

CANADIAN
PACIFIC
RAILWAY.

THE DON VALLEY
LINE.

TORONTO, ONTARIO

UP THE DON.

An Hour with The Globe's
Special Artist

SCENES ON THE WAY.

Art and Industry at War
With Nature.

ITALIAN NAVVIES AT WORK.

A Glance at the Viaduct—Talks With
the Workmen — A Tramp's Re-
treat—A Young Canadian's
Faith—Progress of Con-
struction on the
O.P.R. Con-
necting
Link.

To sketch the cranes and beams and piling of Toronto Harbor would be little short of ridiculous; to tell of the work going on there day by day might be regarded as commonplace and with good reason, for even when familiarity does not breed contempt—and that it often does we have the evidence of the headlines on our old copybooks away back in the years of our childhood—it certainly, and indeed naturally, produces a feeling of indifference. But when the derrick and the excavator stand in relief against a background of wooded hillside, when the clang of the workman's hammer breaks in on the quiet of what has been a Sleepy Hollow before, there needs no excuse for the use of the pencil to picture the scene or the pen to describe it. It was with ideas somewhat like these, but in vague, unassorted form, that the present writer accompanied THE GLOBE'S special artist when that individual proposed

A TRIP UP THE DON

for the purpose of sketching the various works at present in progress there. Of the Don improvements scheme, by which that river, instead of wandering at its own sweet

years of the "great war." Her sweetheart perhaps is working that crane away over at the Winchester street bridge, and she sits here within sound of the rattle of its chains as the clay from the Don is dumped out of the barge. Why shouldn't she? Is it only when the loved one is amid the roar of cannon that he needs watching? The Army of Industry loses more men in killed and wounded every year than fell in the retreat from Moscow and the battles of that terrible campaign. Possibly the clear sky above influences her, and she indulges in dreams that some time in the future, a little battered perhaps by their transition from fancy to fact, but still recognisable, may come true. And again, why shouldn't she?

Hope is high at one-and-twenty,
Faith is strong and courage new;
All the world around is beatorous,
All the Heaven above is blue.

Our next objective point is the Winchester street bridge, where the new line will cross the Don on a substantial bridge, whose piers of Credit Valley sandstone are sunk away under the alluvial clay of the Don. "Work was commenced here last November," is the information given us by a young stonemason who is laying at the great blocks to be used in the centre pier, "and it will be finished in a couple of months." Something in the young fellow's face induces us to enter into a talk with him, and the easiest way is to ask about the work. In response to inquiries as to the nationality of the men employed at this point he says:—"No, there are

NO ITALIANS HERE;

they are further up the line. We are English and Scotch and Irish and Canadians. I am a Canadian and proud of my country," said the young owner of half a Continent, as he dealt the stone a mighty blow with his hammer. "The trouble is too few of us know anything about our country and we don't seem to care." We left him there without giving expression to the thought that came in these words:—"Go on hoping for the future; go on, and with every stone you lay in that foundation lay deeper and firmer your own faith; with every stone you build upon the bridge build up your own fair structure of belief in Canada, your motherland." Another mechanic, an old Scotchman, glides imperceptibly into a critical examination of the relative worth of Scotch versus other stonemasons, and makes the statement that about three-fourths of the cutters in Toronto are from the "land of cakes." A young man who looks like an Irishman of American birth takes up the parable and tells of the surprising feat of Dan Couison, who, in Philadelphia in the year 1872, did, with the view of settling a wager, lay 700 bricks upon a wall with trowel and mortar in the space of twelve minutes. The old Scot does not contradict, but somehow words are not

tained from the river. The surrounding country is well wooded and affords the necessary material for pulp. Leaving our ponciller to make his "description" of it, the young man who gave us the information regarding the valley tells us that

