

THRILLING RUN OF THE BELL-TOP ENGINE, MONO, RECALLED

WHEN MONO RACED ACROSS PROVINCE, BREAKING RECORD

Old Railroaders to This Day Talk of Great Run to Georgian Bay.

TRIP WAS SORT OF OFFICIAL SECRET

Some People Disposed to Doubt the Story, But Many Believe It True.

WHY THE TRIP WAS MADE

Engine Ran Without Any Cars Behind and Took Wood Only Once.

There is no official report of it among the roundhouse papers of the old Toronto Grey and Bruce Railway, but it is said that the little English-built, bell-top Mono made the fastest trip recorded or unrecorded between Toronto and Owen Sound.

No engine driver alive to-day would ever attempt to cover the distance—132 miles—in less than three hours with one of the heavy locomotives now used on the line. If he did attempt it, he and his engine would probably throw themselves from one of the curves on this line of extraordinary curvature into the ditch. But the Mono, with her little driving wheels, gripped the old narrow gauge, tore up and down the grades and "took" the curves, and made a journey that the older railroad men of Ontario talk about to this day.

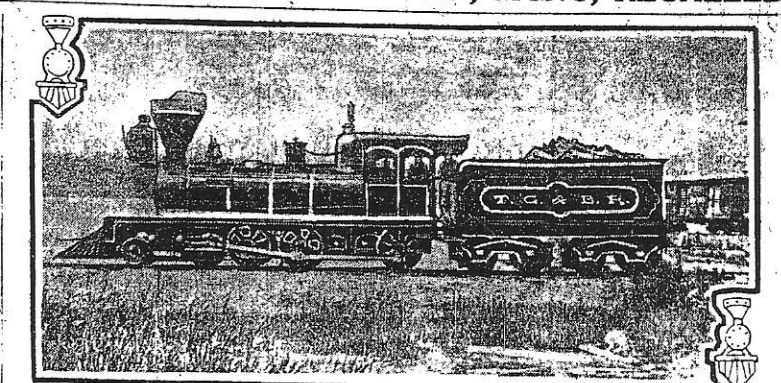
Now, this story is probably true. I think it is, because an old T. G. and B. man told it, and I am going to repeat, partly in his own words, what he says happened on that record smashing run.

Back in 1876.

"It was in August, 1876," said the old driver, as he shoved his cap back, and scratched his head, reminiscently. "That the superintendent came hurrying over to the roundhouse and said, 'Davy, we've got to get these freight records through to Owen Sound by four o'clock. The Africa (I think that was the vessel he named) sails at four and she has got to have these papers, or there is going to be a mix-up that the freight department can't straighten out in a century.'"

"All right, sir," said Davy. "I'm wood up and she's carrying 180, if I can get through to Shelburne without wooding-up we'll make it."

In the picturesque language of the "road" the old engineer went on to tell how David climbed into the cab, caught the bundle of manifests tossed to him by the superintendent, opened the throttle, and started the greatest race against time in the history of the division. Little by little the engineer opened the throttle wider, and with each motion the Mono leaped ahead with a new speed impulse. As she tore along across the fields and through the forest cuttings, the engine rocked from side to side, threatening every second to throw herself from the forty-pound rails. The engineer's face became tense and white as he fixed his eyes on the track ahead. Farmers stood in the fields and gazed in open-mouthed amazement, for the locomotive and its driver looked like wild things bent on self-destruction. Near Woodbridge the Mono dashed over the high wooden trestle with a clang and rattle of metal that could be heard for miles. Like a dart she sped to the foot of Caledon mountain, and commenced her labored climb up the grade. Clattering speed, and with exhaust spitting fitfully, she hit the horsehoe curve and, as the old engineer said quaintly, "went around in two wheels." The run down the slope to Caledon and Orangeville was daring beyond credence. It was the supreme test of courage for a locomotive driver



The Mono, pride of the old Toronto, Grey, and Bruce Railway, now the C.P.R. Owen Sound division. She is said to hold a record never since broken.

with a duty to perform. The snapping of a piston rod or the loosening of a bolt meant destruction and death. The driver had supreme confidence in the Mono, and as for himself he never gave a thought. North of Orangeville another nasty grade was climbed, but the engine was steaming splendidly, and they pulled up to the woodpile at Shelburne on time. A dozen men were waiting to load the tender with selected, well-dried maple. David, the engineer, and the fireman climbed back into the cab, and waved goodbye. The choirs that came back to them were scarcely audible, because of the noise of the exhaust.

Under Way Again.

