

### THE LIMIT OF SPEED BYSTEAM.

An Engineer Says, it is in the Man and not in the Locomotive.

"I read a piece the other day," said an old locomotive engineer, "in which a New Orleans railroad man said that 150 miles an hour was one of the possibilities of future travel. I venture to disagree with him and I will tell you why—he doesn't take into account the human machine in the cab. I don't doubt but they will build engines that can stand a 150-mile gait, but they can't build the engineers."

"On a fairly good roadbed one notices very little difference between twenty-five and fifty miles an hour. I mean the strain on the nerves isn't very materially increased; but anything above that limit is the pace that kills. The sensation is simply indescribable in words. It seems to jar every separate fibre in the body, and the tension is so terrible that one is apt to feel the effect for days. The average man can't stand many spurts at even 65 miles an hour, let alone 150. He comes out of such an ordeal 'all broke up' and jumps when he hears unexpected noises, like a hysterical woman. My own theory is that the effect is produced mainly through the sight. You have to look straight ahead, but at the same time you see things whizzing past on both sides out of the tail of your eye, and it is as if something had hold of the optic nerve and was pulling it like a rubber band. That's a pretty clumsy explanation, but it's as near as I can come to it. Many's the time I've staggered as I got up from my seat in the cab."

"That thing of staring straight ahead," continued the engineer, "is bound to get on any man's nerve in the course of time, particularly during night runs. One sees queer things, and I've had some scares in my life that would have turned my hair as white as milk if hair really turned white that way. The worst trouble is with shadows. It's no uncommon thing for a bird to flit across the headlight and throw a shadow down the track as big as a boxcar. Of course it's gone in an instant, but in just that heartbeat the nerves have been given a shock that they may not recover from in a week. I've had that happen to me several times. I would be tearing along at a 55 or 60 mile clip when all of a sudden something big and black would loom out of the dark right between the rails and not four telegraph poles ahead. Next second I would know it to be the shadow of a bird, but as far as I was concerned the mischief was already done. I had had a vision of sudden death and a sledge hammer blow on every nerve centre in my system."

"The new electric headlights are worse than the others as spook producers. They cast such sharp shadows that a bug moving over the glass will make you think a cow is lying just in front of your pilot. I owe electric light bugs a number of grudges for little jokes of that kind, and my experience isn't in the least unusual. All engineers go through the same thing. The man who was never scared is a man who is careless of the lives entrusted to his vigilance, and such a fellow isn't fit to be in the business. These are things that make me doubt the practicability of 100 miles an hour and the possibility of 150. God help the engineer of such a train! He would go mad in a week."

### Women in the Klondike.

The chivalry of American men has received many testimonials from the women whom a love for travel and adventure has led to try their fortunes in the Klondike. A mining-camp is too apt to be no place for women, and a woman unprotected by husband or brother might well have hesitated before running risks of insult. The event, however, proved the justice of the confidence of those who went.

One woman, the correspondent of an important London paper, was on her way to Seattle when she met an old miner, and sought his advice. The man shook his head wisely.

"Impossible," he said.

"But I must go," said his questioner. "I have started, and my paper is relying upon me. I am safe enough, for I have a revolver, and can use it."

"Wal," drawled her adviser, "seeing that you're a woman, if you want ter go, you'll go, but as to that air gun o' yours, I'll give you a piece of advice. Don't shoot often; but when you do shoot, shoot quick."

Such a precaution was anything but comforting, but the sequel proved that the revolver was of no more use to the traveller than it has been in Chicago or New Orleans. The courtesy shown her was universal, and throughout her journey there was no man she met who would not go out of his way to do her service.

Prof. Angelo Heilprin, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, has a similar "good character" to give the miners of the Klondike.

"Woman," he says, "is a privileged character in Dawson City. She has immediate entree into the depositories of mails, of records and of claims. Others may sit or stand, awaiting their turn for days, in a row; she walks in by the side door with an

### "The Least Hair Casts a Shadow."

A single drop of poison blood will, unless checked in time, make the whole impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great leader in blood purifiers.

It casts no shadow, but brings sunshine and health into every household. **Running Sore**—"My mother was troubled with rheumatism in her knee for a number of years, and it broke out into a running sore. She took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is now well. Hood's Olive Ointment helped to heal the eruption." Mrs. JOHN FARR, Cloverlawn, Ancaster, Ont.

