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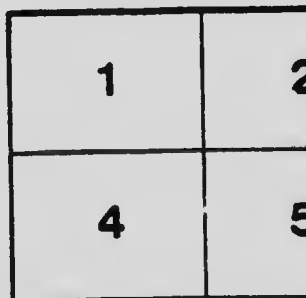
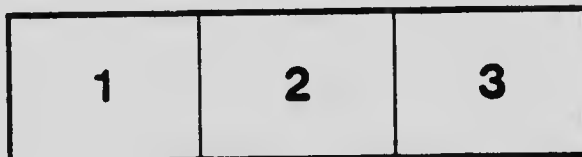
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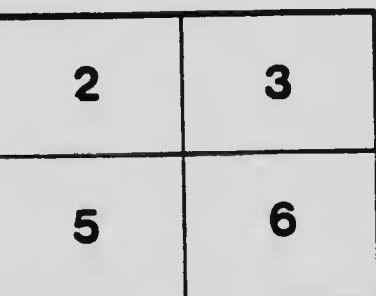
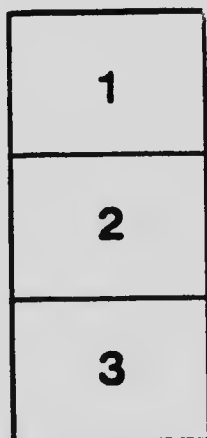
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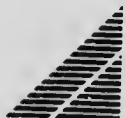
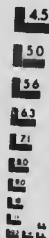
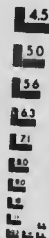
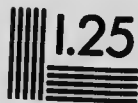
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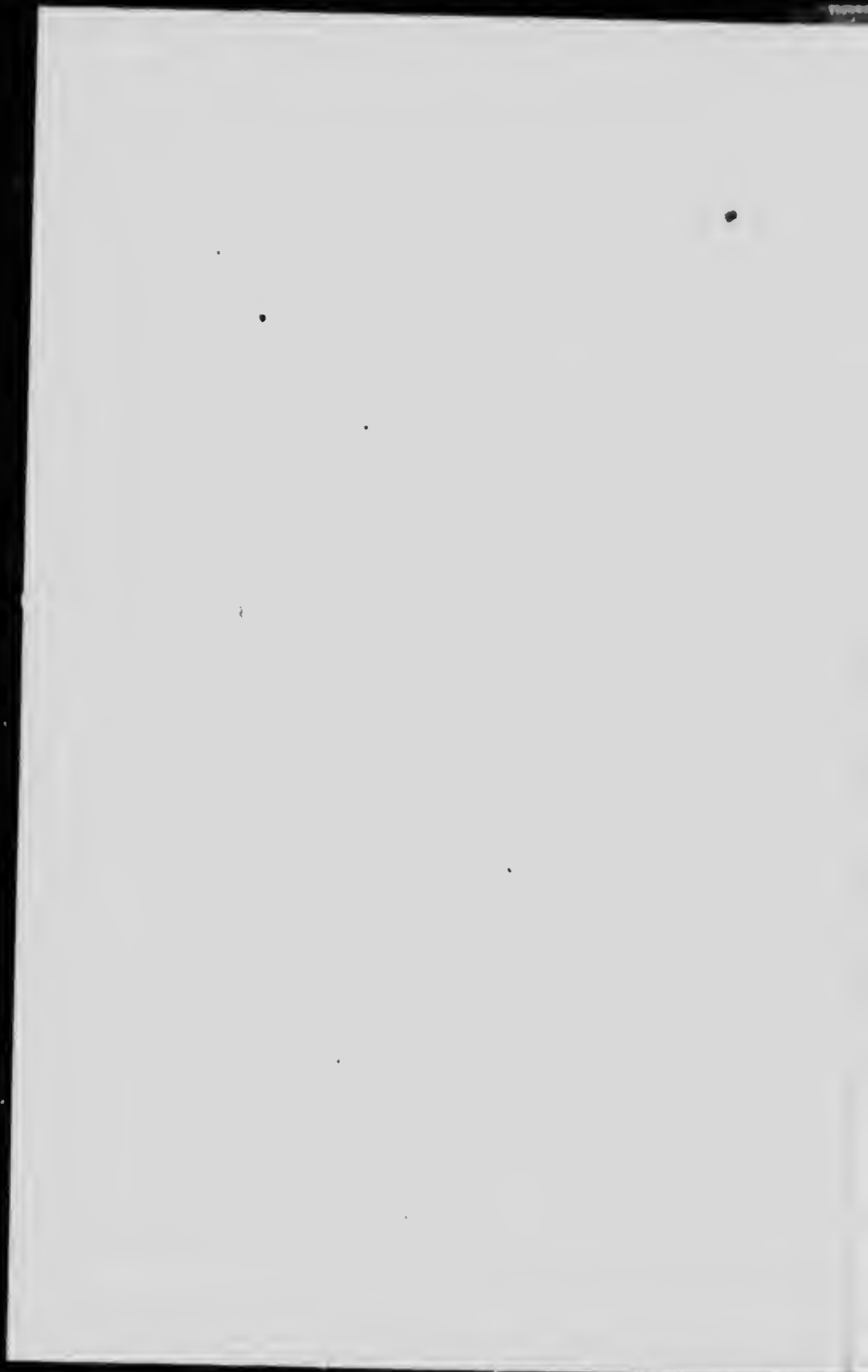
1928