The Mono was under way again. David glanced at his watch. It was 2:20 p.m., but the worst half of the road had been covered. He had ninety minutes to make sixty miles and he believed he could do it. The fireman, stripped to the waist, was wet with perspiration, but his eyes danced with the spirit of the race. Rail fences, poles, and patches of forest flashed by, and some of the curves were being swung with a momentum that almost threw the driver from his seat. Men and women, working in the fields, sawed their hands and shouted. Cattle and horses, with animal terror in their eyes, ran fast to escape the mysterious monster. At last the engine rose over the crest of the long, straight down-grade that runs through Markdale. The station agent shoved back some people who had gathered on the platform, just in time, for the Mono hurtled herself through the place, some people declare, at seventy miles an hour. The suction might have drawn the people on

the platform under the wheels. Holland Centre and Chatsworth, little hamlets in 1876, were passed so quickly that only the clatter of the switch-points indicated the astonishing progress. The engineer glanced at his watch as St. Vincent crossing flicked past. The time was 3:40 p.m., and he had twenty minutes to cover less than five miles.

Down the Big Grade.

Since that day no locomotive has sped down the grade at Murray's Cut with such reckless speed. Even the engineer began to feel a thrill of uncertainty. Could he stop the engine before he reached the end of steel? Four hundred yards ahead was Boyd's wharf and a hundred yards beyond that was the end of the line. Slowly David shoved over the throttle. With the instinct of the trained engineer, he was conscious of a slight response, and it gave him confidence. Again the throttle moved and again speed slackened. Then he threw "her" right over. The fireman rang the bell vigorously and great clouds of escaping steam almost enveloped the Mono as she came to a standstill at her destination, with a record that may never again be equaled on the division. The engineer looked at his watch. It was 3:48 p.m., and the distance 132 miles had been covered in two hours and forty-eight minutes. Just at the end of the wharf the steam-whistle sounded the street S.W. The Africa was waiting. The runner with a bundle of manifests hurried aboard, the lines were cast off, the cap-lan sounded the engine room bells, and she sailed forth the north on TIME.

CHAMPIONED CHORUS GIRL

Porter Gave Brazilian Admiration a Blow on the Nose.

Instead of being able to go to supper with a chorus girl who had taken his fancy, a young Brazilian went away from a London music hall with a damaged nose. And when he presented his assistant, the Westminister magistrate was far from sympathetic. The scene occurred at the Victoria Palace, 11, John Denton, 8, a baggage porter and assistant hall-keeper at the music hall, was charged with occasioning injury to Renato Junqueira, a young Brazilian, of independent means, staying at a West End hotel, "prospector," who spoke English imperfectly, but was a good singer, striking blunter and a tooth knocked out. He stated that he was at the Hotel Victoria after midnight, at 11:30 p.m., waiting for one of the young ladies engaged in the revue.

Accused walked up to him and told him to clear out, and immediately followed him up with a very violent blow on his face. No provocation was given for the assault. Cross-examined, prosecutor denied that he had been hovering about the stage door night after night, persistently disregarding requests to keep away.

DANCED HIMSELF TO DEATH

Partner Was Astonished to See Baker Slip From Her Arms.

A tragic incident at a dance was described at an inquest at Kenyham, North Devon, last night. Samuel Baker, 6, consulting marine engineer, of Springfield, Chaffin road, Kenyham, whose death occurred at the Wingrove Hotel, Miss Agnes Gertrude Forster, of Seaford, Chertsey road, Kenyham, stated that she attended the dance given at the Wingrove Hotel shortly after midnight when she was dancing a waltz with him, when he suddenly fell backwards, striking his head against the tiled hearth of the fireplace. She looked at him, and saw that he was unconscious. She had previously danced with him, and he then remarked that he felt exceedingly well. He died about two minutes afterwards.

DID CANING KILL THE BOY?

Jury, to Make Sure, Awards 15 to Mourner.

Lewis Pearce, brass founder, of Breckley street, Birmingham, before Judge Ruegg, at Birmingham County Court, claimed compensation from Chas. Hy. Jackson, an assistant school teacher at the Smith street Council School, in respect of the death of his son, Horace Pearce, aged 16. A witness said plaintiff had been ill. The child Horace attended the Smith street school, and was in charge of defendant. On Monday, Dec. 1st, he came home at noon quite well. When going up the yard in the afternoon, however, he staggered. At half-past three on the following morning he had a fit. He never recovered, and died the next day. Mrs. Pearce, in evidence, said defendant told her that he hit Horace, but did not know that he had hurt him. Dr. Joe Shilling said he made a post-mortem examination of the boy's body, and reported to the coroner that he found no signs of violence. He could not say any more than the cause of death. The jury assessed damages at £15.

What? "How's business?" inquired the life-insurance agent.

"I haven't turned a trick this week," said the book agent.

"Same here. I'll tell you what I'll do."

"I'll buy a set off backs if you'll take on some insurance." From the Pittsburgh Post.

Mrs. H. VON RUDEL of LYNDON, KY.

Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for Backache, Nervousness, Headaches.

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Mrs. H. VON RUDEL, Lyndon, Ky. When a woman like Mrs. Von Roden is generous enough to write such a letter as the above, for publication, she should at least be given credit for a sincere desire to help other suffering women, for we assure you there is no other reason why she should court such publicity.

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FOOLISH TO SUFFER FROM STOMACH ILLS

What's the use of suffering from heartburn and the other disagreeable

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