

ENGINEER CONNOR'S SON.

Some lives there are that seem to run in perpetual sunshine and roses. Some are rounded to darker lines, running always beside the deeper abysses of tragedy. Some there are who live their three score and drop out of existence, and the memory of them, for good or ill, ceases with the tolling of the bell that tells their going. And there are some, short little lives, to be sure, but so brim full of sweetness that the sunshine of them lingers in the hearts of those who knew them long after the little lives are ended.

When Jack Connor was promoted to the position of engineer on the Nashville and Chattanooga road, which cuts the State of Tennessee from north to south, he moved his family into the pretty little cottage standing side by side with crippled Jerry Crane's on the hill just above the railroad track, in the little village of Antioch. For the engineer was from home most of the time, and Jerry being a cripple, Jack knew, would insure his own wife considerable company and protection in Jerry's wife.

The houses stood side by side, and both doors opened towards the railroad. The village, indeed, was built so—straight down the railroad, for the train was about the biggest thing around Antioch.

Jack Connor's cottage stood on a hill, so near to the track that he could speak to his wife from his engine when she stood in the door, as she usually did, to see No. 6 go by.

The trainmen were pretty well acquainted with the Antioch people in general, but there was not one among them, from the conductor down, who did not know Jack Connor's son.

"Little Jack," they called him; and the train never whistled for Antioch but they would look out for the little fellow hoisted on the wood-pile to see his father's engine go by.

He seldom went farther than the wood-pile; that was his mother's order; though the brakeman and the "train butcher" would sometimes try to coax him down to the platform with apples and sticks of striped candy. But he would shake his yellow curls and throw them a kiss as the long train pulled out.

Sometimes his mother would take him down to speak to his father, and the little fellow would go almost wild over the big engine and the glowing furnace, the great bell clanging a hasty good-bye, and the shrill whistle, which more than once he had been permitted to "pull."

"Just naturally takes to the engine," the firemen would often say; "gets that from his pappy."

And Jack did seem to have a natural love for a locomotive. Jerry Crane used to say:

"I can allus tell when the cysars are coming—there's a slapbang of neighbor Connor's door, a click of the gate, and in a minute a little yellow head top of a big pile of wood; and when I see it I allus say to my wife, 'Mary, the cysars are coming.' And she looks out, not at the railroad track, but at the wood-pile, and says she, 'Yes, they are coming, Jerry.'"

Sometimes a neighbor would pass and speak to him:

"Any news today, Jack?" "Father's aboard today, sir," he would answer; or else, "There's a bridge down between here and Chattanooga, sir; or, 'No. 6 will be fifteen minutes late today, sir.'"

He always had something to tell, and it was mostly of the train or the track, engines or wrecks. Anything that concerned the railroad was interesting to Jack.

He had his father's head, the trainmen said, but the neighbors declared he had his mother's sunny, hopeful, helpful nature.

But one day trouble came to her door. Engineer Connor was brought home in a caboose, with both legs mangled and an arm gone, while his engine lay in a ruined heap under a broken bridge just beyond the Tennessee river.

Every man had jumped but him—fireman, brakemen, all but Jack.

"Jump, Connor, for your life!" the fireman had called to him when the timbers began to crack; and the man had laid his hand upon the throttle and said:

"You forget I'm engineer."

And there he stood until the crash came. He was not quite dead when the boys found him, and all the time they were working with him he was praying, "Just for life to get home," they heard him whisper. "Just long enough to get home and die with my wife and boy."

His prayer was granted; he reached home and the two that he loved best on God's earth. Just before he died he reached for his pocketbook under his pillow and handed it to his wife.

"It is all I've got, Annie," he said. "I wish it was more, wife."

Then he laid his hand on the little head with its crown of yellow curls pressing his pillow. He seemed to forget the boy was only a baby.

"Jack," he said, "I leave your mother to you. Take care of her, my man."

Then his mind seemed to wander; he was on the engine one moment, the next with his family again.

"The company will do something for you by and by, Jack," he said, "and always remember—don't forget it, Jack—that any man in time of danger may desert—any man but the engineer. He must stick—stick—stick—to his post, Jack."

The hand on the boy's head grew heavy; the little fellow choked back his sobs and laid one hand tenderly on his father's brow. The dying engineer opened his eyes and smiled.

