

## Personal.

MR. J. W. SUTHERLAND has been appointed general freight agent of the Canadian Pacific in Toronto, succeeding Mr. Ephraim Tiffin.

MR. J. C. ANDERSON, an old Winnipegger, who for many years has had charge of auxiliary or wrecking trains in the North-West, has invented a car stove extinguisher. Mr. Anderson is now a resident of the sunny south, where he is meeting with great success with his invention. The extinguisher is illustrated in the *Southern Industry*, published in Decatur, Ala., and speaks for itself, showing something wherein there is a large fortune.

### The Seed of Accidents.

THE *Locomotive Engineer* says:—The last year has been a very busy one for railroads, and also for the coroner. It is always so. That there should be more accidents where there are more trains is perfectly natural. But the increased number of trains is not the greatest cause of accidents. When business crowds the roads all the motive power available is kept in motion, and the increased traffic makes the officials more than ever careful how they send out new engineers. They urge the engineers to make extra trips, and thus make a little extra money during the "rush." In most cases this is blood-money. Blood-money for the already overworked engineer, and blood-money for the public. In the United States during 1887 there were, not many, but many thousands of trips run by engineers who had been on duty from eighteen to forty-eight hours, and many cases of even more.

It is a rule on some roads to require the men to "double the division." This may be 100 or 150 miles; a freight train gets over it in from 10 to 14 hours, and the engine crew doubles back; before reaching the terminus the engineer has been on duty more than 24 hours; and that they endure it and keep awake and attentive to duty is one of the wonders of the day.

### A Ticket Agent.

TICKET agents are all beautiful. If you are not, exchange yourself for one that is. A ticket agent never has anything to try his temper, so there is no excuse for being at all cranky.

To be a good ticket agent you must know a little something of everything under the sun. You will be asked about it every day. Study astronomy, botany and ancient history. Dive into science, engineering and the dead languages. Take a whack at anatomy, physiology and poker. Read the *Police Gazette*, the Bible, and Boccaccio, Victoria Loftus and the Twin Cloggiata. Be able to tell everybody you meet how trains are run and rails are made, how the sun regulates the time, and exactly what time it is, and why it is exactly that time. Keep at your tongue's end the precise minute it is at any particular instant in China, Melbourne, New York, Chicago and

London. Practice will soon make you perfect in this. Unless you can get all these accomplishments down fine enough to be able to tell an enquiring passenger without a moment's hesitation you must at once give up hopes of ever becoming a ticket agent. It is also very essential to sell the right ticket. If a man is going West, always do the right thing by him and sell him a ticket. Another thing which you must always be ready for, is the necessity of turning your ticket office into a general parcel room. You must be prepared to take charge, without charge, of everything from a wet umbrella to a ditto baby. A ticket agent's lot is one which after all is not such an enviable one as some people may suppose.—*Exchange*.

### Do Patents Pay?

IN our November issue, under the above heading, we endeavored to demonstrate that it is not only the great inventions that pay. The fact is that in thousands of instances they are the more simple and unpretentious inventions that prove most remunerative. Simplicity must not, however, be the sole merits of an invention, there must also be a market for it. The first thing, therefore, the inventor should do is to select something that will not only sell cheap, but for which there is, or can be made, a great demand. Let him get up an article of household use, one that every economical housewife will not dispense with. The general public has an aversion against "new things," it is true, but when the price of the new thing is but a trifle, many persons will risk the amount. If it has any merit it will soon commend itself to the public, and a market will be created.

There is another class of patents which almost invariably prove remunerative to the inventor. We mean the inventor who will study the requirements of the trade or calling at which he is daily engaged. There is hardly a piece of machinery, a process or a mode of turning out work that cannot be improved. There is an unlimited field for your inventive genius, if you have any. Let the shoemaker stick to his last. Is the blacksmith not more likely to succeed in an endeavor to improve his forge than he would be in attempting to simplify the mechanism of a watch? Half the work has been done when one is working at something with which one is already familiar. Let every tradesman try and improve his own business, and we will soon reach the highest pitch of perfection in the operation of our many industries. The inventor will soon find his reward, and he will contribute largely to the comfort, happiness and elevation of his fellow workmen.—*Canadian Patent Review*.

### Bring on that Electric Railway.

THE *Car and Locomotive Builder* exclaims:—It is tantalizing and almost wearisome to read the current newspaper accounts of the wonderful performances of electric cars upon the horse car lines in sundry cities and towns all over the country. The miserably overworked horses certainly cannot monopolize

things much longer if the 120th parade trip of the electric car "Belgian" on the Fourth Avenue Line in the city of New York is any criterion of what a hundred such cars can do in regular service. The car is propelled by Julien storage batteries, and if the local itemizers for the daily papers tell the truth, it has never broken down or failed in a single instance. It chafes like a racehorse for the track, and when the horse car ahead is nearly out of sight and the track clear, it dashes off at the rate of 20 miles an hour, and "rocks and teeters like a hobby horse gone mad." It can be stopped when half-way up the steepest grade on the line, can be run backwards and forwards and up and down at pleasure; and moreover, it can be run in all sorts of weather, and with all sorts of loads. It is said to be cheaper than horse or cable power, or overhead electric wire or electric conduit systems. But the best remain to be told. Ten electric cars are, it is said, being built for regular service on the above-named line. They will be much finer than the experimental one, and will have an electric brake, steam heating and other attachments. The ten horse cars they will displace will then be fitted with batteries and motors and put to work in place of ten other horse cars, and in this way the entire rolling stock of the line will gradually be changed. The ten new electric cars will be ready about the 1st of April. We hope the announcement will be justified by the performance.

### It is the "Pacific" Slope.

A WRITER in the *New York Sun* says:—While the western life that one sees in crossing the continent differs sufficiently from that on the Atlantic coast, to keep the observant traveller on the alert with eyes and ears, one must, nevertheless, go far from the trans-continental railroad to obtain even a hint of the wild, rude border existence best known to readers of yellow-coated literature and patrons of the sensational drama. Canada never had a border history like ours, so that what I saw of life in this year of grace beside the track of the Canadian Pacific railroad was tame enough in all conscience, if viewed from the standpoint of a person thirsting for impromptu conflicts between cowboys and blacklegs, or street-duels between the leading citizens of a new-born town. It seemed to me, as I rode over the prairie from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, a distance of nearly a thousand miles, as though an unarmed man might safely walk the whole journey between waggon ruts that mark the old pioneer trail and that lies almost as close to the track as a towpath by a canal. And, without exaggeration, it would be less dangerous for a lady to do so at any time when the Indians were quiet (and how often are they otherwise in Canada?) than for her to essay a tramp for a similar number of days in New Jersey.

In the Rocky Mountains and the three sky-piercing chains lying parallel with them the scenery claimed all attention, and, indeed, little else was to be seen except occasional herds of deer and antelope. Here I would not advise anyone to walk. I kept to the cars,