

A SPEED OF TWO HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR

New York to Philadelphia in half an hour! That means a speed of two hundred miles an hour. Can it be done with the motive power now in commercial use? An eminent engineer says it is possible, and will be accomplished just as soon as a few mechanical difficulties are overcome. It is asserted that passengers go on this ideal railway of the future will be whisked from Gotham to the Quaker City quicker than it now takes them to go from the Battery to Harlem. There will be no noise, no smoke, no jolting. Cars will dart to and from the big cities like the shuttle in a weaver's loom. There is no mystery of etheric force liquid or

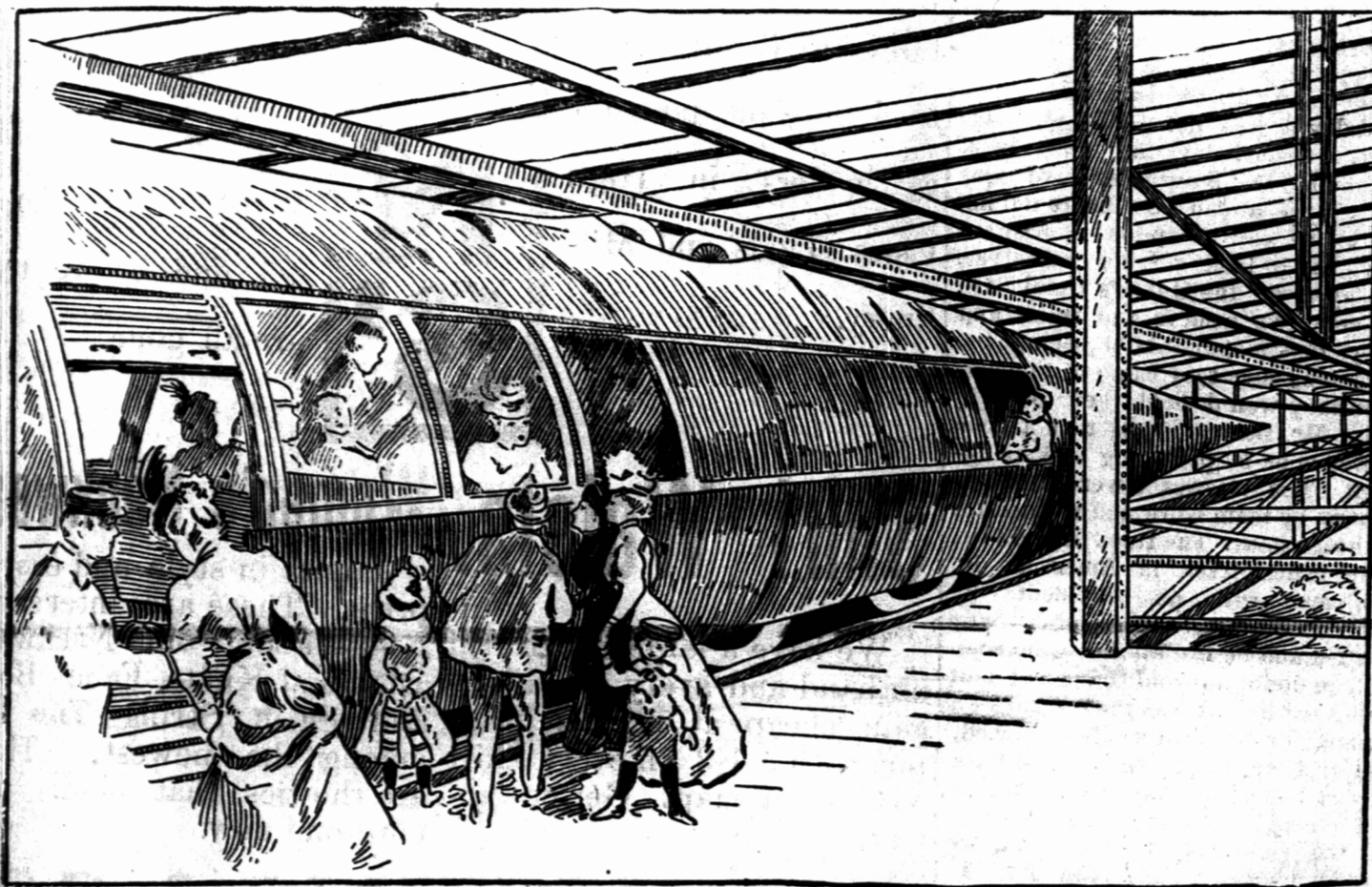
deer to utilize it. Thus, quicker travel is a problem which the machinist and civil engineer rather than the scientist must solve. "I would like to clear up a misapprehension that seems to exist in regard to what I said of rapid transit at the Cape May Convention," said Prof. Smith, when asked to tell how space could be annihilated at the rate of three miles a minute. I did not say that rubber tired locomotives could be made to travel two or three times faster than their present speed. My reference was to rubber tires on electric cars. Electric cars. Electricity will undoubtedly be the motive power used on the railway of the near future.

some of the right of way has been secured. Passengers will be whisked down to the seashore in one-half the time it takes steam locomotives to traverse the distance.—New York Herald.

