

When everything goes wronged, And he tried to fly, Don't look, nor fear, nor fight, Just—keep—still!

ELECTRIC CARS WITHOUT MOTORMEN

Whichever it stands on an ordinary railway track, an ordinary gondola car, such as is used for the transportation of coal, except that it is about half the usual size. Not a motor is within a thousand feet of it, but suddenly it starts and moves down a track, slipping on an angle of twenty degrees. How fast cars would rush down such a declivity at a speed which would become cyclonic as the four wheels of the little car, speeded, actually slow its pace and very gently screech to the bottom, where, after making its usual start, it starts again and continues along about its business, which involves stopping while it is loaded, starting, and climbing the incline again, this time with a load of ten tons.

The spectacle of an inanimate structure of wood and iron accomplishing all this, apparently of its own volition, may be seen any day at a certain big "hurry up" station in Chicago. It seems now the less uncanny when the observer learns that a man in a tower on the edge of the hill controls the movement of the car entirely. The operation, in fact, is one of the multitudinous performances of electricity when harnessed by modern engineers.

At this quarry, an area of thirty acres has been excavated to a depth of about sixty feet. A railroad with a track in the shape of a figure eight, with the upper or steeper grade on the surface. The track is divided electrically into sections, each independent of the other, and with current over a third rail in the middle. The car is equipped with a motor, and in addition, a variety of lamps, and electric devices, without which it could not perform its job.

When the car nears the brink of the big hole in the ground, the motor is working away merrily, without a sign to indicate that it is anything but a motor. But just as it crosses the brink, the pole changes its incline, springing an angle iron frame which lifts a lever, changing the controls on the car so that the motor is converted into a generator. In its changed character it proceeds to work immediately after the fashion of electrical machinery, a resistance coil comes into play, and the motion of the car is so regulated that it comes down the grade as though held back by a wire rope, slowly and with a jerk. The bottom is reached, the generator is transformed into a motor, and current is thrown into the next track section and the car moves on.

As business is a heavy load of broken stones, from one of the huge mechanical shovels you see at work. It stops at exactly the place where it receives its load by means of an automatic brake. A current of ninety volts is used for braking, while 250 volts is needed to operate the motor. The car has still other devices to perform and proceeds about them in a semi-human manner. When the load is finished, a signal is given to the tower man—a signal because the distance is too great to be clearly seen. He pulls a switch, the car, loaded with broken stone, runs around the pit, works up the grade to the top, and then, as it reaches the top, it moves into the building containing the crusher. It registers itself on entering and a short distance ahead, where a shot is about to be exploded, is brought into action by a switch under his hand.

There are a number of plants like this around Chicago operated by electricity and in many cases, the electricity is transmitted to them by generating stations miles away. Sometimes it is necessary to build a sub-station on the ground. In the particular plant described, all the heavy machinery in the building, and the electricity, the huge shovels scooping up stone are worked by current; so are the numerous drills, one sees hammering shot holes through the rock. The dynamite shots are all fired by the man in the tower; even the great whistle that screams out that a shot is about to be exploded, is brought into action by a switch under his hand.

TELEGRAPHING CLASSIC RHUBIES

A woman went into the country to prepare her cottage for occupancy during the summer. In going to the Chicago Tribune says, she made arrangements with her husband to have a lot of household goods packed and forwarded by steamer.

For some reason the shipment was delayed and also was acquiring the cause of the delay, and asking her husband to send a telegram when the goods were shipped.

The husband went to work and personally saw the books, hangings, furniture and other property packed for the trip. Then he went to the dock, and saw them safely on board the boat. He then sent a telegram, as requested.

"Lars and Penates, on board boat," he said. "Will arrive to-morrow morning."

This was the way the telegram read when the boy brought it to the waiting woman in the little Michigan town. "Lars and Penates on board boat. Will arrive to-morrow morning."

A MARRIAGE BAN

Speaking on the marriage laws at a meeting presided over by an arch-deacon, a curate remarked that it was not generally known that a man could not marry his widow's cousin.

"Widow's sister, you mean," corrected the president.

"No," replied the youthful cleric. "I mean widow's cousin."

The archdeacon was on his feet in an instant. His law must not be challenged by a curate.

ON THE MILL POND BRIDGE

All duty waits the narrow road that winds across the hill. And yet another breath the chestnut-trees yet stand in the air.

Its rounded walls, gazing in the sun, its rounded roof are as yore. And powdered with unmeasured toil, the miller in the door.