BY

FREDERICK NELSON

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TORONTO

IN

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A. D.

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INTRODUCTION.

In presenting "Toronto in 1928" to the people of Canada, and especially to the citizens of Toronto, I beg to state that the work has been hurriedly prepared in order to meet the desire of the publishers, who wished to have the book on the market during the holding of the annual Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, so that former Torontonians might have the convenience of purchasing the work during their stay in the city,—should they feel so kindly disposed. Had I not thus felt it necessary to rush the writing through in the small hours of a warm August morning, I would have dealt with questions and sections of the city that have been omitted.

One never knows whether a second edition will be wanted; but should the printer's ink be required to flow again, I hope to have the opportunity to include important questions, facts of the present and estimated figures of the future, views of the present and drawings of the future, and other material now necessarily omitted.

A few words of explanation relative to the work may be considered in place. I particularly refer to the colony of destitution, which I have outlined to exist past Sherbourne Street, going east. Nothing is further from my mind than casting disparity on, or doing harm to, any district. Having seen the slums of London, Paris, New York and other bulky cities, I have been struck with



the fact that every great city has its settlement of extreme poverty and crime. This caused me to include such a district in Toronto, and I placed it so as to conveniently fit in with the ground I had **previously covered in my writing before coming to the subject of slums.** Were I to live sufficiently long, what a glorious cause for rejoicing I would join in to have seen Toronto grow up to enormous size and at the same time prevent the formation of a slum district. Could she accomplish this, the fact would astound the world. The possibilities, or impossibilities, of this question are for greater and more learned men than the writer.

Names of persons, firms, one or two districts, and questions such as

temperance, have been omitted for reasons that may be apparent.

Finally; the work is a forecast, and should not be taken too seriously. Rather would I hope it will be looked upon as a passable reading to provide amusement for those who peruse it; and that the public will remember the work is written by a humble Torontonian, who now retires to prepare himself for the criticisms of the master minds. A great author need make no apologies, but a new writer perhaps loses nothing in telling those at greater heights that they will find him among the third-class passengers on the lower deck of the S.S. "Studies."

TORONTO, CANADA,
1908.

Frederick Nelson.

TORONTO IN 1928

—BY—

FREDERICK NELSON.

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

At last, Reginald Fleming had achieved success in business and was rich beyond his wildest dreams of affluence. His earlier walks in life had been strewn with sharp stones and thorns and his ventures in various undertakings had constantly ended in failures. To look back, he could not trace a single instance where he had gone under through his own general knowledge inability. It was always the same reason,—lack of capital to complete something three-fourths accomplished.