THE VIADUCT

is a splendid piece of workmanship, the work of the Hamilton Bridge Co. The fourteen piers supporting it are of iron bolted to stone foundations. The structure is 1,150 feet long and at the south end 85 feet high, gradually lessening to 65 feet at the northern extremity. The bridge is a single track one and special care has been taken in its construction, the iron and wood being the best obtainable. Just as we finish our inspection of the bridge and request the artist to include the withered tree in the foreground as a speechless witness of how art and industry are constantly replacing and filling up the lack caused by the decay of natural things, the whistle of an engine is heard, and down the line, which at this point slopes toward the city at a rate exceeding 1 in 100, comes a construction locomotive with a number of cars filled with ballast. On the top of the ballast, shovel and pickaxe in hand, stand a gang of Italian navvies. Swarthy, square-built and powerful, but withal a weaker race by far than Canadians, one wonders to see those sons of the Romans, who conquered the world, engaged in such fatiguing work. And yet, after all, the stoicism that helps them to stand in mud for ten hours a day and do all manner of disagreeable work may be but another development of that character which made it possible for their fathers to subdue and master a world. On one side of the road at this part is the hillside, on the other is a valley with a winding road leading along it.

IN THIS CUTTING

where we stand, or rather a few yards to the south, two of the workmen lost their lives, one a few days after the other, by a premature explosion of dynamite—two privates from the ranks of the Army of Industry, two men who died honorably at the post of duty. As we advance toward the Junction the hills become more steep, the grade becomes much heavier and the difficulty experienced in blasting has, if we may judge from the evidences on the hillside, been much greater. The construction train has passed up again on its way to the Junction.

IT IS NEAR THE NOON HOUR,

and there is just a chance that we may get admittance to the car at the Junction in which the Italians live, so we press forward. Around us are the dark, fir-clad hills, above is the clear blue sky, with here and there a little dot of fleecy cloud, and it would hardly be out of place to suppose that sometimes the workers here fancy themselves on the slopes of the Apennines. But

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river, instead of wandering at its own sweet
will over the extensive
series of valleys known as
the Don Flats, will in the
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keep its waters steadily
flowing straight out toward
the lake, there is but little
need to speak, for who
among the citizens of To-
ronto has not heard and
of his own knowledge dis-
coursed of the Don-muddle,
or who among the lads
and lassies of the city has
not at some time gone skat-
ting on the Don or flung
themselves into the valley
from the top of the tobog-
gan chute in Riverside
Park? The Canadian Pacific
works there are not so well
known, and, even at this
late day, it may be neces-
sary to tell some benighted
dweller in the city that at
this present time that Com-
pany is engaged in the con-
struction of a short line
from East Toronto Junc-
tion, which has for its
purpose the shortening of
the Canadian Pacific Rail-
way route to the East. At
present the C. P. R. has
running power over the
lines of the Grand Trunk
into the city. It is intended
that the new line, which
runs through the Don val-
ley, crossing the river to
the west bank at Winches-
ter street bridge, and then
continuing along in the
valley to the foot of Par-
liament street, thence run-
ning along the Esplanade to
some point between Yonge
and York not yet fixed
upon, at which the station
will be built, shall give
independent access to the
city. The

WORK WAS COMMENCED
about a year ago, Mr. Jas.
Hendrie, of Hamilton, be-
ing the contractor. Al-
ready the greater part of
the work is done, the C. P.
R. has approved of Mr.
Hendrie's excavations and
taken over the ballasting
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SCENE?

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press disbelief. From this point onward the new line is composed of cutting and embankments alternating, the earth taken out of the cuttings being used in the embankments. The hard clay and rough appearance of the newly-laid track are not altogether poetic, and yet we cannot help r calling the words—

Each recurring hill of Success
Has its Valley of Depression,
And, if deeper sink the valley,
Higher rise the hills beyond them.

Just as the earth from the cutting has filled the hollow, so does the satisfaction from the hill of success make up for the disappointment in the valley of depression, and "our little lives are held in equipoise."

