

## The Fireside.

### THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

No, children, my trips are over,  
The engineer needs rest;  
My hand is shaky; I'm feeling  
A tugging pain in my breast;  
But here as the twilight gathers,  
I'll tell you a tale of the road,  
That'll ring in my head forever,  
Till it rests beneath the sod.

We were lumbering along in the twilight,  
The night was dropping her shade,  
And the "Gladiator" labored,—  
Climbing the top of the grade;  
The train was heavily laden,  
So I let my engine rest,  
Climbing the grading slowly,  
Till we reached the upland's crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight—  
Ten minutes behind the time!  
Lost in the slackened motion  
Of the up-grade's heavy climb;  
But I knew the miles of the prairie  
That stretched a level track,  
So I touched the gauge of the boiler,  
And pulled the lever back.

Over the rails a gleaming,  
Thirty an hour, or so,  
The engine leaped like a demon,  
Breathing a fiery glow;  
But to me—a hold of the lever—  
It seemed a child a-way,  
Trustful and always ready  
My lightest touch to obey.

I was proud, you know, of my engine,  
Holding it steady that night,  
And my eye on the track before us,  
Ablaze with the Drummond light.  
We neared a well-known cabin,  
Where a child of three or four,  
As the up train passed, oft called me,  
A-playing round the door.

My hand was firm on the throttle  
As we swept around the curve,  
When something afar in the shadow,  
Struck fire through every nerve.  
I sounded the brakes and crashed  
The reverse lever down in dismay,  
Groaning to Heaven—eighty paces  
Ahead was the child at its play!

One instant—one, awful and only—  
The world flew round in my brain,  
And I smote my hand hard on my forehead  
To keep back the terrible pain;  
The train I thought flying forever,  
With mad, irresistible roll,  
While the cries of the dying, the night  
Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the engine,  
How I got there I never could tell,  
My feet planted down on the cross-bar,  
Where the cow-catcher slopes to the rail;  
One hand firmly locked on the coupler,  
And one held out in the night,  
While my eyes gauged the distance and  
measured  
The speed of our slackening flight.

My mind, thank the Lord! it was steady;  
I saw the bright curls of her hair,  
And the face that, turning in wonder,  
Was lit by the deadly glare.  
I know little more, but I heard it,  
The groan of the anguished wheels,  
And remember thinking—the engine  
In agony trembles and reels.

One rod! To the day of my dying  
I shall think the old engine reared  
back,  
And as it recoiled with a shudder  
I swept my hand over the track;  
Then darkness fell over my eyelids,  
But I heard the surge of the train,  
And the poor old engine creaking,  
As racked by deadly pain.

They found us, they said, on the gravel,  
My fingers enmeshed in her hair,  
And she on my bosom a-climbing,  
To nestle securely there.  
We are not much given to crying—

We men that run on the road—  
But that night, they said, there were  
faces,  
With tears on them, lifted to God.

For years, in the eve and the morning,  
As I neared the cabin again,  
My hand on the lever pressed down-  
ward

And slackened the speed of the train.  
When my engine had blown her a greet-  
ing,  
She always would come to the door,  
And her look with a fulness of heaven  
Blesses me evermore.

—Selected.

### DAVE WARNER'S ANNIVERSARY.

BY CHARLES W. HAWTHORN.

It was Saturday night and pay day  
at Black Diamond, a fair-sized coal  
town along the Carbon river. The  
town of Black Diamond was principal-  
ly inhabited by miners and their families  
—the only exceptions being a few  
mine operators, of whom James Mason,  
of the Mason & Son's Coal Co. was  
one, and what business and professional  
men were necessary to meet the require-  
ments of the town.

An exceedingly dull season was anti-  
cipated at Black Diamond this year,  
as the mines had been running poorly  
since July, and an exceptionally dull  
anniversary was in store at the home of  
David Warner, a hard working, sober,  
industrious Christian coal miner.

Dave Warner was the sole support  
of what was left of the Warner family,  
and although but twenty-three years of  
age, he had been the provider for a  
loving mother, two small brothers of six  
and eight, and a sister of eighteen, his  
father and an elder brother having lost  
their lives five years before in a mine  
explosion.

