

New Triumph For McAdoo Downtown Tunnels to Jersey.

(New York Sun, July 18.)

If De Witt Clinton Haskin had not come to New York some forty-odd years ago it is possible that people would not yet ride from New York to Jersey City through a tunnel beneath the North River; but De Witt Clinton Haskin did come to New York, so the Jersey tunnels are to be officially opened to-morrow. He came all the way across the continent, did Haskin, all the way from his gold mines in California with this object in view; to build a tunnel beneath the Hudson River, connect it with the trunk line railroad terminals located in Jersey City and Hoboken, and run steam trains right through from New Jersey to a terminal station near Washington Square.

To do this required a great deal of money. Haskin had only \$300,000, so he went to Wall street to enlist the aid of capital. The financiers whom he approached consulted expert engineers, who declared the tunnel scheme an absurdity; so De Witt Clinton Haskin didn't get the financial backing he wanted. Instead he got a little sympathy and some kindly advice, neither of which he desired.

However, Wall street's unresponsiveness didn't bother Haskin. He knew what he wanted to do and just how to go about it, so he jumped in with such limited funds as he possessed and started things moving.

First he sank a vertical shaft lined with bricks on the west shore of the Hudson River midway between the terminals of the Erie Railroad and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad. A second shaft was dug at the foot of Morton street, New York. The Jersey shaft was 30 feet in diameter and reached to a point 60 feet below high water mark. The river at this point is about a mile from the shore. From the bottom of the shaft extended the horizontal tunnel that was to pass beneath the river bed. To be exact, there were two tunnels running side by side and each 18 feet in diameter.

Right here was where the unusual feature of the undertaking came in. The Haskin tunnel was merely an open tube with no plug in the end of it to keep the Hudson River from rushing in and flooding the whole works should it feel inclined to do so. Haskin didn't use a shield in his tunnel work for two reasons. In the first place he didn't like them and in the second place there weren't any.

He reasoned things out this way: If the pressure inside the tube were equal to the pressure outside the tube, then the air would keep the water out and the water would keep the air in, which would be most satisfactory all around. As a corollary, if the conditions of equilibrium were carefully maintained the tunnel could be advanced steadily until it reached the further shore. That sounded all right in theory, but it didn't work very well in practice, for this reason. The air pressure was constant throughout the tube. It was just as strong at the top of the heading—the open end of the tunnel—as it was at the bottom. The water pressure, on the contrary, was eleven pounds greater at the bottom of the opening than it was at the top, due to the first place the 23-foot layer of water in between.

This gave rise to a puzzling state of affairs. If the outside pressure and the inside pressure balanced at the top, then the water would come rushing in at the bottom. If they were in equilibrium at the bottom then the air would rush out at the top. The only thing to do was to strike the happy medium which would let a little water in and a little air out, and trust to the pumps and the compressor to take care of the leakage. This was done. The method proved perfectly satisfactory except on one trifling occasion, when a blow-out caught fourteen men at work some distance from the shaft and engulfed them.

A detail like that didn't cause Haskin any worry. He kept right on the job for six years. Then he was forced to stop because he had used up all his money and no one would advance him any more. The end of the tunnel was bricked up, the air pressure removed and the works abandoned.

At the time about 2,000 feet of the north tunnel and about 600 feet of the south tunnel had been pushed up the riverward from the foot of the shaft on the Jersey side. The north tunnel from the New York side had been pushed only about 200 feet into the river as the material passed through was mainly sand and was difficult to penetrate. After the air pressure was removed the tunnels filled up with water and remained unused for eight years.

In 1888 English capitalists became interested in the scheme and engaged S. Pearson & Son, who had done a great deal of tunnel work in England. They pumped out the abandoned section and finding the tunnel lining intact, they set to work to extend the tube further out into the river.