The cuttings on this part of the road were very difficult, and although the soil seems loose enough now, our informant, a young man who holds some position on the works, says it was almost as hard as rock when first broken into. Apparently our new-found companion, who is bound up the road as we are ourselves, is of an inquiring spirit. He speaks of the time, whether in the glacial or some other period, when the Don was

A MIGHTY RIVER:
he tells us that the flats are certainly deposits brought down from the uplands by the river, and in proof of this says that when the excavations for the Winchester street bridge were being made the workmen found a deer's antler and several beech logs at a distance of at least twenty feet below the surface. The antler is now in the museum of Queen's College, Kingston.

The scenery at this point is magnificent. Away to the left the Rosedale ravines slope down to the Don valley, and on their tree-clad sides one can see the villas of Toronto's merchants. Nearer, in the valley itself, where our companion tells us the Indians made a favorite camping place, the rich herbage is already springing up and the cattle are lowing annoyance at the sound of the hammer strokes as the men drive spikes on the rails running across the distant viaduct.

A LASS WITH A MILK PAIL
has just passed in front, and with artist-like weakness and inconsistency she is seized upon as a subject and placed in the gallery to give something of nature to our sketches. In the most sequestered nook along the river

Italians who reach our shores hail from that quarter—it must be indeed a change from the perpetual gaiety of the city and the sparkle of the tideless Mediterranean. But we have arrived at the Junction and our wishes are gratified. The penciller is sketching the interior of the car and the old woman who acts as cook. The men are scattered around in various attitudes, smoking, eating and idling. One wonders at their life and seeks to give motives to it. And think you they have no motives? That old woman there is but the faded index to a very large book. We had almost forgotten that Italy is the land

OF PASSION AND LOVE DRAMAS.

We had almost forgotten that the most of the men here are young men—young men who doubtless oftentimes fancy they see the pretty, cherry-cheeked, passionate little signoritas who whispered a blessing on them as they went forth to make a home for themselves beyond the sea, and to whom when occasion offers they pour their hearts in the tongue in which Dante sang of Beatrice. But the artist has finished his work despite the sour looks of the cook, and we retraced our steps down toward the city, taking the banks of the Don as our way this time. Here we come across a great ash tree with the centre hollowed out by fire. The hollow is about 3½ feet in diameter and about 10 feet high. Around the inside of the small house thus made, and to which access is obtained by means of a hole in one side, are nails driven into the tree, where undoubtedly the tenant used to hang his mirror and other dressing material. A very good house, and at a place where the tramp who occupied it last winter would not often be disturbed. In a short time we reach Winchester street, and drive home on a street car with the reflection that an ordinary short railway connecting link often has a great deal of nature about it.

— "Ma," said Bobby, "is it wrong for little boys to tie tin kettles to dogs' tails?" "Decidedly wrong, Bobby; I hope you'll never do such a thing as that." "No, indeed, ma," replied Bobby emphatically; "all I do is to hold the dog."

