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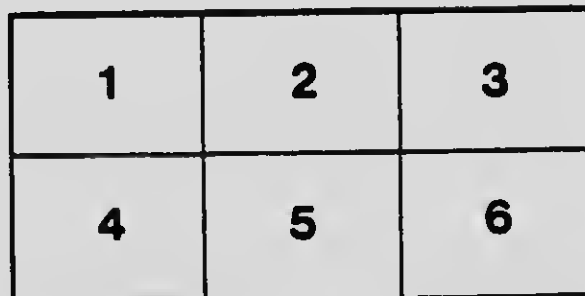
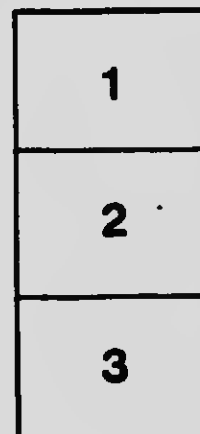
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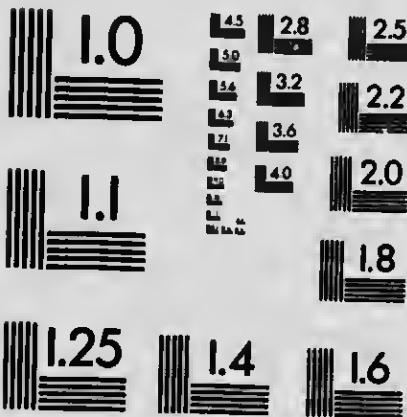
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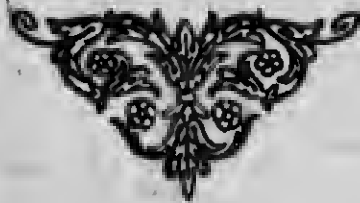