The plans were changed and the shield method was substituted for the open cut. The brick lining used by Haskin was done away with and heavy cast iron plates were used instead. The shield itself was a circular cap of hardened steel around the front of the tunnel, arranged in a series of cutting blades. When soft ground was to be passed through the shield was merely pushed ahead by compressed air. This was done by means of a circle of hydraulic jacks that extended backward from the diaphragm of the shield to every description of the outer edge of the last complete ring of the tunnel. As the jacks shoved the shield ahead the shield slid over the outside surface of the tunnel wall and the segments that make a complete ring were erected on the inside.

When the tunnel was being pushed through solid rock it was necessary for the men to get out ahead of the shield and with pneumatic drills blast away a huge circle for its passage. By these methods Pearson & Son added all about 2,000 feet to the Haskin tunnel, but again came to a hard time. The work was abandoned and the tunnels were flooded with water once more. Nothing doing for twelve years.

Then William Gibbs McAdoo, a Southerner, who was at that time practicing law in New York, became interested in the flooded tubes beneath the Hudson River. From what had already been accomplished it was quite apparent that a tunnel to Jersey was an engineering possibility. The work had been abandoned before on both occasions not because of difficulties of construction, but merely from lack of funds.

So William Gibbs McAdoo went down into Wall Street in search of money just as Haskin had done thirty years before; but McAdoo succeeded where Haskin had failed.

When the new interests took charge about 2,000 feet had been built for about 3,800 feet from the New Jersey shore. The tube was flooded with water, but its lining was still in good condition and the shield that had been

abandoned by Pearson & Son was still usable. So the McAdoo interests pumped out the water, patched up the battered shield and set to work. They went along famously for a few hundred feet and then stopped abruptly. The shield refused to budge. A little more pressure was applied to the jacks. Nothing resulted. Still more pressure. The top of the shield moved ahead a little, but the bottom didn't move an inch. The iron plates of the lining began to buckle and to crack ominously, so the push behind the hydraulic jacks was abated slightly.

The foreman of the gang opened a little door in the bottom of the shield and took observations. He faced a small pinnacle of rock that rose upward through the soft mud of the river bottom like a miniature mountain peak. He opened another little door at the top of the shield to take a second observation. A stream of mud and water shot through the opening, knocking him about thirty feet due east. Two husky "muckers" jumped into the breach and succeeded in closing the iron door.

One of the expert engineers was then called in. He finally hit upon a satisfactory solution. He built a hood or apron of heavy steel and fitted it to the outside of the shield so that it extended itself will be thrown open to the public. The hood kept out the water and the hood kept out the quicksand. Under its protection workmen opened the lower door of the shield, drilled and blasted the rock away and gradually worked across the dangerous business. Overlying the rock was fourteen feet of the quicksand. Above that was sixty-five feet of water. The quicksand was too unstable to hold back air under high pressure. On the other hand the pressure would flow down in the working area and tie up the whole business. Frequently the apron failed to fit smoothly over the top of the rock. If it left a very large opening a blowout would occur. In spite of all these difficulties the thing was accomplished. When the 700 feet of reef were finally crossed over and soft ground was reached again the apron was removed, the doors were closed and the shields were forced ahead by means of the hydraulic jacks.

The greatest difficulties were encountered in completing the old Haskin tunnels which form the north pair of under river tubes—the pair that is the McAdoo system. The southern pair of tubes—the pair that is to be opened to-morrow—was finished without any great trouble and was done in record time. Two feet in twenty-four hours was the record in the Pearson company's workings. The McAdoo engineers frequently bored through seven feet in a day. The original McAdoo plan was to complete the two partly constructed tubes, which were to extend from a point on the Jersey shore midway between the Erie and Lackawanna Railroad stations to a terminal near Washington Square. To this the McAdoo interests added a transverse tunnel connecting with the Lackawanna, the Erie, the Pennsylvania and the Jersey Central railroad terminals in Hoboken and Jersey City. Then a second pair of under river tubes was planned in order to tap the heart of the congested downtown district.

