

THE GREAT TUNNEL.

The Grand Trunk May Make Another Bore Under the St. Clair.

WORK ON THE CANADIAN SIDE.

(From Sarnia Canadian.)

Sir Henry Tyler, President, and Sir Joseph Hickson, General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, arrived here on Wednesday last on their tour of inspection. They made an inspection of the St. Clair Tunnel, accompanied by Chief Engineer Hobson, Superintendent Stiff, E. W. Meddaugh, and Messrs. Hillman, Murphy, Eames and Blacklock, of the Tunnel staff. Sir Henry Tyler and Sir Joseph Hickson expressed themselves as highly pleased with the work.

MAY BORE A SECOND TUNNEL.

Endeavors were made by local interviewers to extract information from the railway magnates as to the prospects of the construction of a second tunnel and other matters of railway policy, but it is not supposed that the interviewers learned very much more than the railway officials thought it advisable for them to know. It is stated, however, by people who claim to know what they are talking about, that it has been practically decided to build another tunnel within a few feet of the present one; and also that before the Chicago exposition, the Chicago & Grand Trunk will be double tracked and independent roadways be thus provided for east and west bound trains.

MEETING OF THE SHIELDS.

The shields were brought together at ten minutes past 12 o'clock on Saturday night, and the meeting justified Mr. Hillman's calculations by bringing the opposing edges together within a quarter of an inch. Mr. Ames then set to work to dismantle the shields to permit the linings of iron rings to be carried up inside the shells. This will take some time, and it is possible that when the junction is reached, a special set of castings may be needed for the last ring, as it is hardly likely that the regular size will fit. It is expected that the lining will be finished in two weeks. In the meantime Mr. Murphy is taking out the eighteen inches of earth which was left in the bottom of the tunnel to make a bed for the temporary tracks, and which must of course be all removed before the brick lining is put in. A drift way is also to be put in for a drainage tunnel, from lowest level of the tunnel, just below the river bank on this side, to the drainage shaft on the river bank, by which any leakage will be pumped out. The air pressure must be maintained while the work is being done, and after this while the tunnel is being calked to make the spots where quicksand was met water-tight. The veins of sand are full of water, the inflowing force of which is just balanced by a pressure of 22 pounds of air to the square inch. While this is maintained the water is kept out, but if the pressure were lowered the tunnel would of course soon be flooded. To prevent this the tunnel will be calked at these places by filling all the joints in the iron lining with lead firmly driven in so as to make the whole water-tight. This, it is expected, will take two months, and not until this is done can the pressure be lowered and the bulk-heads and air locks removed. In the meantime, and as soon as the tunnel is cleaned out, the work of putting in the brick lining will be gone on with. The brickwork will cover slightly more than the lower half of the iron work of the circle. The bricks will be laid on the segments—between the linings—on the bottom so as to make a solid bottom and a smooth surface. The brickwork will also preserve the iron. Then the brickwork will also be extended up each side a little over half way.

A BIG MORTGAGE.

Respecting the Tunnel Company's intentions, the following from the Port Huron Times of last Wednesday is of interest: The largest mortgage ever given in this section was recorded in the registrar of deeds' office on Tuesday afternoon. The amount of the mortgage is \$2,500,000, and was given by the St. Clair Tunnel Company to E. W. Meddaugh and Lewis J. Bargeant, as trustees. The mortgage is given for the purpose of issuing bonds to the amount of \$2,500,000, which will be used by the tunnel company. The bonds will run for 50 years and bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. The mortgage covers all the present property of the company on both the United States and Canadian sides of St. Clair River. It is stated in the mortgage that this vast amount of money will be used for building yards, engine houses, shops and other buildings, and for such other purpose as the company may see fit. In connection with the above mortgage it is surmised that the St. Clair Tunnel Co. have mortgaged the present tunnel to raise money to build a second tunnel, which will be commenced as soon as the first one is completed and in running order. From the wording of the mortgage it is evident that the company propose to throw the tunnel open to other roads, as it is expressly provided that the company can collect tolls and rents for such service.

THE WORK TO BE DONE.