Wheat Cutting Commenced.

Winnipeg, Aug. 10.—Wheat cutting started at Carleton Place in southern Manitoba, yesterday. The yield in nearly every district promises to be exceptionally heavy.

To Cure a Headache in Ten Minutes Use our Headache Cure



A TWO HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR TRAIN.

compressed air or vacuum transit interwoven in the project. It is simply human ingenuity is about to take in utilizing electricity, the most potent and wonderful force that has been subjected to man's will.

At the recent convention of the American Society of Civil Engineers, held at Cape May, the largest and most important gathering in the history of the society, Prof. Oberlin Smith, of Bridgeton, N. J., in a carefully prepared paper dealing with the recent improvements in transportation, said the time was close at hand when the journey from New York to Philadelphia could be made in one fourth the scheduled time of the fastest express train. This was not a mere flight of imagination, for he proceeded to convince his auditors, men of the highest engineering skill and attainments, that his statement was easily within the bounds of possibility.

Prof. Smith has the reputation in the engineering profession of being a modest, conservative man, of sound judgment, and an authority on mechanics. He is president of the Ferracute Machine Company, at Bridgeton, N. J. Prof. Smith has given much attention to the problems which restrict the speed of railway trains, and has come to the conclusion that the limit of speed by the use of steam has been almost reached. Electricity, however, presents a force which is restricted only by the ability of the engi-

Prof. Smith thinks the first railway on which electricity will take the place of steam will be built between New York and Philadelphia, because of the comparatively short distance, the great travel between the two cities and the large profits to be derived from such a road.

"Of course the road would have to be elevated," he said, "to do away with grade crossings, and it would be an air line, for curves would not permit of the high rate of speed desired. It would be a double or a triple track road, controlled by an automatic electric block system. Electric power would be transmitting stations could be located at intervals of twenty or thirty miles. There would be no trains, but each car would have its own motor and would be run singly.

"The cars would be two or three times the length of the ordinary railway passenger car, and would be built of steel upon the principal recognized bicycle construction—that of attaining lightness with strength. The weight of passenger trains in proportion to the number of passengers carried in something tremendous when you figure it out. This is necessary to keep the train from jumping the track. But the feature of the electric road that will obviate this is a track which will make derailment impossible. With such a track the highest attainable speed will be devoid of danger. The cars should be tapering at the ends to minimize the resistance, and the wheels might have rubber tires to minimize noise and jar."

Prof. Smith is too conservative an engineer to fix a definite maximum speed for such an electric road as he describes. There are no insurmountable problems in mechanics that would prevent cars being run at three miles a minute, but in going much beyond that speed centrifugal force would have to be reckoned with, and it is doubtful if wheels could be made that would stand the test.

Such a road will be built, Prof. Smith thinks, just as soon as capitalists can be convinced that it is a physical possibility and is likely to be a financial success. He has studied the engineering problems involved and believes he has solved them nearly all, but as he is neither a projector nor a promoter of railway schemes, it remains for the organizer and the capitalist to develop the plans he has sketched for the benefit of the members of his profession.

A road such as Prof. Smith describes is already planned to connect Philadelphia with Atlantic City. It will run in an air line from Gloucester City to the sea, and will be elevated. Its length will be about one-half the distance between New York and Philadelphia. Single cars are to be run by electricity at a speed of more than one hundred miles an hour. The company has been organized with \$6,000,000 capital, and

HEAT AFFECTS THE POPE,

But His Condition is Not Serious Enough to Cause Alarm.

VIENNA, August 10.—The Allegemeine Zeitung says that the Pope is ill in consequence of the great heat, and has had several fainting fits. Dr. Lapponi, his physician, was hastily summoned.

LONDON, August 10.—The despatches from Rome to the morning papers do not confirm the alarmist statement of the Allegemeine Zeitung regarding the health of the Pope. On the contrary, they assert that His Holiness is busy preparing an encyclical on the peace conference, which will urge the necessity of the Holy See regaining complete temporal liberty in order that it may promote the work of peace and arbitration.