Later it was planned to extend the northern pair of tunnels on up Sixth avenue to a terminal station connecting with the Pennsylvania-Long Island Railroad tunnel at Thirty-second street. A few weeks ago the McAdoo company applied for permission to extend still further northward in order to embrace the terminal of the New York Central and the New Haven Railroads at Forty-second street and Park avenue and to connect with the Belmont tunnel at Forty-second street and Lexington avenue.

When this spur is completed the McAdoo system will connect the terminals of every important railroad that runs into New York city or terminates on the west shore of the Hudson River; but there are still two gaps in the system. There are a connection between the Forty-second street station and the Church street terminal by means of an East Side subway and an extension south under Sixth avenue from Ninth street to Cortlandt street. Were these established the McAdoo system would unite all the elevated roads in Manhattan, the subway and three of the East River bridges.

Mr. McAdoo is looking a long way ahead. He is planning the big terminal station at Church, Fulton, Bay and Cortlandt streets. McAdoo says years ago that he would need more than an ordinary subway station downtown. He also said that if the land he required were used only as a railroad terminal building, it would be a prohibitive. So he decided to build two twenty-story office buildings above the station tracks.

The acquisition of the necessary real estate was a task that would have caused almost any man to despair, but Mr. McAdoo got the land and he put up the building. The station tracks are now in place and will be ready to run the first train to Jersey shore and the station tunnel interests took charge of the site.

One story below the street is the concourse, where are to be found a passenger waiting room, a baggage room, ticket office, telegraph stations, barber shops, and small booths of every description. Below that, reached from the concourse by a multitude of stairways and inclined planes—ramps, as they are technically termed—is the truck floor with six platforms and five loops for waiting trains. The platforms are so arranged that outgoing and incoming streams of passengers will be kept separate. Down below the truck floor are two more floors, four in all, beneath the street level. Here are the lighting and heating plants, the power house, the refrigerating plant, the elevator power plant and the baggage room.

The construction of this downtown terminal was an engineering enterprise of colossal proportions. Before the tunnel interests took charge the site was encumbered with several hundred ramshackle frame buildings, some of which were a century old. On the first day of May, 1906, the contractors waded in, tore all the old structures apart and carted them away. Then they set to work to excavate for the foundations of the twin buildings. The workmen dug down fifteen feet and struck quicksand. It seems that this section of Manhattan Island was originally under water and was reclaimed by being turned into a city dump a hundred years or more ago. The thin layer of filling disguised the real character of the underlying material and made it look like solid ground. Then the engineers were up against it.

The only thing to do was to build a cofferdam around the entire plot and to continue the excavation under aid pressure. This was done. The engineers built a concrete wall extending from Fulton street south to Cortlandt street and from Church street half a block

west toward the Hudson River. They sank this wall down through quicksand until they reached solid rock one hundred feet below the street level. Then they scooped out all the mud and sand and water inside the big box. It was a tremendous job. The working area was more than two acres in extent and the hole had to be dug a hundred feet deep. Within the hole were 200 caissons, several shafts of steel, inside which were built beds of reinforced concrete. On these beds were erected the steel columns that support the four subterranean levels and the twenty-two story buildings that tower above ground. There are about seven thousand tons of structural steel hidden away below the street level and about twenty-five thousand tons above the surface. This is where a very large part of the sixty millions went and this is where the McAdoo interests will make a large share of their profits.

U. S. MACHINES.

How English Shoe Factory Got Rie of Them.

(New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin.)

An English book on "Industrial Efficiency," of which a new edition has just appeared, contains in a supplementary chapter an interesting story of the manner in which the American monopoly in shoe machinery was broken. The story is told in the most interesting manner in Northampton. Shoe machinery was first developed in this country, and had to be introduced in England to save the industry of shoe-manufacturing from a serious decline. The American company took advantage of the situation, and in supplying machinery for the different processes insisted upon the same form of contract which still continues in practical effect in New England. It refused to sell its machines and would only lease them on condition, not only that no other machine should be used for a particular process in the manufacture, but that only machines of the same company should be used in any of the processes. The machinery was all linked up together, as it were, in the various processes, and no one dared to be used in any of the processes, and as English machines were not to be obtained for all the processes, the hard bargain had to be accepted to get the benefit of any part of the machinery. The contract gave the company the right, if any machine but its own was adopted, to withdraw all of its machinery from the factory, as they were its property and were leased on that condition.

