

FIFTY YEARS ON THE IRON ROAD.

The Remarkable Career of a Veteran as Told by Himself.

'I remember Mr. John Bright saying that the safest place in the world is a first-class railway carriage. As a proof of that, during my fifty years' service I only saw two passengers killed. I cannot say the same of railway men—not by a score.'

It was during a preliminary chat writes a representative of Tid Bits that Mr. William Lister, of Bolton, made this observation. Yet, in spite of the high rate of mortality among railway servants, he is still very much alive after a life's work extending over more than half a century on the North-Western line, first as guard and afterwards as hall porter at the local station. Now in his 78th year, he recently retired, and I called upon him to obtain a few details about his remarkable career.

Mr. Lister, I gleaned during a very interesting conversation, remembers Leeds and Liverpool when neither of those cities had a station, and had a very vivid recollection of the discomforts of early railway travelling. He was the guard of the first train which ran on the North-Western system from Bolton to Manchester, while he rode behind one driver for fourteen years and behind another for eighteen years.

'Were you ever in an accident?' I asked.

'Oh, yes,—in two,' replied Mr. Lister. 'The first occurred at Daubhill station, where our train came into collision with a coal train. At that time there was no regular van for the guard; he had to travel in a little dicky on the top of the carriage and he had nothing to control the train with except a brake which acted only on one carriage. I was up aloft when we ran into the other train, and I got pitched from one carriage to another.'

'The other accident happened at Kenyon Junction. Our train left Kenyon at the usual time. By some mischance the shunter was not at his post, and the points remaining closed instead of open, the train, which had got some speed on, ran into a stationary goods train. The engine of the goods train was so badly damaged that it could not be removed; but, fortunately, none of our passengers were seriously injured.'

'I remember a singular accident here in Bolton, only I was not into it,' continued Mr. Lister. 'The Daubhill incline is very steep. At the time I first entered on railway work there was a stationary engine there, to which was attached a rope which ran on pulleys down the centre of the rail. Three or four miles further on, at Chequer-bent, there was a similar contrivance. These stationary engines were used to help the locomotives climb the hill. You can imagine how long it took to get to Daubhill. There he could catch the train, for he could get there before us.'

'Shortly after the North-Western took possession of this branch the ropes were abolished, and locomotives alone were used for working the trains. One drizzly morning in 1858 a luggage train was on the Daubhill incline. The rails being slippery, the brake would not hold it, and it ran down the incline at a great speed, dashing right through the old Great Moor street station, Bolton, and going into the street. The station was wrecked; so were the carriages standing in it. Strange to say, though, only one man was killed, and he was on the engine. Nobody was hurt in the street. A funny result of the accident was that we had no carriages that we could use for the train out of Bolton later in the morning. We had to press into service a coal truck, in which we placed forms.'

'I suppose at times you had to work a good many hours at a stretch?'

'Yes. In the year of the great Exhibition I started off from Bolton to take an excursion to London as far as Washington. When I got to what I thought would be my destination, the train was too heavy, with the carriages put on there, for one guard; so I was sent on as an assistant. We were more than twelve hours on the journey—quite long enough for me, considering that I was outside all the way. I was clearing off at Euston, when the station master stopped me.'

'Where do you come from?'

'I've just brought an excursion in from Bolton.'

'Well, you must take a train to Birmingham that is starting in a quarter of an hour.'

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and remove impurities from the stomach, liver and bowels, by the use of the best blood purifier known. Put up in glass vials. Thirty in a bottle; one a dose. Recommended by many physicians.

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"BEST LIVER PILL MADE." Positively cures biliousness and all liver and bowel complaints. Sold by druggists, or sent post-paid, for 25 cts. Book free. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

'I told him I had been sixteen hours on duty and wanted a cup of coffee. So he let me go to get one. Outside I dropped across the other guard, and we both cleared off to the exhibition and enjoyed ourselves. Next day, three of us concealed ourselves in a luggage van, and we got home without doing any work. And,' said Mr. Lister, smiling, 'we were not missed!'

