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A NEW PANORAMA OF TRAVEL

Describing the Route From La Tuque, Que., to Cochrane, Ont., Over the National Transcontinental

By W. L. ARCHER

OUR second era of great railway construction is coming to a close. The President of the C. P. R. announces that huge extensions to that system are for the present not on the programme. The Canadian Northern has entered upon its last purely transcontinental stage. The Grand Trunk Pacific between Winnipeg and Prince Rupert was linked up a few months ago. Our National Transcontinental between Winnipeg and Moncton will be completed this year. The Quebec Bridge across the St. Lawrence will be finished soon after. The year 1915 will see twentieth century Canada into her second era of development when the railways already built will become a vast network of traffic, the freight train in place of the gravel train and the steam shovel, the palace Pullman in place of the tar-paper shack, the hand-car and the gangs of navvies. Most of our far-flung army of pick-and-shovellers will be absorbed by farms, factories and civic corporations. The subjoined article is the story of a trip from La Tuque, in northern Quebec, to Cochrane, the junction point of the national road with the provincial road, the Timiskaming and Northern Ontario.

KANATAWAGATUKE—the lake of the rippling waters—is at this moment in my sight. Over to the left is the black clearing—a mere brule—which will be the more prosaic Doucet, the third divisional point on the National Transcontinental Railway from Quebec, 350 miles away. The early part of the journey brought us through the wonderful rock cuts and great fills that have been devised to make possible this bold alignment across the Laurentian granite, the one-time bed, perhaps, of a mighty sea. And they are worth seeing, these wildernesses of Northern Quebec. Up the St. Maurice Valley, across, time and again, an undulating Ribbon River, across Gatineau and head waters, this big construction train even, is a simple matter. Water power after water power—in its

last days of unharnessed freedom—thousands of acres of pulpwood, with a percentage of commercial timber; these for the practical man; for the poet, lakes and rivers, all enclosed in rolling Laurentians, their white birch gleaming in the sun, miles of these.

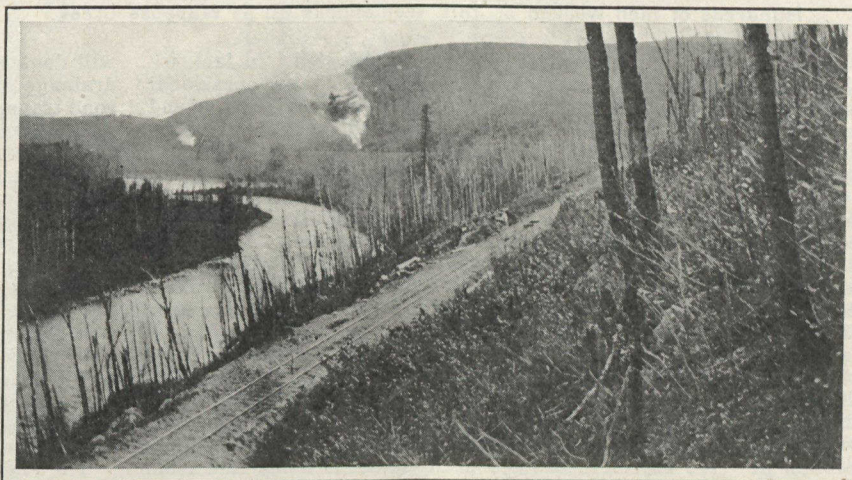
From Parent, the newest town, one can go by canoe to Ottawa in four days by the Gatineau. But the magnetic North draws our minds in the other direction to La Loutre. Far, far up the St. Maurice, near the Obijuan post of the H. B. Co., at La Loutre Rapids, the Quebec Government will presently construct an enormous storage dam—a quarter of a mile long and its estimated cost a million and a quarter dollars—to regulate the flow at La Tuque, Grand Mere and Shawinigan, where the great electrical and paper companies are weakened by the discrepancy between high-water maximum and dry season minimum.

