

WHEN the Hon. George E. Foster returned to Toronto this fall after his trip through the West, he made a statement before a Toronto audience which a few years ago might have raised a storm of indignation, but which in these latter days of more tolerant enlightenment created only amusement in the West, and a feeling of wonder that any sane man should allow himself to be carried away by his prejudices into such palpable mis-statements. The Hon. George said that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway was no good to the people of Canada because it paralleled the C.P.R., and further, that the honorable gentleman knew whereof he spoke, because "he had travelled over the road on purpose."

The absurdity of such a statement is apparent to anyone who glances at the map of Western Canada, and if additional evidence of its utter foolishness were needed, one has only to do as the writer did, and take a trip over the main line from Winnipeg to the end of the steel at Pembina River, sixty-seven miles beyond Edmonton, to realize that the hundreds of prosperous, wide-awake, growing towns, whose age is yet numbered in months instead of years, did not spring into existence without some cause for being.

The trouble with these new communities in the West is that one may visit them, learn their population, their business, their streets and buildings, and generally make one's self acquainted, and yet in the space of a few months that information is absolutely lack accuracy. In a night, as it were, a siding becomes a station, a station becomes a hamlet, a hamlet becomes a town, and ere one has time to wink, it blossoms into a self-respecting metropolis of perhaps a thousand or fifteen hundred inhabitants, with first class hotels, stores, schools, municipal buildings, granolithic sidewalks, and street pavements.

Thus no one can deem himself acquainted with the West and its conditions who does not, at least every few months, travel through it and see for himself the strides which are being made on every hand. Particularly is this the case where a new town is tapping undeveloped country, as is being done by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, notwithstanding the Hon. Mr. Foster's opinion.

With this object in view, therefore, and an invitation from the railway to take advantage of the opportunity of a special train running to the end of the steel, the writer, in company with some other newspaper men, started off towards the end of October to spy out the land. Throughout the run the trip was made in daylight, so that none of the country through which the road passed should be lost in the darkness. Manitoba, of course, was familiar ground, and it was not until the Assiniboine valley was reached that there was anything worthy of special notice. Here the road winds along in what is probably as beautiful scenery of its kind as can be found anywhere in America. Along the steep side-hill of a valley, perhaps two miles wide, a hundred feet or more above the level of the bottom lands, a beautiful view is given of hill and dale, meadow and stream, dotted with yellow patches of harvest fields and stacks of grain, with here and there bunches of fine fat cattle—for this is a mixed farming country par excellence.

But the Qu'Appelle valley from its junction with the Assiniboine to the Cut Arm is no whit behind the Assiniboine valley in beauty. The little Catholic mission of St. Lazare is situated in a characteristically selected beautiful spot. From time immemorial the Catholic church has had an eye to beauty in selecting its sites, and wherever you may go, either in America or the older lands across the Atlantic, whether the site be that of church or school, monastery or convent, you will find that it commands the best views and most picturesque situation in the neighborhood. This is particularly true of St. Lazare, for the little white, rough stone buildings, nestling in the valley, have a peculiarly restful and attractive aspect.

All the while the grade and the roadbed have a fascination for the traveller which is hard to ignore. Instead of short curves which dash everything movable from side to side of the car whenever the speed is augmented a little over twenty-five miles an hour, instead of the thud, thud, which marks the passage of the wheels over each rail joint, instead of the perceptible pitch which indicates a little unevenness of the track, there is in this absolutely new track, scarcely opened for traffic—merely a long, steady, straight-away pull without vibration enough to stir the bell rope hanging to the ceiling of the car, with curves which are unnoticeable unless one takes to the back platform and hunts for them; and then the most noticeable thing about the track is the absolute evenness of its ballasting, the tightness of its rail joints, and the neatness and accuracy with which everything has been finished along the roadbed. Indeed, this look of permanency—as though the road had been in existence and running for a hundred years—permeates the whole system from Winnipeg to Edmonton; it is difficult to hear in mind that the track was prairie two or three years ago.

But now we are in Saskatchewan, the province which above all others has benefited by the advent of the Grand Trunk Pacific. In the past five years the population of Saskatchewan has doubled, and the crop has almost trebled itself, while along every line of commercial enterprise the progress has been so marvelous as to be almost unbelievable.

