

## TRUTH ABOUT PRINCE RUPERT.

Mr. E. B. Osborn, special commissioner of "Canada," the London illustrated journal, who was in Vancouver not long ago, gave a Winnipeg "Free Press" reporter some information concerning Prince Rupert. He said:

"I should think more lies have been told about Prince Rupert than about any new city ever yet sprung up in the west. For example, I was warned not to go there until the spring, unless I wished to walk 70 miles over the ice-floes to get in and out. Another Ananias (with modern improvements) told me that it rained there all day and all night all the year round. But, why repeat these lies? Prince Rupert is in the latitude of London, England, and everybody who knows the British Columbian coast knows very well that it is an ice-free port. As for the rainfall (which is said on good authority to be virtually the same as that of Vancouver, and similarly distributed through the year), all I can vouch for is that the weather was fine and mild during the week I was there.

The harbor is the finest in Canada. It is formed by a perfectly-protected curved inlet 16 miles long, a mile broad, and 26 fathoms deep on an average. The bottom has good holding for anchors, and there is 30 feet of water at the lowest tide, by the temporary wharves. The nature of the approach from seaward has been criticized in certain quarters. But all such criticisms have been finally disposed of by Captain J. F. Parry, R. N. of H.M.S. Egeria, which is making the Admiralty survey of the entrance. He says: 'It is no breach of etiquette on my part to state that the result of the survey is entirely satisfactory in so far as the approach to Prince Rupert from seaward is concerned.' That ought to be enough for the political variant of the modern 'Ananias.'

Of course, the real Prince Rupert is not yet in being. Until the townsite is sold—probably in May—permanent buildings cannot go up. Nearly everything there now will be swept away when the plans of the engineers are carried out. Prince Rupert is not to be a checker-board city. To my mind, that is a great point. You can't get a picturesque city on the rectangular plan. Those who know Detroit with its radiating avenues know how pleasant it is to get away from that particular form of the square deal. Prince Rupert is to have places and parks—which will prevent a fire running far—and undulating avenues and hills crowned with white edifices. It will not be one of those dull, decorous cities where a boy and a girl can't lose themselves in case of necessity. I climbed up one of the hills—probably it was what is called the Acropolis on the plan—and the view across the harbor was charming. Three years ago the site was virgin forest; and though it has been cleared, the stumps remain here and there.

Th soil, which overlies solid rock, is made of decayed vegetation, and is damp and peaty. Many of the present temporary buildings are set on piles; they look like packing cases on stilts. There are two really good hotels, and a number of dollar-a-day propositions, where they give the guests "good, square meals," and ask them to sleep in bunks as in French-Canadian shanties. At present it is a dry town, the sale of liquor being forbidden in view of the railway construction work going on there. It is said they make a kind of elder for the use of citizens suffering from a chronic thirst. But nobody offered us any. Whoever wishes to get "full" must go to Port Eslington, several hours' voyage, where a perpendicular person is regarded with suspicion. When I was there I asked a man with a face like a tombstone, who was reclining on the wharf,

ing the occasion. "That's so," was his only reply. Port Eslington, a miniature Seattle, will be put out of action when Prince Rupert makes its real start.

Of course, Prince Rupert is bound to become a great seaport. It will be served by the shortest and by far the easiest freight route on the continent, and the sea journey from Prince Rupert to Yokohama is 400 miles shorter than the Vancouver route and 600 miles shorter than the distance between San Francisco and the Japanese port. Naturally, Prince Rupert will be the distributing point for all Northern British Columbia—a country richer in mineral resources than the more developed southern half—for the Yukon Territory and for all the Alaskan shoreline. It will eventually recover for Canada all the trade with the north that was lost to Seattle, a live city whatever its faults, during the Klondike boom. Also, it must become a great centre of lumbering, canning and the manufacturing of fishery products. Just outside the harbor is the finest halibut fishery in the world—an asset which has not yet been realized to any extent. Good progress has been made with the grading of the first 100 miles eastward of the G. T. P., and next summer the tracklayers should be at work.