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Empire of the North

NORTHERN ONTARIO



Letters Written by
Rev. R. G. MacBeth

PUBLISHED BY
Temiskaming and Northern Ontario
Railway Commission

OPERATING
Ontario Government Railways

Sir James P. Whitney, Premier

T. & N.O.R. COMMISSIONERS

J. L. Englehart, Chairman

D. Murphy

Frederick Dane

A. J. McGee, Sec.-Treas., Toronto

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1912

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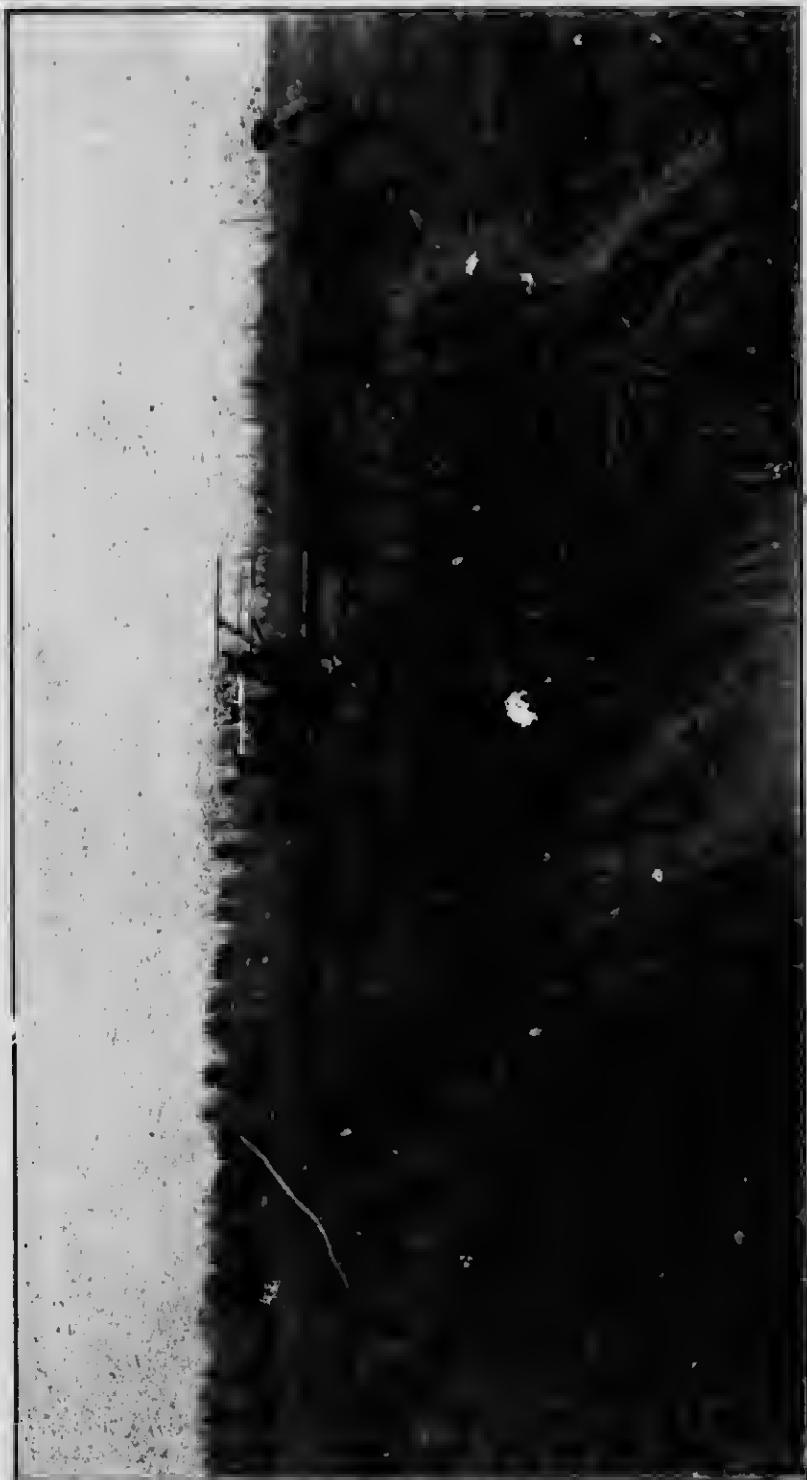
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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The following letters were written in August, 1912, for the Brantford *Daily Expositor*, by the Rev. R. G. MacBeth, who made a trip over Northern Ontario at the request of the Home Mission Board of his church. Mr. MacBeth is a native of Manitoba, has written several works on the West, and has often travelled over the Dominion, writing on the various parts of the country. Having seen the letters, the Committee felt that, coming from an entirely independent source, and written by one who has had experience in all parts of Canada, these letters would be of value and interest to many. With Mr. MacBeth's permission they are issued in the present form.



Harvesting in New Ontario

LETTERS

First Letter

Rev. R. G. MacBeth writes from the North

The following is the first of a series of letters from Rev. R. G. MacBeth, who is on a trip through Northern Ontario:

In the letters on the West which I had the pleasure of writing for the *Expositor* last year, I was dealing with a country which was new in comparison with even the older parts of Canada: much more was it new as compared with what we call the Old Lands. The West, however, is a centenarian. Winnipeg has been celebrating, in the Selkirk Centennial, the coming of the first actual settlers to the country west of the Great Lakes. This indicates that in the eyes of historians the real history of a country begins with the settler, the actual occupant and tiller of the soil, and not with the coming of the casual hunter or trader. Viewed in this light, Northern Ontario is new, as compared with even the West. The actual settler has only been in Northern Ontario for less than a score of years, in most cases half of that, and as yet he is only here in small numerical quantity. But he is pathfinder for the great host that will surely come when the possibilities of the country begin to dawn upon the minds of the world's home-seekers. The Province of Ontario has here a new world to conquer and add to her already immense resources. In the presence of the new North, Ontario can await all the developments of time, confident in the fact that she will hold her place as the pioneer province of Confederation. One would like to see a regular occasional home-seekers' excursion run up into the great region of the clay belt, for in its wake would surely come a stream of immigrants to people this fertile domain.

