

Panoramic Prospect of the Sea of Islands at the Front Door of Brockville.



The City of a Thousand Islands has one of the most prosperous and picturesque rowing Clubs in Canada.

CITY OF A THOUSAND ISLANDS

Brockville as the Gateway to a Tourist Paradise

By D. C. NIXON

THE St. Lawrence River and the Thousand Islands—the theme of poets. No one can realize the beauty that Nature has so lavishly squandered here without close personal contact—getting in among the islands either by big boat or motor boat—the latter much preferable. At the foot of these thousand or more islands stands Brockville. After a boat trip down the river, you suddenly emerge from among the islands and a city with its church spires serrating the skyline looms on your vision. You warm to Brockville at once.

From the boat to your hotel you pass the market, which any morning swarms with farm wagons piled high with fruit and vegetables. Strawberries that measure six inches around the waist are not more uncommon than the heavy-milking Holstein cow.

Brockville seems a town of hidden interests—like a slowly-rising curtain disclosing a stage set as if

Want Cheap Power, We Want It Right Away," everybody joins in the chorus and answers all encores.

Take any Brockvillian aside and casually mention cheap power, and he'll talk it, sing it, whistle it, do a catch-as-catch-can with it, and he'll get you doing the same thing. They have interested the Honourable Adam Beck, and it is a foregone certainty that international arrangements will soon be consummated whereby the rapids of the South Sault, which lie entirely in American waters, will be developed and Brockville and other Canadian towns will be given as much of one-half of the power generated, and perhaps more than their half if American towns on the river are not more progressive than they are to-day. The Ontario Government has made conditional contracts with other power schemes, and there are the water-powers on the Rideau and the Ottawa Rivers that may be called upon.

The people of Brockville have a mission; that mission is cheap power. Will they get it? Will they get it soon? They are betting a hundred to one that cheap power will be turned on inside of two years.

With the damming of the South Sault neither navigation nor nature will suffer, whereas, a city of circumstance will be created, and another metropolis added to Canada's century.

The city does not suffer from lack of industries. But the factories are experiencing a stringency in labour. Among Brockville's leading manufacturing plants may be mentioned: A carriage company, making carriages and motor cars, with markets all over the British Empire and throughout the Latin Republics; the manufactories of stoves and furnaces; cream separators and agricultural implements; gloves and suspenders; and milking machines; three motor boat companies, with an international market, and a healthy home demand. Motor boats in Brockville are more common than baby carriages in Brooklyn. Wholesale grocery houses and exporters of farm produce also flourish in Brockville. A Brockville aerated water concern opened a branch in Ottawa, supplying that city with uncontaminated St. Lawrence water.

Patent medicine companies there are, too, which have placed the postal receipts ahead of any city of

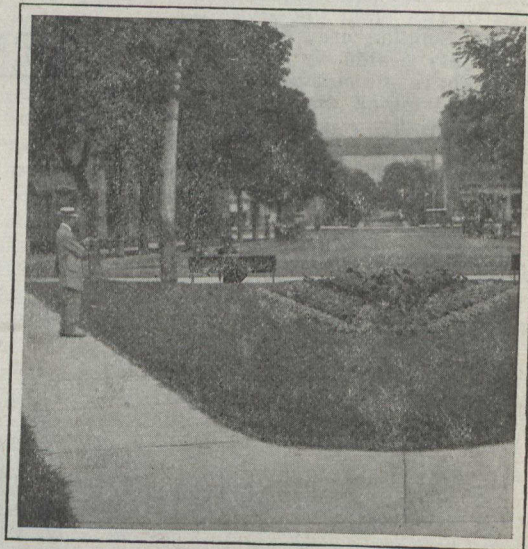
its size in Canada. Brockville is no mean city. Its people are industrious and happy—public spirited in a sense, but not really awake to its possibilities. Its public utilities are municipally owned. Its streets are clean, roads well laid. Its residences handsome, the humblest in spacious grounds. Its educational institutions are unrivalled, and it is the seat of St. Alban's School for Boys, with students from all parts of Eastern Canada. The Hospital for the Insane has an ideal location, just outside the town, overlooking the river. At the other end of the town is a newly-acquired natural park—an asset to any city, while numerous other breathing spots dot the city. Many of the adjacent islands are reserved for park purposes.

The first stretch of railroad acquired by the C. P. R. was that running from Brockville to Ottawa. The G. T. R. main line passes through the town. The Brockville and Westport Railway, that taps the beauties of the Rideau Lakes, is now controlled by the Canadian Northern, and a ferry to Morristown gives connection with the New York Central. The R. and O. and other boats call, and several small lines connect Brockville by boat, with down-river and Thousand Island points. Thus it can be seen that the town is well fixed so far as transportation facilities are concerned.

Brockville's water and railway facilities and its other advantages make it a splendid place in which to reside and to carry on manufacturing. Among other things it possesses a new theatre, erected by local, public-spirited men and designed by a Brockville architect. It is one of the best appointed theatres in Canada.

But Brockville lacks the civic spirit progressive towns must have. It is too modest about its advantages. Its tourist trade has not received the attention it deserves. Living in a beautiful town on a beautiful river its people do not realize what a heritage they have. Few places in Canada offer such advantages to the summer tourist and the man who wants a summer home as does Brockville.

Its own people will probably soon awake to the importance of their town, and, when they do, they will not be long in letting others know of the many and varied advantages that Brockville has to offer.

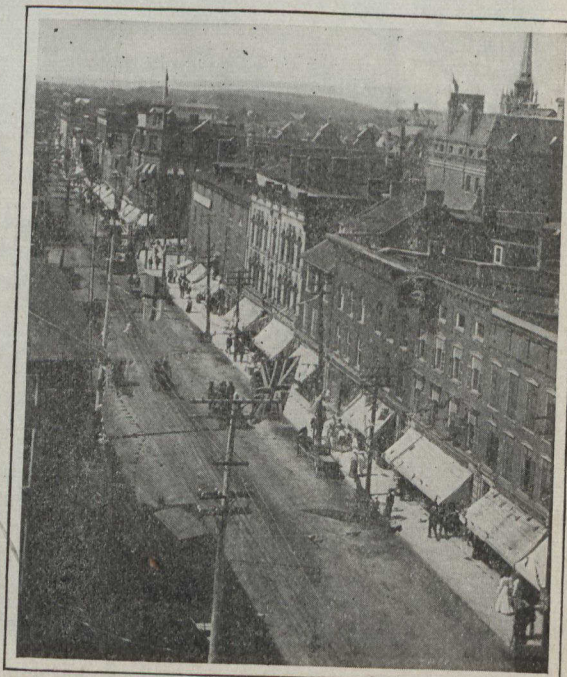


Court House Avenue and Public Square.



A PALACE BUILT BY PUBLICITY.
Residence of the late Senator Fulford.

for a fete, the busy mart on one side, the church on the other, the back ground dark with the smoke of the forges. The players on this stage are in everyday dress. They are undemonstrative—each acting his part as though unconscious of the success of the play—but when the orchestra plays, "We



The Main Street of Brockville.