The evidences of this progress are to be seen on every hand as the train speeds through the fertile lands of eastern Saskatchewan to Melville, the divisional point. Here is a town, far from old enough to vote, and scarcely old enough to have voters; yet its school, its hotels, and its business buildings denote an ambition which would be a credit to many towns of old standing in the northwest. Public improvements, such as granolithic sidewalks, point to the spirit of the town, and its enthusiastic belief in its future.

This is the spirit of the towns, villages, and hamlets along the whole line. Every citizen is a booster, and if there be an unfortunate knocker, he must be an outcast, for he is never seen or heard of by the casual traveller. The lumber yard of today adds unto itself a livery barn and a hotel tomorrow, and within a week or two, stores, dwellings and a large brick school mark the site of a future town. And the thing has been done so often that there is no element of doubt in the minds of its inhabitants. They know, and have no hesitation in reminding you, that the country they have at the back of them warrants their highest optimism. From the railway train, one wonders where the money comes from that can support all these little towns, and what its resources can be that justify their existence. But the answer is found in the sentinels of the track—the lines of elevators which mark every station, and every siding—and those other lines of farmers' wagons pouring a continuous stream of wheat into them. As they tell you at every point you touch, the country is scarcely scratched yet. Trained after a trailhead of settlers is being brought in by the great land companies—settlers of substance, men who have farmed in the South, and men who have the cash to start in on the right scale to make money from the beginning. These are the feeders of the towns—the raw material which is to be metamorphosed into substantial business buildings, sidewalks, and pavements. Leaving Melville, we enter into the Touchwood Hills district, long considered as a place to be avoided by the land-seeker. And yet from Touchwood Hills come reports of some of the finest crops in the province. Hills is a misnomer for the district, which is admirably adapted for mixed farming. Rolling country, with just enough brush for shelter, hay in abundance, and the finest of land for cultivation, make it an ideal spot for the farmer whose disposition does not crave wheat, and wheat alone.