As one leaves North Bay, and thus enters on the new North, he admires the courage and the foresight of the men who thrust into the somewhat untried wilderness, the government-owned and operated Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. They, too, had to endure the criticism and almost the ridicule that has befallen Columbus-like path-finders ever since men essayed the untried. But if some one does not essay the untried it will never become the tried and the known, and one recalls that our first transcontinental railway, now almost embarrassed by its wealth, was at the outset impaled upon the spear point of the criticism that it would not pay for the axle grease. This Ontario road is well equipped, is managed by courteous crews, has fine stations, and is a bonanza for the Province. In fact,

some care will have to be taken to guard against this railway paying too well. It was primarily constructed for the purpose of opening up the North, and as the road prospers the settler and the miner and the lumberman in the county it serves must get the benefit of anything that can be reasonably done in the way of keeping freight and passenger rates down to the safe minimum. Old Ontario is rich enough now to be able to allow the proceeds of the railway to be used largely for the development of the North, where the man who is making a home for himself and his family ought to be given every possible chance to succeed. A home is a great national asset, and the home-seeker and the home-maker must be afforded opportunity to get safely over the critical days of early settlement.

One is not long in the North before he discovers that this railway, like the Intercolonial, has to run the gauntlet of the political partisanship curse. Doubtless political parties are practically indispensable to responsible government in a free country. But there is a great difference between a political party man and a political partisan. A political party man aims at securing the success of his country through the policy and principles of his party. But the political partisan aims at securing the success of his party even if it has to be attained by assailing things that are for the good of the country as a whole. A political party man may see wisdom and statesmanship in the acts of his opponent, and may support them in a particular crisis accordingly; but a political partisan is always crying out, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" And to him Nazareth is the camp of his opponent. He fails, however, in manifesting the honesty of the man who first asked that question, for he will not "come and see" whether there is any good in Nazareth or not. He closes his eyes and shuts up his mind with a snap and says there is no possibility of good there. The political partisan is not a Nathanael, in whom there is no guile. We ought to fight against this kind of thing in Canada. Let men belong to political parties, but let them be independent enough within the party to support anything that is for the good of the country. No party has a monopoly of wisdom, and no party can have a monopoly of power. Some people believe in government ownership when their political friends are the government, but not otherwise. Such people have not sense enough to be responsible for their actions. The T. and N. O. Railway was opened by the George W. Ross Government, and is now operated by the Whitney Government. No matter what government is in power in this Province, the road should continue to be operated by and for the people, and operated independent of party politics. Our cry that municipal ownership and government ownership of public utilities must be a failure is a libel on the common sense and common honesty of the human family. And the cry is raised not so much by the political leaders as by the crowd on both sides. Let us rise above it in Canada.

R. G. MACBETH.

Second Letter

Visit to Cobalt

Rev. Mr. MacBeth tells of Ontario's Big Mining Centre

The Hudson's Bay Company has been abused by a good many people as the opponent of settlement. These say that it was never in the interests of that great fur-trading corporation to allow the country to be opened up for colonization. Colonization and fur-trading do not get along well together. But there is another side to the question, and having known the Hudson's Bay Company since my boyhood, having visited its posts all the way across the continent, and having known its officers in all sorts of places, I think the other side should be presented. To begin with, the officers of the company have always been, almost without exception, a remarkably intelligent and well-read body of men. At their posts they had, at certain seasons of the year, abundant time for reading, and many of them took the best magazines and papers, even though they could only receive them by occasional mail. I knew of one man at a far northern post who took the *London Times*, and as the mail, or packet, as it was called, only reached him once a year, he got a year's supply at a time. Most people would have looked at the latest issue, but such was this man's desire to be well-informed, that he began at the number of "The Thunderer" farthest back and read clear through to the latest. When men like him came to the "outside" on occasional visits, they were often better posted than those who had much of their time taken up with social and business routine of civilization. My point is that men of that stamp would know the trend of events, and, discerning the signs, would not be foolish enough to try to keep back the irresistible advancing tide of the new order of things. More than that, we desire to say for these men, namely, that they became in a peculiar sense the forerunners of the settler and made his coming possible. As a matter of fact, every Hudson Bay post became the nucleus for a little settlement and around it a sort of experimental farm or garden demonstrated the capabilities of the region. And this we find to have been the case all over this new north of Ontario. The great trading concern whose charter was a huge monopoly, but whose servants at the outposts were men of such fine character that even a monopoly seemed good, became the pathfinders for many who would follow the way they blazed into the wilderness. We would not make the mistake of supposing, as one travelling man did at the Edmonton fort, many years ago, that the letters "H. B. C." must stand for "Here Before Christ," but though the Company does not date that far back, a concern that has for two centuries past been scattering its exploring employees over half a hemisphere has played no mean part in opening it up for subsequent colonization.

