

ground as a second blast rang out. A few seconds of intense silence. Then a violent shivering under foot, and a tremendous bellow, accompanied by plumes of smoke, dust and debris rising gracefully into the air. All eyes were turned skywards, and dodging rocks as they descended was an exhilarating pastime. There would be heard the sharp crack, crack, crack as of sniping rifles, as a few pounds of disintegrated rock swooped down into the streets and riddled the shacks. When the citizens returned they found the roofs of their establishments perforated like a pepper-box. Out in the yard were stacks of shingles, and soon one and all were aloft their buildings putting the damage aright. Riddled houses and shops were the penalties exacted for being in a hurry to settle down in the new hub of commerce before the fabric had been fashioned. Strange to say, never a man was killed. One or two received contusions from falling missiles, and that was all.

The buoyant optimism of these 5,000 people is astonishing. You ask them what they think their future will be when they are within railway touch of the great wheat fields of the prairies, the manufacturing cities of Eastern Canada, and the Atlantic seaboard. Their reply is characteristic, though you, being uninitiated in Canadian ways and methods, may consider it somewhat conceited. One and all are confident that Prince Rupert is going to be the "roarin'est, busiest city on the coast. Reckon we'll have 'Frisco, Seattle, and Vancouver guessin' when we get a fair start," they chuckle.

They have every reason to be jubilant concerning their prospects. In the first place, they are 550 miles nearer Yokohama than is their most formidable rival, Vancouver, and this is an advantage which no art or cunning of man can overcome. Consequently they rest assured that the great highway between London and Japan will be through Prince Rupert. Then Alaska is wakening up. Its immense resources are being de-