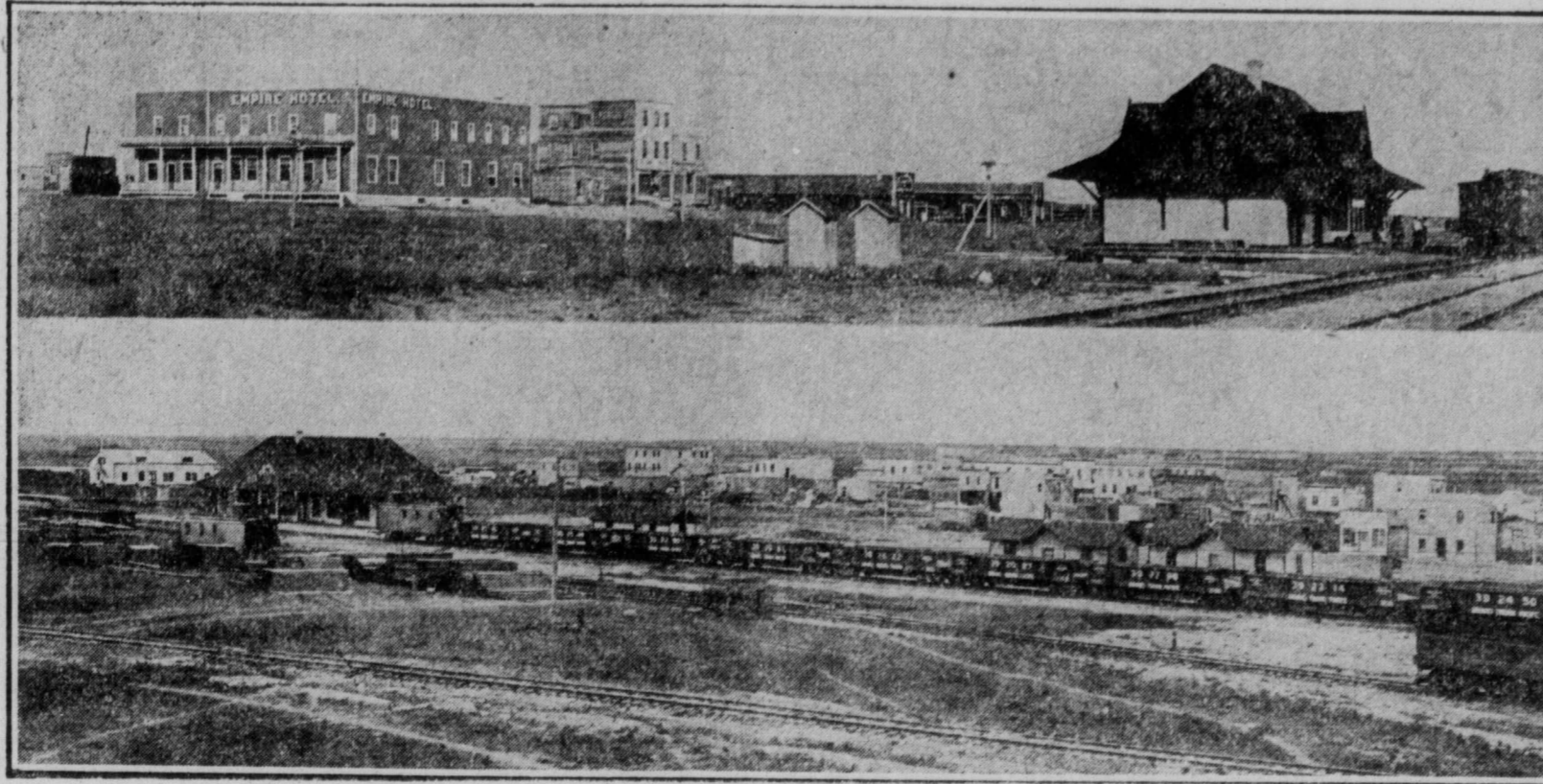
On, then, past Watrous, with its lovely lake, the train speeds, held down to its schedule of forty miles an hour until late in the evening we reach Earl, and are switched over the C.N.R. track into the university city—Saskatoon, the strenuous.

The adjective is due to Saskatoon. We arrived there at ten-thirty in the evening, and by nine the following morning, when we were billed to leave for Edmonton, we had been all over the city twice, whisked here and there to points of interest in automobiles, and were so crammed with statistics and eulogies that it was with a feeling of helplessness that we regained our seats in the car, and settled down for the run west.

