

When the railway is built from Victoria to Nanaimo, the islanders believe that Esquimalt will be the emporium for the trade from the coast of Asia, and that passengers and freight will be taken thence in cars to Nanaimo, and from that point cross the Gulf of Georgia in steam-ferries to Port Moody. It may be so. Who in this century will set limits to the possible? New Westminster, a capital when the mainland was a separate Province, and still the centre of a promising district, hopes to get a share of this great expected trade, and in the meantime talks of building a short line to connect with the Canada Pacific Railway. The sooner it builds the better, not only for its development, but for its very life. But where is all this trade to come from, on which so many hopes are built? With whom is it to be carried on? Are we willing at the same time to insult and to be enriched by the oldest and proudest nation on earth? Even if we are base enough to hope for such a combination, it is wholly impossible. If we disregard our Christianity, we need not forget our Shakespeare. "Hath not a Chinaman eyes? hath not a Chinaman hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

From New Westminster a drive of six or seven miles along an old concession line running due north takes us to the upper end of Burrard Inlet. Nearer the mouth of the Inlet, and on opposite sides, are the villages of Granville and Moodyville, both places created by, and living upon, saw-mills and the ships that come for lumber. Up to the head of the Inlet, a distance of three miles, extends Port Moody, a beautiful sheet of water, varying in width from one-third to more than half a mile, and with good anchorage everywhere. A wharf has been built near the terminus of the railway, at which a ship was unloading steel rails on the occasion of our visit. The wharf had been built only the year before, but already the teredo, a destructive worm well known in these waters, had completely honey-combed the piles. The remedy against the teeth of the teredo is iron or copper-sheathed instead of bare wooden piles, or an outer wall of masonry or concrete; but the wharf is a Government work, and Governments cannot be expected to attend to these insignificant details.

British Columbia has had to grapple with the question of road or railway construction from the first days of the colony till now. Perhaps there never was a country in the wide world where the problem was so difficult, nor one where with such limited resources it has, on the whole, been so successfully solved. How to reach the rich bars of the Fraser, how to get to Cariboo or the Big Bend of the Columbia or Kootaney, how to obtain railway connection with the rest of the Dominion, have been the great questions that have successively agitated the public mind. Steamboats can