"Stick to the engine and stand by your mother, Jack," he whispered. The hand on the boy's head grew cold, and when they lifted it and laid it back upon the dead man's breast Jack turned to his mother.

There was no childish outburst of grief; only an awakening, as it seemed, of the young manhood in him as he opened his arms.

"Here I am, mother," he said, and she understood. It was then Jack's life began in earnest. The pet name of "Baby Jack" no longer trembled upon his mother's lips. She called him instead "My son," "My boy" or else "twas 'Mother's man.' So is the heart went to clothe with strength that which it leans upon. She trusted him entirely, and his quick mind recognized it.

The prohibition no longer confined him to the woodpile, but every morning when the whistle sounded, the cottage door would open, the gate click, and a pair of of bright stockings flash for a moment in the sunlight as a pair of nimble legs went hurrying down to the platform.

"Pies! pies! fresh pies and cakes!" He had turned peddler. Such a tiny, industrious little peddler as he was, too; and with so many rough-bearded, warm-hearted friends among the train-men, Jack's business was bound to flourish.

One day the red stockings went dancing down to the platform with unusual speed; so fast, indeed, that the mother, who was following, had scarcely reached the platform when No. 6 pulled up, and Engineer Robinson dropped from the engine and caught the boy in his arms and tossed him up to the fireman.

"Catch the little engineer, Sam," he shouted, "I've promised to let him run No. 6 today."

"Mother, mother! Can you spare me a whole day?"

She smiled and nodded. "I'll come back at 5:10—the wheels began to turn—and the wood is in, mother—the train was moving—and the kindling—the rattle of the cars drowned his voice 'box full'—how the steam roared! Not one word of what he was saying could reach her now, but he talked on, and when the steam ceased to roar, and the train slid smoothly out, he leaned from the window. "Good-bye, mother."

She heard and waved her hand. And then Engineer Robinson pulled him back to look at some roasted chestnuts the "train butcher" had sent up for him.

It was a marvelous ride to the boy, who never ceased to wonder at the proud old engine and its magnificent strength. But for all the pleasure and freedom, there was a shadow all day on the boy's face, which neither the good things nor the wonderful stories which Engineer Robinson brought to his entertainment could quite dispel. He would climb up to the engineer's velvet cushion and lean his elbow on the window-sill, and dropping his cheek into his hand, fall to dreaming while he watched the clouds or the trees flitting by.

Once the train stopped to wait for a delayed freight, and the engineer spoke to the boy, sitting silent at the window.

"Hello, Jack!" he said. "You're not asleep, are you? An engineer can't sleep, sir; remember that. Whatever other folks may do, he's got to keep his eyes open."

Jack's eyes filled as he looked at his old friend.

"Yes, sir," he said, "that's just what father used to say."

Engineer Robinson turned to look out at the other window, down the track—the straight, treacherous track along which poor Jack Connor had traveled to eternity.

Young Jack talked on, softly but distinctly. "And father said, the night they brought him home, sir, he said: 'Every man may jump but the engineer—the engineer must stick to the engine.' And he said, father said, away off it seemed to me, like you try to speak when the steam's a-sizzing, sir; he said: 'Stick to the engine and stand by your mother, Jack.' And I've been a thinking, Mr. Robinson,"—the engineer leaned farther out, and the sleeve of his blue overalls brushed his face, while Jack talked on,—"I've been a-thinking all day as maybe I ought not to have left her by herself a whole day."

The engineer answered, without turning his head:

"Oh, she's all right, Jack; she's safe."

"But you know what father said. 'Stand by your mother, Jack and here I am away off on your engine, sir.'"

The delayed freight rattled by twenty late; the fireman threw in some coal, the steam began to puff, and No. 6 sped on its way.

The wind, could it have spoke, must have carried strange stories of what it saw and heard in its passage through the engine box that day; strange stories of rough forms and gentle hearts, gruff voices and tender words, bearded chin and childish cheek pressed together in sympathy and love.

No. 6 drew up on time at Antioch, 5:10. A door flew open as the whistle sounded four times, as it said, "Here I am, mother."

A little form was lowered from the engine and went flying through the lighted doorway. As the train pulled out Engineer Robinson leaned from his window.