AT Parent the stationary railroad equipment included twelve miles of track in the yards, a twelve-stall roundhouse, a steel tank, and the fine divisional station (Standard Design D) will soon be finished. On the hill is the H. B. Co.'s new store, a splendid retail outfit. A few years and the present population of saw mill employees will be augmented by a large staff of railroad workers.

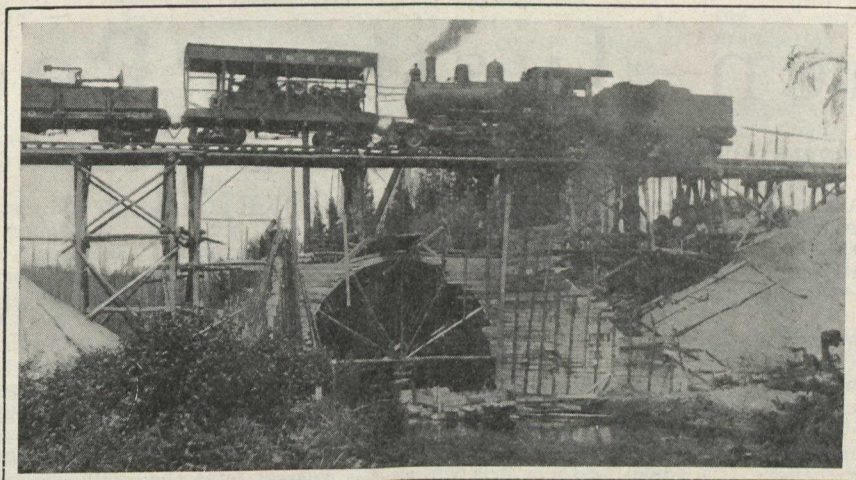
From Parent we strike boldly westward. For ordinary people a bi-weekly train service is provided, packed always with contractors, engineers and their employees. Not this for us. To sum it all, I travelled hence by hand-speeder, track motor car, locomotive, and canoe, also—perhaps more ignominiously—by hand-car and on foot.

After all, that is the way to see the country. No prairie here to hasten over. This is not, and never will be, agricultural land. Doubtless, settlers will come and will scratch where they can, but farming I must find nearer Abitibi. The wealth of this land is its

acres of jackpine, spruce and birch. We are here some twelve hundred feet above sea level. The policy of the Transcontinental Railway, rigidly enforced, of a maximum four-tenths per cent.



A River and a Ribbon of Steel through Thousands of Acres of Pulpwood.



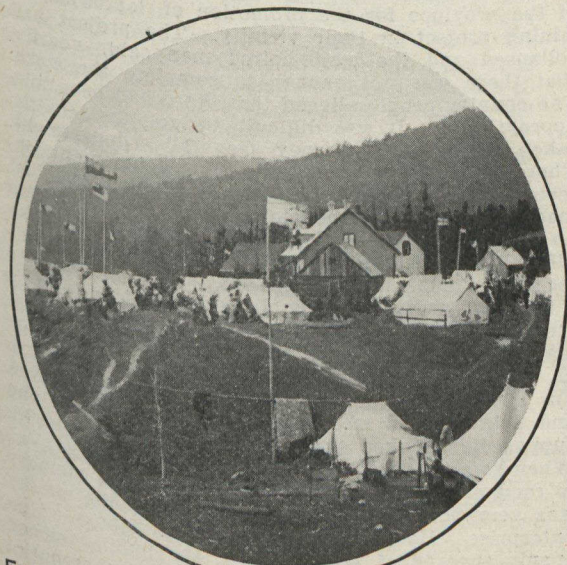
Ploughing off Ballast on the Temporary Trestle over a 14-Foot Culvert.



A Final Onslaught on the Ancient Granite.



A young Bear ready to grow up with the stock market



Furpost and Indian Camp at Weymontachingue, P.Q.