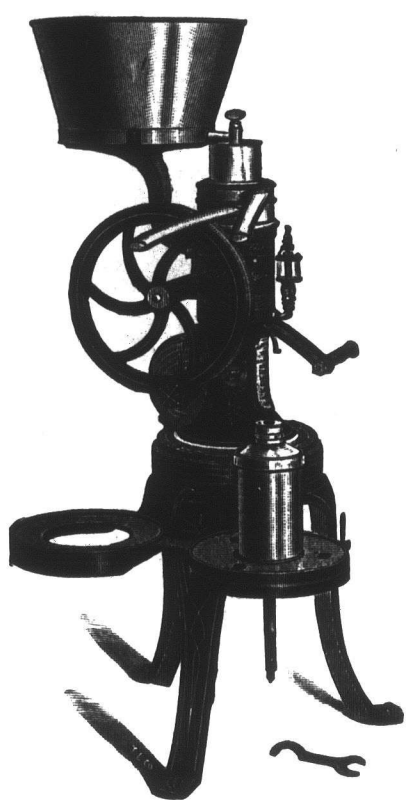


# NATIONAL Cream Separator



Are great favorites wherever introduced. Thousands of satisfied users from one end of Canada to the other testify to the perfect satisfaction given by the National Cream Separator.

National Cream Separators embody all that is good and up-to-date in cream separator construction. The bowls have only two or three simple pieces in them to clean and are extremely easy to wash. Although very simple, yet the National stands unexcelled as a perfect skimmer under all farm conditions.

Nationals have ball bearings at all speed points, doing away with friction and making them extremely easy to turn. All bearings are adjustable and interchangeable, giving great durability. The milk can is low down. The machines are very handy to operate and beautifully finished in hard black enamel. On account of their many excellent qualities Nationals are great favorites with the farmers and the farmers' wives.

The 1906 improved machines are better than ever—the envy of all competitors—the best value on the Canadian market.

**Our machines are made entirely in  
Canada by CANADIAN Workmen.**

SEND FOR CATALOGUE NO. 12.

**RAYMOND MANUFACTURING CO., Limited**

**344 Portage Ave.**

**WINNIPEG, MANITOBA**

to keep awake. Unfortunately, the evidence shows that it is a common occurrence. I know of an instance where a flagman threw his red lamp through the cab window, but the engineer never woke up till he hit the caboose of another train.

But these cases are hard to prove, for no man who has been long enough at the business to get to the right side of a locomotive would ever acknowledge himself to blame for anything. They are all experts at "putting it onto the other fellow."

Then, again, there are well authenticated cases of men suddenly lapsing into a species of temporary insanity. It is idle to speculate how many times that has happened without detection. I have personally known of three instances of this kind.

CONDUCTOR HARRIMAN'S CRAZY ACT. Conductor Joe Harriman, eastward bound with the "pick-up," went into Cedar Hill siding to let the milk train pass. It was in the gray dawn of a sultry summer morning, just at the time when vitality is low, and everybody is sleepy and half dead; especially if they have been tramping through long, wet grass all night, with pockets full of links and pins, hunting ordered cars.

Joe's train was in clear, and the switch was closed and locked. He sat with his hat off, and his head hanging out of the cupola window, trying to get a breath of air, and hoping that the milk would be on time, so that he could get home to breakfast with his family.

The sun peeped redly over the roof of a barn, and another hot day was on. There was a rumbling. Joe looked at his watch; it was the Pacific Express, a west bound train, going the

other way. She was a minute late, and as he listened to her clawing up the grade on the other side of the hill, he imagined how Frank Dooley would "sling them down" on this side. The clear, sharp ring of the exhaust told him she had topped the hill, and he gazed lazily round at her. There was a siding on her side of the road, the switch in plain sight from where Joe sat. Instinctively he glanced at it; then at the train; it was coming toward him.

His damp hair stood up like wire. He jumped down, and, although the sun was now well up, he grabbed his lamp and literally flew for that switch. Dooley's fireman said he seemed to make but one leap from his caboose to the other side of the road. Anyhow, he got there in time to throw the switch wrong—which had been right—and to spread the passenger train all over the carpet. A minute later the milk came along and completed one of the worst wrecks ever seen on the road.

Amid the pandemonium of whirling cars and engines, Joe was not even knocked down. He was seen to run—still bareheaded and hanging onto his lamp—across the track, over the fence, and into a cornfield. They traced him through the field to the highway, and there lost track of him. Nobody knows to this day what caused him to do such an outlandish act.

"I THOUGHT I WAS DOIN' RIGHT!"

Old Henry McPherson flagged at a railroad crossing for nine years. No accident that could be attributed to negligence or carelessness on his part had ever happened.

The general manager was out on a tour of inspection. Although the time of these trips is supposed to be a state secret, the general manager is a pretty

well known and most carefully watched train on the road. Everybody knows that the "big boss" is in it, and on the watch.

It was broad daylight, about two o'clock in the afternoon. The boss was up on the engine, "piking things off." Old Henry took a quiet pride in the recognition extended to him by the higher officials, none of whom would think of slighting the trusted veteran. When the whistle blew, he came forth from his shanty, unfurled his white flag, and signalled the train ahead in an eminently proper and dignified manner. The engineer acknowledged his signal with two short blasts, the general manager waved a polite salute, and Henry turned, rolling his flag about his stick, to re-enter his shanty; for he would not seem to place more importance upon that train than on any other.

Suddenly he dropped his flag, ran with all his might to a switch ahead of the engine, and threw it—wrong!

A moment later, having satisfied himself that by good luck he was alive and in possession of all his members, the general manager crawled from under the overturned tender and went gunning for Henry. All the explanation the poor old fellow could make, while the tears rolled down his cheeks and he shook like an aspen, was:

"I thought I was doin' right, sir. I thought I was doin' right!"

ANOTHER RAILROAD MYSTERY.

Sam Wilson ran his engine and three cars into an open draw; it was a shallow creek, and would hold no more. The engine rolled over on the fireman, burying him in the mud. His was the only life lost. Sam went down with her, but floated up through the open air, and was found pretty wet, but

that was the extent of his injuries.

It was a beautiful clear night, and he was killing time with a notoriously slow train. When asked how he came to do it, he would tell the story up to the time when he came in sight of the bridge signal; then he would stop, and nobody could get another word out of him. The conversation would end something like this:

"You say you saw the red signal, Sam?"

"Yes, I saw the signal all right."

"Then why in Texas didn't you stop?"

Sam's eyelids would droop; he would appear to commune with himself a moment, as if trying to figure it out, and then he would turn on his heel and slouch away. Nobody, not even the superintendent, or the coroner who held the inquest on the fireman, could ever get him past that point in the narrative.

It having become an established fact that engineers will be found to run trains into open draws as long as there is a way to do it, some roads have taken the precaution to make it impossible. A switch is put in, leading to a sandbar, or some other nice, soft place, and interlocked with the bridge. The switch has to be opened to unlock the bridge. If a fellow comes along who is in a hurry, or asleep, or temporarily unhinged, he will get a tumble, but he won't be drowned.

That, as far as I know, is the only means of making it absolutely impossible for a man to run into the open draw.

Madder came from the East.

The citron is a native of Greece.