But English machine makers were busy developing shoe machinery on their own lines, the original patents having expired and the patent monopoly holding good only on improvements which could be replaced by other machines. They reached the point where they could equip a factory as completely and, it was claimed, as efficiently as the American company. One day an agent of the latter, exercising his right of inspection under the contract of lease in one of the largest factories in Northampton, discovered that the machine was not the same as the one which he had been told it was. The owners denied that it was a breach of contract and refused to remove the machine, whereupon they received notice demanding the return of all the American machinery. Although they were busy and "full of work" they refused to knuckle down, and ordered a complete equipment from a young firm of shoe machinery makers at Rushden. The factory was stripped of all American machines and as speedily as possible was equipped with those of English make.

According to the writer of the book, "so successful was the change that they not only turned out boots as good as before and as fast, but the relief from the oppressive royalty system enabled them to raise wages and shorten hours and yet sell their boots cheaper." The writer explained by the fact that a machine which would cost, say, \$1,000 to buy outright, would at the end of twenty years under the leasing system have cost the manufacturer something like \$20,000 and still be the property of another. The same writer says that a clause in the new patent act of 1907 was "specially inserted for the boot trade," "nullifying the boycotting provisions in leasing agreements," while other provisions compel American makers of shoe machinery in England to manufacture in the country, and that English makers of the patent act is also "having a substantial effect in increasing productive employment" in England.

We repeat this story, which we presume to be authentic, since the name of the Northampton firm, which achieved its independence of the American monopoly is mentioned and is said to own "the largest private boot factory in the world," as presenting an example worthy of emulation in this country. We have heretofore made known the tyranny of the shoe machinery monopoly with its leasing contract, especially in Massachusetts, where the shoe manufacturing industry is so largely concentrated. We understand that machines can be and are made in this country, as well as in England, with which factories are being equipped without infringing the patents of the American Shoe Machinery Company, and it is to be hoped that the spirit of industrial independence is no less alive here than in the "old country." The laws should be as effective against the kind of "boycotting" that is practiced under the leasing contracts.

Complete emancipation of the shoe industry requires not only an effective competition in supplying machinery for its various processes, but the right to purchase and own the machines. That alone will enable the manufacturers to conduct their own business and regulate their costs and prices with reference to the conditions of the market both at home and abroad. It is evident that this machinery monopoly has already interfered seriously with their ability to compete in the foreign markets, and with that on one side and a threatening monopoly in the control of their raw material on the other they are in danger of being severely "squeezed." It only needs a resolute assertion of independence on their part to break the machinery monopoly, and if there is not enough of the old American spirit left in New England the industry ought to show a vigorous development in other parts of the country.

Making Light of It.
"A large fleet of German ships," wrote the British editor in 1904, "passed over our town yesterday morning. They cast a gloom over the entire community."

Almost Human Intelligence.
What has become trained so that it can go up when Mr. Paton isn't looking at it.—Montreal Star.

They may have screens in a theatre, but they are not for the purpose of keeping the flies out.



LIVE STOCK NOTE.
Miss Citee—Your pigs are quite fat, aren't they?
Farmer Yappe—Yes, marm.
Miss Citee—It will be necessary for them to grow a great deal thinner, I suppose, before you can use them for spare ribs?

The Domestic Tragedies of John Morley and Lloyd-George.

T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., in a cable letter throws interesting light upon the domestic tragedies which have darkened the lives of Lord Morley, the Secretary for India, and Mr. Lloyd-George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

A pathetic figure in the midst of all the political troubles of England to-day is Lord Morley of Blackburn as he is officially called—John Morley as he is popularly called.