Over twenty years ago he had made a valuable discovery and spent most of his money in perfecting models and obtaining Letters Patent

in Canada and the United States. Then, lack of money prevented him forging ahead. After a time, he entered into business as publisher of a trade journal, and his capital again ran out just as he was bringing the advertising contracts nicely over his expenditure.

He had used the interval between by following the vocation of Private Secretary to a prominent Toronton-ian; but like many other men, he believed that to be your own master was better than to be a servant, and so he made the plunge into the publishing business.

Many men say that if they are worth \$1,000 a year to an employer, they must have ability worth \$2,000 or more to themselves. Granted; provided the servant is as good a

man as his employer, that his field of labor will stand the competition of himself against others already well established, that he has the grit and sand to weather the business storms and that he can secure additional capital when it is most needed to ensure success.

Fleming failed because he had not the courage to run his credit higher nor to seek a partner with capital or endeavor to secure a loan.

All this had happened over twenty years ago.

He was now comfortably esconced in a Morris at the smoke room of the Dominion Hotel and his mind had been dwelling upon that night in 1908 when he had been forced to close his office door for the last time in the Confederation Life building.

He was then but twenty-five years of age.

With a little money he had secured from the sale of his office furniture and other effects he betook himself to New York and was fortunate enough to immediately secure a position in a publishing house with which he had had frequent correspondence and dealings in connection with his own business. He then made up his mind to be a servant,—to work for a master, and as he drew his monthly salary he invariably heaved a huge sigh of relief to think that this was his own money and had not to be paid out for the purpose of meeting drafts for printing and other accounts. Twelve years later he had an interest in the business, and in another eight years was enabled to re-

tire through fortunate investments.

And, oh, what a glorious pleasure to again be in Toronto after an absence of twenty years!

He had seen very little of the city in his hotel automobile ride from the Station to the Dominion, but what little he had seen was greatly changed from that he once knew. And now, after a good night's rest and a hearty breakfast he felt he must run all over Toronto and renew his acquaintance with old familiar sights.

The Dominion Hotel was convenient to the heart of the city; in fact, situated in Rosedale; and had been erected only a few years. As Fleming stood in the drive and was about to enter the automobile, his mind recalled the King Edward, the Queen's, the Arlington and other hotels. What a

difference!; and whoever would have imagined an hotel of such a magnitude in Toronto? He thought of beautiful Rosedale in 1908 and the storm of protest that would have arisen had some enterprising capitalists mooted the idea of a huge hotel in that fashionable district.

Nevertheless, Toronto had had to provide for her greater growth; and here the hotel was—resplendent in its magnitude, its magnificent drives, its huge balconies, its store houses for air ships and its concert hall. It rose in the air to a height of over 250 feet; and was Canada's costliest, largest and most elaborate hotel; noted as a model of elegance and delicate beauty. Only in the United States would you find such great dining rooms, such marble staircases,

such a ball room, such mural paintings, such bas reliefs and beautiful interior decorations.

Automobiles were now a great factor in street transportation. They were as common as bees in a hive; and of all kinds, colors, sizes and shapes. Like the bicycle, the "auto" had long ago passed its exclusive possession by the wealthy; or appearing affluent. The \$20 a week man now had his own little automobile at the rear of his house and made a rapid transit to his work by means of the roads which had been especially reserved for vehicular traffic by the city. Lane doors of a few feet in width were a thing of the past. To rent his house, a landlord must first instal a sliding door sufficiently wide to admit his tenant's

automobile. Large factories had built special store houses for their workmen's vehicles. Tyres had become ridiculously cheap through the Canadian inventions. Yea, not to own your own automobile was generally a sign that your salary must be a low one.

All this, Fleming learned from the chauffeur. On entering the automobile, he asked the chauffeur his Christian name.