'Another man from Bolton was less fortunate than we were,' he proceeded. 'He took a train up to London, and a week later he had not come back. When inquiries were made, it was found he had been sent from Euston to Birmingham, from there to somewhere else and so on.'

Concerning railway tickets Mr. Lister has a fund of quaint and curious lore. He can testify, for instance, that in bygone years, as now the public made extraordinary efforts to obtain the first issued for a new section of line. On one occasion the crush round a booking office was so great that a lady was rather seriously injured. When another branch was opened, a passenger came to him in a state of great jubilation. 'I've got No. 1,' he exclaimed. 'Now, I don't want to give this up to the collector; I want to keep it. What can I do?'

'Book again,' said Mr. Lister. 'Then you needn't use that.'

This way out of the difficulty had not occurred to the passenger. Delighted to hear that the company would not object to his paying his fare twice, he rushed off and purchased another ticket.

About excursion trains also the veteran guard returns some interesting details. 'On Saturday, or any other holiday,' he told me, 'they were made up of cattle trucks. Some of these had planks across sides, and so forth, for seats, but others had none at all.'

As will have been inferred, Mr. Lister's memory is, despite his age, not at all impaired. This being so and his other faculties being equally sound he will, it is to be hoped, enjoy his well earned rest.

LA GRIPPE VICTIMS.

Will in Thousands of Cases Have to Fight Catarrh Unless Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is Used to Prevent the Spreading of the Seed.

The wife of a prominent physician of Toronto was a victim of Catarrh in its worst form. She tried almost every treatment known in the world of medicine without receiving any lasting benefit. Hearing of the almost miraculous cures made by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, she procured it, persevered in its use for eight months, and was fully restored, and all symptoms of the dreaded disease eradicated from her system. She says, "After years of suffering I rejoice to be freed." Name given on application. Sold by E. C. Brown and all druggists.

Diamond and Charcoal.

With the single exception of the yellow metal—gold—there is probably nothing in nature around which human interest centers itself more strongly than around diamonds. The scientist, however, in spite of the fact that specimens to operate upon cost \$25 per grain regards the sparkling crystals of carbon with critical eyes, and in his laboratory, in the cause of science, he experiments with these brilliant objects with just as much interest as if they were so many crystals of common salt, sulphur or alum. No one would suppose, judging from their outward appearance or physical properties, that a lump of charcoal, a piece of black lead and a diamond had any relation to each other, and yet it has been proved beyond dispute that their chemical constitution is identical. They are simply three distinct modifications of the non-metallic element, carbon. To prove this relationship many queer experiments have been made with these valuable crystals. They have been burnt in the air and in oxygen gas, the resulting carbonic acid gas being carefully collected and weighed. The favorite experiment for proving the constitution of the diamond is to place a weighed quantity in a small platinum saucer, which is inserted in the porcelain tube of a specially constructed miniature furnace. The tube is heated strongly and a stream of oxygen gas allowed to pass through it, the products of the combustion of the diamond being collected in bulbs of caustic potash. The diamond disappears, but the potash bulbs increase correspondingly in weight by the absorption of the resulting carbonic acid.—Washington Star.

Clipping a Prince's Hair.

The first hair cutting of a royal prince is a tremendously important function in Siam, and the attendant expenses mount up into the thousands of dollars. There is a big feast and the barber who does the job is furnished with a pair of golden shears and receives a valuable present for his services. After the hair cutting a spot on the scalp is shaved clean with a razor made of steel, but gilded. When the hair apparent to the throne is shaved for the first time the whole nation goes on a spree, there is a grand festival at Bangkok, in the course of which the sacred white elephants are exposed to the public gaze, and the merry-making continues for days. The poorer children in Siam are barbered for the first time by the Buddhist priests in the temples.—New York Press.

Strength of Hair.

A single human hair will support four ounces without breaking.

MAY BURDENS AND PERILS.

Disease and Ill Health Should Be Banished This Month.

Paine's Celery Compound is the World's Great Health Restoring Agent.

