

Canadian Shipbuilding Survives Through War

THERE was and still is in many Canadian and American homes, particularly farming ones, a game much in favor which is played in the following manner: The company, having assembled in the parlor, generally of a winter or late fall evening, each in turn propounds a riddle. The game is so familiar to the average reader that further citing of its method of playing is unnecessary. Generally the maiden aunt, who will some day die and leave money, leads off by propounding some such terrific brain puzzler as: "What is white and black and read all over?" And so the game goes on.

Now any time during the fall and winter of 1914 or upon any evening for many years previous, the following question would have been quite in order as an up-to-date riddle: "What class of human biped is rapidly becoming extinct upon the North American continent, so that it will soon rank with the wild pigeon, the great auk, or the dodo?" And the answer is—"the sailor."

But you will indignantly exclaim: "Why that's not right. I saw ever so many nice, neat, little men when I travelled on the steamer So-and-So across the Great Lakes last year," or you will make similar remark anent the number of similar people you saw abroad the Allen or White Star or other great steamship of ocean going variety.

Nevertheless the riddle above cited is quite true, for the men you saw were really not sailors at all. What we are here referring to is the real, old, died-in-the-wool before the mast hands, twenty times around "Cape Stiff," in short, the sailors that made up the crews of the famous windjammers of old the coffee clippers, the New Bedford and Gloucester schooners, and square rigged barques, and a hundred other types of fast sailors that made the merchant marine of North America famous half a century ago. Ships and men have almost disappeared. To-day the number of sailing ships that put out to sea with a full crew of men capable of singing together such a chanty as the following are very, very few:

"Then we'll blow the man up,
And we'll blow the man down,
Go way, way, blow the man down.
We'll blow him right over to Liverpool town,
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down,
Ho! stand by your braces,
And stand by your falls;
Hi! Ho! blow the man down."

gradually disappeared from the seas. Yet Canada, could point with pride to at least these few things: A Canadian had been commander-in-chief, the admiral of the Turkish Navy. The man who founded the famous Cunarder line hailed from the Dominion. The commander of the Shannon which won the historic battle off Halifax harbor and brought the Chesapeake to port, was born in that same town. A Canadian recently made a name for himself as commander of a transport

Year	Tonnage Built	Tonnage Registered
1875.....	188,098	204,002
1880.....	68,756	64,982
1890.....	39,434	53,853
1900.....	28,544	40,443
1910.....	24,059	33,383
1915.....	45,721	55,384
1916.....	13,947	102,339

Ships of Canadian registry in the last year numbered 9,757, of which the minority or 4,132, were steamers. The whole gave employment to 45,461 men. In this time new vessels registered to the number of 246. In the year 1915, 327 new vessels came under Canadian registry. Now with between \$30,000,000 and \$50,000,000 in orders for ships to be built placed with Canadian firms, \$20,000,000 of which amount alone comes from the little country of Norway, Canada is coming back into her own. And it now looks that the year 1917 may retrieve some of the lost glory and the figures of tonnage built reach a figure equal to or greater than 188,098, made so long ago as 1875.

And all of this was due to the war. As will be seen by the above figures, things had begun to pick up even in the earlier days of the conflict; to-day, ships and still more ships are in demand. Long dead shipyards are coming to life, the art of sail making bids fair to be revived, and perhaps under the incentive of war Canada may win back to the proud place held many years ago as a ship owning nation.

Before going into the details of the new shipbuilding operations now well underway in various parts of Canada, it is interesting to note the effect of the war upon vessels of ancient vintage that previous to 1914 had been placed in the discard. In some instances ships that had been abandoned as unfit for many years were brought back and put once more afloat. The well-known old wooden steamer, "Rufus P. Ranney," several of the Gilchrist fleet, and last, and most famous of all, the "Thomas Davidson" of Milwaukee, are but a few striking instances of this. This last named vessel sold first for \$12,000; rebuilt shortly after brought \$60,000, and is now rated at \$150,000, a neat little increase of about 1300 per cent. No writer of fiction, had he offered tales of fiction to the magazines around such subjects as rehabilitated ships, using figures to-day absolute facts, would have had a ghost of a chance of selling his tales three years ago, for the editor, rightly enough, would have contended they were not within the bounds of consistency, and no writer of story tales can be successful unless he keeps within such bounds. Yet here is one more tale of sudden made fortune that puts to shame the Arabian Nights. During the season of 1916 the firm of J. & J. T. Mathews, Toronto, Ontario, purchased the wrecked steamer, "L. C. Waldo," at Ashtabulo, O., for \$10,000, though the vessel had cost but two years before over \$200,000. The firm spent \$90,000 in making the vessel seaworthy. They were recently offered \$500,000, and competent marine authorities place her value at \$100,000 above this sum. A neat little return of 1000 per cent. One might go on ad infinitum quoting figures and facts of this marvellous new romance of business taking place upon the North American continent. To the average man with whom a thousand dollars is a tremendous bankroll, these stories are more fascinating than were the works of Grimm and Anderson to his childhood days.

