

Confederation and After— Sixty Years of Progress

TOWNS OLD AND NEW

Sixty years is not a very long period even in the life of a country in this New World of America, and yet it is curious how comparatively few of the towns of Canada go back to Confederation, and how few even of these were places of any importance in 1867. The growth of Canadian towns since Confederation is not the least important measure of the development of the Dominion.

Obviously Quebec, with its long history, counts several cities that were already ancient—once more from a New World viewpoint—in 1867 such as Montreal, Three Rivers and Sorel; but the latter, although its history goes back to the middle of the seventeenth century, was not incorporated as a city until 1889. Sherbrooke also goes back to the beginning of the last century, and Hull was founded about the same time. The more recent towns are pretty well confined to a few industrial centres such as Shawinigan Falls and Thetford Mines.

Ontario's pre-Confederation towns number Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Kitchener (Berlin) and several others. Toronto was a small town in 1867. It now numbers over half a million. Ottawa has grown in the same period from a population of less than 20,000 to 110,000; the growth of Hamilton has been even more rapid. The same is true in greater or less degree of nearly all the other towns of the province. Fort William, Port Arthur, Kenora, Sault Ste. Marie, North Bay, Haileybury, Sudbury, and many other Ontario towns had not been thought of when the Dominion was born.

In the Maritime Provinces, conditions are somewhat like the province of Quebec, though the only town down by the sea that compares in age with Montreal and Quebec is Annapolis Royal, founded under the name of Port Royal in 1605, and therefore three years older than the city of Quebec and thirty-seven years older than Montreal. Maritime towns have grown considerably since Confederation although not at the same rate as those of Ontario.

When we reach Western Canada, however, we find an amazing growth in towns and cities. In 1867 Winnipeg was nothing but a straggling line of small buildings, straggling along what is now Main street. Its fame rested there only upon the fact that it was still an important centre of the fur trade. Probably no one, standing then at the corner of what is now Main street and Portage avenue could have imagined, no matter how vivid his imagination, that sixty years later Winnipeg would be a city of 200,000 with public buildings, shops, industrial establishments and comfortable homes stretching out in every direction over what was then open prairie.

At the time of Confederation Edmonton was still a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company and nothing more; Victoria was a very small town, lifted into temporary and feverish activity a few years later by the famous gold rush; New Westminster was a hamlet; Prince Albert had just been founded. The great city of Vancouver was still a dream of the future; so were Calgary, and Regina and Saskatoon. Nelson and Moose Jaw and Lethbridge, Medicine Hat and Prince Rupert and Dawson City.

In fact no more striking evidence can be found of the growth of Canada since Confederation than the contrast between its towns as they were in 1867 and as they are to-day with their industrial, commercial and social developments, their fine public buildings, well-paved streets, wonderful means of transportation, well-equipped and efficient public schools and the innumerable modern comforts and conveniences, water supply, electric light, telephones, street railways and so forth, that have become so much a matter of course that few of us ever stop to consider that our forefathers in 1867 not only had to do without them, but in many cases would have thought anyone mad who suggested the mere possibility of such fantastic and improbable contrivances.

SIXTY YEARS OF MUSIC

Perhaps Canada's advancement in music has not been comparable to her more dramatic advancement in things material; this is both natural and pardonable. In a new country the first claim on a man's labor is the necessity to satisfy his bodily

needs and provide himself with the comforts essential to decent living. The absence of any record of important musical doings during Canada's infancy does not imply that Canadians are not essentially and nationally musical. Art, whether as exemplified by the dancer, the painter, the poet, or the musician, is not the exclusive birthright of certain divinely-favored nations or races. The gift of artistic expression has been active in man ever long before he adorned the walls of his cave with drawings of the hairy. Primitive man turned his natural home into an art gallery and all through the history of civilization man has naturally and passionately sought to satisfy his craving to embody in visible and audible forms of his love for things and thoughts which are beautiful.