But though settlers have been coming or going into North Ontario for several years, the country was brought into the

limelight by the discovery of silver and gold and some other like metals. Farming is a more important industry than mining, but is not nearly so spectacular. Tilling the arable ground is far more necessary to the continued existence of the human family than drilling into the rocks for precious ore, but it is not so exciting an occupation. Yet we are not belittling the importance of the miner's work. Money that a man digs out of the earth, and both the farmer and the miner get it in this way, is clean money. Nor do we quarrel with a company organized for the purpose of mining on a large scale, for the metal, like the coal hidden by the Lord in the earth for the use of mankind, ought to be brought out to add to the wealth of the world. They deserve credit for their enterprise. The curse that often attends mining development is the deluge of fake companies and impossible stocks which come in with a rush on the unsuspecting. This has been true in North Ontario, but it must not blind us to the fact that this is a great mineral country, and that an enormous amount of wealth has been and will be, to a greater extent, uncovered here.

Cobalt is one of the great mining camps of the world. It produces nearly one-eighth of the world's silver supply. There is less excitement, fever of speculation and exploiting than a few years ago, but the great ore veins are there and a tremendous amount of the white metal is being sent out every week. There is, of course, a good deal of interest attaching to the name of the discoverer of the famous mining centre, and the claim to the distinction is somewhat in dispute. The most generally accepted story gives the honor to a blacksmith named La Rose, whose name is preserved in the designation of the mine which was a hot political subject a few years ago. The tradition is that La Rose, while one day swinging his hammer, knocked the surface off a piece of rock and uncovered a spot of almost pure silver. The discovery caused the most tremendous excitement. La Rose sold the property for \$35,000, but it netted the purchasers a cool million. Then the rush was on and people went Cobalt crazy. Thousands lost hard-earned money by foolish buying of stocks. But the innocent earth was not to blame, and events have proven that Cobalt properly considered was and is a genuine proposition as a mining country. All around and in the town there are mines that are famous the world over. With a friend I went down the great Nipissing mine, under the guidance of the mine captain, and spent nearly two hours underground, going through all the corridors on all the levels. With our lamps in hand we made our way, dodging here and there as the men came along pushing the laden iron wagons on the rails to be hoisted up the shaft. The whole business is extremely interesting. The mining is done by blasting with dynamite and by hoisting the fragments to the top, where it is separated by skilled men for treatment according as it is high or low grade ore. Then it goes through various processes, some being treated in the mill on the ground while some is shipped to the smelter at Copper Cliff. The bullion, in large silver bricks, goes mostly to New York, and

last week about \$70,000 in silver bricks was sent away. And there appears to be lots left. Other well-known mines abound, but we were content to see them from without, as there was not time to explore them all. One looked with some pathetic interest at the Drummond mine near Kerr Lake, and the house where Drummond, the famous habitant poet, died while on a visit to his property. I had heard Drummond recite his poems on the life of the Quebec habitant, and admired the wonderful way in which he interpreted the life of which he wrote. And though he was quite wealthy and a successful mine owner, it is well to note that Drummond is remembered not for this, but for the strong humanitarianism that made him the friend and interpreter of the peasantry of Quebec. The home in which he died is humble enough, but though a house never makes a man famous, a man may make a house so famous that people will make pilgrimages to see it for his sake. In these new-rich days we have many structures of bewildering splendor, but they may be looked upon with mere passing curiosity, while the cottage of Robert Burns is a sort of shrine lit up as the scene of a soul-struggle to draw the feet of countless men to the Ayrshire village.

Dining with Miners

We went over from these scenes as mine whistles blew at 5 o'clock, to find the men of the Lawson mine gathered in the cook-house for the evening meal. My friend saw the cook, who is a czar in his own department, and we passed in with the crowd to sit at the table with the men. There is more graniteware than chinaware in evidence on the tables, but the meal, which was the customary thing, was a good deal of a banquet in the quality, quantity and variety of the food. The Shakespearean lines:

"Let good digestion wait on appetite
And health on both,"

came to my mind as we saw the strong, hearty, good-natured miners fall to at the close of their ten hour day of steady toil. After a long day's tramping around the camp the two clergymen present were prepared to say that the men were living like lords.

