

HERE'S A NOVEL SCHEME

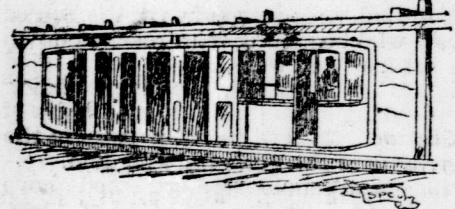
BICYCLE TRAINS SOON MAY RUN IN THE DOMINION.

Here is a Column About a Proposed New System Which May Revolutionize Railways the World Over—Where the Bicycle Railway is Being Tried.

A new railroad has been built on Long Island. It is a queer affair, for it has only one rail, and it is a prophetic affair, for it is operated by electricity. If it proves a success Canada will have one like it, for a company has been organized to build a bicycle railway from Winnipeg to Louisville, N.S. The gentlemen interested say they have the money and the desire to embark in their novel undertaking. It is a new application of an old steam system exhibited at Coney Island some years ago. With the steam motor the inventor succeeded in safely attaining a speed of 70 miles an hour, and with electricity he claims 120 miles an hour, and recently, when a public trial was given, actually reached a speed of 90 miles on a track only a mile and a half long. It is notable that the car was running at its highest speed when it rounded an eight degree curve—a test of great severity.

The road consists of a single rail laid upon a wooden beam, about twelve inches square. Exactly above this rail and supported by arms extending from upright pillars, is an over-head guide beam. On the bottom of this is another small rail, which acts as the conductor of the electric current and upon which runs the trolley wheel. It serves also as a guide to keep the bicycle car in an upright position. Motor and passenger accommodations are included in a single car fifty feet long and pointed, projectile like, at each end. At the front and rear are the two huge driving wheels which make the car a bicycle. It has no other wheels, except the small ones which run above to keep the car in position. On both sides of each of the large wheels is the motor, narrow and exceptionally large, and at the very front end in the peak is the controller.

The remainder of the car is given up to seating apartments, two seats, for two each,

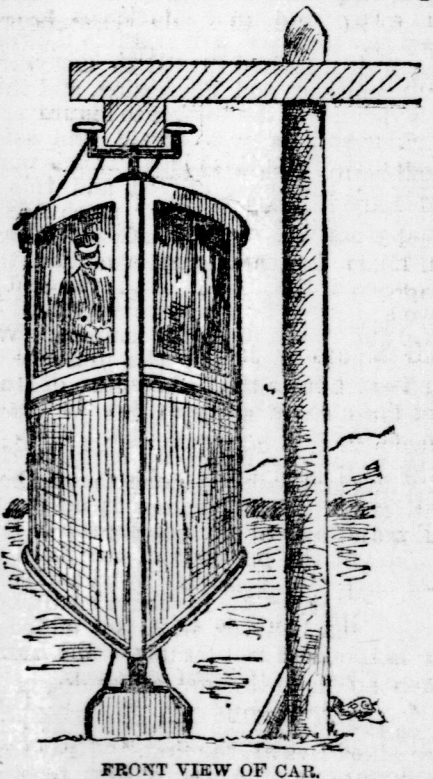


VIEW OF TRAIN.

In each apartment. The doors, of which each apartment has one, are sliding, and are all operated simultaneously by the conductor from the end of the car by a lever. The car rests within a few inches of the rail, and the big wheels, protected by an iron box for the few inches that protrude below the car, are not visible. The eight small wheels above seem to be more an ornament than a utility, as they rarely touch the beam, and thus move only occasionally. There is no smoke, no dust, no noise.

The car is four feet wide, fourteen feet high and forty-two feet long, shaped like a plank turned edgewise and pointed. As the train is grooved between an upper support and lower rail derailment is impossible. The car is only one-sixth the weight of ordinary cars and the seating capacity is double. The car is constructed of wood veneer, held in place by steel bands and rods, and the corners protected by steel. One hundred pounds is made to do the work which requires 1,000 pounds in the other cars. On account of the narrowness of the cars and the fact that only one rail is required upon which to run them, by the adoption of this system every two tracked road would become a four track and every single track doubled.

The inventor says: "Five cars, seating 540 persons, would not be so long as the present train and engine, and would weigh



FRONT VIEW OF CAR.

less than one-fifth as much as a train that now carries 240 persons, seated. Surely electricity could be used to drive so light a train more economically. With this enlarged capacity, and using each separate rail for a train, there would be abundant opportunity for a company to give separate cars, with single tickets for a compartment in red ticket cars to be sold for twenty-five cents each section. Thus, the exclusive and the smokers could have separate compartments in their own red ticket cars. The adding of the light four inch steel guides overhead, conveying electric power, would be no obstruction to light or air, and all the cost of the changes quadrupling the capacity of the roads, immediately doubling and probably trebling their net income, would not require an expenditure exceeding 15 per cent of the capitalization of any company."

