

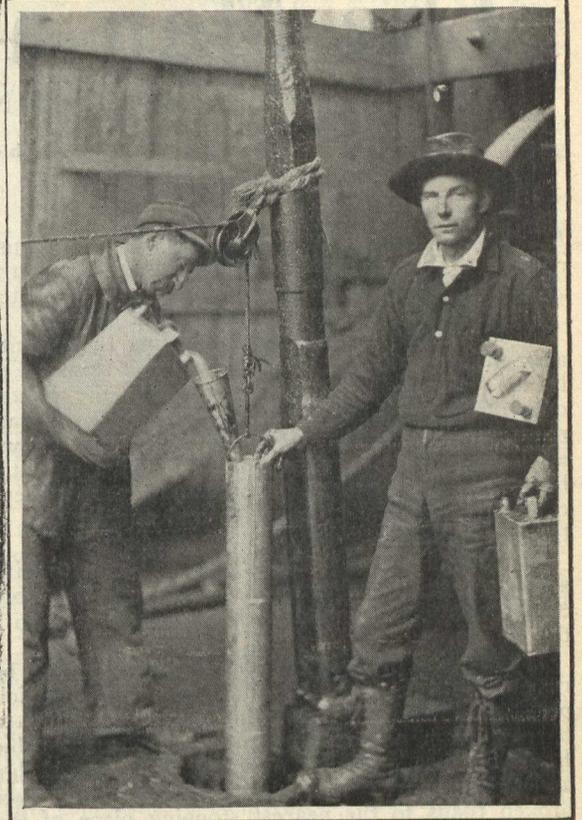


Two Gas Wells Burning at Night.

fences gird many a prairie homestead. Moncton's cotton have garbed the girls of Goderich. Its many other industries have made Moncton known and respected from East to West. Just recently, English capital took over the electric light and gas plants and established a street railway system and are offering electric and gas power, heating and lighting to manufacturers at nominal prices. The development of the oil and shale fields is bringing a lot of money into the town, and a number of manufacturers contemplate Moncton as a centre for their activities.

With the situation on the river and its closeness to the Bay of Fundy, Moncton can get away from the smoke to the sea breezes, and there are some delightful spots which the visitor should not miss, notably "The Rocks." The drives along Chignecto Basin, which is the eastern end of the Bay of Fundy, lead one into picture-land. Big game hunting, as we know it in Canada, at once calls to mind the forests of New Brunswick, and the Intercolonial Railway have with great judgment used a moose head in all their advertising. Not alone do the forests abound in moose, deer, bears and other wild animals, but the streams teem with the fish that the sportsmen will travel across a continent to do battle with. Moncton welcomes the tourist and sportsman.

Our imports last year exceeded our exports by 175,000,000 dollars in hard-earned yellow gold. It seems that with the growth of other manufacturing cities, our growing demands are not satisfied. We must manufacture more goods; we must make them as cheap as the foreigner. Situated as it is with its raw materials, transportation facilities, cheap labour and the enterprise of its people, Moncton will be heard from in the very near future.



Charging an Oil Well With Nitro-glycerine. Familiarity breeds contempt in the handling of this dangerous explosive.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

WESTERN "DISCONTENT."

THERE is no use denying that the people of Eastern Canada have suffered something very like a shock from all this concerted talk by Western representatives about the dissatisfaction and even dangerous discontent rampant on the Prairies. We rather expected the Liberal representatives to see things through dismal glasses. They would naturally feel that, their services having been dispensed with, and their panacea voted a poisonous "love philter" which it would be deadly for Miss Canada to take from the wily hands of the Fascinating William, everything must be "on the blink" and everybody must be as dissatisfied and discontented as they felt. But when true-blue Conservative members like "Jam" Aikens, of Brandon, and Bennett, of Calgary, try to make our "flesh creep" with horrid visions of the wild and woolly Westerner bucking on his bristling arsenal to ride through the effete East and "shoot up" the tenderfeet who hire someone to shave them from time to time, we begin to feel an attack of "nerves." We are not accustomed to this sort of thing. We had thought that the old Dominion was bumping along all right, and that her life looked like a pretty good "risk," and that her securities were a fair "buy"; but here we have the Party of Progress and Prosperity and Protection and Success saying "the Yankee settler" will "git us ef we don't watch out."