Few men could be more unsuited for the difficult part he has to play. A student, he has to display the readiness, promptitude, and decision of a great man of action. A Liberal and an enemy of coercion in Ireland, he has to resort to some of the same methods for dealing with disorder in India. Finally, a man of peace and good will and full of sympathy for the progress of popular liberty in India, he has to pass through the streets to his home in the suburbs guarded by detectives from the pistol and the dagger of the people he wants to serve.

The story of his suburban home is one of the ironies of life. It is built in Wimbledon, one of the suburbs of London, which still retains a good deal of rural character. Big trees shield it. Birds sing in loud chorus around it. You might almost imagine you were a hundred miles from London, while only four or five miles from the city's center.

LIBRARY LIKE GREAT STUDIO.

Out of the profits of his great biography of Gladstone, Morley resolved to build himself, if not a lordly pleasure house, at least one lordly hall, and that naturally was the library. His library accordingly is a vast hall, more like a great artist's studio than a student's retreat, and round its white halls run big shelves containing all the gems of the world's literature.

I discussed this house with Morley a few months ago as we walked up and down Westminster hall together, and he wound up the conversation with a characteristic observation. He said:

"There are two things wanting: First, there is no water, and then there is no mountain in the distance, and as our friend Goethe remarks, a mountain is always welcome, because beyond the mountain there is hope." And then he gave his pleasantly sad smile at his own bit of self-satire, for he is one of the most despondent of men.

HARD STRUGGLE IN EARLY DAYS.

This tendency is partly hereditary. He comes from the home of a hard worked Lancashire doctor living in the squalid and depressing surroundings of a town beyond the mountains. Morley, too, had a hard struggle for existence in his early days. He got his university education at Oxford by a scholarship—founded curiously enough by a medical "shop"—and had to seek a livelihood in the precarious profession of literature. All his money he has had to work hard, live modestly, and make ends meet by careful living. He has been disappointed in politics. He is one of those men who are at once enormously ambitious and yet not self-satisfied. His ambition always breaks down when the moment of success comes, because it is not backed by strong temperance. It is pained over by the bleak shadow of self-distrust.

HOW HE LOST PREMIERSHIP.

He wanted to be prime minister and he might have been prime minister. When the Boer war began he represented the horror and hatred of that stupid crime more eloquently than any other man, though, of course, it was left for nimble, daring reckless young Lloyd-George to do the real fighting by going to Birmingham and other places at the risk of his life.

The mantle of Campbell-Bannerman was bound to have fallen upon Morley if he had not worked hard enough to get it. But in the moments of despondency and perhaps because he wanted the money, he settled down to writing the biography of Gladstone—a task of gigantic labor of which few men ever reach the end.

This meant Morley's practical exile from politics for several years, and when the years came to an end he had allowed Asquith to rush to the front and stand between him and the highest prize in the British Empire. He had to slip—an office of great dignity and great power, but one beset with immense difficulties.

DOMESTIC GRIEF ADDS TO WOE.

Domestic grief came to aggravate the sadness of the evening of Morley's days. His stepson began speculating with the money of the firm of publishers to which he belonged. He was discovered, tried to commit suicide, and was tried, convicted and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude.

Few scenes are more pathetic than that which took place between Lloyd-George and Morley about this time. Lloyd-George had an extraordinary love for his eldest daughter. During the first few years of his life in London, when he was too poor to bring up all his family from their little village in Wales, this child was the hostage that came to represent the family honor, and while she was yet a girl of 8 or 9 she would sit in the women's gallery and wait till she went home with her father to their modest home in the suburbs.

She was thus his companion, and by and by his confidant, his counselor, and his closest friend. Just as she was becoming a woman and reaching her 17th year, she died after a week's illness. The blow was deadly.