A Novel Barometer. An ingeniously contrived barometer, common in Germany, is often used as a subject for illustration in comic journals. To the huge cork of a large glass jar kept half filled with water is attached a little slanting glass plate with rings about an inch apart, resting on the bottom of the jar. The jar is inhabited by a tree toad, almost white, mottled with purple gray. In clear, dry weather the toad remains in the water with his nose and eyes just visible above the surface. When he leaves the water and sits on the first step, look out for cloudy weather. If he hops to the second step, look out for rain or snow, and should he ever climb to the step just under the cork, prepare for a blizzard. From long observation and experience many Germans have acquired great faith in this primitive weather bureau.

WILLIAM DWIGHT WIMAN.

Portrait of the Son Erasmus Wiman Loved So Well.

William Dwight Wiman, who lies ill with pneumonia, is the eldest son of Erasmus Wiman, whose recent troubles have created such wide-spread interest. Mr.



WILLIAM DWIGHT WIMAN.

Wiman has not been in good health for a month, but his condition was not sufficiently serious to keep him from his business as manager of the Staten Island Electric Power Company. He was taken down with pneumonia. Dr. Jefferson Seales, who is one of young Mr. Wiman's warmest friends, has been in constant attendance.

Young Mr. Wiman was born in Montreal thirty-three years ago. He was graduated from Lehigh University and has nearly always been connected with his father's business. Three years ago he married Miss Anna Dear, of Moline, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Wiman have a two-year-old boy. Mr. and Mrs. Dear came on when notified of their son-in-law's illness, and are now at the Wiman home. His father also secured \$25,000 bail and was released to attend at his bedside.

The Drug Store.

It is interesting to note the evolutions of the drug business. In the ancient days, before Galen had established what might be called a system of medicine, the treatment of patients was akin to magic. The practitioners were considered magicians, witches and sorcerers. They roamed the fields at dead of night for certain herbs, roots, etc., which were gathered with incantations and prepared with charms.

"Galen's system separated, in a measure, the mysterious features from the preparation of drugs, and his teachings held sway for 1,200 years. It was then that the administration and preparation of medicines were put upon a scientific basis. The period, in which the chemical compounds were introduced, was the beginning of the drug store. At first the doctors gathered their own herbs and roots and made the preparations. When the chemical preparations came in, the doctors found they could not give the extra time required for them, so the labor fell to the lot of the young student.

This work developed rapidly until it became a distinct branch and the pharmacy was established. The pharmacist, instead of the physician, now gathered all the herbs and roots required in the compounding of medicine. As the pharmacist's work developed he found that he would have to give up the gathering of the medicinal plants in order to find time to carry on the work of preparing them satisfactorily, so there was established another separate branch, that of herb-gathering.

Then began a division of the labor of the preparation which has scarcely left the apothecary a clear title to the name of apothecary. Manufacturing chemists sprang up who produced chemicals in great quantities, reducing prices to such an extent that it became less profitable for the pharmacist to manufacture medicinal drugs. Then the pharmaceutical manufacturer put fluid and solid extracts upon the market, thus placing the pharmacist of the drug store in the shadow.

On account of the great number of prepared and combined drugs being manufactured, physicians now rarely prescribe a mixture of crude drugs, as was formerly the case. The coming in of triturates, those compressed tablets, has had a decided effect upon the drug business. It is a question whether this latest development in the preparation of drugs has come to stay. If it has it will practically do away with the duties of an apothecary. There is one firm that has undertaken to manufacture 6,000 different prescriptions in triturate form, so that doctors can carry a number of them with them and compete with this convenience of the homoeopathic physician.

Triturate manufacturers are ignoring drug stores entirely; they deal directly with the doctors. The outcome of the introduction of triturates is not causing the druggist any anxiety. It is thought that the matter of cost, both to the patient and the physician will greatly outbalance any convenience this new system may have. Triturates are expensive, not like the medicines of the homoeopath, which cost but very little. Then, again, a patient running out of medicine is forced to call on a doctor, having no prescription of what he has been taking. He will have to pay 25 cents, the cost of the medicine, but the doctor's fee of \$1. I believe the development of the preparation of medicine has reached its limit, and a reaction in favor of the apothecary will surely come.

He "Allows" the Bill to Pass.



Her Choice.