R. G. MACBETH.

Third Letter

The North Country

By Rev. R. G. MacBeth

Cobalt, of which we have been specially writing just now, has no licenses for the sale of intoxicating drink. This brings us up against the whole matter of the liquor problem in Ontario, a problem that both political parties are dealing with at present. It is too big a problem to ignore, though it has never been one that the old time parties cared to take up if they could get out of it, and one need not wonder unduly at this attitude. The problem is not an easy one to solve. To take strong drink may

be the act of a fool, but some men claim the right to act the fool, if they so desire, without outside interference. And it is possible that a community would say that it would not interfere if a man could act the fool without injury to himself and others. Drinking may not be absolutely a sin in itself, for even an admitted poison is allowed to have value as a stimulant in certain cases of emergency. But it has come to be very widely recognized that no one can take liquor habitually without injuring himself and others in a way that even the state is compelled to notice. If waste is the arch enemy of a good economic system, then the drink must be put in the category of the enemy of the commonwealth. It is the great waster. It is the wanton destroyer. It lowers a man's capacity for labor, mental or physical, and in no day has it been so necessary to prevent the dissipation of capacity as in these days when the weak go to the wall. Drink attacks the home, which is the heart of a nation, and it throws endless burdens on the state in connection with the administration of justice, and the maintenance of all kinds of restraining, preventive and benevolent institutions. And this is not touching the question of moral waste, which the state, as such, cannot very well prevent. But the state is getting very tired of the presence of an establishment which is licensed to destroy. And the state is beginning to say that while men may have in a sense the right to drink, they have no right to demand that the state provide a regular trough for them, with all the contingent and resultant expenditure. And so this Province is, frankly, and without apologising for its action, discussing the whole problem. If any one objects to the policy of the state in seeking to restrict the drink traffic, we ask such to remember the right of the state to protect itself has never been denied. As a matter of fact, the license law is a recognized assertion of that right in connection with the liquor business. A license law is a measure of prohibition. The state does not license a grocery store, but it does license a saloon in order that the number of saloons may be limited, and that they may be under state control. Our license system practically is the chaining up of a dangerous dog that should not be allowed to run free, but which can be destructive within the length of his chain. And there is a growing conviction that it would be better to kill the dog and have done with it.

No licenses have been issued to permit the sale of strong drink in the mining centres of Northern Ontario such as Cobalt and Porcupine and Elk Lake. Ralph Connor once told me that he had become a more intense prohibitionist when he saw the miners of the Kootenay, who had worked all day in the slush and cold, robbed of their earnings by the saloon men, who did nothing but stand around and wait to annex the miners' wages, and at the same time lower the whole tone of the miners' lives. But the Ontario Governments which have refused licenses to the mining camps may not have reached that viewpoint. They have refused licenses because mining is too dangerous an occupation to be trifled with by men under any degree of the influence of drink, and because the preservation of order in a mining camp where drink is allowed is a very difficult and expensive process.

And so mining camps in the north like Cobalt, Porcupine, Elk Lake and Gowganda have no licensed bar-rooms, while towns like Haileybury, New Liskeard and Cochrane, in the agricultural areas, have them. There are four in Haileybury, a town of about 5,000; three in New Liskeard, a town nearly as large; two in Englehart, with 700 people, and one in Cochrane, a town of about 2,500. Some people think that this is making fish of one and flesh of the other, as the saying is. And there are some who do not wish to be discriminated against, even if it is for their own good. The "dry" towns are rather disposed to feel that they are on the "Indian list." But I wish to say with great emphasis that the best people in all localities, the people who count for most in the life of a country, say decidedly that if the law is enforced with even reasonable energy, that for the sake of themselves and families they prefer to live in the places where no licenses are issued.