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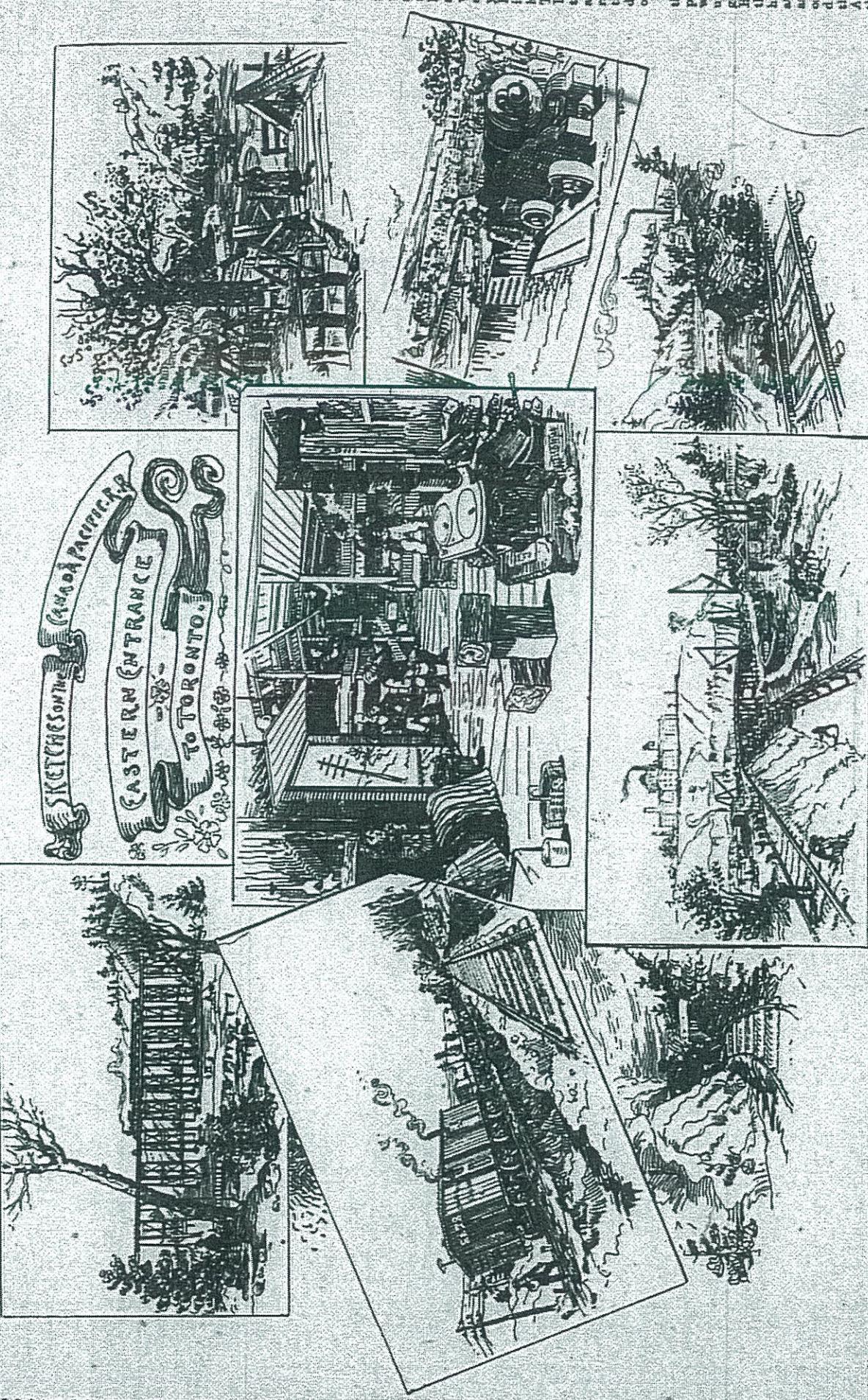
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