Loans, an he loant in other days— his trousers ragged at the hem and lumpy at the knees.

Here is the bridge across the stream, the bridge that has been here since the world was young.

And now, as then, over water-gates, the damming-needles fit—

Awatch to catch the lips of lais and hands, and watch the miller's eye.

To tell a tale that is not true or sleep without a prayer.

Talk speaks of vivid cardinal still grow more than sixty feet.

And along the selfsame stream in some leaf-clostered nook.

A hermit-thrush croons on and on, until the frothing falls.

Or sing the notes of the wood thrush, and left, he child again.

A child, who, laughing, leans to watch a length of floating twine.

And face with happy tones of pulse a twitch upon the line!

O world, that breaks you on the wheel of time, that breaks you on the wheel of time, that breaks you on the wheel of time.

That teaches us the false and true, humbly and proudly.

Leave—leave us just a touch of joy along the banks of the mill stream.

When, on the mill pond bridge, we stand for big trout with a pin.

And Mary Clarke Huntington.

EASTERTIDE

And Easter's come and gone again, with all its hollow merriment, its reverent praise and worship.

I really believe there is a much better understanding generally today as to the meaning of Easter than there was in the early days.

The impressive sermons, the splendidly impressive Easter services, the splendidly impressive Easter services, the splendidly impressive Easter services.

ONLY A COPPER

The prime object of the singing-school was to learn to read music, and that end was painfully pursued. The modern phrase about "time-prolongation" and "voice-placing" were unknown.

It was a fulling business (Franklin), it is true for it is in turn to be overruled. A pompous old gentleman in New York railway station was buying his ticket for Chicago, when he dropped a coin.

"Yes, it was only a copper, but—" He adjusted his glasses and bent over in search of the missing coin.

"How much did you drop?" asked one. "Oh, only a copper; still—" He bent lower, and peered under a seat.

"Curious how money will disappear," he said. "Of course a copper is only a little—excuse me, sir, may I trouble you to move your hat?"

"I think it rolled under that seat over there," called a man near by. "Oh, don't let it go!"

He dropped his hat and peered under a seat. His glasses fell off, and he rushed to pick them up.

"The woman changed her seat and he resumed his peering. Then a man said: 'Don't think it rolled in this direction, but that it over there against the baseboard!'"

"No, it isn't in it! No, this is just a brass button. Of course a copper is the merest trifle, but—" He looked at the watch, glanced at the clock on the wall, then he hurried to the window.

"I don't know what you mean, but you say that train went to Chicago?" "Four-fifteen, sir. Went just a moment ago."

"Then I'm left, and all an account of—still, a copper's a copper. It isn't very much, but—" He began to search for it again.

"N. Q."

Ah Fom, a Chinese cook in the employ of a family in California, was a great admirer of the youngest son, a dashing and mischievous boy of sixteen.

One day company was expected, and Ah Fom was endeavoring to outshine the most children treat that he could give.

He had a magnificent collection of the most choice delicacies, and he was preparing to give a grand feast.

He was so busy that he did not notice the entrance of a young girl, who was the daughter of the host.

She was looking at the food with great interest, and she was talking to the cook.

"You are a very good cook," she said. "I have never seen such a fine feast before."

"I am glad to hear that," said Ah Fom. "I have been working hard for this day."

"You are a very good cook," she said. "I have never seen such a fine feast before."

CRITICAL MOMENTS

The history of the casting of statues is one long story of confusion. When Domenico Collini met his great patron, according to rules which his genius had laid down, overwork and exposure had so undermined his strength that, at the critical moment, he was obliged to take to his bed.

Finally, however, one of them came rushing into his sick-room, where he lay dazed and groaning with pain, and told him, with many incoherences, that the process was a failure, and that the metal was oaked.

Collini sprang from his bed, ran across the street, and rushed to the foundry. He made a young fire, and finding that the base alloy in his metal had been burned out, he threw in all the powder vessels of the household. Then the metal bubbled, the great Persius was cast, and the maker and his faithful friends exulted.

Highly, a German goldsmith in the first part of the century, having an ambition to attempt larger works than any he had accomplished, went to Naples in order to see the casting of the great statue of Charles II.

He was denied the sight of certain secret technical processes. Highmayer found the excitement increased as he threw his first experiment of a statuette of "Venus." Many delays occurred, and he was nearly driven to despair.

"Our job knew no bounds," he declared, "and I was determined to succeed." He embraced and kissed each other.

