



Drawing by Gyrrh Russell

THE LUMBER YARD, HALIFAX

towns of the Province and then with the sister states of Canada. The natural entrance for the iron horse and his long strings of Gargantuan waggons was by the northern ends, where old redoubts used to guard the dock yard. Then by the beginning of the twentieth century, the new Dominion had grown so rich and prosperous that the old gateway was cramped and narrow. The swiftly growing traffic choked it and a new entrance must be found. The government engineers have solved the problem by sweeping round the back of the city from the north to the south, and planting their breakwaters, wharves and feeding rails beside the harbour for the convenience of the great steamships which make the ocean a ferry. Here is the one level ample space on

the whole peninsula fit for the service of modern commerce. A space nearly two miles long, stretching from Point Pleasant park to the very heart of old Irishtown will be needed for the improvements proposed. Hundreds of dwellings must be razed to make room for the huge new station. Steele's Pond, where young Haligonians skate and play hockey in the winter, will be filled in, and Green Bank, where happy bathers used to take refreshing morning plunges in the summer sea, will be merged in flat level wharves and piers. The railway slices through the fine old properties bordering the Arm, which is a pity; but imagination pictures the rails sunk in deep cuttings, spanned by fine bridges and bordered with trees and pleasant drive-ways, after the manner of