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BOVRIL

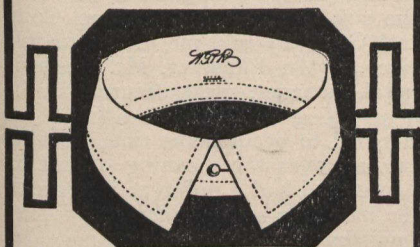
in any form is palatable and nourishing.

(4-6-09)

The

"BISON"

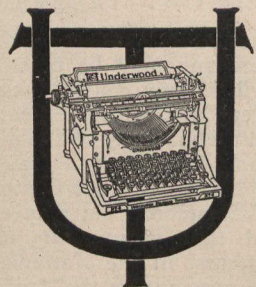
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PEOPLE AND PLACES

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

THE commercial growth of old St. John is one of the hopeful stories of progress in the east. This eastern gateway to the Dominion has a second era—similar to Vancouver—dating back to the fire of 1877. In that fire half of St. John was burned over and two-thirds of its property went up in smoke. In the thirty-two years since, the new St. John has become one of the most progressive and modern cities in Canada. Sometimes they compare the streets of St. John with those of Winnipeg. Otherwise there is as much resemblance between these two places as between a locomotive and an airship—except in winter, when the foreign languages and the clothes on the docks might very well remind one of the C. P. R. station at the wheat city. There is more similarity between St. John and Vancouver. Both are seaports; one at each extremity of the mainland of Canada, separated by nearly four thousand miles of railway, several systems of rivers, a chain of lakes and two or three ranges of mountains.

But the growth of the eastern city has been slower and more historic. For instance, the former St. John was distinguished by the shipyard—building the wooden ships. Its harbour was a phantom of drifting sails. The wooden hulls are out of commission and the shipyards have all but ceased business. Factories have come instead; and railways and steamships. The growth of Canada has always been more or less indexed by the development of St. John. Twenty years ago the C. P. R. connected up the harbour city with Montreal, making St. John the Atlantic terminus. Six years later a line of steamships was subsidised between Liverpool and St. John for the handling of winter traffic. St. John is now the real winter port of Canada. Factories have sprung up. Population has increased. There has always been more or less conservatism regarding industries owing to the fact that some of the local capital invested in industrial stocks years ago did not pan out as well as had been expected. But the lumber industry stayed with St. John, even after the wooden ships went out of date. Citizens of St. John look to see steel ship-building carried on in that city as it is now in some of the western ports. They look for more factories; for more railway facilities; for the sure and gradual development of agriculture in the Maritime Provinces bringing with it the growth of the commercial capital of New Brunswick.

Similar and yet widely different has been the story of Vancouver on the other end. Vancouver is considerably larger than St. John. But for a good many years after the big fire of twenty-odd years ago, Vancouver was not growing dizzily. The new development of the wheat lands on the prairie and the increase of population and trade on the prairies gave the western city an impetus, which began to culminate three years ago when the citizens of Vancouver formed a Hundred Thousand Club with the express purpose of getting a hundred thousand people in Vancouver by 1910. Now one year sooner than expected, they have begun to see the hundred thousand. Perhaps the club had nothing directly to do with the increase; but the spirit of optimism and determination which it crystallised into action must have done a great deal. That spirit is aptly summarised in the words of a writer in the *Vancouver World*, and he says:

"It was not, however, until eighteen months later when the financial crisis swept across the continent that Vancouver reaped the full value of the work of the 100,000 Club. Then, when doubt and dismay were felt almost everywhere Vancouver remained calm and serene, knowing that she had something to depend upon and that her future was assured both as a port and as a manufacturing city."

* * *

THE BAEDECKER OF THE NORTH.

TWO men of the new north have been busy getting out literature of that country. They are J. K. Cornwall and H. M. E. Evans. These public-minded gentlemen seem to think that the fur empire is no longer entitled to mystery. To them the trail of the overland route to the Klondike has no epical significance—except as a route for traffic. They have looked upon the fur trader with cheerful disdain—except that J. K. is a fur trader himself, though one of the modern sort. In fact Cornwall believes more in railways and steamboats than in dog trains and pack trails and scows. He has a couple of steamships all his own. He has also a railway charter. Mr. Evans is a younger man who has been devoting much of his attention out west to coal mining and natural resources. He has conspired with Cornwall to get out a book in conjunction with that peculiarly alert organisation, the Edmonton Board of Trade. This book is a good deal of a schedule. It shows how the average man with a fair-sized "wad" and a large desire to travel may get from Edmonton to the far north, clean up to Fort MacPherson at the mouth of the Peel, and go by timetable all the way. They have mapped out the entire route with almost discouraging exactitude. They show all the details, facts and figures about trails, steamers and scows, pack trains and dog trains, freight rates and places to bunk. They have dragged into the public gaze the stop-over at Johnny Stony's, the pull-up at Shaganappi, and the bunk-in at Lewis' Half-Way House; besides showing up the Devil's Canon in the Rockies and the forts of the Arctic.

These are the modern waymakers on paper. Cornwall, however, is a pathfinder on moccasins. He has been there. He is a trailman; one of the hard-as-nails variety. Evans is a different type; but he has been over the routes and he knows how to make these things look well on paper. He knows how to attract the attention and the dollars of the wayfaring man—even the tourist and the hunter.

So the ancient man, the Indian, will soon be an old song. The Yellow Knives of the Great Bear and the Locheux of the Peel will become loafers about the raw new towns that spring up in the north where the fur forts are now. The hoot of Cornwall's whistles will be louder than the howl of the wolf. Edmonton will soon be away down south. The last north is being edged and nibbled at; and the whimpering of the old huskie dogs will soon be the only relic of the times when Dunvegan and Fort Norman and the devil were all in a league to keep out the ordinary white man that knew not how to pack on a trail or to haul on a track-line. Lord save the land when the north gets gone!

In passing, it may be mentioned that this same J. K. Cornwall was recently elected by acclamation as the legislative representative for that new north which he has helped to open up. He is now M.P.P. Who knows, he may some day be lieutenant-governor of a new province!

GOOD!



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