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THE JASON OF ALGOMA.

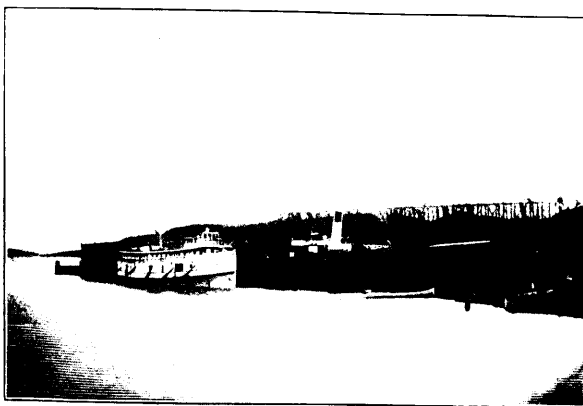
AN ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT
IN NEW ONTARIO.

By Principal Grant.

THERE is a Golden Fleece in every country, however unpromising the country may appear to the superficial observer, and it only requires the arrival of a Jason with the requisite skill to discover and the courage to effect the capture of the universally-desired prize. Mr. F. H. Clergue is discovering and capturing the Golden Fleece of Algoma or—as that once despised region is now called—New Ontario.

“What, in the name of common sense, are they fighting about,” remarked a friend to me a good many years ago, when rival provinces and the Dominion were wrangling over the western boundary of the Premier Province? “Why,” he continued, “I travelled lately over the whole region, on the C.P.R., and did not see a single living thing but a crow, and it was stretching its wings with the evident intention of leaving the country.” I faintly protested, as patriotism bade, but he went on remorselessly: “It is the same if you take the Lake route. The whole north shore is one long unbroken wilderness of Huronian rock and scrub. Even Sault Ste. Marie, the centre of the wilderness, which, from its command of the outlet of Lake Superior, has for cen-

turies had a future prophesied for it, is nothing but a dead village.” So spake my friend, who was, it need scarcely be said, one of the Gradgrind class which takes its stand on “facts.” To him, the faith which planned a railway across more than a thousand miles of gnarled bush and igneous rock—a territory set down on every map as “impracticable for railways”—was presumption, or rather madness. Admittedly, appearances justified his vigorous pessimism. Even Sir William Van Horne, who can see as far into a millstone as most people, at first protested against constructing that part of the C.P.R. He, however, was converted when he studied the question as a whole, and finally declared that the section which looked so useless



A CENTRE OF ACTIVITY—MICHIPICOTEN HARBOUR.