

TRACKLESS TROLLEY IN OLD LAND

Has Been Invented and Put Into Service in England

The trackless trolley car has arrived. It has not only been thought out and invented, but actually put in service over in England. This new type of conveyance has been introduced in the town of Bradford, England, where it is being operated by the municipality at a profit. The low capital expenditure (only one-tenth that required for the ordinary trolley system) is said to have enabled many rural and suburban municipalities to obtain passenger service at moderate cost.

In the "Scientific American" appears the following comment: "The trackless car is regarded as a pioneer service preceding the installation of an ordinary trolley route and serving as a feeder for Bradford's main electric transportation service. Its primary function is to tap the thickly populated areas, serve them until their development requires a permanent way, and then move on to new areas. Another important function performed by the trackless cars is in forming connecting lines between the terminals of existing trolley lines and facilitating road communication in the network of lines operated by the municipality."

The first trackless trolley service in Bradford was installed in June, 1911. There are now five such routes operated by the municipality, comprising a total mileage of 9 1/2 miles. The statistical return for 1916 shows a car mileage on the railless system of 222,930 as against 171,653 in 1915. The total operating cost for the eighteen cars in use (including interest and sinking fund charges) was \$0.1555 per car mile, and during the last calendar year (1916) the number of passengers amounted to 2,102,985. Half fares are charged before 9 a. m., the lowest charge being \$0.01, and special reduced fares apply to children going to and from school. The route is divided into stages, and the fare is according to the distance travelled. The average fare per mile is \$0.013.

Each car has a seating capacity of 29 persons and a crew of two consisting of motorman and conductor. The current is obtained from overhead trolley wires, and the vehicle runs along the high road on solid rubber motor truck tires. At the terminus the cars are turned without removing the trolley connection by means of an overhead trolley reverser of triangular shape. The cars are said to be less noisy than the gas-tine-driven motor-buses, and the absence of objectionable odors is an advantage. However, they do cause considerable damage to the roads over which they run, and the highways require regular attention and care, a smooth road being a prerequisite to successful operation. The macadam and concrete types of road construction are favored in the environs of Bradford where large supplies of good road-making stone are available.

"Although railless traction is financially a success in Bradford, an exact statistical return is misleading, inasmuch as the 'feeding value' is not and cannot be taken into consideration in the accounts for railless

BEST LIVER AND BOWEL LAXATIVE FOR FAMILY USE

"Cascarets" regulate women, men and children without injury. Take when bilious, headachy, for colds, bad breath, sour stomach.



Instead of nasty, harsh pills, salts, castor oil or dangerous salinels, why don't you keep Cascarets handy in your home? Cascarets act on the liver and thirty feet of bowels so gently you don't realize you have taken a cathartic, but they act thoroughly and can be depended upon when a good liver and bowel cleansing is necessary—they move the bile and poison from the bowels without gripping and sweeten the stomach. You eat one or two at night like candy and you wake up feeling fine, the headache, biliousness, sour stomach, constipation, or bad cold disappears. Mothers should give cross sick, feverish, or bilious children a whole Cascaret any time—they are harmless and safe for the little folks.

traction in contradistinction from the municipal systems as a unit. The routes along which the cars run are often routes upon which rats could not be laid without heavy capital expenditure, and this method of transportation is adopted originally because of cheapness in construction and operation rather than by reason of any other advantage over the undoubtedly superior service afforded by ordinary electric railways.

BLAZE IN PENITENTIARY.

By Courier Lensed Wire
Jefferson City, Mo., Jan. 24.—One of the largest shoe factories at the state penitentiary here was burned early to-day. The loss is estimated at \$250,000. The prison laundry also was destroyed. The fire was one of a series discovered during the night by guards. The other blazes were extinguished without difficulty. Officials believe the fires were of incendiary origin.

VICTORY BOND PRICES

By Courier Lensed Wire
Montreal, Jan. 24.—The Victory Loan committee handling the sales of this issue in Montreal, has decided that to the small bondholder disposing of holdings up to \$500, the price allowed will be 97-8, which, with increased interest, equals the par price at which the bonds were issued in November. To corporations and large holders attempting to sell 97-7-8 will be allowed.