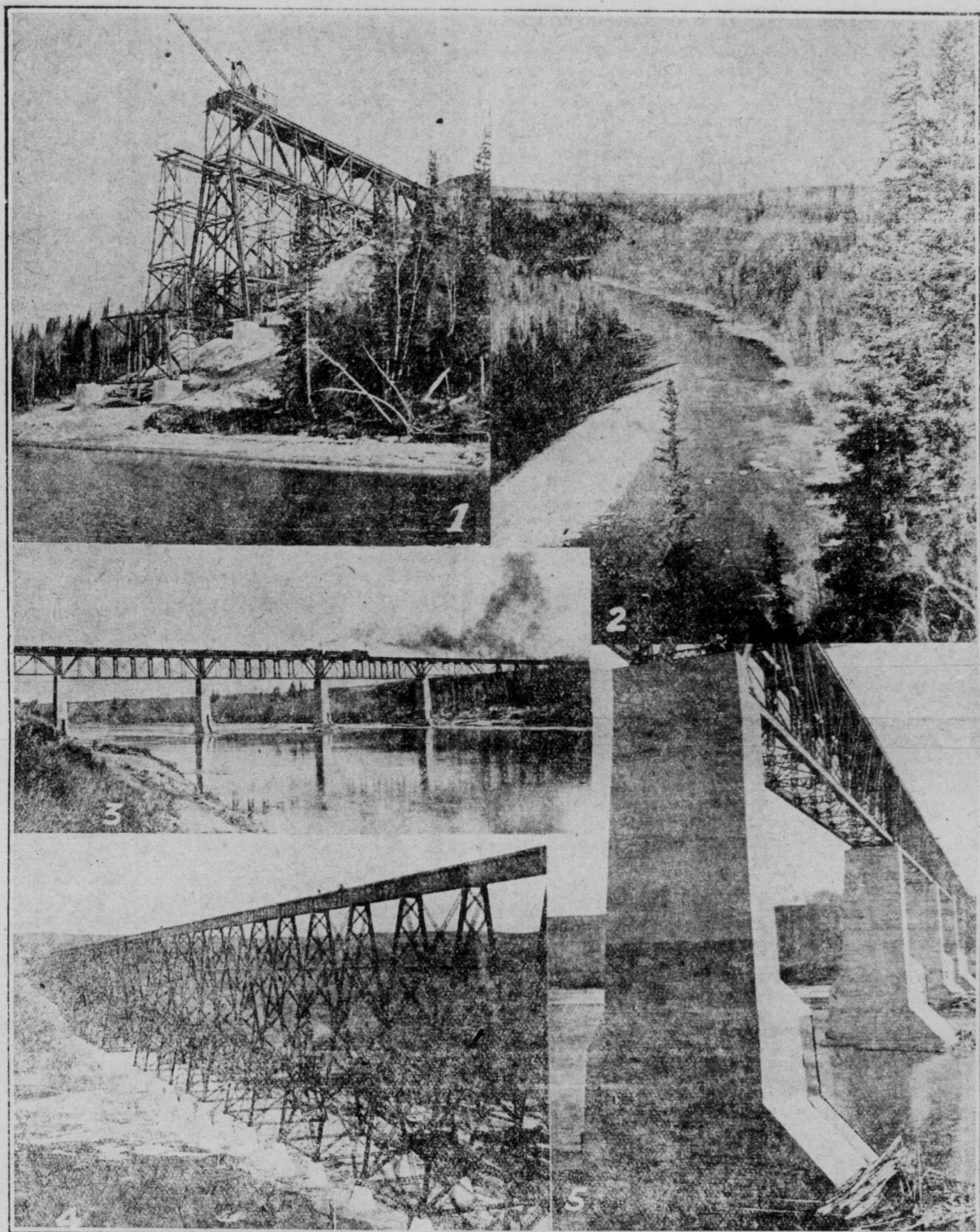
A few short years ago, and Saskatoon was but a siding and a Hudson's Bay Company's warehouse, and the point on the Regina-Prince Albert branch of railway at which goods and passengers were unloaded for Battleford. Today it is a city of no mean importance, ranking commercially with Regina, and the chosen site of the new Saskatchewan University.

It is situated almost in the centre of the province, and at a point through which pass the main lines of the G.T.P. and C.N.R. and two branch lines of the C.P.R. The wholesale distributing area of the city extends over about 45,000 square miles, and now includes 156 towns and villages. The territory controlled by goods manufactured locally, such as flour, covers about 70,000 square miles, now containing some 213 towns and villages. Most of the large firms doing business in the West have representatives present in Saskatoon, but there are still plenty of opportunities for capital, especially if it is to be employed in manufacturing concerns. Water-power, Saskatoon claims, to the extent of 38,000 h.p., could be obtained from the river at a cost of about \$700,000. Among the

Winnipeg to Pembina River by the G. T. P.