"Here I am, mother," the joyful greeting rang out, and the engineer saw Jack go straight into the arms opened to receive him.

"Here I am, mother,"—that became a very familiar cry among the nearest neighbors; and more than one eye filled up and ran over as little Jack Connor's voice, thrilling and hopeful, rang out on the frosty air of a winter's morning.

One evening he was late returning from an errand upon which his mother had sent him. The clouds were heavy, as if they might hold snow.

Mrs. Connor knew that Jack would be cold and tired when he returned, so she took his basket and went out to the wood-pile.

"I'll gather the chips," she said "and save him that much work."

But she had scarcely begun her task when Jack came panting up the hill.

"Why, mother," he called, "didn't you know I was coming?"

He expected her to lean upon him; as he grew older the feeling grew, and he was always disappointed if she failed to do so.

One morning she went out to her milking and a strange dog met her and sprang upon her. Scarcely knowing what she did she threw the milking pail at him, and screamed for Jack.

QUICKCURE

Boils.

Unnecessary pain is often caused by ignorance of what a boil really is. It does not come from the inside, as many suppose, and require to be "drawn out" by painful poulticing, etc. A boil is a microbe in the skin and can be removed without pain, without lancing or poulticing, by a simple little plaster made with



'Quickcure'

which destroys the microbe—soothes the pain—reduces the inflammation and heals the skin.

Sold by druggists everywhere in little white glass pots, with nickel covers, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. If your druggist has run out of it, insist on his ordering it for you, or write direct to

THE QUICKCURE COMPANY, LTD. QUEBEC, CAN.

QUICKCURE

He came with a bound, seizing a club as he passed the wood-pile.

"I'm coming, mother." Old Peter Glass, passing near, heard Jack's cry and ran down to see what was the matter. There he stood between his mother and the mad beast, flourishing his club and bidding the dog begone.

Peter relieved the loyal little fellow by killing the dog, which he afterwards declared to his wife was raving mad.

"But mad or not," he added, "it wouldn't a-bittered that boy's pitching right in to fight for his mammy. It always brings the tears to my eyes, somehow, when I come in contact with that manful little chip of Jack Connor's."

Peter Glass was not the only one whose heart softened for Jack Connor's son. Aye, many an eye wept and many a heart bled for him when the little fellow ceased to appear on the hill above the railroad track.

It was June, glad, sunny June, when Jack's mother went one morning to call on a sick friend, an old neighbor, at the station just above Antioch.

Jack thought he had never seen so fair a day—the sun shone, the birds sang, and the flowers were everywhere.

"You can come to meet me at twelve o'clock, Jack," his mother said, as she kissed his cheek. "I'll be sure to come on that train unless something happens."

"I'll be here, mother," said Jack, "to every train until you come."

The sun still shone when the train came in at noon. Jack thought the whistle sounded mournful, somehow. And the engine "sloved up" sooner than usual, so that the train came in "slow and solemn like."

And the telegraph operator had laid his hand in a very gentle way on the boy's head as he hurried past him. And Engineer Robinson never once looked out to speak to him. The fireman, too, turned his face the other way and was busy with his shovel. The brakeman leaned on his brake and never lifted his eyes as the cars pulled up. Jack thought it all very strange.

"Here I am, mother."

The conductor cleared his throat when the well-known welcome rang through the train. Passengers turned from the windows and put their handkerchiefs to their eyes, as if the sight of an eager little face aglow with expectation and delight were painful to them.

"Here I am, mother." He was scanning every face eagerly, longingly, when the conductor stepped out.

"Jack," he said, "she isn't aboard."

A shadow flitted across the bright countenance. The conductor took the boy's hand in his and held it close.

"Jack my boy," he said, "you must be a man. Your mother has not come,—will not come, Jack. Your mother is dead my son."

And the sun still shone, but not for Jack.

He never knew the terrible story, how in stepping from the train his foot slipped and she fell beneath the wheels which passed over her body. He never knew—for from that day he never knew anything, except that she never came back to him.

Day after day when the whistle sounded a little figure was seen to climb the wood-pile—Jerry Crane's wood-pile now—to watch for his mother.