Busy with the endless endeavor to satisfy the claimant needs of existence and the sacrificial service incidental to empire development, Canada has had little time or opportunity to make any serious contribution to the growth and development of musical history. But during this time the burdens of the pioneers were lightened as they plied their task to the accompaniment of song and heightened the pleasure of their hours of rest as they danced the steps taught them by their fathers. The habitant of Quebec sang the same chansons as his forefathers sang when Canada was under the French regime. Drummond's picture of the French-Canadian boatmen and raftsmen "Singing some old chanson "Bout girl on de reever—too bad dey mus' leave her, but comin back soon wit' beaucoup d'argent."

is but a picture of the provincial life of Quebec as it existed long years ago. In other parts of the country the Englishman was simultaneously singing his traditional folk song or the passing favorite of music halls brought out to him by the latest immigrant from his island home while the Scotsman was singing "Annie Laurie" and the Irishman his "Minstrel Boy." Perhaps a still greater inspiration than all these would be that which came to them when on the sabbath they sang the majestic hymns of their church to the praise of the common God.

With the coming of the years the vivifying power of music has assumed proportions in Canada which compel attention and admiration. Canada has given to the world one of the greatest singers of all time and some of her sons and daughters hold an honored place among the foremost of living singers. At least two violinists have achieved world-fame and one of the world's best concert-organists is a Canadian. Much might be written about Canada's important musical organizations but it must suffice to state that the highest authorities credit this country with having the finest choral society in existence and an eminent English musician wrote one of our male-voice choirs as being "the best in the world."

In the realm of creative music, while not having produced a composer of immortal gifts, Canada has at least contributed no mean share.

THE CHRISTMAS APPLE

As there is no one here to introduce me, allow me the privilege of introducing myself. I am a Canadian Apple, and as I have done quite a lot of travelling since I was taken from my home in a large orchard in the Niagara fruit belt, I am going to tell you all about it. I belong to the well-known McIntosh Red family. My ancestry can be traced back many years in this particular orchard which is situated not very far from the town of St. Catharines. This charming place is on the Toronto-Niagara Falls branch of the Canadian National Railways, and from my tree home, I have seen the trains go to and fro between Ontario's capital and beautiful Niagara.

So much for my location. I had spent the whole summer with nothing else to do but to bask in the warm sunshine and grow big. Being on the uppermost bough of the tree, I was able to get the most sun, and as a consequence, had become one of the best looking pieces of fruit in the orchard—excuse my modesty. But with the coming of fall, I became aware of plans that I figured out would upset the serenity of my easy life. The first I heard of it was when a group of men, which included my master, came to a half beneath my tree. I could not help overhearing what they had to say, and I gave quite a start when I discovered that all of us living on this particular tree