"Frank," replied that worthy.

"All right, Frank. I am going to call you by that name; and you must not mind if I cause you a lot of trouble, give you a pile of work and ask you a thousand questions. I need your service for the entire day, perhaps days. You see, Toronto was once my home, and I lived in the

city until I was twenty-five. By-the-way, how old are you?"

"Thirty," Frank replied.

"Have you been long in Toronto?"

"Born here, lived here ever since and hope to die here."

"But why the 'die here'?"

"Well," said Frank, "Toronto is a good city; and especially so in the day-time,—so far as morality goes; and considering the five hundred and odd churches we have, I believe one of the Apostles won't be far from here when the Great Day comes. Trying to realise the number of people who have gone before us and the enormous number now on the earth. I am thinking that the accommodation in Heaven will be severely taxed unless the Almighty sets a terribly high standard for entrance.

That makes me believe the good cities will have an early trial and that the good people will stand before the wicked as an example, or a reality necessitating a punishing remembrance."

"Yes," said Fleming. "there's food for reflection in what you say. And now, as it is twenty years since I saw Toronto, I want to see all of it over again. Drive slowly and let us have a good time. I'm glad you have always lived in this city, for you will be able to answer a lot of questions I am sure to ask. Remember, you are not a chauffeur to-day, but my companion. I may have more money than you, but what does that matter so far as genial companionship goes? Would you not want a good and long conversation with

some one were you to set foot in a city from which you had been absent twenty years? Think, man; twenty years! Now, you choose your own route and do not be particular where you go. It is sure to be all new to me."

They had traversed Sherbourne Street Bridge. Rosedale bridges were now fenced by high screens topped with spikes. Suicides had been too plentiful to allow of their continuation on the former manner of guard. Some people had argued against the additions, or alterations, on the ground that a would-be self-murderer could use the Harbour, the Railway tracks, etc. Others had replied that surroundings often contributed to, or brought on, the resolution. Fleming remembered how he

had often stood on that bridge and how his mind called him a coward because he feared to jump; how he felt the impulse growing,—in the same manner it grows when you stand on the bridge over the Falls at Niagara. Ah!, those dark days of struggle. But what was the use of looking back? He was out to enjoy himself, and why not feel a gladness in his heart for the blessings which had been showered upon him?

Bloor East was still the same in appearance, excepting that no vacant lots remained "For Sale" and that the former neat private dwellings were now rooming-quarters for University students. The University had grown enormously, her students had increased to an amazing extent, and accommodation had

had to be found for them,—thus necessitating the use of innumerable houses for a great radius around the adjacent park. The public had called for students' residences wherein a refined sort of home life might be maintained, but the Province yet only partly provided such establishments.

As the car wheeled round into Yonge Street, Fleming uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Great Caesar Frank! Is this the old Yonge Street?"

"No," replied Frank, "this is the new Yonge,—the Broadway of Toronto."

Fleming gazed around in consternation. The former stores of two, three and four stories in height and fifteen to twenty feet in frontage were now huge business establish-

ments of seven or more stories high, with frontages of forty to a hundred feet. A great departmental store towered ten stories in the air, surmounted by a giant dome that shone like silver in the sunlight and which was a landmark for miles around,—showing those at greater heights where now lay the centre of the merchandise section of the great Toronto.

This store was one of the most elaborate and public-safety establishments in the world. The never-to-be-forgotten fire in a huge establishment nearer the old business centre on a sweltering August day and resulting in an enormous loss of life and crippled human beings had taught a lesson, viz: first consider the public safety. This latest store was part-

ly surrounded by concrete and iron passage-ways opening from every floor and fitted with electrically-worked emergency doors. A fire might rage within, but there was nothing to burn in those modern fire-escape outer passages; and every one could have space and time to reach the emergency stairs, escapes and elevators. This public-safety provision interfered somewhat with the usual layout of windows and the interior natural light, but these had been considered as secondary considerations to human life.

