



VOL. XXXVII.

NOVEMBER 24th, 1909.

No. 6.

Westward, Ho!

"G. T. P. R. means Go to Prince Rupert," said Mark Verney, an Indian boy, and thus did he, the son of a cannibal, in four words give utterance to a call that is tugging at the heart strings of many thousands, the country over. From the four corners of the world have already come some 3,000 souls, to dwell in a city which has little but potentialities as yet. Three years ago it was virgin forest and deer-trails: to-day it is a city clamoring for a charter: to-morrow it will be the fish market of America, the wheat spout of the prairies, the gateway to the Orient, and the point where Alaska meets the world.

In the early days came the inrush of settlers. Permission to land was forbidden until the coming of John Houston and his mineral claim. Again came the pioneer and pitched his tent on the friendly precincts of the Grand Turk Fraction. The vocabulary of Mark Twain, even, would be taxed to describe this place. Its rows of "cider joints," its rickety shacks, its palatial cabins, erected in a day and wrecked in the next gale, the brazen glare of that row up to the 'Limit,' with the accompanying din of the gramophones, that adjunct of a far Western town, all these thrown together in crazy rows, approached by planks packed by laborious efforts upon the backs of the householders, constituted "Knoxville."

On the 25th day of May, 1909, property was first sold to private individuals. The prices paid showed the eagerness of the public to secure it. A lot, which sold at that time for \$8,000, is to-day held for \$25,000.

Prince Rupert is a "dry town," and, as such, is a huge success. No burglaries, no hold-ups, no crime in a frontier town three years old, is a record that will stand investigation. One man, who was serving six months for making an Indian drunk, was so well known around the streets that but few knew of his sentence (stripes are not "in" here). He ran errands about the town, locking himself in at night and out in the morning, a curiosity to the tourist and a commonplace to the citizen. There are but few drones in Prince Rupert.

"The silence of the starry skies;

The peace that is among the lonely hills"

will soon be broken by the turmoil of commerce, but I would that I could have shown you the harbor in all its virgin glory and as I have seen it many times over. The sea breeze lapping the water against the side of a lazy boat, hills rising on all sides, bathed in sixteen hours and a half of sunshine, in the