Courier Daily Pattern Service

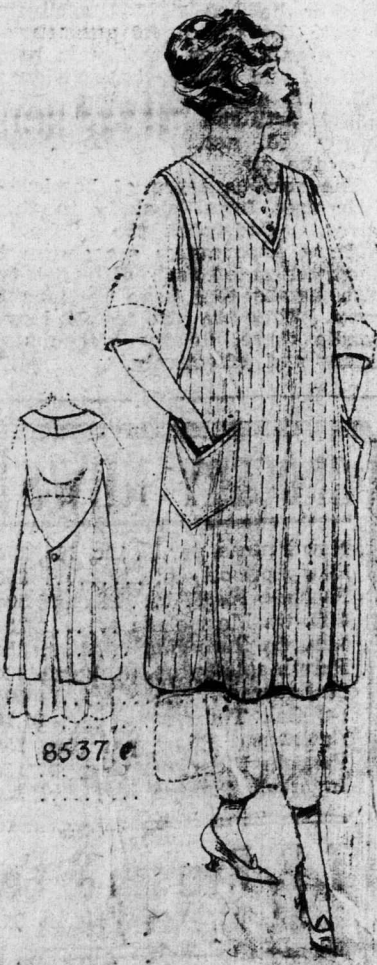
VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HANDY HOME-MAKER—ORDER ANY PATTERN THROUGH THE COURIER, STATE SIZE.

LADY'S ONE PIECE APRON

By Anabel Worthington.

The common kitchen apron of other days is a thing of the past so far as the modern housewife is concerned. For the good looking and comfortable aprons which are being used nowadays are a pleasure to wear. An especially easy one to make is given in No. 8537. It is all in one piece and the neck is cut like a skirt, so that it can be quickly slipped over the head. The big pockets which are stitched at the sides will be a convenience for small articles when doing housework.

The lady's one piece apron pattern, No. 8537 is cut in three sizes—36, 40 and 44 bust measure. The 36 inch size requires 3 1/2 yards 27 inch or 2 1/2 yards 36 inch goods, with 2 1/2 yards binding and 1/2 yard 22 inch contrasting goods.



CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES

Sapper Charles Holmes, 7th R.C.R., one of Brantford's youngest soldiers, yet one who has been for ten months in the trenches, sends the following Christmas letter to his mother, Mrs. Geo. Holmes, 8 Kennedy street, Grandview:

Somewhere in France, Xmas Day. Hello Mother—A merry Christmas to you and all. Well, well. Here we are again, Christmas night and the girls are all around. We'll pass over that. "Pass the mince pies, will you, please. Oh—I'm not home" (I wish I was). I say, mother, what do you think I had for my Christmas dinner? We are not far from our front line trenches and this is the menu: First, the bugle call, fall in, so we fell in (not in a beer barrel) and marched to the canteen and received a mess tin of beer, also nuts, apples and two cigars, then we went to the cookhouse and got some turkey and three kinds of vegetables. I myself got a second course, and the buck (second course). We then went back and received plum pudding (real apple too). We got all this for nothing and also went to a show on Christmas eve in an old hall with half a dozen plaster of the walls and ceiling and I saw one of the finest villages, I think, I ever saw. This is all gospel truth (not a dream). Well, mother, if I live, I have lived to-day, I won't mind the war. Give my love to grannie, the girls, and all the rest. I will now close with love to you, wishing you all a merry Christmas and happy New Year, I remain your ever loving son, CHARLIE.

Rippling Rhymes

The New Year is a sight to see, to people safe and sane, and I've no doubt that it will be a year of stress and strain. There'll be a thousand urgent calls for coal in sacks and kegs, to purchase useful cannonballs, and shells and wooden legs. Our boys will go from training camps, from native shores they'll scout, to paralyze these Teuton seamps, and make them cease to Teut. And over as the battles wax, and armies charge, the foe, the burdens on our stately backs the heavier will grow. Before this brave young year runs down we'll know beyond all doubts who are the pickers in our town, and who the good game scouts. We can't get by on bounce and brag, in crucial times like these; a lot of bunk about the flag won't help things o'er the seas. Fine words and phrases loud and big won't put a foe in flight; we'll have to dig and dig, and dig, if we want to show we're white. The piker cannot save his face, excuses won't go down, it's either glory or disgrace for every cent in town. The year will show us if man's souls are timid or sublime, and slakers, welded to their rolls, will have a beastly time.