Yes, Yonge Street had certainly changed in appearance. This part of the Broadway of Toronto would have once called for little notice and less admiration; but now, fine structures and stores made an adornment of which Toronto was proud.

The car was run along to the northern railway tracks, now safely accessible by a large bridge divided for vehicular traffic and pedestrians. The country around had practically disappeared, and in its place a huge business section had sprung up. Residential blocks lay well to the right and left. Munro had grown to a Rosedale,—residentially. To approach the latter's scenery was an impossibility.

For miles, the two men travelled and still the buildings towered on either side. Frank informed Fleming that buildings were up practically the whole way to Newmarket, including numerous factories. The old and pretty fast electric car route was now a veritable electric express service, menacing the safety of the

population by covering the distance in fifty minutes, including stops,—thus making favorable time in comparison with that usually accomplished by the Toronto and District Airship Company.

At Richmond Hill they turned to the left, and eventually worked around to St. Clair and Avenue Road. Where once had been fields was now a beautiful suburban residential district reaching a great way north and west. 'Twas June, and foliage along the well-kept roads was looking at its best. Fleming learned from Frank that this was now the best residential district of Toronto, surpassing Rosedale in its class of dwellings. Rosedale and Munro were seconds; Bedford Park and surroundings were thirds. Here

were the beautiful homes of the fortunate. Toronto had seen many booms in land and several of her real estate experts had done well in safely forecasting the future of this district and investing in accordance with their belief.

St. Clair Avenue had become a great highway of traffic and business connecting with farther west; and could take justifiable pride in its noble and costly business structures of granite, brick, white sandstone, etc. Land in this district had mounted up to a very high figure per foot. What a growth; what changes.

The car was now driven down Avenue Road to Bloor West. At this section of Bloor West there were large boarding houses and University buildings.

The travellers then passed through Queen's Park. No more private residences—all changed to University buildings, students' residences provided by public funds and boarding residences.

Grenville, Grosvenor and College between Spadina and Yonge had changed to residences and clubs for the students.

University Avenue had improved wonderfully. The homes of the foreigners no longer existed. A mammoth hospital of which Toronto was justly proud, (for was it not the most widely-known hospital in Canada,) stretched a great length. This hospital had become famous for its high medical and surgical skill. The Armouries were greater than before.* A giant market-building with a large

tract of ground used occasionally for imposing pageants and performances stood where the Jewish and Italian races had previously abounded. A huge swimming-bath with private and other baths took up more ground. A great library stood majestically near Yonge. It was a beautiful building, well lighted through the roof and having toilet rooms attached. It had twelve branch libraries in operation in various parts of the city and was circulating over one-and-a-half million volumes a year. What a contrast; what a huge change.

The beautiful Queen's Park was again a comfort to those near enough to make it a convenience for use. From a Canadian's view, the great park had once appeared doomed.

The Italians, the Chinese, the Jews and other foreigners had taken it as their own. But when matters could go no further the nearby "ward" had been condemned, and in its place there now reposed the buildings outlined.

McCaul, Beverley, Grange and other nearby streets had formerly been a district of beautiful dwellings, but the residents had deemed it wise to remove further north. Further north they went, and yet again had they moved. Past Avenue Road and St. Clair had they been driven,—and how many years would that remain their select district?

From University to Spadina there now stretched schools, athletic grounds and professors' residences,—ground saved from the foreign invasion.

And where had that foreign invasion quartered? From a little past Sherbourne Street to the River Don had become the East end of London in Toronto;—Toronto, that great city of over one-and-a-half million inhabitants. Yes, here was the inevitable Whitechapel,—the mingling of the unfortunate, whose favorite “breathing space” was Riverdale Park. Here you found dirty and squalid tenements,—the awful hives of neglected humanity. ‘Twas an unsafe district to travel by night,—the shady places proved too good a hunting ground for persons of shady practises. Such districts are often termed the resorts of the scum of the earth. Truly, the races of the earth were pretty fully represented here. Vicious negroes of a low class;

the Italian of the flashing knife; the Irish, French, American, English, Bohemian, Pole, Russian and German; and, sad to say, even the Canadian who had seen better days. Yea, in this district could be found representatives of almost every civilized nation in the world, huddled together and living in wretched tenements; and whose furniture generally consisted of bundles of rags or old mattresses as beds, and rough wooden boxes for use as chairs and cupboards; whose winter light was obtained from cheap candles stuck in old or broken bottles and which diffused but feeble rays through the vile rooms.