Passions, the helper, kissed the head of the artist, and carried an extra pound of butter, and burned his mouth, for it had not had time to cool.

CONCERNING GRAPHOLOGY

The simpler secrets of graphology, the science of handwriting, are well known to the writer of this article.

Any one who reads over a letter must get a general impression of the character of the writer.

One of the most interesting features of the science of handwriting is the fact that a person's handwriting is a true index to his character.

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MEANT FOR A COMPLIMENT

Immigrants, the workers—in the social settlements say, an often with a Canadianism themselves as fast as possible in way and speech that they sometimes acquire the language, as it were, wrong side foremost, getting a vivid and modern assortment of slang before they can use even ordinary words correctly.

A young woman who has taught a class of little foreign-born girls, and who happens to be in appearance peculiarly small, dainty and elegant had the pleasure recently of overhearing two of her pupils speaking of her.

"This is a bully lady!" said the first, with enthusiasm. "She is great!"

"Oh, yes," assented the other, "she is great; she is grand; she is imminent!"

"Another woman had a more startling experience. She is plump and pleasing to look at, just right in the eyes of her friends, but in her own eyes she is a plump and plump and plump."

"There is a member of the detective corps at police headquarters in Washington about whom a story is told which has afforded much amusement to his brother detectives, says the Washington Star. The man had been detailed on an important mission, and it was half past two o'clock in the morning, when he returned to headquarters, he thought he would remain overnight and occupy the spare bed in the sleeping-room."

He went up to the room but a few minutes later was seen in the office, sitting at a desk, with his head on his hand.

"What is the matter?" some one asked him in the morning, when he appeared at roll-call, showing the effects of not having occupied a comfortable bed overnight.

"Nothing at all," was his answer. "Have you been home since yesterday?"

"I don't recall the latter part of the night here with my head on a desk," said the sleepy detective, who realized that his superior probably suspected some-thing was wrong.

"Why didn't you occupy the spare bed?"

"The spare bed?" asked the detective. "There was no spare bed in the room. I went up there, but there was no room for me."

A few minutes later the man who had the right to occupy one bed because he was on duty was called upon to explain why both beds had been occupied the night before.

"Only one of them was occupied," he stated.

"But," said his superior, "Mr. says to the contrary."

"Can't help it," he said. "I occupied one bed and had my clothes laid out on the other. And he's a detective!" was his concluding remark.

THEIR CHURCH

An Irishman went into a church and fell asleep. The sexton aroused him and told him he was closing up.

"What do you mean?" said the Irishman. "The cathedral never closes."

"This is not the cathedral," said the sexton. "This is a Presbyterian Church."

THE HANDY MAN

About the house can always find something that needs doing these Spring days. And he can always find the equipment to do these little jobs, with in our complete stock:

CARPENTER TOOLS PAINTS VARNISHES
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LET US HELP YOU IN YOUR SPRING REPAIRS AND CLEANING ACTIVITIES

W. D. Talbot
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A first class motor mechanic prepared to repair all makes of motor cars, promptly.

TIRES REPAIRED AND VULCANIZED
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Neither is of value without the other. Without advertising the best goods will not, as a rule, reach the public. And without honest goods, advertising will bring no permanent success—nor will any other operation. But together they make an unbeatable team.

If you've got the Goods tell about them in the Free Press every week.

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WHEN your interest coupons on Victory Bonds become due, deposit them in a Savings Account in the Bank of Montreal, where interest is paid on all deposits of One Dollar and Upwards.

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Savings Departments in All Branches
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are promptly relieved by
DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL

IT HAS BEEN SOLD FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS AND IS TODAY A GREATER SELLER THAN EVER BEFORE IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

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When you have spoiled your baking by using poor flour. You can always be sure enough, if you use Excelsior Brand Flour. We take no chances in the making, and you take no chances in the baking when you specify

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New Lumber Yard With Builder's Supplies

The Georgetown Lumber Company Ltd. OF GEORGETOWN

Are opening a branch lumber yard in Acton, and will carry a complete stock of Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Frames, Interior Trim, Hardwood Flooring, Hydrated Lime, Hardwood Plaster, Parlor Paris, Beaver Board, Fibre Board and Cement.

We also do Contracting and Building, and will be pleased to quote you on remodeling or new buildings.

Mr. A. M. McCann is in charge of the lumber yard, and Mr. John Miller will have charge of the contracting and building.

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