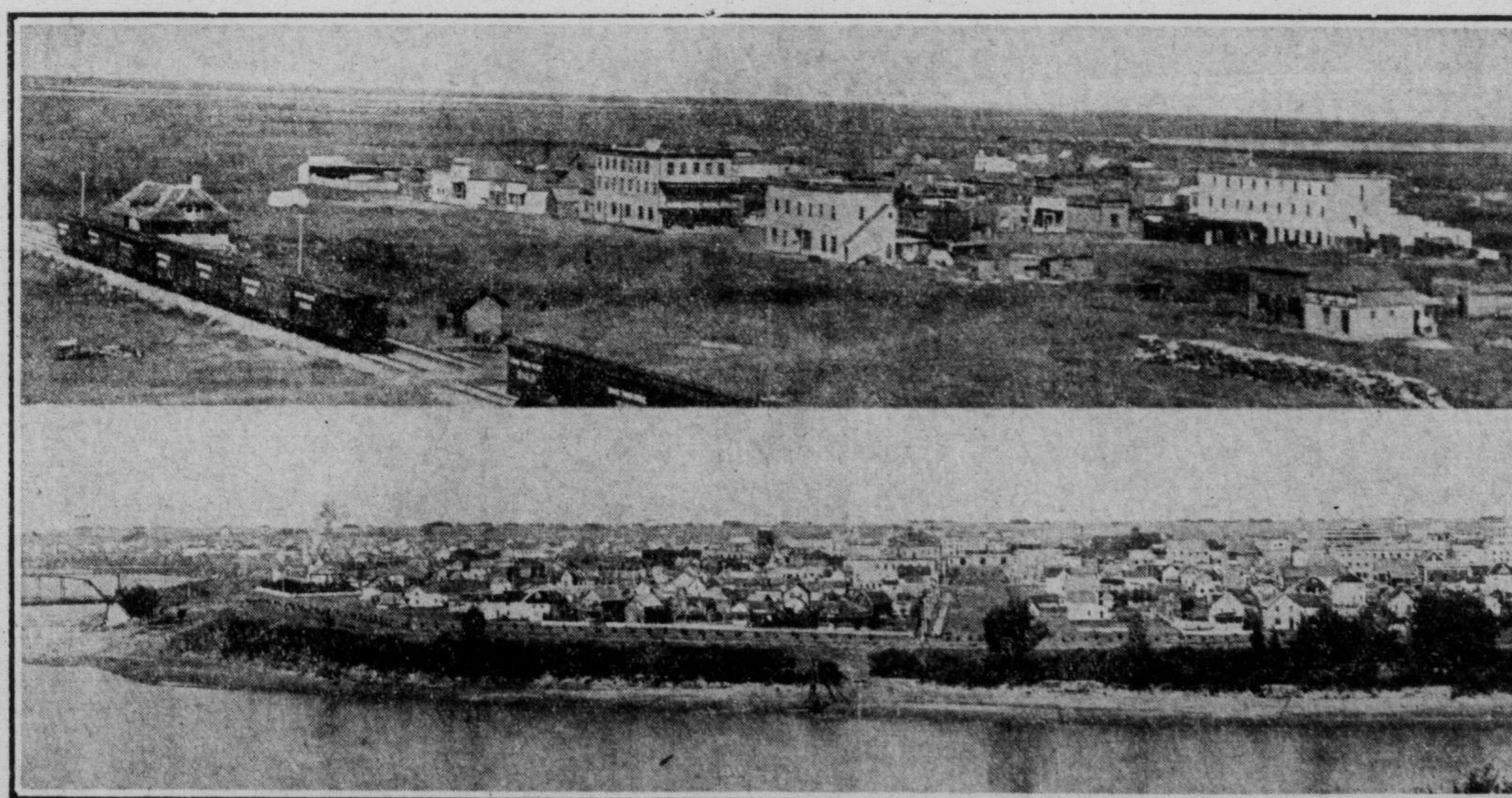


1. The Town of Biggar, Sask. 2. Wainwright, the Buffalo City.



GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC BRIDGES

1. Pembina River Bridge, 65 Miles West of Edmonton. This Bridge is Now Practically Completed. 2. The Beautiful Pembina Valley, Looking North. 3. The Clover Bar Bridge, Eight Miles East of Edmonton. 4. The Battle River Bridge, Looking East. Its Span Well Shown by the Figure of the Man on the Centre of the Bridge. 5. Clover Bar Bridge From the Water's Edge.



1. Scott, the Tramping Lake Town. 2. View of Business Section of Saskatoon, From Nutana

special opportunities at present offering are a soap factory, meat packing plant, biscuit factory, an oatmeal mill, a foundry and machine shop and a tannery.

Building is at present proceeding rapidly in the city, and buildings costing over \$750,000 are in course of construction. In addition to the new university buildings, the following are going up: Bank of Montreal, \$10,000; Union Bank, \$35,000; International Harvester Building, \$85,000; Bowerman Block, \$40,000; Collegiate, \$100,000; Nutana High School, \$45,000; Baldwin Block, \$60,000; Masonic Building, \$25,000; Land Titles Building, \$25,000; C.N.R. Station, \$60,000.