He—Which did you like best of my verses? She—Why, the one on the first page. He—Let me see. Which one was that? She—Don't you remember? The one in quotation marks.—Brooklyn Life.

PUBLISHER MUNRO.

The Canadian Who Amassed a Great Fortune from Cheap Publications.

Norman L. Munro, the New York publisher, who was known all over Canada from his cheap publications, died after the removal of the vermiform appendix the other day. Norman L. Munro made himself famous as the originator of the cheap publications that have of recent years become so widely circulated, and his name was also well-known to the public as the owner of fast steam yachts in which he took great delight during his leisure hours. He was born fifty-one years ago in the small town of Millbrook, Pictou county, Nova Scotia. He was one of a large family of children. His father was a farmer and the son worked upon the farm for many years until he took it into his head to come to the commercial metropolis of the United States. Here he began at the bottom of the ladder in a printing office, resolved to some time become the head of a firm of his own.

Having mastered the details of the business and by rigid economy accumulated an amount of money that seemed large to him, then he launched from cramped quarters at No. 163 William street, the New York Family Story Paper, which attained an enormous circulation. Mr. Munro afterward constructed a fine eight story building in Vandewater street, where his various publications have been put to press. He began the publication at the end of twelve years. Munro's Library of cheap books, and later of Munro's Pocket Magazine.

Mr. Munro was fond of sports of the turf and the water. He owned several good trotters, and though a patron of the track



NORMAN L. MUNRO.

never raced any of his horses, which he kept for his pleasure only. But it was as an owner of fast steam yachts that he became very widely known. He built the first one, the Norma, in 1883. This was a regular palace, 150 feet long. He afterward disposed of it and ordered another smaller fast steam launch, the Now Then. The Say When and the Henrietta, a little launch that beat Jay Gould's fast yacht Atlanta off Shelter Island, followed the Say When. He owned also at the time of his death the Norwood, with a record of thirty miles an hour, sixty days over all and canopy topped, and the So So, also a fast little yacht, and the Vamoose. He intended that each of his boats should be the fastest of its kind afloat.

It is estimated that Mr. Munro amassed a fortune of \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 from his various publications. His wife was Miss Henrietta Hume, of Brooklyn. They had only two children—Henry, 10 years old, and Norma, 13 years old.

Wind Pressure on Trains.

As a train requires less and less power as it increases in speed to overcome its natural load, it at the same time acquires at a greater ratio a load of air resistance that more than compensates for the saving in power. It is finally overcome the power of the best locomotive that can be built, assuming that a straight, level track is used.

Any object passing through the air meets with a resistance in proportion to its velocity. At a speed of ten miles an hour, air resistance is one-half pound for each square foot exposed; twenty miles per hour, air resistance is two pounds for each foot; forty miles, eight pounds; sixty miles, eighteen pounds; eighty miles, thirty-two pounds; 100 miles, fifty pounds; 112 miles, Empire State express time, sixty pounds for every foot of surface, and 120 miles per hour, seventy-two pounds.

Moving bodies also drag along their path the surrounding air in proportion to their speed and form. At a speed of a mile a minute the bulb of air drawn by an object is equal to its own bulk.—Buffalo Express.

Odors and Dreams.

As to people not dreaming of odors, it seems they do dream of them after all. A correspondent writes: I am a confirmed dreamer; but on reading the queries about dream smells in the London Spectator, I could not recall an instance in my own experience. However, before a week had passed, I had a vivid dream of entering a large room which was filled with a delicious odor, somewhat like orange flowers, and yet not exactly such as I had ever smelt. I tried to find what it was and whence it came, but vainly; for I waked while still wandering about the place, seeking its source. The next number of the Spectator stated, that many letters vouching for dream-smells had been received, and immediately withdrew its doubts.

Just the same; such dreams must be comparatively rare, since a great many nightly and inveterate dreamers about all manner of things have never dreamed them.—Boston Transcript.

An Incident of War.

According to Kate Field, the most tragic episode of the war occurred during the siege of Charleston, when the wedding of Gov. Pickens's daughter was interrupted by a shell that came crashing into the house from the Federal batteries and exploded in the parlor. When the smoke cleared away the bride lay on the floor, her white robe stained with the blood of a death-wound. All the others had escaped unhurt.

Gives All a Chance.

A correspondent writing from Freiburg says that it is the correct thing to do during the carnival preceding the beginning of Lent for the male beings in masks to kiss every woman seen on the streets. It might be supposed that few women would venture out on this account, but on the contrary the pavements were thronged with the fair sex, and osculation proceeded apace.

A Freak of Nature.