AND now we have good old Sir Richard Cartwright assuring us with an emphasis which he alone can command that the West will refuse to pay for the building of roads and bridges for Eastern people who either will not or cannot build them for themselves. All this alarmist talk must result in making a timid man like myself afraid to pick up the daily paper lest I find that Sifton's Sharpshooters or Rogers' Rangers are already marching on the exposed towns and cities of the Provinces which had the misfortune to be settled before the West was discovered, and so were expected to pay for the roads and bridges of the West without making any bones of it. It certainly does look, when we think of the trouble the short-sighted East took to discover and explore and develop and equip the West, as if we had made a sad mistake of it. We have opened the Box of Pandora. We have nursed the viper in our bosoms. Or else these politicians are following the example of the Fat Boy and trying to "make our flesh creep."

NOW, is the West so furious; and, if so, what is it furious about? One hot-headed gentleman in Manitoba proposes to cut the painter which

fastens his Province to this despised and selfish East. Just what he thinks would become of them then, I do not know. Does he imagine that the Western Provinces would be allowed to remain long as an independent nation, in case they once succeeded in reaching that position? Some will fancy that, in that event, the "American settler" might become a political peril in earnest, and that the West might soon be voting itself into the American Union. But these same "American settlers" know perfectly well that, whereas there may be some Canadian "mergers" which chastise them with whips, they would then fall into the power of American Trusts which would chastise them with scorpions. But, says my sharp reader, if the "American settler" knows that, he would never vote for Annexation. Quite so. And that is precisely why I have never thought of the American settler as any particular danger to the political independence of this country.

IN fact, I will make a confession. I do not believe that the West is half so black-visaged as it is painted. I doubt if there is any more discontent out there "with the god of things that are" than there is in the East. We have men here who have been hit hard by adverse circumstances just as they have west of the Great Lakes; and we, perhaps, have fewer recent and astonishing successes who fill the land with their glorious optimism. I would be willing to wager that hope in the future averages higher west of Lake Superior than it does east of that matchless inland sea. Some westerners have lost their wheat; and it is a great shame. But have no easterners lost their year's labour? Consult Bradstreet. Misfortune is a citizen of no one part of the country. Injustice does not pick out its victims with the aid of a map. Men are robbed in the West; and men are plundered in the East. And while we all fight against robbery and stand up against misfortune, I hear no more whimpering from the robust pioneers and sturdy farmers of the West than from the "city chaps" who get along as best they may in the East.

THEN what is all this howl about? Well, it is easy to make a few "guesses." Perhaps some people did not want the tariff to go up this session. Possibly other people were afraid that the steel bounties would be resumed before the Tariff Commission had had a chance to deal with the matter scientifically. Possibly there may be Conservative politicians who see the growing influence of the West and think that they might as well qualify as "champions," and not leave all the spectacular gun-play to that picturesque old cow-boy from Edmon-

ton. You never can tell. Politicians are always unhappy anywhere out of the lime-light; and there have been politicians, indeed, who would set fire to the inflammable material built into the key-walls of their native country if there were no other way of getting a bright light to play upon their puny persons.

IN any case, I am not worrying about the West. It will not "revolute" nor "secesh" nor do any real damage to this magnificent country of ours of which it is the hope and the coming master. It will not burn up the estate which it is just about to inherit. It will stay with the East until it is big enough and strong enough and generous enough to take the East pretty well under its capacious wing. I do not even believe that we will hear any objections to the voting of Federal money to assist the building of good roads in those parts of the country that need them. We are one people—one family—and we will bear one another's burdens. And be it remembered that the East began the burden-bearing business.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

New Brunswick's Boom.

(From the *Montreal Star*.)

THERE appears to be a determined New Brunswick "boom" in the hatching. The *Canadian Courier* says that they are talking of sending a car-load of St. John merchants out through the West to invite the New Brunswick boys back for the "Old Home Week" next July, 9th to 14th; and incidentally to tell the West about New Brunswick manufactories, national resources and other opportunities. There is no reason under the sun why New Brunswick should not leap forward to a better place in the mighty procession of Canadian progress. It has suffered for lack of advertising more than from any other cause. Eastern Canada, as a whole, has contented itself for years with advertising the West. We have said: "If we can only get the West filled up, we will benefit." And the filling of the West has brought prosperity to the East.

But is it not high time that we began to be a little more assertive down here, and to point out to the world that we, too, have empty farm lands and unexploited natural resources? Canada is not "all West" by long odds. Nor is it by any means certain that men can make money more quickly in the West than in the East, or that it is better for a man with a family to settle on the prairie and not near some Eastern town with its graded schools, its settled trade, and its industrial and clerical opportunities. It is a healthy sign to see New Brunswick preparing deliberately to demand its share of this big, generous and bounteous Canadian inheritance. More power to its elbow; and may every New Brunswicker find his way home again for the gathering of the clans in July!