BURFORD

(From our own correspondent)
Mr. McCormick from the Canadian Northwest, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Costin.
Mr. Lillico has sold his farm to Mr. Daniels of Princeton.
Mr. W. Deans of O. A. C. Guelph, was calling on old friends here this week.
Mrs. Stanley Clarke and children are visiting in Toronto.
Mr. and Mrs. Horsnell rejoice in the arrival of a young son.
Mr. Jacob Kern has been very ill. Miss Edythe McDonald of Mt. Vernon has taken a position in Robertson's store.
Mrs. Ledger and daughters, have returned from a visit to Humberstone after being storm-stayed at Cambridge and Brantford for several days.
Miss Hazel Elliott of Brantford, spent the week-end at the parental home.
Mr. Bert Watson an old Burford boy, was calling on his home in the North West.

SIDE TALKS

HOW THEY FEEL

There are some things I simply cannot understand. And one is how people can enjoy one clothes and other luxuries when they owe money. How can they take pleasure in having things they know aren't fairly and squarely theirs. Of course this includes the large class of people who permit themselves to live in luxury while they owe every tradesman in town. But it was not one of these people that got me started to-day. It was a young girl, of whom I know, a girl who comes from the (really) fine antecedents. She wanted to keep up with the best. Now while this girl was going through school money was borrowed to buy her pretty clothes, and she could keep up with the other girls. Her father supplied the money for the schooling, but would not supply money for the extras. With her confidence her father had of standing in no way, she was what she could afford. There is no greater strain in the world than to be constantly with those who have more money than you. That is why I would have had a daughter of mine to any school of her own society.

Good Night

JOHNNY AND THE MAGIC SKATES
Johnny couldn't see why his mother didn't want him to skate outside the yard. The sidewalk was such a nice, broad one, just the place to skate. The walk around the house wasn't near so nice.

"I don't see why I can't skate in front of the house," mused Johnny crossly, as he stood at the gate. "Why can't you?" asked a squeaky voice, and a queer little elfin on roller skates scooted toward Johnny. "I don't know," replied Johnny, "only mamma said not to." "Fshaw, that's too bad!" exclaimed the elfin, and he sped toward the corner. Johnny glanced toward the house, then darted after the little skater, intending to turn back when he reached the corner. But, dear me, the skates ran right down the curb and across the street, going faster and faster as the little elfin darted ahead of them. Johnny knew that he was doing wrong, and tried to make them turn back, but the skates seemed bewitched, and nothing Johnny could do would make them change their course. The faster the elfin flew the faster went the magic skates. On and on they went through the town past the post office, and down toward the lake, knocking people this way and that trying to catch up with the elfin. Johnny could see the waves dashing against the rocks and he began to cry. "Wait!" he screamed at the top of his voice. "I don't want to go any further!" But the little elfin only laughed and went faster. "Oh, dear! I'll never disobey mamma again. It serves me right!" sobbed Johnny. Instantly the skates came to a sudden stop. Johnny tumbled down and when he opened his eyes the little elfin was standing over him. "See what you made me do!" cried Johnny. "I made you!" exclaimed the elfin. "I did nothing of the kind! You were planning to skate out on that sidewalk the very minute your mamma's back was turned." "I know it!" sobbed Johnny, "but I'm sorry I even thought of disobeying her and I'll never do it again." "Fshaw!" exclaimed the elfin. "When a fellow says he'll never repeat a wrong deed it's time for me to go." And before Johnny could blink his eyes the elfin had disappeared and Johnny was standing by his mamma's gate. Johnny took off his skates and ran into the house. It had been just 10 minutes by the clock since Johnny had tumbled on his skates, and he had covered miles in that time. Johnny wondered if there really were such things as magic skates. But he never mentioned the experience he had just had to his mamma for fear she would laugh at him. But Johnny never disobeyed his mamma again.

ST. GEORGE NEWS

(From our own correspondent)
There passed away quietly at her late home on Tuesday, January 15, an old and highly respected citizen in the person of Martha Jane Parsons, beloved wife of George W. Greenfield, after an illness of only five days. The deceased was born on the Governor's Road, in July, 1834, where she lived until her marriage to Mr. Greenfield, 63 years ago. The husband, three daughters and only son were at her bedside when the end came. Deceased leaves to mourn her loss, besides her husband, who will be 84 years old next month, one son, George, on the Governor's Road, and six daughters, Mrs. Sloat, at home; Mrs. Messer, N.D.; Mrs. Rouse, Brantford; Mrs. Ritchie, Windsor, Ont.; Mrs. McDougal, Windsor, Ont.; Mrs. G. L. Bonham, St. George. Mrs. Greenfield was a faithful member of the St. George Baptist church, and as long as strength permitted, attended the services. The funeral took place from her late home to the Presbyterian cemetery.