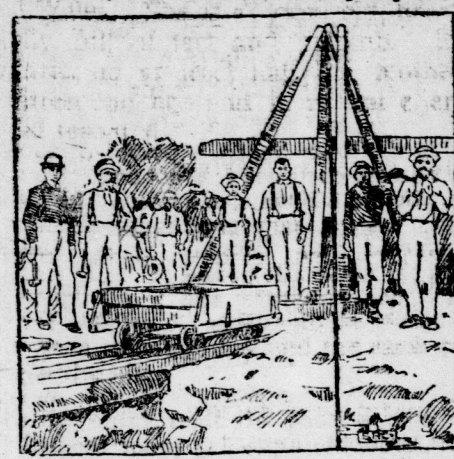
A rabbit was recently killed near Jefferson City which had the form and features of a rabbit, but was apparently wearing the skin of a malleate cat.

An Aged Tree.

A chestnut tree said to be 2,000 years old still flourishes at the foot of Mount Etna. It is 213 feet in circumference.

Ontario Gold Mines.

A large deposit of magnetic iron, known as the Belmont iron mine, occurs to the south of the Crawford property, on Lot 19 in 1st Concession of Belmont. The ore here is of first-class Bessemer quality, suited to make the finest steel, being rich in iron and very free from impurities. The Belmont Bessemer Ore Company of New York have leased this mine on royalty from



LEDYARD GOLD MINES—SHAFT NO. 1.

T. D. Ledyard, of Toronto, and have built a railway to connect with the Central Ontario Railway, ten miles distant.

On the east half of this same Lot 19 several gold veins have lately been discovered, and are being developed under the name of the Ledyard gold mines.

Canada's Own Poet.

Charles Sangster, the poet, who died recently, was born at the Navy Yard, Kingston, on July 16, 1822. His education was meagre, but his natural aptitude for study and his private industry and perseverance were more productive in his case than richer opportunities have been to other boys. The years that ought to have been spent in college he passed making cartridges for a living.



CHARLES SANGSTER.

Later he was appointed to the ordnance department, where ten years of his life went by, his salary being small, and his chances of promotion absolutely nil. Finally, he resigned this ungrateful post and entered the field of journalism, first as editor of the Amherstburg Courier, and afterward as manager of the Kingston British Whig.

In Barren Lands.

Lieutenant Joseph Tyrrell is the son of a Weston, Ont., resident, and a member of the Dominion civil service. On May 26 of 1893 he took a trip of exploration in the frozen lands of the north.

The total distance covered by his party, from Athabasca Landing to Churchill, with canoes, was 2,200 miles.



LIEUT. JOSEPH TYRRELL.

and from Churchill to Winnipeg on foot and by dog team, about 1,000 miles. Of the 2,300 miles 850 was through an entirely new country never before traveled by white men.

Mr. Tyrrell has made 11 different explorations, but this over the great Barren Grounds was by far the most adventurous of all.

Mrs. Gladstone.

The venerable consort of William Ewart Gladstone is, in a certain way, the most important woman in England. Mrs. Gladstone is the daughter of a Welsh baronet, Sir Stephen Glynne of Hawarden; on the death of her brother the title became extinct, and all the son's life, with remainder to her eldest son. It is in this way that Mr. Gladstone enjoys his right to the castle now



MRS. GLADSTONE.

famous throughout the world as his residence. The Glynne family is ancient and highly connected; a sister of Mrs. Gladstone was married to Lord Lyttleton, and she is also related to Lord Chesham and Lord Penryn, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Buckingham and other aristocratic families.



SURPRISE SOAP

Best for wash-day.

Best for saving hard work by doing away with boiling and scalding and hard rubbing the clothes. (See the directions on the wrapper.) Best for having the clothes white, sweet and clean after the wash. Best and cheapest because it lasts longest and goes farthest.



PLACE A CAKE

—OF—

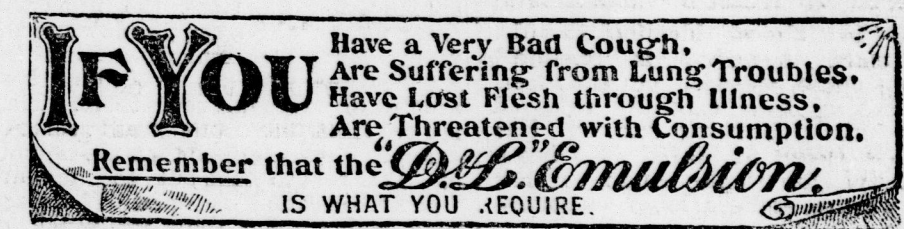
Baby's Own Soap

In your linen drawer, and it will impart to your clothes the delicate aroma of fine French Pot Pourri, in a modified degree.