Fleming learned much and it took him a few days to see most of what there was to see. He saw and

found interest in the Jewish section of the city. The Jew is always a Jew, no matter in what part of the world he may establish himself. They had formed a community of themselves and were an example of thrift to the city, spending the least of what they earned.

He also saw the Chinese section of the city. The Chinese in Toronto now numbered over 2,500 and had gained some favor with the citizens by their habits of personal cleanliness. The Chinaman could resort to his gambling room without fear of prosecution by the police, for the latter had realised that to gamble is part of a Chinaman's life. Chinese often commence their gambling practises at the early age of six years, and to refrain from gambling

is next to an impossibility for most Chinamen. The majority of the Chinese followed trades; such as tailors, laundrymen, shoemakers, restaurant-keepers and merchants. They had their own Bank and also possessed a temple or joss house.

Fleming noted the changes in the lower section of the city. Below King West and East were now colossal wholesale warehouses and sheds. Very few respectable retail stores could still claim existence in this district.

For two-and-a-half miles along the water front there ranged a net-line of new docks and piers. Toronto had become the central port of Canada and could be termed "the lap of Canada's distribution." From Quebec to Toronto was now a great wat-

erway, — the channel of trade and commerce from all parts of the world. Strong sea-walls rose along the waterfront, into which the docks lay as neat receptacles. The lines of the Railways ran alongside. It had been thought a new lay-out would be necessary, but this had been overcome by building into the Harbour, — formerly known as the Bay.

A great bridge had been erected at the foot of Yonge and Front Streets; other bridges ran in sections from York, Bathurst and Sunnyside, — the four joining in one great wide way near, and leading to, the Island. The bridge of bridges consisted of upper and lower divisions and was a splendid reality of engineering skill. The lower way was used for the double track cable railroad. Above were the ways for

vehicular traffic and pedestrians. The footwalk for pedestrians provided a delightful means for "doing it on foot", and seats were provided at frequent parts,—thus enabling one to rest and enjoy the harbour view below.

Yes, the Island still existed, now surrounded by sea-wall embankments and beautifully laid out drives. But its residential section was a thing of the past, with the exception of a few residences and club houses near the eastern end. The island had become the Coney Island of Toronto. Scores of thousands of dollars were spent here every summer,—and all for pleasure. Here you would find variety shows, merry-go-rounds, inclined railways, shooting galleries, museums, wooden to-

boggan slides, aquariums, skating rinks, air-ships, concert halls; in fact, everything that could be thought of for amusement.

In discussing the change and the craving of people for pleasure, Fleming said that in most cases where you might give a man ten dollars to pay a debt, he would pay five and use the other for the enjoyment of his hankering mind.

Many changes had been made on the island. The Lake had been regarding this peacefully lying tract of land as an obstruction to its majestic sweep on to the mainland of Toronto. The waters had flowed over again and again. Many summers had proved the island to be an untenable abode, and just the very place for the affectionate attack of the mosquito,

whose provoking habit of inoculating virus into one's flesh was now seriously recognized to be dangerous. The lying pools of water had introduced typhoid and other fevers, and the charges for repairs necessitated by the water's depredations had begun to be felt as a dreadful encumbrance by the city. It had been ended, however. The by-law had meant the raising of the whole island by five feet of earth. The concrete and granite embankments and the piled breakwaters had made a permanent possession. The driveway all around the water's edge was a health tonic and the medicine of thousands.