Whatever may be the intentions as to a second tunnel, there can be very little doubt that the railway company intend very extensive works at the tunnel outlets at this side. The excavation for the approaches is now in full swing, an immense force of men and horses being employed. The clay which is being taken out of the cut is being used in the same way as that which was taken out of the tunnel—to fill up the tract of low land owned by the company along the south side of the railway track, extending east nearly to the Plank Road crossing. An enormous amount of material has been already spread over the tract, and an enormous amount more will be required to bring the surface up to the adopted level, as the filling in some places must be six or seven feet deep. On this tract it is said, over twenty miles of track will be put down for a switching yard, and the plans are out for a round-house and set of shops which when completed will rival anything of the kind in America. To enable the main line trains to use the tunnel without going round to Point Edward a cut-off line will be built from Blackwell, joining the

Sarnia branch somewhere east of the town, and for this cut-off the surveyors started on Monday to locate the line. We understand that the engineers have already decided upon a route which diverges from the Sarnia branch just east of the crossing of the Plank Road, runs diagonally across Mr. Neil Leckie's farm, touches the corner of Mr. Peter Taylor's farm, and runs northeast, skirting the west side of Lake Wawanosh, to a junction with the main line about on lot 40, lake shore range.

TALK ABOUT THE TUNNEL.

Workmen in the tunnel say that when a large side-wheel steamer passes over the tunnel the noise can be distinctly heard by the men below.

The St. Clair Tunnel Company own every inch of land under which the tunnel runs.

The committee in charge of the celebration are in receipt of many letters from vessel men. They are desirous of participating in the celebration. The vessel owners say that the completion of the St. Clair Tunnel forever kills the high bridge scheme at Detroit. The committee are assured if the celebration takes place before the close of navigation a large number of vessels will center at this port on the day in question and help make the affair a grand success. They guarantee, with their steam whistles, to make enough noise to be heard in Detroit.

The cast iron lining of the tunnel weighs nearly 56,000,000 pounds and is secured by 850,000 bolts.

For the first time in over a year the large gang of the tunnel workmen were laid off on Sunday. There was no stir at all at the tunnel works on Sunday.

On Saturday night the tunnel employees presented Engineer L. T. Eames with a handsome gold watch and chain. The watch was elaborately engraved on the inside of case with a picture of the shield, while beneath were the words "Sarnia" and "Port Huron," with two clasped hands between. Assistant Supt. Mento made the presentation speech. Mr. Mento was presented with a handsome gold ring, the speech being made by P. E. Hoshing.

Sir Joseph Hickson received an autograph letter from Lord Stanley, expressing the pleasure felt by the Governor-General at the completion of the St. Clair Tunnel.

Three steam shovels will be set to work this week at the excavations for the approaches to the tunnel. Two will be used on this side, and one on the other.

Facts About Smyrna.

Here are some striking facts about Smyrna. According to Consul-General Holmwood's report, the population numbers 210,850. But of this total only 52,000 are Mohammedans. The Mohammedans are outnumbered by the Greeks, who count 62,000, exclusive of 45,000 "Greek subjects." The railways are wholly under British management, and have been constructed by British capital. The gas-lighting of Smyrna is the work of a British company; but—and here comes the irony of the situation—"the municipality of Smyrna is at present wholly composed of Ottoman subjects." To sum up the position, Smyrna is, as far as population goes, a Greek city; as far as public works with their capital outlay are concerned, an English city; but, as regards government, a Turkish city. The Turk is the incubus. As a commercial port, Smyrna the Beautiful has several great advantages over Constantinople, but so long as the Turk blocks the way the vast development of which Smyrna is capable will be retarded. It is the same all over the Mediterranean and Black Sea coasts. Wherever there is progress the Greek is at the bottom of it.—*London Daily News.*

The Salmon Pack.

Statistics prepared by the Canadian Grocer of the British Columbia salmon pack indicate that it will fall short of last season's by about 25,000 cases, though the exact results will not be known for some time yet. It will still be an enormous pack. Our estimate makes it about 370,000 cases against 395,000 last year. The largest previous pack was in 1882 when 249,400 cases were put up. The run of salmon this year was as heavy if not heavier than last. This was entirely unexpected for a heavy run, such as that of last year, is usually followed by a light one. The packers were not prepared for it, and were unable to put up all the fish they caught.

Irrefutable Evidence.

Munsey's Weekly: Judge—"Prisoner, have you any visible means of support?" Prisoner—"Yes, your honor." To his wife: "Bridget, stand up, so that the court can see you."

On the Best Authority.

Ethel—I never knew until yesterday what a good man young Mr. Simpson is. I had a long chat with him last night. Edith—How did you learn he was a good man? Ethel—Oh, he told me.

The Same Old Stale Air.

Guest at Summer Hotel—I expected to find fresh air at this country place, but I was disappointed.