As Dave Warner came down the  
snowy slopes of the coal hills on this  
Saturday evening with his meagre pay  
in his pocket, his heart was heavy with  
the thought of those at home and the  
coming Monday evening, when he had  
hoped to make the day bright for all.  
He could picture in his mind the child-  
ren of James Manson, romping in their  
sumptuously furnished home; he could  
see the bright painted toys, strewn about  
the room, almost unappreciated after  
the first few hours of play; he could  
see the older folks drawn around the  
bright glowing fire in the huge grate  
and watch the children; he could see  
them as they sat down to the dinner,  
the snowy table linen, the mirror-like  
silverware, the dainty china; he could  
see the big brown turkey and the hot  
steaming pudding; he could see this  
and all the other things which go to  
make up a dinner in the homes of the  
luxurious. He could hear the laughter  
and song of the afternoon, the conver-  
sation of happy by-gone days of the  
evening, and he saw their retirement to  
their downy beds at night. Then the  
picture changed to another home of  
bared walls and floors, well-worn com-  
mon table and chairs, a thinly clad, but  
kind and tender woman; two boys dear  
to his heart, and a beautiful young girl  
whose beauty was in face and manner,  
not clothing and jewelry. There were  
no toys here, no turkey and pudding.  
Coal that had to be used judiciously  
was about the only luxury to be seen,  
and when the lights were lit here it was  
the one solitary oil lamp. This was

his destination this night, for this was  
his home.

As he walked along, he remembered  
of hearing Nell, his sister, telling of the  
conversation at school the day before  
when all the scholars had been taking  
their turns at naming the pretty things  
they had at home and presents they ex-  
pected on their anniversaries.

Some expected much, others little, but  
when Nell Warner, the last one to speak,  
was called, she modestly lowered her  
eyes and spoke the one word, "nothing."

A bitter feeling came over Dave as  
he was saying to himself, "To some  
these occasions bring joy, to others sor-  
row, joy to the rich, sorrow to the  
poor. One man sits by the warm, bright  
fire in his easy chair and watches his  
family's enjoyment, the other man hudd-  
les over a few dying coals in a broken  
stove and listens to mournful winds  
and watches his family shivering with  
cold and starving for food, while out-  
side the sleigh bells jingle by." Such  
were his thoughts.

As Dave walked down the main street  
on his way home, the dazzle and sparkle  
and brightness of the display in the  
store windows only made him feel  
worse, and a sleepless night was staring  
him in the face.

Far up the street he could see a  
crowd of people, and as street brawls  
were exceedingly common at Black  
Diamond on pay day night, Dave came  
to the conclusion that such was the at-  
traction, and as he came within hear-  
ing distance of the crowd, his conclu-  
sions were strengthened, as the langu-  
age he heard was of a nature to make  
demons blush; and Dave was right, but  
the fight was over.

A drunken negro with a cut on his  
check was just being led away by two  
of his comrades, and there, on the side-  
walk, unconscious and with blood  
streaming from his head, lay, not an-  
other negro, not a poor coal miner, but  
Arthur Mason, son of James Mason,  
the wealthy coal man. A saloon with a  
shattered door told the story. A  
sleigh with merry ringing bells was  
drawn rapidly up the street by two  
spirited bays, and stopped, where the  
man lay. It was his father's sleigh, and  
his father who had received word of  
the affair was driving. The injured  
man, or I should say what should have  
been a man, was tenderly placed in the  
sleigh, and accompanied by the merry  
jingle of bells was taken home, and  
Dave Warner said to himself, "No  
music in those bells."

The picture came again to Dave in  
a new light. The true home lights were  
not the lights of tallow candles and  
electric bulbs, but were the lights with-  
in one's own self. Dave could still see  
that mansion on the hill; he saw the  
children and the toys, he again smelled  
the savory odor of the dinner, and now  
he heard the sleigh bells come up the  
driveway, he saw the door fly open, a  
heart-broken mother rush forth, and  
tearfully bend over the prostrate form  
of her disgraced boy, and Dave was now  
sorrowing for that home which a while  
ago he envied. And likewise the other  
picture, under the same true light,  
changed, and instead of bare floors and  
walls and dying coals, he saw the door  
of his home fly open at the sound of  
the tramp of his footsteps on the board-  
walk, and instead of being greeted with  
tears, only smiles and embraces awaited  
him. So as Dave Warner entered his  
home that night, an extra ring was in  
his voice, and an extra strength was in  
his embrace; and as Dave laid his earn-  
ings in his mother's hand, he said:  
"Here it is, mother; it isn't much, but

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let us thank God, after what I have seen to-night, that in his wisdom he has withheld from us that which might have led me the same way." And so that night when Dave lay down the bed had an extra softness and he slept soundly.

When he awoke on Sabbath morning, and looked from his window, every limb and twig, in fact everything was bared down with a layer of snow. And such an emblem of purity! and what a picture of beauty for rich and poor alike! In possession of this all men were equal.

After breakfast the first church bell rang, and Dave thought how clear and sweet a melody for all; how great the goodness of God.

At church that morning everything seemed more joyous, and when the text was announced, which was, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth

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