

Moncton, N.B., as Seen From the South End of the I.C.R. Bridge Over the Petitcodiac River.

The Evolution of the Energetic East

Moncton, the New Oil Centre, Commands Attention of Canada

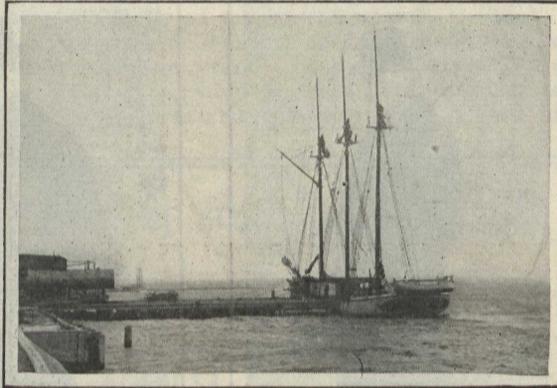
By D. C. NIXON

THE wide awake West! What a picture it awakens in the minds of the stay-at-homes. But since the universe was put in motion and the sun sent on its daily journey he made it a point to wake up the East first. Old Sol must bear some of the blame for the migration West. And though all the sun-worshippers are in the Orient, he had been the candle that lured the moths westwards. Fortunately there have always been new generations of moths—educated moths now-a-days—moths that warm themselves round their own firesides. It can easily be seen that my talk is to be on the East—though it must not be considered for a moment that I consider the East moth-eaten. True, it has been backward, has lost many of its young men who sought fields afar, has been racked by political pettiness and overlooked by the world in general. It is awake now and does not wait for the Sun, it is up with an alarm clock—in truth the busy East.

Whether or not, the reader has been in the Maritime Provinces, he knows that there is a place called Moncton. He knows that there are three Provinces, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. To get an exact idea of where Moncton is in these three Provinces might be exemplified by sending a Marconi message from there to the farthestmost points of the three Provinces. They would get them all at once, and it wouldn't be the C. D. Q. message either. Thus, Moncton is in the geographical centre of the East. Some people believe that it should be the political pivot, and after I have seen the East I believe that the destinies of these Provinces would be worked out much better were they united politically with the seat of government at the most central point, Moncton.

As it is well known, Moncton is the headquarters of the Intercolonial Railway, soon to be double-tracked to Halifax to take care of the enormous traffic now going over a single line. The C. P. R. operate from St. John to Halifax over the Intercolonial, and the Canadian Northern will have running rights from Montreal to Halifax, so that every pound of freight consigned to points West that lands at Halifax must pass through Moncton. The grade of the Transcontinental Railway is not very far away and should soon be into Moncton.

IT took three hundred years to discover Ontario's silver mines. New Brunswick's oil fields lay dormant longer than that. Thousands upon thousands of acres of oil fields, oil shale quarries, and natural gas wells lie at Moncton's door. These are



Windjammer on Petitcodiac at High Tide.



Ben View Park in Centre of the Town.



The Cotton Mill is one of the Chief Industries.

being developed by Canadian and British capital, one Canadian railroad magnate having invested millions of dollars in these properties.

Oil as a fuel is coming more and more into use. Ocean vessels have demonstrated its advantages. Railroads are contemplating its use in their locomotives. It is cheaper to produce, easier to handle, and takes up less space than coal. Oil may be a partial solution of the problems such as face us to-day through coal strikes.

To the north are vast deposits of iron; to the south are time lasting pockets of coal. Within easy distance are unharnessed water powers. Moncton lacks nothing as a manufacturing centre.

If I have dwelt at length upon its railway facilities, I have no intention of slighting its position as a sea-port. Not that it will ever be the entrepot that Halifax or St. John are—it does not aspire to such distinction. But cheapness of transportation of raw material is essential for the building up of a manufacturing city. The Bay of Fundy eats its way eastwards almost making Nova Scotia an island. The world-famed tides of the Bay find their way up the many rivers that empty into it. And of these rivers, nature has selected the Petitcodiac for distinction. Every day at flood-tide the sea rushes up the Petitcodiac, on which Moncton is situated, a solid wall of water four feet high, boring its way with an irresistible force, earning for itself the name "The Bore." And one has never seen Moncton until one has seen "The Bore." In only one other place in the world, China, if I am not mistaken, can this phenomenon be seen.

Up this river come coal freighters, sailing brigs laden with iron and steel, with gypsum from nearby mines, sea scarred schooners from the Indies and Latin republics, fishing smacks, the tramps of all nations. Out-going they carry products of Moncton's manufactories, the goods from its ware-houses. The coasts of two provinces look to Moncton for their supplies. It will not be long until the Dominion Government must see that Moncton's shipping facilities must be improved, and the expenditure will not be very great to make the harbour a basin in which the commercial fleet of Canada could be accommodated.

WHAT manufacturing Moncton is doing to-day though considerable is nothing to what the immediate future has in store for it. It is an undisputable and economic fact that cheapness of production with quality of goods, is only obtainable when raw materials are either close at hand or can be brought in by cheapest transportation, that is by water, and at the same time the markets be not too far away. Labour, too, must be available and wages reasonable. Moncton has an Atlantic harbour, it has coal, oil and natural gas for fuel at ground floor prices, it has iron within a few miles, virgin forests and cheap labour. The home market in the immediate vicinity is growing. Freight tariffs for Western demands are no higher than to Montreal or Toronto competitors. In the days when the East was considered asleep, Moncton had established some big industries, among which was one of the biggest stove plants in the Dominion, with markets in every Province. Moncton's wire



Head Offices, Intercolonial Railway.



Y.M.C.A. Building on Main Street.