Friend—How was that? Guest—Why, as I got to the hotel the band was playing "Annie Rooney."

Stuck on themselves—Postage stamps you carry in hot weather.

Lamp twicks brushed off daily require no cutting.

The easiest way to get up in the world is to take a ride in an elevator.

Another season of fur capes. The mink are far the cheapest and quite as handsome as any skin. The Persian lamb are \$70, seal is \$50, and with outer or lamb collar and breeches, \$65. Mink can be bought for \$20 and monkey for \$16. Let us have a monkey or the poorhouse.

The Danube is again rising. The steamers of the Danube Company have ceased running, and all freight traffic on the river at Vienna has been stopped. The landing stages there are flooded, and on sections of the Northeast Railway the running of trains has been suspended on account of the tracks being submerged.

The rise in the Elbe has flooded the royal castle at Pillnitz, and the court has been transferred to Strahitz.

ANOTHER ONE.

A Queer Case Developed by a Too Frequent Use of the Telephone.

"Can I use your telephone?" This question was asked of Mr. Valentiner by a young man who entered his drug store, at the corner of Clinton and John streets, yesterday afternoon.

"Certainly," said Mr. Valentiner, pointing to the instrument, "go ahead."

But I haven't any money.

"That's all right; I'll charge it to your brother," said Mr. Valentiner.

Something in the man's appearance attracted the attention of a reporter, who happened to be in the store at the time.

The young man clutched the phone with trembling hand and giving a quick, sudden ring, shouted hoarsely into the microphone:

"Give me 43,000! No; that ain't the number. What's Stella's number? I know it is in heaven, but what's the number?"

By this time the reporter's astonishment was almost uncontrolable, but strange to say, Mr. Valentiner did not seem to share in—he simply whispered: "Wait!"

Again the young man gave a spasmodic ring.

"I've been waiting long enough, he shouted again. "I tell you, give me Stella!"

"No I can't find the number. No, I won't wait. I won't wait. I won't wait."

And in a frenzy he dashed the phone against the wall and rushed from the store.

There is one of the strangest cases of insanity on record," said Mr. Valentiner, when the writer had somewhat recovered from his surprise. "That young man was as sane as you or I five years ago. His name is John Rickerhof, and he lives here in the west end. Five years ago he was a shipping clerk for a New York exporting house. He had become so worried, being of an excessively nervous temperament, by the constant ringing of the telephone all day in his ears that though sane on all other subjects, he is crazy on this, and runs into drug stores and uses telephones in a nervous, unstrung manner, calling the name of a former sweetheart, long since dead. His case is a curious psychological study."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Curious Little Railroad.

"You fellows down here can talk about your railroads, but I have struck the biggest thing in the way of a railroad in the west that I ever saw in my life." He was a big Wall street operator who had just returned from a trip over the Illinois Central, and he was telling his experience to a group in Delmonico's. "It's a little, single track, narrow-gauge road, and I discovered it in a rich farming portion of Central Illinois. It is owned and run by the farmers, and all the hands from engineer down are farmers' sons. The stations are the farm houses along the line, and there's one through train a day—all freight with one telegraph or block system, for there can be no collision. Nobody knows when a train is coming until it is in sight. The rails are laid on ties placed on the virgin prairie and there is no roadbed and no grades. Notwithstanding all this it carries lots of freight in the way of produce from the farms to a branch of the Illinois Central, and it pays the farmers who own it well. It has no name, and you won't find it in Poor's Manual."—*New York Times.*

Don't Kick.

"Kicking," as it is called, is perhaps the most unprofitable business that a person can engage in. It is a failure everywhere and often worse than a failure. If you "kick" at the hotel you get the worst dishes a spiteful waiter can find for you. The "kicker" gets an upper berth and has a family of sick young ones under him. Every person he comes in contact with retaliates and makes it rocky. It is a question whether kicking ever does any good in any case. The world will not stand it. It is a declaration of war in which the enemy has nothing to lose. The "kicker" is a fool. He can get more than is good and much less that is bad by swallowing his temper and remaining a docile demagogue."—*Dallas News.*

A Practical Divorce.

Mrs. Quizzel—I hear you have stopped your proceedings for a divorce. Mrs. La Mode—Oh, yes; it isn't at all necessary now. He has just got the bicycle craze. I never see him except at supper.

Advice Accepted.

"Young man, don't waste your money on drink." "I don't when I can get any one else to set 'em up."