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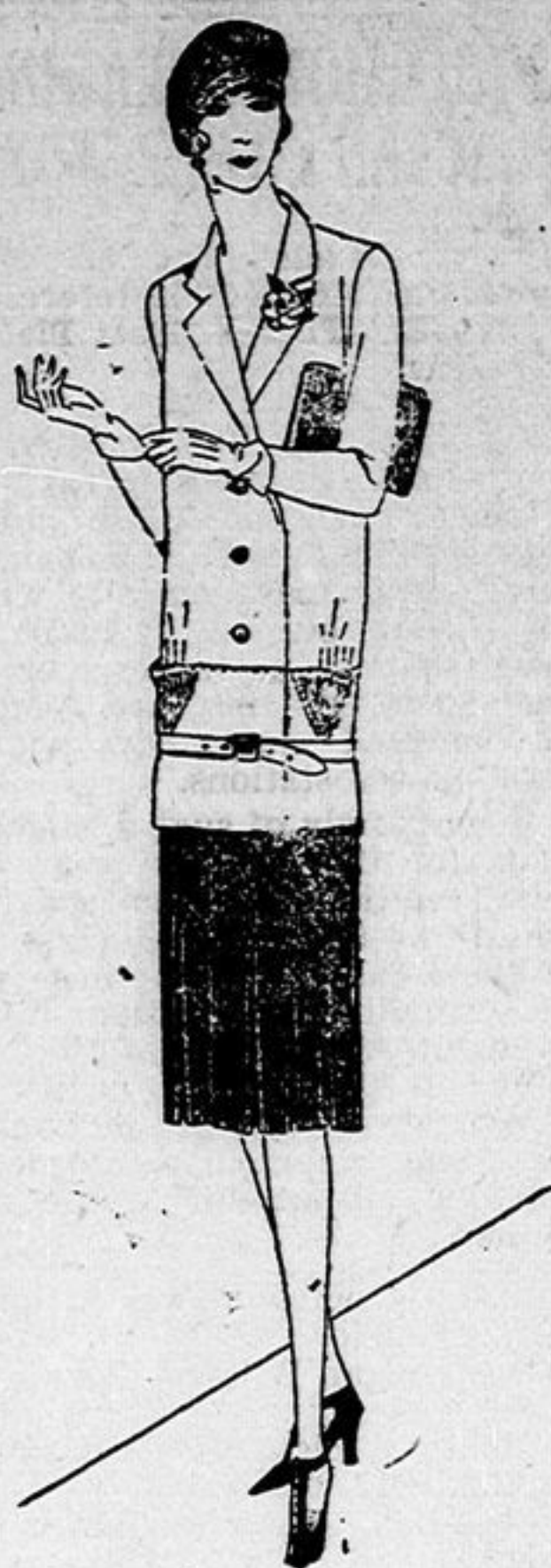
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It is worn with a skirt of brown velvet that has box plaits effectively stitched.

were booked for a long journey to a place called England.

So it came about a few days after the visit of the men to the orchard, I found myself taken from the tree and laid alongside hundreds of my brother McIntoshes. Late that afternoon I was picked up and, after a last look around the big orchard that had been my home ever since I could remember, I was taken to a packing house, there to be prepared for my journey overseas. I was carefully packed in a small wooden box, after having been wrapped up in tissue paper. My place in the box was right at the top, very near to a small opening, so I was thus enabled to see something of the outer world and also something of the country through which I travelled to get to my destination. I, along with the other apples in the case, was now left to myself. This state of tranquility did not last long, however. It was late the next day when the manager of the packing house came into the room where our box was. He had a young lady with him. "Yes, Madam," he was telling her, "for eight dollars, the Foreign Department of the Canadian National Express will deliver any of these boxes to any address you give them in the British Isles, this amount including the price of the apples; you pay the money here, and that is all you have to do. The apples will be delivered and their safe arrival guaranteed."

So impressed was the young lady with the fact that such a thing was possible, that she then and there laid down the necessary number of dollars and filled out the label. After she had gone, a young fellow pulled the box I was in and tacked the label right near me. I heard him tell a friend that the label was addressed to the secretary of a society in the East End of London, England.

I was really glad to think I was to be on the move again, but more so because I was going such a journey, and, from what the man said, I was apparently going to be the means, along with the other Mc-

Intoshes in my box, of bringing a little of Canada's sunshine and, also quite a lot of happiness to some poor children, because I figured that the club where we were bound for would be one that was in the habit of dispensing Christmas cheer to those who needed it. So I was just a little impatient to get going; and I did not have to wait long.

That very evening the box that was now my temporary home, along with a dozen or so more, was moved down to the station and was put in the care of a chap they called the Express Agent. There were eight boxes of us altogether and we took the afternoon train for Toronto. From there we went to Montreal where we were to board the steamer "Doric," of the White Star Line. Our quarters on the boat were very comfortable. Everything had apparently been arranged whereby we were to have what is termed in Express circles "top stowage." I found myself in a very comfortable part of the hold with nothing to do but to wait for the time of sailing and my subsequent arrival at Liverpool.

