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## The Finest Lake Liner in the World

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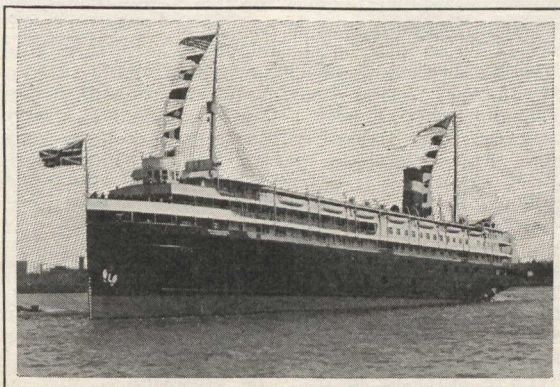
**D**ETROIT, MICH., is the one place in the world where Canada and the United States meet to compare notes; where the civilization of the greatest overseas dominion and the greatest republic look at each other across a river. From there up and down the Detroit and the St. Clair, on up into Lake Huron to Port Arthur and Duluth and Chicago, the traveler on the Great Lakes has the best chance in the world to get a comparative idea of how these two countries are making use of their opportunities side by each. It is a spectacle well worth observing.

And from the mouth of the Detroit River to the end of land-sighting in Lake Superior, what does the average traveler on a lake liner do when he wants to get something to talk about? He usually gawks down at the grain-whales that slide up and down the lakes and he observes that nine-tenths of them have United States names on the bows. He gazes over at the western shore-line and takes note that most of the money spent on summer resorts and riverside factories and huge hotels and stunning yachts has been American money. He wonders whereabouts in the rivers below is the invisible line that divides Canada from the United States; and at any time, up till the past few years anyway, he might have concluded that it was hardly worth while to bother locating it; for if the Yankees own one side of the lakes and the rivers and nine-tenths of the shipping on the lower end, why not do away with customs houses altogether and admit that the Yankees, having been unable to boss the frontier with their soldiers and guns in 1812, have since done the job with their ships and factories and cities?

And the Canadian traveler had to admit that there was a good deal in the argument. But there is beginning to be a change along that waterfront since American millions began to come into factories on the Canadian side; down at Ford City and Walkerville and Windsor and Sandwich—young semi-American cities that fly Canadian flags and drink American beer and see Detroit operas and wear Michigan clothes and spend their loose change traveling on boats that have the Stars and Stripes at the stern. You never could tell even a borderland ex-Canadian a few years ago that there was anything in Canada to compare with the United States, because the biggest things in Canada didn't happen to be along that waterfront.

It's different now. A few days ago Detroit was very much interested to see looming up in the harbour, a six-deck boat that looked to be as big as an ocean liner and was by all odds the finest boat ever seen in that port. They went down to the docks by thousands and for hours they went over her—several thousands of them Canadians living in Detroit—to see what she looked like. And they found that the Noronic was the finest lake liner in the world; that she was owned in Canada by a Canadian railway; that she was built to carry Canadians and as many other kinds of folk as feel disposed from Sarnia, opposite Port Huron, up to Port Arthur.

And they discovered that the finest lake liner in the world, six decks high, 385 feet over all, capacity



The Noronic leaving Sarnia for Port Arthur.



A floating cafe where it is possible for nearly three hundred people to dine and watch the scenery.



She looms over the docks as a six-storey building rises over a street. The Noronic was visited by thousands of people on her arrival in Detroit.

of 675 passengers traveling de luxe, and 3,500 tons of cargo at 19 knots an hour—was not built in Glasgow or at any of the eastern ports. No, she was built and launched a year ago this month in the yards of the Western Drydock and Shipbuilding Co., at a place called Port Arthur, up the lakes.

Five hundred miles from the head offices of the Grand Trunk system in Montreal, the finest fresh-water vessel in the world started on her first official voyage a few days ago. Sarnia, Ont., headquarters for the Noronic and the Northern Navigation Co., is a trifle over two thousand miles from Prince Rupert, the next headquarters for boats owned by

the Grand Trunk. But Sarnia and Prince Rupert are now sister ports. A few weeks ago the first train ran over the western section of the Grand Trunk Pacific into Prince Rupert. This time next year—probably before—passengers may book sailings at Sarnia on the St. Clair River who will finally unpack their luggage at Prince Rupert without leaving the routes of the same system. And the Noronic is the edition de luxe of travel craft that ply over that or any other route anywhere between Montreal and the Pacific Coast. It is in reality a floating hotel in a system of railways.

It was necessary to build this floating fresh-water castle of indolence somewhere on the upper lakes, because a vessel of her draught would be unable to pass through the Welland Canal. The Noronic is in effect a small-sized ocean liner, and is a considerably bigger vessel than many of the ocean-going craft that may be seen at the ports of the St. Lawrence or the Atlantic. She is the best example of what Canadian material, labour and capital are able to produce in the way of a marine architecture. The Noronic might steam into any harbour in the world and attract attention as a fine sample of modern craft in shipbuilding. That she was not built for ocean traffic is merely because she was intended for the next thing to it in this world, the route of the Great Lakes, which, between the Thousand Islands and Chicago or Duluth, is just about as far as from Halifax to Liverpool.

To build the Noronic cost somewhere in the neighbourhood of three-quarters of a million dollars. A good deal of the cost went into—what makes the difference between one passenger boat and another, especially on the lakes—comfort. Traveling on the Noronic is a comfortable illusion. You are not conscious so much of traveling as of being at your ease in a fine, big, floating hotel, when the only difference between the boat and a hotel costing the same amount of money is in the size of the sleeping apartments. But as a rule people don't go up the lakes to sleep. For the three months when passenger traffic between Sarnia and Duluth is popular there are few storms to keep passengers off the decks. And the Noronic is built to give as much and as many angles of observation and fresh air as possible. She has six decks, which would be quite impracticable in an ocean liner. The dining-room seats three hundred people and occupies half the length of the boat. The other half of the same deck is occupied by the lounge, which is the most luxurious

popular resort in the boat, and is contrived to give every lounge all the scenery there is without leaving one of those comfortable grey wicker chairs made in Canada from European models. The traveler who gets tired of fresh air and doing Marathons on the promenade, and stunts in the smoker, may find his way to the grand saloon and sit in the most luxurious chairs surrounded by wall-schemes of decoration that would do credit to the finest hotel in America. He may stroll round to port and have a peep at wire-less stuttering messages at eight cents a word. Or

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