ADAMS BLACK JACK

She will greet you with a smile if, every Wednesday night, you take her Adams Black Jack. A stick a day keeps hoarseness away.



ADAMS Pure Chewing Gum

Rev. Mr. Haversock conducting an impressive service, taking as his text, "She hath done what she could." The floral tributes were many and beautiful. Wreaths from husband, children and grandchildren in Windsor, came from Greenfield, grand-children, born from the members of Miss Marquis' Sunday school class. Deep sympathy is extended to the sorrowing family.

ENTERED INTO REST

At Rochester, N. Y., on Monday, January 14, 1918, at the residence of her son, Mr. F. W. Steele, No. 70 Field St., Mrs. Elizabeth McNaught, wife of one son and two daughters, F. W. Steele and Mrs. W. F. Chamberlain, of Rochester, and Mrs. Arthur W. Green, of St. George, E. W. Steele and W. F. Chamberlain accompanied the body here for burial. The funeral took place from the home of her son-in-law on Thursday, January 17th, to the Methodist cemetery, the services at the house and grave being conducted by the Rev. Mr. Brandon of the Methodist church. Dearest sympathy of the community is extended to Mrs. and Mrs. Green in their bereavement.

TENNIS CLOGGED

By Courier Lensed Wire
Buffalo, Jan. 24.—Ice clogged intake tunnels at the Niagara Falls Power House caused a temporary suspension of operations, yesterday and a complete paralysis of street car service on three lines serving the industrial section here. Thousands of employees in factories, reopening after the five day suspension, were from one hour to two hours late for work. The shortage of bituminous coal continues acute, it was said at the Chamber of Commerce, although no plants have been compelled to suspend because of lack of fuel.

KILLED IN FALL

By Courier Lensed Wire
Toronto, Jan. 24.—Marking a starway for a doorway, Miss Kate Smith, aged 55, a sister of Major-General Smith, militia judge advocate, was instantly killed when she fell headlong to the bottom of the stairway. Examination showed her neck to have been broken. The chief coroner was at once notified, but decided that an inquest was unnecessary.

FOR WOMEN'S AFFAIRS

Dr. Martine's Female Pills have been ordered by physicians and sold only in being Druggists. Be sure you get a box of a quarter of a century.

conducted at the home and grave by Rev. Mr. Farguher, the only music was a solo, "Jesus to Father," sung by Wm. Snowball. The pallbearers were Messrs. J. McNelly, Walker Patten, W. Sager, Bruce and Cuthbert Burt, and Mr. Nash. The sympathy of the village and community is extended to the sorrowing family.

Mr. Cuthbert Howell is taking a two weeks' course at the Agricultural College, Guelph.

Mrs. Prime and Mrs. E. Young returned home last week after spending two months in Florida.

Miss Irma Worthington of Brantford spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. W. J. Scott.

Dr. Martine's Female Pills have been ordered by physicians and sold only in being Druggists. Be sure you get a box of a quarter of a century.

They. The remains were shipped to Goubons yesterday for burial.

Lemons Do Whiten!

Try This on Face, Neck, Arms, Hands

The lemon juice massage indulged in once or twice each day means a little time and trouble, girls, but what of the splendid results? A skin bleached beautifully white, a complexion with the bloom of a peach, a softening of those lines of care in fact, a skin eloquent of nature's purity and hands white, soft and full of charm. What girl of woman hasn't heard of lemon juice to remove complexion blemishes; to bleach the skin and to bring out the roses, the freshness and the hidden beauty? But lemon juice alone is acid, therefore irritating, and should be mixed with other ingredients. Strain through a fine cloth the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle containing about three ounces of orchard white, then shake well and you have a whole quart of skin and complexion lotion at about the cost of one usually paid for a small jar of ordinary cold cream. Be sure to strain the lemon juice so no pulp gets into the bottle, then this lotion will remain pure and fresh for months. When massaged daily into the face, neck, arms and hands it should naturally help to lighten, clear, smoothen and beautify the skin. Any druggist will supply three ounces of orchard white of very high cost and the grocer has the lemons.