

# A New Pacific Port

**U**P the coast of British Columbia, there is a land-locked bay on the shores of which a national port is in the making. Interest was first attracted to that spot when the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway offered a prize for a name for the western terminus. Prince Rupert was the name chosen and it is to this Pacific port, named for a cavalier explorer, that the curious gaze of the Canadian public is turned to-day.

Prince Rupert is about halfway between Vancouver and Skagway. Here a "steel-bright arm" of the sea extends inland, encircling Kaien Island and protected from the sweep of the ocean by Digby Island. Between these islands lies the main channel of the harbour. This inlet is sixteen miles long, a mile in width, with an average depth of one hundred and fifty feet. It has the rare advantage of a straight entrance. The difference between high and low tide is twenty-five feet. As a great continental port it possesses a wide harbour, with room for an imposing fleet, an entrance of easy access and deep water close up to the shores, with shelter on all sides.

The city of Prince Rupert is to be built on the northern shore of Kaien Island, well in from the entrance and near the head of the island. The Oldfield Range, which attains an elevation of 2,300 feet, runs down the centre of the island forming a picturesque ridge. Between the heights and the harbour is a stretch of undulating land about 7,000 feet in width, but containing sufficient level ground for an extensive railway yard and terminals. Along this strip Prince Rupert will be built.

The neighbouring mainland is called the Tsimpsean Peninsula. On the two islands and on this almost-island, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company have purchased 24,000 acres. The district is well-wooded with an abundance of red and yellow cedar, spruce and balsam. Already on the shore of Kaien Island the city is in the making. Engineers and railway officials are established in primitive offices, while navvies, white, Japanese and Indian, are encamped among the trees. The lodging-house for the engineering staff boasts of a "club-room" on the ground floor where newspapers, magazines and "My Lady Nicotine" minister to the comfort of the members. At right angles to the water-front a plank walk twelve feet wide has been laid and along this thoroughfare several buildings are being erected, among them two stores, a hospital, the mess-house and residences for railway officials. On a height fronting the harbour a large hotel is being built. Even now the wharf affords satisfactory accommodation for steamers.

Prince Rupert is to be solidly constructed from the foundation for it is to be an abiding city. Wide streets, a thorough system of drainage and extensive water supply are among the provisions already considered. Above any other British Columbian scene of the present, it is the spot where one may "see things growing." Within four years trains from Atlantic ports will be running into this Pacific terminus where "all change cars" for the Orient. It will form a curious meeting-place for America and Asia where—

"East is West beside our land-locked blue."

## The Go Fever

By CANADIENNE

**A**N Englishman complains recently that all his countrymen seem to be afflicted with what he calls the "go fever." But this is not such a modern complaint after all as a recent publication of Horace Walpole's correspondence with Hannah More will prove. The distinguished man of letters disliked the restlessness of city life and declared that a London girl did not stand still long enough for him to fall in love with her. But what would the disgusted Horace think of the London of 1907 with its motor-omnibus and "tuppenny" tube?

The go fever has always affected the Anglo-Saxon race, although some members have a mild or intermittent form. The Englishman's house may be his castle but he has a fondness for long walks which has resulted in a colony here and there until the British Empire has been made by those younger sons who "preach ahead of the army and skirmish ahead of the Church." It was an acute attack of the go fever which led the fair-haired Angles, Saxons and Jutes across the grey seas to the Island called Britannia. It was the same complaint which, burning in the veins of the Vikings, sent them to harry their kinsfolk the Saxons. And, later still, it was the go fever which brought William the Conqueror and his barons across the Channel to Hastings. It is an English dramatist who tells us that home-keeping youths have ever homely wits. It is an English novelist who gravely intimates that the secret of political success in his native land is "to take cabs and go about." Truly the British Empire is but an aggregation of Old Boys' Associations.

But the Anglo-Saxon has also the instinct for construction and fails to be satisfied with a tent. He is the Roman of the modern world, building roads and bridges and liking a broad foundation for his final abid-

ing-place. Not for him the dubious joys of the crowded flat and the lunch-counter. When he travels, his beloved "tub" goes with him and he cares not for the wonder and the ridicule which he excites among races less addicted to soap and splashing.

For many years Canadians were a stay-at-home people but anyone who reads the papers of the land can see that we have changed all that. Railways and rumours of railways make the road from B. C. to C. B. look short indeed. One day we read that an all-Canadian military highway is to be constructed from Central British Columbia and Alberta to the Yukon Territory. The next week we learn from a Newfoundland despatch that there is talk about a line of steamers between Killery Island and Green Bay which would save thirty-two hours over any other trans-Atlantic route. Truly, if transportation talk and writing may be taken as an indication, Newfoundland and Canada are having their share of the go fever. Vancouver used to seem far away to the inhabitants of Ontario. But now it is not at all startling to hear that our neighbours are going to Japan for the winter or up to Dawson City for the summer.

To indulge in the go fever in a luxurious form it is necessary to have the wherewith to satisfy palace car authorities and dusky porters. It takes a born vagabond like Stevenson to set off with a knapsack and a trust in the Wanderer's providence. But there are still a few adventurous spirits to whom the joys of the open road are alluring and to whom the call of the Red Gods is a command. To judge from Canadian poetry, the outdoor beauty of the Land of the Maple has made a strong appeal to her sons, Bliss Carman and Theodore Roberts being among the most enthusiastic of her Old Boys from Vagabondia.