In 1865 there were practically no Christians in Japan. In 1875 there were 3,000. In 1886 there were 14,000. And at the present time there are 30,000, out of a total population of 39,000,000.

The Pinkerton Detective Agency, which is attracting so much public attention just at present, has been in existence since 1852, when it was founded by Allan Pinkerton in Chicago. Hardly half a dozen men were employed by the agency at that time, but to day the detectives in its service form a small army.

The Moldan river has flooded a portion of Prague, Austria, and has done much damage to the country between Bohemia and Wald and the confluence of the Moldan and the Elbe. Many villages in the Danube valley are partly submerged. The authorities are taking special precautions.

Senator Stanford's fruit farm in California is the largest in the world. It contains 30,000 acres, and the grapes raised and the wines made there are famous where Stanford himself is unknown.

The solicitor for the plaintiffs in the Town of Cobourg vs. the Regents of Victoria University has received instructions to appeal from the judgment of Mr. Justice MacMahon, delivered in the long vacation, so far as it is against the plaintiffs.

"Who is the hero in that novel?" "Hero? There is a prig, a duds, a minister and a fool, but you don't expect a hero in a modern novel, do you? Pah! If it was not for the villains it would not be worth reading."

The first woman to be admitted to the practice of law in Minnesota is Mrs. Mary L. McGindley, who prepared herself for examination in her husband's law office.

THE TIGER OF THE BEACH.

An Unseen Monster That Claims Many Human Victims.

The octopus, who lurks in the coral reefs or under the ledges, has only to show himself to make a brave man chill. The fiendish perseverance with which the shark follows a ship day after day melts one's nerve away. There is death in the touch of the stingers, destruction in the fall of a whale's flukes, eternity in the rush of breakers on a rocky shore. But the grimness of all these, says the New York Sun, is overshadowed by the soft purring and gentle lapping of the tiger of the beach—the unseen beast who gathers a dozen victims where another claims one.

We stand here on the sandy shore with the surf only knee high. The sky is clear, the sun shines brightly, and there are a hundred people about us. If one should predict danger he would be ridiculed. What's that? The sand suddenly cuts out from under our feet, feeling as if someone had pulled at a rope we stood on. Was it a cave? Did someone pull a stick away? It was the soft, low growling of the tiger of the beach—a note of warning. It was the undertow. It started you for a moment, but you soon forgot it, and push forward into the surf. Now you stand just right to get the shoulder breakers as they roll in, and in the excitement you forget the cruel fangs and sharp claws waiting for you. The spore is only a few yards away. Men, women and children are laughing; why should you fear?

Of a sudden the water deepens. You push back and jump the roller thundering in, and now there is no sand for your feet to touch. The undertow has been pulling, pushing, and coaxing you on, and now—You can swim. You are startled, but you see the shore is high. You strike out bravely, but your legs feel as if weighed down. The vexed waters beat you and keep you short of breath. You exert more strength. You make a grand effort. You are simply started at the mysterious something which has dragged you out.

A-h-h! See his face blanch! See his wild strokes. Look into his eyes and read the horror they express! The undertow is cold—cold as well as merciless. It has pulled him out and down the coast foot by foot, until he suddenly realizes that he is drowned. If men notice that he is far out no one speaks of it. If they see him beating the water they pass it by as sport. The tiger of the beach has crept down among a hundred people in open day to snatch a victim, and he has accomplished it.

"Help! Help!" It comes too late. The life guards are too far away. Even were they right here they could not save him. He has been looking death in the face for the last two minutes, and he was unmoved before he cried out. He cried out because men always do in their last moments if they die like this. Terror has blinded him. He does not see the people running up and down the beach. Terror has made him deaf. He does not hear the shouts sent out to him to make a last effort. Even as they shout he throws up his hands, utters a long-drawn cry of agony, and the spot where we last saw his head is now covered with foam. The tiger has pulled him down.

Money No Object.

Old Gentleman—I want to stop my paper.

Country Editor—What's the matter? Old Gentleman—Well, I don't like the way you treat the tariff question.

Country Editor—And do you suppose that I will permit you to stop your paper on that account? No, sir, I'll stop my tariff articles first. I don't care for \$1.50 a year; but I'm determined to please my patrons if I can.

A Dispensation of Providence.

The railway accident had been a terrible one and one of the men who were carrying the thirty-seventh victim up the embankment said with strong feeling: "Somebody will have to pay dearly for all this!"

The mangled passenger opened his eyes and glared at the speaker.

"The company is not to blame," he said, feebly: "This is a dispensation of Providence!"