"Blind Pigs"

It is generally recognized that in the mining centres where there are no licenses there is a good deal of secret selling. It is contrary to law to bring in liquor to such districts for sale, and despite the devices employed to deceive the Provincial officers, there is now and then a seizure of the prohibited article, and a wholesale spilling out of the stuff, to the great disgust of some who grieve at seeing so much liquor "going to waste." But a good deal of liquor gets through, and a good deal is sold in the secret resorts popularly called "blind pigs." There are some who say that the blind pig business is allowed too much liberty altogether, and one passing by can almost at sight identify some of these places. For the most part, blame is laid on the local officials, though men say that no government should continue any discreditable official in their employ. It is hard for ordinary people to get evidence together to discredit officials, however strong may be the suspicion as to them. There seems some wide gap between the jurisdiction of the local municipal police and the Provincial police, and through this gap a good deal of trouble emergencies. It seems a pity that there should be a double police system, especially when, as in some cases, they do not seem to pull well together. One would like to see Dominion police like the North-West Mounted Police at this business. The police and magistrates ought to be free from party political influences and local entanglements, which is not always the case in such localities. A good deal of gambling is said to prevail at some points, but the gambling law is ridiculously inadequate, and should be revised by the Dominion House at once. But apart from these things, whose gravity we would not minimize, the people in the new North are remarkably law-abiding, and the district is, for a frontier, unusually free from serious crime.

R. G. MACBETH.

Fourth Letter

Big Farms up North**Rev. Mr. MacBeth tells of Conditions at Haileybury**

Haileybury is very beautifully situated on Lake Temiskaming, about five miles beyond Cobalt, with which it is connected, not only by the steam road, but by an electric tram car as well. This electric road was formerly an independent concern, but has been recently acquired by the Ontario Government, and is being extended to New Liskeard, some six miles further on to the north. This electric road runs fine cars, but there are some who think it should be reconstructed so as to follow the scenic route close to the shore of the lake. Haileybury is really a residential town tributary to Cobalt's mining district. Once we pass Cobalt to the north we get beyond the rock formation by degrees into the edge of the fertile area, and Haileybury is at the transition place. A good many of the mine owners and operators of Cobalt have their residences in Haileybury, and there are some very fine homes facing the lake front. Instead of the rock of Cobalt, we are here in a place where gardens bloom and where flowers abound on handsome lawns. With an optimistic obliviousness to the high level in taxes, Haileybury has all the modern improvements in street lighting, sewerage, etc., but on a rainy day the depth and general adhesiveness of the mud reminded me of the early days of Winnipeg. But Winnipeggers were always proud of their mud, which meant a productive soil, and Haileybury doubtless is pleased with the reflection that even if the neighboring mines play out, the Haileyburians can grow their own garden stuff and live on the proceeds thereof.

A new judicial district has recently been formed in Temiskaming, of which Haileybury is selected as the county seat, so that she will soon have a new resident county judge, new county buildings, and all the paraphernalia of a civil service centre. At the present time things can hardly be described as booming, but with the indomitable hopefulness of the North, the average citizen believes that the wagon of his town is "hitched to a star," and hence must continue to ascend.

The Fertile Belt

I confess, however, to thinking that New Liskeard, six miles farther on, is one of the best propositions in North Ontario. This thought may be due somewhat to partiality for early associations, because at New Liskeard we get fairly into the great clay belt, and the whole aspect of the earth and crops reminded me irresistibly of the Red River Valley, the home of my boyhood days. The people of New Liskeard seem to be more cautious in their civic expenditure than some, but they are convinced that their town, being in an agricultural district, has a very definite and prosperous future. This agricultural area around Liskeard comprises about a million acres, and is separated from the immense similar district farther north by a narrow "height