Lloyd-George has never really recovered from it. The wound opens and bleeds on the least occasion. He told me that to read the name of Wandsworth—that was the suburb where he and his daughter lived in those early years—gave him a shock.

SOBS AT PICTURE OF CHILDREN.

One day, while visiting the house of a Welsh friend and colleague in Parliament he was found sobbing on a sofa in an ecstasy of grief. He had seen a photograph of his dead child on the table in the room in which he was waiting.

Lloyd-George went to Morley for consolation. Morley is an agnostic and a pessimist, and had none to give except this:

"There," he said, pointing to the door of an adjoining room, "are two of the best women in the world; and the one thing they are waiting to know is the number of years of penal servitude which will be inflicted on the being they probably love best in the world."

The two women were Morley's wife and the wife of his unfortunate stepson.

HOME BECAME A PRISON.

Thus it is that this lovely house—called by the beautiful name of Flow-wood, lying in the midst of fields and trees and flowers, made harmonious by songs of birds—has become more of a prison than a student's palace. It is approached by a broad country lane. Few people are around. It is just the remote and deserted spot where the lurking assassin might be in wait with his revolver or his dagger; and as he leaves it and still more as he approaches it every night, Morley has the hideous feeling of being followed by the silent, skulking, but necessary form of the armed detective, whose revolver is ready to shoot at any one who seeks to attack the Indian Secretary.

It is not a glorious or happy sunset to a great life.

Grew Thinner Every Day.

Appetite was Poor, Dizzy, Faint, Weak, Continuous, Cruel Backache. Another Case in which Dr. Hamilton's Pills Saved Life that Physicians Despaired of.

What a pitiful sight it is to see a handsome, able man being gradually robbed of good looks, health and ability to work. Such cases are frequent—the one here described being that of E. P. Lascelles, a well-known printer's supply man, residing in Hamilton. "About six months ago I began to notice a worn, tired feeling coming over me. I was unable to shake it off. It was not the fatigue that follows hard labor—it was sort of an unaccountable laziness that assailed me. I was anxious to work, but didn't have the energy. Something was dragging me down, robbing me of my health and spirits. I got tired of taking prescriptions that did me no good and used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Their action soon proved to me that I was suffering from a terribly congested liver and acute indigestion. Dr. Hamilton's Pills brought back my appetite, cured the heavy pain in my side and back, and gave me a new grip on life. I gained in weight and now I am stronger, look better, work better than ever before as was taken sick."

If you want to get back the vigor and spirit of youth, if you want the sparkle of robust health on your cheeks—use Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly. They cleanse, purify, tone, strengthen—make the sick well, give this grand medicine a faithful trial, 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers, or The Catarthozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

A REBUKE.

A Sydney Paper Talks Plainly to the Coal Mine Strikers.

(Sydney Record.)
The maddest feature of the present strike is the effort being made in certain quarters to stir up the whole community into an attitude of hostility towards the Coal Company. We do not here refer to the strikers themselves or to their leaders—their attitude is at least intelligible—we refer to those outside the ranks of the miners altogether—business and professional men, the clerks—residents of Glace Bay and the other colliery towns, who go out of their way to aid and abet an agitation which if successful means the ruin of the community in which they live. Their course appears not only to be fatuous, but suicidal, for it is on those whom they unjustly decry that they depend chiefly for their temporal prosperity.

As for the miner himself he can be but an object of sympathy. He is the chief victim of the struggle and on himself his wife and children the burden of the day must ultimately fall. And this is equally true whether the cause in which he has allowed himself to be enlisted is lost or won. That the bulk of the men are honest in the attitude which they have taken we may believe. If they are unable to see through the motives of plausible talkers, if they are blind to their own true interests, it is perhaps only right to say that it is their misfortune rather than their fault. At the same time it is difficult to have patience with a presumably intelligent man, more especially