He was attorney for the road.

The charm of the women of France never leaves them. As they grow older the marvelous tact, suavity and polish which seem to be theirs by right of inheritance grow more and more attractive. Beer is the insidious enemy of the matrons of Germany and they have an almost universal indifference to dress, while the English women go in so tenaciously for athletics that they are apt to grow coarse and heavy in time. The English woman of 40, however, is practically without a rival of her own age in beauty and health the civilized world over.

A cablegram tells the story of an Eastern nobleman, who went to Paris, frequented a fashionable gambling hell, lost all his money, and now after a lapse of a year leaves England for Cambodia, working his way aboard ship as the steward's assistant.

United States Acting-Secretary Wharton to day sent the following telegram to the widow of Gen. Barrundia, in reply to her message to the President Monday: "The President desires me to say he has received your telegram announcing death of your husband, Gen. Barrundia. While deeply sympathizing with you in your affliction, he awaits official details of the occurrence, necessary to determine his action in regard thereto. The matter, you may be assured, will receive most careful attention."

CURE FITS!

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I saw a man who had been cured of Epilepsy for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—M. C. SCOTT, M.C., Branch Office, 102 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumed if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SCOTT, M.C., 102 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

FOR THOSE WHO RIDE AND DRIVE.

Where Horses of All Kinds Sell Quickly and at Fair Prices.

Probably only those who live close to the great Bull's Head Mart have any idea of the immense traffic in horses carried on there. Active, clean limbed horses, sturdy horses, great big horses weighing from 1,300 to 1,800 pounds, and occasionally one scaling even more than that; coach horses, driving horses, tiny ponies for children's use, ponies for athletic young men who play polo, and gentle, kindly-eyed ponies for young ladies; high-stepping spotted cobs, speedy trotters, and occasionally a batch of thoroughbreds—every conceivable kind of horses—make up an endless tide that ceaselessly flows through that part of East Twenty-fourth street which lies for a block on either side of Third Avenue. This tide overflows on to Lexington Avenue; evidences of it may be seen, too, on Twenty-third street and on Twenty-fifth street. Old dealers estimate that from five hundred to eight hundred head of horses come into and go out of the Bull's Head Mart in the duldest season every week. The maximum is reached in the middle of the spring activity of the horse market, when from 1,500 to 1,800 horses reach the "street" between Sunday and Sunday. It is expected that an average of 2,000 head of horses a week or more will be reached this autumn on account of the stimulus given the trade by the auction sales. The auction sales system in New York is receiving lots of discussion and there is just as much question now among the conservative dealers whether or not the new plan has come to stay as there was at the beginning in the spring.—*New York Herald.*

Constant reader—What did the editor say when you gave him my card,anny? Office boy—Can't tell, sir; we ain't allowed to swear.—*New Hampshire Republican.*

The by-law to grant \$35,000 to the Tillamook, Lake Erie & Pacific Railway was voted on in Bayham township, county Elgin, yesterday, and carried by a majority of 260.

The Chicago carpenters' strike is practically over. There are less than 700 carpenters still out. President O'Connell, of the Carpenters' Council, has been forced by the discontent of members of the union to resign.

Ward thirty-three of the city of Chicago is a great big thing. It is ten miles long and three miles wide, and contains 19,300 acres. There are sixty railroad stations and seven post-offices in the ward, and the population is fairly estimated at 100,000.

A Boston preacher, in speaking of the danger of permitting the Bible to be crowded out by the newspapers, perpetrated the following pun: "Men, now-days," said he, "are like Zacchaeus desirous of seeing Jesus, but cannot because of the press."

REVENGE IS SWEET.

A young minister once, who'd been greatly annoyed By the chatter and "chin" in the choir, Hit upon a nice plan, which he used with effect And wreaked on them vengeance most dire. He stopped short in the midst of his sermon, and then Struck a sort of listening pose. When the alto was heard to exclaim, with a laugh: "All he kissed was the tip of my nose."—*New York Herald.*

Mrs. Grace January, the wealthy St. Louis widow, who was reported to be engaged to marry the Hon. Mr. Truen, of England, has a fortune of \$5,000,000. She is not yet forty and is a very handsome woman, with delicately cut features, brilliant dark eyes and dark hair.

Some of the large iron mills in Pittsburgh are going back to coal on account of the shortage of natural gas. It is likely that in a few years they will all have to go back to coal.

DONL 38, 90.

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TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT! As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda

is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Salmon Wrappers; at all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.