From Saskatoon, through Biggar, a thriving town and a divisional point, with two hotels that look almost as though they might house its entire population; through the Tramp-

ing Lake country and its town, Scott, which two years ago was scarcely even on paper, and certainly not on the map, and which is now a hustling little town of perhaps five hundred people and a board of trade—but then every place has its board of trade, which being interpreted, means advertising committee or official boosters—through Unity (three hundred—and a board of trade) with what Unity people claim is the finest wheat land in the West for twenty-five miles on each side of it, through Zumbro—growing in spite of its name—we come to Wainwright, the Buffalo City.

Wainwright deserves a paragraph to itself. First, it is the gateway to the Buffalo Park, set aside by the Dominion government for the preservation of the last great herd of buffalo on the American continent. For this reason it will always be

a place of resort for tourists. Second, it is the fifth divisional point on the G.T.P., and although only two years old, has already about a thousand population. It has cement sidewalks, graded streets, an athletic association, a brass band, an opera house, fire brigade, stock yards (where they detain the buffalo), and for population fully one thousand hustling citizens, the burden of whose song is "Wainwright." Of hotels it has two, and it is difficult to steer a straight course down any of the business streets—please note the plural—without running into excavation pits which line the streets, digging foundations for future business blocks.

At the office of the Wainwright Star, the weekly paper which is the pride of the town, we found the editor getting out his first anniversary number on pink paper. From him we learned that Wainwright is the centre of an ideal mixed farming country, with numerous small lakes and bluffs, and the best of land for grain growing; the farmers of that district turning out thirty to thirty-five bushels to the acre of wheat. In addition, over seventeen hundred head of cattle have been shipped from this point during the past season. Homesteads are still to be had within reasonable distance of Wainwright, but since the railway was opened, these are rapidly being taken up.

We left Wainwright late in the afternoon for the straight run to Edmonton. Just at dusk we crossed the Battle River bridge, a mile and a half long, and 193 feet above the level of the water. Crossing the bridge the height seemed trivial, until one looked down at the telegraph poles which extend across the valley close to the footings of the bridge; then the great height of the trestle was apparent; the poles looked like tooth picks, so far down were they.

The bridges which have been built by the G.T.P. are typical of the thoroughness with which the road has been built throughout. From concrete culvert to the highest class of steel superstructure, everything is of the best. The engineers in their arduous task of keeping down the grade to the low maximum allowed, have been compelled to build bridges which are a revelation. Three of them are of outstanding size and importance. The Battle River bridge is the first. Then, near Edmonton, the Clover Bar bridge over the North Saskatchewan, while not so long, commands respect on account of its height, 220 feet. Strong, solid looking piers support a steel superstructure capable of carrying the heaviest train; and its length is by no means its smallest feature, either, for it is three thousand feet long.

We reached Edmonton at night, and left the following morning for the end of the track—Entwistle, on the Pembina River, sixty-five miles west of Alberta's capital. Leaving Edmonton, the line of the G.T.P. passes through a rich farming country, the district of Stony Plains. On every hand were evidences of the richness of the soil, in the clusters of stacks of grain, the thickness of the stubble, and the condition of the cattle, for this is essentially a mixed farming country, well wooded and watered, and rolling in contour. As we proceeded further west, the country became rougher, but still here and there a homestead among the scrub showed signs of what the country could produce when the land was cleared of the light poplar, and the elevators, both building and completed, showed that the grain dealers had little doubt as to what could be done with the land between Edmonton and the Pembina River. Here the track was still in the construction stage, as yet only partially ballasted, but even here the roughness of the track was almost imperceptible, so well had the grading been done.

The Pembina River was the end of the steel, the end of our western journey, and from a scenic point of view was the climax of the trip. Imagine a gorge barely three hundred yards wide from bank to bank, and full two hundred feet deep; the banks clothed with spruce, and autumn vegetation of the most beautiful coloring, and through the centre of the valley a winding stream rushing over the stones. The illustration shows the beauties of the Pembina Valley better than any mere words can describe it.