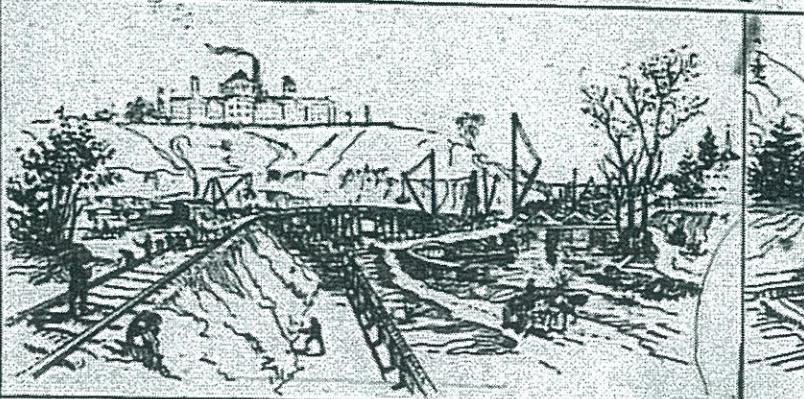
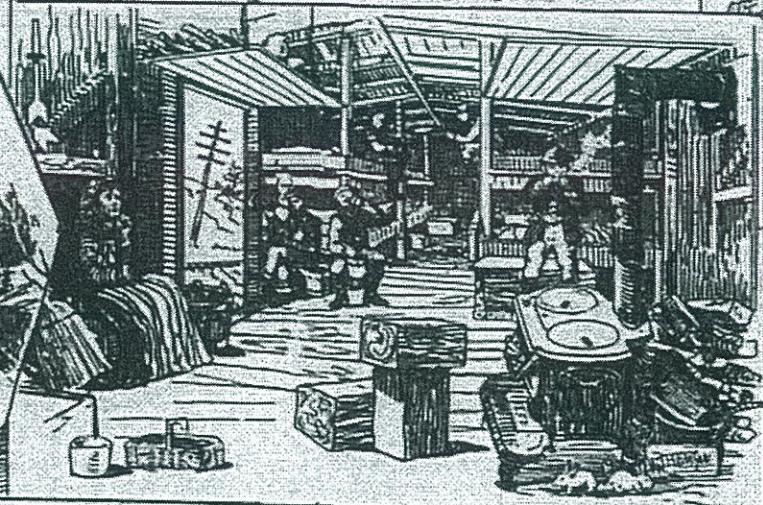
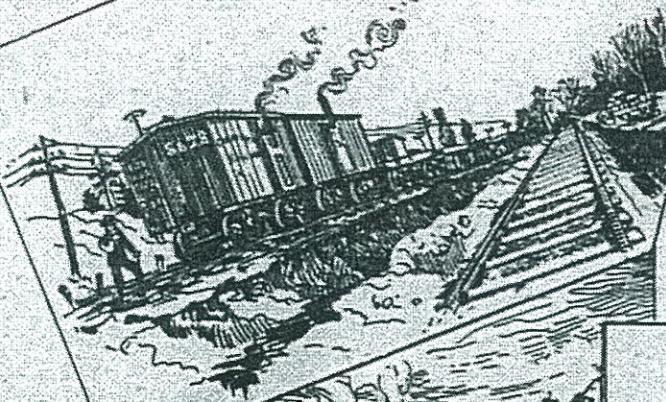
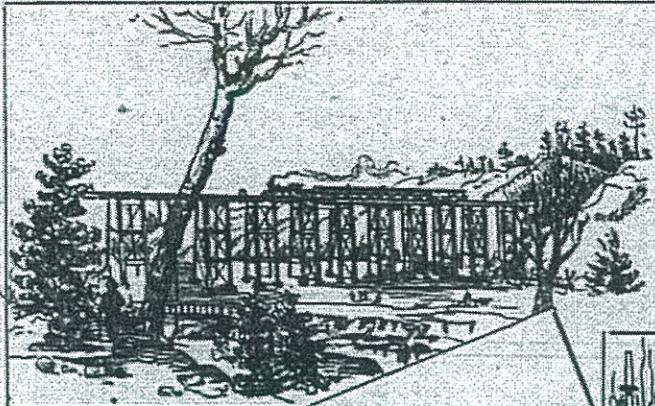