I had never been away from my orchard before, much less taken a voyage and as the time of sailing drew near, I found myself getting nervous. But as the big ship pulled out and proceeded down the St. Lawrence to Quebec and the ocean beyond, this feeling of nervousness passed and I began to look around from my little hole in the box and found that those of us who had come from St. Catharines were not the only members of the Apple family travelling on the "Doric." There were no less than eighty boxes in the hold. Several cousins of mine were in the shipment. Cousin Stark and Baldwin from Nova Scotia, and Cousin Spy from far-away British Columbia. They were all going to various parts of Great Britain, but none, I don't suppose, could have felt as happy as I did, because I was going to bring cheer to those in need of it, not merely to add to existing joy, although that is all right in its way.

By this time we were on the open sea, but so nicely had we been packed and so comfortably housed on the big vessel, that we felt very little effect of the ocean ride, and after six days' travelling, we landed at the Princess Landing Stage, Liverpool, a place entirely foreign to me, nevertheless interesting.

I was taken off the boat immediately after the passengers, and having said good-bye to my cousins and brothers who were going to other parts of the country, I was put on the baggage car of the London boat train. Being in England now, I shall have to substitute "luggage van" for "baggage car," as that is what they are called over there. It did not take us long to commence

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"Why were you late to Sunday School this morning, Tom?" asked the teacher.

"Why, the bell rang before I got here," the little fellow explained.

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Mildred, Betty, Eve and Ella, Ethel, Betty, Gertrude, Sue, Rita, Mabel, Myrtle, Stella. Never doubted—why should you? —London Opinion

1907—"May I have this dance?" 1927—"Can I borrow your frame for this struggle?"

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Durham's Radio Dealers

In Other

Taken From

Thieves Got Cold Feet

Last Sunday afternoon a couple of Carrick men, walking through the Camp Grounds on the side they heard some one of the boarding vanishing very cautiously ed in to see what was they found a number of half dozen of the birds but in a badly starved Thirteen birds, had die. It is evident that had been stolen and camp grounds, when intended to establish base, but something cause them to abandon these birds were rate.—Walkerton Herald Times.

Tug Crew Catch Deer

As Oldfield's tug, Thornbury, was on that town to Meaford, for coal, the hands a deer swimming in the mile off what is known Point, heading approx Christian Islands. By overruling the tug near enough to the boat hands to lasso aboard. The animal, to be a well-nourished two years old, and was able one hundred somewhat chilled by but was tenderly cared boat hands.

The report that a captured in the bay so it was not long before of citizens' association to have a look at the deer back with them. Just what disposition of it is not known against game laws. chances that the buck ed over to the Ontario as a contribution to parks, where live and for public exhibition. It is thought the deer been chased from the mountain by does as the bay as a means of further pursuit.—Windsor Echo.

Tried to Hold Up Ed

A crude attempt at a nerveless amateur got a few dollars from editor of The Herald afternoon. The incident on the C. P. R. track mile south of the Elliott had been down a stroll and coming noticed a man appear whose actions appeared in that he stopping and surveying scope on all sides to the man. Mr. Elliott that he was a tramp apparent nervousness. When about five feet Mr. Elliott the directly in front of he could utter a word victim stepped toward the exclamation, "What?" The tramp ed but rushed quickly and walked quite a paces when he turned seeing that he was watched he continued for a walk. Mr. Elliott up to Mr. Elliott. When the tramp time he saw Mr. Elliott field and started to the pace as far as he No one was at Elliott's place, not even man got away. It that bank clerks a face hardened hold such accurate desert assailants, but an kind fastens the feat on the mind. Mr. Elliott he could pick the fronted him out of where.—Alliston Herald.

I. P. C. Fire Com

On Thursday afternoon Councilor J. and the deputy fire quest of Mr. L. J. B. of the International factory fire brigade put in without pre anyone. Immediate of the alarm all four lengths of hose floor, were brought coupled, the hose factory main, the hose, a heavy flowing and 12 met ready for action. sound of the whistle was thrown on in only 1 minute and time was taken by the deputy chief. Councilor Donalds made by the brigade factory to all con Standard.

To Handle Wheat

An agreement between the manag to Wheat Pool and of the Paisley il latter to buy and brought in by met district. For up century the farmer ing with the propo and it would have on some person's business relations, sellers of grain