"Here I am, mother," the shrill, clear voice would ring out. And when the train had passed on some one would explain: "It's poor Jack Connor come to meet his mother." They grew accustomed to seeing him there as the days drifted into years. "Every train until you come back," he had said and day or night, winter or summer, the trainmen would see the cottage door open, and knew it was Jack waiting for his mother.

One day they missed him; he was ill, raving with fever. Jerry Crane's wife bent over his pillow; the poor little life was going. At 10 o'clock he opened his eyes.

"Is No. 6 in yet?" he asked.

"Not yet, Jack," they told him.

He smiled and closed his eyes again.

"She'll be here on that train," he said.

"I must go down to meet her when No. 6 comes in."

At eleven he started and sat up in bed. "Is she in yet?" he asked. "Is No. 6 in?"

"Not yet, Jack, dear," they told him, and he dropped back among his pillows, where he lay for an hour talking first to the engine, then to engineer Robinson. Then his mind wandered to his father and the night he died.

"Stick to your engine and stand by your mother, Jack," they heard him whisper.

At midnight a whistle sounded sharp and shrill and Jack raised himself in bed and gave a cry of joy: "She's in!" he shouted. "No. 6 is in. Here I am, mother!"

The train pulled up and stopped. It was only a freight stopping for water but that was nothing to Jack. A smile flitted across his face. "She's come," he said with a look of unutterable peace held out his arms and went to meet her.

The next day old Engineer Robinson

swung himself clear of his engine and went down the platform to speak to the agent. When he climbed back to his seat in the engine window, he drew his sleeve across his eyes and told the fireman that little Jack Connor had gone to meet his mother.—Will Allen Drumgoole in McClure's.

IT DOESN'T PAY

TO PARLEY WITH RHEUMATISM. Rheumatic joints, and aching limbs mean inability to work, and inability to work, for most people, means inability to gain a livelihood. So from that point of view it doesn't pay to parley with Rheumatism. Then there's another side of the question—the days of agony and suffering.

How many people are there whom Rheumatism compels to give up their occupation, and throw up a splendid position that it took them perhaps years to attain?

Mr. Thomas Warren, of 134 Strachan St., Hamilton, states under oath that he had to give up his situation in the shops of the "Big Four R. R." on account of Rheumatism. He tried mineral springs in Indiana and mud baths, but these did him so little good that he returned Home to Hamilton a cripple.

Then he started taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, and four bottles have completely cured him. He feels fit to start to work now.

If he'd only known of Kootenay at the outset, how much time and money he would have saved, and how much suffering he would have escaped.

Mr. James Watson, living at 64 Florence Street, in the City of Hamilton, makes a sworn statement, he is employed as moulder in the Grand Trunk shops. He had Rheumatism so bad in his feet and knees that he could not work steadily. He says since taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure he has not felt a twinge of Rheumatism.

Now he can work every day, without the slightest suffering. Kootenay has put the Rheumatism to rout.

It will pay you if you are a victim of Rheumatism or Sciatica to investigate the Merits of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. To parley with these diseases means loss of time, loss of money, loss of health.

Sworn statements of cures sent free on application to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont.

One bottle lasts over a month.

FOREIGN PROGRESS.

Improved Field Ambulance—Bikes in the Ball Room.

Dr. de Movy, of the Netherlands army, has invented an ambulance conveyance which will prove an inestimable boon to sick or wounded soldiers, in the shape of a suspended stretcher, so light that it can be pushed by a child. The "brancard," or litter, has a wooden frame resting on bent iron feet, 8 inches high, a sail-cloth bed with blankets, etc., and a canvas hood stretched on wires. The invalid can be easily placed in the litter, which is then suspended by chains to be easily placed in the litter which is then suspended by chains to bars connecting two wheels 4 feet in diameter which can be run immediately over the terrible jolting of the ordinary ambulance, and in the hospital or the tent the man may remain in his brancard, without the necessity of removal. They can be fitted up as camp beds, which would follow the army, as piled on top of each other they require very little room. During recent field maneuvers one man took 500 pounds of ammunition to the front in such a litter and brought two disabled soldiers. An improved tent is made in one piece with ribs of curved wood, cane, or aluminium pipes, which are sewn into the cloth, and ending in iron points; the ropes being attached to the ribs. With these tents and ambulances a complete field hospital is quickly set up.