It matters not whether your trouble be rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney disease, dyspepsia, nervous prostration or some nasty blood disease, Paine's Celery Compound possesses virtues sufficient to meet your case and overcome your sufferings. Diseases of any kind that have manifested themselves in the winter, and have fastened their deadly grip in the spring months, are terribly perilous of life, it allowed to run into the heat of summer. This is the time to grapple with disease, and Paine's Celery Compound is the only sure friend and helper of the sick.

The work of disease banishing and health restoring already accomplished this spring in Canada by Paine's Celery Compound is marvellous and astonishing, judging from the many letters received from cured people, supported by the endorsement of leading druggists and merchants to whom the cured people are known.

Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine that can honestly claim public recognition. Its work is never failing and sure. It first cleanses the blood, causing the life stream to run pure in every artery and vein of the body. It quickly restores lost strength; it gives perfect digestive vigor, sweet sleep and lasting health.

Women of Thibet.

In no other country, perhaps, is a woman's lot so hard as in Thibet, 'the forbidden land,' where civilization has never penetrated. Women are forced to do all the menial labor, are treated worse than beasts, and have absolutely no amusements. They are constantly kept shut up in their dark cave-like homes, seldom being allowed to appear in public or to visit friends. At 14 a girl is married to some man who is willing to pay her parents a small quantity of food or clothing by way of dowry. The marriage ceremony is simple. The girl's father ties a rope about his daughter's neck and drags her to her future husband's abode. The man pays what is considered a fair sum in food or clothing, and she is henceforth his wife.

Kipling's Sister.

Rudyard Kipling has but one sister, now married to an English army officer, in the staff stationed somewhere in India. She is a great beauty, and familiarly known as 'Tricksey,' she is a very accomplished woman, and has written several clever stories.

Peasant and Pope.

Two peasants, man and wife, lately made their appearance at the Vatican, bearing a letter of introduction to an official. As soon as it was presented they found themselves the objects of the most distinguished consideration, as the French have it, and with good reason. They brought with them £3,200 as an offering from a donor who did not wish to be known, and distrusted ordinary means of conveying cash. It was to be delivered into his holiness' own hands, and all obstacles imposed by etiquette were speedily set aside in favor of such valuable visitors.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

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FLASHES OF FUN.

A.: 'What do you think of C—?'
B.: 'He is the kind of man that the more I think of him the less I think of him.'

Mrs. Smiff: 'I wish you'd pay a little attention to what I say!'

Smiff: 'I do, dear—as little as possible.'

She: 'Why does a woman take a man's name when she gets married?'

He: 'Why does she take everything else he has?'

Freddie: 'Ma, what is the baby's name?'

Ma: 'The baby hasn't any name.'

Freddie: 'Then how did he know he belonged here?'

Tomkins: 'Gibson is very careful about his children, isn't he?'

Jenkins: 'Yes; he's trying to bring them up in the way he should have gone.'

She: 'I wonder why there isn't a woman in the moon, too?'

He: 'There is—in the honeymoon.'

And there was.

'His aim in life seems to be a poor one.'

'Yes; he inherits that from his mother.'

I once saw her throw a stone at a dog in the street, and hit her husband in the back yard.'

Mrs. Minks: 'Isn't it queer that such a little bit of a country as England can rule such a vast amount of territory?'

Mr. Minks: 'Well, I don't know. You're not very big, yourself, my dear.'

Perkin: 'I have the greatest respect for the truth.'

Firkin: 'So I perceive, for you generally keep at a most respectful distance from it.'

'Why, Tommy, you're at the jam again, and only whipped for it an hour ago!'

'Yes, mamma; I heard you tell auntie you thought you had whipped me too hard, and I thought I'd make it even.'

District Lady: 'I hope you and your husband agree now, Mrs. Notact?'

Mrs. Notact: 'Oh, yes, mum, we agree on everything now.' (After a pause): 'E said you was a meddlin', old idiot t'other day, mum!'

'You are now one,' said the minister to the happy pair he had just tied together with a knot they never could undo.

'Which one?' asked the bride.

'You will have to settle that for yourselves,' said the clergyman.

Teacher: 'One upon a time there were two rich men, one of whom made his fortune by honest industry, while the other made his by fraud. Now, which of these two men would you prefer to be?'

Tommy (after a moment's hesitation): 'Which made the most?'

