

peep beneath these wooden thoroughfares was sufficient to give a man from the east, bent on real estate investment, a jarring shock. Nothing but solid rock, covered with a few inches of peaty moss to which tree stumps were still clinging, and as ragged on the surface as a mountain range. It did not require an experienced eye to see that street building would prove expensive. Yet things are going ahead just the same as if the town were built on level land and a gravelly soil. These townsfolk think nothing of tearing out a few thousand tons of rock to make a causeway. With such a solid foundation, the city, when built in masonry, will require an earthquake to move it.

Everything, I found, was in a state of chaos. Prince Rupert, as befits the latest port, was being laid out in accordance with the most modern ideas. The garden-city planner was in possession, and he was laying out the town in a manner commensurate with its aesthetic background. Streets were being ruthlessly torn up to make way for a modern sewerage system, and easy gradients were being provided to secure comfortable access from point to point, for the town is built on a hump. Down by the waterside the mountain shoulder was being blown away in huge chunks to provide a perfectly level plane upon which a magnificent terminal station could be erected, together with hotels, sidings, and all the paraphernalia of a modern port handling merchandise from and for all parts of the world. The splitting roar of dynamite was heard from early morn to late at night.

In the early days they were exciting times. The hub of activity was the point on the water-front where vessels called and unloaded. The quay space was being levelled. The shacks were of timber with shingled roofs. Suddenly there would be heard the strident blast of a siren. Instantly one and all hustled away from the water's edge to a respectful distance, leaving all buildings vacant. Workmen would be seen tumbling across the ragged