The longer you keep the Soap before using it the better.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

—THE—
Albert Toilet Soap Co., Montreal,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.



Memorial Windows, Portraits in Opal, Armorial Designs, Vestibule Plates, Landscape and Portrait Work, Artists' Panels, Beveled and Cut Glass Work of Every Description, Enameled Gold Plate Work.

Hobbs Manufacturing Co., LONDON - - - ONTARIO.

A DECEPTIVE WEED.

It Caused an Ebullition of Righteous Wrath From the Agent.

I was talking with the agent of a tombstone factory when a passenger with a weed on his hat entered the coach and took a seat in front of us. It might have been a minute and a half before the agent took from his grip a photograph of a 12-foot monument and passed it over with the remark:

"This is my line of business. I see you have met with a sad bereavement."

"Yes."

"Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. Given your order yet?"

"No."

"Was the deceased a man or a woman?"

"A woman."

"Sorry—very sorry. They cometh up like a flower and are cut down. Here is something in Scotch granite which is our specialty. Anyone walking through a cemetery stops at sight of it. It is not only a work of art, but is accepted as proof that the one who erects it will ever grieve."

"I don't think I should care for that," replied the stranger.

"Then take this broken column in Vermont marble. Man dieth and wasteth away, and we make that in three different sizes. When I am walking through a cemetery and come to a broken column, I say to myself, 'Now, here is a man who dearly loved his dear departed wife and will never marry again.'"

"I don't care to look at your samples just now. A few months later I may do something."

"Grief too recent, eh? Well, that's as one feels, you know, but I generally get my best orders right away. Indeed it is the fashion now to erect a tombstone as soon as possible. Wouldn't want anything cheap, would you?"

"Not so very."

"I can give you something as low as \$25, but of course I couldn't guarantee it. Was the late deceased the partner of your bosom, so to speak?"

"No, she was my mother-in-law."

"And where—where do her mortal ashes rest, if I may be so bold?"

"In the middle of the Atlantic Ocean."

The agent slowly returned his samples and hadn't a word to say for a long five minutes. Then he sighed heavily and growled:

"Stranger, I've lost three of 'em and had no end of trouble, but I'll be durned if I am mean 'nuff to put a weed on my hat and travel around to deceive and disappoint a chap trying to make an honest living on 30 per cent commission. It ain't honest. It ain't square. You and your late lamented can go to grass!"

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

Made Plain to an Investigator By Means of an Illustration.

If there is a good story born in Washington it is a two-to-one shot that its cradle will lie in the back parlor of John Chamberlain's. Dr. Edward Bedole came over from Philadelphia last night and sat therein entertaining a choice group of friends with tales of the far east. In the edge of the group sat a man from Pennsylvania, who had come over from Pottsville, on some government contracting business. He was all ears and eagerness. His name was Strauss. Finally the restraint became too intense, and he broke loose.

"Doctor," said he, "what is dot new relichum I heers off about China? My wife has got it, ferry bad and I don't understand it."

"Tell me the name," said Bedole. "Is it Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Shintoism, Taoism, Confucianism, or what?"

"No, it is no isms, but der name is like a tramp's migrashun of der soul, and it's—"

"Oh, you doubtless mean transmigration of the soul."

"Yah, dot's it. Yust dell me about dot."

"Certainly. Transmigration of the soul is a very pretty poetic doctrine of metempsychosis which our friend of the Theosophical society have borrowed from the far east—"

"Here, here, doctor, tell me vot dot means so I can understand what you was talking about."

"All right. I will tell you in plain language. Take yourself, for instance. You live to the allotted age of three score years and ten, and then you pass away. Your soul goes into the body of a bird, a canary, we'll say, and from your gilded cage you fill a lady's boudoir with melody, living a life of luxury and fed from the beautiful fingers of beauty—"

"Oh, dot is beautiful. I like dot."

"And then you die again and your soul goes into a lovely flower in a garden, and you fill the air with fragrance, and delight the eye with your exquisite color and delicacy of petals—"

"Ah, dot is fine. I like dot relichum."

"As I was saying when you interrupted me, you live the life of a flower, until one day a donkey gets into the garden, and attracted by your loveliness he eats you, and your soul passes into the donkey—"

"Yah, yah."

"When some former acquaintance comes along, strokes your long ears and says, 'Why, Strauss, is it you? How little you have changed.'—Washington Post."

Minard's Miniment cures Colds, etc.