There will be a record rush to Prince Rupert when the townsite is sold. Everywhere across the Rockies the interest in the new city is extraordinarily keen—as keen as was the interest in Dawson more than ten years ago. Anybody who can buy a city lot there will be making a good investment, if he buys to hold and not to sell again. If he does it for speculative purposes, he will be taking a hand in a game such as was seen in Winnipeg in 1881-2, though there will be more at the back of Prince Rupert than there was at the back of this city 25 years ago. I should like to see British and Canadian investors get the lion's share of the profits of Prince Rupert's development. As for the opportunities there for workers, not capitalists, I do not care to express an opinion. There is much unemployment on the coast, more even than on the prairies at the present time. Anybody who has a job in Winnipeg ought not to throw it up on the chance of doing better in Prince Rupert, or any other city on the Coast. For the present at any rate, a job in the hand—even if it be not exactly a "bird"—is worth two in the British Columbia bush.—Vancouver Daily News Advertiser, January 1st, 1909.

## "THE SOUL OF POETRY."

The soul of poetry does not lie in its rhythm or rhyme, its assonance or alliteration. It can, indeed, get along fairly well, as Walt Whitman and Emerson and Browning have shown us, with little or no rhythm, and, as many others have shown us, with no vestige of rhyme. The soul of poetry lies in its poetic content, its elevation of thought, the artistry of its diction, the beauty of its tropes, the ardency of its feeling. Of course, the music of it is an additional delight, but it is not the essential part any more than it is of oratory; and the moment it begins to obtrude itself upon the attention and call for the conscious consideration of the reader it becomes a hindrance, not a help. "You will admit," said a friend of Clemenceau's, after a speech by Gambetta, "that it was a great speech." "Yes," said Clemenceau sarcastically, "all that it lacked was a guitar accompaniment." We do not want our poetry any more than our oratory to suggest guitar accompaniments, unless, perchance, the poetry is written to be sung, as a sermon is sometimes written to be intoned.—Current Literature.

They who are thoroughly in earnest are sure to be misunderstood.

## HOLY AND REVEREND IN HIS NAME.

Sir,—There have come into use of late some expressions that to me are shockingly irreverent. They appear to emanate from that which is denominated Christian Socialism—an attempt to bring our Saviour and His Gospel into a relation with the affairs of this world which he rejected when He said "Who made me a judge or a divider over you?" Neither when He was on earth nor after His ascension did the apostles or other disciples ever address or speak of Christ except in terms of reverence. But our modern writers and speakers attempt to bring Him down to earth, instead of leading men up to Him. They call Him "the Man of Galilee," "the Carpenter of Nazareth," etc. The only time the scriptures refer to Jesus as a carpenter is in Mark 6:3, where those who were offended in Him said: "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?" In Matthew 13:55 it is: "Is not this the carpenter's son?" But Jesus Himself has left the record that His disciples "call Me Master (or teacher), and Lord; and ye say well, for so I am." Would not His disciples in these last days do well to follow the example which our Lord commands rather than that of those who rejected Him?

ULSTER PAT.

## SPARKS FROM OTHER ANVILS.

Herald and Presbyterian: There is something pitiful in the plea for Christian unity of those who claim to be themselves Christians, while ruling out all others as denominationalists.

Michigan Presbyterian: It is increasingly hard to get a live pastor to leave a live church and become a semi-solomonic professor in a semi-solomonic theological seminary. When our seminaries are more in touch with the religious life of the nation there will be no trouble in securing the best pastors in the church to train men for real work.

Congregationalist: An item in a daily paper: "The two Congregational churches of — are again in search of a pastor." The total membership in one church is fifty-three, absentees, ten; total membership in the other, twenty-five, absentees, three. We hope both churches will have to hunt until they are weary enough to combine forces on one good man.

Cumberland Presbyterian: Ability to recognize past failures and weaknesses means possibility of doing better another time; blunders are not always beyond repair; warnings do not come to people who are beyond hope; "the same goal is still on the same track." Whether the new year finds us at new tasks or at the old ones, let us thank God, and let us take courage.

Lutheran World: Gambling is a vice that has only one side to it; and that one side is a bad side. Its influence on its indulger is always and only pernicious, whether the form of its indulging be in the buying of lottery tickets, the staking of money on a game of cards, the betting on a ball game, the guessing at the winners in athletic contests, or the taking a share in a church-fair raffle.

Christian Guardian: The preacher, being human, is subject to moods, but he is usually wise enough not to inflict his ill-feelings upon his congregation. Occasionally, very occasionally let us hope, a sermon is heard which is simply an outpouring of the preacher's wrath upon a people which has perhaps failed to appreciate him. Such a sermon should never be uttered. We are glad that it is not common, and it should never become so.