RHEUMATISM CURED

Eighteen Months Trying to Get Cured—Had the Best Doctors—He Found what He Wanted in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Goderich, Mar. 15 (Special).—A case of great interest here just now is that of Mr. Alexander J. Sharkey who for some time has been an extreme sufferer from Rheumatism. His statement to the correspondent is as follows:—

"For eighteen months I was a victim of Rheumatism and during the whole of that time was trying every means to cure it. I had the best doctors in Canada and took their prescriptions with faith and patience."

"I got tired at last for I found the disappointment nearly as killing as the disease."

But one friend wiser than the others convinced me that my disease must be cured by way of the kidneys and recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I have used two boxes of these pills to effect a perfect cure and I don't care who knows it."

IN A GLASS CASE.

The Elements That go to Form a Man—All Essentials But One.

Two or three young men who were visiting in Washington City recently, went into the National Museum. Passing a cabinet they glanced at the label on it, on which were the words, "The body of a man weighing one hundred and fifty-four pounds."

"Where is the man?" one of the young men asked.

No one answered him. In the cabinet were arranged an odd assemblage of heterogeneous articles. Among them were two large jars of water; also jars containing different kinds of fats; other jars in which were phosphate of lime, carbonate of lime, a few ounces each of sugar, potassium, sodium, gelatine, and other chemicals.

Another section held a row of clear glass jars filled with gases—hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen; a square lump of coal, and more bottles separately labelled phosphorus, calcium, magnesium, potassium. In a little jar was a fraction of an ounce of iron, and near by was a lump of ill-smelling brimstone.

The materials in these cabinets are given in exact proportions as combined in an ordinary man.

"It is very curious and interesting so far as it goes," said one of the young men. "But where are the retorts and tubes, and the fire, and the chemist?"

The young men stood silent, staring at what seemed to them a gruesome assortment of carbon and sugar and gas and iron with a certain awe and disgust.

"And that is what I am made of?" one of them said. "That is all that goes to make—me?"

"That is all," said a bystander, smiling, and walked on.

But the young men did not smile. The cabinets had set before each of them, for the first time probably, the awful problem of his own being.

"If that is all that is needed," said one, "so much gas, so much lime, so much iron, we should all be exactly alike. There is something more which they cannot put into cabinets."

"Yes," said another under his breath, "that added by the unseen Power, Who puts into these senseless elements that which makes man a living soul."

They stood a moment, and then passed on in silence. To each of them his own soul and his God had suddenly become real, before these cabinets, filled with all the essentials for the making of a man—but ONE.

SO MANY GONE!

Professional Etiquette Responsible to a Certain Extent.

Friends and Relatives Filled with Remorse.

Paine's Celery Compound Could Have Saved the Majority.

It Saves Life When All Other Medicines Fail.

The winter months have brought bereavement and dark clouds of sorrow to many homes in Canada.

Fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers have been removed by the grim reaper death, the majority of whom might have been saved, had their friends given them Paine's Celery Compound instead of the worthless and, in many cases, life-destroying medicines that the sick ones were forced to swallow.

In many families a too slavish obedience to medical dictation kept the true agent of life from the sick and dying ones. Past records of victory achieved by Paine's Celery Compound were set aside; it was unprofessional to introduce the life-saving Compound in any way!

Ah! Remorse is now doing its quiet and effective work, and those most closely interested are suffering for their neglect.

Will you, reader, allow some dear relative or friend to pass from life without making an effort to save the perishing one by Paine's Celery Compound? The chances of life-saving by Paine's Celery Compound are great, mighty. Even though your friends have suffered long, and neared that point when the family physician can do no more, even then there is hope if Paine's Celery Compound be used.

The life-saving work, the desperate cases overcome in the past, is the bright and living proof that Paine's Celery Compound makes sick people well.

The truly honest physicians of the day are quietly and unceasingly recommending Paine's Celery Compound as the best spring medicine that ailing men or women can use. Its wonderful popularity has induced some to bring out imitations that are vile and worthless. See that you get "Paine's," with the stalk of celery on the bottle label and cartoon.

Two Married Men.

"Why do you insist upon taking your wife out for such long walks in this rough weather?"

"The doctor has told her that she must be very careful not to talk when she is out in the cold air."

"Say, who's your doctor."