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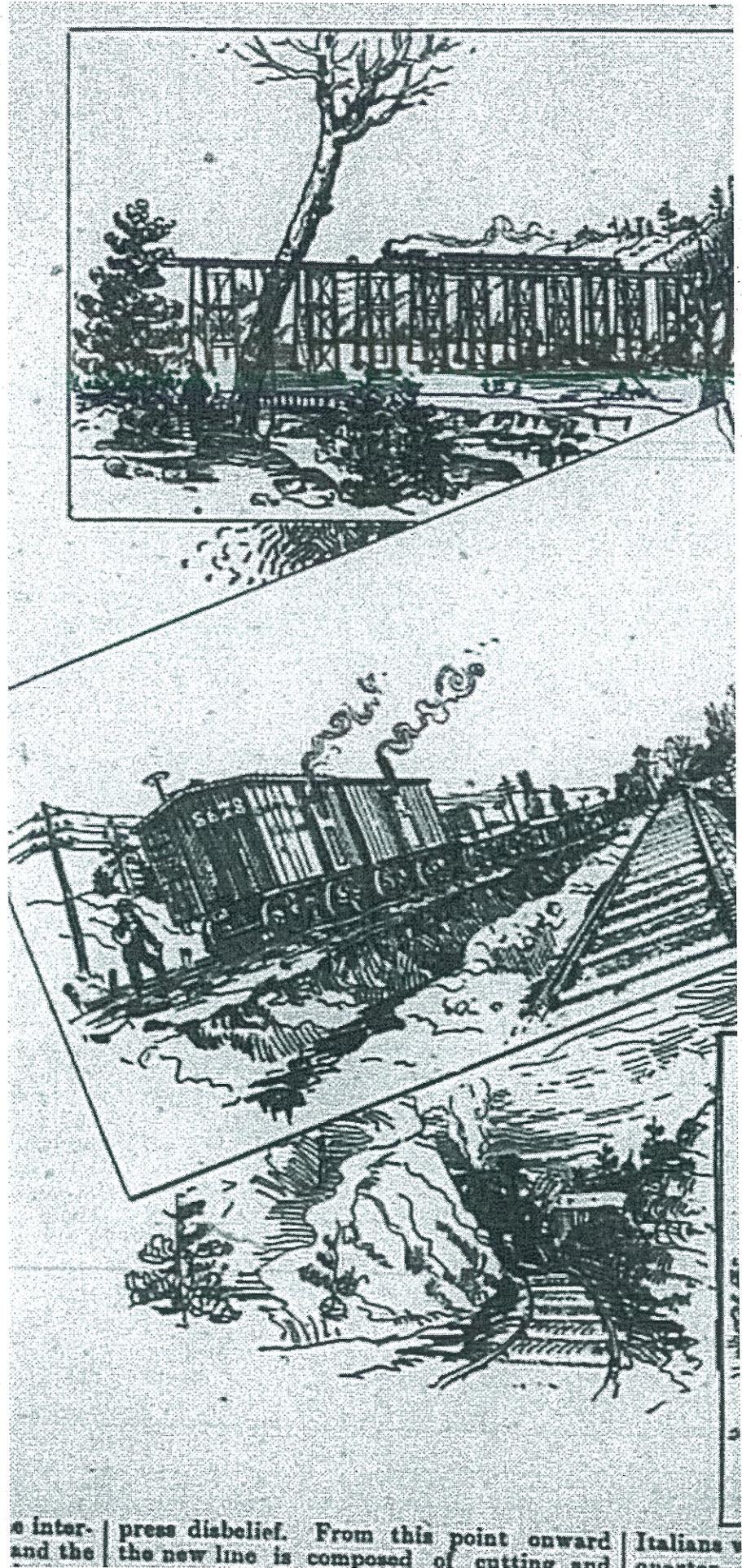
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