

## A Famous Engine.

Not long ago a little old-fashioned switch-engine was hauled down the main line of a Western railroad to be thrown into the scrap-pile. Dirty, rusty, worn-out, not worth repairing further, it was yet of sufficient importance to attract to station platforms hundreds of men and women who had not forgotten the record of "Engine 97, of the Alton," and wanted a last look at the old machine.

Just a third of a century ago "97" was the most famous locomotive in the world. To the bounds of civilization, wherever the telegraph and the daily news reached, it was talked about, praised, spoken of with the pride which all the world feels in one of man's creations which has done a wonderful thing. And a wonderful thing "97" had done, for, stopping only for water, it had run for three consecutive hours at a speed approximating a mile a minute, and had even run long stretches of the way at the then undreamed of speed of a mile in fifty-seven seconds.

That was in October, 1871. The engine was in the roundhouse at Bloomington, Illinois. On the previous night word had reached Bloomington fire department from the mayor of the burning city, asking for aid. The fire department called up a railway official and asked for a special train.

So "97" was fired up, rolled out to the main line, coupled to a coach and a flat car, and sent to a team-track. There all the fire fighting apparatus that could be spared was run on the flat car and fastened securely. The firemen found places in the coach, and "97," with a full head of steam, slipped easily away on what was to be the most famous run of its life.

A clear track had been provided for the whole distance. Every opposing train was side-tracked, and men were stationed at all switches to assure safety. Louis Hawks was at the throttle of the little engine—little as engines go to-day, but a big fellow then. He gave "97" notch after notch of the throttle till the train flew at a wonderful speed. From Chenoa to Pontiac, ten miles. From Dwight to Gardner, nine miles, was covered in nine minutes. Then in a burst of speed that made the wondering officials in the despatcher's office gape in amazement, "97" wheeled off the seven miles from Wilmington to Elwood in barely over six minutes.

At the throttle Hawks sat, bent forward, his eyes intent on the track, strained, nervous over this never-before-equalled speed, coaxing his engine with a magician's hand. And at last, in almost an even three hours, he closed the throttle and brought the train to a stop in the smoke enshrouded city after a record-making run of one hundred and twenty-seven miles.

The story of that ride went everywhere as one of the great feats in connection with the big fire. Sermons were preached about the engine, and magazines spread pictures of it broadcast. Like the "John Bull" of the Camden and Amboy line, or the "General" which once pulled Andrews and his raiders, "97" was set down for immortal fame. But no such easy berth awaited it as those others found—level sidings in showy expositions. It pulled special trains till it was out of date, and then was put into the shops and made into a switch-engine, in which guise it wore itself out.

Louis Hawks, too, grew old in service and died a little before his engine, on January 3, 1905, after nearly fifty years of continuous service.

## FATHER OF SPITBALL.

Elmer Stricklett Tells Why Delivery Weakens Pitchers.

"I have been using the spitball longer than any other pitcher in the business," said Elmer Stricklett, the Brooklyn twirler, who is credited with being the inventor of this delivery. "but as yet it has had no bad effect upon my arm. It is claimed that several users of the spitball, particularly Jack Chesbro, who did such great work for the New York Americans last season, are suffering from the effects of using the delivery. While this may be true, I don't think that the spitball should be condemned or dropped on this account. The reason why the spitball may have a wearing effect on the arms of these pitchers is that they use it too much and do not know how to use it properly. It has long been a recognized fact that if a pitcher throws a drop ball too often it will ruin his arm, this having been demonstrated on many occasions, particularly with left-handed twirlers, who can throw a better drop than the right-arm fingers. It is the same with throwing the spitball. If a pitcher uses it too much and exerts himself unnecessarily in throwing it, he eventually will weaken his arm, for there is a greater strain to delivering the spitball than there is to ordinary pitching. Personally, I seldom try to put any speed on the spitball. The drop it takes is quite enough to fool the

batsman without putting any additional puzzling qualities to it. By using it mainly as a slow ball and not depending upon it entirely to make me effective, I have succeeded in going thru several years' use of the spitball without having it weaken me in the least."

## Mr. Lawson's "Forty Cents on the Dollar."

Thomas W. Lawson is appealing to all policy-holders in the three great life insurance companies of New York City to rally around him while he makes war on the "system." One of his great aims, as he sets it forth, is: "The reduction of future premium payments to 40 cents on the dollar of what you now pay."

It is to be hoped that no policy-holder will so much as send his name provisionally to Mr. Lawson before he looks into this question of the 40 cents on the dollar. The information he needs is available in any book or encyclopedia article on life insurance.