A young man, known to be passionately addicted to angling, entered the private office of his employer, and said:—

'My sister is going to be married, sir, and I should like to—'

'Just so. Well, I don't see any objection to your sister's marriage now and then only you might bring me a fish, you know.'

It is said that very few ladies continue their piano playing long after marriage. This announcement is made in order to encourage young men to enter matrimony.

'You don't even dress me decently,' she cried. 'I'm going home to papa.'

'All right,' replied Doolittle; 'you might say to him also that I need a new suit myself.'

Mr. A. (who has been inveigled into going shopping with his wife): 'This stuff will make you a nice dress.'

Mrs. A.: 'Oh, nobody is wearing that now.'

Mr. A.: 'Then how will this suit?'

Mrs. A.: 'That won't do either. Everybody's got something like it. It's too common.'

The story goes that when Li Hung Chang was in England an admirer sent him a specially fine bull-terrier, intended to watch over the veteran statesman's declining years. The following letter—so the story goes—was received in acknowledgment: 'My dear—, While tending my best thanks for sending me your dog, I beg to say that, as for myself, I have long since given up the practice of eating dog's flesh; but my attendants, tell me they never tasted anything so nice.—Your devoted L.'

Robbie had longed long and earnestly for a baby brother and a pair of white rabbits. The answer to both wishes came on the same morning, but it was not quite satisfactory, for there were two baby brothers and only one rabbit. Robbie was greatly disgusted at the mistake. The next day his father found the following notice tacked to the gate-post:—

"FOR SALE.
"One nice fat baby or I will swap him for a white Rab-bit."

Mr. Gibbs went to an entertainment, and by mistake sat on his neighbor's silk hat, red using it to a shapeless mass. The owner of the hat was naturally indignant, and breathed threats of vengeance. 'Sir,' said Mr. Gibbs, calmly, 'I am very sorry, and must admit that I was awkward. But, he added, complacently, 'it might have been worse.'

'I don't see how it could have been,' roared the victim.

'Oh, yes, it could!' said Gibbs. 'I might have sat down on my own hat.'

'Is that dog of yours good for anything?' he asked of a man, as he motioned to a canine that lay behind the door.

'Is he? You just lay your hand on my shoulder and utter a "whoo!"'

The man did so, and the dog sprang up and bit his owner on the leg and gracefully retired.

'How do you account for that?' asked the inquirer, as a general laugh went round. 'Hargit! I had forgotten that he was cross-eyed,' was the reply. 'I ought to have put my hand on your shoulder and yelled.'

Ask your doctor how many preparations of cod-liver oil there are.

He will answer, "Hundreds of them." Ask him which is the best. He will reply, "Scott's Emulsion."

Then see that this is the one you obtain. It contains the purest cod-liver oil, free from unpleasant odor and taste. You also get the hypophosphites and glycerine. All three are blended into one grand healing and nourishing remedy.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Take B.B.B. This Spring.

'Twill purify the system—Give you strength and energy.'

Very few people escape the enervating influence of spring weather.

There is a dullness, drowsiness and inaptitude for work on account of the whole system being clogged up with impurities accumulated during the winter months.

The liver is sluggish, the bowels inclined to be constipated, the blood impure, and the entire organism is in need of a thorough cleansing.

Of all "Spring Medicines," Burdock Blood Bitters is the best.

It stimulates the sluggish liver to activity, improves the appetite, acts on the bowels and kidneys, purifies and enriches the blood, removes all poisonous products, and imparts new life and vigor to those who are weak and debilitated.

7 Big Boils. Mr. Wm. J. Hepburn writes from Centralia, Ont.: "I can sincerely say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine on the market. Last spring my blood got out of order, and I had seven or eight good sized boils come out on my body, and the size of one was much larger than an egg. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and inside of six days, when only half the bottle was taken, there wasn't a boil to be seen. I have recommended B.B.B. to different people in my village, and all derived benefit from it. I wish B.B.B. every success, as it is indeed a great medicine for the blood."

B.B.B. is a highly concentrated vegetable compound—teaspoonful doses—add water yourself.

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