**Rheumatism**—"I was badly afflicted with sciatic rheumatism. Consulted doctors without relief. Was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and five bottles gave me relief and enabled me to go to work." WILLIAM R. BOACH, Margaretville, N. S.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

air of superiority which is as impressive as it is refreshing. She files her claim in the recorder's office with dignity, while her truer rival, who may have staked five days earlier, is still studying the entrance from the outside."

### The surprise is out.

Particulars are just to hand of the new premiums for subscribers of that wonderful paper "The Family Herald and Weekly Star," of Montreal. It appears that to mark the end of the century the publishers are giving their subscribers this season two most beautiful pictures instead of one as in former years. The two decided on are that famous battle picture "Alma" and a beautiful peace picture entitled "Pussy Willows." Yearly subscribers get them both. If this is not a dollar's worth, we want to know. "The Family Herald and Weekly Star" has also been increased to 24 pages—192 columns—every issue, representing a book of 384 pages. Think of it! There should be a great scramble to get on the "Family Herald and Weekly Star" subscription list this year.

### In Large Attendance.

The attendance at the Currie Business University of this city is larger than ever for this time of the year. Forty-five new students entered during the past few weeks, and there are now about 185 in attendance.

**DO YOU ENJOY LUXURY** in your laundry work in the way of smooth edges on your collars? If so get them done at UNGARS Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

As they bent solicitously over him the man who had been kicked by a horse opened his eyes. "Have you any last wish, they asked him."

"Yes," he murmured: "Have an automobile hearse at the funeral."

Revenge it seems was strong even in death.

**Crimsonbeak**—You never hear anyone speak of the white horse and the red-headed girl now.

**Yeast**—No; I guess the white horses have all died.

Perhaps it's the girls who have died.

**Mrs. Younghusband**—Do you notice any difference in the milk, dear?

**Mr. Younghusband**—I should say so; this is a much better quality than we have been getting lately.

**Mrs. Younghusband**—Indeed, it is. I got it of a new man, who said he would guarantee it to be perfectly pure, so I



### Out of the Old.

It's pleasant during the busy week—and especially on Saturday night—to get out of the old clothes and into the clean, fresh, sweet smelling garments just sent home from the American Steam Laundry; now isn't it? We want you to tell all your friends about our work and prices and promptness.

**AMERICAN**  
**Steam Laundry,**  
CHARLOTTE STREET.

Telephone 214.

Sole Agents for The British-American Dyeing Company, Montreal.

bought enough to last for a couple of weeks.

"That grass widow didn't catch your country cousin with her wiles."  
"No, indeed. Cousin Joe says he isn't going to get fooled the second time with green goods."

### Dawson's Daily Paper.

Dawson now has a daily paper, the Dawson Daily News, which in typography and makeup presents a creditable appearance for a publication emanating from a point so near the Arctic circle. The introductory number states that its plant includes a large cylinder power press, job presses, a Thorpe self distributing typesetting machine and a large paper cutter. Like other journals of more pretensions the new paper of Dawson at once begins to exploit its own town, and in an editorial on "The Future of Dawson," it



### Quick Soap

**SURPRISE** Soap cleans clothes quickest and cleanest.

It's a harmless soap—it isn't a clothes eater. It won't injure the fabric of a cobweb.

No more scalding, boiling or hard rubbing. No more red, sore hands—no more streaked or yellow clothes—if you use **SURPRISE**.

A large cake that lasts a long time costs but 5 cents. Be sure you get the genuine.

Remember the name—

"**SURPRISE.**"

### LORD AND LADY MINTO.

Who Have Been in New York Attending the International Yacht Races.



### A FEW BOERISMS.

Some Favorite Terms Used by Paul Kruger and His People.

Just now when old Paul Kruger and his incorrigible advisors have succeeded by their persistent annoyances in arousing the British lion from his lair and started him out on the rampage, it might be timely to quote a few Boerish words and terms some of which no doubt will be read in the war despatches as the South African campaign advances, but which by the majority of people would be read unintelligently. Here they are:—