of land." There is no discount on this clay belt. I had heard a good deal about it, but confess that I was rather sceptical about its fertility and productiveness. Now, after having seen it, and driven about it and around it, paying some special attention to the fields and visiting some of the farmers in their homes, I am ready to say with the Queen of Sheba that "the half was not told. The gardens and grounds in and around the comfortable homes of New Liskeard are in a high state of cultivation. The deep fertile soil is just the very place for roots and vegetables, and they are here in abundance and great excellence. Looking at the potatoes and the celery and the rest I could imagine myself in one of the garden spots in Kildonan, where the soil of the Red River Valley in Manitoba was practically unexhausted, and it was certainly the most fertile in the Canadian West. And this impression was deepened by a drive of forty miles through the district to Milberta and other points. The roads have the same look, the soil along the ditches the same general appearance, and the spring crop had the same promise of fine yield as in the country. I saw some fields of spring wheat as fine as I ever saw on the fertile levels of Manitoba. And I saw hayfields which for rich abundance surpassed anything I had seen elsewhere. And I saw what the plains of the Middle West have not produced, namely, clover in overflowing abundance. One farmer whose place we passed had a great lot of bee hives, and certainly the material for honey was everywhere in evidence. Some of the farm buildings are primitive yet, but where people had been in earlier we saw fine bank barns very like those we find in Western Ontario. Farms like these cannot be put in such shape without some hard work, but with the appliances of our day it is certain that farms in the clay belt can be brought under paying cultivation in half the time that was necessary for the same result in the wooded country of old Ontario. There is no hardwood forest in the new North, and there is no reason why the land should not be brought under the plough at a reasonably early day after settlement. One must remember that the settlers in old Ontario had to do for a long time without railroads and even without a regular system of ordinary roads. But there are now four railroads building through New Ontario, and more are on the way. The Ontario Government Railway was the pioneer, and it is heading for a port on James Bay, and thus to the open sea. The Grand Trunk Pacific traverses the whole clay belt of sixteen millions of acres from end to end, and the Canadian Northern Railway crosses the most of it in the same direction, and striking northward through Hearst, the new town on the National Transcontinental we have a railway now being constructed connecting the Great Lakes with the Hudson's Bay. All this solves the question of transportation, and settlers will not have to carry their grist to the mill along a blazed trail through the woods, as they had to do in many parts of old Ontario. Besides all this, the Ontario Government is now spending the large sum of five million dollars in the construction of good wagon roads in all

directions through the agricultural districts. There is a general feeling that Mr. Whitson, who is personally directing this road-making, is the right kind of man for the business, and that the opening of new roads in the present settled areas and the building of roads into new districts, will not only provide greater facilities for those now in the country, but will lead to something like a rush of immigration. It must also be remembered that the progress of invention in machinery since the days of the pioneers of old Ontario has made a great difference in the work of the farm. It is said that, in proportion to the population, more farm machinery is now sold at New Liskeard than at any other point in the Province. And it was interesting to see men at work with hay-loaders and a great many other things that were not dreamed of in the days of the sickle and the cradle and the flail.

R. G. MACBETH.

Fifth Letter

A Great District

**Rev. Mr. MacBeth concludes his Observations
of the North**

New Ontario is a Land for the Young and Strong

Beyond New Liskeard there are several points of interest before we get to the present end of the line. Englehart is reached after crossing a famous iron trestle 800 feet in length. Englehart is a divisional point, and we find here excellent roundhouses, machine shops and store houses. They will take no chances of fire as they are built of solid concrete. Englehart is a good deal of a show place. There is a fine station, with large lawns and flower beds adjoining it, while over a short distance is a greenhouse with all the usual floral wealth of such establishments. This is a fine district, and prosperous farms are close at hand. The vegetation is luxurious almost to extreme. From a little beyond this point we could run down the branch to Charlton, and find along it seven saw mills with an output last year of twenty million feet of lumber, but we keep on the main line and pass several points where water power is in evidence and get a view of Monteith with the experimental farm. Then we get fairly into the edge of the greater clay belt with its nearly nineteen millions of acres of splendid agricultural land. At Iroquois Falls we have a wooded district, and apparently the tie industry flourishes, if we may judge by the immense piles of them we find along the line. From this point we turn westward on the branch line to Porcupine, for as we have seen the silver country, we must also see the gold region. Seeing the districts in which these precious metals are found may be about all that some of us can reach in regard to them. We can look at them and enjoy the sight of our country's development even though as individuals we may have to say with Peter, "Silver and gold have I

none." There is no crime in possessing silver and gold lawfully secured and properly used, but it brings temptations from which some of us have been mercifully delivered, and even poverty has its compensations. But we can, as already said, be glad that our country has great resources, and so we must go over the branch to the Porcupine region. Here we find a very picturesque locality around the lake and surrounded with forest trees. The buildings are nearly all new, for a year ago we remember that fierce forest fires swept over the place, licking up everything on their way. About one hundred people lost their lives, and the suffering was beyond power to describe. Once again we had the lesson of the supreme value of human life. Men lamented the loss of property, rightly enough, but the loss of property was nothing in the balance against lives. As I stood on the scene I remembered that parents in my home town had had to pass through the terrible strain of anxiety because their sons were at Porcupine, and it was impossible for days to find out whether they were living or dead. And we looked again the other day with a strange tugging at our hearts upon the shaft down which about five people had gone in the vain hope that they might thus escape. But the fierce flame sucked the air out of the shaft, and they were smothered there. The fire swept on to Cochrane fifty miles in an incredibly short time. Now every precaution is taken, the ground is being cleared farther back, and there is not likely to be a recurrence of the calamity.

