



## THIRTY YEARS AGO.

## THEN AND NOW.

What a fuss we make preparing for a journey by rail. The early breakfast : the hurrying servants : the protesting valises ; the lagard caddy : the hasty good-bye ; the rush for the tickets : and the sigh of relief as we drop into the well-cushioned seat of the car, with a "thank goodness, here we are, all right at last." It is so familiar to most of us. We look round with an air of superiority, for to catch a train nowadays is not so easy as to lose it. And the car, the cushions, the steam, the officials, are they not all for ourselves? Indeed we may well say we have a "Special."

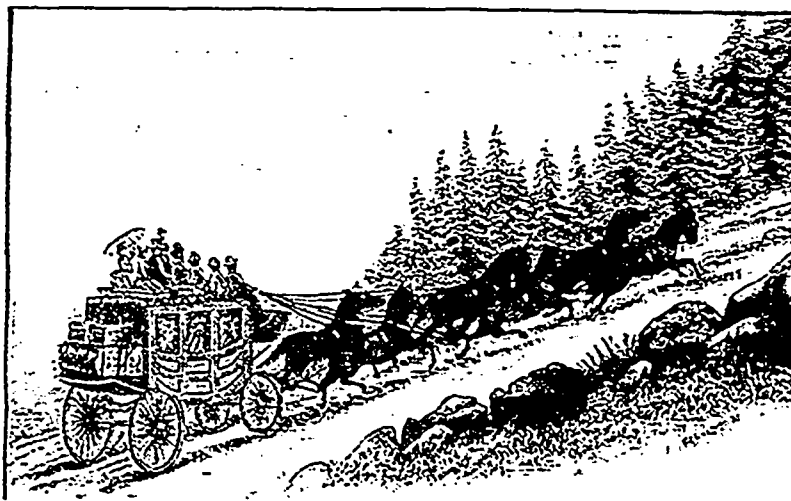
A "Special" is what it is. So little care has it cost us. So much comfort does it spread out for our acceptance. So unconsciously are we transported over the difficulties of time and space that intervene between us and our destination.

How did we get about when there was no train? I simply cannot tell. Stage coaches have their romance as you see in our picture, the first Grand Trunk train in Canada. Tedious snail-gallop journeys over rough unmade roads in all weathers are an education, they say. But what we did when we could not take a run to see our friends at Christmas ; when no country cousin could drop in for a wedding ; with never a letter but once a month and a daily newspaper once a year ; with food, clothes, furniture, books, pianos, organs, sewing machines, cook stoves and corn brooms, only from the corner grocery : I simply cannot tell. We are children of summer times - of the days of Vestibule Compartment Drawing Room Cars of the newest design, with a buffet refreshment service, electric bells, electric lights, an abundance of fastidious gentlemen in gold buttons, and well perhaps even a deputation outside on the platform to cheer us off. Everything but the General Manager's private car, and who knows but that too some day.

Thirty years ago we wriggled about the country as best we could. My illustration of an old train is a funny one. The car with the load of bags is filled with sacks of wool to protect the passengers in the event of an explosion in the locomotive. Such means of locomotion have two kinds of advantages. They are useful when we leisurely illustrate the days that are no more ; and they help us to see how we are moving. Now we step on board

at Portland ; see the life among our cousins in Maine ; roll through the French contentment in Quebec ; dash through valleys and over bridges in Ontario ; sweep away west by mountain, lake, and river to the region of untold wonder and surprise. The first of our railway bridges crossed the St. Lawrence at Lachine. It consisted of a steamer with a track built on its deck, and which was called the Iroquois. It carried three loaded cars over at a time, and made the round trip in fifteen minutes. The ferry was a distance of three-quarters of a mile, but the strength of the current made the course two miles long. The railway in its advertisements of the day, 1856, claimed among its inducements to passengers, this little ferry bridge, and that it could land the traveller in the City of Montreal itself. This tiny ferry was the forerunner of Victoria bridge, the second of the two most wonderful bridges in the world.

Thirty years ago the enterprise found difficulty in obtaining money for fuel and stores. Now the annual revenue is twenty millions. Then the Dominion was a stretch of scattered and detached Provinces. Now we are a united and prosperous Confederation. Then we had a few weak experiments in railways. Now we have a network of four thousand miles. Then six hundred passengers perhaps would avail themselves of the new means of transit. Now six millions a year wander over the network with little thought of its unseen labour. Then no night trains. Now a population of forty thousand people spending the night on the journey with the comfort of home. Then obstacles in strikes, bad harvests, trade depression, bankruptcy, and civil war in a neighboring state, to contend with ; now peaceful villages, thriving towns, magnificent cities, mills, bridges everywhere. Then the first train of our artist, now the



IN OLDEN TIMES.