. CO. 49 Franklin St., Chicago. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per bottle; six for \$5.

MICA AXLE GREASE. Makes short roads. And light loads. Good for everything that runs on wheels. Sold Everywhere. Made by IMPERIAL OIL CO.

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA. Formerly The Ontario Mutual Life. This Company issues every safe and desirable form of policy. We have policies at reasonable rates, that guarantee: An Income to Yourself for life. An Income to Your Wife if you have one for her life. An Income to Your Children if you have any for twenty years after your death and your wife's death. They also guarantee Liberal Cash and Loan Values and Automatically Extended Insurance for full face of the policy. ROBERT MELVIN, GEO. WILKINSON, President, Manager. W. H. RIDDELL, Sec'y, Waterloo, Ont.

PURE GOLD JELLY POWDER. Joyfully, Quick. Flavored with PURE GOLD EXTRACTS always true to name AT YOUR GROCERS

The TOILET IS INCOMPLETE WITHOUT POND'S EXTRACT. RELIEVES CHAFING, ITCHING OR IRRITATION. COOLS, COMFORTS AND HEALS THE SKIN, AFTER SHAVING. Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sores and often contains "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826 BELL'S CHURCH SCHOOL & OTHER PUREST BELLS. MERRILL & CO. GENUINE BELL METALS. CHINA, ENGLAND, GERMANY, ITALY, SWITZERLAND & PRUSSIA.

WORLD'S GREATEST LUMBER FOUNDRY ESTAB. 1858. CHURCH, FEEL and Chinese Bells. Write for Catalogue to W. W. VAN BUREN & Co. Buckeye Bell Foundry, Cincinnati, O.

Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway. QUALIFIED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Clearing Right of Way" will be received at this office until noon on Friday, the 23rd of May, 1902, for clearing the first two sections of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, extending Twenty miles northward from North Bay. Plans and specifications of the work may be seen and full information obtained at the office of the Chief Engineer at North Bay, or at the Department of Public Works, Toronto. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied for this purpose by the Department of Public Works, and signed with the actual signatures of the parties tendering. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Commissioner of Public Works, for \$500, must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party whose tender is accepted declines to enter into a contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the parties whose tenders are not accepted. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. F. R. LATCHFORD, Commissioner. Department of Public Works, Toronto, Ont., 7th May, 1902. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it. 1250-2.