There is every indication that Porcupine is a big gold camp. The feverish rush is over, but there is solid work going on. The Dome and the Hollinger mines have plants running into millions in value, and they are not building on that scale for nothing. Other mills are being erected, and the output weekly is large. Around the camp some townships are being opened for settlement, and the land is good, as one can see from the patches already under cultivation.

Cochrane, at the present terminus of the T. & N. O. Ry., is also the junction point with the Grand Trunk Pacific and bids fair to be a place of considerable importance. Though almost completely blotted out by fire a year ago, it is rapidly rebuilding, and at present has probably 2,500 people. A lot of building is in progress, and sidewalks are being laid on new streets. This is a divisional point on the National Transcontinental and round-houses and other railway buildings are in evidence already. Cochrane is in the midst of the great clay belt, and though farming has hardly begun in the neighborhood, the luxuriant gardens in the town indicate large possibilities. Though it seems far north to us who live in the older east, Cochrane is a little south of Winnipeg, and hence ought to be capable of producing as well as Manitoba. The farther north wheat can be grown the better is its milling quality, and Northern Ontario ought to be up in this class when we remember that wheat grown as far north of Winnipeg as the Prince Albert district took the world's prize last year.

Westward along the Grand Trunk Pacific about 130 miles we have the station and rising town of Hearst, which is also in the heart of the clay belt. Hearst is the junction point where the

Ontario Central and Hudson's Bay Railway will cross the National Transcontinental on its way from Lake Superior to the Hudson's Bay. This is likely to make Hearst an important shipping and distributing point, since it looks as if coal and other such things coming by the cheaper way of water transportation would find their way to Hearst for distribution over the north country.

And now we are on the way back, spending a day in North Bay, which is growing rapidly at the point of entry to the great Northland. And it remains only to say that the trip has been one of delight and what might be called amazement. No one knows much about the new North of our Province who has not gone to see it with his own eyes. It is truly a land of young people, and I think I saw more children up there than in any place of equal population. This is a good thing for the future of the country, as, generally speaking, people, like plants, do best in any land when they are indigenous of the soil. In even the smallest places we saw good schools, and in the larger places the school buildings were on a fine scale for size and architecture. One Normal School building at North Bay, with its splendid grounds, is a fine indication that the educational future of the North country will be well cared for. And this is as it should be. Education saves people from a great many of the vagaries, social and otherwise, which sap the strength of a nation. The faddist always finds his best field for exploitation amongst the ignorant, and Northern Ontario with its strenuous life will not have much time for faddists. It will listen to practical men. And, fortunately, the church has also been in to the country with the first settlers and miners and lumbermen. I say fortunately, because no land needs the church so much as a new country into which all manner of people come and in the midst of whose material wealth and prosperity the idea of the unseen realities are in danger of being obscured. And even from the view-point of the temporal welfare of the country the presence of the church is highly desirable. The church keeps alive and vivid the idea of God, and without the idea of God there is no real source of authority of government. Atheism is the seed of anarchism, and anarchism is not wanted in this country. And there is a marked economic value in the presence in the community of the church which, by its influence on character, represses evil and discourages vice, and so puts business on a stable foundation. Real estate was not high in Sodom and Gomorrah the morning that Lot was fleeing away as the storm was gathering to blot out places that had become a sort of hell on earth. And after this visit to them in their homes and their churches I wish to pay tribute to the men in the North Country who, foregoing their chances for worldly wealth, are bravely doing their high duty as spiritual leaders in their several communities. The climate and the customs of the North have always conduced to strenuous living. It is no place for the idle, no home for tramps, whether rich or poor. It is a land for the earnest and the strong. And if the missionary and the school-master be abroad in the land and the state see to the administration of the affairs that come into its jurisdiction, then we shall see a great people and a rich country in our new North.

R. G. MACBETH.