Visitors coming into Toronto for a few days found the Island boomed up in the Guide Books. Here was an opportunity to spend a splendid

day at a reasonable cost, provided you restrained yourself when in the vicinity of the amusements. Proceeding from Yonge Street, you saw the great bridge, the docks, and the vessels from many countries. You enjoyed a drive around the island; the refreshing breezes from the lake; the inspection of the city's filtration and other modern and hygienic plants; the outer glimpse of the amusements; and the well-kept lawns, flower beds and asphalted walks at the eastern end of the island,—where one could rest on the park benches in peace and comfort. But practically the whole island struck one as being a Coney.

Competition among the automobile, the electrical and the steamboat transportation companies had

caused a great reduction in fares. Toronto had gone pleasure-mad, but her police had learned much from greater cities and now were a terror in the eyes of the wickedly-inclined. Toronto could still say she was a virgin in comparison with the sins of many great American cities.

Stretching from the Humber to Sunnyside there now reposed a wide promenade and driveway,—a fashionable resort in summer. An embankment ran in a curve with the outline of the land, and a sea-wall had been built as a crow line from the Humber to Sunnyside,—making it possible for a drive around the wall and also providing a basin for safe boating.

The south-west end and north therefrom had grown and was a real suburban district of pretty residences.

A gigantic amusement park existed in the South-east section of Toronto, and running past there east and west for a considerable distance there was another embankment providing promenade and driveway,—a protection to the land and a pleasure to the people. What a pity that embankment had not been built as a glorious stretch from the Humber to past Munro! And yet, what a blessing that it had not been so built; for to reach the south-east of the city you must pass by and think of the southern end of that low quarter of destitution,—the colony of crime, distress and poverty. Toronto now owned her millionaires in plenty. Here was a district to which they could turn their wealth in the alleviation of distress and the building of

clean and sanitary lodging homes.

Many thoughts relative to the great changes forced themselves through Fleming's mind as he drove from west to east. How could he have prevented them? Was it not so very different from twenty years ago as to be almost unbelievable? He passed through the great Exhibition grounds—greater than ever, and with their magnificent and absolutely fire-proof buildings. Many of these buildings were provided with elevators and staircases leading to roof gardens and to summit balconies and towers commanding a wide landscape.

'Twas marvellous that the Exhibition could keep its hold year after year on people from far and wide, and especially on those nearer situat-

ed. 'Twas also welcome knowledge to the authorities that handsome profits were invariably the year's result of their efforts.

The Annual Exhibition had become too great for a visitor to try and see all in one day. Could it be wondered at that even when one said it was pretty much the same every year and that he would not visit it this year, he invariably found himself drawn thither by an irresistible desire to again see in full effect those splendid buildings used for art, machinery, manufactures, science and other exhibitions; for horse, cat dog, cattle, flower, fruit and innumerable other shows; for dairy-making; for instrumental, singing and similar musical competitions; for restaurants, concert halls, roof gar-

dens, fancy balls in aid of charity, lectures and conventions; for museums and unique collections; for buildings we will not mention, for we would have to write so long to cover all of them?

Leaving the Exhibition grounds behind him, Fleming passed by the Army Barracks; passed the great shipbuilding yards, where vessels were now built for many countries; next by the long line of docks, near to which lay the mammoth warehouses and several sailors' homes; then by great manufacturing concerns,—many of them vieing with each other to turn Toronto Harbour into a chemical pond, and caring not for the complaints of the people so long as the Council saw and saw not; by the huge smelting works, whose

night glare was a beacon for the mariner.

Within a few days, Fleming had seen everything. He had seen the new Mercantile, Maritime, Produce, Metal, Horse, Stock and other Exchanges; the new Banks and Bank Clearing House; the new Post Office, with its pneumatic dispatch system operating from various parts of the City and with its eleven branch offices and over a score of sub-stations; the new skyscrapers; the new manufacturing district between Bay and Bathurst streets; the new Railway Depot, capacious and complete and possessing every convenience and comfort known to travellers; the new Fire Stations; and many other modern buildings.

