

prising that this strenuous open air life, has an almost irresistible charm for the stalwart, bronzed, cultured young civil engineers, and rougher railroading pioneers who greeted us cheerfully and light-heartedly that bright spring day.

Contractor MacDonnell has—in addition to his competent engineering staff—over 1,000 men engaged in the construction of this section of the line to and beyond the Height of Land: laying down steel tracks at the rate of a mile per day. In one week they calculated to run over the tressel shown in Fig. 2; and in two months over the Height of Land—which is 8 miles beyond the tressel—to Twin Lake, a distance of 34 miles. By autumn it is expected to reach McDougall's chutes or falls, a total distance of 105 miles from New Liskeard. A completed line from this latter place—over the rich glacial clay belt plateau divided by the Height of Land ridge, and across the sloping plains down to the mouth of the Moose River, the nearest available harbor at the southern end of Hudson Bay—would not be more than 280 miles, as the crow flies. When this laudable enterprise is carried out, as it doubtless will be, not only will a fertile region be opened out to cultivation, but the Province will have an available sea coast of over 200 miles in extent, and a fish food industry second to none in the world!

Looking back over the 165 miles of railway we had traversed from North Bay to the End of Steel—with its $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of timber tresselwork—mostly filled; its 2 = 500 feet permanent bridges over the Wabis; 2 = 650 ft. and 566 ft. expensive steel viaducts across the White and Blanche Rivers: all laid with 80 pounds low phosphorus steel rails, "made in Canada," with specially hardened and toughened heads to suit the extreme climate of Northern Ontario; and perceiving the substantial manner in which the permanent way and its general equipment had been constructed and laid down: added to the unerring instinct displayed in the selection of routes calculated to do the greatest ultimate good—we are constrained to say, that from the engineers' standpoint, the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway is a creditable piece of work, and places the consulting engineer responsible for the planning, designing and construction of the line, viz., Mr. Cecil B. Smith, in the front rank of modern railroad engineers.

Homeward Bound.

While chatting in the contractors' office with Mr Archie McGougan, the energetic divisional engineer, we heard the melody of a familiar air played on a fine-toned piano in a restaurant at the foot of the wooded hills opposite. Geology, mineralogy, engineering, all went to the winds at this touch of civilization in the wilderness, and



Fig. 4.—Judge Osler.

Boston Creek almost became the land of the Lotus-Eaters. So charmed were three of us with Miss Macdonald's brilliant *technique*, that time passed unheeded. Suddenly the shrill toot of the engine whistle reverberated through the valley, and we just had time to rush out of the parlor, scramble over log piles and climb aboard, as the train moved out—homeward bound (3.45 p.m.). Psychologically this was the critical stage of the tour. But all the indica-

tions the writer beheld on the faces of that distinguished company of Ontario statesmen, lawyers, men of letters and scientists were prophetic, that the rich experiences which had just reached their climax in the construction camp at the End of Steel, would bring forth good fruit in the coming years.



H. C. Maisonville,

Secretary to the Minister of Public Works.

Tempting, it is to dwell on the sights we saw, and incidents, we noted on our pleasant journey homeward: how we changed to our Pullmans at New Liskeard; how, at sunset, we stopped at Haileybury and found this beautifully situated town in the sulks, disrespectful, unhospitable; how, next day (May 31st), we inspected the mine of the Arsenical Development Company, where gold, silver and arsenic are found; how we sailed 30 miles over lovely Lake Temagami, with its 1,493 islands in a length of 50 miles, and which the Americans have discovered; how, after a delightful sail of 15 miles, we disembarked at a romantic isle upon which is located the famous Temagami Inn, owned by Dan O'Connor, who generously entertained the whole party to lunch; how, afterwards, one group sailed 15 miles in view of landscape scenery of bewitching loveliness to Lady Evelyn's Lake and Hotel, also owned by the "king of Temagami," while a second group visited historic Bear Island, and there inspected the celebrated Hudson Bay post under the escort of Mayor Farr, of Haileybury, who at one time was the factor of this trading station; and how, on returning to the train, well travelled men pronounced this region to be an Earthly Paradise. All this, told in graphic detail, would make an interesting story for a popular literary magazine, but "The Canadian Engineer" can not dwell further on this untechnical phase of the trip, and can only conclude by saying, that the excursion party returned safe and sound to Toronto, on Friday morning, June 1st, at 9.30: having had three days and four nights of delightful travel and profitable investigation in the primeval forests, on the rich mineral lands, and over the beautiful lakes of Northern Ontario.

As the train approached Toronto the party expressed their unqualified satisfaction in the terms of the following resolution:

Moved by J. R. Dargavel, M.P.P., seconded by J. B. Tudhope, M.P.P.:

"That we deeply regret the absence of Hon. J. O. Reaume, Minister of Public Works, and more particularly by reason of the illness that has made his absence necessary, and sincerely trust that his illness will be of short duration and his recovery will be permanent as well as speedy. Our thanks are cheerfully tendered the T. and N.O. Commissioners, who were assiduous in making our tour pleasant and profitable, and also to Mr. H. C. Maisonville, Secretary to the Minister of Public Works, on whom devolved most of the work of organizing the tour, and who performed his exacting duties cheerfully and satisfactorily."

Thus ended pleasantly this memorable tour of the Ontario northland.

"I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be:
The first low wash of waves where yet
Shall roll a human sea."