**Brailjo**—A little cur of low degree.  
**Bultong**—Dried meat.  
**In-span**—To harness.  
**Karroo**—The wide sandy plains in some parts of South Africa.  
**Karroo-bushes**—The bushes that take the place of grass on these plains.  
**Kastel**—The wooden bed fastened in an ox-wagon.  
**Kopje**—A small hillock, or "little head."  
**Kraal**—The space surrounded by a stone wall or hedged with thorn branches, into which sheep or cattle are driven at night.  
**Meaties**—Indian corn.  
**Meiboss**—Preserved and dried apricots.  
**Nachtmaal**—The Lord's Supper.  
**Out-span**—To unharness, or a place in the field where one unharnesses.  
**Predikant**—Parson.  
**Reim**—Leather rope.  
**Schlecht**—Bad.  
**Sloot**—A dry water course.  
**Stamp-block**—A wooden block, hollowed out, in which meaties are placed to be pounded before being cooked.  
**Upsitting**—In Boer courtship the man and girl are supposed to sit up together the whole night.

"I have invented a new game," he said.  
"What is it?" she asked.  
"Why, we'll pretend that I'm a popular hero."

"Yes."  
"And that you're a pretty girl. Only, of course, we don't have to pretend that, for 'tis true."

"And then?" she asked.  
"Why, you know what a pretty girl does to a popular hero, don't you? That's the game."

**Mile**—And what did you say to Capt. Martell?

**Mary**—That you'd be down in a minute, Miss.

**Mile**—And what did he say?

**Mary**—Please, miss, he said, "then give me a kiss before she comes."

"I hope you are one of the people who can keep cool in the presence of danger."

"I am," answered the man who wanted a place as a private watchman.

"Have you ever demonstrated it?"

"I have, I once came near being drowned in a skating pond."

### Rose Adair.

"Twas in green leafy springtime  
When the birds on every tree  
Were breaking all their little hearts  
In a merry melody;  
An' the young buds hung like tassels,  
An' the flowers grew everywhere,  
'Twas in green leafy springtime  
I first saw Rose Adair."

I met her sowing mushrooms  
With her white feet in the grass,  
'Twas eye—but mornin' in the smile  
O' my sweet colleen daisy,  
An' I kissed her, oh, so secretly,  
That not a one should know,  
But the roguish stars they winked above,  
An' the daisies smiled below."

The father in confession, Rose,  
Won't count that love a sin,  
That with a kiss taps at the heart  
An' lets an angel in:  
'Twas so love entered into mine,  
An' made his dwelling there,  
If that's a sin, the Lord forgive  
Your beauty, Rose Adair."

The leaves will fall in the autumn,  
An' the flowers all come to grief,  
But the green ivy in my heart of hearts  
Will never shed a leaf,  
For the sunshine of your bonnie eyes  
Will keep it green an' fair,  
An' your breath will be its breeze o' spring,  
O lovely Rose Adair!

—Maurice O'Neil.

### The King of Noise!

From his beautiful Parisian home, Menier, the Chocolate King, can oversee the town of Noisel, entirely owned by himself, which contains his vast works, as well as the homes of two thousand of his employees.

Chocolat-Menier factory is the largest in the world and has a working equipment that is unrivalled. Everything pertaining to the manufacture of chocolate is raised, produced or manufactured by Menier himself, and this is a guarantee of its purity and nutritive value. That the chocolate consuming world has confidence in this fact is attested by the annual sales of thirty-three million pounds.

It is not safe to eat or drink inferior articles.

says: "The term camp can no longer be applied to the city, with its miles of business streets and solid buildings, with good drainage and sanitation." This is pleasant news, as it was only last May that a considerable portion of the town was wiped out by fire. Another item of interest is that the Klondike is to be represented at the Paris exposition with moving pictures and a "pyramid of virgin gold worth \$1,000,000."

### How we use up the Forests.

A cord of spruce wood the Boston Transcript estimates, is equal to 615 feet board measure, and this quantity of raw material will make half a ton of sulphite pulp or one ton of ground wood pulp. Newspaper stock is made up with 2 per cent of sulphite and 80 per cent of ground wood pulp. The

best known spruce land, virgin growth, possesses a stand of about 7,000 feet to the acre. Twenty-two acres of this best spruce land will therefore contain 154,000 feet of timber. An average gang of loggers will cut this in about eight days. This entire quantity of wood turned in at any one of the large mills will be converted in a single day into about 250 tons of such pulp as goes to make up newspaper stock. This pulp will make about an equal weight of paper, which will supply a single large metropolitan newspaper just two days.

"We are going to run polite vaudeville only" the manager told his advertising man.

"What kind is that?" he asked.  
"Er—why, when one performer kicks the other in the neck he will immediately apologize."