He had heard of the great water-works undertaking; the laying of the main from Lake Simcoe to Toronto; the continued annexation of

outlying townships; the installation in almost every class of building of the new fire-alarm, which denoted the very room wherein a fire had commenced and sounded its own alarm and pointed out its location on the giant switchboard at the Fire Stations,—a mechanism almost human.

He had seen and marvelled at the wonderful growth of business establishments on Bloor and College, west from Spadina; at the residential district past the Don, joining with the residential district up to and north of Danforth Avenue and with what had once been a separate township known as East Toronto.

He had endeavored to realise figures which threatened to prove beyond the power of his mind to adequately grasp. Such figures had told him that according to the 1927 assessment, the value of the real tax-

able estate was over \$1,400,000,000, and an exempt reality of over \$300,000,000; that new buildings in 1927 were erected at a cost of over \$40,000,000; that the city had over 6,000 apartment houses with accommodation for nearly 70,000 families, providing a solution to the housing problem for many years to come; that as a producing centre, Toronto had over 8,000 factories employing nearly 200,000 wage-earners drawing a total of over \$110,000,000, (these figures not including 26,000 salaried employees whose aggregate annual salary bill reached \$30,000,000) and turning out products every year to a wholesale value of \$600,000,000; that the daily water supply of the city was given as 140,000,000 gallons; and that the local banks had estimated that over \$220,000,000 was in circulation in the city, and proved by their returns that they

themselves cared for nearly \$700,000,000 in deposits and had resources of close upon \$1,000,000,000, the paid interest and dividends in 1927 reaching the amazing total figure of \$46,000,000.

✻ He had noticed the change in the street car cable method from the former cumbersome and dangerous overhead trolley wires. The car motors now received their power from the electric wire laid in a trench between and beneath the rails, the contact being made by means of the trolley fixed to the bottom of the car and running in a continuous slot; he had marvelled at the multitudinous means of transportation—including subway-railroads, surface railroads, automobiles, long-distance aeroplanes, carriages and cabs.

To enumerate all Fleming saw, heard and read about would tire the incredible reader. Let it be suffi-

ent to say, that days later from when he had first sat in the smoke room of the beautiful hotel, he again stood with Frank in the driveway of the Dominion; after having seen all and brought himself to believe; and as he breathed the pure air of Rosedale, which seemed good after the humidity of "down-town," he looked up at the sky as if to find answers to the questions running through his excited brain.

Overhead soared the Dominion Aeroplane, returning with its full complement of fifty persons to the hotel after a passage through the air to Niagara. The navigation of the air (or the solution of the navigation of an airship in the air) by dirigible balloons and aeroplanes was an accomplished fact. Like the manner of the train, the steamboat, the automobile, the electric car and the bicycle, they had commenced their inva-

sion. The man in the street cared not for the scientific names. To him, the bicycle had been the "bike"; the automobile, the "motor-car"; and the airship would always be the "airship." Inventors had solved the problem of aerial flight; men had spent their fortunes in paving the way for some other men to put on advanced touches and reap a reward part of which ought to have gone to those who blazed the path.

Fleming thought of the growth of the airship and the growth of Toronto. How far could they go? Perfection in the former and then probable displacement through some other discovery in nature. Magnitude in the other and then also a displacement, so far as surprise at rapid progress goes. London, Paris, New York, Chicago and other cities had climbed to such a magnitude that their further progress appeared ar-

rested or unnoticed. Toronto was growing and would grow for a long, long time.

And Fleming turned to Frank and said: "Frank! 'tis good to have seen during the last few days, and 'tis good to know something about the advance of science during the last hundred years; but although I would like to see a hundred years hence, at the same time I wonder if it is not better that we should have a little while in comfort and safety by the pleasure of the Almighty, than to be on this earth in the year 2,028 A. D."



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