"Save the baby! Never mind the house or the furniture or anything else; only save the baby!" This is the instinct of every mother's heart. Every woman who hopes some day to be a mother ought to realize that the health and perhaps the very life of her prospective little one is put in peril by everything which weakens or impairs her own physical condition. It is a prospective mother's duty to keep herself as well and strong as possible and avoid all over-exertion and fatigue during the expected time. Never mind if the housework or any other work is neglected: Save the baby! Every mother should obtain the strengthening, health-giving support of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives elastic endurance to the special organs and nerve-centers involved in motherhood. It makes the coming of baby perfectly safe and comparatively painless. It fortifies the system against relapse, promotes abundant nourishment for the child and increases its natural constitutional vigor. It is the only medicine devised expressly by an educated, experienced physician to cure the weaknesses and diseases of the feminine organism. No other preparation accomplishes this purpose with such scientific thoroughness and permanence. A complete account of its extraordinary restorative effects in the most obstinate difficulties, is given in one chapter of Dr. Pierce's thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," which will be sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of custom and mailing only. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. For a handsome cloth-bound copy, send 50 stamps. It is written in plain English and is easily understood by the non-professional.



THE MONTREAL MARKET.

Butter and Cheese are Firm. P. E. I. Eggs still on the market but are selling low.

MONTREAL Aug. 10.—BUTTER.—Receipts reported on the Board of Trade this morning amounted to 3086 packages. Private cables all report a firm English market. Locally the market is also firm, but dull at the present moment. Tubs were offered at 20c to-day but boxes are only about 4c more desirable than tubs, and boxes have certainly been sold here at 21c. Quotations for finest boxes are about 20 1/2c to 21c; finest tubs, 20 to 20 1/2c. Western dairies are advancing also and are quoted to-day at 15 1/2c to 16c. Eastern Townships dairies would sell at 19c and higher.

CHEESE.—Receipts reported on the Board of Trade this morning amounted to 21,140 boxes. There is an unfortunate shrinkage in the production of the western Ontario factories, which is due to the drying up of the grass.

The public cable quoted 45s 6d for white and 4s 6d for coloured at Liverpool this morning.

The market was reported duller today but prices are as high as ever. Quotations for Quebec cheese are about 9 1/2 to 7-2, some, it is said, having been sold for 10c. Western may be quoted at 10 1/2 to 11c. The boards are all strong with prices about 4c higher than a week ago.

Eggs.—Receipts reported on the Board of Trade this morning were 459 cases. Some country merchants are accepting 12 1/2 f. o. c. which they refused to entertain a week ago, giving rise to the hope that the demand for eggs for cold storage is over and that prices may now come down to allow exporters to ship to England. Otherwise the market is featureless and rather dull.

Prices are 14c to 15c for select, 12 1/2 to 13c for No. 1, 11c for No. 2, 9c to 10c for culls, 12c to 1-2 for straight gathered. There are some P. E. I. eggs still in the market, but they are only worth about as much as No. 2 westerns.

POTATOES.—The market is dull so far as wholesale dealers are concerned, yet a lot of stock is being turned over by farmers. Prices a lowed farmers are 40c a bag and 80c a barrel, stock being turned over at 50c and \$1.

HALIFAX

GARDENS

A Tourist Speaks of Their Beauty.

A PATHETIC SCENE.

The Concert on Board of La Grande Duchesse in the Evening.

In the last letter we took leave of our readers when we had made up our minds to visit the Halifax Public Gardens. I had heard a great deal and my friend seemed to be likewise impressed. "I expect something worth seeing," said he. "I am told the Halifax Gardens far exceed the gardens of Boston." I assured him his information—as far as my opinion was concerned—was cor-



ON BOARD "LA GRANDE DUCHESSE."

rect; and told him the Gardens were the pride of the Halifaxians.

A few minutes more and we would be in the state of realization; a few minutes and the Gardens would have to pass my friend's scrutiny. Presently the cab stopped, the door was opened and we arrived at our destination, "The Public Gardens of Halifax."

The conception of nature after all is as different as is the individual conception. How meagre is the realm of our individual judgment. Here was to be found the surpassing wonder of plant life. Here was nature in flower, animated by the sunbeam's kiss.

It was then we realized that nature was not a word of knowledge, but a word of ignorance. The poet Wordsworth has said:

"To me the meanest flower that blows, Gives thoughts that often lie too deep for tears."

Passing along the walks we met a policeman with a dog under arrest. It was a large Newfoundland dog marching along submissively.