But the chief interest lies in the fact that not only are old ships being made new and put back to travelling sea lanes of old, but thousands of tons of new built shipping is now being contracted for. Exact figures are not available, so rapidly are orders coming in, but it is well over the 175,000 mark.

Canada is once more coming into her own and ordinary words failing to fully express it, one turns to Longfellow's famous poem, "The Building of the Ship," for adequate lines which are true of the activity in the shipyards of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts to-day.

"Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind with might force,
Might aid and not impede her course."

From Premier Hearst

TORONTO, ONTARIO

CONTARIO'S early settlers were principally United Empire Loyalists who came to this country from sheer love of British institutions and ideals rather than from the prospect of material advantages. It was their lot to suffer many privations and hardships, but they have handed down to succeeding generations glorious traditions and inestimable advantages.

Fifty years ago this Province had a population of a million and a quarter inhabitants earning a somewhat precarious livelihood on the farm by primitive and laborious methods. At that time the outlook was obscure, and the thought of a great and Imperial destiny seemed merely a vision. On the faith of the leading men of Canada, irrespective of party, confederation was undertaken. By virtue of their statesmanship, we in Ontario to-day have become the very heart and centre of a great democracy, rich in every endowment of nature and richer still in a noble inspiration of national and Imperial greatness and usefulness.

Our population has doubled; our wealth has expanded enormously; our future as a people has become settled and assured. In agriculture this Province has so improved its methods that though its farming population has increased only slightly, its production has doubled and trebled. To-day the wealth of our farmers represents an invested capital of \$1,216,864,992. Great as has been the industrial growth of Ontario, and phenomenal as has been its mining development, we realize that the hope of this Province is in agriculture. No nation is truly great that does not live up to its opportunities in the production of food.

We have in Ontario as yet brought under cultivation some nine million acres of the land with which we are endowed. There are still many millions of acres of tillable soil awaiting the husbandman for this Province has a total area of 260,000,000 acres. With the improvements now made possible, so that one man will soon be doing the work that was formerly a burden to five, a new era is dawning for agriculture. Remembering that one ton of food produced in Canada to-day is the equal to the Mother Country, by the laws of transportation, to four tons produced in Australia, what an advantage we have in common with all Canada for food production.

When we add to this our unbounded forest resources, our great water powers capable of producing vast quantities of electrical energy, and our noble manhood and womanhood, which have not hesitated to sacrifice their highest and best on the altars of freedom what limit can we place on the possibilities of this country?

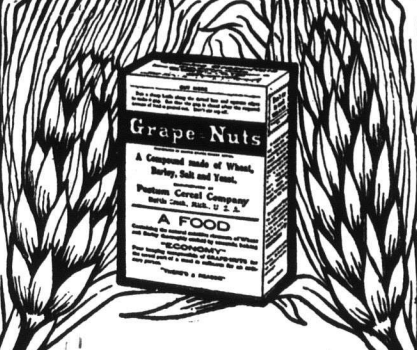
Truly Ontario is fitted to do its share, hand in hand with its sister provinces, in giving strength and vitality, to this Canadian nation. The manifold resources and activities of our country, its unrivalled climate, the richness of its soil, the militant patriotism of its people, their love of everything Canadian and British, their unflinching devotion to freedom; all these tell us that the Canadian Confederation is not a vision, but a glorious reality with a still more glorious future under the flag we love so well and which means so much for us and for humanity.

This and many another such chanty are typical of the A.B.s of a half and even a quarter of a century ago, but gradually both Canada and the United States have dropped out of the running both in owning and building of sailing and any other kind of ships, and with this condition was gradually passing the old time crews of the sailing ships. Canadian and American sailing ships, that had sailed to the farthest corners of the world, competed with and were even superior to the ships of European nations,

in the Dardanelles, and was honored by the king.

But despite all these pretty things with which Canadians may pat themselves on the back, metaphorically speaking the fact remains that the famous merchant marine of old is vanished, and from fourth place in the world's shipping she has dropped to about twelfth.

No more interesting example can be shown than to quote the tonnage and building figures for a period covering the last 41 years.



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