The construction of the bridge had just reached the river span as our train moved out cautiously on the work, until our car seemed to be suspended in mid-air, with nothing to sustain it. We backed right out to the end of the bridge, and down the river. The town of Entwistle, a small metropolis in the rough, lay at our backs. Incidentally, the town of Entwistle is by no means to be despised. The coal areas tributary to the town are of enormous extent. Indeed, on the banks of the Pembina River two miles below the town are to be seen the largest exposures of coal in the province. The quality is better than that found in the Edmonton district, and the quantity—well, one seam alone is nearly forty feet thick, and of vast extent.

There are timber limits on the Pembina River, too, and already over two thousand settlers may be counted within a thirty mile radius from Entwistle.

So that from Winnipeg west to the end of the track there is only one tale to be told, a tale of progress, of wonderful development, of an upbuilding which has behind it resources of untold value, resources made available by the building of the railway which the Hon. George E. Foster declares is of no use to the country because, forsooth, it "parallels the C.P.R."

WHERE ANIMALS PAY THE TAXES

UP TO comparatively recent times municipalities were content to run the gas and water works for the benefit of ratepayers, but now they are embarking in all kinds of trades and businesses.

It is not generally known that cymets from the swanery of the Lindfield (Sussex) Parish Council are sold every year for half a guinea each, and that the money is devoted to the relief of the rates.

When the Town Council of Torquay purchased a couple of thousand acres of land on the Dartmoor watershed, in order to supply the town with a constant run of pure water, they became possessed of a rabbit-warren. When the warren first came into the hands of the authorities it was overstocked with rabbits, and no fewer than 10,000 of the nimble creatures were caught and sold in one year, bringing into the coffers of the Council several hundreds of pounds.

Cattle pay the smaller bills of the High Wycombe Council. Eye Mead was presented to the town free, gratis, and for nothing by Queen Elizabeth. The Royal lady, when she visited the town on one occasion, found that milk was conspicuous by its absence, so she made the borough a gift of a large meadow for the purpose of keeping cows. Cattle have grazed on Eye Mead ever since that day of long ago.

Tunbridge Wells possesses a municipal hop plantation, which yields about \$2,500 worth of hops every year. The money received on their sale goes towards the reduction of the rates.

One of the most extraordinary industries in the world exists in the State of Maine, in America. It is a cat industry, and it is pointed to with pride as the most prosperous of its kind anywhere. The State is said to make at least \$50,000 a year out of Angora cats, and the authorities keep nearly 15,000 registered felines in stock as a reserve fund. San Antonio, in Texas, makes large sums of money out of bats. The town owns several vast caves, which are given over to thousands of mammals.

The working men of Tell City, Perry County, Indiana, U.S.A., own, control, and operate the factories there and fix the rate of pay. This is probably the only city in the world owned by labor, and its various industries employ upwards of 600 workpeople and represent a capital of over \$750,000.

The Swiss Colonization Society of Cincinnati founded the city in 1858, and it has since become famous as a manufacturing centre of wooden utensils of all kinds. The factories are controlled by a board of managers and superintendents, all working men, while the stockholders are men who work in the factories. If a labourer has any money to invest he invariably places it in the company owning the factory in which he works, knowing well that he will receive a good dividend at the end of each year. The majority of the workmen are shareholders, and to them the city owes its prosperity.

The province of Jaaja, in Peru, is practically run by a company of citizens, who own the shops, the factories, and the stalls in the market-places. Jaaja is not a very enterprising place, however, for copper coinage is unknown. Eggs are circulated as small change, forty to fifty of them, the number varying according as they are plentiful or scarce, being valued at an expense of our money. These eggs, which change hands by the hundred every day in the market-places, are shipped by the tradespeople to Lima, the Peruvian capital, and exchanged for coin or goods.

In one year the ruler of Uganda received from his subjects \$300,000 in the form of "King's taxes." In the first place, however, half of this sum was paid into the official treasury in the shape of live stock, consisting of elephants, chimpanzees, zebras, antelopes, monkeys, etc. The various animals were sold in 40c-50c to menageries and zoological gardens in various parts of the world, enriching the State coffers by over \$150,000.