"What are you doing with the dog?" said my friend.

"Putting him out, of course, no dogs allowed here."

We wandered to and fro admiring one feature then another, dreaming of their beauty, for conception was difficult.

As we wandered through one avenue we noticed a child. She was crying. It was not fancy, for the child ceased her wail. She was not many paces from where we stood and we advanced toward her.

"Whose little girl are you?" The disconsolate mite was a baby girl, partially clad. She was a pretty little creature; but her face was wan and thin and bore the expression of exposure. Her clothes were of an incongruous fashion. Her hat and cloak were decidedly past presentation, coarse in texture, and stained, while her boots were typical of a beggar. She was truly a "Diamond in the Rough." Upon enquiry we learned she was an orphanette. Her mother had passed from the mortal to the immortal a few days before. She told us she was hungry and she impressed her words with tears. To be alone in this vast universe is indeed a disconsolate thought; a thought that but few of us realize as

we traverse the journey of life. Alone and a mere child.

My friend, who had been listening to the story now conducted the examination of the little girl. It was then he revealed to me that he was a professional lawyer. Putting his hand in his pocket he produced a Bryan emblem. "Take that, my little girl, and spend it judiciously for food."

Upon consulting our watches we found that time was getting short and we took our leave of the scene. It was truly desolation planted in the midst of trained nature.

At last we arrived on the wharf, and commenced to ascend to the top of the warehouse, then across to the ship. As we drew near the faint sound of singing, accompanied by instrumental music, seemed to bleed in a harmonious manner with the wash of the waves against the sides of the ship. The voice seemed as near perfection as a voice could be, and the air was a familiar one. We learned that it was in the social hall.

We repaired to our staterooms and took a glance in the mirror to observe whether we were presentable and finally located the quarter from which we had heard the familiar air.

Seated around were many pleased listeners. The door was partly ajar, to admit a fresh current of air. As we listened I observed the shining face of my friends. "A beautiful voice," said he. I had been listening to the long, endless refrain of the waves as they lashed the various wharves and vessels.

It was simply a musical dream. The voice seemed as sweet as those of angels, prompted with a special inspiration. There was a pathos, at times sublime; at times melancholy; at times inspiring, which led me to ex-

claim, "It is enchanting!" The voice sang,—"The little first child" (Dedicated to Miss Minnie Schults. The words were:

A passing policeman found a little child Laid beside him, dried her tears and smiled. Said he to her kindly, "Now you must not cry. I will find your mama for you by and by." At the station he asked if he had her name. And she answered "Jesus," it made him exclaim.

"At last of your mother I have now a trace, Your little features bring back her sweet face. 'Twas all through a quarrel, madly, jealous she vowed to leave me, woman like you see. Oh how I loved her, grief near drove me wild. 'Papa, you are crying,' lisped the little child. Said she to her mama, 'I've you by and by.' 'Have you seen my darling?' an anxious mother cried. Husband and wife then meeting face to face. All is soon forgotten in one fond embrace. BERRAIN—

Do not fear my little darling, And I will take you right home, Come and sit down close beside me, No more from me you shall roam. You were a baby in arms, when your mother left me one day. Left me all home, deserted, alone, and took you my child away.

The audience encircled the performer, Scholars, and actors, poets and divines the bellies, the select, the probable ushers in of the twentieth century composed that select circle. Then a quartette was formed and the social hall of the La Grande Duchesse was transformed into a music hall.

We were invited to join the company but the reminiscences of the scene in the Gardens that afternoon had impressed me too forcefully to enter into the spirit of the gathering. My mind wandered until, as if in a dream a parallel fixed itself upon my consciousness. The rich velvet curtains, the walnut fittings, were bright and shone like ebony; the golden hair of the performer, the thin hands—the fingers of which were banded with gold and set with diamonds as they gracefully glided to and fro on the keyboard.

I became absorbed in thought and for the moment forgot my surroundings, and my mind wandered away to the hills and the little girl void of diamonds, and without sufficient clothes to cover her little form.

How.

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In desperation salves and ointments are applied, only to give rise to further disappointment and despair.

But there is hope. There is assurance that you can be cured just as scores and hundreds of others have been by using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. John Siron, of Aultsville, Ont., writes: "For seven years I was a sufferer from Salt Rheum, and my hands were so bad I had to wear greased gloves. Nothing seemed to help me, but I was induced to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and one box cured me completely. There is not a trace of the Salt Rheum left."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has effected most miraculous cures in all parts of this great Dominion. Could you have better assurance that it will cure you? For sale by all dealers, —Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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