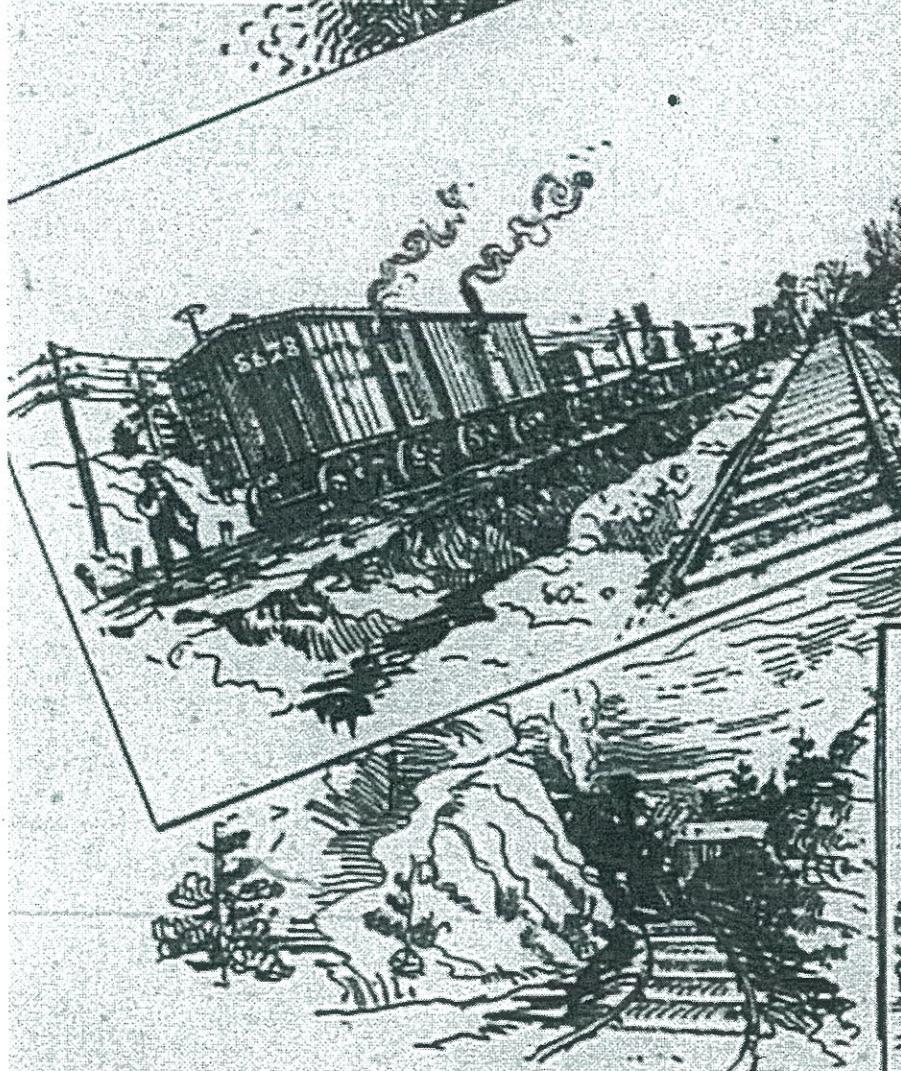
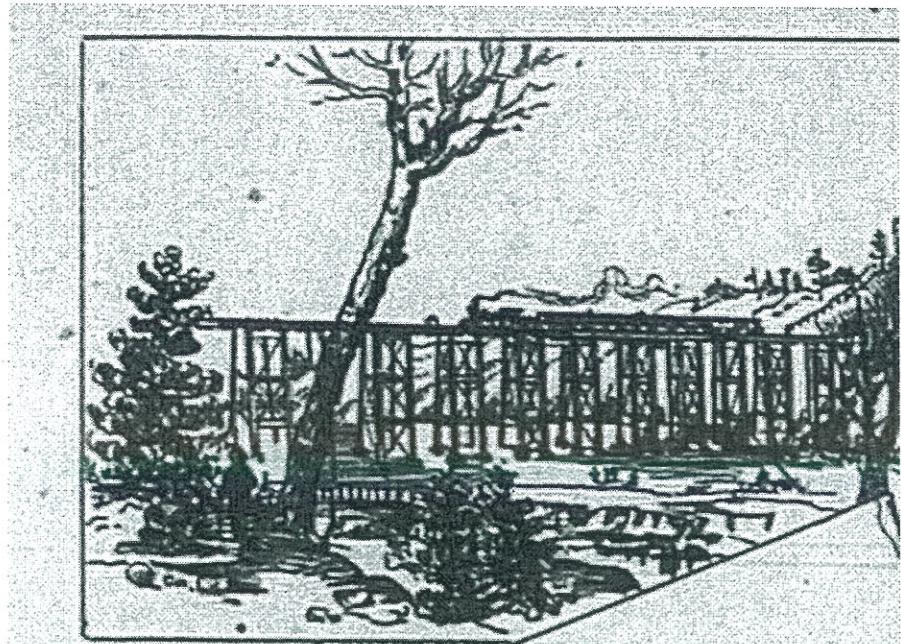
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