The policy-holder will learn that life insurance is not a charity or a gamble, but a business based on mathematics and cold statistics.

He will learn that morality tables are in existence which show the probabilities of death of men at each age, based on the actual experience gathered in the insurance business.

He will learn that the "net premium" that must be paid for insurance is calculated directly from these tables; that this "net premium" is the amount that must be paid on the average to meet death claims, entirely without regard to expenses of conducting the business, and that if these net premiums are not saved up penny for penny for exclusive use in paying death losses the company is bound straight for bankruptcy.

He will learn that to cover the expenses of the business these "net premiums" are "loaded" by adding a percentage of their amount. The net premium, plus the load, gives the gross premium which he pays for this policy.

Finally he will learn that the loading rarely, if ever, exceeds 40 per cent., even in the classes of policies that must pay the highest rate. The New International Encyclopedia says in summing up the pertinent facts: "Of the gross premiums, therefore, from 16 2/3 to 30 per cent. is loading."

Now, if the current premium rates in this country are loaded only to the extent of 30 per cent., so that on the average at least 70 per cent. of the premium money must be set aside to meet losses, how can any man honestly propose a scheme which will reduce premiums to 40 per cent. of their present size? Is not such a proposal a deliberate bid for bankruptcy?

Whatever opinion people may hold of Mr. Lawson in his role of a "voice crying in the wilderness," they should judge him in this case on a basis of incontestable figures act accordingly.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## A Dangerous Substitute.

"We're getting pretty well along in years," said the constable, who had come over to help Mr. Nason, the elder, with his haying. "Another generation has come along. What do you think of it, Henry?"

"Well, they're coming up something different from our own, George," answered Mr. Nason. "They're a heap different from the boys I remember, and I don't see as they're a great improvement."

"You know the old saying, 'Make your head save your heels.' Well, the trouble with this generation is, they carry that saying too far. They're running that maxim into the ground. They're getting so bright that before many years men will have heads and stomachs, but arms and legs will drop off, because there won't be any more use for 'em."

"Now, Henry," said the constable, "I didn't have any mind to excite ye. What should you say was a good example of what you mean? What you just said's a kind of generalization, ain't it?"

"Oh, I can give ye a sample. Strikes right near home, too!" returned Mr. Nason. "It's my boy, Sam. Now, for instance, we've been driving a load of hay into the barn and unloading it with pitchforks, and I'd like to have a dollar for every hour I've spent doing that kind of work. Well, George, just you wait till we get back to the barn with this first load and see what that rascal Sam has rigged up. He's got a couple of pulleys hitched onto the roof of the barn, and he's fixed the body of the wagon so's it'll lift right off the wheels. The good old way was to pitch; now all you've got to do is to haul the whole load up and dump it."

"My stars! Is that so?" cried the constable, relieved that a weight of anticipated work had suddenly been removed. "Why, it's funny I never thought of that!"

"No, it ain't," said the other. "It's a dangerous principle. That's what I say!"

And that ain't all. You know that patch of plowed land that I half-filled with potatoes. Well, I kind of neglected 'em, and I never saw such a sight of weeds as grew up where the potatoes were planted. I sent Sam down there to weed out about a week ago, and he come back about noon and said he'd fixed it all right.

"Look here," said I to him, "there ain't a living man could hoe out that field in two days."

"Well," said he, "the potatoes were just sprouting and I thought it would be a waste of time, so I just took up the potatoes and put 'em into new hills in the part of the field where there weren't any weeds." What do you think of that?"

The constable scratched his chin. "How are the potatoes doing?" he asked, judicially. "Fine—better than any I ever put out. That's just the trouble. That boy of mine has got a heap of dangerous notions about brains doin' the work his father's arms used to do. How's he ever going to get over 'em if he meets with this kind of misleading success?"

## Rhincology, a New Science.

Have you heard of the science of rhincology, otherwise the study of noses?

Here are some of the conclusions reached by its devotees:

Thick and fat noses denote material instincts.

Turned up noses bespeak vanity.

Wide nostrils are a sign of strength.

Small nostrils indicate weakness.

Large noses betoken intelligence.

The eagle nose shows a firm, strong will.

The pointed nose and chin in conjunction proclaim general wickedness.

Certainly the most interesting nose is the cogitative, for it expands with thought, which comes, according to rhincology, or the science of nose-reading, from reflection.

While the ideal of physical beauty remains, as it has always been, the classic Greek nose.

## Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

## A Universal Newspaper.

Sir Alfred Harmsworth, the owner of 32 periodicals in England, is perhaps the most enterprising of all young British publishers. His principal organ is The London Daily Mail, and in connection with it he has made a novel departure. In order to enable Englishmen residing in the colonies and foreign countries to keep in touch with the home news of the empire, he has successfully established a weekly summary, which has already become known in all parts of the world as The Overseas Daily Mail. It has only been in existence 16 weeks, but now has a subscription list of 23,000.

Grace: She may be low born, but she appears to be perfectly at ease in evening dress.

Gerald: Doubtless she is. You know she used to be an artist's model.

'Tis said a tangled web we weave  
When first we practice to deceive;  
But keep up hope, my patient friend,  
Practice makes perfect in the end!

## ARE YOUR KIDNEYS SICK?

Let your morning urine stand for 24 hours in a glass or vessel, and then if it is milky or cloudy, or contains a reddish brick-dust sediment, or if particles or germs float about in it, your kidneys are diseased. If the kidneys are well they filter just so much blood, but if they are sick or weak from any cause, they leave the poison in the blood, and this poison affects the entire system.

It is natural to pass urine three times a day, but many who regard themselves as healthy are obliged to pass water six to ten times daily and are obliged to get up frequently during the night. They have sick kidneys and bladder and don't know it. Smith's Buchu Lithia Pills cure Rheumatism and all Kidney and Bladder diseases, and make new, rich blood.

We will send you a generous sample post paid free, together with our large book on the above mentioned diseases. Address, W. F. Smith Co., 185 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

## SMITH'S BUCHU LITHIA PILLS

A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER ILLS.  
AT ALL DEALERS 25 CENTS.  
A CURE AT THE PEOPLE'S PRICE.



## Sunshine Furnace

### Don't Shovel Ashes

Not one make of furnace in twenty is supplied with an ash-pan.

Without an ash-pan the ashes must be shovelled into a pail or some other receptacle for removal—means dust in the eyes, ruined clothes, extra work; a dirty disagreeable job—the meanest part of furnace tending.

The Sunshine Furnace has an ash-pan which catches all the ashes, and slides in and out easily. Has two handles for carrying. No shovelling, sweeping or dirt.

This is only one of a dozen good features possessed by the Sunshine Furnace, none of which are found on any other furnace.

## McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

H. E. BURTT, Sole Agent, Woodstock, N. B.



## THE "FAVORITE" CHURN.

This is the churn that is the favorite with every user. Very simple in construction; very easy to operate strong and durable. A large stock of these celebrated butter makers now landing.

Among other seasonable goods we are now offering are Deering Seeders, Deering Drills, Bluenose Spring Tooth Harrows, Spike Tooth Harrows, Disc Harrows, Fine Carriages, Road Wagons, Harness

## Balmain Bros.

## WOODSTOCK WOOD-WORKING COMPANY, LIMITED,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, School Desks, Sheathing, Flooring and House Finish of all kinds

We employ a first-class Turner, and make a specialty of Church, Stair, and Verandah work. Call and see our stock or write for prices before purchasing. All orders promptly attended to.

Just imported, a consignment of No. 1 White Wood. Clapboards for sale.

Hard Pine Flooring and Finish.

N. B. Telephone No. 68-3.

Union Telephone No. 119.

## Record for 1904

of the North American Life Assurance Company.

Policies Issued.....\$6,530,825  
An increase over 1903 of \$645,935.  
Insurance in Force.....\$35,630,188  
An increase of \$3,005,093.  
Income.....\$1,504,063  
An increase over 1903 of \$122,700.  
Payment to Policy Holders.....\$561,136  
An increase over 1903 of \$137,918.

The financial position of the Company is unexcelled.

A good Company for both Policy-holders and Agent.

Applications invited for Agencies and unrepresented districts.

C. S. EVERETT,

PROVINCIAL MANAGER,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. C. CALDER, Barrister-at-Law

District Agent,

Woodstock, N. B.

## Farm For Sale.

A farm containing 250 acres, 150 cleared, balance in lumber and wood, house and four barns in good repair, and outbuildings; 150 apple trees, mostly winter fruit. Situated half way between Houlton and Woodstock. Farm is well watered. For terms apply to B. W. MCINTYRE, Richmond Corner.

June 14, 41.

## GRIST MILL FOR SALE.

First Class Water Power Grist Mill in good working order, 2 sets of stones, also workshop and machinery in connection. First Class Dwelling House and Barn with five acres of land. Splendid business already established. This is a good opportunity for a bargain. Apply to JAMES W. ASTLE, Insurance Agent, Queen St., Woodstock.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

Cures Grip in Two Days.

### Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

This signature, *E. W. Grove* on every box. 25c.