ly with the native miner, who is so easily led into a disastrous quarrel (for, let us repeat, he stands to lose no matter who wins) by the mere reiteration of a word, the word "recognition," a word of shadowy and vague meaning to most of those who have inscribed it on their banner. He is told that the Dominion Coal Co. is his enemy. In his heart he must know that the company is his best friend—a very real friend which provides him with steady work at good wages, which surrounds him with safeguards, at his work, which endeavors to ameliorate his social and domestic lot, and which opens the highest positions in its gift—honorable and remunerative posts—to his sons if they have the ability and ambition to take advantage of their opportunities. The miner's real enemy is not the Coal Company but those who attempt to persuade him into the belief that he is oppressed. They are also the chief enemy of the community in which they live for if they succeeded in their attempt to make Cape Breton too hot for the Dominion Coal Company there can be but one result, and that is industrial and commercial disaster.

The irony of the situation is that while we are constantly moving heaven and earth to bring us more men of capital and more industries, and are daily peering abroad for more markets for our coal, those chiefly concerned—mean sundry citizens of this country—are doing all in their power to hamper the operations of the one industry on which all else depends. The blindness and fatuity of it all is simply marvellous. Now if somebody proposes to open a new coal mine in some part of the country, employing perhaps a hundred men, at once there is a general shout of rejoicing, and the man who ventures to point out that the workmen's wages are not up to the average is quickly called down; the people of Sydney are to-day prepared to pay heavy coal prices, not to mention other concessions to certain industries should their promoters succeed in establishing them here, in short, the introduction of new industries is the one thing on which the heart of the community is completely set. Why then, in view of all this do we not appreciate what we already possess, perhaps the first industry in all Canada? Why do so many of our people—do not refer to the miners, but business and professional men—seek not merely to hamper but to destroy the Dominion Coal Company?

We shall be told, however, that we might not be so badly off even should the Dominion Coal Company retire in the face of this petty warfare which has been their constant lot in Nova Scotia. They cannot take the coal with them. That is the "heritage of the people," and Providence may be good enough to see that it does not remain unmined. Let us not make any mistake about that. Coal is at present our greatest asset, but it is only potentially so if we have not the money to develop it. Actually our greatest asset to-day is the capital of the Dominion Coal Company. Fling that away and where shall we be certain to find money to replace it? Do we not see every day the difficulty of getting money, to establish and sustain our industries? But, we are assured, the collieries if given up by the present owners would not remain long idle. Well, we must be too sure of that. We have a precedent in Lingar that cannot be overlooked. There was a flourishing mine, a progressive and rising community that would, if it had not been killed by a strike, perhaps, to-day be one of the biggest mining towns in Canada. The merits of that quarrel we know nothing about, nor does it matter; the grim fact remains that that colliery was closed down as the result of a strike, never to rise again.

And history has a habit of repeating itself. To-day we find the Lingar district again the centre of mining developments, and on the most stupendous scale, the sites of half a score of great collieries marked out, and some of them actually in operation, and all begun by the Dominion Coal Company, which is pouring out its money like water to build up in that wilderness what will undoubtedly become, if it is not nipped in the bud, the greatest and most populous coal mining district in Canada. A sane man would suppose that these new collieries in course of construction would have been left alone, that the strike leaders and their abettors would have regarded that at least as neutral ground. The inexplicable fact remains that every effort has been put forth to arrest the progress of that young colliery district, and the strongest efforts are being put forth not by the leaders of the strikers, but humiliating to relate, by residents of the district whose entire property is bound up with the success of the Dominion Coal Company among them.

The state of affairs at Lingar is, indeed, typical of the whole situation in southern Cape Breton. It presents the spectacle of a community endeavoring to commit industrial and commercial suicide.

SUSPICIOUS OF HIS MOTHER.

(Cleveland Leader.)
"Ma!"
"Yes, precious."

"I'm a good boy these days, ain't I?"
"Yes, pet—you've been a very good boy since mother talked to you so seriously."

"And you trust me now, don't you, ma?"

"Yes, darling—implicitly!"

"That's what you keep the jam cup-board locked for nowadays?"

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